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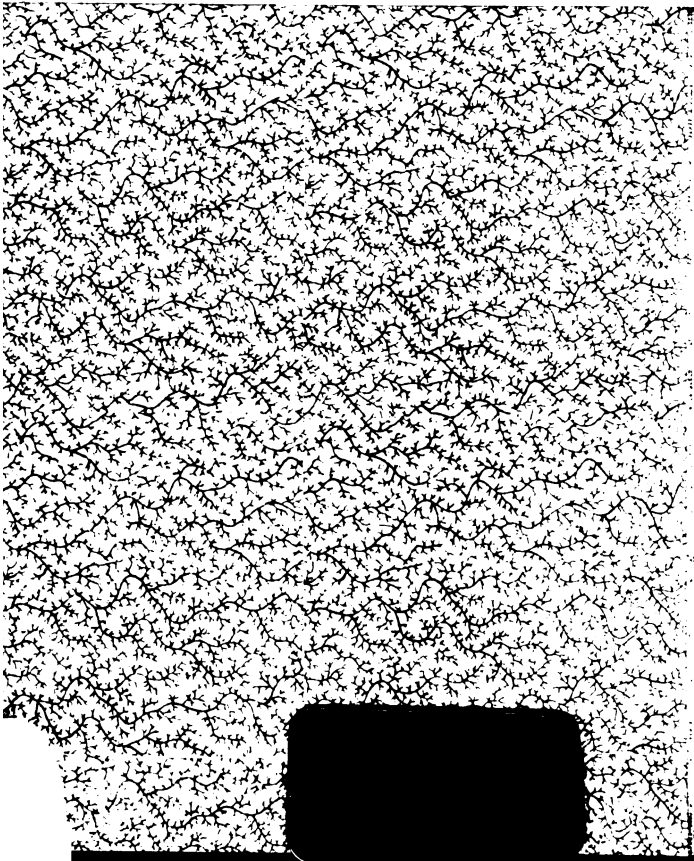
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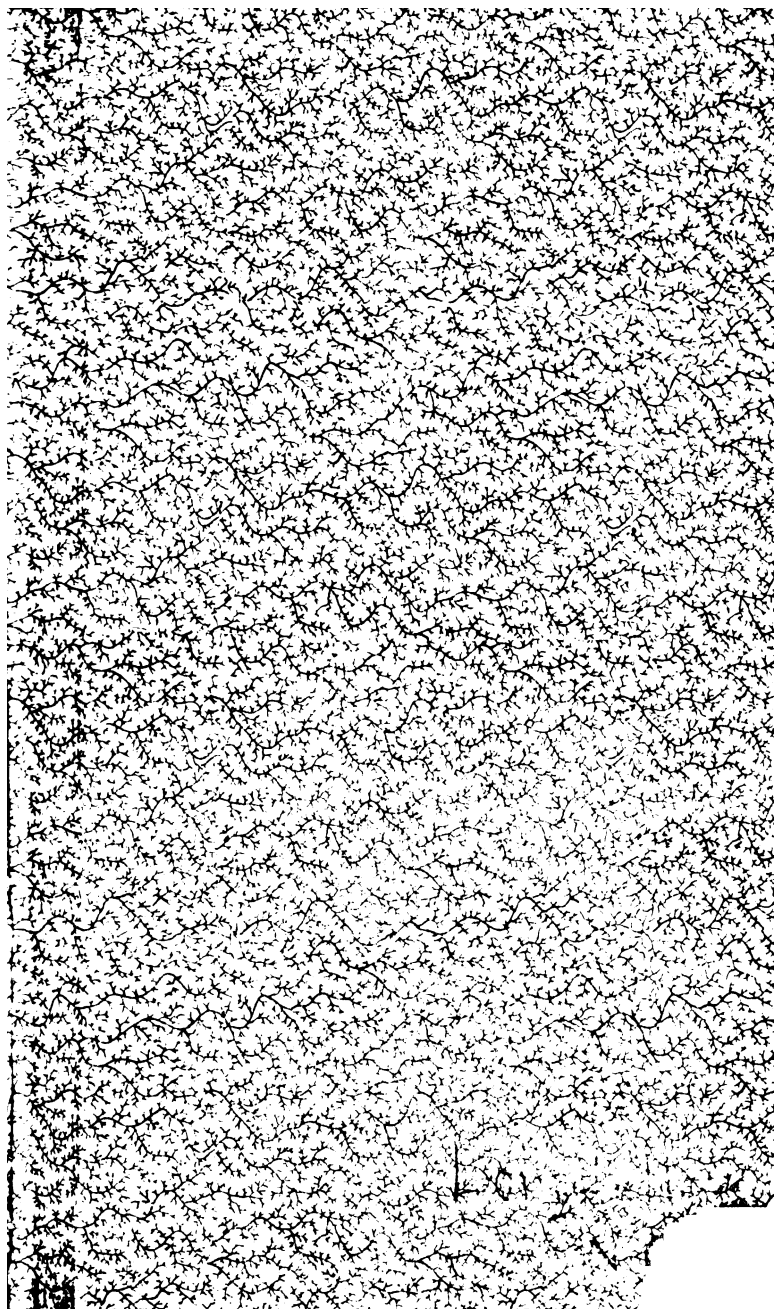
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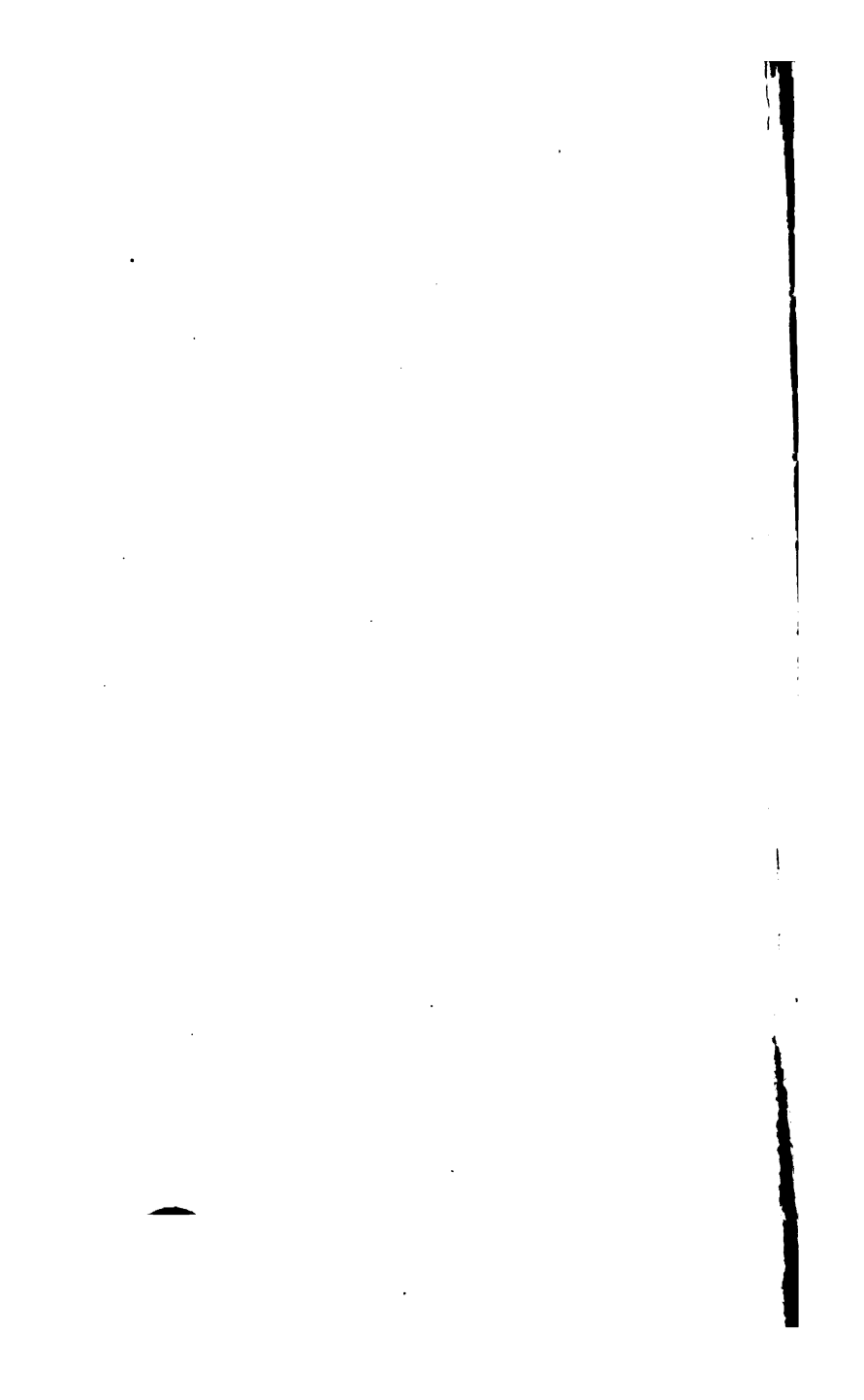
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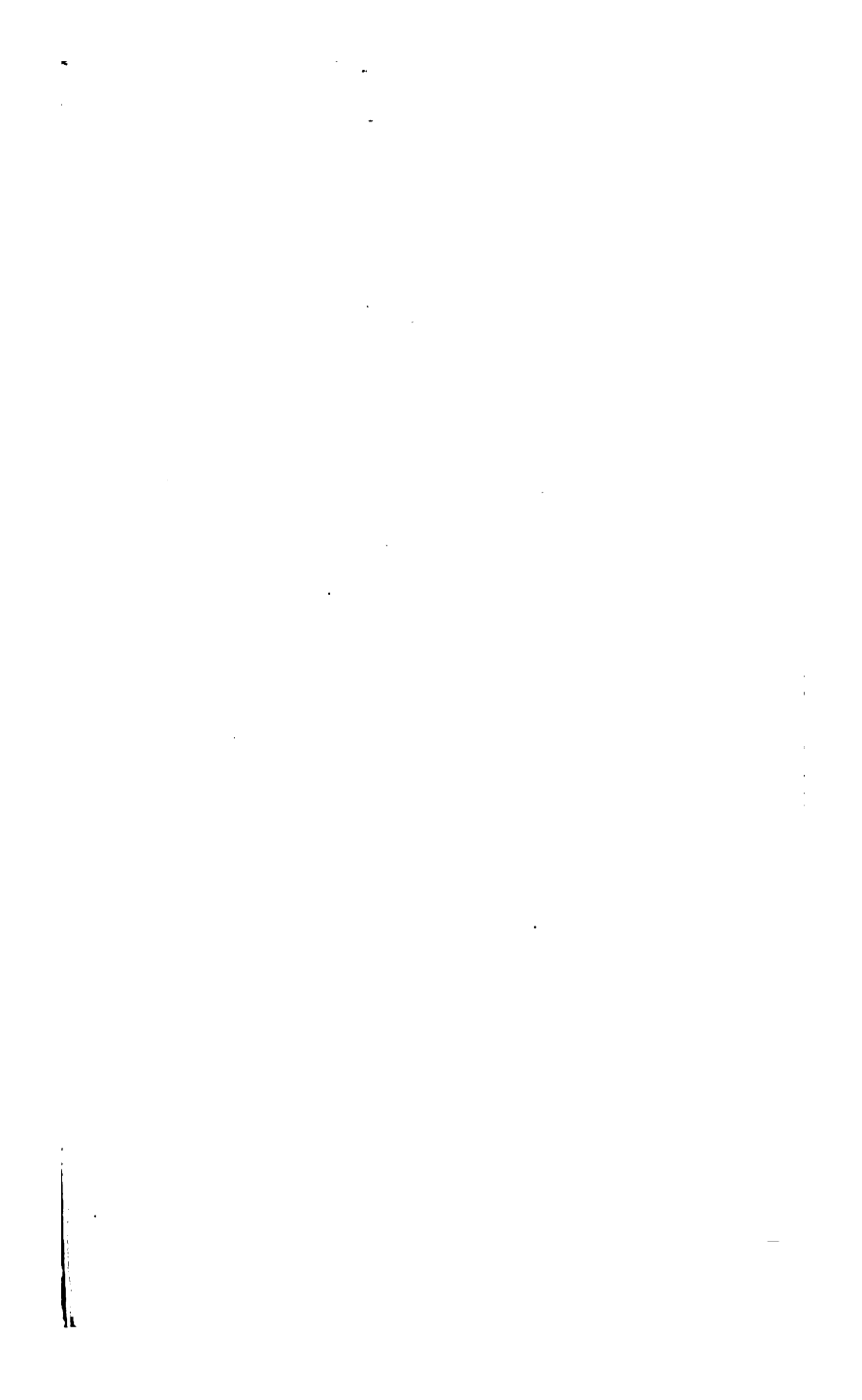
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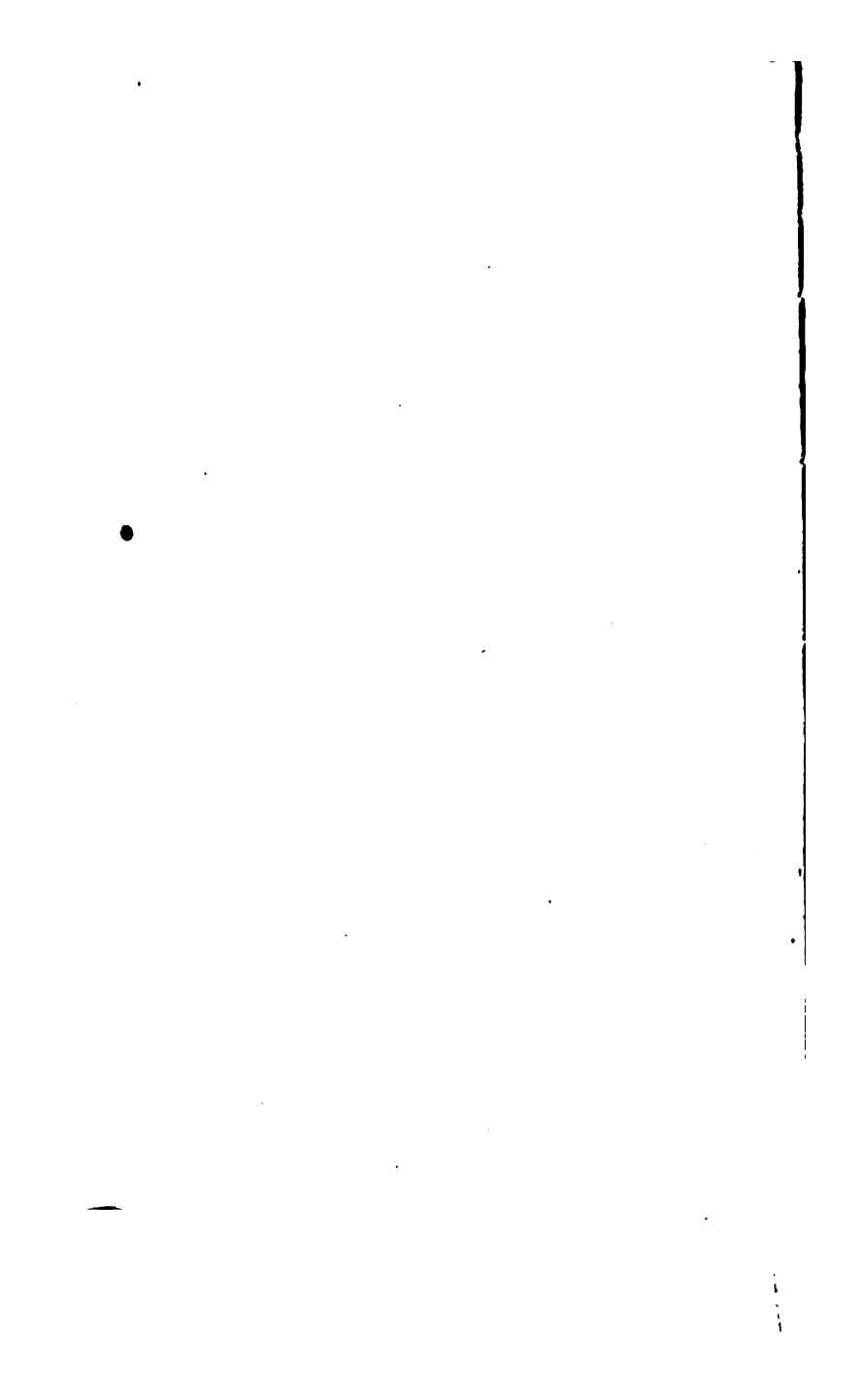
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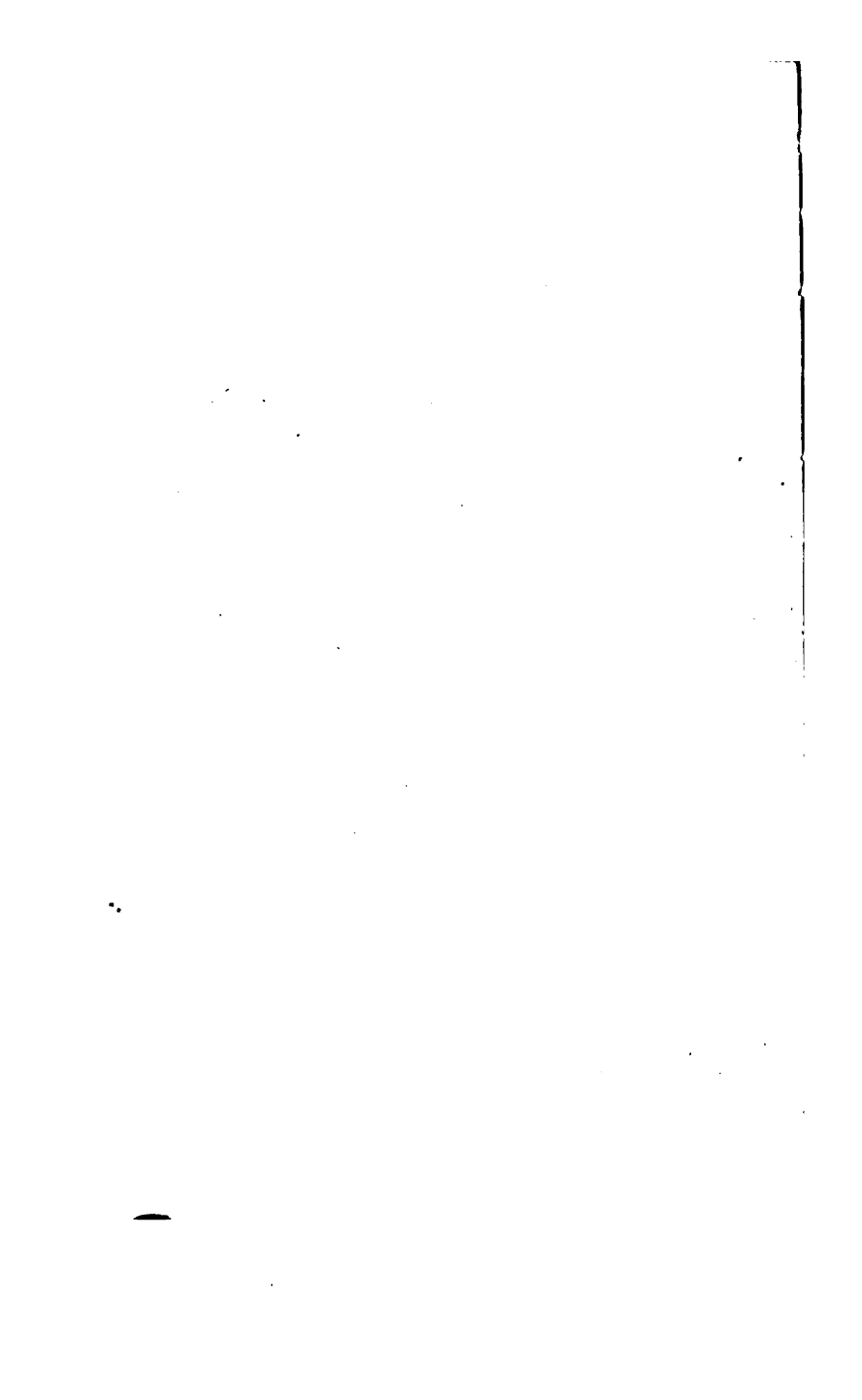








