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1889.

POEMS
OF THE LATE
GEORGE DARLEY.

*A memorial Volume printed for private
circulation.*

“A poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not.”
—*Shelley.*

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*Inscribed to those in whose memory the
Author of these Poems yet lingers,
by R. & M. J. Livingstone.*

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TABLE OF CONTENTS.

		PAGE.
Memoir..	1
LENIMINA LABORUM.		
I.—To Rhodanthe	35
II.—The Temptress of the Promontory	36
III.—Heroa	38
IV.—Prayer at Burial: to a flower growing by the side of the Grave	39
V.—To mie Tirante	40
VI.—I'm a Rover	41
VII.—To my Lyre	42
VIII.—The Lament	44
IX.—Occasioned by a Lady weeping as she copied some verses by the Author	47
X.—Written in a leafless bower at Hon. Mrs. Westenra's, Dec. 1826..	48
XI.—Hymn to the Sun	50
XII.—Memento mori: inscribed on a Tombstone	52
XIII.—To Gloriana	54
XIV.—To one who leaned over me whilst I was seated at her harp	55
XV.—“Monet Annus”	57
XVI.—To a Lady who would sing only in the evening	59

	PAGE.
xvii.—Soliloquy among the Tombs	60
Epigram	66
xviii.—The Cross-examination	67
xix.—In an Album : Vix vocante Poesia..	69
xx.—A poetical Problem	70
Answer to the above	71
xxi.—The Temptress of the Bower	72
xxii.—On the death of a young Girl	74
xxiii.—To Heroa	75
xxiv.—O'er the Valley, o'er the Mountain!	76
xxv.—Gayer than Forest Horn	77
xxvi.—The coy Maiden. From Anacreon ..	78
xxvii.—The Free-booter.. ..	79
xxviii.—To my dead Mistress	80
My own Epitaph	87
xxix.—In an Album	88
xxx.—On the death of Talma	90
xxxi.—Siren Chorus	92
xxxii.—In an Album	94
xxxiii.—Cupid sleeping. From Gray after Plato	96
° xxxiv.—“ Dost thou love the blue to see ” ?	97
xxxv.—Departing music	99
xxxvi.—“ Ay, thou look'st cold on me ” ..	100
xxxvii.—The lost one	101
xxxviii.—Maid Marian's Song	105
xxxix.—Hymn to the Ocean	107
Epigram written in an Album	112
xl.—Love's Likeness	113
xli.—Winter.. ..	114
xlii.—On a young Tree, growing near a tomb	115
xliii.—On a Fountain	116
xliv.—On a Child	118

CONTENTS.

vii

PAGE.

XLV.—“When nestling winds the ocean soothe” ..	120
XLVI.—The Roman Cottager: verbatim from Virgil	122
XLVII.—To Rosella	123
XLVIII.—In an Album	124
XLIX.—“While the Moon decks herself” ..	126
L.—“Even were hell a fable” ..	127
LI.—Song of the Summer Winds ..	129
LII.—The Fight of the Forlorn: a romantic Ballad founded on the History of Ireland ..	131
The lay of the Forlorn	141
LIII.—Dirge by Mermen	144
LIV.—To a Cypress Tree	146
LV.—“Deep in the Ocean’s thundering wave” ..	147
LVI.—The Nightingale and the Thorn	148
LVII.—The Temptress of the Cave	153
LVIII.—Lament for Love	156
LIX.—“O, I could weep myself into a stream” ..	158
Epigram on the “Poet’s Corner” of a Literary Journal	159
LX.—Zephyr among the Flowers	160
LXI.—“Weep not, my Bride!”	163
Epigram	165
LXII.—On the Picture of a Girl	166

CHIEFLY FROM “LABOURS OF IDLENESS” AND
“ERRORS OF ECSTASIE.”

The Dove’s Loneliness	171
Epitaph on a Robin	175
“We Dryad Sisters exiled be”	176
Voice of the Rivulet	178

	PAGE.
“You, the choice Minions of the proud-lipt Nine” ..	179
“In my bower so bright”	180
“Why tell you me to lay the Cittern by?” ..	183
“Thou, whom of all the beings I have seen” ..	184
“I thought that I could ever happy be” ..	185
The wild Bee’s Tale	186
Aileen Astore	191
Ellinore	192
I’ve been roaming!	195
—————	
The Fallen Star	196
The Nightingale’s Song	199
“It is not beautie I demande”	203
To Helene—on a Gifte-ring carelesslie lost ..	206
The Rebellion of the Waters	208
To a Stream	210

MEMOIR.



THE general reader of to-day has well-nigh forgotten the name which appears on our title-page, and for him it would probably be vain to attempt, in the words of an eminent London publisher, "to revive a reputation which has declined from natural causes." We accept this opinion as far as the general public is concerned. But those for whom we write will look leniently on this effort to rescue a literary reputation in which they have the special interest of kinship, from the common decay. The genius of George Darley was clearly discerned and generously recognised by his

most illustrious contemporaries in the republic of letters, as will subsequently appear. But his life, like those of too many of the brethren of his craft, was embittered, and his literary reputation impaired by a constant struggle with small means, and there were other silent influences to mould his melancholy fate, limiting—as far as this world is concerned—the “fine issues” to which so fine a spirit surely tended.

It is matter for great regret that the late Lord Houghton was prevented by his last illness from carrying out his intention, expressed to the writer in 1882, of reprinting George Darley’s poems, with a biographical notice. He retained a vivid recollection of the poet, of whom he spoke with the warmest possible affection and admiration. But soon afterwards his health broke down—and now the task we have set ourselves can only be very imperfectly accomplished, owing both to lack of materials and to inexperienced handling of such

as are at our command. They who could have furnished the necessary details for a complete and interesting memoir of George Darley have passed, like himself, "behind the veil," and we are obliged to content ourselves with stringing together the few facts we can glean of his sad, though uneventful, life; and the notices of his remarkable personality as poet, mathematician and critic which survive from distinguished pens. Of the family circle for whom these lines are especially intended, the few who remember the poet in his prime, will doubtless recall from memory traits and details which will give it an interest the present writer is unable to supply. Others again, to whom the name of George Darley has been from childhood a household word, will probably learn for the first time how high he stood among his literary contemporaries. Most, we believe, will read the majority of the poems for the first time, and our wish to preserve — at least

for family archives — such gems of song, has prompted us to collect them in a readable form.

George Darley, the eldest child of a family remarkable for its physical and intellectual gifts, was born in Dublin in 1795, of Irish parents of independent means. They were cousins, his mother, a woman of singular beauty and intelligence, being a daughter of Mr. John Darley, of Newry. There were four brothers and three sisters. William, Henry and Charles had exquisite musical gifts, and of their singing they who remember it speak somewhat as Dante spoke of that of Casella:

“La dolcezza ancor dentro mi suona.”—(*Par.* ii. 113.)

William, who lived principally in Paris, was also remarkable for his manly beauty, and had varied literary and artistic taste and talent. We append the notice of him which appeared in the *Athenæum*

shortly after his death in 1857*. Henry was a land-agent, and married Miss Warren Locke, of Athgoe Park, Kildare. Charles, who took orders and held several curacies in England, was the first Professor of English Literature at Cork College. He is described by all who knew him as a singularly loveable and charming person. Of

* Among the deaths of last month which we ought not to pass over without a word of record, is that of William Darley, brother of George Darley, the poet. Mr. Darley had lived for many years in Paris in close seclusion, dallying with the pencil, and the pen, capable of making noble use of either, but restrained by a taste too exquisite, and a sensitiveness too quick, for the rough wear of life. Those only who knew Mr. Darley intimately—and they were few in number—know how deep and delicate was his genius, how much there was of originality in his views, and of knowledge in his criticism; good judges value his pictures highly, as well for their insight into character, as for their sudden seizure, and ample presentation of pure and heroic feeling. Some of his writings on Art have enriched the columns of the *Athenæum*. We may signalize the profound appreciation of the criticism on the collection at the Paris Exhibition in 1855; we fancy these articles were the last of his writings. For a long period his health had been bad. He died at Fontainebleau, that paradise of painters, on the 28th July, in the fifty-ninth year of his age. PEACE BE WITH HIM.—(*Athenæum*, Aug., 1857.)

the daughters, Frances, a very gifted girl, died young ; Mary married Mr. Newenham, who was one of the first settlers in South Australia, and became High Sheriff of the colony. They left a large family.

During the absence of his parents in America, when their children were yet young, George and his two sisters were left with his paternal grandfather, George Darley, of Springfield, co. Wicklow, where he remained till about ten years of age. He was a great favourite with his grandfather, riding about with him on his pony, "much more full of thought than able for speech, being afflicted with a hesitation which increased as years went on." On his father's return from America, the family resided in Dublin, where George was placed under a tutor, and proceeded in due course to Trinity College, Dublin, where he graduated in 1820. Soon afterwards he made his way to London, and adopted literature as

his profession, having been from his earliest years passionately addicted to science and art, and, indeed, to all literary pursuits. We may apply in this case Horace's poetical description of himself :

“Inopemque paterni
“Et laris et fundi paupertas impulit audax
Ut versus facerem.”

Nor did he fail to penetrate into the charmed circle of choice spirits of the day, whose names linger delightfully in our ears in these less favoured times. Among those with whom he could claim fellowship, and with many of whom he was on intimate terms, were Southey, Charles Lamb, Talfourd, Samuel Rogers, Lady Morgan, the late Lord Houghton, Sir J. E. Alexander, Tennyson, Mr. and Mrs. Carlyle, Henry Chorley, Miss Mitford, Sir Henry Taylor, Bunsen, Julius Hare, Allan Cunningham, and Barry Cornwall. But the hesitation in his speech (of which he spoke as “a hideous mask

upon my mind, which not only disfigures but nearly suffocates it,") made him shrink morbidly from general society, and the extreme fastidiousness of his taste also limited the circle of his companions. He had, indeed, an excessive share of that sensitiveness which has been called the shadow of genius, and found (in his own words)

"This dark material world is all too rough,
Too full of painful ways and ruggedness
For tender-natur'd souls."

Cariyle used to quote Darley as an illustration of his theory that hesitation of speech is often associated with thoughtful natures. His lonely habits, engendered partly by this physical infirmity, must account in great measure for the failure of his genius to obtain the wide recognition it most surely deserved. The charm of his personal appearance and manner still lingers in the memory of those who were privileged to know

him, and when completely at ease in conversation with any congenial spirit, or reading aloud, or declaiming passages from his favourite Elizabethan authors, the defect in his speech disappeared. One who knew him well describes him as “tall
“and slight, with the stoop of a student; delicate
“features, slightly aquiline; eyes not large but
“very earnest, with often a far-away expression;
“hair dark brown, and waving. His manner
“varied according to his mood and his com-
“panions. He was often somewhat of a Dio-
“genes, silent and brooding, subject to fits of
“gloom and abstraction. At other times he would
“be vigorous and sarcastic. But when he chose
“it he could be a delightful companion, for
“he was brimful of knowledge, and steeped in
“poetry. His taste and feeling for music were
“exquisite.”

He saw but little of his family during the years (about five-and-twenty) of his life in London,

visiting Ireland only two or three times during that period. But some cousins are yet living who knew him in London, and who revere his memory. One of these writes:—

“His figure was tall and graceful, his natural
“movements very striking as he walked; his
“thoughts seemed to influence unconsciously every
“movement of his body. His manner had much
“dignity, and conveyed at once that he was a
“man of commanding intellect. His face was
“decidedly handsome, the features well cut, the
“forehead large, mouth very expressive. The pale
“face bore a melancholy expression, and the intel-
“lect and imagination—both in constant exercise—
“left visible traces of their presence. . . . I
“frequently had the privilege of passing an even-
“ing with him during the years 1841, 1842, and
“1843. I was then a student at Lincoln’s Inn.
“He took a lively interest in young men who came
“alone, as I did, to study in London, and wished

“ to do all he could to influence them for good,
“ and to place a high standard of conduct before
“ them. His highly intellectual conversation was
“ characterised by the utmost purity of tone and
“ sentiment. I once heard him say that Tennyson
“ urged him to collect and publish all his poems.
“ On his replying, ‘ The public don’t care for them,
“ and I cannot afford to lose by them,’ Tennyson’s
“ answer was an offer to bear the expense. He
“ told me, ‘ I thought it very generous, but I could
“ not accept it.’ I was much struck by
“ the variety of his learning. He used to speak
“ to me not only of Blackstone, but of Coke upon
“ Littleton; he had many quaint passages from
“ the latter stored in his memory, and in argu-
“ ment would meet me with authorities taken from
“ both.”

His range of knowledge was indeed various. He was a ripe mathematician, and had an extensive knowledge of architecture, which was rare

at that time outside the profession. Another relative writes:—

“I acquired from him whatever taste for literature I have, and my small knowledge of ecclesiastical architecture is entirely derived from him. His literary diligence was extraordinary. . . . Of his books, almost every one was covered with annotations. . . . Of this I have one example in his ‘Rickman’s Architecture,’ which he left me as a reminiscence of our frequent antiquarian rambles together. The margins, fly-leaves, indeed every white spot, are covered by his peculiar, upright writing.”

Darley was connected with several leading periodicals of that day, notably with the *London Magazine*, where articles from his pen (chiefly relating to the degenerate condition of contemporary dramatic poetry and art), are to be found under the signature of “John Lacy,” side by side with contributions from “Elia,” De Quincey, Hartley

Coleridge, Keats, Thos. Hood, etc. Darley was also for years art critic on the staff of the *Athenæum*, which bore feeling testimony to his genius in the obituary notice which appeared in its columns 28th November, 1846, and which we reprint at the close of this notice. His work as an art critic was well known and highly valued, and he was one of the first to appreciate the early Italian painters, with whom he made acquaintance during a visit to Italy. He also formed one of the brilliant circle which gathered round Archdeacon Hare at Hurstmonceaux, "the aspect of the place itself, as well as the society, suiting him admirably. . . ."
"He used to speak with great admiration of the
"library overflowing the whole house."

His health, which was never very strong, became seriously affected for some years before his death, which ensued from decline, in November, 1846.

