Keats

Poems

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BY THE SAME AUTHOR,

In 1 Vol. Post 8vo., Price 14s.,

FAUSTUS, A DRAMATIC MYSTERY,

FROM GOETHE,

WITH NOTES.

London : Longman and Co.

# XENIOLA.

# POEMS,

INCLUDING

TRANSLATIONS

FROM

SCHILLER AND DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

BY

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# PREFACE.

THE poems of which this volume consists were, with a few unimportant exceptions, written many years ago, and are now printed because "they have given pleasure to those whom I most wished to please," and because—feeling that the occupations of active life leave me little chance of future leisure for such studies—I wish to preserve some record of the happy period of life at which they were composed. The translations were written at a period not considerably later. They are faithful, I believe, to the leading thought, and almost always to the very letter of the original. The powers, however, of the language in which I write, and not those of that from which I translate, necessarily govern and mould the forms of expression adopted. This at times produces compression—at times expansion—but never a wilful deviation from my author's meaning.

# CONTENTS.


| | Page. |
|---|---|
| Time | 1 |
| Alfred | 2 |
| Elegy | 3 |
| The Poet's Haunt | 9 |
| The Everlasting Rose | 12 |
| Home | 14 |
| Mirth and Grief | 18 |
| "A Dream remembered in a Dream" | 22 |
| "No Lute's Enchanting Minstrelsy" | 25 |
| Ballad | 27 |
| Dirge, from the Gaelic | 29 |
| "If I might choose" | 32 |
| Matilda | 33 |
| Emblems | 38 |
| "Oh! if, as Arabs fancy!" | 41 |
| Hymn, from the German | 44 |
| Lines on the Death of the Princess Charlotte | 47 |
| Ode to Fancy | 62 |
| Solitude | 69 |
| Fragment | 77 |
| Reverie | 78 |

Page.
Triumph of Music . . . . . 106
Latin translation of the poem entitled "Time" . 111
Memory, from the German of E. W. S. Von Sassen 112
Ranz des Vaches, from Schiller's William Tell . 113
The Pilgrimage; from De La Motte Fouqué . 121
The Five Oaks of Dallwitz; from Körner . . 163
Gipsey Song . . . . . 165

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

# TIME.

---

Seen through pure crystal the imprisoned sand,
Without a murmur, counts its flowing hour;—
The dial's shifting bar of shade;—the hand
Of the hall-clock, that with a life-like power
Moves undisturbed:—the equal pulse of Time
Throbs on, as beats man's heart in happy health,
Not noticed, yet how sure! with easy stealth,
Unwearied in its ministry sublime:—
And there are those to whom the matin lark
Proclaims day's duties, or the cock, whose cheer
Came sad to panic-stricken Simon's ear,
When for a little moment Faith was dark:—
Frail heart!—that still believed, yet shook to hear
The storm of man's vain anger round his bark!

1824.

# ALFRED.

---

ALFRED,—oh read his tale by Milton told!—
In seasons, when the change of day and night
Doth, in our heaven, ill separate the light
For studious men, his hands in prayer did fold
By angels seen—and coloured tapers bright
Each lone hour's watch with varying hues record,
While Europe's fates, in ample scroll unrolled,
Are spread before the Mighty Island's lord;
—And then and now hath Alfred his reward!
Of all that noble life no hour was lost;—
Thoughtful in act,—and active while he prayed,—
He loved the land, for which his vows were paid,
Restored to peace a people tempest-tossed,
And ENGLAND is the nation *he* hath made!

1824.



# ELEGY.

---

Or breathe not—breathe not—sure 'twas something holy—
Earth hath no sounds like these—again it passes
With a wild, low voice, that slowly rolls away,
Leaving a silence not unmusical!—
And now again the wind-harp's frame hath felt
The spirit—like the organ's richest peal
Rolls the long murmur—and again it comes,
That wild, low, wailing voice.—

These sounds to me
Bear record of strange feelings. It was evening,—
In my bowered window lay this talisman,
That the sighing breezes there might visit it;—
And I was wont to leave my lonely heart,
Like this soft harp, the play-thing of each impulse,
The sport of every breath. I sate alone
Listening for many minutes—the sounds ceased,
Or, tho' unnoted by the idle ear,
Were mingling with my thoughts—I thought of one,

And she was of the dead—She stood before me,
With sweet sad smile, like the wan moon at midnight,
Smiling in silence on a world at rest.

I rushed away—I mingled with the mirth
Of the noisy many—it is strange, that night,
With a light heart, with light and lively words,
I sported hours away, and yet there came
At times wild feelings—words will not express them—
But it seemed, that a chill eye gazed upon my heart,
That a wan cheek, with sad smile, upbraided me,
I felt that mirth was but a mockery,
Yet I was mirthful.

I lay down to sleep—
I did not sleep—I could not choose but listen,
For o'er the wind-harp's strings the spirit came
With that same sweet low voice. Yes! thou mayest smile,
But I must think, my friend, as then I thought,
That the voice was her's, whose early death I mourned,
That she it was, who breathed those solemn notes,
Which like a spell possessed the soul.—

I lay
Wakeful, the prey of many feverish feelings,
My thoughts were of the dead!—at length I slept,
If it indeed were sleep.—She stood before me



In beauty—the wan smile had passed away—
Her eye was bright—I could not bear its brightness.

Till now I knew not Death was terrible,
For seldom did I dwell upon the thought,
And if, in some wild moment, fancy shaped
A world of the departed, 'twas a scene
Most calm and cloudless, or, if clouds at times
Stained the blue quiet of the still soft sky,
They did not dim its charm, but suited well
The stillness of the scene, like thoughts that move
Silently o'er the soul, or linger there
Shedding a tender twilight pensiveness!

This is an idle song!—I cannot tell
What charms were her's who died—I cannot tell
What grief is their's whose spirits weep for her!—
Oh, many were the agonies of prayer,
And many were the mockeries of hope;
And many a heart, that loved the weak delusion,
Looked forward for the rosy smiles of health,
And many a rosy smile passed o'er that cheek,
Which will not smile again;—and the soft tinge,
That often flushed across that fading face,
And made the stranger sigh, with friends would wake
A momentary hope;—even the calm tone,
With which she spoke of death, gave birth to thoughts,
Weak, trembling thoughts, that the lip uttered not.

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That often flushed across that fading face,
And made the stranger sigh, with friends would wake
A momentary hope;—even the calm tone,
With which she spoke of death, gave birth to thoughts,
Weak, trembling thoughts, that the lip uttered not.

And when she spoke with those, whom most she mourn'd
To leave, and when thro' clear calm tears the eye
Shone with unwonted light, oh, was there not
In its rich sparkle something, that forbade
The fear of death?—and when, in life's last days,
The same gay spirit, that in happier hours
Had charactered her countenance, still gleamed
On the sunk features—when such playful words,
As once could scatter gladness on all hearts,
Still trembled from the lip, and o'er the souls
Of those who listened shed a deeper gloom—
In hours of such most mournful gaiety,
Oh, was there not even then a lingering hope,
That flitted fearfully, like parent birds,
Fast fluttering o'er their desolated nest?

Mourn not for her who died!—she lived as saints
Might pray to live—she died as Christians die;—
There was no earthward struggle of the heart,
No shuddering terror—no reluctant sigh.
They, who beheld her dying, fear not Death!
Silently—silently the spoiler came,
As sleep steals o'er the senses, unperceived,
And the last thoughts, that soothed the waking soul,
Mingle with our sweet dreams.—Mourn not for her!

Oh, who art thou, that, with weak words of comfort,
Would'st bid the mourner not to weep?—would'st win



The cheek of sorrow to a languid smile?
Thou dost not know with what a pious love
Grief dwells upon the dead!—thou dost not know
With what a holy zeal Grief treasures up
All that recalls the past!—when the dim eye
Rolls objectless around, thou dost not know
What forms are floating o'er the mourner's soul!—
Thou dost not know with what a soothing art
Grief, that rejects man's idle consolations,
Makes to itself companionable friends
Of all, that charmed the dead! her robin still
Seeks at the wonted pane his morning crumbs,
And, surely, not less dear for the low sigh,
His visit wakes!—and the tame bird, who loved
To follow with gay wing her every step,
Who oft, in playful fits of mimicry,
Echoed her song, is dearer for her sake!—
The wind, that from the hawthorn's dewy blossoms
Brings fragrance, breathes of her!—the moral lay,
That last she loved to hear, with deeper charm
Speaks to the spirit now!—even these low notes,
Breathed o'er her grave, will sink into the soul,
A pensive song that Memory will love
In pensive moments.

Mourners, is there not
An angel, that illumes the house of mourning?
The Spirit of the Dead—a holy image,

Shrined in the soul—for ever beautiful,
Undimmed with earth—its tears—its weaknesses—
And changeless, as within the exile's heart
The picture of his country ;—*there* no clouds
Darken the hills—no tempest sweeps the vale,—
And the loved forms, he never more must meet,
Are with him in the vision, fair, as when,
Long years ago, they clasped his hands at parting !

1817.



THE

# POET'S HAUNT.

'Tis beautiful indeed—thro' parted boughs
To see the moving clouds darkening the sky,
To mark their many-shifting forms, and tints,
As slow they pass ; then see the lively blue
Pure, spotless, like the soul, that hath not known
Unworthy passions, or, if dimmed awhile,
Soon shines reclaimed ; 'tis sweet to view that rill
Stealing through moss-grown stones, so playfully,
As if it feared to soil one starry flower :—

How many a wild-rose wreath along its bank
Might I now gather, but methinks the Fay,
Whose little urn supplies this sparkling stream,
Who flings the morning dew-drop on this rose,
Would shun the violated haunt, nor bid
The water, as it drips from stone to stone,
Then flows continuous, till some gadding briar

Or wild-flower's tuft impede its onward course,
Speak to the ear with soft and pleasant voice,
Like broken music of some oft-heard song,
That in the lonely hour we fain would catch,
That blesses now, and now eludes the ear.—

How do I love to lie beneath the shade
Of this broad sycamore! the Spirit here,
That loves the song, oft lingers, while the soul
Lies in that doubtful mood, when thoughts, that pass
Across its moveless surface, leave no trace,
When Memory sleeps, and Feeling only wakes,
And we but learn from interrupted thought
That we had thought at all—then, not in vain,
Doth Nature breathe, and Nature's breath is song!
Thou dost not rightly worship Poetry,
To whom there is no music in the leaves
Rustling with ceaseless murmur, as the winds
Play thro' their boughs—if, when the thunders roar,
And the red lightnings roll in orbs of fire,
Or glance in arrowy flight, thou canst but feel
The throb of selfish fear—then seek some fane
More suited to such feelings, nor presume
To bow before the shrine of Poetry!
Does thy soul slumber, when the rising lark
Pours all his spirit in the full-voiced song,
A hymn of worship at the eastern shrine
Of Day's ascending god? And in thy heart



Wakes there no answering music of sweet thoughts,
Of such strong power to steal thee from thyself,
That even the song of lark, the hum of bee,
All Nature's harmonies of morning joy,
Seem, when thou wakest from the holy spell,
But fragments of thy broken meditations,
Or echoes of the minstrelsy within?
If, in the silence of the noon-day hour,
Thou dost not own serenity of soul,
A spirit, that can love the quietude,
And gaze in joy upon the thousand forms
That float unceasingly before its ken;
If, when the robin warbles from yon bough,
Not uninspired, his descant passionate
To eve's first star, that gilds the twilight trees,
Thou canst not give a moral to the song;
If, when the moon sheds her still sober light
Upon this water, and deludes the eye
With show of motion, there is in thy heart
No pulse of pleasure;—hence, for ever hence,
Oh, shun this bank! it is the POET'S HAUNT!

1814.

THE

# EVERLASTING ROSE.

---

Emblem of Hope! enchanted flower,
  Still breathe round thy faint perfume,
Still smile amid the wintry hour,
  And boast even now a spring-tide bloom.

Thine is, methinks, a pleasant dream,
  Lone lingerer in the icy vale,
Of smiles, that hailed the morning beam,
  And sighs more sweet for evening's gale!

Still are thy green leaves whispering
  Low sounds, to fancy's ear that tell
Of mornings, when the wild bee's wing
  Shook dew-drops from thy sparkling cell!

In April's bower thy sweets are breathed,
  June sees with joy thy blossoms fair;
In Autumn's chaplet thou art wreathed,
  And round December's forehead bare.



With thee the graceful lily vied,
  As summer breezes waved her head,
And now the snow-drop at thy side
  Meekly contrasts thy cheerful red.

Well dost thou know each varying voice,
  That wakes the seasons sad or gay;
The summer thrush bids thee rejoice,
  And wintry robin's dearer lay.

Sweet Flower! how happy dost thou seem
  'Mid parching heat, 'mid nipping frost;
While, gathering beauty from each beam,
  No hue, no grace of thine is lost!

Thus Hope, 'mid life's severest days,
  Still soothes, still smiles away despair;
Alike she lives in Pleasure's rays,
  And cold Affliction's winter air.

Charmer alike in lordly bower,
  And in the hermit's cell she glows;
The Poet's and the Lover's flower,
  The bosom's Everlasting Rose!

*Feb.* 1814.

# HOME.

---

Haunts of my youthful days, though distant far,
My spirit is with you! oh, I could weep,
Vexed with the jarrings of this noisy world,
To think upon thy deep tranquillity,
Mine own loved home! the struggles and the strife
Of worthless ones, that sink into the heart,
Turned all its blood to poison!—I have thought
Of thee, and I am calm! thy trees arose
Brightening before mine eye: the pleasantness
That slumbers in thy vallies—the soft hues
That bathe thy sunny hills—all met my soul:
And lovelier far than Nature's outward forms,
The Spirit of Domestic Happiness:
The voice of her I loved was in my ear,
She smiled serenity, and I am calm.

Haunts of my childhood, now I think of you,
And thoughts and feelings gush along my heart,
Sweet as the music of my native stream!—
—Feelings more holy never, with the breeze



Of evening, stole into the spirit of him
Who plies his bark on Uri's lonely lake,
And meditates on Tell—the while he sees,
Darkening the wave beneath, the fane which speaks
The patriot's triumph, and his country's love:
The tear is on his cheek—his heart is full—
A brighter tinge hath lit his streaming eye,
With gentler sweep he draws the gliding oar,
Fearful to break those shadows on the wave,
Which wake such deep, such sacred sympathies!—

Haunts of my childhood, are ye still as fair
As when I wandered through each green recess?
Still does the soft breeze, with his idle breath,
Stirring at once a thousand twinkling leaves,
Utter neglected music?—does the cloud,
In whose dark womb the noon-day sun is hid,
Whose folds are lightly coloured with his beams,
Still hang as lovely in the silent sky?—
Is Nature still the same, although no more
An eye is there, to hold deep intercourse
With all her forms, although no heart is there
To feel her power and hymn her holiness?
Oft have I thought some bond of mighty strength
Had linked me in a strange identity
With outward accidents of Nature—oft,
Methought, some spell of more than human force
Had lulled to rest my individual self,

And that one soul inspired the scenes around,
The spacious sky—the universal air—
And him, who gazed in rapture on the sight!
And now in crowded city, oh, how strange,
How impious does this separation seem
From all I wish and love—even from myself!
—Yet have I oft-times held communion high
And holy with the absent scenery;
Oft listened, till within the silent soul
Was heard the flow of waters, and the stir
Of summer leaves—till every form I loved
Was with me—till I ceased to be alone.
Dear are such visions to the thinking soul,
And like in love, as in their nature like,
To those fair forms, that having passed from earth,
Return at twilight, and the musing man
Before whose eye they move, conceives their looks
Chastened, refined, and purified by Death!

Spirits, that oft on light and dewy wing
Hovered around the cradle of my childhood,
Touching the dreaming infant's cheek with smiles,
And, in the hours of my advancing age,
Have, with such music as the unseen lark
Oft sends into the morning traveller's soul,
Poured strains of more than earthly melody,
In calm and awful accents, to the heart,
Breathing along those inward chords that thrill



With unbid impulse to the poet's lay;
—Spirits, ye have not yet deserted me!
Ye have not left me, darkly wandering,
Companionless, unguided in a world
I cannot mingle with! conflicting men
May rudely throw me from their noisy converse,
Or stretch the hand of seeming brotherhood,
And mock with their love—

Haunts of my youth,
Ye will not mock me, and ye cannot change!

1814.

# MIRTH AND GRIEF.

## AN ALLEGORY.

---

" These things are a mysterie, and but to be understoode of the auctor himselfe."

GASCOIGNE.

" My muse doth not delight
Me as she did before;
My hand and pen are not in plight
As they have been of yore."

LORD VAUX.

In vain—ah me!—in vain, with murmured charm
Of love-inwoven sounds, would I recall
The long-forgotten art—in vain implore
At noon the colouring of the morning heavens!—
Glad WORDS, that once as with a robe of light
Would meet the coming FANCIES, where are they?
And where, oh where are they, the angel guests?
Why have they gone, or wherefore did they come?
And yet, methinks, they are not far remote,



But that mine eye is dim and sees them not;—
But that mine heart is dead and does not feel;*—
Where is the music of the spirit gone?
Where now the heart that never knew a care—
That saw, in all things round, Love, only Love?
—Gone with the hues of morning—with the hopes
Of boyhood—with the glories of the spring;—
Gone with the dead—the unreturning dead!

In vain—in vain—the Spirit will not come!
Yet I have watched each stirring of the heart,
Till Sorrow, self-amused, smiles playfully,
Till Fancies vague seem gifted with strange life,
Surprise the ear with voices of their own,
And shine distinct, and fair, and shadowless,
Self-radiant, on a self-illumined stage,
Pure Forms, whose Being is the magic light
In which they move—all beauty! How it hangs
Enamoured round them! In what tender folds
The thin veil, flowing with the sportive breeze
Of dallying thought, returns, and fondly stirs
The amber ringlets o'er each little brow,
Fans softly the blue veins—and lingering lies
Trembling and happy on the kindred cheek!

* " Die Geisterwelt ist nicht verschlossen;
Dein sinn ist zu, dein Hertz ist todt!"

GOETHE.

In vain—in vain! They are not what they were!
The lights are dim,—the pageant fades away,
Lost on the disenchanted heart and eye;
Cold, icy cold, they glimmer—idly play
With languid feelings—feeble are the hues,
And faint the failing hand, that fears to trace
Forms seldom seen—seen only in still hours,
When dreams are passing into dream-like thought,
And, for a little moment, sleep the cares
That vex with pain, and each day grieve and wound
The God within, disquieting man's heart!