THE ESTRAY.



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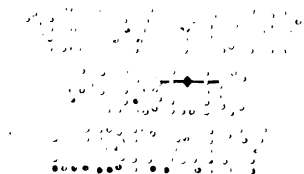
A

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~~~~~  
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow, editor.

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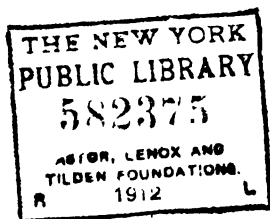
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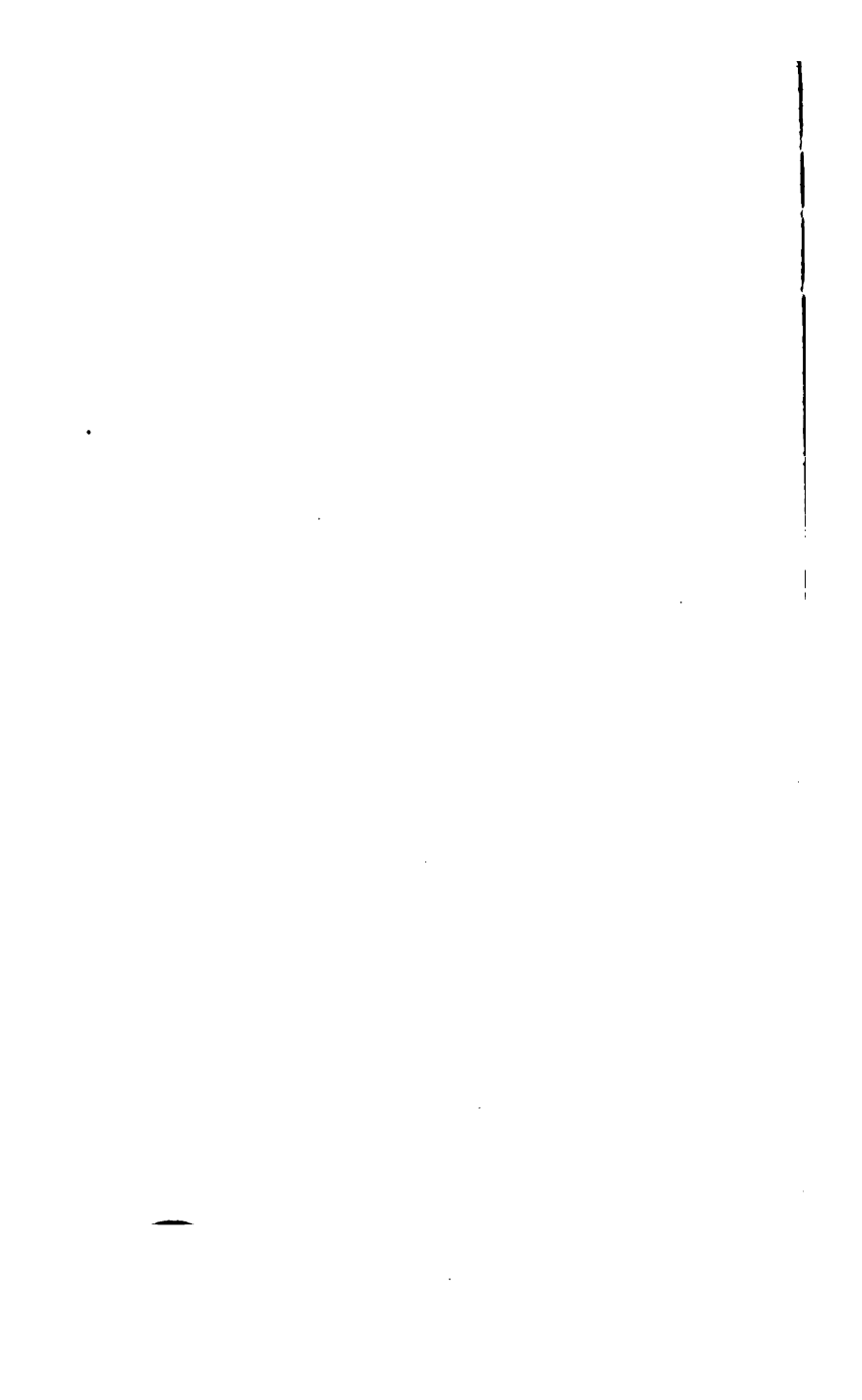
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PROEM.



1

1

1

## P R O E M .

---

ONCE into a quiet village,  
Without haste and without heed,  
In the golden prime of morning,  
Strayed the poet's winged steed.

It was Autumn, and incessant  
Piped the quails from shocks and sheaves,  
And, like living coals, the apples  
Burned among the withering leaves.

Loud the clamorous bell was ringing  
From its belfry gaunt and grim ;  
'T was the daily call to labor,  
Not a triumph meant for him.

Not the less he saw the landscape  
In its gleaming vapor veiled ;  
Not the less he breathed the odors  
That the dying leaves exhaled.

Thus, upon the village common,  
By the schoolboys he was found ;  
And the wise men, in their wisdom,  
Put him straightway into pound.

Then the sombre village crier,  
Ringing loud his brazen bell,  
Wandered down the street proclaiming  
There was an estray to sell.

And the curious country people,  
Rich and poor, and young and old,  
Came in haste to see this wondrous  
Winged steed, with mane of gold.

Thus the day passed, and the evening  
Fell, with vapors cold and dim ;  
But it brought no food nor shelter,  
Brought no straw nor stall, for him.

Patiently, and still expectant,  
 Looked he through the wooden bars,  
 Saw the moon rise o'er the landscape,  
 Saw the tranquil, patient stars.

Till at length the bell at midnight  
 Sounded from its dark abode,  
 And, from out a neighbouring farm-yard,  
 Loud the cœck Alectryon crowed.

Then, with nostrils wide expanded,  
 Breaking from his iron chain,  
 And unfolding far his pinions,  
 To those stars he soared again.

On the morrow, when the village  
 Woke to all its toil and care,  
 Lo! the strange steed had departed,  
 And they knew not when nor where.