The following is a complete list of his published

works, in the order in which they appeared:—
i. “The Errors of Ecstasie, a dramatic poem, with other pieces.” ii. “The Labours of Idleness; a seven nights’ entertainment.” iii. “Sylvia, or the May Queen; a Lyrical Drama.” iv. “A System of Popular Geometry.” v. “A System of Popular Trigonometry, both plane and spherical.” vi. “Familiar Astronomy.” vii. “The Geometrical Companion.” viii. “Thomas à Becket; a Dramatic Chronicle.” ix. “Ethelstan, or the Battle of Brunanburgh; a Dramatic Chronicle.”

Besides these Darley printed for private circulation, “Nepenthe,” “Olympian Revels,” and “The Lämmergeier.” His minor poems, collected for the first time in the present volume were scattered through various publications.

In the “Errors of Ecstasie,” a dramatic dialogue between a Mystic and the Moon, published in 1822, we have evidently a sketch of the poet him-

self, with his morbid introspection and self-tormenting.

“I'm framed the fool of sensibility!”

he says, when rebuked for neglecting those

“more active energies
Which fill the cup and spread the board of life
To follow vain, seductive meditation,”

and passionately defends the over-wrought and fantastical temper of mind to which he yet appears to ascribe his “misery.”

“I would not change the temper of my mind
For that which stagnates in an idiot's veins,
To gain the sad salvation of a fool.”

This fragment abounds in passages of great beauty and the personal element which pervades it must have a pathetic interest for those who remember the author, though they may regret the egotism which it betrays. “It is,” says a contemporary critic, “a work as well of intellect as of tem-

“perament, although his fancy has been inade-
“quately controlled. . . . His poetry is to be
“blamed for the wildness of imagination, not the
“weakness of sensuality. . . . His are not the
“tones of a discontented infidel or an emasculated
“melodist.”

In 1826 appeared “The Labours of Idleness, or seven nights’ entertainments,” by Guy Penseval. Besides very graceful prose, it contains some charming lyrics (reprinted in this volume) one of which “I’ve been roaming” enjoyed an immense popularity. Few songs in its day were more widely known. It occurs in a prose-poem of great beauty, entitled “Lilian of the Vale.”*

In 1827 Darley published “Sylvia, or the May Queen — a lyrical drama,” described by

* This song, set to music by C. E. Horn, may be found — ascribed to George Soane — in the “Songs of England,” edited by J. Hatton, and published by Boosey.

Mrs. Browning as “a beautiful, tuneful pastoral.” *

The poet himself said of it: “The grotesque parts offend grievously against good taste. . . . But the truth is, my mind was born among the rude old dramatists and has imbibed some of their ogre milk, which gave more of it’s coarseness than strength to my efforts. And again, ‘Sylvia’ was written in the gasping times of laborious scientific engagements. All its prose especially was what a boiling brain first threw up to the surface—mere scum which I never intended to pass for cream.” †

* Friendships of M. R. Mitford. Vol. ii. Miss Mitford speaks also of Coleridge’s feeling for this poem. In Sir Henry Taylor’s Autobiography occurs the following passage: “I had a feeling which I have never seen expressed except in these lines of George Darley’s:

“There is a melancholy in sunbright fields,
Deeper to me than gloom; I am ne’er so sad
As when I sit amid bright scenes alone.”

(Darley’s “Sylvia.”)

† Friendships of M. R. Mitford. Vol. ii.

In 1840 and 1841 appeared "Thomas à Becket" and "Ethelstan, or the Battle of Brunanburgh," described as dramatic chronicles. They were never intended for representation, as may be gathered from the preface to "Thomas à Becket," where the author records his impression "that the age "of legitimate acting drama has long gone by—" that means to reproduce such a species of "literature do not exist in our present cast of "mind, manners and language," and that he has therefore "spent no time in efforts to fit 'Thomas "à Becket' for the public scene."

These plays testify to their writer's intimate knowledge of the stately dramatists who formed the chief glory of "the spacious times of Great Elizabeth"—to his familiarity with "rare Ben Jonson," "Marlowe's mighty line," with Beaumont and Fletcher, Matthew Dekker, Ford, Massinger and last, greatest of all with the

"Dear son of memory, great heir of fame."

They show considerable dramatic power, and vindicate in practice the author's axiom that "the true language of the drama is that species of poetry which is accommodated to action. This," he continues, "is what logicians call the *essential* difference which distinguishes the *species* drama from the *genus* poetry. So indispensable is this quality that if it were demanded, What is the first requisite for effective drama? I should answer, Action. What the second? Action. What the third? Action,—as Demosthenes said in a somewhat different sense of oratory."

In 1840 Darley took Southey's place in editing Beaumont and Fletcher, and added some severe though valuable criticism. He was also the chief contributor to the notes in Cary's Dante at a time when the "Divina Commedia" was a sealed book to the great majority of English readers. In the previous year was printed, for private circulation, a poem entitled "Nepenthe," the general scope of

which was explained by the author in a letter to H. Chorley, given below.

Of the poems contained in the present volume, most are printed from the autograph MSS., exquisitely written in a singular and beautiful hand (familiar to how few survivors!) and preserved by one intimately connected with and well able to appreciate the gifted being who composed many of his choicest lyrics in her home. Some appeared during the author's life-time in various periodicals, others are reprinted from the "Labours of Idleness," some few have never seen the light. The new "English Dictionary of Biography" mentions, in its notice of Darley, two poems, "Olympian Revels," and "The Lämmergeier," which we are unable to trace.

We have now discharged our task, which has been indeed a labour of love. The life of the man of thought, as distinguished from the man of action, is generally uneventful, and certainly this life was an emphatic illustration of the rule, though George

Darley cannot be said to have enjoyed the happiness commonly ascribed to a life that has no annals. This must be our apology for a brief and meagre sketch, which, slight as it is, gathers up, we believe, all that can be told of this "inheritor of unfulfilled renown," forty years after his death, when those who knew him best have past, or are passing away.

We append a few notices by Darley's contemporaries, as evidence of the estimation in which his genius was held by those most capable of appreciating it.

BUNSEN writes thus:—

"The *Literary Gazette* has printed my paper on the Pyramids. I have written to Darley to offer my second article for the *Athenæum*. Darley is poor, but the editor of the *Literary Gazette* is making money by his paper. The literary world has not its proper position."—(*Extract from a letter of Baron Bunsen, April, 1838*).

BARONESS BUNSEN adds :—

“A man of truly poetical mind, and fresh, unspoiled disposition, whom those who have known him will remember with affection; an Irishman known to Bunsen in Rome. He was an habitual contributor to the *Athenæum*.”—(*Bunsen's “Memoir,”* vol. i., page 521.)

CARLYLE says :—

“Darley (George) from Dublin, mathematician, considerable actually, and also poet; an amiable, modest, veracious and intelligent man—much loved here—though he stammered dreadfully.”

“There is a trick of sham Elizabethan writing now prevalent that looks plausible, but in most cases means nothing at all. Darley has real lyrical genius; Taylor, wonderful sense, clearness, and weight of purpose; Tennyson a rich and exquisite fancy. All the other men of our tiny generation that I know of are, in poetry, either feeble or fraudulent.”—(*Note by Thos. Carlyle in Mrs. Carlyle's Letters*, vol. i., p. 248.)

Sir F. H. DOYLE writes :—

“ . . . My friend, Sir Henry Taylor, . . . pointed out to me those whom he called his four unknown, but real contemporary poets. The first of these was Darley, a man of true genius, and not of poetical genius alone, for he distinguished himself

also as a mathematician and as a man of science. The second was Hanmer. The names of the third and fourth have escaped me.”—(“*Reminiscences and Opinions of Sir F. H. Doyle*,” p. 45.)

The following are extracts from the Life of
H. F. CHORLEY :—

“On another man of yet greater power and peculiarity, who belonged to the same set, abused as cockney by the immaculate Tory critics of Edinburgh, I must dwell more in detail : this was George Darley, one of the most original human beings whom I have ever known, and who cannot be forgotten by any of the few who had the opportunity, which chance gave me, of studying so gifted, yet so eccentric a man, near at hand. Many years ago, when Miss Paton, the singer, was in her prime, dividing honours as a first-class English singer with Miss Stephens, she used to make one of her great effects in a ballad, ‘I’ve been Roaming.’ The words—odd, fantastic, and full of suggestion, were by Darley, from a curious pastoral, ‘Sylvia, or the May Queen,’ a sort of half fairy, half sylvan masque, almost as charming and quite as little intelligible as a certain tale, ‘Phantasmion,’ published some years ago, and attributed to the gifted Sara Coleridge. At the time when my connection with the *Athenæum* began, this strange, reserved man, who conceived himself largely

shut out from companionship with his brother poets by an impediment in his speech, was wandering in Italy, and sending home to the journal in question a series of letters on art, written in a forced style, but pregnant with research, unborrowed speculation, excellent touches by which the nature of a work and of its maker are characterised. The taste in composition, the general severity of the judgments pronounced, might be questioned; but no one could read them without being stirred to compare and to think. In particular he laid stress upon the elder painters whose day had not yet come to England, as Giotto, or Perugino, or Francesco Francia, and on Leonardo da Vinci. To myself, as to a then untraveller man, the value of these letters was great indeed. On the return of Darley to London he took up in the *Athenæum* the position of dramatic reviewer.

* * * *

“To Miss Mitford I was indebted for some of the most valued of my literary acquaintances and personal friendships, notably those which I formed with Mr. Justice Talfourd, Darley, Browning, etc., etc., etc.

* * * *

“The names of George Darley and Mr. Justice Talfourd have already been coupled together in a passage connected with a circumstance early in his literary career. Had the narrative been continued

there would doubtless have been reference made to the friendly relation that subsequently existed between them. From Darley, to whose remarkable attainments in the contrasted spheres of poetry, criticism, and mathematics the world has yet, perhaps, hardly done justice, Chorley preserved two letters, both characteristic of the writer, and testifying to his appreciation of a kindred spirit in his correspondent.

“ 27, UPPER EATON STREET,

“ 16 *August*, 1836 (?) 1846 (?)

“ My dear Sir,—Forgive me when I confess that most ignorantly and unjustly, thinking you altogether devoted to the popular literature of the day, and that little sympathy could therefore exist between us, I have let pass opportunities for cultivating your acquaintance. Miss Mitford, by her letter, has shown me how far I was mistaken. My error will be excused, I have no doubt, as freely as it is acknowledged. Yours can be no common mind to be in such amity with her's. I regret my inability to give you any better proof of my conversion than the accompanying little pamphlet of a poem, printed for friends, “*Nepenthe* ;” but the same encouraging spirit tells me it will not be unacceptable. Some friends have complained, naturally enough, that an incomplete poem is rather unintelligible. I have

therefore written explanatory headings, and may add what is the general object or mythos of the poem, viz., to show the folly of discontent with the natural tone of human life. Canto I. attempts to paint the ill-effects of over-joy; Canto II. those of excessive melancholy. Part of the latter object remains to be worked out in Canto III., which should likewise show—if I could ever find confidence, and health and leisure to finish it—that contentment with the mingled cup of humanity is the true ‘Nepenthe.’ I would call, or ask you to call, but that conversation with me is a painful effort, and to others painful and profitless. I am an involuntary misanthrope, by reason of an impediment which renders society and me burdensome to each other. My works, whatever be their merit, are the better part of me—the only one I can at all commend to your notice. I alone have to regret my state of interdiction.

“Yours, my dear Sir,

“With respect and the best impressions towards you,

“GEORGE DARLEY.”

“MY DEAR CHORLEY,—All my best thanks for your kind and careful remarks, which shall have my deepest consideration. They are the only ones I have ever yet obtained which enable me

to turn my mind upon itself. Would they had come before I was dead in hope, energy, and ambition! If the 'Lämmergeier,' now ten years old, be ever published, it will owe to you much of any success it may obtain, though I have not the slightest belief it will ever take even a very low place among our select romantic poems. You are perfectly right about 'Alboin.' The simple truth is it was written as a mock-heroic tragedy, called 'The Revisal,' by an imaginary mad dramatist, with a running prose critique by a manager, in which all your opinions of it were given. I, however, thought this plan foolish, and put one act into its present form merely as an experiment, because it seemed to contain some few good lines. Whenever you please to put me in the chair, I promise to be as sincere as you, though not so judicious. Being such near neighbours, I think we should try the extent of each other's hospitality. Mine goes as far as a breakfast of tea and coffee, two eggs, or an equivalent broil, and buttered rolls *ad libitum*. Will you come Saturday, and at what hour? Or shall I put your 'barbarian virtue' to the test, as you are upon the first floor?

" Ever yours obliged,

" GEORGE DARLEY."

(" *Life of H. F. Chorley.*")

OBITUARY NOTICE.

From the *Athenæum*.

“GEORGE DARLEY.—It is with the sorrow which attends at once the departure of an old friend and the loss of a valued fellow-labourer, that we record the decease of George Darley, which took place on Monday last, at an age when many are—as he was—in the plenitude of their imagination and intellectual vigour. His health, always delicate, had been for some months decaying; and the event which adds an especial sadness to our own chronicle of the year was rather the gentle going out of the flame of life, than a sudden or suffering severance of soul and body.

“Mr. Darley was a native of Ireland. He came to London when young; connected himself with the *London Magazine*; and gave his life up, thenceforth, to literature, science and art—but without entering sufficiently into the struggle to gain the prominence to which his genius, and his exact and various acquirements, entitled him. A Poet, in the highest sense of the word—which, as Milton has warned us, includes ‘the honourablest things’—it was his principle, no less than his pleasure, to make his desires conform to his modest fortunes, and thus secure to himself the undisturbed exercise of his powers. In this exercise, perhaps, he was too fas-

tidious. But a sadder reason rendered his life uneventful and retired—and, it may be, gave their colour to his literary efforts. An impediment in his speech was felt by him to be so severe a disqualification, that he escaped from society as perseveringly as many others, with fewer qualifications either to shine or to please there, would have courted it. His life was divided, for the last fifteen years, between foreign travel, the intimacy of a very few dear and chosen friends, and his dreams and labours of literature. By many of the last the *Athenæum* has profited:—and their cessation we have reason to know, will be long and widely regretted. As an illustration of the strength of the ‘ruling passion, we may call attention to the note on ‘Dante’s Beatrice,’ published by us only last week [*ante*, p. 1189], and written from his death-bed.