Lady, forgive these broken images,—
Forgive the wiles of Grief, that fain would smile,
And so she plays with her dead brother's toys,
The cheerful boy who died in infancy;
Or wilt thou smile with me, and gaze with me
—As in the peaceful twilight of a dream
That mingles death and life,—on Mirth and Grief?

One happy human bosom was their home,
And Mirth, with rosy lips and bold bright eyes,
That rolled, and laughed, and knew not where to rest,
Kissed off the tears from his pale sister's face;
'Twas sweet to see her smiling playfully,
While he, a masquer blythe, in tragic weeds
Robed his light limbs, and hid his laughing face,
And moved with pensive mien and solemn pomp



Of measured gesture;—'twas a part played well,
Yet half betrayed by the capricious voice,
That could not long uphold the lofty tone;
And by the glances of the conscious eye,
Where tell-tale smiles would slily still peep out;
While, half deluded by his own quaint humour,
And vain withal, no doubt, the lively elf
Looked round for praise;—but then he felt the tear
Come sudden to disturb the quivering eye,
And fall in fire upon the burning cheek!

* * * * *

Lady, forgive these broken images—
That, like the dew-drops from a shaken flower,
Fall cold, and shine, and are for ever lost,
Seen only in the breeze that scatters them.

1822.

## "A DREAM REMEMBERED IN A DREAM."*

---

MINE was a dream of strange delight,
And did not vanish with the night.

---

Methought a Voice was leading me
Thro' dusk walks of a lonesome wood—
A dedicated solitude—
A voice that was a mystery,
Like the voices faint and mild,
We have heard, and evermore
Seem in sabbath hours to hear,
When the heart, half reconciled
To the losses we deplore,
Meets again with love and fear—
Fear subdued, and love chastised—
The dead, till death too little prized;
When they, for whom we did not live,
In heaven still love us, still forgive,

* "You stood before me, like a thought,
A dream remembered in a dream."
COLERIDGE, *Recollections of Love.*



And voices to the heart are brought
Again in dreams, and dreamy thought.

On wandered we, in vision vague,
Above the trembling line of Maige!
What wonder, if the pleasant voice,
The leading music of my dream
Changed as we glided by the stream,
And seemed to murmur and rejoice,
As, sleepless in the moon-beams, smiled
The stream that soothed me, man and child!

And then uprose, like fairy throngs
A crowd of Fancies fugitive—
Such forms as for a moment live
In seeming life, and glance, and give
Their beauty to the eye, revealing
A charm, that is a sense, a feeling—
—Not unlike the odour left,
When the loose wind's pleasant theft
On a bank, with may-dews wet,
Stirs the wakeful violet—
Fancies, blossomings of love,
Like the breathing from above,
That is felt, and that belongs
To one minstrel, only one—
To the song of many songs,
To the song of Solomon!

Dusk Night, though dark, how beautiful!
Thine the consoling sounds, that lull
Men happy or unfortunate,
Raise up the sad, calm the elate!
And thine alike o'er all to sweep
The curtain of mysterious sleep;
And thine, while in the cloud we lie,
The dreams, too bright for waking eye—
The heaven, that for a moment seems
Before us in the spell of dreams!

Whose was the voice that led me on?
Who walked with me that pleasant wood?
The voice, her voice—her very tone—
Her unforgotten words renewed—
The radiant eyes—the folded hair—
The lips—the love reposing there—
Day wakes me from the conscious trance,
And still before my eyes I trace
The lines of that beloved face—
And that transfigured countenance!

1827.



## "NO LUTE'S ENCHANTING MINSTRELSY."

No lute's enchanting minstrelsy!
No magic chords awake for me!

For my music I demand
Finger raised of moving hand;
Bowing head, and lips comprest,
That murmur not, though scarce at rest,
And with every varied rhyme
Mark the thought and mete the time;
Forehead, which the tender vein
With a violet streak doth stain,
Shaded by the brown lock's maze,
—For my spell forbids to raise
The white hand, that would repress
And reprove each truant tress—
Lest it break the deep suspense
Of delighted thought intense.
O'er the snowy forehead flit
Gleams, that do illumine it,
Swift they come, and swift they flee
Felt by her, and felt by me,

Fain, methinks, would they repose
On that bed of placid snows,
But must fly like glancing thought,
For repose is suffered not.

I too challenge from thine eyes
Sympathy and sweet surprise,
—Eyes that smile because they must,
Yet the smile speaks half distrust.

1825.



# BALLAD.*

THE summer sun was sinking
With a mild light, calm and mellow,
It shone on my little boy's bonny cheeks,
And his loose locks of yellow;

The robin was singing sweetly,
And his song was sad and tender;
And my little boy's eyes, while he heard the song,
Smiled with a sweet soft splendour.

My little boy lay on my bosom
While his soul the song was quaffing,
The joy of his soul had tinged his cheek,
And his heart and his eye were laughing:

* The woman, in whose character these lines are written, supposes her child stolen by a fairy. I need not mention how prevalent the superstition is in Ireland, which attributes most instances of sudden death to the agency of these spirits.

I sate alone in my cottage,
The midnight needle plying;
I feared for my child, for the rush's light
In the socket now was dying!

There came a hand to my lonely latch,
Like the wind at midnight moaning;
I knelt to pray, but rose again,
For I heard my little boy groaning:

I crossed my brow and I crossed my breast,
But that night my child departed—
They left a weakling in his stead,
And I am broken-hearted!

Oh! it cannot be my own sweet boy,
For his eyes are dim and hollow,
My little boy is gone—is gone,
And his mother soon will follow!

The dirge for the dead will be sung for me,
And the mass be chaunted meetly,
And I shall sleep with my little boy,
In the moonlight churchyard sweetly.

1816.



# DIRGE.

FROM THE GAELIC.

---

CHORUS.

Like the oak of the vale was thy strength and thy height,
Thy foot, like the erne* of the mountain in flight:
Thy arm was the tempest of Loda's fierce breath,
Thy blade, like the blue mist of Lego, was death!—

Alas! how soon the thin cold cloud
The hero's bloody limbs must shroud!
And who shall tell his sire the tale!
And who shall soothe his widow's wail!
—I see thy father, full of days;
For thy return behold him gaze;
The hand, that rests upon the spear,
Trembles in feebleness and fear—
He shudders, and his bald grey brow
Is shaking like the aspen-bough,

* Eagle.

He gazes, till his dim eyes fail
With gazing on the fancied sail;—
Anxious he looks—what sudden streak
Flits like a sunbeam o'er his cheek!
—"Joy, joy, my child, it *is* the bark
That bounds on yonder billow dark!"—
His child looks forth with straining eye,
And sees—the light cloud sailing by—
—His grey head shakes;—how sad, how weak
That sigh!—how sorrowful that cheek!—

His bride from her slumbers will waken and weep,
But when shall the hero arouse him from sleep?
The yell of the stag-hound—the clash of the spear,
May ring o'er his tomb,—but the dead will not hear;
Once he wielded the sword, once he cheered to the hound,
But his pleasures are past, and his slumber is sound;
—Await not his coming, ye sons of the chace,
Day dawns!—but it nerves not the dead for the race;
—Await not his coming, ye sons of the spear,
The war-song ye sing—but the dead will not hear!

Oh blessing be with him who sleeps in the grave,
The leader of Lochlin! the young and the brave!—
On earth didst thou scatter the strength of our foes,
—Then blessing be thine in thy cloud of repose!



CHORUS.

Like the oak of the vale was thy strength and thy height,
Thy foot, like the erne of the mountain in flight;
Thy arm was the tempest of Loda's fierce breath,
Thy blade, like the blue mist of Lego, was death!—

1815.

## "IF I MIGHT CHOOSE," &c.

---

If I might choose, where my tired limbs shall lie
When my task here is done, the Oak's green crest
Shall rise above my grave—a little mound
Raised in some cheerful village-cemetery—
And I could wish, that, with unceasing sound
A lonely mountain rill was murmuring by—
In music—through the long soft twilight hours;—
And let the hand of her, whom I love best,
Plant round the bright green grave those fragrant flowers,
In whose deep bells the wild-bee loves to rest—
And should the robin, from some neighbouring tree,
Pour his enchanted song—oh, softly tread,
For sure, if aught of earth can soothe the dead,
He still must love that pensive melody!

1815.



## MATILDA.

---

Scene.—*A Terrace overlooking the Garden of a Convent*—Matilda *and* Bertha *in conversation.*

Matilda.

Oh! think not that I mourn the lonely doom
That hath been destined for me—oft, indeed,
Visions of more than beauty float before
Mine eye, and I will gaze and gaze upon them,
But with such feelings, as the bride beholds
Her father's house, when she abandons it
With him, whom she hath loved from infancy!—
But with such feelings, as the hunter owns,
When from some Alpine steep he gazes down
Through cold chasms of a rifted cloud, and sees
Cities, and seats of men—far, far below,
With black gulfs rolling billowy between—
Mayhap, while gazing on the prospect, tinged
With the rising sun, the lonely man will sigh,



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And then with not less eagerness pursue
The solitary toil he loves.

BERTHA.

Matilda,
Thou lovest too well the mockeries of fancy!
This is what makes me grieve—thy lovely spirit
Sheds o'er each scene its own rich colouring—
Even these damp walls, that, when I first came hither,
Did frown with such blank silence, will assume
At times a cheerful aspect—it were strange
If I loved not thy favorite walk—the lark
Flies not more lightly o'er its jealous bounds,
Than my heart dances, when I meet thee here.
Yet this, Matilda—this doth make me grieve!
Thou lovest too well the mockeries of fancy!
Some vague conceit—some loose analogy—
The shadow of a cloud—a lonely flower—
The stirring of a moonbeam on the waters—
Will fix thy fate for ever; but the heart
Will wake, ere long, from the delusive dream,
To curse Imagination's hollow vaunts!—

MATILDA.

This, Bertha this,—from thee! I wondered not,
When from the dull of heart, and cold of spirit,
I heard such bodings;—why must thou too mock me?



Mine is a lonely doom—but it is doomed!—
And who hath told thee, that I am not happy?
When hast thou seen me weep? do I not smile,
Even now, at thy strange warnings?—if I were
As weak as thou dost deem, it sure were harsh
To mock at such distemper;—when the maniac
Weaves for his brow an idle wreath of flowers,
And rears his gyved arm in regal pride,
Wisdom most surely doth not mock the pageant!—
If, when the clouds of eve lie slumberingly,
Like a hushed forest in some distant world,
I gaze upon them, till my spirit builds
A bower, where it may rest;—soon, very soon,
Its hues will vanish in the thick black night—
—There wanteth not the cold breath of a friend,
To dissipate the phantoms that I love!

BERTHA.

Matilda! is this kind?—thou dost not know me—
Thou wilt not know me—when will friends believe,
Undoubtingly, the language of their friends?—
Thou yet wilt grieve to think how thou hast wronged me!

[*Exit* BERTHA.

MATILDA—(*After a pause of some minutes.*)

Proud heart, but kind!—lively and quick to anger,

But most affectionate ;—how could I wound thee?
—But, thus it is, I cannot have a friend,
One, who will bear with my most wayward temper—
Even Bertha shrinks from me—I've lost 'em all—
I've lost 'em by neglect of some dull form,
By absence of some cold civility,
Some phrase, ill-understood, or idly echoed
By those, who watch the wanderings of the eye,
The casual changes of the vacant features,
And think, sage reasoners, that they read the mind !—
—Well, it were weak to mourn ;—this loneliness
Best suits my lot ; my home, henceforth, must be
The narrow cell, whose solitary floor
Shall seldom echo other step than mine !
'Twould ill beseem the veiled maid, to sigh
For earth, or its enjoyments ;—and the world,
That ere the grave is closed forgets the dead,
Will never waste a thought upon the absent !
—The world ! oh, why should I still haunt its walks?
I love it not !—I seek it not ! their hearts
Are not as mine !—my woes must be my own !
I ask not pity—cannot suffer sympathy
Of flatterers, who watch the countenance,
That they may know when it is fit to smile,—
To echo, or anticipate the sigh—
—Oh, better, better is this dreary scene—
These floors, that echo back the measured step,
As the pale votaress walks above the vaults



Where the dead lie !—oh, better 'tis to muse,
In twilight gloom beneath the elder's shade,
Where the wreathed trunk affords no second seat,—
How many a lonely night have I sate there,
Watching the clouds, and shaping dreams as wild
As the sick mind can fancy in their changes !

1818.

# EMBLEMS.

## "MARK YE WELL THE BLOOD-RED ROSE."*

---

Mark ye well the blood-red Rose,
Matin hour, her hood unclose,
Ye shall in her blushing face
The weeping dews of midnight trace.
Such the glowing tint of shame
Over Mary's cheek that came;
Like the pale night-dew I ween,
Thy tears, mourning Magdalen,
When gray-amiced dawn in peace
Bade not Mary's vigils cease.

Sweet the rose, and sweet the nard
Grateful Mary's hand prepared,
And, as softest odours breathe
Sanguine leaves from underneath,

* This poem, the insertion of which here is permitted at my anxious request, is from the pen of a friend, whose name I am not allowed to give.



From the casket of the flower,—
Think upon that blessed hour—
Think upon the box, that shed
Perfume o'er our Saviour's head,
When the lowly saint adored
And embalmed her living Lord.

Still the Rose hath mystery!
Think upon Gethsemane!
Mark upon the drooping leaf
Beads of dew in orbed relief;
Crimson tint, appearing through,
Stains them with the life-blood's hue;
Think upon Christ's agonies!
Lo! he in the garden lies;
Seraphs view the mystic flood
Of the suffering monarch's blood.

Mark the Ruby, ye shall see
Sign of perfect charity;
As the beryl imaged truth
To the eye of spotless youth,
—That the gem of virtue rare,
Swaying spirits of the air,—
So the pure, with saintly love,
Shall the ruby's power prove;
There the blood of Jesus flows,
Warm with charity it glows.

Yes, ye in the ruby red
See the blood of Jesus shed ;
It shall be Faith's optic glass ;
—View the scene before you pass,
Scene, where that dread mystery
Closed upon bleak Calvary !
See the stream, the cross it stains,
Bright as from our Saviour's veins.
Think, oh ! think that even thus
God hath shed his blood for us !



## TO ———

## "OH! IF, AS ARABS FANCY."

Oh ! if, as Arabs fancy, the traces on thy brow
Were symbols of thy future fate, and I could read
them now,
Almost without a fear would I explore the mystic chart,
Believing that the world were weak to darken such a
heart.

As yet to thy untroubled soul, as yet to thy young
eyes,
The skies above are very heaven—the earth is
paradise ;
The birds that glance in joyous air—the flowers that
happiest be,
That "toil not, neither do they spin,"—are they not
types of thee ?

And yet, and yet—beloved child,—to thy enchanted sight,
Blest as the present is, the days to come seem yet more bright,
For thine is hope, and thine is love, and thine the glorious power,
That gives to hope its fairy light, to love its richest dower.

For me that twilight time is past—those sun-rise colours gone—
The prophecies of childhood—and, the promises of dawn;
And yet WHAT IS, tho' scarcely heard, will speak of WHAT HAS BEEN,
While Love assumes a gentler tone, and Hope a calmer mien.

Oh! could we know—oh! could we feel, that blessings haunt each spot,
—Even children—each its angel hath—albeit we see them not—
That earth to them who live in faith, still *is* what they believe,
And they, who fear deception most, themselves indeed deceive.



My child, my love, my Nannie, at this hour my heart flows free,
And wanders over field and flower where I have strayed with thee;
Thy very voice—thy very smile—is present with me still,
And it commands me from afar, almost against my will.

To-day I trod enchanted ground, and saw the Sunset gleam
Upon Kilcoleman's fading tower and Spenser's lonely stream,
Even then, as in my youth, I felt the minstrel shadows come,
And my heart, that sported all day long,—sank, powerless—passive—dumb.

How was it that thine image, Anne, was with me in that hour,
All that thou wert and art,—and, when my soul resumed its power,
I sought—I almost fear in vain—that feeling to prolong
And give it utterance in verse,—accept—forgive the song!

1832.

# HYMN.

FROM THE GERMAN.

---

'Tis an hour to think and feel!—
With prostrate heart and folded hand
And eyes uplifted, brethren kneel!
Bless, oh God, our native land!—
Cling to hope with heart and blood—
He is gracious!—He is good!
'Tis an hour to think and feel,—
For the pure of heart to kneel!

Let the panting earth rejoice
With the bell's triùmphing peal!
With the echo of man's voice
Make the hymning temple reel!
Upward o'er the lofty choir,
Like a cloud of smoke and fire,
Bid the organ's breath aspire:—
Spirits of our brethren dead,
Over us your presence spread—



While we bend in faith and fear,
Be our guardian angels here!

Native land! how sweet the sound!
Dearer, every hour more dear!
With thee, best gift, God's gifts are crowned,
Thine all we cherish and revere!
Love—Joy—the common air we breathe,
All that we have or seek beneath;
Till dying we lie down to rest,
And sink upon thy parent breast!

The joys that blossom-like in youth
First bloomed, all had their birth with thee—
Hope, Friendship, that with Love and Truth,
Like brothers, dwelt in unity.
Our first-formed prayer of gratitude;—
Faith, that in many trials stood;—
The heart, that does not fear to live,
Or die;—all these were thine to give!

God in Heaven! look down we pray,
Guard, Father, guard our native land,
God in Heaven! be thou our stay,
Spread over us thy parent hand!—
The single eye—the conscience freed—
The heart at peace is joy indeed!
If brothers here would live in love,
Then were Earth like Heaven above!

Give day by day our daily bread,—
In death oh scatter nature's dread!—
In crowded street, on pathless hill,
Where'er we be, be with us still!—
Teach rebel passions to obey,
Till sinners walk in wisdom's way!—
Poor let us be in all men's eyes,
Yet such as no man may despise!

Glad be our spirits—swift our zeal
To do what God's clear law commands!
And wakeful be our hearts to feel
What he forbids! and pure our hands!
Cleanse Thou our hearts from human pride;
And fight and conquer, on our side,
O'er Sin dethroned, and Earth denied!
And when Ambition tempts, or Gold,
Then be our spirits firm and cold!

What Fathers to their Children owe—
Men to the land that gave them birth,—
Still let us ward from watchful foe,
Still shelter all we love on earth!
Then shall our day descend in peace,
And Death shall smile, and Fear shall cease;
And see! the Angel gliding down
Through Heaven, with Heaven's pacific crown.



# LINES
ON
# THE DEATH
OF
# THE PRINCESS CHARLOTTE.*

---

Weep!—for the wrath of God is over us!
Weep!—for his arm is lifted to destroy!
Famine hath thinned the land! in Autumn's gale
We felt his icy breath:—Plague rushes by,
Or, resting in clear air on silent wing,
Numbers his victims, who behold him not.
—Still the same struggles for the same low ends!
Still the same passions!—the same human heart!