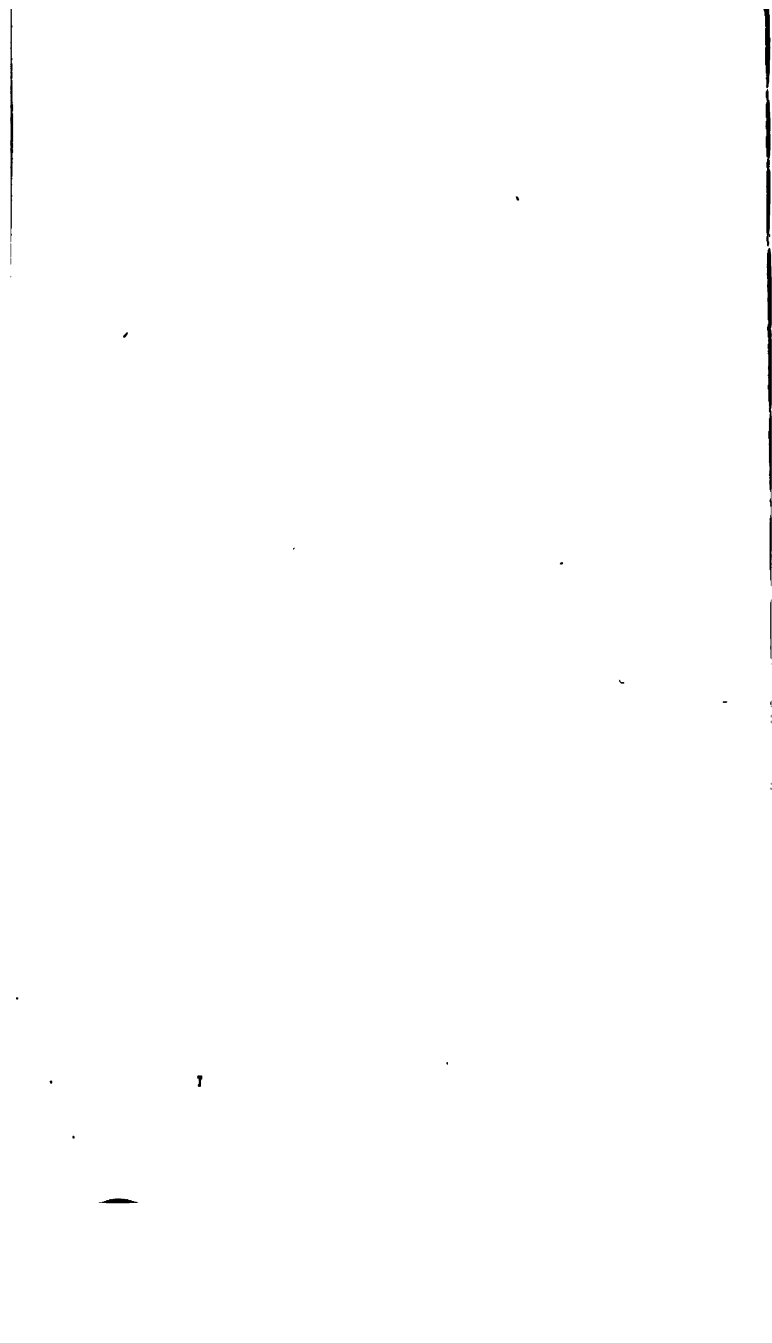
But they found upon the greensward  
 Where his struggling hoofs had trod,  
 Pure and bright, a fountain flowing  
 From the hoof-prints in the sod.

From that hour, the fount unfailing  
Gladdens the whole region round,  
Strengthening all who drink its waters,  
While it soothes them with its sound.

HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

CAMBRIDGE, November 9, 1846.

**THE ESTRAY.**



# THE ESTRAY.



## TO SOLITUDE.



HAIL, old patrician trees, so great and good !  
Hail, ye plebeian underwood !  
Where the poetic birds rejoice,  
And for their quiet nests and plenteous food  
Pay with their grateful voice.

Hail, the poor Muse's richest manor-seat !  
Ye country houses and retreat,  
Which all the happy gods so love,  
That for you oft they quit their bright and great  
Metropolis above.



Here Nature does a house for me erect, —  
Nature ! the wisest architect,  
Who those fond artists does despise,  
That can the fair and living trees neglect,  
Yet the dead timber prize.

Here let me, careless and unthoughtful lying,  
Hear the soft winds above me flying  
With all their wanton boughs dispute,  
And the more tuneful birds to both replying,  
Nor be myself, too, mute.

A silver stream shall roll his waters near,  
Gilt with the sunbeams here and there,  
On whose enamelled bank I 'll walk,  
And see how prettily they smile,  
And hear how prettily they talk.

Ah ! wretched and too solitary he,  
Who loves not his own company !  
He 'll feel the weight of 't many a day,  
Unless he call in sin or vanity  
To help to bear 't away.

## ENOSIS.

THOUGHT is deeper than all speech,  
Feeling deeper than all thought ;  
Souls to souls can never teach  
What unto themselves was taught.

We are spirits clad in veils ;  
Man by man was never seen ;  
All our deep communing fails  
To remove the shadowy screen.

Heart to heart was never known ;  
Mind with mind did never meet ;

We are columns left alone,  
Of a temple once complete.

Like the stars that gem the sky,  
Far apart, though seeming near,  
In our light we scattered lie ;  
All is thus but starlight here.

What is social company  
But a babbling summer stream ?  
What our wise philosophy  
But the glancing of a dream ?

Only when the sun of love  
Melts the scattered stars of thought ;  
Only when we live above  
What the dim-eyed world hath taught ;

Only when our souls are fed  
By the Fount which gave them birth,  
And by inspiration led,  
Which they never drew from earth,

We, like parted drops of rain,  
Swelling till they meet and run,  
Shall be all absorbed again,  
Melting, flowing, into one.

## THE MAIDEN'S CHOICE.



GENTEEL in personage,  
Conduct and equipage,  
Noble by heritage,  
Generous and free ;

Brave, not romantic,  
Learned, not pedantic,  
Frolic, not frantic,  
This must he be.

Honor maintaining,  
Meanness disdainng,  
Still entertaining,  
Engaging, and new ;

Neat, but not finical,  
Sage, but not cynical,  
Never tyrannical,  
    But ever true.

## NIGHT.



**MYSTERIOUS** Night ! when our first parent knew  
Thee, from report divine, and heard thy name,  
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,  
This glorious canopy of light and blue ?  
Yet, 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,  
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,  
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,  
And, lo ! creation widened in man's view.  
Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed  
Within thy beams, O Sun, or who could find,  
Whilst fly, and leaf, and insect stood revealed,  
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind ?  
Why do we, then, shun death with anxious strife ?  
If light can thus deceive, wherefore not life ?

## CONJUGAL CONTENT.



AWAY ! let naught to love displeasing,  
My Winifreda, move your care ;  
Let naught delay the heavenly blessing,  
Nor squeamish pride, nor gloomy fear.

What though no grants of royal donors  
With pompous titles grace our blood,  
We 'll shine in more substantial honors,  
And, to be noble, we 'll be good.

Our name, while virtue thus we tender,  
Will sweetly sound where'er 't is spoke,



And all the great ones, they shall wonder  
How they respect such little folk.

What though, from fortune's lavish bounty,  
No mighty treasures we possess ;  
We 'll find within our pittance plenty,  
And be content without excess.

Still shall each kind returning season  
Sufficient for our wishes give ;  
For we will live a life of reason,  
And that 's the only way to live.

Through youth and age, in love excelling,  
We 'll hand in hand together tread ;  
Sweet-smiling peace shall crown our dwelling,  
And babes, sweet-smiling babes, our bed.

How should I love the pretty creatures,  
While round my knees they fondly clung,  
To see them look their mother's features,  
To hear them lisp their mother's tongue !

And when with envy, Time, transported,  
Shall think to rob us of our joys,  
You 'll in your girls again be courted,  
And I 'll go wooing in my boys.

## SONG.



Day, in melting purple dying,  
Blossoms all around me sighing,  
Fragrance, from the lilies straying,  
Zephyr, with my ringlets playing,  
    Ye but waken my distress ;  
    I am sick of loneliness.

Thou, to whom I love to hearken,  
Come, ere night around me darken ;  
Though thy softness but deceive me,  
Say thou 'rt true, and I 'll believe thee ;  
    Veil, if ill, thy soul's intent,  
    Let me think it innocent !

Save thy toiling, spare thy treasure ;  
All I ask is friendship's pleasure ;  
Let the shining ore lie darkling,  
Bring no gem in lustre sparkling ;  
    Gifts and gold are naught to me,  
    I would only look on thee !

Tell to thee the high-wrought feeling,  
Ecstasy but in revealing ;  
Paint to thee the deep sensation,  
Rapture in participation,  
    Yet but torture if compest  
    In a lone, unfriended breast.

Absent still ! Ah ! come and bless me !  
Let these eyes again caress thee.  
Once, in caution, I could fly thee ;  
Now, I nothing could deny thee.  
    In a look, if death there be,  
    Come, and I will gaze on thee !

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



WHERE, where are all the birds that sang

A hundred years ago ?

The flowers that all in beauty sprang

A hundred years ago ?

The lips that smiled,

The eyes that wild

In flashes shone

Soft eyes upon,

Where, O, where are lips and eyes,

The maiden's smiles, the lover's sighs,

That lived so long ago ?

Who peopled all the city streets

A hundred years ago ?

Who filled the church with faces meek

A hundred years ago ?

The sneering tale

Of sister frail,

The plot that worked

A brother's hurt,

Where, O, where are plots and sneers,

The poor man's hopes, the rich man's fears,

That lived so long ago ?

Where are the graves where dead men slept

A hundred years ago ?

Who when they were living wept

A hundred years ago ?

By other men,

That knew not them,

Their lands are tilled,

Their graves are filled,

Yet nature then was just as gay,

And bright the sun shone as to-day,

A hundred years ago !

## RAPHAEL.



I SHALL not soon forget that sight ; —  
The glow of autumn's westering day,  
A hazy warmth, a dreamy light,  
On Raphael's picture lay.

It was a simple print I saw,  
The fair face of a musing boy ;  
Yet while I gazed a sense of awe  
Seemed blending with my joy.

A simple print ; — the graceful flow  
Of boyhood's soft and wavy hair,  
And fresh young lip and cheek, and brow  
Unmarked and clear, were there.

Yet through its sweet and calm repose  
I saw the inward spirit shine ;  
It was as if before me rose  
The white veil of a shrine ;

As if, as Gothland's sage has told,  
The hidden life, the man within,  
Dissevered from its frame and mould,  
By mortal eye were seen.

Was it the lifting of that eye,  
The waving of that pictured hand ?  
Loose as a cloud-wreath on the sky,  
I saw the walls expand.

The narrow room had vanished ; — space,  
Broad, luminous, remained alone,  
Through which all hues and shapes of grace  
And beauty looked or shone.

Around the mighty master came  
The marvels which his pencil wrought,



Those miracles of power, whose fame  
Is wide as human thought.

There drooped thy more than mortal face,  
O Mother, beautiful and mild!  
Enfolding in one dear embrace  
Thy Saviour and thy Child!

The rapt brow of the Desert John ;  
The awful glory of that day  
When all the Father's brightness shone  
Through manhood's veil of clay.

And, midst gray prophet-forms, and wild  
Dark visions of the days of old,  
How sweetly woman's beauty smiled  
Through locks of brown and gold!

There Fornarina's fair young face  
Once more upon her lover shone,  
Whose model of an angel's grace  
He borrowed from her own.

Slow passed that vision from my view,  
But not the lesson which it taught ;  
The soft, calm shadows which it threw  
Still rested on my thought ;

The truth, that painter, bard, and sage,  
Even in Earth's cold and changeful clime,  
Plant for their deathless heritage  
The fruits and flowers of time.

We shape ourselves the joy or fear  
Of which the coming life is made,  
And fill our Future's atmosphere  
With sunshine or with shade.

The tissue of the Life to be  
We weave with colors all our own,  
And in the field of Destiny  
We reap as we have sown.

Still shall the soul around it call  
The shadows which it gathered here,

And, painted on the eternal wall,  
The Past shall reappear.

Think ye the notes of holy song  
On Milton's tuneful ear have died ?  
Think ye that Raphael's angel throng  
Has vanished from his side ?

O, no! — We live our life again ;  
Or warmly touched or coldly dim  
The pictures of the Past remain, —  
Man's works shall follow him !

## GULF WEED.



A WEARY weed, tossed to and fro,  
Drearily drenched in the ocean brine,  
Soaring high and sinking low,  
Lashed along without will of mine ;  
Sport of the spoom of the surging sea,  
Flung on the foam, afar and anear ;  
Mark my manifold mystery, —  
Growth and grace in their place appear.

I bear round berries, gray and red,  
Rootless and rover though I be ;  
My sprangled leaves, when nicely spread,  
Arboresce as a trunkless tree ;

Corals curious coat me o'er

White and hard in apt array ;  
'Mid the wild waves' rude uproar,  
Gracefully grow I, night and day.

Hearts there are on the sounding shore,

Something whispers soft to me,  
Restless and roaming for evermore,  
Like this weary weed of the sea ;  
Bear they yet on each beating breast  
Th' eternal Type of the wondrous whole,  
Growth unfolding amidst unrest,  
Grace informing with silent soul.