“Without attempting to reclaim or enumerate fugitive contributions to periodicals, or small editorial tasks, we believe the following will be nearly a complete list of Mr. Darley’s published writings. ‘The Errors of Extasie,’ a poem; ‘The Labours of Idleness,’ a miscellany of prose and verse,—which, though in its day little successful, has furnished many a page to the borrowers,—and been, we are told, ascribed to others than its author; ‘Sylvia, or the May Queen,’ a quaint, faëry legend,—containing some exquisite descriptive and lyrical poetry; ‘The

Nepenthe';—of which two cantos only were privately published,—a visionary mystical poem, only too rich in thought and allusion; and the two dramatic chronicles, 'Thomas à Becket,' and 'Ethelstan.' The other works by Mr. Darley that we can name, are his Introduction to Mr. Moxon's edition of 'Beaumont and Fletcher'—hastily undertaken to supply the place of Mr. Southey; and two or three small popular treatises on mathematics and astronomy.

“That the attention which Mr. Darley's poems commanded has been unequal to their merits, every true lover of poetry to whom they are familiar will feel: for a true lover, as we understand the word, will allow for an almost bewildering exuberance of fancies, the offspring of self-indulgent loneliness—for occasional singularities of humour and language, as natural to one who had “commerced” so intimately with ancient literature,—and for a knowledge of passion and insight into character, greater than such experience of life as leads the imaginative creator to prefer what is probable for his subjects and symmetrical in their elaboration. These peculiarities granted,—there remain excursiveness of invention, vigour of expression, and delicious sweetness of versification—rare in any day,—in right of which, the name of George Darley ought to stand high among the poets of his time.

“As a critic, it would be difficult to rate him too highly. Though his manner might be too uncompromising, and his language made perhaps too poignant by characteristic allusions, distinctions, and similes to suit those who shrink from the more severe aspect of truth—though his periods were at times “freaked” with eccentricities of phrase which in most other persons would have been conceit—his fine and liberal organization, which made him sensitive to Poetry, Painting, and Music, and to their connexion—his exact and industriously gathered knowledge—above all, his resolution to uphold the loftiest standard and recommend the noblest aims—gave to his essays a vitality and an authority which will be long felt. Intolerant of pretension, disdainful of mercenary ambition, and indignant at sluggishness or conceit,—he will be often referred to, by the sincere and generous spirits of literature and art, as one whose love of truth was equalled by his perfect preparation for every task that he undertook; and whose praise was worth having—not because it was rarely given, but because it was never withheld save upon good grounds.”

—*Athenæum*, 28th Nov., 1846.

LENIMINA LABORUM.

No attempt has been made to alter the author's arrangement of this group of poems. They stand numbered precisely as he left them.

1.*

TO RHODANTHE.

O NYMPH! release me from this rich attire!

Take off this crown thy artful fingers wove;
And let the wild-rose linger on the brier

Its last, sweet days, my Love!

For me shalt thou, with thy nice-handed care,

Nought but the simplest wreath of myrtle twine:
Such too, high-pouring Hebe's self must wear,
Serving my bower with wine!

* Vide Hor., Car. I., 38.

II.

THE TEMPTRESS OF THE PROMONTORY.

From a MS. : "The Sea-Bride."

O STEP! and try how along the smooth ocean,
As safe as the sea-bird thou'lt wander to me!
O step! and feel how supreme the emotion,
To tread like an elfe the green ooze of the sea!

Fear not, sweet youth!—there's no guile in these
numbers,
With me all the long summer's day shalt thou
roam,
On the sweet-rocking waves of the west,—for thy
slumbers
A couch of red coral swings light in the foam.

With songs I will lull thee, so duleet, so tender,
The bee cannot murmur as soft to the rose ;
With my bright golden harp, gentle youth, I will
render
Thy slumbers as calm as an Angel's repose!

Step then, O step! and we'll tread a wild measure
As far as the sunbeams lie smooth on the main!
O step! and try if so blissful a pleasure
Will ne'er tempt thee o'er the bright waters
again!

III.

HEROA.

BEAUTY'S bloom is on her cheek,
Heaven's sweet lustre in her eyes,
Yet her lips, that blush to speak,
Tell me the sad maiden dies!

This they tell me in mine ear,
Sideways, like an amorous dove,
And so soft, I scarce can hear,
That the maiden dies for love.

So much will the sweet-one say,
But no more!—perversely she—
Press her warmly as I may—
Will not say she dies for me!

IV.

PRAYER AT BURIAL.

TO A FLOWER GROWING BY THE SIDE OF THE GRAVE.

Pretty flower! mourn for me:

I'd rather hear thee sigh

Than friends that counterfeit a grief,

They feel no more than I!

Pretty flower! mourn for me:

I'd rather have thy tear,

Than all a hypocritic world

Could waste upon my bier!

Pretty flower! mourn for me:

And dirger's time to save,

Hang down thy little passing-bell

And ring me to my grave!

v.

TO MIE TIRANTE.

THOU, att whose feete I waste mie soule in sighes,
 Before whose beautie mie proude hearte is meeke,
 Thou who make'st dove-like mie fierce falcon-cies,
 And pale'st the rose of mie Lancastrian cheeke
 With one colde smyle about this budded mouth:
 Oh! that mie harmlesse vengeaunce I could
 wreake,

On that pale rival bloome of thine!—the South
 Raves not more fell, prisoned an Aprill weeke,
 To feede on lilie-banks, than I to prey
 Some greedie minutes on that blossome whyte,
 Whose gentle ravage thou'dst too long delaie!—
 O when these Roses of our cheekes unite,
 Will't not a summer-happie season be
 If not for Englande, in sweete soothe for me!

Rogier de Derley, 1594.

VI.

I'm a rover! I'm a rover

Of the greenwood and the glade!
And I'll teach you to discover
Every Beauty of the shade!

I'm a rover! I'm a rover

Of the woodland and the dell!
And I know the leafy cover
Where the maiden-roses dwell!

I'm a rover! I'm a rover!

Where her couch the lily keeps;
And I'll bring you slily over—
You may kiss her as she sleeps!

I'm a rover! I'm a rover!

Where the cowslip quaffs the dew,
Where the bee delights to hover,
Come! I'll choose a cup for you!

VII.*

TO MY LYRE.

HAST thou upon the idle branches hung,
O Lyre! this livelong day,
Nor, as the sweet wind thro' the rose-leaves sung,
Uttered one dulcet lay?—
Come down! and by my rival touch be rung,
As tenderly as they!

Did not Alcæus with blood-streaming hand
Range o'er his trembling wire,
Stealing forth sounds more eloquently bland
Than softness could desire;
As if with myrtle-bough sweet Venus fanned
His rapt Lesboan lyre?

* Vide Hor. Car. I., 32.

And shall not I, that never will imbrue

 This hand except in wine ;

My battle-field, a bed of violets blue,

 Where conquered nymphs recline ;

Shall not I wake the soul of sweetness too,

 Thou gentle Lyre of mine ?

VIII.

THE LAMENT.

I'VE heard indeed of happy those
Whom funeral winds hushed to repose,
Of showers that fell when piteous Heaven
Was forced to take what it had given,—
 But nought for me will care to weep:
The fields will don their usual green,
The mountains keep their changeless mien,
And every tree will toss his plumes
As brave as erst,—the day that dooms
 Me to my everlasting sleep!

Above my earth the flowers will blow,
As gay, or gayer still than now!

And o'er my turf as merrily
Will roam the sun-streak'd giddy bee,
Nor wing in silence past my grave:
The bird that loves the morning rise,
Whose light soul lifts him to the skies,
Will beat the hollow heaven as loud,
While I lie moistening my shroud
With all the cruel tears I have!

No friend, no mistress dear, will come
To strew a death-flower on my tomb;
But robin's self, from off my breast,
Will pick the dry leaves for his nest
That careless winds had carried there:
All, but the stream,—compelled to mourn,
Aye since he left his parent urn,—
Will sport and smile about my bed
As joyful as I were not dead.
Neglect more hard than death to bear!

Alive, I would be loved of *One*,
I would be wept when I am gone ;
Methinks a tear from Beauty's eye
Would make me even wish to die—
 To know what I have never known!
But on this pallid-cheek, a ray
Of kindred ne'er was cast away,
And as I lived most broken-hearted
So shall I die, all—all deserted,
 Without one sigh—except my own!

IX.

OCCASIONED BY A "LADY" WEEPING AS SHE COPIED
SOME VERSES BY THE AUTHOR.

ONE Angel on the sin he did record
Dropt a sweet tear and blotted out the word:
'Twere well the tears another shed this day
Had washed the sins she registered away!

X.

WRITTEN IN A LEAFLESS BOWER AT
HON. MRS. WESTENRA'S, DECEMBER, 1826.

FAIR as the flower is, it will yet decay;
Green as the leaf is, it will yet be sere;
Night has a pall to wind the gaudiest day,
And Winter wraps in shrouds the loveliest year:
For those the gale mourns in loud accents drear,
The blooms that gave it sweeter breath are gone;
Heaven's glistening eyes with many a silent tear
Bewep the nightly burial of the sun;
Nature herself the lifeless year deplores,
Sad Mother, laying all her children low,
From her deep heartspring grief's wild torrent pours,
Hill, vale, and desolate woodland speak her woe:

'Thou too must fade like year—day—leaf—and
bloom,
Pale moralist!—wilt have like mourners at thy
tomb?

XI.

HYMN TO THE SUN.

FROM A MS., "THE SEA-BRIDE."

BEHOLD the world's great wonder,
The Sovereign Star arise!
'Midst Ocean's sweet dead thunder,
Earth's silence and the skies'.

The sea's rough slope ascending,
He steps in all his beams,
Each wave beneath him bending,
His throne of glory seems.

Of red clouds round and o'er him
His canopy is roll'd,
The broad ooze burns before him,
A field of cloth of gold.

Now strike his proud pavilion!

He mounts the blue outline,

And throws in many a million

His wealth from clime to clime.

XII.

MEMENTO MORI:

INSCRIBED ON A TOMBSTONE.

WHEN you look on my grave
And behold how they wave,—
The cypress, the yew, and the willow;
You think 'tis the breeze
That gives motion to these,—
'Tis the laughter that's shaking my pillow!

I must laugh when I see
A poor insect like thee
Dare to pity the fate thou must own;
Let a few seasons glide,
We may lie side by side,
And crumble to dust, bone for bone.

Go weep thine own doom!
Thou wert born for the tomb,
Thou hast lived, like myself, but to die;
When thou pity'st my lot
Secure fool! thou'st forgot
Thou art no more immortal than I!

XIII.

TO GLORIANA.

To THEE, bright Lady! whom all hearts confess
Their queen, as thou dost highly pace along,
Like the Night's pale and lovely sultanness
Walking the wonder-silent stars among!
Beyond my lowly hopes—take thou no wrong
If in a perilous vein of liberty,
Nymph of the splendid brow and raven tress,
This humble strain I dedicate to thee.
Cold in thy loveliness, as that fond stone
Which vainly emulates thy purity,
Standing in Beauty's temple all alone,—
Do not despise the God of Song in me;
Do not, because thou art, we justly own,
Above all praise, above all homage be!

XIV.

THE FAIR WARNING.

TO ONE WHO LEANED OVER ME WHILST I WAS
SEATED AT HER HARP.

O LADY! bend not over me
Such lips, such blooming lips as those,
Lest in my dream of ecstasy
I might mistake them for a rose.

O Lady, stoop not near my breast,
That bosom heaped with virgin snow,
Lest that, perchance, it might be prest,
Ere I myself the truth did know.

Ah! keep that dazzling, restless arm
Down by thine own decorous side;
One single kiss might break the charm
Which now is all thy maiden pride!

Gaze not in mine with those sweet eyes,
As if the orbs of Heaven stood near;
Lest thou might'st never gain those skies
Which should be thy angelic sphere!

XV.

"MONET ANNUS."

THE snows are fled upon their watery wings,
Greenness again returns,
And now no more the bounty of the springs
O'erflows their frugal urns:
Now might the unclad Graces dance their rings,
So warm the welkin burns!

Yet take the thought from the swift-changing
year
(For simple things make wise),
Two months—and Spring was wreathing violets
here,
Two more—and Summer dies.
Then will brown Autumn change her golden
cheer
At Winter's freezing eyes.

But rapid suns repair the year's decay,
Spring-tide will come again,
We, when to earth our crumbling bones we lay,
Ev'n lose the mould of men.
Life has but one short lease of mortal clay,
Why not enjoy it then?

Live not so thoughtless as the miser bee,
Nor starve amid a store!
When Death shall lead thee to Destruction's sea
And push thee from the shore,
Of all thy worldly goods, but one to thee
Shall cleave—a shroud—no more!

XVI.

TO A LADY WHO WOULD SING ONLY IN
THE EVENING.

LIKE the bird-minstrel, votress of the Moon,
Who will not pour her misanthropic lay
Until the night grows upward to its noon,
And the winds hymn the death-song of the day,
But silent all—in woodlands far away,
A little hermit sits within her cell
Mossy and dim, where no intruding ray
Peeps thro' the solitude she loves so well:
Like her, the sweet Enchantress of the dell,
Thou wilt not sing until the stars arise;
And then, like her, for ever wilt thou dwell
On tender themes that drench sweet Pity's eyes.
Sure that old Samian fable sooth must be,
And some dead nightingale revives in thee!

XVII.

SOLILOQUY AMONG THE TOMBS.

WRITTEN IN BEDDINGTON CHURCHYARD.

I STAND upon the sod must lie on me,
Ere yon red rose in odour shall expire;
I think upon the time that soon shall be
When my soul mingles with immortal fire.

I muse on my new kindred of the tomb,
Brothers and sisters I must shortly know;
Few, few the hours, and fleet, ere I become
One of the pale society below!