Weep!—a severer judgment!—bend to earth
The stubborn knee, and, ere the lightning strike,
Oh call on heaven in agony of prayer!
Weep!—a severer judgment!—oh what woes

* University Prize-Poem. Read in the Theatre of Trinity College, Dublin, Spring Commencements, 1818.

Are destined for the earth! what heavier clouds
Of wrath are deepening round us!—*She* hath died,—
(DAUGHTER of ENGLAND, from what ills removed!)
She, on whose heavenly life when good men looked,
They thought on years of happiness to come,
And felt with added joy the Briton's boast
Of England, the proud mistress of the earth!
The angel-guarded home of Liberty!

A sudden chill hath withered every heart;
And few there are, who, with untroubled eye,
Have heard the tidings!—in an under-tone
Fathers repeat the tale, and, ere its close,
See the tears shining on their children's cheeks;
And pause at heavy sobs, that half repressed
Will force their way: the mother views in fear
The fire-light glance upon the rosy face,
And deems its flush the herald of decay.
How hollow are the promises of earth!
Its hopes how fleeting! all things round us breathe
Still the same pensive moral:—I have wept
To hear the heavy death-bell's dreary sounds,
On a spring morn, when all things breathed of life,
Tolling for one who died in youth's gay time,
When joys were bright, and hopes were blossomy!—
Why linger to enforce such theme? why tell,
How vain all earthly objects of pursuit,—
Flitting for ever like the idle cloud



Before the wind, what time, as Lochlin's bards
Report, the Dead upon their shadowy steeds
O'er the hill-tops pursue the phantom prey?—
—Nations have passed away!—round Tadmor's walls,
Her columned temples, her proud palaces
The level dust in mournful silence lies;
Or, when the dry wind breathes, the traveller starts
To see the Spirits of the Desert rise,
And, wheeling round in wild fantastic whirl,
Howl thro' lone streets, where man hath ceased to dwell.
—Nations have passed away!—along the deep
The voice of the avenging angel came;
And where is Tyre?—upon a lonely rock,
A lone forgotten ruin of old time,
The fisher dries his net, nor thinks of thee,
Queen of the Ocean! and his sullen song,
And the hoarse sea-bird's scream alone are heard,
Mingling with the dull wave monotonous.

And thou, Eternal City!—tho' no cloud
Stain the soft beauties of that summer sky,
Whose echoes still are musical with joy,
Even in thy gay and laughing atmosphere
Breathes noonday Pestilence, unfelt, unseen!

And, England, what art thou? thy hills have rung
With songs of joy,—with shouts of triumphing:—
Never hath hostile banner in thy breeze

Displayed its wanton pride :—thy gallant barks
Like angels move along the peopled sea,
To minister thy blessings, or discharge
The thunders of thy wrath :—what glorious days
Were thine, when the insulting crest of France
Was crushed beneath thy foot !—when monarchs came
And gazed in wonder on the Mighty Isle !—
Oh then what words might paint the splendid dream
Of him, who, looking with a prophet's eye
Down the long depth of days to come, had fixed
His view upon thy doom ?—the prospect holds
Imagination captive;—old Romance
Hath never imaged, in her wildest mood,
A brighter picture :—on a lofty throne,
Ringed with the best of England's chivalry,
In royal robes, a lovely Lady sits :—
Her brow is diademed ; and in her hand
The golden sceptre rests, and evermore
Her full eye fixes on the lordly form
Of him who shares her seat :—and is there not
A voice of blessing in that crowded hall ?—
Oh for the spirit, that on Woodstock's bowers
Shed light undying—oh for Chaucer's voice
To tell what joyance rings the loud acclaim ;—
" Blessing on CHARLOTTE, and the happy youth
Whom our good Queen hath gazed upon with love !"
Oh for the heart of Spenser !—to conceive
That lovely Lady's feelings, when she looks



On her approving subjects ;—to conceive
The thoughts, whose language is the silent tear,
That swells from founts of gladness in the heart !—
The deeper joy that finds no utterance !
—But hush ! in that wide hall the sounds have ceased ;
Envoys from distant lands approach, and bend
Before the lofty throne ;—from those green vales
Where Ganges, sacred river, rolls in joy ;—
From Tonga's isles, that star the Peaceful Sea ;—
From lone Columbia's wilds, where now at eve
The Scottish shepherd sings his country's airs ;—
The trembling native hears along the lake
Words wildly chaunted in an unknown tongue,
And deems, his fathers' spirits gliding by
Converse in the strange language of the Dead.

All bow before the throne ;—all join the shout
Of England's tribute to the righteous Queen.

* * * *

It was a dream ;—its hues have passed away !
Thus, where Vesuvio's streams of fire had rolled
In savage triumph o'er some city's pride,
When ages have passed on, the jealous mass,
That closed abandoned streets, is hewn away,
And he, who gazes through some fractured roof,
Looks for a moment on the forms of men,
Standing erect in attitude of life,—

Till the cold air of earth hath breathed on them,
And all is solitude and emptiness!

* * * *

Daughter of England's hopes, amid what scenes
Of bliss and beauty was it thine to move,
Thyself more blessed, and more beautiful!—
What gentle feelings thro' that heavenly heart,
Flowed on for ever, like the quiet lapse
Of streams with music welcoming the Spring!
And Love, the angel of the female soul,
Its guardian spirit, watched that happy home.
In vain the glare of courts allured thine eye,
Which gazed on all their joys, as angels gaze
While pity mingles with their tears of love,
On earth, what time the sinking sun hath stained
The thin soft clouds, and all is beautiful!

Yes, there are Spirits, whom the cold heart knows not!—
Spirits, that shun the dwellings of the great,
And have their home within the sheltered vale.
Unseen they mingle in the village dance;
Unseen they hover o'er the happy hearth;
While to his bright-eyed boy the peasant tells
Some village-tale, or hums an idle song:—
And he, who, with closed eye-lids, musing sits
Beneath some bowering tree, may hear their voices



Mingling with the wild music of the winds,
Or the soft melody of twilight waters;—
And they are echoed in the thinking heart!

Oh Claremont, o'er thy home of blessedness
Such Spirits watched!—and ne'er hath humble maid
Imagined, in her youthful dream of love,
A paradise more sweet, than that still haunt,
Where she, whom England's hopes beheld a Queen,
With him, whom she had singled from the world,
Dwelt in such bliss as worldlings will not know!—
I cannot linger on the thought!—the heart
Shrinks from the sight of pleasure past away,
Of joy for ever clouded!—that dull bell
With ceaseless sound distracts the thinking soul,
That fain would dwell on earth, and earthly joys,
On youth, and on the hopes of youthful love:—
Scattering in air such dreams of fairy land,
It calls the spirit back to solemn thought;
And, as I listen to the sullen sounds,
I see the lovely objects of my vision
Swinging before me, dully, dizzily!

Oh there is grief on earth!—o'er Windsor's halls
The wan moon sheds her melancholy beams;—
But surely in her calm and lovely light
There is a tenderness that sorrow loves;
And he who gazes on her placid orb

May half forget his griefs! these solemn bells
Still with their regular and measured peals
Chime heavily!—I hear a distant hum,
Like the long murmur of the evening waves
Breaking upon the melancholy shore.
And see!—the pomp and pageantry of Death!
Banners are waving in the midnight wind;
And heavy plumes are nodding mournfully;
Down Gothic aisles they move; the chapel streams
With a strong glare of thick unnatural light;
And sad it is to gaze along those aisles,
And see the scutcheons held in trembling hands,
Telling, even now, of earthly vanities!—
And sad it is to see the gorgeousness
Of that drear pall, and think upon the hearts
Reposing there for ever!—by the glow
Of waving torches you may see the cheeks
Of Beauty pale, and stained with streaming tears;
And in the eye of man that faltering light,
Which speaks the pang within, when tears are checked
By strong but painful effort!—not a voice
Disturbs the solemn silence of the pile:—
One feeling holds all bosoms,—Youth and Age;—
Youth—in whose heart Hope gazed exultingly
Upon the future, with a prophet's eye;
Age—sick of earth,—whose blood had ceased to throb
At man's delights, or man's calamities;—
The same strong feeling holds all bosoms here.



But there is one—whom every eye regards,—
Whose eye is fastened on that lonely bier;—
He sees it not!—but Leopold, to think
Upon the images, that swim thro' tears
Before thy troubled eye!—whate'er they are,
Still sacred be that noble spirit's grief!—
For pangs are written on the mourner's brow;
And that wan cheek—that dim and fixed eye
Speak agonies man shudders to conceive!—

But hark!—a tremulous and feeble voice!—
The broken voice of age!—the herald tells
Her name who lies beneath, her princely birth!
But what is Grandeur? in an hour like this,
All feel its nothingness!—a deeper voice
Gives utterance to those calm and solemn words,
That tell us of the Dead,—who sleep in peace.
They have laid down their burdens, and they rest.
Earth! unto thee do we confide our dead!
To thee, and to the dews of heaven confide
The seed of frail Humanity,—and lo!
The heavenly blossom, the exulting flower—
Like day from darkness—Man—Immortal Man!
Hush—for it is the pillared organ's peal,
That sends into the soul its streams of sound,—
Its deep unearthly music!—what is Man
That we should mourn for him?—and what is Earth,
That we should grieve for its calamities?

"*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*" "*I,*
*I am the Resurrection and the Life.*"
—How like an angel's voice the deep sounds roll,
And waken thoughts, that are not of the earth.
Hush!—for the sinking murmurs roll away;
But, ere the spell hath died upon the ear,
You hear the human voice in mournful wail;—
And now again the long rich melody
Fills the wide pile;—and, when its notes are hushed,
The heart throbs audibly, and holy tears,
That speak of heaven, are rushing to the eye!
"*Mourn not, as they who mourn and have no hope.*"

The last sad rites are paid; and—earth to earth—
The Beautiful, the Noble is consigned!
CHARLOTTE of ENGLAND, thou art laid in peace!—
Short was thy sojourn here, and, like the smile
Of Heaven approving thy most blameless life,
The glow of happiness was shed o'er thee!

Peace dwelleth in the silence of the grave;
And the bright stars, that smile like souls at rest,
Oh, speak they not of peace?—but there is grief
On earth; and they, who, from those misty aisles
Pour, like a wave, into the moonlight air,
Gaze for a moment on the holy stars,
And the moon moving through the clear blue sky,
And think with tears that all but earth is blest!



Oh, whither,—whither shall the mourner go?
The Lover?—the Beloved?—he, who gazed
Till now on the departed?—he, who called
On madness to relieve him from the pangs
Of memory, that, with too faithful zeal,
Is picturing the form of her he loved?
Whither,—oh whither shall the mourner go?—
His brain is swimming round in dizzy whirl;
Vainly he gazes on the quiet heavens;—
To him they speak not of tranquillity!
They smile;—a chilling smile of mockery!
The stars are shivering in cold green light,—
Cold as the lot of man!—Oh, speak not now
Of Nature sharing in our woes!—the heart
Forbids all sympathy, repels relief,—
And scorns the airy fiction, that would blend
Its feelings with the silent things of Nature.
Spirit of the Departed! smile on him,
Who wanders now through thy deserted haunts,
And casts a mournful glance upon the walls,
That speak of thee!—and thou art speaking there,
Enchantress! thine the genius, thine the spell,
On the blank tablet that hath breathed a soul,
And shed upon these walls this deathless bloom
Of scenes, that he had gazed on with delight,
When, arm in arm, he rambled forth with thee!
See! where he stands, and looks upon that frame,
Once eloquent with music's holiest spells,

Now mute :—he stands, as though he hoped to hear
The voice he loved ;—and who can tell, what songs
Of joy, with their sad echoes, wound that heart ?

Spirit of the Departed, smile on him !
He sleeps,—and thou art with him in his dreams !—
Fair, as when first he gazed upon thy charms ;—
Kind, as when first his tale of love was breathed ;—
And dear, as when, with joy that fathers feel,
He blessed the mother of his unborn child !
His dream is of the days of early love,—
And of his lovely bride :—of her, whose soul
Was lofty, and claimed kindred with the great ;
Whose heart was gentle ; whose strong mind was fixed
On thoughts beseeming her high destiny ;
Whose spirit held communion bright with heaven ;
And thus along the walks of daily life
Shed such a mild and tender light, as clouds,
That float around the sun to catch his rays,
Diffuse o'er earth, in evening's loveliest hues.
Such is his happy dream ;—but hush !—he moans,
And starts, and gazes round with open eyes :
But still his senses sleep ;—the spirit wakes,
And Hope, and Fear, and Bliss, and Agony
Are mingled in the vision ;—a strange hall
Receives him ; lofty columns prop the roof ;
And music summons to high festival ;
He rushes from the board ; and suddenly



Stands where a thousand torches chase the night,
Waving above a sable canopy :
And there is one, who, in a well-known voice,
Cries—" Welcome, Leopold, to Paradise !"
And momently, as though he moved on wings,
He stands in Eden's garden ;—all is bliss !—
Through pleasant walks the dreamer wanders on,
Or, lingering, enjoys the breezy shade
Of arbours, garlanded with many a flower,
Bright as the colours of a sunset cloud,
Or the soft cheek of woman, when her heart
Is happy, and her features glow with love.
Again a sudden dampness chills his soul,
And deepening thunders in the gloom are heard,
He gazes on a shuddering female form,
While a deep voice is breathing awfully,—
" In sorrow shalt thou bring thy children forth ?"—
And who shall tell the terrors of that voice ?
But still the senses sleep ;—the loud bells peal ;
A song of gladness fills the echoing earth ;—
" Joy, for an heir is born to England's throne !"—
But then was heard a sound of muffled drums,
And, as they cease, a scream of agony
Rings through his soul, and bursts the bonds of sleep—
Sweet Spirit, that he loved, oh comfort him !—

There is a blind old venerable Man,
Whose cheek grief hath not clouded ;—and no tear

Hath stained his sightless eye ball;—good Old Man!—
He only doth not grieve;—years have rolled by,
Since on a daughter's death that old man gazed;
And the soul sunk, stunned with the heavy blow,
In darkness—hopeless darkness:—a chill flash
At times will lighten o'er that midnight gloom,
In ghastly mockery;—then fade away!
Oh! 'tis a thing of sadness, that the heart
Even now can feel, to view that hollow cheek,
And its unmeaning smile;—to hear that laugh,—
Mocking the agonies of all around!—
Yet is not the dark chamber comfortless;
He knows not Man,—and all beneath is passed
For ever from his heart;—but, like the star,
O'er which a chilling cloud hangs dim, that soul,
Shut out from Earth, enjoys its native Heaven.
Oh, with what anguish would those pale lips writhe,
And how distractedly those feeble hands
Scatter the thin gray tresses, if one ray
Shone on the midnight of that soul, and showed
The solitude of earth!—till now, one flower
Still smiled, the hope of England's royal stem,
And cheered the desert!—
All is loneliness!—

Oh God, in trouble we do call on thee!
Thou, who dost bid the lightning-bolt of wrath
Oft minister to mercy,—and the storm,



That o'er the mountain-billow flings his voice,
Combat the fiend, whose breath is pestilence;—
Thou, by whose power, the passions and the sins
Of Man, his wants and his adversities,
All onward tend to Universal Good:—
Father, in mercy look upon the earth,
And change its mourning into songs of joy!

* * * *

Even in the silence of this lonely hour
The Hurricane above the Atlantic wave
Spreads his black wings:—the sullen thunder-clouds
Clash, and the red sun sinks with angry glare;
The cane-groves crash; the lightnings are abroad!
And, like a troubled spirit, the dark stream
Rolls wrathfully above the haunts of men!
Oh, what a scene shall morning's sun reveal?
Horror, and desolation, and despair,
And silence, such as reigned within the camp
Of that Assyrian army, through whose tents
The Angel of the Lord in darkness walked!

Weep!—for the wrath of God is over us!

# ODE TO FANCY.

---

Oh Fancy, hither bend thy flight,
Hither steer thy car of light,
Tho' its rainbow colours flee
Ere they have shone a moment on my sight;
Come Fancy, come and bring with thee
The light-winged forms of air, that glance
Upon the Poet's dizzy view,
Which, when he waketh from his rapturous trance,
No effort can renew,
No tongue their beauty can declare,
No thought conceive how wondrous fair;
Like the thin clouds, whose folds are drest
With rose-light tints on summer eve,
Their hues are changed, before the breast
Distinctly can receive
A settled thought of what they were,—
She knows alone that they were fair!

Oh, Fancy, let such forms delight
Thy votary's longing eye;
Or, if they may not meet my sight,



Come thou, tho' all the wings of night
Around thy chariot fly;
Come, tho' dark Horrour come with thee,
And the pale fiend, distracted Fear,
Unfold to my congealing ear
His tale of mystery!
Yes! I will listen, while his breath
Tells of the dagger, on whose blade
Still lingers the red stain of death,
Tho' long the day since Murder laid
Upon the deadly dirk his desperate grasp,
And watched his victim's last faint grasp,
While, with unshivering hand, he prest
The dagger in the sleeper's breast;
Yes! I will hark, though Fear may tell
In piercing tone, the tales of hell—
Will listen, Fancy, if thy faintest gleam
Tinge the dark and dreadful theme!

Fancy, with thee I love to stray,
With thee would seek the dungeon's gloom,
Renounce for aye the visions gay
That Pleasure's tints illume;
Would listen to the owlet's cry,
Would hear the winds of winter sigh
Amid the leafless trees;
Would hark the Spirit shrilly scream,
Would view the meteor's boding beam,
Would court thy most terrific dream,

Till my heart's blood did freeze ;
Would, where the Alpine hunter fears to breathe,
Lie down the tremulous avalanche beneath,
If thy rich visions swam before mine eye !
Would launch the light skiff, where the wild waves sweep
Down Niagara's dizzy steep,
If thy angelic form were nigh !
If with thy hues the mountain-snows were bright,
If thou didst tinge the wave with thy rich lines of light !

But sweeter, Fancy, is the trance,
When thy hues of splendour glance
On the dim and aching eye
That weeps o'er sad reality ;
Thy visions cheer the hapless breast,
That, braving in unequal strife
The dark and stormy sea of life,
Sighs for the haven of its rest.
Though Fortune o'er the scene may throw
The wintry cloud of want and woe,
Yet thou, Enchantress, thou canst fling
The tints of visionary spring
Upon thy votary's sight,
And paint in hues divinely bright
An after-season of delight.