## ON THE OLD YEAR.



WITH mournful tone I hear thee say, —

“ Alas, another year hath sped ! ”

As if within that circlet lay

Life's garland dead.

Vain thought ! Thy measure is not Time's ;

Nor thus yields life each glowing hue ;

Fair fruit may fall, — the tendril climbs,

And clasps anew.

Time hath mute landmarks of his own ;

They are not such as man may raise ;

Not his the rudely numbered stone

On life's broad ways.

The record measuring his speed  
Is but a shadow softer spread, —  
A browner leaf, — a broken reed,  
Or mildew shed.

And if his footfall crush the flower,  
How sweet the spicy perfume springs !  
His mildew stain upon the tower  
A glory brings.

Then let the murmuring voice be still,  
The heart hold fast its treasure bright ;  
The hearth glows warm when sunbeams chill ;  
Life hath no night.

## AN ODE.



**WHERE** dost Thou careless lie  
 Buried in ease and sloth ?  
**Knowledge**, that sleeps, doth die ;  
**And** this security,  
 It is the common moth,  
**That** eats on wits and arts, and so destroys  
 them both.

**Are** all the Aonian springs  
 Dried up ? **Lies** Thespia waste ?  
**Doth** Clarius' harp want strings,  
**That** not a Nymph now sings ?  
 Or droop they as disgraced,  
**To** see their seats and bowers by chattering  
 pies defaced ?



If hence thy silence be,  
As 't is too just a cause,  
Let this thought quicken thee :  
Minds that are great and free  
Should not on fortune pause ;  
'T is crown enough to virtue still, her own  
applause.

What though the greedy fry  
Be taken with false baits  
Of worded balladry,  
And think it poesy ?  
They die with their conceits,  
And only piteous scorn upon their folly waits.

Then take in hand thy lyre,  
Strike in thy proper strain,  
With Japhet's line, aspire  
Sol's chariot for new fire,  
To give the world again ;  
Who aided him, will thee, the issue of Jove's  
brain.

And since our dainty age  
Cannot endure reproof,  
Make not thyself a page  
To that strumpet, the stage,  
But sing high and aloof,  
Safe from the wolf's black jaw, and the dull  
ass's hoof.

## ON THE DEATH OF THE AUTHOR'S SON.



WE 'LL find relief in sense of deep enduring,  
We 'll seek delight in thinking ill past curing,  
And we will show allegiance to our child,  
Fixed as his love for us, — changeless and mild.  
Hours, days, and months, and years shall pass away,  
His sightly form, now stiffened, shall decay,  
His eyes our pride, his limbs our decent care,  
His gentle mouth, his clean and silky hair,  
His round and restless hands, that warmed and slid  
In ours, his feet still running where we bid,  
His arms that drew him to his mother's breast,  
His lips that kissed her when he went to rest, —  
The graceful, tender carriage of his joy,  
When she came forth, led by her darling boy ;

Who, as the morning grew, and she lay sleeping,  
Was looking, listening, and on tip-toe creeping,  
Restless, yet checking his solicitude,  
Lest aught should reach her of disturbance rude, —  
Then springing like a bird, when gleamed her eye,  
That her first sight on his blessed smile might lie.

At last it came, — and something told its coming !  
As midnight drew we heard or felt a humming,  
As if on muffled wheels approached a power  
That could dismay our souls, and blot the hour !  
We knew a fatal presence in the room,  
And knew that it was come to take our boy ;  
From shadowy wings there seemed to spread a gloom,  
To make existence pant, and smother joy ;  
A freezing instinct told us death was near ;  
Our hearts shrieked inwardly in mortal fear ;  
Yet we were mute, — and on the sufferer's bed  
We threw ourselves, and held his breathing head ;  
Held him, as one who drowns holds to the sand,  
That crumbles as he clings, and falls about his  
hand.

Then fare thee well ! though still to thee, sweet child,  
Thy father looked, to feel thy spirit mild  
Come on his heart perturbed thoughts to soothe,  
As oil upon the water steals to smooth ;  
Though the soft breathings of thy happy sleep,  
Heard in the morning as he wakeful lay,  
Seemed like commissioned whisperings to creep,  
Binding to purity and peace the day ;  
Although thou taught'st him more than he could teach  
In turn to thee, and to his wants gave more  
Than thy youth's weakness ever did beseech ;  
And though no power thy presence can restore,  
Yet since the loss is ours, — the gain is thine, —  
Since thou, perhaps, may'st elsewhere shine, —  
We will despair, — but we will not repine.

Farewell on earth ! I firmly say farewell !  
Though back upon me falls the echoing knell ;  
A groan of emptiness from what was full, —  
A wail of gloominess from what was fair,  
Although the utterance seems my soul to pull,  
To dissipate it with the word in air !

Farewell to thee is an adieu to all, —  
My portion here hath still been scant and small,  
Till thou wast given a treasure to my need,  
In whose enjoyment I was rich indeed ;  
And now I am left again, — poor, very poor, —  
Condemned without an object to endure,  
Seeking to rest, yet forced to stumble through,  
Life's picture sinks into one jaundiced hue, —  
The foreground stormy and the distance dark,  
A covering deluge, but without an ark.

## MUSIC.



O, LULL me, lull me, charming air!  
My senses rock with wonder sweet;  
Like snow on wool, thy fallings are;  
Soft, like a spirit's, are thy feet.  
Grief who need fear  
That hath an ear?  
Down let him lie,  
And slumbering die,  
And change his soul for harmony.

## TO A PINE-TREE.



FAR away on Katahdin thou towerest,  
Purple-blue with the distance, and vast ;  
Like a cloud o'er the lowlands thou lowerest,  
That hangs poised on a lull in the blast,  
To its fall leaning awful.

In the storm, like a prophet o'ermaddened,  
Thou singest and tосsest thy branches ;  
Thy heart with the terror is gladdened,  
Thou forebodest the dread avalanches,  
When whole mountains swoop valeward.

In the calm, thou o'erstretchest the valleys  
With thine arms, as if blessings imploring,



Like an old king led forth from his palace,  
When his people to battle are pouring  
From the city beneath him.

To the lumberer, asleep 'neath thy glooming,  
Thou dost sing of wild billows in motion,  
Till he longs to be swung 'mid their booming  
In the tents of the Arabs of Ocean,  
Whose finned isles are their cattle.

For the storm snatches thee for his lyre,  
With mad hand crashing melody frantic,  
While he pours forth his mighty desire  
To leap down on the eager Atlantic,  
Whose arms stretch to his playmate.

Spite of winter, thou keep'st thy green glory,  
Lusty father of Titans past number ;  
The snow-flakes alone make thee hoary,  
Nestling close to thy branches in slumber,  
And thee mantling with silence.

Thou alone know'st the splendor of winter  
    'Mid thy snow-silvered, hushed precipices,  
Hearing crags of green ice groan and splinter,  
    And then plunge down the muffled abysses  
    In the quiet of midnight.

Thou alone know'st the grandeur of summer,  
    Gazing down on thy broad seas of forest,  
On thy subjects, that send a proud murmur  
    Up to thee, to their sachem, who towerest  
    From thy bleak throne to heaven.

The wild storm makes his lair in thy branches,  
    And thence preys on the continent under ;  
Like a lion, crouched close on his haunches,  
    There awaiteth his leap the fierce thunder,  
    Growling low with impatience.

## THE TIGER.



TIGER ! Tiger ! burning bright,  
In the forests of the night ;  
What immortal hand or eye  
Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies  
Burned the fire of thine eyes ?  
On what wings dare he aspire ?  
What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder, and what art,  
Could twist the sinews of thine heart ?  
And when thy heart began to beat,  
What dread hand ? and what dread feet ?

What the hammer ? what the chain ?  
In what furnace was thy brain ?  
What the anvil ? what dread grasp  
Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,  
And watered heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see ?  
Did He who made the lamb make thee ?

Tiger ! Tiger ! burning bright,  
In the forests of the night ;  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

## THE PAUPER'S DEATH-BED.



TREAD softly, — bow the head,  
In reverent silence bow ;  
No passing-bell doth toll,  
Yet an immortal soul  
Is passing now.

Stranger ! however great,  
With lowly reverence bow ;  
There 's one in that poor shed,  
One by that paltry bed,  
Greater than thou.

Beneath that beggar's roof,  
Lo ! Death doth keep his state ;  
Enter ! no crowds attend ;  
Enter ! no guards defend  
This palace-gate.

That pavement damp and cold  
No smiling courtiers tread ;  
One silent woman stands,  
Lifting with meagre hands  
A dying head.

No mingling voices sound,  
An infant wail alone ;  
A sob suppressed, — again  
That short deep gasp, and then  
The parting groan.

O change ! — O wondrous change !  
Burst are the prison-bars ;  
This moment there, so low,  
So agonized, and now  
Beyond the stars !

O change ! — stupendous change !  
    There lies the soulless clod ;  
The sun eternal breaks,  
The new immortal wakes,  
    Wakes with his God.

## SONG.



He that to your voice is near,  
Breaking from its ivory pale,  
Need not walk abroad to hear  
The delightful nightingale.

He that looks still on your eyes,  
Though the winter have begun  
To benumb his arteries,  
Shall not want the summer's sun.

He that still may see your cheeks,  
Where all rareness still reposes,  
Is a fool if e'er he seeks  
Other lilies, other roses.



He to whom your soft lip yields,  
Who perceives your breath in kissing,  
All the odors of the fields  
Never, never shall be missing.

He that question would anew  
What fair Eden was of old,  
Let him rightly study you,  
And a brief of that behold.

## STANZAS.

WRITTEN SHORTLY BEFORE DEATH.

FAREWELL Life ! my senses swim,  
And the world is growing dim ;  
Thronging shadows cloud the light,  
Like the advent of the night ;  
Colder, colder, colder still,  
Upward steals a vapor chill ;  
Strong the earthy odor grows, —  
I smell the mould above the rose !

Welcome Life ! the spirit strives ;  
Strength returns and hope revives ;  
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn  
Fly, like shadows at the morn ;

O'er the earth there comes a bloom,  
Sunny light for sullen gloom,  
Warm perfume for vapor cold, —  
I smell the rose above the mould !

## LITANY TO THE HOLY SPIRIT.



In the hour of my distress,  
When temptations me oppress,  
And when I my sins confess,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When I lie within my bed,  
Sick at heart, and sick at head,  
And with doubts discomforted,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the house doth sigh and weep,  
And the world is drowned in sleep,  
Yet mine eyes the watch do keep,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the passing-bell doth toll,  
And the furies in a shoal  
Come to fright a parting soul,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When God knows I 'm tossed about,  
Either with despair or doubt,  
Yet before the glass be out,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tapers now burn blue,  
And the comforters are few,  
And that number more than true,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the priest his last hath prayed  
And I nod to what is said,  
'Cause my speech is now decayed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the tempter me pursu'th  
With the sins of all my youth,

And half damns me with untruth,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the flames and hellish cries  
Fright mine ears and fright mine eyes,  
And all terrors me surprise,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

When the judgment is revealed,  
And that opened which was sealed,  
When to thee I have appealed,  
Sweet Spirit, comfort me.

## FAMILY PORTRAITS.



SILENT friends ! fare ye well !  
 Shadows ! adieu !  
 Living friends long I 've lost,  
 Now I lose you.

Bitter tears many I 've shed,  
 Ye 've seen them flow ;  
 Dreary hours many I 've sped,  
 Full well ye know.

Yet in my loneliness,  
 Kindly, me thought,  
 Still ye looked down on me,  
 Mocking me not

With light speech and hollow words,  
Grating so sore  
The sad heart, with many ills  
Sick to the core.

Then, if my clouded skies  
Brightened awhile,  
Seemed your soft, serious eyes  
Almost to smile.

Silent friends! fare ye well!  
Shadows! adieu!  
Living friends long I 've lost,  
Now I lose you.

Taken from hearth and board,  
When all were gone;  
I looked up at you, and felt  
Not quite alone.

Not quite companionless,  
While in each face



Met me familiar

The stamp of my race.

Thine, gentle ancestress !

Dove-eyed and fair,

Melting in sympathy

Oft for my care.

Grim knight and stern visaged !

Yet could I see

(Smoothing that furrowed face)

Good-will to me.

Bland looks were beaming

Upon me, I knew,

Fair sir ! — bonnie lady ! —

From you, and from you.

Little think happy ones,

Heart-circled round,

How fast to senseless things

Hearts may be bound ;

How, when the living prop 's  
Mouldered and gone,  
Heart-strings, low-trailing left,  
Clasp the cold stone.

Silent friends ! fare ye well !  
Shadows ! adieu !  
Living friends long I 've lost,  
Now I lose you.

Often when spirit-vexed,  
Weary, and worn,  
To your quiet faces, mute  
Friends, would I turn.

Soft, as I gazed on them,  
Soothing as balm,  
Lulling the passion-storm,  
Stole your deep calm,

Till, as I longer looked,  
Surely methought

Ye read and replied to  
My questioning thought.

“ Daughter,” ye softly said,  
“ Peace to thine heart ;  
We, too, — yes, daughter ! — have  
Been, as thou art,

“ Tossed on the troubled waves,  
Life’s stormy sea ;  
Chance and change manifold  
Proving like thee.