Another Sabbath, and this sacred tower
Shall, in deep words, have tolled—his course
is done!
Another Moon shall look into my bower,
And weeping lucid tears, say—he is gone!

Gone, where the proud are lowly as the meek,
Where simple ones are subtle as the sage,
Gone, where the strong are feeble as the weak,
Where rank no right, power has no privilege.

Where wealth is stripped as bare as wretchedness,
And Tyranny is fettered like his slave,
Where Beauty weeps her strange unloveliness,
Where Eloquence is dumb, and Folly grave.

Six foot of common, caitiff-making earth,
Often much less, and very seldom more,
Encompasses within its narrow girth,
Him whom a world could scarce contain before !

Ev'n on a spot as small—perchance as green,—
As this where I shall rest in *unrenown*,
The Conqueror of half the poles between,
Must lay himself and all his glory down.

Lone in the far Atlantic Isle he sleeps,
The modern Charlemagne, but mightier still ;
A wretched willow o'er his tombstone weeps,
And round it mourns a miserable rill.

Upon his desolate couch the Homeless Star
Looks with a sympathetic sister eye ;
As if she breathed these pitying words afar,
Outcast of Earth art thou, of Heaven, I !

The Wind-God haunting that sepulchral hill,
Pipes a wild coronach around the grave ;
But none are there with martial voice to fill
His own loved trumpet o'er the buried brave.

There sleeps he, most forlorn,—almost forgot,—
In a drear Island, distant o'er the foam,
Here shall I sleep, laid in this quiet spot,
And find how sweet, in death itself, is
Home !

Close by the foot of this gray Abbey wall,
Where leans the buttress that is leant upon,
(Like old companions fearing both to fall,
Each with its shoulder props the other one:)

Here would I wish my final bed of rest,
Tranquil and sheltry, ivy-overgrown,
With a green pall to spread upon my breast,
This is the spot I've fixed on as my own.

The dewy-throated nightingale sings here
Till midnight blends complexions with the
morn;
And robin, in his crimson stomacher,
Sits challenging the woods on yonder thorn.

Circling around, the turret-swallow stoops
With sweet, weak whistle to salute her young;
Here, from their evening feast the crows in
troops,
Come with hoarse music heavily along.

Now that her dusky robe the Night unfolds,
Thro' its light gauze wanders the aimless fly,
Homeward the bee her steady passage holds,
The stumbling beetle booms him headlong by.

Now from beneath the ivy-woven cowl,
Muffling the head of each tall pinnacle,
With solemn whirr comes forth the moody owl,
And flickering bat which loves the gloom as
well.

How calm! how still!—nor is the glare of day,
Less sobered by the shadow of the pile,
It seems to frown the sun's rude light away,
And tempers ev'n the Moon's most pallid
smile.

Sweet village church!—remote from village strife,
Yet still to home and heart's affection near,
If here so peaceful be the dream of life,
How peaceful must the sleep of death be here!

O let the proud, the wealthy, and the great,
Where huge cathedrals ope the venal choir,
Beneath their vain mausolea lie in state,
Give me a grave beneath the village spire!

EPIGRAM.

ON BEING RALLIED BY A BEAUTIFUL WOMAN FOR
DULNESS IN CONVERSATION.

ASK me not thou, can I no thought afford
Mirth to create or sadness to beguile;
Thou smil'st so sweet ere I have spoke a word,
Why should I speak a word to make thee
smile?

XVIII.

THE CROSS-EXAMINATION.

SILLY maiden! tell me why
Grows your cheek so red,
When young Allan passes by?
Silly, silly maid!

Witless creature! what is this
Turns your cheek to pearl?
Has he stol'n your fancy?—"Yes!"
Witless, witless girl!

Simple lassie! where and when
Did it come to pass?—
"While he woo'd me in the glen"—
Simple, simple lass!

Thoughtless fair one! so the youth
Vowed?—"O yes! and swore!"—
You believed him?—"Ay, in sooth!"
Thoughtless, thoughtless fair!

Hapless victim!—better dead
Than love-lorn for life!—
"Yes—but we have just been wed!"—
Happy, happy wife!

XIX.

IN AN ALBUM : VIX VOCANTE POESIA.

I, LIKE the shaded nightingale, would sing
In some far bower, amidst the woods, alone,
With nought but the wild streamlet's murmuring
To give my bosom-strings their plaintive tone ;
Or the bleak winds that thro' the forest moan
To prompt with their rude minstrelsy my lay,
When to pale Dian on her silver throne
My unbesought addresses I can pay.
But expectation chills my vein of song ;
Even the prayer of beauty or desert,
Breathed e'er so warm, so fervently, and long,
Freezes the well of passion at my heart !
What then ?—I chant some worthless strain, until
Deep-ear'd attention quickly has her fill.

XX.

A POETICAL PROBLEM.

ONCE on a time, at evening hour,
A sweet, and dewy-bosom'd Flower,
 Was cradling up to rest ;
A Pilgrim, wandering near her bed,
Raised, with his staff, her drooping head,
 And thus the Flower addrest :

“From matin-rise to moonlight hour,
Tell me, my pearly-crested Flower,
 How many a lucid gem
Hath left the high, cavernal air,
To form upon thy queenly hair
 A rainbow diadem ?”

The pouting Flower looked up, and cried,
 "Hadst thou no worthier cause beside

For rousing me from slumber?

Half half the square, less half the truth,

Twice halved, less half three score in sooth,

Is half, half, half the number!"

ANSWER TO THE ABOVE.

Should a Pilgrim e'er meet on the wearisome plain
 Such a pert mathematical Flower again,
 And receive the same answer, I'll give him a rule
 Will prevent him at least from appearing a fool:
 If he muster an eye on each side of his nose,
 And the vulgar provision of fingers and toes,
 Let him add all of these; and if these will not do,
 Should he have but *two* teeth, let him add these
 teeth too!

XXI.

THE TEMPTRESS OF THE BOWER.

FROM A MS. : "THE SEA-BRIDE."

QUAFF! O quaff the coral wine,
Prest in our sea-vintage yearly,
Every crimson-berried vine
Melts as lusciously and clearly;
Quaff! O quaff the coral wine,
Bower and all within are thine!

Lays of love and hymns divine,
I will sing, the couch attending,
With the perfume of the wine
The sweet breath of music blending;
Quaff! O quaff the coral wine,
Bower and all within are thine!

Thrilling soft this harp of mine,
 Strewing boughs with coral laden,
Pouring high the crested wine;
I will be thy Bower-Maiden;
 Quaff! O quaff the coral wine,
 Bower and all within are thine!

XXII.

ON THE DEATH OF A YOUNG GIRL.

BEAUTY and Virtue crown'd thee,
Death in thy Youth has found thee,
 Thou'rt gone to thy grave
 By the soft willow wave,
That hums its sweet circuit around thee.

Heaven's fond tears bedew thee!
Flowers and fresh garlands strew thee!
 A pall for thy tomb
 From her green-weaving loom
Kind Nature will ever renew thee.

Cheerly the lark sings o'er thee,
Light trip the elves before thee,
 Then why should we mourn
 When, so far from forlorn,
Thou must smile at the friends who deplore
 thee?

XXIII.

TO HEROA.

As THE brook's song that lulls the quiet lawn,
As meadowy music heard on mountains high,
As cherubs' hymns sung in the ear of Dawn,
When the entranced stars go lingering by,—
So sweet the tremulous voice of her I love!
It seems as if thy bosom, all too weak
To utter the rude murmur of a dove,
Were framed almost too delicate to speak.
Hast thou a little lyre hung in thy breast,
Thy fine heart-strings weft for its slender chords?
Methinks, so sweetly are thy thoughts exprest,
'Tis this that makes the music of thy words!
Even in thy tones that are, or would be gay,
The sigh-swept lyre but seems at melancholy play.

XXIV.

O'ER the valley, o'er the mountain!
By the pathway of the foam
Leading down from yonder fountain,—
Like a honey-bird, I roam!

Thro' the wild wood and the bower,
Like the golden-coated fly
Kissing ev'ry lady-flower,
As I pass her beauty by;

Tripping round and round the blossoms
That bespeck the grassy steep,
Into all their rosy bosoms
As I run away, I peep!

O'er the meadows gaily winging
Like an idle elf I rove,
My unheeded song a-singing
To the melody I love!

XXV.

“Who can see worse days than he that, yet living, doth follow at the funeral of his own reputation?”—*Lord Verulam.*

GAYER than forest horn
As Fame's approaching trumpet sweetly blows
In young Ambition's ear; so when its breath
Pines to an echo, far from grievous Age,
(Like Revelry deserting ruined towers)
To our forsakenness as sad it seems
As to the dying wretch his burial knell
Rung ere its time; the sounds fleet with his
soul.

XXVI.

THE COY MAIDEN.

FROM ANACREON.

AH, fly me not, beholding
My locks are blanched by time,
Nor yet, because your beauty
Is blooming in its prime,
Despise my fond caresses;
Behold the lilies rare,
Crowned with the red, red roses,
How excellent they are!

XXVII.

THE FREE-BOOTER.

As the prey-freighted eagle cleaves the storm
With potent wing; while, at his scream and
 clang
To warn his famished brood, the hollow hills
Reverberate far and near; beneath his flight
The valley darkens, and his cloudy form
Swims up the sward to meet him as he glides
Into his mountain-nest: so comes Manrique
The single fear of many a province round.
Robber and outlaw!—a mere jot of life
'Mid the still-standing rocks and precipices,
He moves right upward to his craggy dome
Scooped in the pinnacle. His horn, by times,
Shrill-throated, splits its voice among the rocks,
And sooty visages look out and smile!

XXVIII.

TO MY DEAD MISTRESS.

Piango la sua morte, e la mia vita.—*Petr.*

Em sonhos aquella alma me aparece,
Que para mi foy sonho nesta vida.—*Camoen.**

BURIED for ever in my heart shall be
The image of that form I once adored,
Clasping it as a shrine on bended knee,
To gain one smile or sweet auspicious word:
In sooth it was more fond idolatry
Than woman should accept or man accord
To aught but One—and death avenged the
Lord!

Her spirit hastens in my dreams to rise,
Who was in life but as a dream to me.

—*Hayley's trans.*

Yes; thou wert my Supreme Good—my All-wise,
Whose lightest syllable to me was law,
My acts out-went the wishes of thine eyes,
And inspiration from their glance did draw :
With a strange kind of satisfied surprise
At the swift potency of zeal, they saw
More done from love than millions do from
awe.

The speech-beginning smile thy lips put on
Which ever made entreaty of command,
Ere into sweet slow words thy breath had gone—
Behold! thy dear desire was in thy hand!
A light intelligential round me shone,
Those eyes' blue effluence, whose flash, tho'
bland,
Broke on my forehead like a lightning brand!

That moment I became all mind, heart, soul,
Danger and difficulty rose in vain;

Ev'n Destiny could scarce my deeds control,
Nor Prudence bind me in her brittle chain :
Methought I could have grasped each whirling
pole,
And Earth's great axle bent or broke in twain !
For all, to Love, seem'd possible and plain.

Well that thy lowly, weak, and passionless breast,
Swelled with its own sweet feelings ! and in those
Found all its joy ; nor heaved with more unrest
Than the soft bosom of a maiden rose,
When Zephyr stoops to kiss the fringed vest ;
So pure was thy chaste bosom, that the snows
Fall darker when the wintry ice-wind blows !

Full many a time didst thou thy votary pray,
Not—not to love so well ! and many a time
Said'st thou wert but a slight, frail thing of clay,
And Heav'n would punish both for my one
crime.

Ah! me it punished, hurrying thee away,
In thy sweet blooming-hood and beauteous prime,
Translated thro' the tomb to life's last clime.

I knew—I knew it would be so! for thou
Wert far too much of saint for this sad sphere;
How often did I search, with pain enow,
For some small touch of earth to keep thee
here!

But no!—the fatal brightness of thy brow,
The lambent glory round thy temples dear,
Told thy election to the skies was near!

That halo, glimmering from each golden braid,
The vision of thy bright immortal crown,
Too plainly to my woe-struck heart betrayed
Heaven had already writ thee Angel down!

I saw thee early for the skies arrayed
In Purity's white veil and spotless gown,
Nor Hope would help me that sad image drown.

But for this creed,—I had not at thy shrine
 Bowed my idolatrous heart and stubborn knee;
I thought thou wert so kindred to divine
 'Twere no wrong piety to worship thee!
Beatitude and sanctity both thine,
 What could'st thou less than a blest spirit
 be?—
So love of goodness bred great ill in me.

The blow that laid thee in the arms of Death,
 That very night thou should'st have lain in
 these;
Time's thrilling watchword that chained up thy
 breath,
 And with mere horror thy warm cheek did
 freeze
To bloodless alabaster; Conscience saith,
 These are the visitations Heaven decrees
 When man on earth his sole Elysium sees!

Ay me! 'tis *true*!—I did indeed forget

Flowers of *true* bliss on earth could never
bloom:

But since my worshipt star of beauty set,

My joy is woe, my glory is in gloom.

Dark, noisome, dismal, with rank vapors wet,

This globe is like an universal tomb,

With doors down-leading to the caves of doom.

Fain would I choose me my small charnel-space,

Fain would I lie down blindly with the blind

Whose eyes are dust; fain would I take my
place

In the vast catacomb of all mankind.

O that in Ruin's eyes I had found grace!

That my death-warrant tedious Fate had signed,

The charter of immortal life to mind!

Then would my spirit, on empyreal wings,

Soar up to Heaven, if sin would let it soar,

And bird-like, fluttering where its sweet mate sings,
Beat for admittance at the mercy door!
If great compassion touched the King of kings,
My mate and I His goodness might adore—
One voice, one soul, one essence, evermore!

MY OWN EPITAPH.

MORTAL pass on!—leave me my desolate home!

I care not for thy sigh; I scorn thy tear;

To this wild spot let no intruder come,

The winds and rains of Heaven alone shall mourn

me here!

XXIX.

IN AN ALBUM.

DAY-DREAMING one-tide, upon a sunny moun-
tain,

When nought but the wild-birds and waterfalls
were near,

Heard I a voice like the music of a fountain,
Its language as liquid, its melody as clear.