What, tho' they say thy magic hand
Depicts the Future fair,



When suddenly the figures bland
Fade into empty air,—
That thou bid'st the blood-streaked eye
Redden in feverish agony,—
Yet is the man thy woes oppress
Gifted with heightened happiness ;
In rapture's hour his heart will melt
With feelings by the throng unfelt !
'Tis his, in phantom-worlds to live,
'Mong joys, more dear than earth can give !
And his are arbours, rainbow-hued,
Where nought unholy may intrude !
His is an EDEN of delight,
For ever screened from vulgar sight !

The traveller thus, in Arab sands,
Whose lips are parched, whose limbs are faint,
Whose troubled thoughts for ever paint
The tiger's spring, the Bedouin bands,
Whose camel now, with faltering pace,
Strives the burning path to trace,
See in that wanderer's looks expressed
The hopeless anguish of his breast ;
—But now ! mark ! mark that start of joy—
Mark how he strains his swollen eye ;
He sees yon distant speck of green
Shine circled with the Desert sea—

Mark, mark, empictured in his mien,
The flush of Hope, of Ecstacy:
The fall and flash of waters near
Delight the heart, and eye, and ear!
Now has his weary journey ceased,
And, sheltered by the bowering palm,
He spreads his simple feast!
Was ever bliss thus perfect known
In scenes, where Luxury alone
Had plumed the silken couch of ease,
And fanned the air with pleasure's breeze?

But chiefly on the Poet's mind
Thine influence is shed,
His eye expatiates unconfined
Upon thy vast expanse,
He views with kindling glance
Thy peopled scenes before him spread!
Then, Fancy, bid my page to gleam
With some faint colouring from thy beam;
To thee the Poet's hopes belong,
Bid then thy light illume my song!
I call thee by thy Collins' rage,
By thy Warton's Gothic page,
By thy Spenser's faerie slumbers,
By thy Shakspeare's witching numbers;—
Or, Spirit, if, with partial ear,
A later name thou lovest to hear,



Then be the spell thy Southey's lay;—
Shed, Fancy, shed thy solemn ray!
Oh, move me far from Mirth's vain folly,
To the haunts of Melancholy,
Where Echoes, at the close of day,
Oft talk of empires passed away;—
Come, like the maid that loves to weep
On lone Parnassus' misty steep,
When, in the silent time of night,
She hovers o'er the Poet's sleep,
And mingles with his slumbers deep
Dreams of indefinite delight,
That float with morning's gale along,
Or live but in the breath of song!—
—Then shall I view the air around,
Haunted by many a spectral form,
Shall hear the boding Spirit sound,
Amid the howlings of the storm:
Shall tremble at the night-bird's cry,
Drear prophetess of destiny;
And, as the meteor's beams appal,
Behold the coming funeral,
Or view the ancient chieftain's lance
With momentary lustre glance,
As sitting in his cloudy car
He thinks upon his days of war!

—And, when the moon, at middle night,
With mild and melancholy ray,

Streams over earth a sweeter light,
Than ever soothed the flaunting day,
Pale mourner! I can half believe,
That she for human woes doth grieve,
Or,—for such dreams soon disappear —
When thoughts more playful hover near,
May deem her snowy splendour shed
Upon the moat's moss-covered bed,
To gild the dance of gentle fays,
Who sport beneath the holy blaze.
Then shall the thoughts of other times
Rouse me to try adventurous rhymes,
And to the harp's deep music chaunt
The story of some old romaunt;
Thus my rapt soul, with Gothic glories fraught,
In Fancy's bower shall muse and court Poetic Thought.

1813.



# SOLITUDE.

---

Oh, what a lovely silent spot!
'Mid such a scene the eremite would hope
To build his lonely cot,
Just where with easy slope
The wooded mountain bends,
Where the clear rill descends,
Now hid the jutting rocks beneath,
Now faintly sparkling on the eye,
Itself concealed, its course we now descry
By the long grass and blossomy heath,
By the cowslip's saffron hue,
By the violet's clouded blue,
Beside its fostering bed
In waste profusion spread;
Its widening wave at distance now we hail,
Where bright, and blue, and broad, it rolls along the vale.

—At Spring's return the earth is glad,
And yet to me, at this lone hour,

An holy sense of sobered joy,
And sorrows, that no more annoy,
Are pleasant to the soul:—
The breast, that throbbed before too much
At Sorrow's wound, at Pleasure's touch,
Indulging here in calm repose
No change of shifting passions knows;
Thus, when the winds, with wanton play,
Among the aspin's branches stray,
The twinkling leaves are seen
Give to the light their lively gray,
But when the breezes die away,
They smile in softest green:—
Oft, in that quiet silence of the breast,
When passions pause, and all is peace within,
Feelings awake, and thoughts that will not rest
Of Heaven and Man,—of Holiness and Sin;—
Like thunders, o'er the evening vale that roll,
There comes a voice of more than mortal birth,
Its accents are not of the earth—
'Tis God that speaketh to the Soul!

Who hath not felt, in some lone hour,
Feelings, sublimely sad,
Steal o'er his spirit with resistless power?
Go seek that man among the Bad,
Go seek him where the heartless throng
In worse than mirth the hours prolong!



Yet will there come an hour to him,
When anguish in his breast shall wake,
And that bright eye-ball—weak and dim,
Gazing on former days shall ache;—
When Solitude bids phantoms drear
Of raptures, now no longer dear,
In gloomy ghastliness appear;—
When visions rise of errors past—
Of prospects foully overcast—
Of Passion's unresisted rage—
Of Youth, that thought not upon Age—
Of earthly hopes, too fondly nursed,
That caught the giddy eye at first,
But, like the flowers of Syrian sands,
That crumbled in the closing hands.
—Blame not the silent monitress
That thus the bosom would address—
—Blame not the Guardian Spirit sent
To call the guilty to repent—
Oh blame not her, whose holy breath
Inspires with hopes from heaven the soul that starts at death!

Are we indeed in solitude alone?
Are there not Spirits hovering near
The lonely mind to cheer,
And breathe into the heart a holy tone?
Hath not the Poet heard, with ear entranced,

As, by some devious stream,
He lay in strange romantic dream,
Hath not he heard his harp faint-echoing,
As if an angel's hand had glanced
Along its every string?
Have not the Dead, in such an hour as this,
Bent from their homes of bliss,
To tell the mourner that they do not sleep
Within the grave's unbroken gloom,
The damp, dull silence of the tomb,
Oh! come they not from heaven, to soothe the hearts that weep?
In such an hour the Prophet's tone hath woke
On mortal's hallowed lips, and on the eye
Visions of other days have broke,
Of days, that slumber yet in deep futurity;
Such sights and sounds as met his eye and ear,
When slept in Patmos' isle the solitary Seer.

Say not, that it is solitude,
When stands in loneliness the Good
Amid surrounding enemies—
When Pain, and Woe, and Malice rise,
When Tyranny hath fixed his fate,
Even then, in that eventful hour,
Shall Virtue triumph most, and Power
Shall envy him she still must hate!



—Was there, when fearless Sidney fell,
No angel form to guard his cell?
And when around the tyrant's throne
The courtly sons of flattery stood,
Oh, saw he then their pomp alone?—
Dwelt not his ear on Sidney's groan?
Gazed not his eye on Sidney's blood?—
Oh heard he not—though music's breath,
Though rapture's voice his soul address—
Oh heard he not a voice of death,
And all was loneliness—
But, Sidney, there were those who stood
Around to guard thy solitude;
Yes! martyr, there are thoughts of healing,
That on thy wounded spirit gleam,
And many a proud and patriot feeling
Is mingling with thy dream;
Angelic hosts surround thee, and forbid
The dew of selfish fear thine eye to cloud;
Unseen they stand, as when, his foes amid,
Elisha woke, and seemed to Man's weak gaze
Alone, till bursting from the tempest's shroud,
With cars and arms of fire his seraph guardians blaze.*

Oh thou, whose influence breathes through solitude,

* II. Kings, chap. vi. verses 15—17.

Spirit, whate'er thy name,
With all thy warmth inflame
A heart that long, in no unholy mood,
The loveliness of Nature's charms hath wooed;
Long with no idle gaze mine eye hath viewed
The beauteous scene of earth, and air, and sky,
But Wisdom lives in all that I descry;—
All that I hear is speaking to my breast,
The thunder's crash, the lark's enlivening lay,
All Nature's sights and sounds, or sad or gay,
Dwell in my soul indelibly imprest:
And now the view of yonder ruinous tower,
Whose fissured walls admit the moon's cold beams,
Sheds on my bosom melancholy dreams,
Most suited to the sober hour,—
Mine eye beholds those early days,
When shining in the pride of Power,
They burst upon the gaze;—
But soon, like Man, the turret falls,
The pilgrim mourns beneath its walls,
Sees o'er its strength the wild-flower rise,
Hears from its heights the night-bird's cries;—
But from this lonely dream of earth,
What feelings spring to sudden birth;
No more the pilgrim looks beneath,
For him new hopes, new raptures breathe,



The soul beholds new worlds before it rise,
Feels its own powers, and communes with the skies!

1814.

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## TO ——

## FRAGMENT.

* * *

And thou hast many a medicine for grief!
—The silent volume on my table placed,
And in some favourite page the myrtle-leaf,
Or the light line, along the margin traced
With pencil touches easily effaced:
Artless in truth, yet hast thou many an art,
And many a quiet subterfuge of taste,
To wile and to win home a wandering heart,
That, truant far and wide, still loves the better part!

* * *

# REVERIE.*

---

He serves the Muses erringly and ill,
  Whose aim is pleasure light and fugitive.
Oh that my mind were equal to fulfil
  The comprehensive mandate which they give:
Vain aspiration of an earnest will!

WORDSWORTH.

## PART I.

WHAT gentle murmur hath disturbed the air?
Did I not feel upon my cheek a breath,
Silent, and soft, as of an angel's wing!—
They come—in midnight visitings they come—
Those forms, that hover o'er the poet's couch,
What time he gazes with most earnest eye,
And long-suspended breath, lest from his view
The imaged objects of idolatry
Should fade! I heard—even now I hear—a voice
Low, yet most clear; I felt—even now I feel—
Mysterious breathings, and the soul obeys

* Written in 1815.



In unresisting motion, when the Power
Of Song makes felt her holy influence.
Hast thou beheld the obedient march of waves,
The appointed flow, the regulated fall,
The rise, and lapse alternate? even as soon
Shall they rebel against the silent maid,
Who walks in joy among the company
Of stars, and smiles enchantment on the deep,
As poet struggle with the awful Power
That wakes the slumbering spirit into song,
As Man forbid the soul to undulate
Through all its depths what time the breath of Heaven
Moves o'er the darkness:—

Spoke there not a voice—
And Chaos heard?—"Let there be light," and light
Was over air and earth and on the deep.
And such a voice was heard on Chebar's banks,*
Loud as the rushing of a thousand streams,
And, in stupendous visionry, were seen
Cloud piled on cloud, as when the hand of God
Makes calm the tempest—cloud on cloud uprolled,
And amber fire within, and, trembling through,
Uncertain flashes of a throne dim-seen,
Strange brightness of what seemed the countenance
Of Him who sate thereon: while, Spirit-like,

* Ezekiel, chap. i. verses 3, 26, 28.

Lone emblem of the Glory Unrevealed,
Afar, in silent heaven, the rainbow woke.

Angelic Voice and Vision, oft of old
Vouchsafed to prophet, and prophetic bard!
Oh for one breath of that undying Spirit!
Oh for one ray of that empyreal light!

For me, and such as I am, humbler lay
Is more appropriate. Not to me was given
Empyreal impulse,—yet the ardent mind
Brooks not inglorious silence, yet my cares
Are often solaced by some lighter Muse.
When sorrow pressed me—when the heavy hand
Of sickness weighed on the dejected mind,
And saddened the exulting time of youth
With the dim eye and feeble foot of age;
When Hope's reviving glow with Health returned,
Some Spirit still was near to whisper song,
A form that, angel-like, hung o'er my bed
Of pain, to reconcile the soul to death,
And, angel-like, illumes my brighter hours.

What hour more fitting for such visitant,
Than when the silence of the night hath lulled
All care to rest,—the stir of intercourse,
The fretting bustle—all that jarring clashed
To drown the music of the mind, hath ceased?



What scene more suited to her agency
Can'st thou conceive?—Round my broad window's arch
The ivy's wreaths are wound, and through the frame
A few short shoots find unforbidden way;
The woodbine's pillared blossom in the breeze
Moves slowly, and upon the moonlight ground
The shadow casts an ever-varying stain;—
The sound of waters, too, is here,—that stream,
Whose windings long have led my truant feet,
Soothes with its ceaseless murmur,—opposite
My window is a poplar, all whose leaves
Flutter most musical;—the moonshine there
Plays strange vagaries,—now a flood of light
Spreads like a sheet of snow along the plain,—
Now all is darkness, save that through the boughs
On the green circle, like a summer shower
Slow falling from unagitated leaves,
Some glancing drops of light are checkering still;—
Now is the ivy coloured with the beams,—
Now on my floor they lie in quietness,—
Now float with mazy flow most restlessly,
—At rest, or quivering, still how beautiful!—
Like Fancy sporting with the poet's soul!

They come—in midnight visitings they come—
But not such forms as in the calm of night
Seek the soft twilight of the gentle moon!—
What form is yonder?—never hath the dream

Of night been bodied in a wilder shape!
Stern is his brow, and gloomy, and his height
Is as the shadow on the burial ground,
When the moon's light upon some sculptured form
In cold reflection lies!—A heavy cloud,
And red, as though from steaming vales of blood
Exhaled, o'ershades him with its canopy!
Whither, sad Spirit! whither would'st thou haste?
A wavering melancholy fire hath lit
Thine eye; thy voice is dreary as the fear,
That wakes the wounded warrior from his trance,
When the black vulture from her heavy wing
Flaps on his brow the drops of stiffening gore,
Or the steed dying falls, a weary weight,
On his bruised body. Whither would'st thou lead,
Dark Spirit, whither? To that fatal field,
Where moonlight gleams on many a broken helm,
On many a shieldless warrior, o'er whose limbs
The trembling hand of love had linked the mail,
Alas in vain?—the supple limbs of youth,
And manhood's sinewy strength, and rigid age,
Together lie:—the boy, whose hands with blood
Were never stained before, upon whose lip
The mother's kiss was ominously pressed;—
The man, alive to every tenderest thought,
Who cherished every fire-side charity;—
And he, who, bending with the weight of years,
Felt the sword heavy in his straining hand,



Who had outlived the social sympathies
That link us to our kind—here, side by side,
Sleep silent: he, who shrunk at every sound;
Who throbbed in terror for a worthless life,
Lies like a brother with the hopeless man,
Who desperately dared in scorn of death:—
The brave man in convulsing agony
Hath grasped, and holds in death the hireling's hand:—
—He, who was wont to calculate each chance,
To measure out each probability,
Behold him now extended on the earth,
Near that robuster frame, whose tenant soul
Flashed rapid in the energetic eye,
Whose thoughts were scarce imagined, ere they sprang
Forth-shaped in instant action:—here lies one,
Whose soul was vexed by Passion's every gust,
And like the light leaf trembled:—gaze again,
Look on the mutilated hand, that still
Clings to the sword unconscious;—milder man
Than he, whose mutilated hand lies there,
Breathes not;—each passion that rebelled was hushed;
So placid was his brow, so mild his eye,
It seemed no power could break the quiet there,
Till, in the agony of tenderness,
As his wife hung upon his bending neck,
And lengthened out in sobs that last embrace,
He could not look upon her countenance,
And the big tear he struggled to repress

Fell on the rosy infant's cheek, who smiled
At the unusual plume, and with stretched hand
Half drew the shining falchion from its sheath,
Then clung in mimic terror to his sire :—
—He parted :—soon the dewy breeze of morn,
The wild bird's carol and the wild-flower's breath,
And the blue hills, emerging from the sea
Of mists, that bathed all night their pinnacles,
Infused serenity :—and, as he past
The funeral-ground, and heard the Sabbath bell
Peal its long solemn sound, be-sure he thought
That with his fathers, in the family-grave,
His bones would moulder, and the thought was sweet :
Alas ! ere long the soldier's hasty hand
Shall shape his burial-place, and the short prayer
Be muttered gracelessly above his grave !
—His was not what the great of earth would deem
A happy life ; yet what is happiness,
If he who by his daily labour buys
His children's daily food, who feels no thought
Repine against his lot, if such a man
Thou deem'st not happy, what is happiness ?—
His death was it not happy? though he came
The proud assertor of an evil cause,
He came self-justified : the patriot's glow
Illumed his cheek in life's last agony !
Fallen warrior, there are those that weep for thee !
Aye, there is one who, in her daily prayer,



Leaves not the absent soldier's name forgot—
There is an eye that, as each passing cloud
Obscures the air, will shape it to thy form ;
And, when she thinks on thee, if the chill breeze
Roll the dry vine-leaf in its hurrying whirl,
Will start as tho' it were thy courser's hoofs :
Oh ! she hath often from the cradle snatched
Her dreaming child, and hushed its little plaints,
Soothing him with the tale of thy return,
And rushed to show the infant to his sire,
Then laid it rudely by, and bitterly
Wept when she saw another face than thine.

* * * * *

* * * * *

—Kings of Earth,
Whose is the crime, if Man should abdicate
His better nature ?—Statesmen, whose the crime,
If, uninstructed, he should rise in wrath,
And rush with impulse irresistible,
Right onward to your ruin and his own ?—
Have you not blotted from his memory
All sense of justice, when your shameless deeds
Confused each rule and ordinance of right ?
Have you not drunk the cup of blasphemy ?
Have you not sold, in impious merchandize,
Slaves, and the Souls of Men ?—

Thou wert alone,
Thou, England, like some hill, whose lofty brows
Retain at eve, and joyously effuse
The light, that loves to lie and linger there :—
Only with thee Religion found a home,
Only with thee did Liberty repose !