“ Hope-lifted, doubt-depressed,  
Seeing in part,  
Tried, troubled, tempted,  
Sustained as thou art.

“ Our God is thy God ; what he  
Willeth is best ;  
Trust him as we trusted ; then  
Rest as we rest.”

Silent friends! fare ye well!

Shadows! adieu!

One friend abideth still,

All changes through.

## THE PROBLEM.



I LIKE a church, I like a cowl,  
I love a prophet of the soul,  
And on my heart monastic aisles  
Fall like sweet strains or pensive smiles ;  
Yet not for all his faith can see  
Would I that cowed churchman be.

Why should the vest on him allure,  
Which I could not on me endure ?

Not from a vain or shallow thought  
His awful Jove young Phidias brought ;  
Never from lips of cunning fell  
The thrilling Delphic oracle ;

Out from the heart of nature rolled  
The burdens of the Bible old ;  
The litanies of nations came,  
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,  
Up from the burning core below, —  
The canticles of love and woe.  
The hand that rounded Peter's dome,  
And groined the aisles of Christian Rome,  
Wrought in a sad sincerity.  
Himself from God he could not free ;  
He builded better than he knew,  
The conscious stone to beauty grew.

Know'st thou what wove yon wood-bird's nest  
Of leaves, and feathers from her breast ;  
Or how the fish outbuilt her shell,  
Painting with morn each annual cell ;  
Or how the sacred pine-tree adds  
To her old leaves new myriads ?  
Such and so grew these holy piles,  
Whilst love and terror laid the tiles.

Earth proudly wears the Parthenon  
As the best gem upon her zone,  
And Morning opes with haste her lids  
To gaze upon the Pyramids ;  
O'er England's Abbeys bends the sky,  
As on its friends, with kindred eye ;  
For, out of Thought's interior sphere  
These wonders rose to upper air,  
And nature gladly gave them place,  
Adopted them into her race,  
And granted them an equal date  
With Andes and with Ararat.

These temples grew as grows the grass ;  
Art might obey, but not surpass.  
The passive Master lent his hand  
To the vast Soul that o'er him planned,  
And the same power that reared the shrine  
Bestrode the tribes that knelt within.  
Ever the fiery Pentecost  
Girds with one flame the countless host,

Trances the heart through chanting choirs,  
And through the priest the mind inspires.

The word unto the prophet spoken  
Was writ on tables yet unbroken ;  
The word by seers or sibyls told  
In groves of oak or fanes of gold  
Still floats upon the morning wind,  
Still whispers to the willing mind.  
One accent of the Holy Ghost  
The heedless world hath never lost.  
I know what say the Fathers wise,—  
The Book itself before me lies,—  
Old Chrysostom, best Augustine,  
And he who blent both in his line,  
The younger Golden Lips or mines,  
Taylor, the Shakspeare of divines ;  
His words are music in my ear,  
I see his cowed portrait dear,  
And yet, for all his faith could see,  
I would not the good bishop be.



**FAME:**

O, who shall lightly say that fame  
Is nothing but an empty name,  
Whilst in that sound there is a charm  
The nerves to brace, the heart to warm ;  
As, thinking of the mighty dead,  
The young from slothful couch will start,  
And vow, with lifted hands outspread,  
Like them to act a noble part ?

O, who shall lightly say that fame  
Is nothing but an empty name,  
When, but for those our mighty dead,  
All ages past a blank would be,

Sunk in oblivion's murky bed,  
A desert bare, — a shipless sea ?  
They are the distant objects seen,  
The lofty marks of what hath been.

O, who shall lightly say that fame  
Is nothing but an empty name,  
When memory of the mighty dead  
To earth-worn pilgrims' wistful eye  
The brightest rays of cheering shed  
That point to immortality ?

## ON A BUST OF DANTE.



SEE, from this counterfeit of him  
Whom Arno shall remember long,  
How stern of lineament, how grim,  
The father was of Tuscan song.  
There but the burning sense of wrong,  
Perpetual care, and scorn abide ;  
Small friendship for the lordly throng,  
Distrust of all the world beside.

Faithful if this wan image be,  
No dream his life was, but a fight ;  
Could any Beatrice see  
A lover in that anchorite ?

To that cold Ghibeline's gloomy sight  
Who could have guessed the visions came  
Of Beauty, veiled with heavenly light,  
In circles of eternal flame ?

The lips, as Cumæ's cavern close,  
The cheeks, with fast and sorrow thin,  
The rigid front, almost morose,  
But for the patient hope within,  
Declare a life whose course hath been  
Unsullied still, though still severe,  
Which, through the wavering days of sin,  
Kept itself icy-chaste and clear.

Not wholly such his haggard look  
When wandering once, forlorn, he strayed,  
With no companion save his book,  
To Corvo's hushed monastic shade ;  
Where, as the Benedictine laid  
His palm upon the pilgrim guest,  
The single boon for which he prayed  
The convent's charity was rest.

Peace dwells not here, — this rugged face  
Betrays no spirit of repose ;  
The sullen warrior sole we trace,  
The marble man of many woes.  
Such was his mien when first arose  
The thought of that strange tale divine,  
When hell he peopled with his foes,  
The scourge of many a guilty line.

War to the last he waged with all  
The tyrant canker-worms of earth ;  
Baron and duke, in hold and hall,  
Cursed the dark hour that gave him birth ;  
He used Rome's harlot for his mirth ;  
Plucked bare hypocrisy and crime ;  
But valiant souls of knightly worth  
Transmitted to the rolls of Time.

O Time ! whose verdicts mock our own,  
The only righteous judge art thou ;  
That poor, old exile, sad and lone,  
Is Latium's other Virgil now ;

Before his name the nations bow ;  
His words are parcel of mankind,  
Deep in whose hearts, as on his brow,  
The marks have sunk of Dante's mind.

## JANE.



THOU hast sworn by thy God, my Jeannie,  
By that pretty white hand o' thine,  
And by a' the lowing stars in heaven,  
That thou would aye be mine.

And I hae sworn by my God, my Jeannie,  
And by that kind heart o' thine,  
By a' the stars sown thick owre heaven,  
That thou shalt aye be mine.

Then foul fa' the hands that wad loose sic bands,  
And the heart that wad part sic love ;

But there 's nae hand that can loose my band,  
 But the finger o' God above.

Tho' the wee, wee cot may be my bield,  
 An' my clathing e'er so mean,  
 I would lap me up rich in the faulds o' love,  
 Heaven's armfu' o' my Jean.

Her white arm wad be a pillow for me,  
 Fu' safter than the down,  
 And love wad winnow owre us kind, kind wings,  
 An' swatly I 'd sleep an' soun'.

Come here to me, thou lass o' my love,  
 Come here an' kneel wi' me ;  
 The morn is fu' o' the presence o' my God,  
 An' I canna pray but thee.

The morn-wind is sweet 'mang the beds o' new flowers,  
 The wee birds sing kindlie an' hie,  
 Our gudeman leans owre his kale-yard dyke,  
 An' a blythe auld body is he.



The Beuk maun be taen whan the carle comes hame,  
With the holy psalmodie,  
And thou maun speak o' me to thy God,  
And I will speak o' thee.

## ON A PRAYER-BOOK.



Lo ! here a little volume, but great book,

(Fear it not, sweet !

It is no hypocrite,)

Much larger in itself than in its look.

It is in one rich handful heaven and all

Heaven's royal hosts encamped thus small,

To prove that true schools used to tell, —

A thousand angels in one point can dwell.

It is love's great artillery,

Which here contracts itself, and comes to lie

Close couched in your white bosom, and from thence,

As from a snowy fortress of defence,

Against the ghostly foe to take your part,

And fortify the hold of your chaste heart.

It is the armory of light ;  
Let constant use but keep it bright,  
    You 'll find it yields  
To holy hands and humble hearts  
    More swords and shields  
Than sin hath snares or hell hath darts.

    Only be sure  
    The hands be pure  
That hold these weapons, and the eyes  
    Those of turtles, chaste and true,  
Wakeful and wise,  
    Here is a friend shall fight for you.  
Hold but this book before your heart,  
Let prayer alone to play his part.  
But, O, the heart  
That studies this high art  
Must be a sure housekeeper,  
And yet no sleeper !  
    Dear soul, be strong !  
    Mercy will come ere long,

And bring her bosom full of blessings, —  
Flowers of never-fading graces,  
To make immortal dressings  
For worthy souls whose wise embraces  
Store up themselves for Him who is alone  
The spouse of virgins, and the virgin's Son.

But if the noble Bridegroom, when He come,  
Shall find the wandering heart from home,  
Leaving her chaste abode  
To gad abroad  
Amongst the gay mates of the god of lies ;  
To take her pleasure and to play,  
And keep the devil's holiday ;  
To dance in the sunshine of some smiling,  
But beguiling  
Sphere of sweet and sugared lies ;  
Some slippery pair  
Of false, perhaps as fair,  
Flattering, but forswearing eyes ; —  
Doubtless some other heart  
Will get the start,

And, slipping in before,  
Will take possession of the sacred store  
Of hidden sweets and holy joys,—  
Words which are not heard with ears,  
(These tumultuous shops of noise,)  
Effectual whispers, whose still voice  
The soul itself more feels than hears ;  
Amorous languishments, luminous trances,  
Sights which are not seen with eyes,  
Spiritual and soul-piercing glances,  
Whose pure and subtle lightning flies  
Home to the heart, and sets the house on fire,  
And melts it down in sweet desire ;  
Yet doth not stay  
To ask the window's leave to pass that way ;  
Delicious death, soft exhalations  
Of soul, dear and divine annihilations ;  
A thousand unknown rites  
Of joys and rarefied delights ;  
And many a mystic thing,  
Which the divine embraces  
Of the dear Spouse of spirits with them will  
bring ;

For which it is no shame  
That dull morality must not know a name.

Of all this hidden store  
Of blessings, and ten thousand more,  
If, when He come,  
He find the heart from home,  
Doubtless he will unload  
Himself some other where,  
And pour abroad  
His precious sweets  
On the fair soul whom first he meets.

O fair ! O fortunate ! O rich ! O dear !  
O happy and thrice happy she,  
Dear silver-breasted dove,  
Whoe'er she be,  
Whose early love  
With winged vows  
Makes haste to meet her morning spouse,  
And close with his immortal kisses !  
Happy soul ! who never misses

To improve that precious hour ;  
And every day  
Seize her sweet prey,  
All fresh and fragrant as he rises,  
    Dropping with a balmy shower,  
A delicious dew of spices.  
O, let that happy soul hold fast  
Her heavenly armful ! she shall taste  
    At once ten thousand paradises ;  
She shall have power  
To rifle and deflower  
The rich and roseal spring of those rare sweets,  
Which, with a swelling bosom, there she meets,  
Boundless and infinite, bottomless treasures  
Of pure inebriating pleasures.  
Happy soul ! she shall discover  
    What joy, what bliss,  
    How many heavens at once it is  
To have a God become her lover.

## THE OLD MAID.



WHY sits she thus in solitude? her heart  
Seems melting in her eyes' delicious blue ;  
And as it heaves, her ripe lips lie apart,  
As if to let its heavy throbbings through ;  
In her dark eye a depth of softness swells,  
Deeper than that her careless girlhood wore ;  
And her cheek crimsons with the hue that tells  
The rich, fair fruit is ripened to the core.

It is her thirtieth birthday ! With a sigh  
Her soul hath turned from youth's luxuriant bowers,  
And her heart taken up the last sweet tie  
That measured out its links of golden hours !



She feels her inmost soul within her stir  
With thoughts too wild and passionate to speak ;  
Yet her full heart — its own interpreter —  
Translates itself in silence on her cheek.

Joy's opening buds, affection's glowing flowers,  
Once highly sprang within her beaming track ;  
O, life was beautiful in those lost hours !  
And yet she does not wish to wander back !  
No ! she but loves in loneliness to think  
On pleasures past, though never more to be ;  
Hope links her to the future, but the link  
That binds her to the past is memory !

From her lone path she never turns aside,  
Though passionate worshippers before her fall ;  
Like some pure planet in her lonely pride,  
She seems to soar and beam above them all !  
Not that her heart is cold ! emotions new  
And fresh as flowers are with her heart-strings knit ;  
And sweetly mournful pleasures wander through  
Her virgin soul, and softly ruffle it.

For she hath lived with heart and soul alive  
To all that makes life beautiful and fair ;  
Sweet thoughts, like honey-bees, have made their hive  
Of her soft bosom-cell, and cluster there ;  
Yet life is not to her what it hath been ;  
Her soul hath learned to look beyond its gloss,  
And now she hovers, like a star, between  
Her deeds of love, her Saviour on the cross !

Beneath the cares of earth she does not bow,  
Though she hath oftimes drained its bitter cup,  
But ever wanders on with heavenward brow,  
And eyes whose lovely lids are lifted up !  
She feels that in that lovelier, happier sphere,  
Her bosom yet will, bird-like, find its mate,  
And all the joys it found so blissful here  
Within that spirit-realm perpetuate.

Yet sometimes o'er her trembling heart-strings thrill  
Soft sighs, for raptures it hath ne'er enjoyed ;  
And then she dreams of love, and strives to fill  
With wild and passionate thoughts the craving void.