Murmuring deeply, the stream methought address
me,

(If that which address me indeed were but a
stream):

“Say, hath ill-fortune, or idleness, possest thee,
To lose all thy life in a melancholy dream?”

“Buoyant and gladsome, my step was free as thine
is,

When fresh from the life-spring of Nature,” I
replied ;

“Streamlet! thy course will perchance be slow as
mine is,

And lonely like me thro’ the valleys thou wilt
glide :

Off at a green bank delaying thy blue motion,

Thou’lt stretch thee to sleep, with a scarcely-
heaving breast ;

World-wearied, sun-sick, thou’lt wind at length
to ocean,

And seek in the loss of thy being to be blest !”

XXX.

ON THE DEATH OF TALMA.

THE deathless sons of Greece have died once
more,

And Rome's proud heroes perished once again:
The world was ne'er so desolate before,
For thou the spirit wert of those great men!
Their several forms thy single nature wore
Talma!—while thou didst live, they could not
die;

Ere they again burst their sepulchral door,
Time may run on a whole Eternity!
Thy life contracted many a glorious age,
Thou made'st the virtues of all years thine
own;

By turns the Prince, the Warrior, and the Sage.

We had their greatness still, though they were
gone.

Familiar with high thoughts thou must have
soared

Where the Arch-spirits sublime look upward
to the Lord!

XXXI.

SYREN CHORUS IN THE "SEA-BRIDE."

(MS.)

TROOP home to silent grots and caves,
Troop home! and mimic as you go
The mournful winding of the waves
Which to their dark abysses flow.

At this sweet hour, all things beside
In amorous pairs to covert creep;
The swans that brush the evening tide
Homeward in snowy couples keep;

In his green den the murmuring seal
Close by his sleek companion lies;
While singly we to bedward steal,
And close in fruitless sleep our eyes.

In bowers of love men take their rest,
In loveless bowers we sigh alone,
With bosom-friends are others blest,—
But we have none! but we have none!

XXXII.

IN AN ALBUM.

HITHER the wise, the witty, and the gay,
Bid to the flow of soul—bid *me* away!
Fool in all else, in this not worldly wise
That all the world's vain wisdom I despise;
Witty in nought, but with sardonic leer,
Mutely to scoff at half the wit I hear;
And only gay, when those I would deride
Who think to fathom what I fain would hide;
So rare my mood what gentleness approves,
My verse so seldom what a Lady loves,—
Why should, fair Girl! one melancholy line
Trace my soul's darkness on this page of thine?
This snowy page, that scares another's gloom,
To mine suggests the tablet of a tomb:

And here would I, as on that pallid stone,
Grave some sad history—perchance my own!
Like the fond bird, that in her darkling bourn
With sweet perversity, still loves to mourn,
Like her, whose pleasure all in grief appears,
My wilful strains are ever steeped in tears;
I've talked so long familiarly with woe
That her sad language is the sole I know;
And Hope, that erst danced forward on the wind,
I've passed long since, and left far—far behind!
Horror's black plumage ever round me waves,
I tread on skulls, I totter among graves,
A Fate pursues me, shrieking in mine ear,
That death, or something far more dread, is near;
Nor will this Terror cease her howl, before
I rest too deep in earth to hear her more.
Ask then the gay, the witty, and the wise,
Nymph of the rosy lips and violet eyes,
For flowers or fruits of poesy, I pray,
And cast this worthless, withering Leaf away!

XXXIII.

CUPID SLEEPING.

FROM GRAY,* AFTER PLATO.

IN blest Idalia's realm, where forests green
 Of myrtle, interweave their massy hair,
 Buried chin-deep in bloom young Love was seen,
 Pressing with rosy lip his rosy lair.
 On the high branch his quiver hung,—the while
 His darts slipt from his languid little hand;
 And o'er his scented lips, half-oped to smile,
 Hovered a ceaseless bee with murmur bland.

* *ITUR* in Idalios tractus, felicia regna,
 Fundit ubi densam myrtea sylvā comam,
 fater Amor teneram visus spirare quietem
 Dum roseo roseos imprimat ore toros;
 Sublimem procul a ramis pendere pharetram,
 Et de languidula spicula lapsa manu,
 Vidimus, et visu molli diducta labella,
 Murmure quo assiduo pervolitabat apes.

XXXIV.

Dost thou love the blue to see
In a boundless summer sky?
Sweeter blue I'll show to thee
In the orbit of an eye!

Roses of the purest red
Thou in every clime dost seek;
I can show a richer bed
In a single damask cheek!

Thou wilt talk of virgin snow
Seen in icy Norway land;
Brighter, purer, I can show
In a little virgin hand!

Still for glittering locks and gay
Thou wilt ever cite the Sun;

Here's a simple tress—I pray,
Has he such a golden one?

Choose each vaunted gem and flower
That must, sure! with triumph meet;
Come then to my Beauty's bower,
Come—and cast them at her feet!

XXXV.

DEPARTING MUSIC.

Its sweetness fell away
Into the calm of night, like the last wave
That, as the rustling wind blows smoothly o'er,
Spreads wide and wider,—till it lose itself
Upon the heaveless bosom of the sea.
I listened—it was gone! And yet methought
Its echoes, by the ether still undrowned,
Made some far ocean-music in mine ear:
But no!—'twas Memory, so fond to raise
Vain semblances of joys now sepulchred
In the great gloomy Past, the gorge of Time—
Then came one sound, one lost, forgotten sound,
That vanished by me, as a midnight bird
Fleeting upon its dark wing fast away!

XXXVI.

Ax! thou look'st cold on me, pomp-loving Moon,
Thy courtier stars following in bright array,
Like some proud queen, when Meekness begs a
boon,

With upraised brow wondering what he should
say,—

Then passing in her slow and silent scorn away!
Blank-visaged, wan, high-pacing Dame! I come

No suitor to thy pity; nor to crave
One beam to gild the darkness of my doom,

Not even a tear to weep me in the grave;
Think'st thou I'd wear thy tinsel on my pall,

Or deck my shroud with sorry gems like thine?
No, let me die, unseen, unwept of all,

Let not a dog over my ashes whine,—

And sweep thou on thy worldly way, O Moon!
nor glance at mine!

XXXVII.

THE LOST ONE.

O WAS it fair?

Fair, kind, or pitiful to one
Quite heart-subdued—all bravery done,
Coyness to deep devotion turned,
Yet pure the flame with which she burned,—
O was it fair that thou should'st come,
Strong in this weakness, to my home,
And at my most defenceless hour,
Midnight, should'st steal into my bower,
In thy triumphant beauty more
Fatal that night than e'er before;
Angel of my destruction! say
What drew thy demon steps that way?

At such an hour—ungenerous youth,
'Twas a most kindless deed in sooth—
Thou know'st my woman's heart was weak,
Yet still would'st that frail moment seek,
Protective age to slumber gone,
Thou knew'st, thou knew'st I was alone,
Loose-girded, warm, suspicion-free,
My bosom full of love and thee!
At my green arbour-window I
Drank the Night's balm voluptuously
And all surrendered to my harm;
Looked moonward, leaning on my arm,
With eyes upon that lonely star
Wandering Heaven's blue wastes afar;
The musk-wind kist the tendrils young
That round my glimmering lattice hung,
And seemed with treacherous sighs to say,
How blissful, sweet, was that fond play!
O'er my flushed cheeks at times the air
Swept like a passing Zephyr's hair,

As it would by caresses bland
Inure me to a wanton hand :
Thou knew'st the peril of this hour,
Yet seized it—to invade my bower !

Inhuman!—and was this the time
To tempt my soul with passion's crime?
How could'st thou, bent on virtue's death,
Woo me with such delicious breath,
That mine was held in holy fear,
Lest one faint word might 'scape my ear?
How could'st thou, with those suppliant eyes,
Locked hands, and most unhappy sighs,
Implore me for thy sacrifice?
Was it a tender lover's part
To plead with such entrancing art?
Was it not merciless in thee
So fond, so gently fond to be?
So winning, soft to speak and smile,
The guilt was hidden in the guile ;

So glorious in thy beauty's might,
That sense grew dizzy at the sight,
In voice, form, face, resistless all,
That victim Virtue needs must fall.

Ah! in a less unguarded hour,
Thou should'st have come into my bower;
Or come with speech, and heart and brow,
As cold and passionless as now!

XXXVIII.

MAID MARIAN'S SONG.

HIE away to Sherwood forest

Where the leaves are fresh and green!

Where my lover, jolly Robin,

Full a month and more has been.

With my bow upon my shoulder

And my arrows in my hand,

Such a merry little outlaw

Never roamed this happy land.

Both the red deer and the fallow

Chasing all the summer's day,

I make hill and dale and dingle,

Echo loud my merry lay.

And what care I for the peril?

Sound my bugle! and see then
How they'll bown them to defend me,
Full two hundred merry men!

XXXIX.

HYMN TO THE OCEAN.

ROLL on vasty Ocean!
Like mountains in motion
Your grey waters rise
Till they melt in the skies,
And mingle the azure of Heav'n with their
 own ;
'Mid the roll of her drums
Queen Amphitrite comes,
And her white horses prance
In an Apennine dance,
As they wheel her about on her hollow-shell
 throne !

O'er the green furrows dashing,
Thro' the heavy ooze splashing,

Down the snow-hillocks sliding,
In the vallied deeps hiding,
They mark out their flight in a pathway of
foam :

The gleaming-hair'd Daughters
And Sons of the Waters,
With shout follow after,
With song and with laughter,—
Then sink all at once to their coralline
home.

Foot and foot far asunder,
Wind-Gods step in thunder
From billow to billow,
Kicking up a white pillow
} For him who will sleep stiff and stark on the
sea!

Viewless and vapoury,
Their sea-green drapery
Down their backs flowing

Keep the gazer from knowing
Of what form, of what face, of what fashion
they be!

How glorious the sight!
But no less than the Night
From her couch up-risen
Like the Moon out of prison
To roam her wild hour, her lone vigil to
keep,—
O'er the still waters blazing,
Where the green stars are gazing,
As if each were an eye
Of a creature on high,
That saw such a gem as itself in the deep.

Then, then the low tolling
Of swift waves wide rolling,
And whelming and coiling;—
Like a serpent-brood boiling

In Hell's ample cauldron, they writhe and
they hiss!

SIN'S SON laughs to hear it,
And longs to be near it,
That for each whishing eddy
He might have a ship ready
To heave with a—Ho! down the joyous
abyss!

O this is the hour
To look out from the tower,
Looming dim o'er the surge,
And behold how they urge,
The rack-riders each, his blue courser afar:
How in ranks o'er the plain
Of the steadiless main,
They tilt and they joust
Till they're scattered to dust,
With a roar that rings round the wild Ocean
of war!

Yet wend thee there too
When the calm sea is blue,
When the sweet summer-wave
Has forgotten to rave,
And smooth o'er its ripple the Mer-maiden
glides ;
Thine eyes at the sight
Will half-close with delight,
For in rage or at rest,
Like a proud beauty's breast,
A charm with great Ocean forever abides !

EPIGRAM.

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

DEAR Reader! if by any chance you look
Into this tribute to this pretty book,
Forget my name, forget my verses too,
And if *you* write, I'll do the same by you!

XL.

LOVE'S LIKENESS.

O, MARK yon Rose-tree! when the West
Breathed on her with too warm a zest

She turns her cheek away

Yet, if one moment he refrain,

She turns her cheek to him again,

And woos him still to stay!

Is she not like a maiden coy,

Prest by some amorous-breathing boy?

Tho' coy, she courts him too:

Winding away her slender form,

She will not have him woo so warm

And yet will have him woo!

XLI.

WINTER.

THE merciful sweet influence of the South,
Cheereth the hardy winter-buds no more ;
No scented breath hovers around their mouth,
No beauty in their bosoms to adore.
With icy foot the rude North treads them down,
And tells them they shall never greet the
Spring,
But perish at the line of Winter's frown,
That kills the very hope of blossoming.
Thus while he fans them with his frosty wing
They scatter all their leaves upon the earth,
Not worth the hapless ruddock's* gathering,
And die upon the spot that gave them birth.
How like in fate the winter-bud and I !
We live in sorrow, and in sorrow die.

* Robin.

XLII.

ON A YOUNG TREE

GROWING NEAR A TOMB, 1812.

TREE! Tree! Tree! little Tree!

Growing as thou dost grow,

Thou shalt be high as the tomb

When I shall be just as low!

While I am returning to earth,

Earth will be turning to thee;

Of the very same earth I am

Thy beautiful growth may be!

And so, neither mistress nor friend need I crave,

But shade my own relics, and show my own
grave.

XLIII.

ON A FOUNTAIN.

O FOUNTAIN! in whose depths of silver green
The boughs that shade thee, beaded thick are
seen,
And the white dove, nestling their heads between,
Drops chrystal from her wings ;
While sparkling orbs upon thy surface swim,
Or lie in seedy rows about thy rim,
Spreading a shore of pearls around thy brim,
To tempt the faery things !

Thee never doth the fiery noontide seethe,
But here the scented violets moistly breathe,
And oft the candid bee doth warp beneath
Thy roof with echoing hum.

Fountain! thy flow is melody to me!
Thou shalt my well of inspiration be!
And to drink deep of thy translucency
 Shall future poets come.

XLIV.

ON A CHILD :

THE DAUGHTER OF HON. MRS. R. WESTENRA.

CHERUB ! that from thy own Heaven seem'st to
borrow

The lovely blue that gleams in thy young
eyes,

Why art thou here in this dim vale of sorrow,
This earth, so far beneath thy kindred skies ?

To show what innocent, bright, happy creatures,
Circle with smiles like thine the eternal throne,
To tell mankind by what angelic features
The children of Heaven's kingdom may be
known.

And yet, for all the cherub that's within thee,
Sorrow may wait upon thy coming years,
Deceit may to destruction strive to win thee,
And mortal pain may cause thee human tears.
Ah! be thy woes the lightest can befall thee,
Let "Sinless" still be written on thy brow;
And when thy sister spirits heaven-ward call thee,
Be still as fit for Paradise as now.

XLV.