* * * * *



## PART II.

" Woe to the Guilty Land ! The palmer-worm
Shall waste her harvests ! Like an evening cloud
The locust-swarms shall rise, and where they leave
The desolated vale, the canker-worm
Shall creep. A few thin ears shall still remain
Of all that Summer promised : there the slug
Shall batten, there the caterpiller crawl,
And on the blighted grain shall insect tribes
Leave their cold egg, and perish :—Wake and weep,
Wake, Drunkards, from your dream! Is this an hour
To pledge the wine-cup ?—in your land the vine
Hath withered !—on your hills the cedar dies,
And foreign arms are gleaming to the sun—
Wake, Drunkards, wake !"—'Twas thus the Prophet
spoke,
And they obeyed not. When hath Man obeyed
The voice of warning ?—Though no prophet called
Unhappy France, though on her palace-wall
No hand, dim-seen, inscribed the words of doom,
As in old Babylon, she might have known
What fate would follow, when she stretched her arms
Impatient for the tyrant,—might have heard,

In true anticipation, every shriek,
That soon must ring throughout her ravaged realms;—
She might have heard the rush of soldiery,
Numberless as the atoms, that the wind
Drifts in the stormy desart, when some ribbed
And rifted hill of sand is whirled along—
She might have heard the warriors of the Don
And Dwina, shouting forth their strange hurra,
Screaming in sunny vales the dissonance
The northern peasant hears, when midnight storms
Shake his rude hut, and from the crashing roof
The whirlwind tears the rushy covering!—
Woe to the land where Prussia's plunderers come!
Behind their path the blaze of cottages
Shall shine, a beacon to the thousand hordes
Afar on Danube's banks! Woe to the land,
Where England comes in anger! Weep, ye wives,
The cross of blood is streaming in the sky!
Weep, daughters, weep, for brand and bayonet
Are sparkling in the sunbeam!—
Oh! what joy
Is thine, green daughter of the western star,
Ireland, my country, oh! what joy is thine!
What language shall not sing thy Wellington,
While the fond poet deems the deathless name
Shall give his numbers immortality?—

* * * *

Eternal Spirit, thou who promisest



That, when some few are gathered in thy name,
Thou art amidst them! that the humble prayer
Is not unheard by thee,—didst thou not gaze
With favour, when the climes of half the world,
Moved with one impulse, sent their children forth
To dash the tyrant from his tainted throne?—
—Strange were the offerings on that Sabbath-day,
And stern the priests, who watched the sacrifice
On Waterloo's red field!—for choral hymn
Was heard the cannon's shock,—black incense steamed
Against the cloudy heaven! proud warriors there,
For whom the trumpet pealed a matin-note,
Lie cold, and cannot hear the screams and shrieks,
That shock the ear of night—and cannot hear
The shout of England's pride, of Prussia's joy!
—Never from Indian island, lately taught
The Christian's happy creed, where, underneath
The grove's cool boughs, meet many a family
On Sabbath eve, arose a hymn more sweet
To claim the ear of Heaven, than from that field
Of blood, when, gazing on the piles of dead,
The fainting soldier sighed his gratitude!—

On what a scene that morning Sun arose!—
Struggling through heavy mists, his watery beams
Shone coldly on that fated plain, and gleamed
On groves, whose boughs, rent by the midnight storm,
All bare of beauty lay;—from weary bed

The warrior started, on whose fretting ear
All night the voices of the changing winds,
The shivering of branches, and the calls
Of sentinel from foreign bivouac,
Came ceaseless, often with that lulling sound,
Which brings the hope of sleep, in mockery,
To him who fain in sleep would lose the thoughts,
The anxious thoughts, that crowd upon his soul;—
Morn dawns—the trance of sleep is gone,—what joy
Welcomes the rising morn! what eloquence
Of lip, and eye, and gesture! There were those,
Who in the battle lived a thousand lives,
If life were measured by the warrior's joy;—
Now, now the tide tumultuous rolls along,
Swift as the clouds in winter's chilling night,
That, hurrying onward, with their dusky folds
Darken the moon,—swift as their shadows sweep
Along a plain of snow or level lake!—
Look, look how rapidly yon coursers press
Up thro' those shrouds of smoke:—at times you hear
The shouting riders, when the glancing hoof
Bounds light on softer earth—at times you see,
When the breeze wafts aside the battle-cloud,
The dark brow guarded by the shadowy helm,
The cuirass sparkling on the warrior's breast,
The long lance levelled in the steady hand;
And oft, before the lancers' charging lines,
The blue sword's momentary gleams are seen



In horizontal whirl of rapid light,
Or downward ray direct;—with thundering tramp
The courser presses on;—"Revenge—Revenge!"
Heard you that wild scream—Brunswick's battle-shout?
Stern Mourners! oh, how fearfully avenged!

See, where they meet—the pride of England meets
The veteran strength of France—and who shall tell
The tidings of such meeting? who shall live
To say, "My brethren perished by my side?"—
Proudly the Eagle, with exulting wing,
Hath revelled in the tempest;—will he shrink
From this day's storm? untrembling we have viewed
His proudest flights, and shall we tremble now?—
Loud o'er the dinning field, like battle-whoop
Heard in some Indian vale, the hordes of France
Shout in mad revelry their leader's name.
They charge—they shrink—they fly!—With bolder sweep
Another charge is made;—again they shrink—
And yet another dash—Ha! there they stand,
An overpowering force—with frantic shout
The groves of Hougomont ring wildly!—Hark,
Again the cry of Britain!—From that wood
How few shall fly!—But yonder see La-Haye,
Where, black with blood, the heavy tri-color
Flaps o'er the shattered homestead sullenly.
Still, still, wave after tempest-driven wave,

The gloomy hosts of France pour ceaselessly;
Wave, after broken wave, they burst upon
Our serried squares impenetrable still!

On what a scene the westering sun sinks down!—
The doubtful battle still unfixed—the rage
Of France—the force of England.—Still they strive,
Till now the angel of the evening star
Sheds vainly upon earth his smile of peace,
And from her throne in heaven the summer moon
Shines in her silent beauty. She beholds
A strange and troubled scene. I will not tell
The fatal flight of France—I will not pause
To gaze on Blucher:—Who hath not received,
With joy, that mocks the poet's utterance,
The happy tale?—Yet, in the days to come,
When joy is calm, and triumph, like a dream,
In mellowed brightness, soothes the fantasy,
Some future Surrey to the harp shall tell
The moonlight meeting, when the Prussian chief,
Who veiled the furrowed brow and hoary hair
With the accustomed helm, in joy of heart
Greeted victorious Wellesley.—'Twas an hour
Of proudest triumph. Centuries have waned,
And, through their fading shadows, none may mark
Like glory o'er the mournful record gleam!

Fair orb of night, in what calm majesty
Thou sailest onward in thy quiet course!



Like waves, that ripple o'er a summer sea,
The soft clouds glide before thee; many an eye
In joy beholds thy course; thy silent beams
Fall on the virgin's cheek, who, blushingly,
Leans o'er the lofty casement, in whose eye
The warm tear glistens, as the lover's song
Dies gradually upon her doating ear—
Oh, with what pleasure she beholds thy beams!
—But there are those, who with a wilder joy
Hail thee!—but there are those who curse thy light!—
Fly, D'Erlon, fly!—Last eve the sable flag
Shadowed thy host—fly! fly! revenge is near,
And Blucher's bloody brand!

Fallen Emperor!
Home from the battle-field who welcomes thee?
And where be they, who from thine iron rock
Hailed thee?—oh where thy destined triumphs now?
"Joy in Grenoble's streets, in Lyons Joy,
Joy—in the purple halls of Paris, Joy!
Again the Eagle gazes on the sun!"
Such were the songs that shook thy capital;—
Joy that no good heart echoed!—frantic joy—
A momentary madness, that the soul
Shrinks in the lonely hour to recognize!
Triumphant shouts of ruffian revelry,
Heard, like the cannon's roll, at evening hour,
By some devoted town, more deep, more dread,
Amid the silence of surrounding woe!

## PART III.

Gaze on the human frame!—the active foot—
The unwearied hand—the eye intelligent—
The powers and motions—the unceasing breath—
The impulse, the resistance,—each to each
Proportioned,—all dependent upon all,—
All fearfully, all wonderfully made!—
—But view the soul,—it hath been rightly called
A world within,—an agitated world,
Where Passions, Prejudices, Weaknesses,
Bold Aspirations, Terrors tremulous
Hold restless conflict, warring ceaselessly,
Even like the outer earth; aspiring Hope,
With pinions quivering, longs to bathe in heaven;
Lo! Fear, unsteady, hopeless of support,
His dim eye casts upon a deeper gulf,
That indistinctly swims before his sight;
A thousand, thousand phantoms more are there,
That, shifting, mock the pencil which would range
Their shadowy groups;—such is the human soul,
And such the inmates who hold empire there!
—In each man's bosom thus there lies a world,
All peopled with the same inhabitants,



Each shining with its own peculiar light,
Each with its own peculiar atmosphere.—
Oh, I could dwell upon this fond conceit,
Till lost in contemplation. One man's soul
Commands respect, and "marks him from mankind."
Fair is the promise of his opening youth,
Fortune hath garlanded his glorious brow;
He stands alone:—the Desart Pyramid,
Warred on in vain by every wind of heaven,
That frowned through ages, and through ages more
Shall frown defiance to the lightning's bolt,
Seems not to press more proudly on its base.
—Where stands this mighty man? Do kings still bend
The humbled knee, or, with vain show of strength,
Send armies to their doom? Do senates still,
With mockery of counsel, legalize
Slavish submission to this lord of earth?
Where stands he?—All have heard the monstrous tale!
The man, who gazed in horror on his crimes,
Whose daily supplication for his son,
Forced to the tyrant's wars, came to the ear
Of heaven, as though it were in truth a curse
Upon the tyrant; he, even he, half grieves,
As, dazzled with the glory, he looks back
On former days, and sees the heavy doom
That righteously awaits the man of blood!—
* * * * *

—From thy sad place of former banishment,
Didst thou not gaze at times upon the sea?
How many a bark upon the barren wave
Hath past, and left no trace,—how many a ball
Hath hissed along the waters,—oh, how oft
Hath Man, 'gainst Man arrayed, encountered here
In hope of glory! All are now forgot,—
The dweller of the neighbouring coasts, no more,
Can hold their deeds in memory, than the eye
Rest on the cloud, or colour, that is past,
Or these still waves retain the imaged form,
While, by some distant shore, the gallant bark
On other waters flings its heavy shade!—
* * * * *
Time was—in dateless years—when spectral eve
Sent shadowy accusers from dark realms;
And at calm dead of night, tyrants, appalled,
Started and shrieked, lashed by avenging dreams;
And when the sunlight came, the joyous sun
Was, to the sickly and distracted sense,
The haunt of demons, and his living light
Seemed the hot blazes of the penal fire;
'Twas said that Furies o'er the bed of sleep
Watched with red eye, and, from the throbbing brow
Drank with delight the dew that agony
Forced forth;—but this, it seems, is fable all!—
—Hath not Philosophy disproved a God?
Ere yet the chymist called the bolt from heaven,



We spoke of Spirits governing its beam,—
Ere yet he learned to part and analyse,
The rock, we deemed some more than human power
Had planted it in ocean,—till he stirred
The muscles of the dead with mimic breath,
And called the cold convulsion life, we deemed
That Heaven alone could bid the dry bones shake!
—But joy to Man! progressive centuries
Have erred, and Wisdom now at length appears—
And, lo! the Goddess! not with brow austere,
Features that tell of silent toil, and locks
Laurelled, as erst in the Athenian Schools;—
Nor yet with garment symboled o'er with stars,
And signs, and talismans, as in the halls
Of parent Egypt; not with pensive eye,
And dim, as though 't were wearied from its watch
Through the long night, what time, to shepherd-tribes
Of fair Chaldæa, she had imaged forth
The host of Heaven, and mapped their mazy march,
While the bright dew on her tiara'd brow,
And the cold moonlight on her pallid face,
And the loose wandering of her heavy hair,
As the breeze lifted the restraining bands,
And the slow motion of the graceful stole,
When with her jewelled wand she traced the line
Of milky light—all gave a sober air
Of mild solemnity. *She* comes not now,
Like that tall matron, on whose sunny cheek

The smile of pleasure shone, when over earth
She yoked her cloudy chariot to the breeze,
And scattered blessings with a bounteous hand,
While young Triptolemus, with flushing face,
And animated eye, revealed his love,
And playfully amid her yellow locks
Wreathed the gay poppy's flowers, and round her brow
The green and golden wheat! How beautiful
Oh Goddess, the calm splendour of thy brow,
As flowing lightnings tinge with silent gleam
Earth's coronal of love!
Hath Wisdom robed
Her form with mystery?—as when Athens bowed,
At old Eleusis' venerable shrine,
The suppliant knee, while cymbal clashed, and song
Re-echoed, and, with pomp of sacrifice,
The victims bled to pale Persephone,
Till all was perfected;—then came a pause,
And stop of sound most sudden, and the step
Of votaries falling on the earth so soft,
That not an echo caught the still small sound,
As sad they entered the interior vault;
And not a stir was heard among the crowd,
Till from the fane, with sadness in their looks,
The venerable sages issued forth,
Burthened with thoughts they never may reveal!

* * * * *



## PART IV.

Philosophers, anatomists of soul,
Ye have displayed a fearful spectacle,
The human heart exposed in nakedness!
Come, gaze upon a kindred sight of woe;
A hideous phantom,—from the bloated limb
Dull drops the heavy flesh,—the bloodless vein
Shrinks,—and the long cold arm, so ghastly white,
Strikes with damp rattle on the bony thigh;
A sickly green hath rusted on the brow,
As though 't were borrowed from the charnel stone;
And the dry dust is on the spider's web,
That shades the vacant dwelling of the eye;
A few thin locks still linger on the brow,
And the chill breeze will sometimes shake those locks,
With something not unlike the stir of life,
More fearful than the fearful calm beneath!
Well may'st thou shudder now,—but, if that frame
Should move,—if from his lonely prison-place,
By old Seville, or where Toledo taught
Black secrets, started some foul fiend, whose task
It is, to breathe around the vaulted grave
The dewy dampness, that the mouldwarp loves,—

To bathe the fungus with the clammy drop,
That oozes from the dead decaying flesh,—
To feed in silence the sepulchral lamp;
What, if, o'erwearied with the tedious task,
He loosed the ligaments that held him there,
And, bursting thro' the sepulchre's cold clasps,
He bathed his black wings in the moonlight sea,
And flinging round his path a meteor-shower,
And pouring on the gale his stormy voice,
Stained with his dusky presence the blue night;
—What, if he breathed himself into that frame,
Swelled out those limbs to giant vastitude,
Gave animation to the morbid mass,
Lit the deserted fortress of the eye,
And stalked 'mong men, and called upon the tribes,
That gazed in awe, to bow before his might,
And conquering, and to conquer, bent his course,
And roused a thousand brother-fiends to share
The spoil, and glory in the gloomy view!—
Even such a Spirit over Earth has passed,
Seared with his shadow the green earth, and dimmed
Heaven's light above. "Hail, Revolution, hail!
All hail, redeeming Spirit!"—shout and song,
The ceaseless voice of maddening multitudes
Rung the acclaim! Thro' courts, through cottages,
That Spirit stalked. The temple's sanctuary
Is foul,—the Christian altar stained with blood!



The lovely novice-nun, whose lingering ear
Dwelt on the evening hymn, who half believed,
As through the chapel's painted panes she viewed
The slow-descending sun, that from his orb
On some slant beam angelic psalmists come
To join the hymns of earth:—oh! she hath shrunk
To feel the ruffian's hand fling back her veil,
To see the face that scorned her agonies,
To hear the screams, and shouts, and heavier sobs,
Till sight, and sense, and feeling past away;
At length she wakens from that utter trance
Never to smile again; and fears to pray;
And hates herself for her unworthiness!

Along the silent walks of studious men
That fiend hath past. No more the winding wave
Recalls to memory those enchanting times,
When, on Diana's cheek the breeze of dawn
Breathed rosy colouring, as with buskined foot
The graceful huntress past thro' pearly dew,
And, in the groves of Delos, roused the lark
To greet her brother's beam;—no more the bard
Pours songs to Venus, and deludes his heart
With the fond fiction!—Gods, whom Greece adored,
Farewell! farewell the everlasting page
Of Homer! Dreams of Sophocles, farewell!
Wise men proscribe your influence, yet be sure

That not in vain that influence hath been breathed;
Renounce more soon, my friend, the lucid page
Of old Eudoxus, fling away the book
Where Newton's spirit lives,—renounce more soon
The search of nature through her hidden walks,
Than the bard's spiritual breathings;—they will yield
A calm, sweet temper, that delights to please,
And can enjoy the pleasure it imparts!
—But if thy secret bosom hath rejoiced
At its own grand conceptions, if the flow
Of music, heard at twilight-time, hath waked
Feelings, not much unlike its varying tones,
To thee I need not tell, what added strength
Will nerve the plume, that seeks with elder bards
Olympus high, and bathes in Castaly;
—Oh! for such wisdom would'st thou not renounce
The sophist's jarring sounds, and view in scorn
The dreams that France hath called Philosophy?
Would'st thou not gaze in wonder and contempt,
Like the Peruvian, when, in Cusco's fane,
The white-robed priest flung down the offerings
Of flowers and fruitage, and, with bitter voice,
Called on the savage man to bend his knee
To sculptured stone, and in prostration fall
Before the graven work of human hands,
While through the open roof the mid-day sun
Shone visible a God, and with the blaze
Of brightness mocked the taper's sickening ray!



Spirit of Heaven, undying Poetry,
Effluence divine! for by too high a name
I cannot call thee,—ere the ocean rolled
Round Earth, ere yet the dewy light serene
Streamed from the silent fountains of the East,
To fill the urns of morning, thou didst breathe,
And, musing near the secret seat of God,
Wert throned o'er Angels! thou alone could'st look
On the Eternal Glory; till thy voice
Was heard amid the halls of heaven, no breath
Disturbed the awful silence! Cherubim
Gazed on thy winning looks, and hung in trance
Of wonder, when thy lonely warblings came,
Sweet as all instruments, that after-art
Of angel or of man hath fashioned forth.
—Spirit of Heaven, didst thou not company
The great Creator?—thou didst see the sun
Rise like a giant from the chambering wave,
And, when he sank behind the new-formed hills,
Shrined in a purple cloud, wert thou not there,
Smiling in gladness from some shadowy knoll
Of larch, or graceful cedar, and at times
Viewing the stream that wound below in light,
And shewed upon its breast the imaged heaven,
And all those shades, which men in after-days
Liken to trees, and barks, and battlements,
And all seemed good to thee?—wert thou not near,
When first the starting sod awoke to life,

And Man arose in grandeur?—Thou didst weep
His fall from Eden, and in saddest hour
Thou wert not absent. From the peopled ark
Thy voice arose:—the tribes of air and earth
Forgot their fears of the increasing wave,
When, from thy throne within the human heart,
Breathed slow the evening-psalm, ere yet the Dove
Roamed o'er the watery waste with weary wing!
Spirit of Heaven, thy first best song on earth
Was Gratitude! Thy first best gift to man
The Charities—Love, in whose full eye gleams
The April-tear;—all dear Domestic Joys,
That sweetly smile in the secluded bowers
Of Innocence! Thy presence hath illumed
The Temple! With the Prophets Thou hast walked,
Inspiring!—oh! how seldom hast thou found
A worthy residence!—the world receives
Thy holiest emanations with cold heart;
The bosom, where, as in a sanctuary,
Thy altar shines, with its own grossness dims
The blaze, or, faint with the "excess of light,"
Thy votary sinks, and in a long repose
Would rest the wearied soul: how many a one
Insults thy presence, forcing thee to join
The haunts of riot and of revelry,
Yet, when the voice of Eloquence in vain
Would rouse a sinking people to the sense
Of shame, then, Spirit, thou dost deeply move



The soul!—oh, breathe, as with thy Milton's voice,
And paint to nations, sunk in sloth and sleep,
The virtues of their fathers! let thy song
Come like the language of a better world,
Like fancied tones, that soothe the musing bard
When passions slumber, and serenity
Breathes softly, as the gale on summer's eve.
Fling images of love, as fair as those
That, from the bosom of the deep, allure
The mariner, presenting to his eye
The hills his little feet were taught to climb,
The valley where he lived, the pillared smoke
That shines in the evening sun, from the low roof
Where dwell his children and deserted wife!