And thus she wanders on, — half sad, half blest, —  
Without a mate for the pure, lonely heart,  
That, yearning, throbs within her virgin breast,  
Never to find its lovely counterpart !

## UHLAND.



It is the poet Uhland, from whose wreathings  
Of rarest harmony I here have drawn,  
To lower tones and less melodious breathings,  
Some simple strains, of youth and passion born.

His is the poetry of sweet expression,  
Of clear, unfaltering tune, serene and strong ;  
Where gentlest thoughts and words, in soft procession,  
Move to the even measures of his song.

Delighting ever in his own calm fancies,  
He sees much beauty where most men see naught,  
Looking at nature with familiar glances,  
And weaving garlands in the groves of thought.

He sings of youth, and hope, and high endeavour,  
He sings of love, — O crown of poesy ! —  
Of fate, and sorrow, and the grave, for ever  
The end of strife, the goal of destiny.

He sings of fatherland, the minstrel's glory,  
High theme of memory and hope divine,  
Twining its fame with gems of antique story,  
In Suabian songs and legends of the Rhine ;

In ballads breathing many a dim tradition,  
Nourished in long belief or minstrel rhymes,  
Fruit of the old Romance, whose gentle mission  
Passed from the earth before our wiser times.

Well do they know his name among the mountains,  
And plains, and valleys of his native land ;  
Part of their nature are the sparkling fountains  
Of his clear thought, with rainbow fancies spanned.

His simple lays oft sings the mother cheerful  
Beside the cradle in the dim twilight ;

His plaintive notes low breathes the maiden tearful  
With tender murmurs in the ear of night.

The hill-side swain, the reaper in the meadows,  
Carol his ditties through the toilsome day ;  
And the lone hunter in the Alpine shadows  
Recalls his ballads by some ruin gray.

O precious gift! O wondrous inspiration !  
Of all high deeds, of all harmonious things,  
To be the oracle, while a whole nation  
Catches the echo from the sounding strings.

Out of the depths of feeling and emotion  
Rises the orb of song, serenely bright,  
As who beholds, across the tracts of ocean,  
The golden sunrise bursting into light.

Wide is its magic world,—divided neither  
By continent, nor sea, nor narrow zone ;  
Who would not wish sometimes to travel thither,  
In fancied fortunes to forget his own ?

## THE SOUL'S SEARCH FOR LOVE.



THE bard has sung, God never formed a soul  
Without its own peculiar mate, to meet  
Its wondering half, when ripe to crown the whole  
Bright plan of bliss, most heavenly, most complete !

But thousand evil things there are that hate  
To look on happiness ; these hurt, impede,  
And, leagued with time, space, circumstance, and  
fate,  
Keep kindred heart from heart, to pine, and pant,  
and bleed.

And as the dove to far Palmyra flying,  
From where her native founts of Antioch beam,

Weary, exhausted, longing, panting, sighing,  
Lights sadly at the desert's bitter stream ;

So many a soul, o'er life's drear desert faring,  
Love's pure, congenial spring unfound, unquaffed,  
Suffers, recoils, then, thirsty and despairing  
Of what it would, descends and sips the nearest  
draught.



## EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.



WHEN first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave  
 To do the like ; our bodies but forerun  
 The spirit's duty ; true hearts spread and heave  
 Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun ;  
 Give Him thy first thoughts, then ; so shalt thou keep  
 Him company all day, and in Him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up ; prayer should  
 Dawn with the day ; these are set awful hours  
 'Twixt heaven and us ; the manna was not good  
 After sunrising ; for day sullies flowers ;  
 Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,  
 And heaven's gates open when the world is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures ; note the hush  
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring  
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush  
And oak doth know I AM ! — Canst thou not sing ?  
O, leave thy cares and follies ! go this way,  
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world ; let Him not go  
Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign  
The whole unto Him, and remember who  
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine ;  
Pour oil upon the stones, seek sin forgiven,  
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

Mornings are mysteries ; the first world's youth,  
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud  
Shroud in their births ; the crown of life, light, truth,  
Is styled their star, — the stone and hidden food.  
Three blessings wait upon them, one of which  
Should move, — they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world 's up, and every swarm abroad,  
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay ;

Despatch necessities ; life hath a load

Which must be carried on, and safely may ;

Yet keep those cares without thee ; let the heart

Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

## ABSENCE.



WHAT shall I do with all the days and hours  
That must be counted ere I see thy face ?  
How shall I charm the interval that lowers  
Between this time and that sweet time of grace ?

Shall I in slumber steep each weary sense,—  
Weary with longing ? Shall I flee away  
Into past days, and with some fond pretence  
Cheat myself to forget the present day ?

Shall love for thee lay on my soul the sin  
Of casting from me God's great gift of time ?  
Shall I, these mists of memory locked within,  
Leave and forget life's purposes sublime ?

O, how, or by what means, may I contrive  
To bring the hour that brings thee back more  
near ?

How may I teach my drooping hope to live  
Until that blessed time, and thou art here ?

I 'll tell thee ; for thy sake I will lay hold  
Of all good aims, and consecrate to thee,  
In worthy deeds, each moment that is told  
While thou, belovèd one ! art far from me.

For thee I will arouse my thoughts to try  
All heavenward flights, all high and holy strains ;  
For thy dear sake I will walk patiently  
Through these long hours, nor call their minutes  
pains.

I will this dreary blank of absence make  
A noble task-time, and will therein strive  
To follow excellence, and to o'ertake  
More good than I have won since yet I live.

So may this doomèd time build up in me  
A thousand graces, which shall thus be thine ;  
So may my love and longing hallowed be,  
And thy dear thought an influence divine.

## LOVE.



THEY sin who tell us love can die !  
With life all other passions fly,  
All others are but vanity.  
In heaven ambition cannot dwell,  
Nor avarice in the vaults of hell ;  
Earthly these passions of the earth,  
They perish where they have their birth ;  
But love is indestructible,  
Its holy flame for ever burneth,  
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth ;  
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,  
At times deceived, at times oppressed,

It here is tried and purified,  
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest ;  
It soweth here with toil and care,  
But the harvest-time of love is there.



## THE SEA.



**BREAK, break, break,**

On thy cold gray stones, O sea ! .

And I would that my tongue could utter

The thoughts that arise in me.

O, well for the fisherman's boy,

That he shouts with his sister at play !

O, well for the sailor lad,

That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on

To their haven under the hill ;

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,

And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,

At the foot of thy crags, O sea !

But the tender grace of a day that is dead

Will never come back to me.

## SUPERSTITION.



I CARE not, though it be  
By the preciser sort thought popery ;  
    We poets can a license show  
    For every thing we do.  
Hear, then, my little saint ! I 'll pray to thee.

If now thy happy mind,  
Amidst its various joys, can leisure find  
    To attend to any thing so low  
    As what I say or do,  
Regard, and be what thou wast ever, — kind.

Let not the blessed above  
Engross thee quite, but sometimes hither rove ;

Fain would I thy sweet image see,  
And sit and talk with thee,  
Nor is it curiosity, but love.

Ah ! what delight 't would be  
Wouldst thou sometimes, by stealth, converse with  
me !

How should I thy sweet commune prize,  
And other joys despise ;  
Come, then, I ne'er was yet denied by thee.

I would not long detain  
Thy soul from bliss, nor keep thee here in pain ;  
Nor should thy fellow-saints e'er know  
Of thy escape below ;  
Before thou 'rt missed thou shouldst return again.

Sure heaven must needs thy love,  
As well as other qualities, improve ;  
Come, then, and recreate my sight  
With rays of thy pure light ;  
'T will cheer my eyes more than the lamps above.

But if fate 's so severe,  
As to confine thee to thy blissful sphere,  
(And by thy absence I shall know  
Whether thy state be so,)  
Live happy, but be mindful of me there.

## ON THE EVE OF A VILLAGE FESTIVAL.



WHILE our shrub-walks darken,  
And the stars get bright aloft,  
Sit we still and hearken  
To the music low and soft ;  
By the old oak yonder  
Where we watch the setting sun,  
Listening to the far-off thunder  
Of the multitude as one ;

Sit, my best beloved,  
In the waning light ;  
Yield thy spirit to the teaching  
Of each sound and sight ;

While these sounds are flowing  
To their silent rest ;  
While the parting wake of sunlight  
Broods along the west.

Sweeter 't is to hearken  
Than to bear a part ;  
Better to look on happiness  
Than to carry a light heart ;  
Sweeter to look on cloudy hills,  
With a sunny plain below,  
Than to weary of the brightness  
Where the floods of sunshine flow.

Souls that love each other  
Join both joys in one,  
Blest by others' happiness,  
And nourished by their own ;  
So, with quick reflection,  
Each its opposite  
Still gives back, and multiplies  
To infinite delight.

## AMERICA TO ENGLAND.



ALL hail ! thou noble land,  
Our fathers' native soil !  
O, stretch thy mighty hand,  
Gigantic grown by toil,  
O'er the vast Atlantic wave to our shore ;  
For thou, with magic might,  
Canst reach to where the light  
Of Phœbus travels bright  
The world o'er !

The Genius of our clime,  
From his pine-embattled steep,  
Shall hail the great sublime ;  
While the Tritons of the deep



With their conchs the kindred league shall proclaim.

Then let the world combine ;  
O'er the main our naval line,  
Like the milky-way, shall shine  
Bright in fame !

Though ages long have passed  
Since our fathers left their home,  
Their pilot in the blast,  
O'er untravelled seas to roam,  
Yet lives the blood of England in our veins !  
And shall we not proclaim  
That blood of honest fame,  
Which no tyranny can tame  
By its chains ?

While the language free and bold,  
Which the bard of Avon sung,  
In which our Milton told  
How the vault of heaven rung,  
When Satan, blasted, fell with his host ;  
While this, with reverence meet,  
Ten thousand echoes greet,

From rock to rock repeat  
Round our coast ;

While the manners, while the arts,  
That mould a nation's soul  
Still cling around our hearts,  
Between let ocean roll,  
Our joint communion breaking with the sun ;  
Yet, still, from either beach  
The voice of blood shall reach,  
More audible than speech,  
" We are one ! "

## TO A CHILD DURING SICKNESS.



SLEEP breathes at last from out thee,  
My little, patient boy!  
And balmy rest about thee  
Smooths off the day's annoy.  
I sit me down, and think  
Of all thy winning ways ;  
Yet almost wish, with sudden shrink,  
That I had less to praise.

Thy sidelong, pillowed meekness,  
Thy thanks to all that aid,  
Thy heart, in pain and weakness,  
Of fancied faults afraid,

The little, trembling hand  
That wipes thy quiet tears, —  
These, these are things that may demand  
Dread memories for years.

Sorrows I 've had, severe ones,  
I will not think of now ;  
And calmly, 'midst my dear ones, •  
Have wasted with dry brow ;  
But when thy fingers press  
And pat my stooping head,  
I cannot bear the gentleness, —  
The tears are in their bed.

Ah! first-born of thy mother,  
When life and hope were new ;  
Kind playmate of thy brother,  
Thy sister, father, too ;  
My light where'er I go,  
My bird when prison-bound,  
My hand-in-hand companion, — no,  
My prayers shall hold thee round.

To say, "He has departed," —  
"His voice," — "his face," — "is gone,"  
To feel impatient-hearted,  
Yet feel we must bear on ;  
Ah ! I could not endure  
To whisper of such woe,  
Unless I felt this sleep insure  
That it will not be so.

Yes, still he 's fixed and sleeping !  
This silence, too, the while, —  
Its very hush and creeping  
Seem whispering us a smile ; —  
Something divine and dim  
Seems going by one's ear,  
Like parting wings of cherubim,  
Who say, — "We 've finished here."

## THE LITTLE BLACK BOY.



My mother bore me in the Southern wild,  
And I am black, but, O, my soul is white !  
White as an angel is the English child,  
But I am black, as if bereaved of light.

My mother taught me underneath a tree,  
And, sitting down before the heat of day,  
She took me on her lap, and kissed me,  
And, pointing to the east, began to say :—

“ Look on the rising sun ; there God does live,  
And gives His light, and gives His heat away ;  
And flowers, and trees, and beasts, and men, receive  
Comfort in morning, joy in the noonday.

“ And we are put on earth a little space,  
That we may learn to bear the beams of love ;  
And these black bodies and this sun-burnt face  
Are but a cloud, and like a shady grove.

“ For when our souls have learned the heat to bear,  
The clouds will vanish, we shall hear His voice,  
Saying, ‘ Come from the grove, my love and care,  
And round my golden tent like lambs rejoice.’ ”

Thus did my mother say, and kissed me ;  
And thus I say to little English boy : —  
When I from black, and he from white cloud free,  
And round the tent of God like lambs we joy,

I ’ll shade him from the heat, till he can bear  
To lean in joy upon our Father’s knee ;  
And then I ’ll stand, and stroke his silver hair,  
And be like him, and he will then love me.

## THE MADONNA DEL SISTO.



Look down into my heart,  
Thou holy Mother, with thy holy Son !  
Read all my thoughts, and bid the doubts depart,  
And all the fears be done.

I lay my spirit bare,  
O blessed ones ! beneath your wondrous eyes,  
And not in vain ; ye hear my heartfelt prayer,  
And your twin-gaze replies.

