THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
MRS. FELICIA HEMANS.
(Born Dorothy Browne Hemans
(1793 - 1835)
NEW EDITION.
ILLUSTRATED WITH Steel Engravings.
BOSTON:
PHILLIPS, SMPSON, AND COMPANY.
1856.
Of the genius of the gifted authoress of this volume, it is deemed entirely superfluous to speak; its proud eminence having so long and so universally been conceded by all lovers of poetry. Fame is the recompense, not of the living, but of the dead—not always do they reap and gather in the harvest, who sow the seed—the flame of its altar is too often kindled from the ashes of the great. Hazlitt beautifully represents it as "the sound which the stream of high thoughts, carried down to future ages, makes as it flows—deep, distant, murmuring evermore like the waters of the mighty ocean." Though why should we insinuate its want of acknowledgment to her, when she so eloquently asks, "What is fame to a heart yearning for affection, and finding it not? Is it not as a triumphal crown to the brow of one parched with fever, and asking for one fresh, healthful draught—the 'cup of cold water'"

No reputation can be called such, that will not endure Hazlitt's test; but when tried by his measure, and not found wanting, this is fame indeed. When hus favored, may it not begin and continue, coin-
The popularity of these poems has been perhaps entirely unexampled in the history of literature of this description. The extraordinary newspaper popularity of her later writings, is itself an indication of the fact.

But why need we occupy time and space to prove that which has everywhere been conceded? Who will deny that Mrs. Hemans has enjoyed, in her own life-time, a true fame, — even the truest, dearest, best of all its spices, — though only as the dim beginning of the brightness which awaits her name? Her success was complete, and the lovers of the muse everywhere confessed it. She addressed herself, not to passion, or fashion, or the public, or any particular class of the community or country in which she lived, but with truth's transparent and glowing passport in her hand she sung; and wherever there was civilization, there did she find grateful and responsive hearts. That she enjoyed this reputation while on earth, and that the seal of immortality awaits her name, is not strange; for her aim was God-like: it was none other than to be the worthy interpreter of worthy truth, deeply concerning the happiness of her race; and the vital spirit of virtue she invoked, inspired her equal to the task.
This is her praise; and it is praise enough. She did not seem to feel the high dignity of her profession, nor forget to observe it. It was not her misfortune to make a vain display of genius faithless to its trust; but rather did she cultivate self as the *means*, than the *end*.

This was her praise; and the greater for its rarity. Apparently under the conviction that there was too much extravagant excitement abroad, she chose to take the reasonable medium, which her native sense and sensibility alike approved, in painting faithfully the humanity around us as it is, rather than weaving a dreamy web of things that should be.

Calmness was her aim, that she might not only feel, but *feel rightly*; that the mind may the more faithfully mirror the impressions which meet it in a state of composure, and thereby that it may learn to be *true*.

It is this *calmness* which so eminently characterizes the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, and which tended so much to establish her reputation—written as it was, for the most part, in the midst of a stormy time in the revolutionary history of the civilized world. It was a self-possession which never forsook her in the heat of her highest enthusiasm of joy or sorrow.

Mrs. Hemans did not attempt everything, though the ambition of most authors would have been content with the range she occupied. Her only limits were *nature*, *principle*, and *truth*. With these, combined with her song-inspiration, who could fail of conviction and admiration!

Of the perfect transparency and lofty bearing of the poetry of Mrs. Hemans, much might be said; but from the sketch already presented, the fact is deemed inferrable. In these attributes she has not been surpassed, if equalled, by any writer of the loftiest school. None could be more alive than she was to the respectability (so to speak) of all that reason discovers and religion reveals of the spiritual meanings of the universe around us, in the least as well as the grandest of its parts.

In introducing this volume to the public, the writer would say, that the space allotted forbids a more elaborate notice of the genius and fame of her who sang,

> "Thus let my memory be with you, my friends!
> Kindly and gently, but as of one
> For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone—
> As of a bird from a chain unbound,
> As of a wanderer whose home is found—
> So let it be!"