FROM THE "SEA-BRIDE." (MS.)

WHEN nestling winds the ocean soothe,
Till calm as Heaven's blue waste it be,
How sweet to glide from smooth to smooth,
Like halcyons of the under sea!

How brave to tread the glistening sands
That lie in amber wreaths below:
The twisted toil of faery hands
Condemned to swing them to and fro!

My bright harp with its golden tongue,
Speaks sweetly thro' the lucid wave,
And says its chords need scarce be rung,
While floods so soft its bosom lave.

Broad-handed Neptune aye will beat
In milder mood this harp of mine;
So think not, if the song be sweet,
Think not the melody is mine!

XLVI.

THE ROMAN COTTAGER.

VERBATIM FROM VIRGIL.

HAPPY old Man!—here mid thy well-known
streams

And sacred founts, shalt thou the coolness dim
Inhale!—This neighbour hedge, still pasturing
Hyblæan bees on willow flowers, shall oft
With a light murmur lure thee to repose!
Here shall the woodman sing unto the winds
Beneath the lofty rock: nor shall they care,
The deep-voiced doves, nor shall the turtle cease,
From the ærial elm-tree to complain.

XLVII.

TO ROSELLA.

BEAUTY like thine
Is a wilderness flower,
That would lose half its charms
If removed to a bower.

In its own wild vale
It grows simple and fair,
And it never can bloom
Half so lovely as there.

Then smile, sweet rose !
But to feast on that smile,
There is many a bee
Would come many a mile !

XLVIII.

IN AN ALBUM.

ON RECEIVING A SKETCH IN PENCIL FROM THE
OWNER.

ONE evening, from the dewy South,
The spirit of the Rainbow came,
And with her moist vermilion mouth
Close at my lattice, breathed my name :

“Either of these rich presents chuse,”
Methought I heard the Radiance say ;
This magic pen or pencil use
As deftly as thy talent may.”

Both ! both !—too covetous I cried—

The plume flew past me on the winds !
“Enough for him,” the Sylph replied,
“Whoe’er that wingèd pencil finds !”

“To a fair earthly Sylph I’ll give
This other—graphic pen divine!—
Think thyself happy to receive
One sketch by it for one by thine!”

XLIX.

WHILE the Moon decks herself in Neptune's glass,
And ponders o'er her image in the sea,
Her cloudy locks smoothing from off her face
That she may all as bright as Beauty be;
It is my wont to sit upon the shore
And mark with what an even grace she glides
Her two concurrent paths of azure o'er,
One in the heavens, the other in the tides;
Now with a transient veil her face she hides,
And Ocean blackens with a human frown,
Now her fine screen of vapour she divides,
And looks with all her light of beauty down!
Her splendid smile, wide-spreading o'er the main,
Brightens the glass she gazes at again!

L.

EVEN were Hell a fable, 'twere a wise one
And yet it is as great a truth as Heaven,
Tho' neither be what Mahomet would make them;
Ay! and Mahometans of other Creeds;
Who, with their fancies ever full of Earth,
Worship the Crescent tho' they kiss the Cross!
How fine so-e'er these visionary scenes,
We must still shew them with their tapestry-backs
To the gross people with its hydra head,
The multitude hath scarce a Cyclop's eye!
See, with what awe, his simple mouth and ear,
Yon pale wretch drinks up the soul-shaking
sounds
Of rack! and scourge! and flame! Dire eloquence!
And when the pitying orator allays

His burning lips in horrid tales of Heaven,
Bounteously poured into the caitiff's heart,
He melts in rapture as he heard the strain
That angels move to!

LI.

SONG OF THE SUMMER-WINDS.

UP the dale and down the bourne,
O'er the meadow swift we fly,
Now we sing, and now we mourn,
Now we whistle, now we sigh.

By the grassy-fringed river,
Thro' the murmuring reeds we sweep,
Mid the lily leaves we quiver,
To their very hearts we creep.

Now the maiden-rose is blushing
At the wanton things we say,
Whilst aside her cheek we're rushing
Like some truant bees at play.

Through the blooming groves we rustle
 Kissing every bud we pass,
As we did it in the bustle
 Scarcely knowing how it was!

Down the glen, across the mountain,
 O'er the yellow heath to roam,
Whirling round about the fountain
 Till its little breakers foam.

Bending down the weeping willows
 While our vesper hymn we sigh;
Then into our rosy pillows
 On our weary wings we lie.

Then of idle hours dreaming
 Scarce from waking we refrain,
Moments long as ages deeming
 Till we're at our play again!

LII.

THE FIGHT OF THE FORLORN.

A ROMANTIC BALLAD FOUNDED ON THE HISTORY OF
IRELAND.

Scene: A Cave overhanging the Shannon.

BARD.

SMOOTH Shan-avon! Eirin's glory!

Of thy calm my heart would borrow;

Still inspire my dream's sweet story,

Wake me not so soon to sorrow!

Green Shan-avon, wild and lonely!

Rave not while the Minstrel slumbers;

Soothe his heart of sadness only

By thy melancholy numbers.

Hear the woodquest* softly moaning
 Thro' her honeysuckle bowers,
 Hear the wind-bell sweetly toning
 In the simple ear of flowers.

Son of the far distant fountain!
 What rude blast awakes thy willows?
 Strong descendant of the mountain!
 Why these winter-swollen billows?

Broad Shan-avon! Island-sund'rer! †
 Now I see what burdens press thee,
 Loud Shan-avon! streamy thund'rer!
 For thy warning voice I bless thee.

* In Gaelic, *ceas* (pronounced *kase*) means *darkness, obscurity*; and thence, *sadness, sorrow*. *Ceasaecht* (pron. *kasacht* or *kest*) signifies *complaining*. Hence the wood pigeon is denominated the *ceasaecht* or *quest*. Latin, *questus* (complaint).

† In Gaelic *Sean* (pron. *Shan*) means *old*, as *senus* in Latin. Likewise *avon*, or *awn*, signifies *river*. Hence *Shan-avon*, or *Shannon*, means the old river. Ptolemy calls the Shannon *Senus*.

This river nearly sunders Ireland into two unequal parts, being the largest island river in the world.

Lo! adown the valley steering,
With their pennons dyed for slaughter,
Full two hundred barques appearing,
Trample thy bright road of water!

Like a brood of swans together
Proudly breasting thro' the rushes,
On they come! while each beneath her,
Heaving high, the billow crushes.

Round the woody headland booming
Toward my cavern-cliff they bend them;
Shadowy o'er the waters looming,
This shall its dark shelter lend them.

BARD.

Welcome!—Why the Red-branch waving,
Flower of heroes! Young Hidallan?*

* Hi-Dallan (like Hi-Nial, Hi-Brian) means tribe or territory of Dallan.

Wherefore these wild trumpets raving
 Call to arms green Inisfallan?*

CHIEF.

Bard! to battle I have bound me—
 Eirin's red-branch now must shade her—
 With my young war-breathers round me,
 To repel the bold invader!

Lochlin's † roving sons of Ocean
 Crowd Shan-avon's bay with galleys;
 Sword and brand in fiery motion
 Waste Momonia's ‡ peaceful valleys!

Prophet! skilled in battle-omen,
 Read his fate for young Hidallan;
 Shall we triumph o'er the foemen?
 Shall we save green Inisfallan?

* Inis-fallan, from *inis* an island and *fallan* beautiful. This name was general, but is now appropriated to an islet in the Lake of Killarney.

† *Lock-land*, *i.e.* Lake-land, the land of lakes, or Scandinavia.

‡ Momonia is the old name for Munster.

BARD.

Ai! alas my heart foretold it!

This the secret of my sadness;

O that ere thou didst unfold it

Melancholy turned to madness!

Phantoms, choakt with hideous laughter,

Nightly troop around my dwelling,

Visions dim come bleeding after,

Woe to Inisfail foretelling!

Lochlin's sons shall triumph o'er her,

Shed her own best blood upon her;

Long in chains shall she deplore her,

Long shall weep her foul dishonor!

CHIEF.

Bard! to no brave chief belonging,

Hath green Eirin* no defenders?

* *Eiriun* (or properly *Erin*), from the Gaelic *iar* west, or perhaps *cirr* snow.

See! her sons to battle thronging,
 Gael's broad-swords and Ir's* bow benders!

Clan Tir-oen! † Clan Tir-conel!
 Atha's ‡ royal sept of Conacht!
 Desmond red! and dark O'Donel!
 Fierce O'More! and stout M'Donacht!

Hear the sounding spears of Tara, ||
 On the blue shields how they rattle!
 Hear the reckless Lord of Lara
 Humming his short song of battle!

* *Ir*, a prince of the Belgæ who settled in Ireland. They were Scoti (from *seutten* to shoot).

† *Tir* (Latin *terra*) means *land*. *Tir-oen*, land of Owen.

‡ *Atha*, palace of the Belgæ.

|| *Teach-mor* (Lat. *teeta majora*) *i.e.*, the *great House*, or palace of the Irish kings. It is contracted into *Temra*, and thence into *Tara*, by ancient writers. Lara is in Conacht (Connaught).

Ullin's* Chief, the great O'Nial,
 Sternly with his brown axe playing,
 Mourns for the far hour of trial
 And disdains this long delaying!

Gray O'Ruark's † self doth chide me,
 Thro' his iron beard and hoary,
 Murmuring in his breast beside me—
 “On to our old fields of glory!”

Red-branch crests, like roses flaming,
 Toss with scorn around Hi-dallan,
 Battle, blood, and death proclaiming,—
 Fear'st thou still for Inisfallan?

BARD.

Mighty-hearted! mighty-handed!
 Ne'er Ierné ‡ nourished braver,

* *Ullin* and *Ulladh* (*aehamel-house*) are Gaelic names for Ulster.

† *O'Ruark*, now spelled *O'Rourke*, Prince of Breifné. Properly *Hi-Ruarach*.

‡ *Ierné* is another name for Ireland, derived from *iav*, west: thus Claudian—*flwit glacialis Ierné*.

Yet in vain to battle banded,
Die they may, but cannot save her.

CHIEF.

Woe! and must the green Ierné
Yield her to the Ocean-rangers?
Say! by skill accurst, discern ye
She must ever yield to strangers?

BARD.

Many a sun shall set in sadness,
Many a moon shall rise in mourning,
Ere a distant note of gladness
Breathe of Liberty returning.

CHIEF.

Say! should we, despite thy omen,
Onward move, to battle bending,
Shall we fall without our foemen?
Shall we die without defending?

BARD.

Stern shall be the strife, and bloody,
Ere our fate shall own a stronger,
Streams with slaughter shall run ruddy,
Eirin's fields be green no longer!

CHIEF.

Die then! in thy cave unnoted,
Thou that would'st from battle warn
us!
Tho' we may be death-devoted,
Glory's wreath shall still adorn us!
Souls of fire! for battle sighing,
Bend your white sails round Hi-dallan
What desire we more than dying,
If we die for Inisfallan?

BARD.

Stay! O stay! Shan-avon's billows
In a shroud of water wind them;

Bloodless be their frothy pillows,
If they leave the Bard behind them

CHIEF.

Son of the same Land that bore us,
Beats thy kindred pulse so proudly?
Strike thy war-harp then before us,
Raise the song of battle loudly!

Though forlorn and doomed to slaughter,
Chant some gay and gallant ditty,
Lest Shan-avon's murmuring water
Drown our triumph in its pity!

LAY OF THE FORLORN.

Farewell to Sliev Morna,*

The hills of the winds!

Where the hunters of Ullin,

Pursue the brown hinds!

Farewell to Loch Ern where the wild eagles dwell!

Farewell to Shan-avon, Shan-avon, farewell!

Farewell to bright tresses,

Farewell to bright eyes,

To the snow-covered bosoms

That heave with their sighs!

Long, long for their heroes in vain may they swell,

Farewell to fair maidens, fair maidens farewell!

* *Sliev*, properly *sliabh*, is the Gaelic for *mountain*. *Sliev Morna* are the *Mountains of Mourne*, in *Downshire*.

Farewell to our castles,
Our oak-blazing halls,
Where the red fox is prowling
Alone in the walls!

Farewell to the joys of the harp and the shell,
Farewell to Ierné, Ierné, farewell.

'Twas a wild and reckless measure,
Yet, the Minstrel's heart relenting,
Tho' he kept the tone of pleasure,
Still his mirth was like lamenting.

On they rushed to death, undaunted,
Tow'rds the van of Lochlin striding,
Where her dusky pennons flaunted,
Where her mountain ships were riding!

Furious was the fight, and deadly,
Whilst the sun in blood descended;
When next morn he rose as redly,
Scarce the cruel fight was ended.

Long, Ierné's fate delaying,
Fell her sons in battle glorious!
Less subdued than tired of slaying,
Ev'n as victims still victorious.

There they sank, opprest by numbers,
There, where this brave fortune found
him,
Every son of Eirin slumbers,
With, at least, five foes around him!

Knight, and Chief, and Bard, and Bonacht,*
Died with young, with brave Hi-dallan,
Ullin's hope, and flower of Conacht,
All the pride of Innisfallan!

* A Common Soldier.

LIII.

DIRGE.

BY MERMEN IN THE "SEA BRIDE." (M.S.)

PRAYER unsaid, and mass unsung,

Deadman's dirge must still be rung:

Dingle-dong, the dead-bells sound!

Mermen chant his dirge around!

Wash him bloodless, smooth him fair,

Stretch his limbs, and sleek his hair:

Dingle-dong, the dead-bells go!

Mermen swing them to and fro!

In the wormless sands shall he

Feast for no foul gluttons be:

Dingle-dong, the dead-bells chime

Mermen keep the tone and time!

We must with a tombstone brave
Shut the shark out from his grave:
 Dingle-dong, the dead-bells toll!
 Mermen dirgers ring his knoll!

Such a slab will we lay o'er him
All the dead shall rise before him!
 Dingle-dong, the dead-bells boom!
 Mermen lay him in his tomb!

LIV.

TO A CYPRESS TREE.