What says it ? All that life  
Demands of those who live to be and do ;  
Calmness, in all its bitterest, deepest strife,  
Courage, till all is through.



Thou Mother! in thy sight  
Can aught of passion or despair remain?  
Beneath those eyes' serene and holy light  
The soul is bright again.

Thou Son! whose earnest gaze  
Looks ever forward, fearless, steady, strong;  
Beneath those eyes no doubt or weakness stays,  
Nor fear can linger long.

Thanks that to my weak heart  
Your mingled powers, fair forms, such counsel give.  
Till I have learned the lesson ye impart,  
I have not learned to live.

And, O, till life is done  
Of your deep gaze may ne'er the impression cease!  
Still may the dark eyes whisper, — Courage! on!  
The blue eyes murmur, — Peace!

## A MORNING, BUT NO SUN.



THE morning comes, but brings no sun ;  
The sky with storm is overrun ;  
And here I sit in my room alone,  
And feel, as I hear the tempest moan,  
Like one who hath lost the last and best,  
The dearest dweller from his breast !  
For every pleasant sight and sound,  
The sorrows of the sky have drowned ;  
The bell within the neighbouring tower  
Falls blurred and distant through the shower ;  
Look where I will, hear what I may,  
All, all the world seems far away !  
The dreary shutters creak and swing,  
The windy willows sway and fling

A double portion of the rain  
Over the weeping window-pane.  
But I, with gusty sorrow swayed,  
Sit hidden here, like one afraid,  
And would not on another throw  
One drop of all this weight of woe!

## I WANDERED BY THE BROOK-SIDE.



I WANDERED by the brook-side,  
I wandered by the mill ;  
I could not hear the brook flow,  
The noisy wheel was still ;  
There was no burr of grasshopper,  
No chirp of any bird,  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

I sat beneath the elm-tree,  
I watched the long, long shade,  
And as it grew still longer,  
I did not feel afraid ;

For I listened for a footfall,  
I listened for a word,  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

He came not, — no, he came not, —  
The night came on alone ;  
The little stars sat, one by one,  
Each on his golden throne ;  
The evening air passed by my cheek,  
The leaves above were stirred,  
But the beating of my own heart  
Was all the sound I heard.

Fast silent tears were flowing,  
When something stood behind ;  
A hand was on my shoulder,  
I knew its touch was kind ;  
It drew me nearer, — nearer, —  
We did not speak one word,  
For the beating of our own hearts  
Was all the sound we heard.

## THE ROSE AND THE GAUNTLET.



Low spake the Knight to the peasant-girl, —  
“I tell thee sooth, I am belted Earl ;  
Fly with me from this garden small,  
And thou shalt sit in my castle’s hall ;

“Thou shalt have pomp, and wealth, and pleasure,  
Joys beyond thy fancy’s measure ;  
Here with my sword and horse I stand,  
To bear thee away to my distant land.

“Take, thou fairest ! this full-blown rose,  
A token of Love that as ripely blows.”

With his glove of steel he plucked the token,  
But it fell from his gauntlet crushed and broken.

The maiden exclaimed, — “Thou seest, Sir Knight,  
Thy fingers of iron can only smite ;  
And, like the rose thou hast torn and scattered,  
I in thy grasp should be wrecked and shattered.”

She trembled and blushed, and her glances fell ;  
But she turned from the Knight, and said, “Farewell !”  
“Not so,” he cried, “will I lose my prize ;  
I heed not thy words, but I read thine eyes.”

He lifted her up in his grasp of steel,  
And he mounted and spurred with furious heel ;  
But her cry drew forth her hoary sire,  
Who snatched his bow from above the fire.

Swift from the valley the warrior fled,  
Swifter the bolt of the cross-bow sped ;  
And the weight that pressed on the fleet-foot horse  
Was the living man, and the woman's corse.

That morning the rose was bright of hue ;  
That morning the maiden was fair to view ;  
But the evening sun its beauty shed  
On the withered leaves, and the maiden dead.



## THE FUTURE LIFE.



How shall I know thee in the sphere which keeps  
The disembodied spirits of the dead,  
When all of thee that time could wither sleeps,  
And perishes among the dust we tread ?

For I shall feel the sting of ceaseless pain  
If there I meet thy gentle presence not,  
Nor hear the voice I love, nor read again  
In thy serenest eyes the tender thought.

Will not thy own meek heart demand me there ?  
That heart whose fondest throbs to me were given ?  
My name on earth was ever in thy prayer,  
Shall it be banished from thy tongue in heaven ?

In meadows fanned by heaven's life-breathing wind,  
In the resplendence of that glorious sphere,  
And larger movements of the unfettered mind,  
Wilt thou forget the love that joined us here ?

The love that lived through all the stormy past,  
And meekly with my harsher nature bore,  
And deeper grew, and tenderer, to the last, —  
Shall it expire with life, and be no more ?

A happier lot than mine, and larger light,  
Await thee there ; for thou hast bowed thy will  
In cheerful homage to the rule of right,  
And lovest all, and renderest good for ill.

For me, the sordid cares in which I dwell  
Shrink and consume the heart, as heat the scroll ;  
And wrath hath left its scar, — that fire of hell  
Has left its frightful scar upon my soul.

Yet, though thou wear'st the glory of the sky,  
Wilt thou not keep the same beloved name,

The same fair, thoughtful brow, and gentle eye,  
Lovelier in heaven's sweet climate, yet the same?

Shalt thou not teach me, in that calmer home,  
The wisdom that I learned so ill in this, —  
The wisdom which is love, — till I become  
Thy fit companion in that land of bliss?

## THE NIGHT PIECE.—TO JULIA.



HER eyes the glowworm lend thee,  
The shooting stars attend thee,  
And the elves also,  
Whose little eyes glow  
Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee !

No will-o'-th'-wisp mislight thee,  
Nor snake nor slow-worm bite thee ;  
But on, on thy way,  
Not making stay,  
Since ghost there 's none to affright thee !

Let not the dark thee cumber ;  
What though the moon does slumber ?  
    The stars of the night  
    Will lend thee their light,  
Like tapers clear, without number !

Then, Julia, let me woo thee,  
Thus, thus to come unto me ;  
    And, when I shall meet  
    Thy silvery feet,  
My soul I 'll pour into thee.

## SLEEP.



OF all the thoughts of God that are  
Borne inward unto souls afar,  
Along the Psalmist's music deep,  
Now tell me if that any is  
For gift or grace surpassing this, —  
“ He giveth his belovèd sleep ” ?

What would we give to our beloved ?  
The hero's heart, to be unmoved, —  
The poet's star-tuned harp to sweep, —  
The senate's shout to patriot vows, —  
The monarch's crown to light the brows ?  
“ He giveth his belovèd sleep ! ”

What do we give to our beloved ?  
A little faith, all undisproved, —  
A little dust to overweep, —  
And bitter memories, to make  
The whole earth blasted for our sake !  
“ He giveth his beloved sleep ! ”

“ Sleep soft, beloved ! ” we sometimes say,  
But have no tune to charm away  
Sad dreams, that through the eyelids creep.  
But never doleful dream again  
Shall break the happy slumber, when  
“ He giveth his beloved sleep ! ”

O earth, so full of dreary noises !  
O men, with wailing in your voices !  
O delvèd gold, the wailer's heap !  
O strife, O curse, that o'er it fall !  
God makes a silence through you all,  
And “ giveth his beloved sleep ! ”

His dews drop mutely on the hill,  
His cloud above it saileth still ;

Though on its slope men toil and reap,  
More softly than the dew is shed,  
Or cloud is floated overhead,  
“ He giveth his beloved sleep ! ”

Yea, men may wonder, while they scan  
A living, thinking, feeling man,  
In such a rest his heart to keep ;  
But angels say, — and through the word  
I ween their blessed smile is heard, —  
“ He giveth his beloved sleep ! ”

For me, my heart, that erst did go  
Most like a tired child at a show,  
That sees through tears the juggler's leap,  
Would now its weary vision close, —  
Would, childlike, on His love repose,  
“ Who giveth his beloved sleep ! ”

And friends ! dear friends ! when it shall be  
That this low breath is gone from me,



And round my bier ye come to weep,  
Let one, most loving of you all,  
Say, — “ Not a tear must o'er her fall ;  
' He giveth his belovèd sleep ! ' ”

## THE SOLITARY REAPER.



BEHOLD her, single in the field,  
Yon solitary Highland lass !  
Reaping and singing by herself ;  
Stop here, or gently pass !  
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,  
And sings a melancholy strain ;  
O, listen ! for the vale profound  
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant  
More welcome notes to weary bands  
Of travellers, in some shady haunt  
Among Arabian sands ;

Such thrilling voice was never heard  
In spring-time from the cuckoo bird,  
Breaking the silence of the seas  
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?  
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow  
For old, unhappy, far-off things,  
And battles long ago ;  
Or is it some more humble lay,  
Familiar matter of to-day ?  
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,  
That has been, and may be again !

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang  
As if her song could have no ending ;  
I saw her singing at her work,  
And o'er the sickle bending ;  
I listened, motionless and still ;  
And when I mounted up the hill,  
The music in my heart I bore,  
Long after it was heard no more.

## TOWN REPININGS.



RIVER, O river ! thou rovest free  
From the mountain height to the fresh blue sea,  
Free thyself, while in silver chain  
Linking each charm of land and main.  
Calling at first thy banded waves  
From hill-side thickets and fern-hid caves,  
From the splintered crag thou leap'st below,  
Through leafy glades at will to flow,  
Idling now 'mid the dallying sedge,  
Slumbering now by the steep's mossed edge,  
With statelier march once more to break  
From wooded valley to breezy lake ;  
Yet all of these scenes, though fair they be,  
River, O river ! are banned to me.

River, O river ! upon thy tide  
Gayly the freighted vessels glide ;  
Would that thou thus couldst bear away  
The thoughts that burden my weary day,  
Or that I, from all save them set free,  
Though laden still, might rove with thee.  
True that thy waves brief lifetime find,  
And live at the will of the wanton wind,—  
True that thou seekest the ocean's flow  
To be lost therein for evermoe ;  
Yet the slave who worships at Honor's shrine  
But toils for a bubble as frail as thine,  
But loses his freedom here, to be  
Forgotten as soon as in death set free.

## LEAVES AND FLOWERS.



WITH tender vine-leaves wreathe thy brow,  
And I shall fancy that I see  
In the bright eye that laughs below  
The dark grape on the parent tree ;  
'T is but a whim ; but, O, entwine  
Thy brow with this green wreath of mine !

Weave of the clover-leaves a wreath  
Fresh sparkling with the summer shower,  
And I shall in my fair one's breath  
Find the soft fragrance of the flower ;  
'T is but a whim ; but, O, do thou  
Twine the dark leaves around thy brow !

O, let sweet-leaved geranium be  
Entwined amid thy clustering hair,  
While thy red lips shall paint to me  
How bright its scarlet blossoms are !  
'T is but a whim ; but, O, do thou  
Twine with my wreath thy blushing brow !

O, twine young rose-leaves round thy head,  
And I shall deem the flowers are there,  
The red rose on thy rich cheek spread,  
The white upon thy forehead fair !  
'T is but a whim ; but, O, entwine  
Thy wreath round that dear brow of thine !

## THE BELFRY PIGEON.



On the cross-beam under the Old South bell  
The nest of a pigeon is builded well.  
In summer and winter that bird is there,  
Out and in with the morning air ;  
I love to see him track the street,  
With his wary eye and active feet ;  
And I often watch him as he springs,  
Circling the steeple with easy wings,  
Till across the dial his shade has passed,  
And the belfry edge is gained at last.  
'T is a bird I love, with its brooding note,  
And the trembling throb in its mottled throat ;  
There 's a human look in its swelling breast,  
And the gentle curve of its lowly crest ;



And I often stop with the fear I feel,  
He runs so close to the rapid wheel.

Whatever is rung on that noisy bell, —  
Chime of the hour, or funeral knell, —  
The dove in the belfry must hear it well.  
When the tongue swings out to the midnight  
moon,

When the sexton cheerly rings for noon,  
When the clock strikes clear at morning light,  
When the child is waked with "nine at night,"  
When the chimes play soft in the Sabbath air,  
Filling the spirit with tones of prayer, —  
Whatever tale in the bell is heard,  
He broods on his folded feet, unstirred,  
Or, rising half in his rounded nest,  
He takes the time to smooth his breast,  
Then drops again, with filmed eyes,  
And sleeps as the last vibration dies.

Sweet bird ! I would that I could be  
A hermit in the crowd like thee,  
With wings to fly to wood and glen !  
Thy lot, like mine, is cast with men ;

And daily, with unwilling feet,  
I tread, like thee, the crowded street ;  
But, unlike me, when day is o'er,  
Thou canst dismiss the world, and soar,  
Or, at a half-felt wish for rest,  
Canst smooth thy feathers on thy breast,  
And drop, forgetful, to thy nest.

I would that, in such wings of gold,  
I could my weary heart upfold ;  
I would I could look down unmoved,  
(Unloving as I am unloved,)  
And, while the world throngs on beneath,  
Smooth down my cares and calmly breathe ;  
And never sad with others' sadness,  
And never glad with others' gladness,  
Listen, unstirred, to knell or chime,  
And, lapped in quiet, bide my time.