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I may not venture on such theme: I feel
My many weaknesses! a little while
Repose, my Harp, in silence! We have waked
Numbers too lofty. Rest we here awhile!

1815.

## THE TRIUMPH OF MUSIC.*

---

Lonely was the blossoming
Of the sad unwelcomed Spring;
And Man, the slave of passions blind and brute,
A wanderer in a world where all was mute.
Sound for the ear, or symbol for the heart
  Was none; and Music was a later birth—
The thoughts, we find no language to impart,
  Die;—and thus Love was dying from the earth.

Then of the Heavenly was there a revealing,
  That harmonized the chaos of Man's breast;
Above—around—within—the hidden feeling
  Found language—Music is but Love expressed.
The nightingale in every rich love-note
  To Man speaks love; and, when the vexed wind rushes
Through moaning forests, Man's mind is afloat
  In the wild symphony. The liquid gushes

* These lines were written from imperfect recollection of a German poem, introductory to a piece of music of Spohr's.



Of the thin tinkling rivulet—the tone
Of Zephyrus, that whispers Flowers half-blown,
Tempting the lingerers to dare the May—
Do they not with them wile Man's heart away?
And oft, as in a car of fire, elate
  The soul ascends, on Music's wings, in gleams
Of momentary triumph, to Heaven's gate—
  A happy wanderer in the world of dreams!

Spell, that soothest, elevatest!
  Language of the land unknown!
Music, earliest charm and latest,
  In gladness and in gladness gone!

Shrieking in his mother's arms
  Infant passions vex the child:—
Murmur low the lulling charms,
  Pain is soothed and reconciled.

Magic mystery of numbers,
  Thine to soothe away, and lighten
Grief!—and thine the cradled slumbers
  With thy dreams of gold to brighten!

To the dance!—to the dance!—'tis the summer-time of life
  And Music invites—to the dance—to the dance—
Old age has its sorrows, and manhood its strife,
  Care darkens the forehead, dispirits the glance.

For the weary hath Music its accents of healing;
But in youth what a charm in each jubilee-note;
To the dance—to the dance!—How the rapturous feeling
Gives wings to the feet—sends the spirit afloat!

With the Joyous doth Music rejoice!
'Tis the stilly time of night,
And the soft star-light
Smiles in heaven—and—hark—the guitar!
And hush—'tis the young lover's voice
To his own—to his earthly star.

And She is His—in vain—in vain
Would woman burst the magic chain
Of love and love-inwoven sound;—
Love-inwoven Sounds—ye come,
And are language to the dumb,
Heal the wounded heart—the hard heart ye wound!

To the battle—to the battle—Hurry out—
To the tumult—and the shriek and the shout:
Hark the bugle—how it thrills—"To the strife"—
"What is life?"—and the trumpet—"What is life?"
In every tone is Victory—how they scatter into air,
Before the sunny Music, clouds of doubt, and fear, and care.



Already is the triumph won!—already Fancy weaves,
Dyed in the blood of enemies, the wreath of laurel leaves!

Wild in the war-whoop what ominous voices
We hear o'er the battle-field pealing aloft—
Peace smiles: in her sweet smile the green earth rejoices
And welcoming Music comes mellow and soft.

Slow down cathedral aisles streams prayer and praise,
As, home returning from the battle-field,
Their hands and hearts the joyous victors raise
To Him, who in the battle was their shield.

Listen to the Death-bell tolling,
And its accents of consoling,
Telling, to the long oppressed,
That the weary is at rest,
To the mourner whispering
Of an everlasting spring;
Soothing thus, and reconciling,
Softening, and to tears beguiling,
With their measured murmurs deep,
Agony, that could not weep!

Mysterious Tones! and is it that you are
The dreamy voices of a world unknown,

Heard faintly from the Paradise afar,
  Our Father's home, and yet to be our own!

Breathe on! breathe on, sweet tones!—still sing to me,
  Still sing to me of that angelic shore,
That I may dream myself in heaven to be,
  And fancy life and all its sorrows o'er!

1836.



## LATIN TRANSLATION OF THE POEM ENTITLED "TIME."*

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Carcere comprensus vitreo, sine murmure, Pulvis
  Horarum lapsus dinumerare solet—
Gnomonis Umbra fugax—et, custos pervigil aulæ,
  Index, assiduo qui notat orbe diem.—
Et certo, Tempus, fallenti et palpitat ictu,
  Haud secus ac saliens sanguine vena micat;
Nescia stare loco, lapsu fluit Hora silenti,
  Sedula dum peragit jussa Ministra Dei.
Sunt, matutinum quos surgere carmen alaudæ
  Ad vitæ, memores, munia certa jubet,
Aut galli cantus, quem diri criminis olim
  Audiit attonitâ conscius aure Petrus,
Tunc ubi deficiens, sed nunquam victa minaces
  Irarum fluctus vix tulit ægra Fides.

F. A.

* See page 1 of this volume.

# MEMORY.

FROM THE GERMAN OF S. E. WILHELMINA VON SASSEN.

---

On you I think, while lingering far away
From all I love, till streams the eye with tears,—
The fields are full of life—the groves are gay
And green!—and Spring in all her charms appears.

On you I think! when, by the silent shore,
Memory recalls whate'er was dear to me!
As shuddering I stray, where moonbeams hoar
Scatter their silvery light o'er sand and sea.

On you I think, when, where the alders fringe
The stream, I view their shadows pictured fair,
I gaze on clouds that evening colours tinge,
And the heart whispers, shall I meet you there?

On you I think!—unloved, abandoned, lone,
'Mong dreary scenes that cannot give relief,—
And when, at evening gray, in proud saloon
I mourn, and worldlings dream not of my grief!

# RANZ DES VACHES,

FROM

## WILLIAM TELL.

A DRAMA,

BY

## SCHILLER.

"There was, and I believe still is, a popular belief in this part of the world, that on the festival of St. Jude, [on which the play opens,] some one was destined to be drowned in the lake. This superstition is alluded to in the verses sung by the fisher-boy."—WILLIAM TELL, *London*, 1829.

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"The mist partially clearing away for a few moments, revealed a portion of the scenery below, wherein we could discover the towns of Lucerne and Zug, Immensee and Küssnacht, with the lakes of Zug, Sempach, Hallwyll, Baldegg, and Lucerne."—DOWNES's *Letters from Continental Countries*.

# RANZ DES VACHES.

## FROM SCHILLER.

## WILLIAM TELL.—ACT I.—SCENE 1.

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SCENE—*The elevated rocky shore of the lake of the Four Forest Cantons, opposite Schwitz. The lake forms a creek in the land: a hut is seen at a short distance from the shore—a Fisher-boy is rowing by, on the lake in a boat. At some distance over the lake, the green meadows, villages, and farms of Schwitz, are seen reposing in clear sun-shine. To the left the peaks of the Hacken, enveloped in clouds, and to the right, the Glaciers in the remote distance. Before the curtain rises, the* RANZ DES VACHES *and the musical sound of the cattle-bells are heard, and continue for some time while the scene is opening.*

FISHER-BOY, *in his boat.*

[RANZ DES VACHES.]

The lake smiles bright in stirring light;
The little boy sleeps on the sunny flowers;
A voice sails low
The waters along,
Like the flute's soft flow,—
Like an angel's song,
A breath from Eden's bowers!—
He wakens in wonder from his rest,
The light spray falls upon his breast;
The waters are rising, slow and slow,
The waters are singing—sweet and low:
Is it a dream, or is there a voice
That whispers winningly,
Mine thou art, and mine to be!
Lovely little one, come to me!
From the deeps below I have looked on thee:
Sweet was thy sleep, while I sang from the deep,
'Lovely little one, come to me,
Mine, for ever-more, to be!"



HERDSMAN, *on the hill.*

[*Variation of the* RANZ DES VACHES.]

Farewell! farewell to the field,
Farewell to the sunny lawn!
To the mountains the herd must away;
Summer is over and gone.

Away! to the mountains away!
With the cuckoo's call when the green woods ring,
When the small bird's song awakens the spring,
When the breeze is blythe and the fields are gay,
When the rivulet sparkles and sings on his way,
We will hail the merry May!

Farewell! farewell to the field,
Farewell to the sunny lawn!
To the mountains we must away,
Summer is over and gone!

CHAMOIS-HUNTER, *seen on a high rock.*

[*Second Variation of the* RANZ DES VACHES.]

On the mountains the thunder swings long and deep,
And shakes the rocks on the dizzy steep;—
O'er the trembling bridge, on the mountain ridge,

Where the gulf yawns dark and the clouds sweep dim,
Is the hunter's path—but fear not for him!

Over fields of ice, where no flower may breathe,
Where the black mists, in billows, are toiling beneath;
He looks for the dwellings of men,—but between
Is the black mist,—and hamlet and hut are unseen;
Away, in the breeze, rolls the cloud, and he sees
Glimmers of broken light, glimpses of green.

# SCENES

FROM

# THE PILGRIMAGE,

A DRAMA,

BY

## DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

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THURING.

IRWIN, FLORUS, } *Thuring's Sons.*

ANTONIUS.

VERENA.

ZILIA.

HORMISDAS, *a Magician.*

YOUTHS AND MAIDENS, *Captives of Hormisdas, and under the influence of his Magic.*

# THE PILGRIMAGE,*

A DRAMA,

BY DE LA MOTTE FOUQUÉ.

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SCENE—*a Wood.*

*Enter* FLORUS, (THURING'S *younger Son.*)

FORTH wandering with thee, rich light of morning,
That now, in glory, o'er the wood of firs
Dost rise, and brighten into living gold,
The vaporous clouds, I tread again this loved
And lonely valley.—Sweet, secluded haunt,
Which none intrudes on!—My sick father still

* For the purpose of introducing the scenes translated from this drama, it is necessary to state, that THURING, an old knight, fearing the approach of death, and suffering from the accusations of conscience, thinks that his only chance of salvation depends on the performance of a pilgrimage to the Holy Sepulchre. The journey presenting too many difficulties to himself in his infirm state of health, he wishes to transfer it to one of his two sons.

Is slumbering,—fearful Dreams stand round his bed,
Disquieting his rest, and torturing me,
Each night the witness of his agonies.—
But every creature has its load to bear,
And every creature has its source of comfort.—
The bee, who revels here 'mong perfumed flowers,
Voluptuously, will soon, fatigued, return,
A burthened labourer, to her fragrant cell.—
Why, Florus, why complain then of thy task?
Thou hast, like them, thy spring of consolation—
Enjoyments, that refresh thy languid spirit
In the blest hours of silent dewy morn.
Now, Master deeply loved, ah, linger not.
[*Looks round in expectation.*
The castle's far away,—the hour at hand
That wakes my father from his spectral dreams.—
Ah, Master! thou whose dear society
Restores, re-animates me, linger not.
How make thee hear me?—should I sing thy song,
The fearful ballad of "*the Guest betrayed*,"
Then would'st thou come, perhaps, but come in anger—
Displeased with him, who ventured to repeat
That serious secret to the woods;—how angry
Thou wert, when first I overheard the words,
And said'st that only by thy ear and voice
Such sounds ought ever to be heard or uttered;
But still the song, deep in my memory,



Remained, exciting strange mysterious horror,
And my heart, while it shuddered, felt that fear
Gave an increased delight;—ah, linger not,
Dear Master!—What, can I endure the want—
Of thy society? live even one day,
Unheard the charm of thy sweet solemn voice?—
Unfelt the pleasures of alternate song?
This shall I suffer?—never!—I will venture—
[*Sings.*

"On the battlements 'tis sweet to stand,
In the morning beam or the evening dew;
For the eye can range o'er wooded land,
And meadow green and water blue.

"Hither the king hath led his guest—
His guest, who sought for shelter here,
Confiding to the king, his friend,
The keeping of his gold and gear.

"'*My guest, look over the battlements—*
*Look out, as far as you can see,*
*You hear below the waters flow,*
*And the maiden singing merrily.*'

"The guest did——

ANTONIUS, (*entering,*)
No more of this! Who bids thee sing my song?

FLORUS.

—MASTER!

ANTONIUS.

Now thou art trembling!—now thy cheek grows
pale!—
What child-like folly to awake the wrath
That makes thee shudder in such pain!

FLORUS.

Yes! yes!
'Tis true I shudder,—do but look upon me,
Even with eyes thus on fire—Oh! far more soon
Would I beneath their glow consent to wither,
To crumble into dust, than home return
Without beholding thee.—O noble Spirit!
To conjure and to call thee up before me,
I used a daring spell,—and thou hast come
In wrath—but thou *hast* come, and all my wish
Is satisfied.

ANTONIUS.

Rash boy! to fling away
The object of his passionate desire—
Lose it for ever, sooner than sustain
An hour's delay! To-day the woods are thronged
With many an ardent follower of the chase;



Thy singing may be heard,—and such a song,
Which to the rocks 'twere madness to confide,—
Some one may place himself to watch thy steps,
To overhear thy words.

FLORUS.

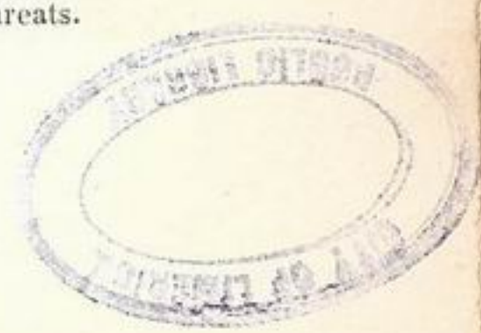
Oh, fear it not.
They deem me a reserved and distant boy,
Not worth a thought—scarce good enough to tend
My father's bed of sickness—in the feats
Of hunting or of horsemanship, I'm nothing!

ANTONIUS.

You know them not:—if a man haunts the woods,
Deserts the amusements of his school associates,
Forms friendships with old trees, prefers a song
To idle conversation, soon a crowd
Will follow him,—they not alone deride
Him, but become continual spies upon
His every motion;—if thy rashness brings
A throng of busy followers thus upon
My steps, oh! dearly—dearly as I love thee,
We part, to meet no more!

FLORUS.

Ah! spare such threats.



ANTONIUS.

Oh, this would be a fine discovery!—
Thuring's romantic son found all alone
Among the mountains with this grey old man,
These verses on his lips,—'tis not enough
That this vain chattering may expose my life,
But peace of mind, bought with such difficulty,
Is scared away for ever.—No! in vain
Would'st thou beseech me then; I could not meet
These waves of trouble. Sooner than endure
What I foresee, loved pupil, we should part.

FLORUS.

Tears, lighting up thine eyes, disclaim thy words,—
Ah! why with fears like these thus torture me?
Why pain thyself by such severity?
Here, in the lonely forest, none can hear us—
Even I myself, I know not Thee,—thy Songs
Alone are mine,—thy songs, thy words of healing!
With some old rhyme, then, chase this gloom away,
With an old story scatter it in air,
One of thy many songs, and sage old legends—
Or teach me, Master dear, the mystery
Of the Gay Science—thine ennobling art,
Thine elevating—humanizing art;
Charmed by thy words divine, I bear away
In silent memory each treasured thought;
—Fair flowers, they cheer life's waste.



ANTONIUS.

Believing child!
Sit down beside me, then, on this green sod;
Oh, it relieves me from the weariness
Of solitude, recalls me into life,
Thus to instruct thee in the tales of old,
The wisdom breathing in the minstrel's song;
Then listen.——

IRWIN, THURING'S *elder Son*, (*unseen.*)

Winfred, Winfred!

ANTONIUS.

Ha! the voice
Of a huntsman in the woods, and near!

FLORUS.

My brother's;
At times he here pursues the chace, and Winfred,
The husband of the beautiful Verena,
Is his companion on the mountain heights;
Be not disturbed at this, my dear, dear Master.

ANTONIUS.

And a young warrior know it?

IRWIN, (*unseen.*)

Farewell, Winfred,
A pleasant journey.

ANTONIUS.

All is over now,
This vale no longer is a solitude.

IRWIN, (*from a rock above.*)

Ha! yonder in the copse-screen see my brother!
—And, close to him, is that the mountain-fiend,
With his long gray ragged beard? Yes! yes! I have it—
This makes all plain;—his was the song, with which
The forest rang.—Your pardon, good my brother!
—A few steps off, the rock is not too steep,
And then I have your secret.

[*He passes on.*

ANTONIUS.

See'st thou, now?
Thou foolish idle boy—Ah! see'st thou now,
Thy thoughtless act has parted us for ever—
For ever.

FLORUS.

Master, master, leave me not.



ANTONIUS.

I must—I fear I must; it grieves me sorely;
Farewell—thou never wilt behold me more!

[*Exit.*

FLORUS.

And was he then in earnest? No! oh, no!
The storm will threaten oft in sultry days,
Yet pass away uninjuring; yea, at times
Reviving the parched earth; thus thou, dear Master,
Would'st terrify me, not destroy.

IRWIN, (*enters.*)

Where is he gone,—that spectre old and gray?
Vanished?—air melted into air!

FLORUS.

Alas,
Vanished!

IRWIN.

And is it this, that makes thee mournful?

FLORUS.

You came, dear brother, at an ill-timed moment.

IRWIN.

A pretty secret, this, to guard so closely;

Our father torturing us to go as pilgrims
To Palestine; you still refuse to go;
I thought a pretty girl was in the case,
But here I find you squatting, side by side,
With an old, dull, ill-humoured fool, who flies
Into his bushes to conceal himself.

FLORUS.

Nay, speak not thus; I will not listen to it.

IRWIN.

Why, this sounds well. How long is't since you've learned
This loud and passionate language? My fine fellow,
That baby-arm, it terrifies me not.