O MELANCHOLY Tree! thou who dost stand
Like a sad mourner in his sable shroud
Fast by the grave of her he loved, too proud
In his deep muffled woe, to have it scanned,
Whilst on each side of that dear space of land
(Too sacred for the common weeping crowd,)
The attendant woods, remote, on either hand,
Rave and lament in murmurs low or loud:
Wilt thou, O russet Tree! lend me thy shade
Each noontide, when the sun inflames the sky
And glares with hideous splendour from on high
Taking the sweet green sadness from the glade?
Wilt thou keep full with tears the floweret's eye
That weeps alone where I am lonely laid?

LV.

DEEP in the ocean's thundering wave

O that I sank into my grave!

Where my knell shall be

The groans of the sea

Tolling within some hollow cave.

O that I lay in my narrow bed

With the ocean weeds to pillow my head,

Its foam for my shroud,

While its lullaby loud

Deepened the sleep of the happy dead!

LVI.

THE NIGHTINGALE AND THE THORN.

It is a popular legend, that the nightingale, when singing,
leans upon a thorn.

NIGHT'S curtains are falling
Around her wide dome,
And mother-birds calling
Young wanderers home.

The humble-bee singing
Comes out of the rose,
And thro' the wood ringing
His curfew, he goes.

No pipe on the mountain,
No step in the vale,
The moon in the fountain
Looks silent and pale:

“Hush! hush!—the flood’s daughter
She visits by night,
Begins ’neath the water
To mourn with delight.”

“O no! ’tis the wild-flowers
Sighing for morn,
When the sun their green bowers
With gold shall adorn.”

“Yon grove of sweet rushes,
’Tis they who complain!
As the wind in soft flushes
Comes o’er them again.”

“Sweet sound!—O far sweeter
Than these could have birth;
Such notes are far meeter
For heaven than earth!”

“Say, whence are those numbers?
Why waken they, when
Even sorrow hath slumbers?”—
Look down in the glen:

The moon on the ripples
That wander below,
With her tender lip tipples
The waves as they flow:

There's a tree bending over
The roar of the stream,
Where its bright sparkles hover
Like rain in the beam:

That bower of roses,
That sweet-brier tree,
A Minstrel encloses
Whom sight may not see.

“Come down to the valley!
Come onward a-pace!
This willow-walled alley
Leads up to the place!”

She's gone!—Ah! unthinking!—
“What's here?—Is it blood,
The leaves redly-inking
As deep as the bud?”

Know you not the wild story?—
Our villagers tell,
That this bird hath such glory
In wailing so well,

To deepen her sadness
Of ecstasy born,
In fine and fond madness
She leans on a thorn!

LVII.

THE TEMPTRESS OF THE CAVE.

FROM A M.S. : "THE SEA-BRIDE."

LISTEN youth! O listen, listen,
To my dittyng lyre and song,
She whose eyes so gently glisten,
Cannot will thee wrong.

O that unto thee, as me,
Deep dominion of the sea,
Did, sweet youth, belong.

'Neath the wave there is no sorrow,
Love the only pain we know,

Jocund night brings joyful morrow,
To the bowers below.

At the green foot of this well,
Lies my glassy bower and cell,
Will the Mortal go?

I will give thee green shell-armour,
Chrystal spear, and helm of gold,
Sword of proof against the charmer,
Like a knight of old.

Thou shalt in a chariot brave,
Roam the deep, and ride the wave;
Dare thou be so bold?

O'er the wave-blue waters sliding,
What proud pleasure it will be,
Thy wild ocean-coursers guiding,
To be-lord the sea.

Down the rocky ladder steep,
Winding to the wondrous deep,
Come, O come with me!

Treasures past the power of telling,
Richly shall the deed repay,
Come! I hear the sea-caves knelling,
"Come! O come away!"
Come and boast thee to have been
Wanderer of the sea-bed green,
Till thy dying day!

LVIII.

LAMENT FOR LOVE.

ONCE on a time, when Love was young,
While light, as his own dart, he flew ;
Where-e'er a gentle lay was sung,
Ev'n there would Love be singing too.

Where-e'er a maiden sighed, he'd sigh,
Where-e'er she smiled, he'd smile as gay,
Where-e'er she wept, he flew to dry
With cherub-lips her tears away.

But now, alas ! that Love is old,
Beauty may e'en lay down her lute,
His wings are stiff, his heart is cold,
He will not come and warble to't.

Or like a tottering tiny sire,
With false voice and false-feathered wing,
Will only to a golden lyre,
And for a golden penny sing.

Keen-sighted grown, but deaf and lame,
All changed from what he wont to be,—
Vilely transformed in very name,—
Not Cupid, but Cupidity.

Now on his bags, behind, the knave
Cradles like silkworm in its crust,
Content to sink into the grave,
Might he be buried in gold dust.

Now maids must sigh, or smile, alone
Like roses in the desert bed,
Or bleed, on rocky bosoms thrown,
Or die,—for Love himself is dead.

LIX.

O, I could weep myself into a stream,
 Making eternal fountains of mine eyes;
Would that the ancient mythologic dream,
 Were true, that peopled earth with deities
Then might some God, compassioning my cries,
 Turn me into an ever-weeping rill,
Or bend me to a willow that with sighs
 The very region of the vale doth fill.
For I have woes too mighty for such tears,
 As these I shed, but am compelled to hide;
Their burning bitterness mine eyeballs sears,
 And I am forced to drink the scalding tide;
Lest the orbs melt to brine, and leave me more
Desolate and darkly-fortuned than before.

EPIGRAM.

ON THE "POET'S CORNER" OF A LITERARY
JOURNAL.

STRANGE inspiration breathes o'er all who peep
Into this Corner where we Poets keep :
We sleep ourselves, and make the peepers sleep.

LX.

ZEPHYR AMONG THE FLOWERS.

WHEN the bright-hair'd Morn
With her dropping horn
Blows sweet on the mountain-side,
Where the dale-queens lie
With a light foot, I
O'er their green tiaras glide.

I waken each flower
In her grassy bower,
But I do not,—dare not stay,
For I must begone
To attend the Sun
At the eastern gate of the day.

Fare thee well! farewell!
As I leave her cell,
I can hear the young rose sigh :
And the harebell too
Bids me oft adieu,
With a tear in her dim blue eye.

As pale as the snow
Doth the lily grow
When my wild feet near her rove ;
Yet she lets me sip
Of her nectarous lip
As long and as deep as I love.

To make me her prize
Pretty primrose tries,
Kissing and clasping my feet ;
But violets cling
So fast by my wing,
That my feathers are full of them yet!

Each flower of the lea
Has a bed for me,
But I will not,—cannot stay ;
For I must begone
To attend the Sun
At the western gate of the day.

LXI.

WEEP NOT, MY BRIDE!

WEEP not, my Bride! to be my bride,
Say not that love is o'er,
That joy with maiden-hood has died,
And thou'lt be wooed no more!
I'll love thee, husband like, my bride,
And like a lover woo beside!

The roebuck loves the mountain steep,
The cushat loves the glen,
The eagle loves his craggy keep,
Her russet hedge the wren:
But dearer far I'll love my bride,
Whatever weal or woe betide!

The wild bee loves the heather-bell,
The blossom loves the tree,
The daisy loves the spring-time well,
But not as I love thee.
As I love thee, my bonnie bride,
My joy, my passion, and my pride!

When loves the breeze to sigh no more,
To wave his locks the pine,
When lovers love to die no more
For beauty such as thine,
I'll love thee then no more, my bride,
For then will Love himself have died!

EPIGRAM

On a blockhead who censured a man of genius for his want
of presence of mind.

PRESENCE of mind he has not, I agree;
Had'st thou his absence it were well for thee:
His thoughts are o'er the universe! vain elf,
Thine never quit that little world,--thyself!

LXII.

ON THE PICTURE OF A GIRL,

SEEN IN AN ALBUM.

THou, prithee what art thou,
With thy forward-bending brow,
 And thy half-uncurtained eyes!
Sweet orbs! and yet within
Fear I much some baby sin
 Nursed by Passion lies!

Ay! such cymar of snow
Oft veils a nun I know,
 And thou may'st indeed be one;
Yet her cymar I swear
Never saw I novice wear
 So unlike a nun!

True! that's a fairer waist
Than could e'er have been embraced
 Save by it's own silken band;
Yet, Maiden as thou art,
'Neath it throbs no little heart
 That it may be spanned!

Pure thou as any saint,
Art, perchance, from earthly taint,
 And an angel fit to be;
But, prithee, if 'tis given
That I too should go to Heaven,
 Stay thou far from me!

By Pride the angels fell,
And by Love they might as well,
 'Tis in sooth the apter way!
Sweet, then bestow thy love
On some icy Saint above,
 Not on me, I pray!

POEMS.

CHIEFLY FROM "LABOURS OF IDLENESS" AND

"ERRORS OF ECSTASIE."

THE DOVE'S LONELINESS.

BREAK not my loneliness, O Wanderer!
There's nothing sweet but Melancholy, here.—
'Mid these dim walks and grassy wynds are seen
No gaudy flowers, undarkening the green:
No wanton bird chirrup from tree to tree,
Not a disturber of the woods but me!
Scarce in a summer doth a wild bee come
To wake my sylvan echo with his hum:
But for my weeping lullaby I have
The everlasting cadence of the wave
That falls in little breakers on the shore,
And rather seems to strive to roar—than roar;
Light Zephyr, too, spreads out his silver wings
On each green leaf, and in a whisper sings

His love to every blossom in her ear,
Too low, too soft, too sweet for me to hear!
The soul of Peace breathes a wide calm around,
And hallows for her shrine this sacred spot of
ground.

Her bird am I—and rule the shade for her,
A timid guard, and trembling minister;
My cradling palace hung amid the leaves
Of a wide-swaying beech: a woodbine weaves
Fine spinster of the groves! my canopy
Of purpling trellis and embroidery:
My pendant chair, lined with the velvet green
That nature clothes her russet children in,
Moss of the silkiest thread: This is my throne,
Here I do sit, queen of the woods, alone!
And as the winds come swooning through the
trees,
I join my murmurs to their melodies;
Murmurs of joy,—for I am pleased to find
No visitors more constant than the wind:

My heart beats high at every step you come
Nearer the bosom of my woodland home ;
And blame me not, if when you turn away
I wish that to some other scenes you'd stray,
Some brighter, lovelier scenes ; these are too sad,
Too still, and deepen into deeper shade.—
See ! the gay hillocks on the neighbouring shore,
Nodding their tufted crowns, invite thee o'er ;
The daisy winks, and the pale cowslip throws
Her jealous looks ascant—red burns the rose—
Spare hawthorn all her glittering wealth displays,
Stars, blossoms, buds, and hangs them in the blaze,
To lure thine eye—the slope as fresh and sweet,
Spreads her lush carpet to entice thy feet.
Here are but weeds, and a few sorry gems
Scattered upon the straggling woodbine's stems,
Hoar trees and withered fern—Ah, stranger, go !
I would not stay to make thee tremble so
Were I a man, and thou a little dove ;
I would, at thy least prayer, at once remove.

Then, stranger, turn!—and should'st thou hear
me coo,

From this deep-bosomed wood, a hoarse adieu—

The secret satisfaction of my mind,

That thou art gone, and I am left behind—

Smile thou, and say Farewell!—the bird of Peace,

Hope, Innocence, and Love, and Loveliness,

Thy sweet Egeria's bird of birds doth pray

By the name best-beloved, thou'lt wend thy way,

In pity of her pain—Though I know well

Thou would'st not harm me, I must tremble still:

My heart's the home of fear—Ah! turn thee

then.

And leave me to my loneliness again!

ROBIN'S CROSS.

A LITTLE cross,
To tell my loss;
A little bed
To rest my head;
A little tear is all I crave
Upon my very little grave.

I strew thy bed
Who loved thy lays;
The tear I shed,
The cross I raise,
With nothing more upon it than—
Here lies the little friend of Man!

WE Dryad Sisters exiled be
From our sweet groves in Thessaly :
Green Tempe calls us back again,
And Peneus weeps for us, in vain ;
But here our oracles we breathe,
And here our oaken crowns we wreathe,
Or fleet along the slippery stream,
Or wander through the greenwood dim,
Or to its inmost haunts repair,
To comb our dark-green tresses there,
Or loose them to the whistling wind,
And then with flowers and ivy bind.
We've danced and sung on yonder glade
Whilst Pan on his rush-organ played,
And Satyr gambol'd and young Faun
Whirled us around the reeling lawn,

Till Echo, whooping under ground,
Bid us to cease our antic round,
Else she would raise the hill with noise.
Then why should we for Tempe mourn,
Although we never can return?
This torrent rolls a wave as sweet
As ever Peneus uttered yet:
This Father oak which shelters me,
Hath not his peer in Thessaly;
This vale as deep, as wild, as green,
As Tempe is, or e'er hath been,
So like in wood, and stream, and air,
That oft we seem re-exiled there:
And scarce a Dryad here has flown,
But takes this Tempe for her own.

O'ER golden sands my waters flow,
With pearls my road is paven white ;
Upon my banks sweet flowers blow,
And amber rocks direct me right.
Look in my mother-spring : how deep
Her dark-green waters, yet how clear !
For joy the pale-eyed stars do weep
To see themselves so beauteous here.
Her pebbles all to emeralds turn,
Her mosses fine as Nereid's hair ;
Bright leaps the crystal from her urn,
As pure as dew, and twice as rare.
Taste of the wave : 'twill charm thy blood,
And make thy cheek out-bloom the rose,
'Twill calm thy heart, and clear thy mood
Come ! sip it freshly as it flows !

SONNET.

You, the choice minions of the proud-lipt Nine
Who warble at the great Apollo's knee,
Why do you laugh at these rude lays of mine?
I seek not of your brotherhood to be!—
I do not play the public swan, nor try
To curve my proud neck on your vocal streams ;
In my own little isle retreated, I
Lose myself in my waters and my dreams.
Forgetful of the world,—forgotten too!—
The cygnet of my own secluded wave,
I sing—whilst dashing up their silver dew
For joy—the petty billows try to rave ;
There is a still applause in solitude
Fitting alike my merits and my mood.

In my bower so bright
As I lay last night,
The moon through the fresh leaves streaming,
There were sounds i' the air,
But I could not tell where,
Nor if I were thinking or dreaming.