He would only add, that he feels that in getting out
this volume, his office is as one who throws "water
upon ancient paintings, reviving their forms and
colors, like any sound or circumstance reviving
images of the past."
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POEMS.
THE RESTORATION OF THE WORKS OF ART TO ITALY.

Land of departed fame! whose classic plains
Have proudly echo'd to immortal strains;
Whose hallow'd soil hath given the great and brave,
Daystars of life, a birth, place, and a grave;
Home of the Arts! where glory's faded smile,
Sheds ling'ring light o'er many a mould'ring pile;
Proud wreck of vanish'd power, of splendor fled,
Majestic temple of the mighty dead!
Whose grandeur yet contending with decay,
Gleams through the twilight of thy glorious day;
Though dimm'd thy brightness, riveted thy chain,
Yet, fallen Italy! rejoice again!
Lost, lovely realm! once more 'tis thine to gaze
On the rich relics of sublimer days.

Awake, ye Muses of Etrurian shades,
Or sacred Tivoli's romantic glades;
Wake, ye that slumber in the bowery gloom
Where the wild ivy shadows Virgil's tomb;
Or ye, whose voice, by Sorga's lonely wave,
Swell'd the deep echoes of the fountain's cave
Or thrill'd the soul in Tasso's numbers high,
Those magic strains of love and chivalry.
If yet by classic streams ye fondly rove,
Haunting the myrtle vale, the laurel grove;
Oh! rouse once more the daring soul of song,
Seize with bold hand the harp, forgot so long,
And hallow'd by time, by absence more endear'd.

And breathe to Those the strain, whose
warrior-might
Each danger stemm'd, prevail'd in every fight;
Souls of unyielding power, to storms inured,
Sublimed by peril, and by toil matured.
Sing of that Leader, whose ascendant mind
Could rouse the slumbering spirit of mankind:
Whose banners track'd the vanquish'd Eagle's flight
O'er many a plain, and dark siera's height;
Who bade once more the wild, heroic lay,
Record the deeds of Roncesvalles' day;
Who, through each mountain-pass of rock and snow,
Waved his proud standard to the balmy gales,
Rich Languedoc! that fan thy glist'ring vales,
And 'midst those scenes renew'd th' achievements high
Bequeath'd to fame by England's ancestry:

Yet, when the storm seem'd hush'd, the conflict past,
One strife remain'd—the mightiest and the last!

Nerved for the struggle, in that fateful hour
Untamed Ambition summon'd all his power;
Vengeance and Pride, to frenzy roused, were there,
And the stern might of resolute Despair.
Isle of the free! 'twas then thy champions stood,
Breasting unmoved the combat's wildest flood;
Sunbeam of battle! then thy spirit shone,
Glow'd in each breast, and sunk with life alone.

Oh hearts devoted! whose illustrious doom
Gave there at once your triumph and your tomb,
Ye, firm and faithful, in the ordeal tried
Of that dread strife, by Freedom sanctified;
Shrin'd, not entomb'd, ye rest in sacred earth,
Hallow'd by deeds of more than mortal worth.
What though to mark where sleeps heroic dust,
No sculptured trophy rise, or breathing bust,
Yours, on the scene where valor's race was run,
A prouder sepulchre—the field ye won!
There every mead, each cabin's lowly name,
Shall live a watchword blended with your fame;
And well may flowers suffice those graves to crown
That ask no urn to blazon their renown!
There shall the bard in future ages tread,
And bless each wreath that blossoms o'er the dead;
Revere each tree whose shel'tring branches wave
O'er the low mounds, the altars of the brave;
Pause o'er each warrior's grass-grown bed, and hear
In every breeze some name to glory dear;
And as the shades of twilight close around,
With martial pageants people all the ground.
Thither unborn descendants of the slain
Shall throng as pilgrims to the holy fane,
While as they trace each spot, whose records tell
Where fought their fathers, and prevail'd, and fell,
Warm in their souls shall loftiest feelings glow,
Claiming proud kindred with the dust below!
And many an age shall see the brave repair,
To learn the Hero's bright devotion there.