FLORUS.

What mean you? art thou not my brother? Yet
Thy skill in arms, thy fame for knightly deeds,
Were no restraint to me, if holy anger
Seized me.

IRWIN.

Well, when it comes, we're ready for it.
But tell me now, why do you thus resist
This pilgrimage? You'll meet with, in the East,
I should imagine, woody vales enough,
And good old gentlemen with long gray beards.



FLORUS.

My dear, dear brother, cease this ridicule;
And I entreat thee, never to betray
In merry mood, or random conversation,
What thou just now hast seen;—that good old man
(I know no more of him, than that each morning
We meet, to enjoy the stillness of the wood,
And the delight of song) has taught me much
That other masters strive in vain to teach,
The high ennobling art of Poetry.
Each chooses for himself some guide in life,
And he is mine. Oh! tear me not from him!
Divorced from him, I think I could not live.
Here will I stay, and nurse my dying father;
The joys of battle, and the chace be thine,
Be thine our steeds, our armoury.

IRWIN.

Oh, yes!
Because your woman heart would tremble at them.

FLORUS.

Sir Irwin, I, too, am a son of Thuring's.

IRWIN.

Prove it, and show thyself a warrior.

FLORUS.

Why, I should think a mind like thine, delighted
With bold adventures, would enjoy a journey
Into the East, into the land of Morning.

IRWIN.

What know you of such feelings, housewife-heart?

FLORUS.

Ah! brother, thou art cruel, quarrelsome.
Farewell, then, thou hast sent me mournful home;
I go to tend my father—fare thee well.

IRWIN.

How mild he is—ah! pardon me, dear boy,
In me my father's stormy passions rise.
But thou, whose heart reflects the piety
And meekness of our sweet dead mother's spirit,
Ah! bear with me. My own! my Florus.
[*Embracing him.*

FLORUS.

Tears, Irwin? thou in tears?

IRWIN.

Thou knowest them not,
The passions that are torturing my sick heart.



O, woe is me, for I am driven along
Where ruin beckons me; and with a smile
So sweet, expressive of such love, allures me,
That sin seems something bright and beautiful,
And suffering for such cause, even enviable!

FLORUS.

I hear your words, but understand them not—
Words in a foreign tongue, they——

IRWIN.

Happy boy,
Ah! never learn it. Passion's language soon
Is taught; we lisp the sounds with ease; the lessons
Soon understood, can never be forgotten—
Never forgotten, though the heart should sigh
Eagerly for oblivion.

FLORUS.

Brother, brother!

IRWIN.

Is Winfred not my friend? my fellow-soldier?
Is not his bride a consecrated image?

FLORUS.

Who said she was not?

IRWIN.

And to me he leaves her;
Confides her to my care; sets out upon
A distant journey, leaving me the guardian
Here of his castle, and of his Verena.
Oh! that he were returned, this conflict over,
This struggle between Virtue, Friendship, Passion,
This agony that tortures, yet delights me—
Oh! that the victory were won, and yet—
Farewell. [*Exit.*

FLORUS.

What can he mean? these words, these starts,
Rapture and Fear? I can't conceive his meaning!
[*Exit in the opposite direction.*

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SCENE—*A chamber in* THURING'S *Castle.*

THURING, (*coming out from a side-door.*)

Ho! Florus, Florus, still these evil dreams
Come back and terrify my senses. Florus,
Chase them away. Ho! Florus! Where is he?
He hears me not; the empty vaults re-echo
My voice; what—gone—gone out, to amuse himself.
Ah! Thuring, desolate old man, thy cares
Are well repaid; two sons thou hast brought up,
Two dutiful sons, who, when the question is



Of my salvation, which this pilgrimage
Would render certain—love their home, forsooth,
So well, they could not live if absent from it,
Attached as branches to the parent tree.
But let the arch glance of a merry eye,
Or war, or tournament, attract the one,
Or let an old song catch the other's fancy,
The castle-hearth is soon abandoned then.
Take care, lest these my cruel sufferings
Draw down, from my pale lips, a father's curse;
And this, as oft of old has been experienced,
Will weigh you down with horror to the grave,
And from the grave to hell—hell—hell!
———Cursed word!
Hark, was not that a step—a low light step
Upon the stairs, that lead to the dark chamber?
What, if 'twere *he!*—fool—ghosts glide noiselessly,
And yet, there's many an old true tale, that tells
How the dead body shakes his white dry limbs
To terrify the murderer. Florus, Florus—
They leave me all alone. Oh! take my life,
Torture me not with this prolonged suspense,
Dread object of my fear! come let me venture,
Supported on my staff, to reach the door
Which separates me from my torturer.
Again that step—it sounds more heavily.
[*Bursting open the door.*
Hurra! what art thou?

ANTONIUS, (*without.*)

God of mercy, save me!

THURING.

It prays!

ANTONIUS, (*at the door.*)

Poor phantom-haunted, sick, old man;
And is it thou?

THURING.

Antonius, come nearer,
I'm all alone.

ANTONIUS, (*entering.*)

Old man, you frightened me.

THURING.

Yes! yes! you shrank, and trembled at my sight.

ANTONIUS.

How could I but be terrified? thy cries
Expressed insanity and agony
Of conscience—this might make a pure heart shudder.

THURING.

Where wert thou going? why with such a light,
And stealing step, did you glide by the door?



ANTONIUS.

Poor man, I dreaded to disturb thy sleep.

THURING.

This is derision; callest thou, then, me poor?
Me—me—this castle's powerful master;—me
Thy patron—thy protector—who conceals thee
Even from his children; at thy strange desire,
Shelters the perpetrator of a crime,
God only knows how great;—for in thy heart
Some crime must be concealed, else why this strict
And jealous secrecy?—deny it not.

ANTONIUS.

Pure am I in the eye of God.

THURING.

Why then
This torturing concealment?

ANTONIUS.

Ask me not.
This secrecy but gratifies your wishes!*

* In return for the concealment afforded to him, Thuring, whose conscience reproaches him with the murder of Lother, *the betrayed guest*, insists on Antonius's interceding for him, by prayer and penance, and thus endeavouring to appease the spirit of Lother, which he is persuaded continues to haunt him.

THURING.

But thou should'st pray, pray zealously, unceasingly.
Instead of this, thou loiterest away
The morning hours, in rambling through the forest.

ANTONIUS.

This will no longer be the case. Alas!
That I should say, no longer.

THURING.

Let me know
The truth—speak out—does not the shade of Lother
Still walk in that dark chamber? Thou art shuddering!
Hast thou—thou must have—seen him? all thy features
Of his, methinks, have caught the stern expression,
And mirror his with horrible resemblance.
Go—go—into that dread and lonely chamber.
Let me not see again that face of his!—
Go! I conjure thee, go!

ANTONIUS.

Peace be with thee.

[*Exit.*

THURING, (*alone.*)

The gaze of this mysterious man at times
Affects me with strange terror; and a word—



'Tis wonderful—a little word from him—
"Peace be with thee,"—A common phrase like this—
Said with that tone, will give me back again
My health of spirit, will restore my life—
Ha! Florus comes! Quick bolt the door.

[*He bolts the door through which* ANTONIUS *has gone out.*

*Enter* FLORUS.

THURING, (*to himself.*)

Oh! how this beautiful and blooming face,
Reflecting every motion of the spirit,
Reminds me of the days that have gone by!—
I too was gay, and innocent as he;
I too had nothing to conceal. It seems
When I behold him, as if I myself
Came, in the brightness of my better days,
Here to reproach the gray old man with crimes
Done in the melancholy interval!

FLORUS.

My father, only tell me in what way
To lighten of their load the dreary hours;
To make thee cheerful,—shall I pray? or sing?
Or read some old romance? or chronicle
Of days that——

THURING.

Woe is me, my son, far more
Than prayer, or song, romance, or chronicle,
One word—that one word I've so oft demanded—
One word from thee, said from thy heart sincerely,
"*I go a pilgrim to Jerusalem,*"
Will please thy father—save thy father's soul.
Wilt thou refuse me?

FLORUS.

Let me ask my father,
Does the old warrior hate his peaceful son
So much, as thus o'er sea and land to banish him?

THURING.

Oh think not thus! my dear, dear son, best staff
Of my old age; but where does Irwin rove?

FLORUS.

Sir Winfred has set out on a long journey,
And left in Irwin's charge his wife and castle.

THURING.

Winfred's a fool.

FLORUS.

A fool say you, to trust
The friendship of the honourable Irwin?



THURING.

Why, think yourself—Verena loveliest
Of women—Irwin the most valiant knight.

FLORUS.

What mean you?

THURING.

Can you not conceive? 'Tis this
That makes your brother to his native land
Thus constant.

FLORUS.

How? to guard his friend's effects?

THURING.

Oh tranquil, clear, unsullied stream! my Florus,
Why wilt thou not in pious pilgrimage,
Now in the fragrant time of budding youth,
Seek for thy father's sake, the holy grave?

* * * *
* * * *

FLORUS.

Each man has some one object of pursuit,
Which wins his love, to which his heart impels him
With force, that will not be opposed, to which
He eagerly devotes his faculties,

And lavishes his thoughts delightedly
On the dear idol:—Poetry to me
Has thus been consecrated, rules my heart
Like a pervading passion, claims the homage
Of all my powers. Oh knit not thus thy brows,
My father! often hath my song dispelled
Thy savage dreams; and often hath it soothed
Thy senses, lulling thee to sweet oblivion,
Diffusing its own magic dreams around thee:
Such, father, is the charm of Poetry
In every place where there is Man to feel.
Through the wide world the soother's voice is felt,
And me the charmer sought, and me she summoned;
And while with timid eye and heart confused,
Unable to interpret my own feelings,
I gazed around me, doubtful, diffident,
There met me an old, pious, worthy man,
Affectionate and cheerful; he became
My master, taught me the loved mystery
Of song—instructed me how man should seek
And learn to know his God! Many a rich tale
He told—delightful narratives to hear,
Flowing so sweetly from those reverend lips!
Oh, father, tear me not from him; in truth,
I feel my conduct different on the days
I speak to him. Then am I mild and good;
Unsteady, languid, harsh, dissatisfied,
When I have missed the old man's company



'Tis said, that in man's purest thoughts there still
Is evil mingled. This he drives away.
Nothing unholy can endure his presence.
Let me each morning seek the lonely valley;
Find there the balm, that heals the soul. Thus, father,
Thy son's affections, and his happiness,
Will be secured.

THURING, (*scornfully.*)

Ha! ha! and this is Virtue!
The thing men boast of!—here is one whose wishes
And outward seeming speak of purity,
And yet the devil is living in his heart,
As in all other men's.

FLORUS.

You chide me, father,
'Tis but a moment since you spoke with praise;
And praise and blame—so given—alike perplex me.

THURING.

Thee, boy,—I blame not thee—I blame Man's nature.
How they do speak of crime, (for thus they call it,)
And thou, who canst not understand what's meant
By an allusion to the least transgression,
(I scarce should call it by so harsh a name,)
To the least rashness, thou wilt say that Evil
Dwells in thy heart! Ye all are hypocrites.

FLORUS.

No, father! Of this rashness, as you call it,
I nothing know, nor feel I self-convicted
Of any thing, the thought of which should stain
My cheek with shame; but in the book of God
We read, that Man is fallen.

THURING.

The book of God!
Ay, thus the monks—your master hypocrites—
Will talk. And is it there you screen yourself?
* * * * *
Ay, 'tis those old chaotic elements,
Ill-mixed in man's original formation,
That are for ever raving. They deform
The purest soul—cloud even the heart of Florus.
—Within,—within the train is laid; and if
The lightning from abroad should come, oh who,
Who can resist it? kindling thoughts are changed
To fiery acts; and this is accident.
Oh, we are all the same—alike in nature;
Essentially alike, guiltless or guilty—
Let none, of woman born, abhor his brother!
The Son of God upon the cross hath died
For us; and to his grave a pilgrimage
Atones for all; I am too old and weak;
Then journey, thou for me, my dearest son.



But, why I urge the point so anxiously,
I should inform thee—listen to my crimes!

FLORUS.

Oh! speak not, I entreat thee.

THURING.

I must tell
This tale of crime, or rather misery—
The evil of my nature was called forth,
By accident, to light—the light of hell!
Condemn me not,—thy heart is not secure,
Its wicked will may ripen into act—
The fiend may make his habitation there.
A friend came hither from a distant land,
One whom I loved and valued, and whose love
Had well been proved—companions we had been
In youth's gay morning—wearied he did come,
And faint, and followed close by murderous foes—
Came to his old friend's home to seek for refuge;
Oh, how the gates flew open to receive him!
Oh, how they closed against his hot pursuers!
His mind, that would not bend to man's control,
His language free, his proud and princely bearing
Drew down in vengeance on that noble head
The curses of the Church, the Empire's ban—
He brought with him a heavy sum of gold

With which, in days to come,—in happier days,—
He hoped to build once more his fallen castle.
That gold was laid for safety in my chamber—
The devil made his bed upon that gold,
I saw him lying there and grinning at me—
Shrink not with horror yet—what crime was yet
Committed, Florus? that is yet to come.
Oh, Florus, if hereafter you should build
A castle, build it not too high, nor place it
Above the steep and rugged precipice;
For, on the cold and scaring heights, the brain
Will whirl, and while it whirls, the evil spirit
Unseen wheels round in the same giddy circle,
And if one chance to go there with a friend——

FLORUS.

Oh, father, *but you did not go!**

* Thuring completes the confession of his guilt, which closes the scene. The next is the garden of Winfred's castle. While Irwin is expressing his love to Verena, a messenger arrives, who announces the accidental death of her husband.



## SECOND ACT.

SCENE.—*A Valley near Thuring's Castle.*

THURING *sitting on a rock*, IRWIN *standing before him.*

THURING.

WELL, well! whate'er they say of rhyme and song,
And sound of harp, and how the poet's art
Subdues the soul of man through all the world,
The sword is still the noble's proper weapon,
His only honourable ornament!
Why, what are all these pretty lullabies
Of Florus's, compared with the delight
That I receive from such a sight as this?
My son arrayed in splendid arms—the colours
Of our old family once more displayed—
And at thy heels the tinkling spurs of gold—
In yonder copse the impatient war-horse panting,
Gazing with eager eye towards thee, as longing
To bear his princely master to the battle—
Even I myself, as thou didst lead me hither,
Felt in my veins again the heroic blood
Burning,—the frost of age dissolved away,

When I but touched thy warrior arms;—the thoughts,
Whose horrid presence withered me, are gone—
Thou art old Thuring's son—my son, indeed!

IRWIN.

Thus be it ever, father—may thy youth
Return, restored in thy son's deeds of glory—
And every morning shall this well-knit arm
Win for thy brow another wreath of honour.
Life thus made happy—and when life is over,
The high-arched vault, where we must lie at last,
Hung round with shields, which tell of high achievements,
And many a well-won banner proudly streaming.

THURING.

Would death were come! but, oh, beyond the grave
There is a land, that rings not with the fame
Of warriors! where none speak of shield or standard!—
* * * * *

IRWIN.

Who prays more piously than gentle Woman?
Is there a saint, whose voice Heaven hears more soon
Than the effusions of a female heart,
Breathing in tender prayer?—thou hast no daughter—



Oh, let me give a daughter to thy house,
One who, with violence of burning prayer,
Will open heaven to thee!

THURING.

And 'twas for this
That thou to-day did'st offer me thine arm!—
For this invited'st me to breathe the air
Of the cold morn!—for this didst flatter me!—
Is Winfred's widow this selected daughter?*
* * * * *

VERENA, (*not observing* THURING.)

Whisper not thus reproachingly, ye branches!
Gaze not on me with such a conscious look,
Ye wildflowers of the wood! The tall grass seems,
As the breeze comes, with an upbraiding voice,
To speak of me! How is it that every thing
Seems still distinctly saying "Irwin—Irwin,"
Repeating always the loved dreaded name—
And my heart echoes it unceasingly.

* Thuring makes the performance of the pilgrimage to the Holy Land by Irwin the condition of his assent to the proposed union; and the son, equally determined, leaves Thuring, expressing his resolution never to undertake such a journey, till Verena becomes his wife, or he has wept over her grave. The next scene introduces Verena.

Oh, Winfred! from thy cold and narrow bed
Appear, and chill this frantic feverish passion—
Ghost of the dead, arise! and from the world,
Drive to the pensive solitary cloister
Thy wife, unfaithful to thy memory—
Force, from these burning lips, a binding vow,
Inviolable—immure me in the darkness,
The dungeon dreariness of the cold convent—
Compel me,—for my soul shrinks back in horror
Irresolute—my sinful bosom feels
Too deep, too tender love for the young hero,
The beautiful Irwin.*

* * * * *

THURING. FLORUS.

THURING, (*to* FLORUS.)

I must confess to thee, my son, that oft

* Thuring appears, reproaches Verena bitterly, and succeeds in affecting her imagination so much, that she at last consents to gratify him, by taking measures to have it believed that she has died, and by remaining a prisoner in his castle. She thus hopes to escape the passion of Irwin, and live more entirely separated from the world than she could be in a convent. Thuring thus secures the performance of the pilgrimage, and has the advantage of Verena's prayers in addition to those of Antonius. Florus, however, now that he has lost his master, is as eager for the pilgrimage as he was before averse to it.



Oft as I wished this pilgrimage of thine—
And 'twas my thought by day, and, when I slept,
Dreams mocked me with its vain accomplishment—
Oft as I blamed thy lingering, thy refusal—
Yet now when I behold thee standing here,
Prepared for travel, 'tis with grief I gaze
Upon my son—with heaviness of heart,—
And shall I lose thee—thee, who still hast been
My gentle, kind, unweariable attendant—
Thee, the reflected image of my youth!
And shall I lose thee, and survive, my Florus?

FLORUS.

Hast thou not said that thou art apprehensive
For thy soul's dear salvation? that thy hope
In heaven is rested on this pilgrimage?

THURING.

There mine own weapon has he turned against me;
Well, be it so! I lose thee, then, my Florus!
[*Embracing him.*

FLORUS.

Oh, father, if thou always wert so mild!

THURING.

That cannot be, strive as I may! no! no!—

Hell often whispers me in gloom and vapour,
And often will it rave perceptibly,
And then my wild eyes sparkle with strange fire,
And then my lips are loud with blasphemy.—
Go then, my son, redeem thy father's soul:
Pure effluence from a source impure—Oh, fly!
Seek in the East the glorious Morning beams!
This curse that tortures me convert to blessings!

IRWIN (*enters, alludes to* VERENA'S *death, and announces his intended journey.*)

IRWIN.