'Twas the sound of a lute,
To a voice half mute,
That sunk when I thought it was swelling,
And it came to my ears,
As if drowned in the tears
Of the being whose woes it was telling.

Some accents I heard
Were like those of the bird
Who the lee-long night is mourning;

And some were like those
That we hear, when the rose
Sighs for her Zephyr's returning.

The tones were so sweet,
I thought it most meet
They should not be tones of gladness;
There are notes so fine,
That were melody mine,
They should only belong to sadness.

And the air-creature sung,
And the wild lute rung,
Like the bell when a cherub is dying;
I can tell no mo,
But the tale was of woe,
For the sounds were all lost in the sighing.

And still it sung on
Till the stars were gone,
And the sun through the dews was peeping:

When I woke in my bow'r,
Ev'ry leaf, ev'ry flower,
Ev'ry bud, ev'ry blossom—was weeping!

SONNET.

WHY tell you me to lay the cittern by,
And vex no more its disobedient strings;
That every clash the soul of Sweetness wrings
Quenching the lamp of bright Attention's eye?
What though the tender ear of Harmony
Shrinks, as the plant draws up its leafy wings
With a fine sense of pain!—the woodman sings
High in the rocky air, as rude as I;
Yon shepherd pipes upon a reed as shrill
As ever blew in Arcady of yore;
They sing and play to please their passion's will,
And waste the tedious hour;—I do no more!
Then leave me to my harp and to my lay,
Rebukable, yet unrebuked as they.

SONNET.

TO _____

THOU whom of all the beings I have seen
I could adore most truly,—if our fate
Had so permitted it; but now I ween
To love were far more cruel than to hate:
O, had we met at some more happy date!
I might have won thee for my angel bride;
And thou in me hadst found a truer mate
Than Constancy had ever known beside
Our bodies as our kindred souls allied;
I know no state of happiness more blest;
For thee, deserting all, I could have died,
Or have died, all-deserted, on thy breast!
But, fare thee well!—I know that I am one
Condemned alike to live and die alone

SONNET.

TO THE SAME.

I THOUGHT that I could ever happy be,
Married to meditation, and my lyre,
Charming the moments on with melody,
That fills the ear with musical desire;
But now far other thoughts my breast inspire;
I find no happiness in poesy;
Within my soul burns a diviner fire,
For now my heart is full of love and Thee:
Yet 'tis a melancholy thing to love
When Fate or Expectation shuts the door,
When all the mercy I can hope, above
Mere friendship, is thy pity,—and no more,
For who could love a being such as me,
Thy most unhappy son, *Fatality*?

THE WILD BEE'S TALE.

WHEN the sun steps from the billow
On the steep and stairless sky,
“Up!” I say, and quit my pillow,
“Bed, for many an hour, good-bye!”

Swiftly to the East I turn me,
Where the world's great lustre beams,
Warm to bathe, but not to burn me,
In its radiant fount of streams.

Then unto the glittering valley,
Where Aurora strews her pearls,
With my favourite flowers to dally,
Jewelled all, like princely girls!

There I hum amid the bushes,
Eating honey, as it grows,
Off the cheek of maiden blushes,
And the red lip of the rose.

In the ear of every flower
Buzzing many a secret thing,
Every bright belle of the bower
Thinks it is for her I sing.

But the valley and the river,
That go with me as I go,
Know me for a grand deceiver ;
All my pretty pranks they know.

How I lull'd a rose with humming
Gentle ditties in her ear,
Then into her bosom coming,
Rifled all the treasure there.

How I kiss'd a pair of sisters
Hanging from one parent tree,

Whilst each bud-mouth as I kist her's,
Called me—Her own little bee!

Now my Flower-gentle, sighing
To so wild a lover true,
Tells me she is just a-dying,—
So I must go kiss her too.

Down the honeysuckle bending,
As I light upon her crest,
And her silken tucker rending,
Creep I bold into her breast.

There entranced, but scarcely sleeping,
For one odorous while I lie;
But for all her woe and weeping,
In a moment out I fly.

Golden-chain, with all her tresses,
Cannot bind me for an hour;
Soon I break her amorous jesses,
And desert the drooping flower.

They may talk of happy Heaven,
Of another world of bliss ;
Were I choice and freedom given,
I would ask no world but this.

Have they lawns so wide and sunny ?
Have they such sweet valleys there ?
Are their fields so full of honey ?
What care I for fields of air !

Give me earth's rich sun and flowers,
Give me earth's green fields and groves ;
Let him fly to Eden's bowers,
He who such cold bowers loves.

O'er the broom and furze and heather,
That betuft the mountain side,
In the sweet sun-shiny weather,
Let me here for ever glide.

Let me o'er the woodland wander,
On my wild bassooning wing.

Let me, as the streams meander,
Murmur to their murmuring.

I can dream of nothing sweeter
Under or above the moon ;
Tell me any thing that's better,
And I'll change my song as soon.

But if Heaven must be,—I pr'ythee,
God of woodlands! grant my prayer—
Let me bring my woodland with me,
Or find such another there!

AILEEN ASTORE;

OR, THE GLEN OF THE GRAVE.

LAY me down, lay me down by the stream,

Where the willow droops over the wave,
And the heavy-headed daffodils dream,—

There I'll make my last couch in the grave.

And the winds a soft chorus shall keep

With the robin that sings me my dirge,
While the streamlet shall lull me to sleep
With the noise of its own little surge.

Pretty flow'rets above me shall grow,

Breathing softly, to break not my rest;
And each dewy mom, as they blow,

Drop a tear, bright and pure, on my breast!

ELLINORE.

UPON a still and breathless night,
When Heav'n was hush'd and Earth was
 sleeping,
The green hills wet with dewy light,
 And silver tears fresh flowerets weeping;

Young Ellinore sped forth to meet
 In the still moon-lit vale her lover;
The turf scarce gush'd beneath her feet
 As she ran up the hill and over.

Lovely and lonely vale it was,
 One hollow glade of glimmering bowers,
And winding alleys smooth with moss,
 The green repose of humble flowers.

A shallow stream roved through the dell,
 With small discourse and rippling laughter,

Wooing the reeds:—then wept farewell!

And mourn'd and murmured ever after.

Soft mossy banks and rushy beds

Border'd this slow delaying river;

Too perilous a place for maids

When they are seized with love's sweet fever!

Young Ellinore look'd up the glen,

Young Ellinore look'd down the valley,

Young Ellinore look'd homeward,—when

A youth sprung o'er the greenwood alley.

The moonbeams kissed the sleeping trees,

The moonbeams kissed the sleeping flowers;

“Oh!” said the youth, “shall lips like these

Kiss,—and not kiss such lips as ours?”

He strewed his couch of rush and reed,

He strewed it o'er with bough and blossom,

He lay that night upon that bed,—

Young Ellinore lay in his bosom.

Ah! luckless night! Ah, luckless hour!

Oh, had she loved less well, or never!

She blooms no more, a stainless flower,—

Young Ellinore is lost for ever!

SONG.

I'VE been roaming! I've been roaming
Where the meadow dew is sweet,
And like a queen I'm coming
With its pearls upon my feet.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!
O'er red rose and lily fair,
And like a sylph I'm coming
With their blossoms in my hair.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!
Where the honeysuckle creeps,
And like a bee I'm coming
With its kisses on my lips.

I've been roaming! I've been roaming!
Over hill and over plain,
And like a bird I'm coming
To my bower back again!

THE FALLEN STAR.

A STAR is gone! a star is gone!
There is a blank in Heav'n,
One of the cherub choir has done
His airy course this ev'n.

He sat upon the orb of fire
That hung for ages there,
And lent his music to the choir
That haunts the nightly air.

But when his thousand years are passed,
With a cherubic sigh
He vanished with his car at last,
For even cherubs die!

Hear how his angel-brothers mourn—
The minstrels of the spheres—
Each chiming sadly in his turn
And dropping splendid tears.

The planetary sisters all
Join in the fatal song,
And weep this hapless brother's fall
Who sang with them so long.

But deepest of the choral band
The Lunar Spirit sings,
And with a bass according hand
Sweeps all her sullen strings.

From the deep chambers of the dome
Where sleepless Uriel lies,
His rude harmonic thunders come
Mingled with mighty sighs.

The thousand car-borne cherubim,
The wandering eleven,
All join to chant the dirge of him
Who fell just now from Heav'n.

THE NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

THE night wind had sung the wild flow'rs to their
slumbers

And rock'd their green cradles all over the
lea,

Whilst they wept, in their sleep, to the pitiful
numbers

That came from the Nightingale-tree.

The Nightingale told such a tale of disaster

That it well might have pass'd for a dream
with the flow'rs,

And still as she sung, they wept faster and faster

Tears—not drop by drop—but in show'rs.

For she told—what she still loved to tell—tho' the
story

Was painfully sad—e'en too sad to be sweet;
But the bird hath in sadness a sorrowful glory,
A joy in the depth of regret.

'Twas a tale of fierce cruelty, red desperation,
That stain'd the dark forest she sung in
before,

She had witness'd the deed in her green habita-
tion—

Her green habitation no more!

'Twas of shrieks, and vain struggles, and fainting
endeavour,

And cries for sweet mercy, and passion, and
pray'r;

'Twas of maidenly bosom-snow sullied for ever
With blood that had sullied it there.

She had fled far away from so guilty a dwelling
To these lonelier, lovelier, shadier bowers,
And the tale that she trembles so sweetly in
telling,
She tells every night to the flowers.

If the matin-lark sung it, whilst cheering the
bright sun,
The skies had wept down the gay warbler to
earth;
Then what must it be, when 'twas told to the
night-sun,
In notes so far distant from mirth?

And so oft the sad chronicler chanted her ditty,
The trees 'gan to sigh, and the rushes to
wail,
And the flowerets to murmur a chorus of pity
To shew they were moved at the tale.

With weeping the moon became blind, and the
duty

Of lighting the earth, was forgot in the spheres,
When the ocean-born sun rose, indeed in his
beauty,—

But rose in the beauty of tears!

A RYGHTE PYTHIE SONGE.*

It is not beautilie I demande,
A chrystalle browe, the moone's despaire,
Nor the snowe's daughter, a whyte hand,
Nor mermaide's yellowe pryde of haire.

Tell me not of youre starrie eies,
Your lippes that seeme on roses fedde,
Your breastes where Cupide tremblinge lies,
Nor sleepes for kissing of his bedde.

A bloomie paire of vermeil cheekes,
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest houres,

* Published in Archbishop Trench's "Household Book of English Poetry," but without the author's name.

A breath that softer musicke speakes
Than summer windes a-woeing flowers.

These are but gawdes: nay—what are lips?
Corall beneath the ocean streame,
Whose brinke when youre adventurer sips
Full oft hee perisheth on themme.

And what are cheekes but ensignes ofte
That wave hot youthes to fieldes of bloode?
Did Helene's breaste, though e'er so softe,
Do Greece or Ilium anie goode?

Eies can with balefulle ardoure burne,
Poison can breathe that erste perfumede,
There's manie a whyte hande holds an urne
With lovers' heartes to duste consumede.

For chrystalle browes—there's naught within,
They are but emptie celles for pryde,
Hee who the syrenne's haire would winne
Is mostlie stranglede in the tyde.

Give me, insteade of beautie's buste,
A tender hearte, a loyal minde,
Which with temptation I could trust
Yet never linkede with erreoure finde.

One in whose gentle bosome, I
Could pour my secrete hearte of woes,
Like the care-burthenede honie flie
That hides his murmures in the rose.

Mie earthlie comfortoure! whose love
So indefeasible myghte bee
That, when mie spirite wonne above,
Her's could not staye for sympathie.

TO HELENE—ON A GIFTE-RING CARELESS-
LIE LOST.

I SENTE a ringe—a little bande
Of emeraud and rubie stone
And bade it sparklinge onne thy hande,
Telle thee sweete tales of one
Whose constante memorie
Was full of loveliness and thee!

A spelle was gravenne on its golde—
'Twas Cupide fixe without his winges;
To Helene *once* it would have tolde
More thanne was everre told bie ringes,
But now alle's past and gone,
Her love is buried with thatte stone.

Thou shalt not see the teares thatte starte
From eies bie thoughtes like those beguilde,
Thou shalt not knowe the beatinge hearte,
Ever a victime ande a childe.

Yet, Helene, love—believe
The hearte thatte never could deceive.

I'll heare thy voice of melodie
In the sweete whisperres of the aire,
I'll see the brightnesse of thine eye
In the blue evening's dewie starre ;
In chrystalle streames thy puritie,
And looke on Heavenne to look on thee.

THE REBELLION OF THE WATERS.

The Sea, in tremendous commotion, calls on its tributary stream for succour, whilst Triton blows his threatening cornet in vain. Simois and Scamander awake from their dream of ages into pristine glory, and the floods subside not even at the rebuke of Neptune.

“ARISE! the sea-god’s groaning shell
Cries madly from his breathless caves,
And staring rocks it’s echoes tell
Along the wild and shouting waves.
Arise! awake! ye other streams,
That wear the plains of ruined Troy,
Ida’s dark sons have burst their dreams,
And shake the very hills for joy.”

Press'd by the king of tides from far,
 With nostril split and blood-shot eye,
The web-foot minions of his car
 Shriek at the wave they lighten by.
The noise of total hell was there,
 As fled the rebel deeps along ;
A reckless, joyous prank they dare,
 Though thunder fall from Neptune's tongue.

TO A STREAM.

WHITHER, tell me, stream!
Roll these idle rills,
Down the rocks where Echo lies,
From the bleeding hills:
Kissing ev'ry heedless flow'r
As it drops thy waters o'er,
With a liquid lip of foam.

“From the mountain brow
O'er the heath I go,
When the wild linnet sings
To the woods below.
O'er the meadow's golden dress,
Rover of the wilderness,
And the sleeping vale, I roam.”

Wild and silly stream!
Ere the wish be vain,
Turn to thy grassy spring,
Murmurer, again.
Tears, tears of sorrow deep
Rovers o'er their follies weep,
For a dear and distant home.

THE END.

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