## THE LORDS OF THULE.



THE Lords of Thule it did not please,  
That Willegis their bishop was ;  
For he was a wagoner's son.  
And they drew, to do him scorn,  
Wheels of chalk upon the wall.  
He found them in chamber, found them in hall ;  
But the pious Willegis  
Could not be moved to bitterness.  
Seeing the wheels upon the wall,  
He bade his servants a painter call ;  
And said, — “ My friend, paint now for me,  
On every wall that I may see,  
A wheel of white in a field of red ;  
Underneath, in letters plain to be read, —

‘ Willegis, bishop now by name,  
Forget not whence you came.’ ”

The Lords of Thule were full of shame,  
They wiped away their works of blame,  
For they saw that scorn and jeer  
Cannot wound the wise man’s ear.  
And all the bishops, that after him came,  
Quartered the wheel with their arms of fame.  
Thus came to pious Willegis  
Glory out of bitterness.

## LINES ON A SKULL.



BEHOLD this ruin! — 'T was a skull  
Once of ethereal spirit full !  
This narrow cell was life's retreat ;  
This space was thought's mysterious seat ; —  
What beauteous pictures filled this spot !  
What dreams of pleasure long forgot !  
Nor love, nor joy, nor hope, nor fear,  
Has left one trace of record here.

Beneath this mouldering canopy  
Once shone the bright and busy eye ;  
But start not at the dismal void ;  
If social love that eye employed,

If with no lawless fire it gleamed,  
But through the dew of kindness beamed,  
That eye shall be for ever bright,  
When stars and suns have lost their light.

Here, in this silent cavern, hung  
The ready, swift, and tuneful tongue ;  
If falsehood's honey it disdained,  
And, where it could not praise, was chained,  
If bold in virtue's cause it spoke,  
Yet gentle concord never broke,  
That tuneful tongue shall plead for thee  
When death unveils eternity.

Say, did these fingers delve the mine,  
Or with its envied rubies shine ?  
To hew the rock, or wear the gem,  
Can nothing now avail to them ;  
But if the page of Truth they sought,  
Or comfort to the mourner brought,  
These hands a richer meed shall claim,  
Than all that waits on wealth or fame.

Avails it, whether bare or shod,  
These feet the path of duty trod ?  
If from the bowers of joy they fled,  
To soothe affliction's humble bed,  
If grandeur's guilty bribe they spurned,  
And home to virtue's lap returned,  
These feet with angel's wings shall vie,  
And tread the palace of the sky.

## ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.



THOU still unravished bride of quietness !  
 Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,  
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express  
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme,  
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape,  
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,  
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?  
 What men or gods are these ? What maidens loath ?  
 What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?  
 What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?  
  
 Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard  
 Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on !  
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,  
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone.



Fair youth, beneath the trees ! thou canst not leave  
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare.  
Bold lover ! never, never canst thou kiss,  
Though winning near the goal ; yet do not grieve ;  
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss ;  
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed  
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu ;  
And happy melodist ! unwearied,  
For ever piping songs for ever new ;  
More happy love ! more happy, happy love !  
For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,  
For ever panting and for ever young ;  
All breathing human passion far above,  
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,  
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?  
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,  
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,  
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?

What little town by river or sea-shore,  
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,  
    Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn ?  
And, little town ! thy streets for evermore  
    Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell  
    Why thou art desolate can e'er return.

O Attic shape ! fair attitude ! with brede  
    Of marble men and maidens overwrought,  
With forest branches and the trodden weed ;  
    Thou, silent form ! dost tease us out of thought  
As doth eternity ; cold pastoral !  
    When old age shall this generation waste,  
    Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
    " Beauty is truth, truth beauty " ; — that is all  
    Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

## GOOD LIFE, LONG LIFE.



It is not growing like a tree,  
In bulk, doth make man better be,  
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.  
A lily of a day  
Is fairer far, in May ;  
Although it fall and die that night,  
It was the plant and flower of light !  
In small proportions we just beauties see ;  
And in short measures life may perfect be.

## BE PATIENT.



Be patient! O, be patient! put your ear against the  
earth;

Listen there how noiselessly the germ o' the seed  
has birth;

How noiselessly and gently it upheaves its little  
way,

Till it parts the scarcely broken ground, and the  
blade stands up in the day.

Be patient! O, be patient! the germs of mighty  
thought

Must have their silent undergrowth, must under-  
ground be wrought;

But as sure as there 's a power that makes the grass  
appear,  
Our land shall be green with Liberty, the blade-time  
shall be here.

Be patient! O, be patient! go and watch the wheat-  
ears grow!  
So imperceptibly, that ye can mark nor change nor  
throe;  
Day after day, day after day, till the ear is fully  
grown,  
And then again, day after day, till the ripened field  
is brown.

Be patient! O, be patient! though yet our hopes are  
green,  
The harvest-fields of Freedom shall be crowned with  
sunny sheen.  
Be ripening! be ripening! mature your silent  
way,  
Till the whole broad land is tongued with fire, on  
Freedom's harvest-day!

## SONG.



TIME is a feathered thing,  
And whilst I praise  
The sparklings of thy looks, and call them rays,  
Takes wing ;  
Leaving behind him, as he flies,  
An unperceived dimness in thine eyes.

His minutes, whilst they are told,  
Do make us old,  
And every sand of his fleet glass,  
Increasing age as it doth pass,  
Insensibly sows wrinkles here,  
Where flowers and roses did appear.

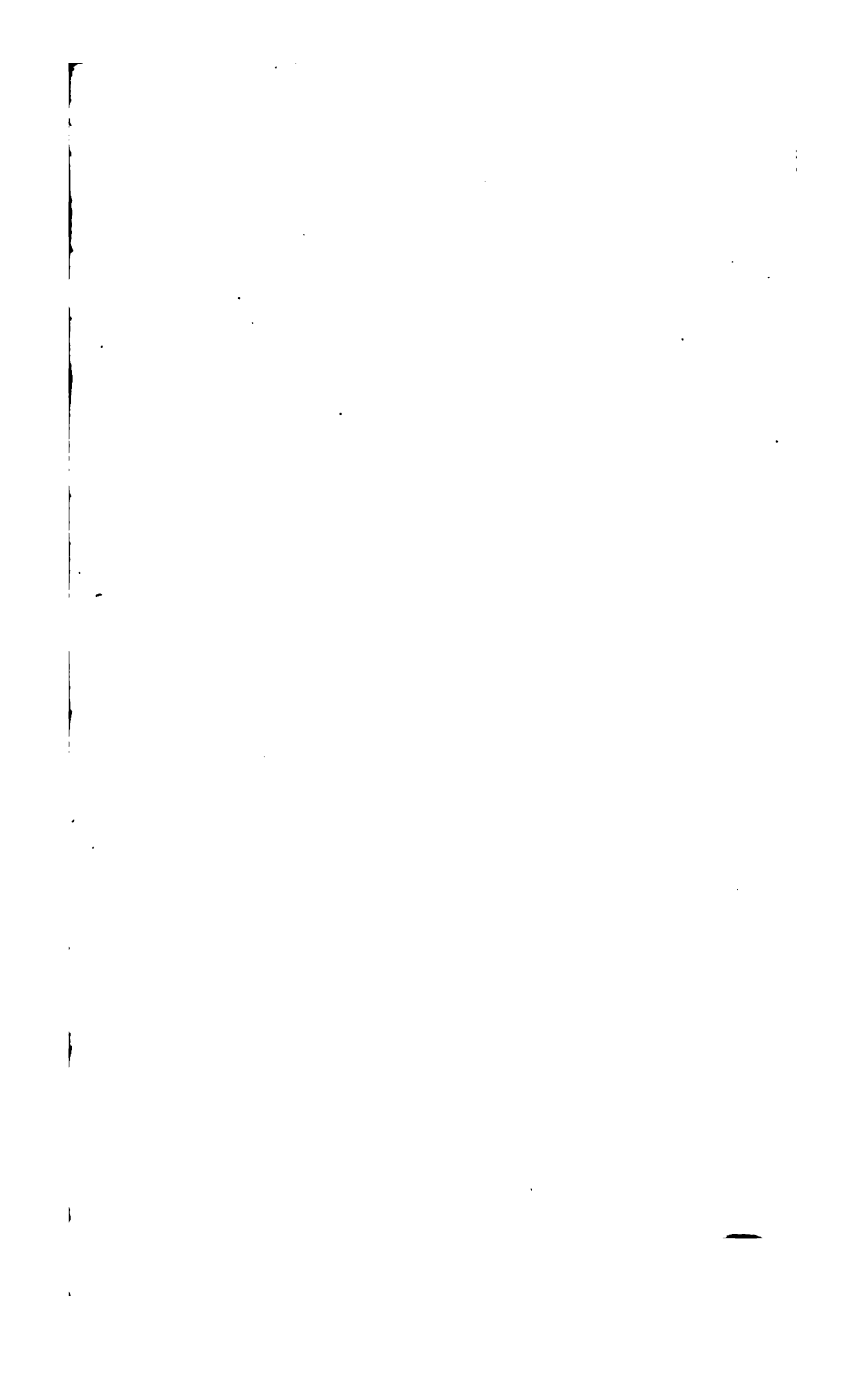
Whilst we do speak, our fire  
Doth into ice expire ;  
Flames turn to frost,  
And ere we can  
Know how our crow turns swan,  
Or how a silver snow  
Springs there, where jet did grow,  
Our fading spring is in dull winter lost.

THE END.

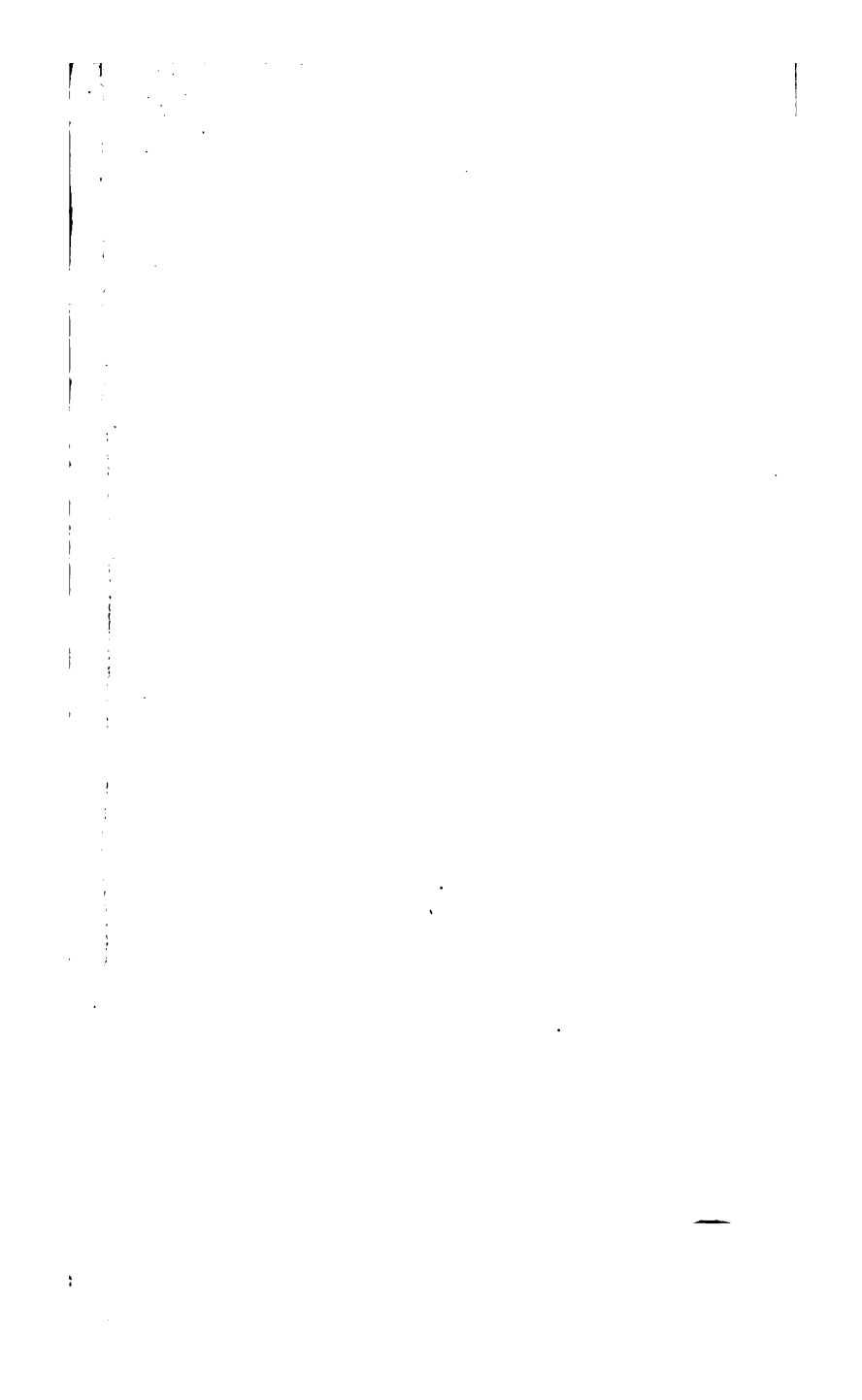




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