Then to the Holy Land we two go forth,
But not together—Warrior and Pilgrim
Would only prove unsuitable companions.
Let him, if so he love, in palmer-weeds
Wander through foreign lands! In such a dress,
In such demure and pensive guise, I should
Go mad.—Farewell, I carve my way alone!

THURING.

Irwin, my dear, my first-born son, oh, go not!

IRWIN.

Here to remain! to see of Winfred's castle
The dear-loved battlements!—to rove the woods
In solitude, where I was wont to meet her



Lingëring till I came! on every bank
To weep upon the flowers she loved,—oh, no!
This cannot be. I must away,—must hear
Lances, and swords, and heathen scimitars
Ring round my head; this only will restore me
To rest,—this, or the honourable grave!—

THURING.

Oh, Irwin, Irwin, can'st thou not remain?
And yet I know a way, but dare not use it—
One offering will not satisfy Heaven's justice;
I must lose both,—must linger here deserted,—
I cannot bear the dreams, that haunt and scare me;
And, therefore, must I seal my lips,—must send
All that I love away,—must sacrifice
In this dread pilgrimage, all that remains.
Depart.—

FLORUS.

I hear already the glad waves
Welcoming me, with animating voice!—

IRWIN.

Travel by land for me—its many dangers!
Through many a hostile country will I go,
Search out each day some desperate enterprize,
Thus end this joyless life.

* * * * *

THURING.

My sons, it was a brilliant day, when I
First wore a warrior's arms.
Like thee, my noble Irwin, I was strong;
Like thee, my gentle Florus, kind, romantic;
Like both, was young.——
And in this very chamber
My father stood, a gray-haired man, and old
As is your father now, but stronger far,
And far more cheerful,—he was ever cheerful,
—*He* might be cheerful!—then he bade me look
Upon the portraits of our ancestors,
Told me their deeds, and dwelt on every name!
Then did he call me nobleman and knight;
And, as he spoke, the blood of the old heroes
Burned in my glowing frame. Alas! that fire
In these dead ashes now no longer glimmers!
My children, I cannot command his strong
And animating language; weak am I
In words,—a poor, old, miserable man;
And ye must leave your father's halls, ungifted
With benefits, which are not mine to give;
But, as he blest me, I too on my sons
Bestow my blessing:—bend your knees, my children,—
A father's blessing rest upon your heads!*

* Thuring's frenzy again seizes him; he fears that a blessing bestowed by him will become a curse, and call down destruction upon his children; he drives them from his presence. An interview between him and Verena, who comes to accomplish her extorted vow, closes the act.



## THIRD ACT.

SCENE.—A VALLEY IN ARABIA FELIX. *On the Stage are seen several scattered groups of Youths and Maidens, attendants on Hormisdas the magician.*

A YOUTH.

WHERE the green hill, softly swelling,
Rises with a gentle slope,
Gladly do I stand and gaze—
A noble prospect; fields in cheerful bloom,
And lakes far spread—gay groves and gardens graceful!
Here I linger, here I gather
The brightest drops of the morning dew,
The first that gleam in the ruddy dawn!
Buried deep in his lone chambers,
Sage Hormisdas, with a spell,
Will charm, and change them into beads of pearl
For Zilia's locks, for Zilia's arms and breast.

A MAIDEN.

Where the sunny stream flows brightest,
With a murmur that is music,
Many a coloured pebble, sparkling
Through the gay translucent water,
Smiles to me invitingly;
Down I dip my white arm, seeking
The stained gem, and with it imprison the tremulous wavelet,
The cold ring of crystal, that, ever, in shadow and sunlight,
Flowed round it, and loved it—and now in the hand of the maiden
Flows lovingly round it—more beautiful making its beauty!
Lovely Gem! loving Wave! never again to be parted!
And then Hormisdas with a steady gaze,
Will charm the circling water into stone,—
A diamond gem, reflecting the clear light
From its calm surface crystalline,
For Zilia's hair, for Zilia's arms and breast!

A YOUTH.

I know the myrtle copse, where twilight soothes
The coyest, loneliest, loveliest flowers;
Where the brightest butterflies



Hover and loiter,—love-illumined wings,
Purple and gold, are gleaming!
Thither with light step I steal;
Hush—hush, it is the happy summer-bird,*
See where, fond flutterer, he rests rejoicing!
—Fond flutterer! heedless of Hormisdas' magic!
And who would break the flower?
Who wound the lover's wing?
Not I—be sure—not I.—
From flower and fluttering wing
The golden dust I steal,
Touching them softly with the plume,
I plunder from the peacock's train,—
The tender dust I bear away.
Then from Hormisdas' lips there comes,
Slow breathing forth, a magic song,
By all the glittering atoms felt;
They move, they live, shine in the silken web,
Shine in the thin light veil,
A graceful ornament
For Zilia's hair, for Zilia's arms and breast!

A YOUTH.

O'er the happy plains for ever
Comes the breath of amber fragrance,—

* I venture, at the risk of reminding my readers too distinctly that this is a translation, to adopt into our language the German name for the butterfly.

A sea of sweets, that soothes the spirit,
Restores the powers, that earth has wasted,—
Diffuses bliss unutterable ;
But from what rich flowers delicious,
From what tree, whose tears are perfume,
Flows the aromatic current ?
Who can tell its secret fountain ?
I can tell it ;—I have found it,—
And I fill my magic phial
With the prize invaluable :
Hormisdas bends, and gazes in the glass—
Unseen the gales of fragrance rise
Impatiently, to breathe
Round Zilia's hair, round Zilia's graceful form !

A MAIDEN.

Oh, what a happy lot is mine!
My occupation all is cheerful play,
And after occupation, sweet repose—
Reward of happy toils!
How happy am I here, removed from all,
That once I loved, an ignorant poor child!
—The gloomy wood, and the moss-covered cottage!
The tale my mother told,
—Poor woman, only rich in fairy tales,—
Has been to me most splendidly accomplished :
On her bosom I was sleeping,—
When came at eve a wondrous Dream,



That half unclosed my eyes,
And gave me strength to run ;—
It led me far away.
Long did my mother sleep,
And wept, when she awoke,
To find her child was gone!
And I beheld her tears!
—But the Dream Hormisdas sent
Lured me to this pleasant place,
To one eternal round of joy ;
Far away my native cottage
Lies, forgotten, unregretted,
In the gloom of poverty!
And I play with pearls and diamonds,
Happy, happy girl that I am!

A YOUTH.

From the lofty war-proof fortress,
Where, cresting the high hill, in splendour
Shine the walls and battlements,
Over a wide range of prospect,
I ran, a happy child, delighted
To wander in the pleasant greenwood ;
To enjoy the huntsman's pleasures,
As I oft had seen my father
Hunting with his boon companions!—
But how sweet, how heart-refreshing,
Were the scenes that in the forest

Soothed my captivated senses!
All that wide and shadowy meadow,
All that roof of meeting branches,
Vocal with mysterious music,
That flowed forth, as from a fountain,
From the breathing lips of HYMNUS,
Who there was standing visibly;
He held me with his giant arm,
He flattered me with words seducing,
From those sweet lips, red as roses;
—I was his—a willing captive!
He bore me from my native meadows,
Up into the blue sky starry,
Holy Night's serene dominions;
Gliding fast, with unfelt motion,
Down sank I, 'mong flowers and fragrance,
Sank down,—and in the garden of Hormisdas!
And willingly do I resign the chace,
And all its pleasures; lingering happy here,
Singing my idle songs, 'mong fragrant flowers!

A MAIDEN.

I was playing in the garden,
On our roof in Ascalon!
When a butterfly came humming
O'er the flowers, and I was tempted
To follow the bright flutterer,
And the slender sounds were woven



To a web of gold, that, rustling,
Lifted me with impulse airy!
And they then were changed to winglets
That grew upon my shoulders graceful.
Hither I move to these delightful gardens,
Happy in heart; and think of Ascalon
With scorn—the city that the stranger seeks;
The ornament and glory of the East!

A YOUTH.

I know the land of the evening sun—
Of the giant oak—of the cloud and storm—
Whose lakes are roofed with ice.
Where the morning rises chill,
And the night, from dreary wing,
Showers hoar-frost on the shrinking flowers;
And warriors, clad in arms, are there
Loud-sounding, splendid, heavy arms of steel;
Swords in their hands, unlike the scimitar;
The blade unbent, and double-edged, cuts straight
Into the faces of the enemy;
From the heavy-visored helm
A cloud of many-coloured plumes
Streams in the playful breeze.
And my friends wished that I should be a soldier.
Already had I learned to bend
The war-horse to my will;

Already, with an active arm,
Could sway the warrior's sword;
But, as I rested after my first battle,
There came, with friendly words, a gray old man.
He sate beside me. From his lips streamed forth
A wondrous tale. Unceasingly it streamed;
Holding enchanted my surrendered soul,
Till the sweet stars came gemming the blue sky.
And then he rose, but still the tale continued;
And on we wandered, and the narrative
Was still unfinished, and we reached the shore;
I following him, unable to resist
The magic of his voice!
Rapidly, rapidly he went,
Rapidly, rapidly I followed him;
I threw away the shield that burthened me,
I threw away from me the encumbering sword,
And we embarked, and still the tale continued,
All day! all night! The moon did wex and wane,
I cannot tell how many times, while he
Was busy with his story; while my soul
Lived on its magic; and I felt no want
Of food, or drink, or sleep. At last we came
Here to Hormisdas, the magician's garden:
And when we reached this silver rivulet,
The tale was ended—the old man was vanished.
And now, for iron arms I wear



The soft silk, light and delicate,
And feel no wounds but those of Love!*

* * * *

FLORUS.

Enchanted vale, at every step thy magic
Still tempts me onward, while the way becomes
More and more intricate. Each turn presents
Some object to amuse or win the senses,
Varying eternally, like some romance
That charms the mind with ever-new delusion,
By constant change of scene and incident,
And thus dost thou enchant the soul, for ever
Promising pleasure; and, with lavish bounty,
For ever yielding more than thou hast promised!
Where, where am I?—Where shall my wanderings end?
When was it that I lost my way?
Days, weeks,
Methinks, have past since then, and yet I meant
But to have rested in the fragrant shade
A little while, and then pursue my way;
But step on step, scarce consciously, I've wandered
Through scenes of beauty irresistible.

* Their songs are interrupted by the appearance of Florus. They conceal themselves among the trees, while he comes forward.

—Ay, speak of prudence, ye who never stirred
From home.—Ay, speak of virtuous resistance
In your cold countries, destitute of beauty.
Ye cannot tell the charms that tempt man here.
What a rich breath have I inhaled! The air
Sporting o'er beds of fragrance—Oh, I drink,
In deep long draughts, the sweet intoxication!
A butterfly, from dark imprisonment
Released, enjoying light, and life, and love.*

* * * * *

* Florus is soon surrounded by the company, of whom the preceding songs have given so full an account. They are delighted and amused by his beauty, his foreign manners, and unusual dress: they lead him away to Zilia.

Irwin also arrives in Arabia. While he is resting in a wood, Abdul, a heathen warrior, seizes his horse, which he is very unceremoniously about to appropriate. In the combat which ensues, Irwin is the conqueror: he learns from his vanquished adversary that his defeat has interrupted an enterprize in which he was engaged. His previous good fortune had convinced the misbeliever, that he was the knight destined to slay the magician Hormisdas, and release Zilia, who, with several of the most beautiful women of Asia, was confined in his castle. Astrologers and prophets had declared that the spell could only be broken by the bravest warrior in the East. Irwin spares his adversary's life, and takes him as his guide to Hormisdas's palace, as he is himself determined to essay the adventure. They arrive before the palace of Hormisdas.



IRWIN.

What a strange building! Neither doors nor windows!
On every side a circle of high walls
That shine like silver—and how smooth. No mark
Of workman's hand—no trace of tool; but all
Polished, as if 't were molten in a furnace.
But where could its inhabitants have entered?
Is there no opening, whence their eyes may gaze
On the sun's lovely light—on the blue sky?
How can their lips imbibe the enlivening breath
Restorative, from meadow or from grove?
For, without this, I know not how a beast,
Much less a man, can live.

ABDUL.

Be not misled, brave knight, this is no more
Than a mere mockery, to cheat the senses.
'Tis but a bright delusive cloud you gaze on,
That screens from sight the high-arched gates and windows!*

* * * * *

* The next scene represents the garden of Hormisdas's palace. In the back ground is a watch-tower, from the roof of which Hormisdas contemplates the stars. Zilia is seen in the garden below.

ZILIA.

Before the calm breath of this silent night
My cares are past away. The strange delusion
That dazzled and enslaved my soul so long
Is vanished. It was not our pleasant dance
Under the plane-trees, near the smiling lake,—
'Twas love, felt deeply, never felt before;
'Twas Florus that has filled my breast with life.
Oh, where, my love, where dost thou wander now?
Scarce may I dare to breathe a sigh to thee.
On the old tower, in the white moonshine, stands
The dread magician, reading in the stars
The secret wishes that employ the heart;
Perhaps he'll send one of his spirits here
To punish me, because I love this youth.
Cease, treacherous tears, or fall in secret here
Upon the dark green myrtle's dewy leaf!
The faithful myrtle-leaf will not betray me.

HORMISDAS, (*above.*)

Ye golden glories of the firmament!
Ye faithful friends! Ye silent counsellors!
Your warning light still intimates some danger;
Yet if 'tis true, (and who can doubt its truth
That understands the language of your looks;)
If it be true, that I interpret rightly
Your secret meaning, I need fear no longer.



Even at this moment, the dark womb of Earth
Hath closed upon the Black Knight—the Avenger—
The Adversary, named by Destiny.—
What can this mean, but that my foe is dead?*

* Hormisdas continues his astrological inquiries till the appearance of Irwin, who having entered the castle by a *subterraneous* passage, explains the language of the stars. He kills Hormisdas. The enchantments, as in all such stories, are at an end. Irwin, however, with an inconstancy which we are afraid will be considered quite unpardonable in the devoted lover of Verena, asserts his right as conqueror to the possession of Zilia. She and Florus fly to Europe: but have scarcely arrived at Thuring's castle, when they are overtaken by Irwin. Thuring's raving fit returns, when he sees both his sons, and discovers that the pilgrimage is still unaccomplished. The reader anticipates the conclusion of the drama. Irwin is reconciled to the loss of Zilia, by the re-appearance of Verena. The hermit Antonius is Lother, *the betrayed guest.* Thuring's conscience is thus relieved from the weight of his supposed guilt, and he dies, uniting the hands of his sons and their brides.

# THE FIVE OAKS OF DALLWITZ.

FROM KORNER.

---

'Tis evening: in the silent west,
The rosy hues of day-light fade,
And here I lay me down to rest,
Beneath your venerable shade,
Bright records of a better day,
Aged,—but sacred from decay—
Still in your stately forms reside,
Of ages past the grace and pride!

The brave hath died—the good hath sunk,
The beautiful hath past away—
Yet green each bough and strong each trunk
That smiles in evening's farewell ray!
Storms blew in vain—the leaves still spread
A bright crown on each aged head—
And yet, methinks the branches sigh
"Farewell, the Great of Earth must die!"



But ye have stood! still bold and high,
And fresh and strong, and undecayed,
When hath the pilgrim wandered by,
Nor rested in your quiet shade;—
Ye mourn not, when the sere leaves fall
At coming Winter's icy call!—
They perish in their parent earth,
They nurse the tree that gave them birth!

Emblems of ancient Saxon faith!
Our fathers, in our country's cause,
Thus died the patriot's holy death,
Died for her freedom and her laws!
In vain they died!—the storm hath past
O'er Germany:—her oaks stand fast—
Her people perished in the blast!

NURSERY RHYMES.

# GIPSEY SONG.

FROM THE GERMAN.

In foggy drizzle, in deep snow white,
In the wild wood wide, in a winter night,
I heard the hooting of the owls,
And I heard the wolves with their hungry howls.
Wille wau wau wau,
Wille wo wo wo,
Tu-whit tu-whoo,
Wille woo.

A cat came prowling down my ditch,
Anne's own black cat, the wicked witch;
I lifted my gun, and I fired for fun,
And I took good aim, and I cried fair game,
And cat or witch, I can't say which,
She uttered a scream, and she sputtered a scritch,



A scream of fright—and a scritch of spite,
And she cocked up her tail and took to flight.
On the night of that day, seven war-wolves gray
Came eyeing their prey,
All eyeing me,—all hunger driven;
Eyeing their prey, seven war-wolves gray,
Seven hags of the village were the seven.
Wille wau wau wau,
Wille wo wo wo,
Tu-whit tu-whoo,
Wille woo.

I knew them all and each, I guess,
There was Anne, and Ursula, and Bess,
And Lizzy and Barbara, Sue, and Kate,
And they circled me round, and howled for hate.
Wille wau wau wau,
Wille wo wo wo,
Tu-whit tu-whoo,
Wille woo.

I named their names, for my heart was stout,
What ails thee, Anne?—what is Bess about?
And they shook with fright, and shivered with fear,
And scudded away with howlings drear.
Wille wau wau wau,
Wille wo wo wo,
Tu-whit tu-whoo,
Wille woo.

# NOTES.

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Page 15.

——— *oft*
*Methought some spell, &c.*

"A most full quietness of strange delight
Suspended all my powers; I seemed as tho'
Diffused into the scene."

JOAN OF ARC, Book I.

Page 49.

—— *The traveller starts*
*To see the Spirits of the Desert rise.*

This image was suggested by the following passage in Bruce's Travels :—

"We were surprised and terrified by a sight surely the most magnificent in the world. We saw a number of prodigious pillars of sand, at different distances, at times moving with great celerity, at others, stalking with a majestic slowness: at intervals we thought they were coming in a very few moments to overwhelm us, and small quantities of sand did actually more than once reach us. Again they would retreat, so as to be almost out of sight, their tops reaching to the very clouds."

Page 49.

*And thou Eternal City! &c.*

"Le mauvais air (la cattiva aria) fait, pour ainsi dire, le siège de Rome:—il avance chaque année quelques pas de plus, et l'on est forcé d'abandonner les plus charmantes habitations à son empire. * * * * Le mauvais air est le fléau des habitans de Rome, et menace la ville d'une entire dépopulation. L'influence maligne ne se fait sentir par aucun signe extérieur; vous respirez un air qui semble pur, et qui est tres-agréable; la terre est riante et fertile: une fraicheur délicieuse vous repose le soir des chaleurs brulantes du joir; et tout cela, c'est la Mort."

CORINNE, tom. i. pp. 212, &c.

Page 98.

*And yoked her cloudy chariot to the breeze.*

"Yoked her naval chariots to the gale."

MONTGOMERY.

THE END.

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Xenfold Poems

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