And well, Ausonia! may that field of fame,
From thee one song of echoing triumph claim.
Land of the lyre! 'twas there th' avenging sword,
Won the bright treasures to thy fanes restored;
Those precious trophies o'er thy realms that
Throw
A veil of radiance, hiding half thy woe,
And bid the stranger for awhile forget
How deep thy fall, and deem thee glorious yet.

Yes, fan creations! to perfection wrought,
Embodied visions of ascending thought!
Forms of sublimity! by Genius traced
In tints that vindicate adoring taste;
Whose bright originals, to earth unknown,
Live in the spheres encircling glory's throne;
Models of art, to deathless fame consign'd,
Stamp'd with the high-born majesty of mind;
Yes, matchless works! your presence shall restore
One beam of splendor to your native shore,
And her sad scenes of lost renown illume,
As the bright sunset gilds some hero's tomb.

Oh! ne'er, in other climes, though many an eye
Dwelt on your charms, in beaming ecstasy;
Ne'er was it yours to bid the soul expand
With thoughts so mighty, dreams so boldly grand,
As in that realm, where each faint breeze's moan
Seems a low dirge for glorious ages gone;
Where 'midst the ruined shrines of many a vale,
E'en Desolation tells a haughty tale,
And scarce a fountain flows, a rock ascends,
But its proud name with song eternal blends!

Yes! in those scenes where every ancient stream
Bids memory kindle o'er some lofty theme;
Where every marble deeds of fame records,
Each ruin tells of Earth's departed lords;
And the deep tones of inspiration swell
From each wild olive-wood, and Alpine dell;
Where heroes slumber on their battle plains,
'Midst prostrate altars and deserted fanes,
And Fancy communes, in each lonely spot,
With shades of those who ne'er shall be forgot;
There was your home, and there your power
Imprest,
With tenfold awe, the pilgrims glowing breast;
And, as the wind's deep thrills and mystic sighs
Wake the wild harp to loftiest harmonies,
Thus at your influence, starting from repose,
Thought, Feeling, Fancy, into grandeur rose.

Fair Florence! queen of Arno's lovely vale!
Justice and Truth indignant heard thy tale,
And sternly smiled in retribution's hour,
To wrest thy treasures from the Spoiler's power
Too long the spirits of thy noble dead
Mourn'd o'er the domes they rear'd in ages fled
Those classic scenes their pride so richly graced,
Temples of genius, palaces of taste,
Too long, with sad and desolated mien,
Reveal'd where Conquest's lawless track had been;
Reft of each form with brighter light imbued,
Lonely they frown'd, a desert solitude.

Florence! th' Oppressor's noon of pride is o'er,
Rise in thy pomp again, and weep no more!
As one, who, starting at the dawn of day
From dark illusions, phantoms of dismay,
With transport heighten'd by those ills of night,
Hails the rich glories of expanding light;
E'en thus, awak'ning from thy dream of woe,
While heaven's own hues in radiance round thee glow,
With warmer ecstacy 'tis thine to trace
Each tint of beauty, and each line of grace;
More bright, more prized, more precious, since deplored,
As loved, lost relics, ne'er to be restored,
Thy grief as hopeless as the tear-drop shed
By fond affection bending o'er the dead.

Athens of Italy! once more are thine
Those matchless gems of Art's exhaustless mine,
For thee bright Genius darts his living beam,
Warm o'er thy shrine the tints of Glory stream,
And forms august as natives of the sky,
Rise round each fane in faultless majesty,
So chastely perfect, so serenely grand,
They seem creations of no mortal hand.

Ye, at whose voice fair art, with eagle glance,
Burst in full splendor from her deathlike trance;
Whose rallying call bade slumb'ring nations wake.
And daring intellect his bondage break;
Beneath whose eye the lords of song arose,
And snatch'd the Tuscan lyre from long repose,
And bade its pealing energies resound,
With power electric, through the realms around;
Oh! high in thought, magnificent in soul!
Born to inspire, enlighten, and control;
Cosmo, Lorenzo! view your reign once more,
The shrine where nations mingle to adore!
Again th' Enthusiast there, with ardent gaze,
Shall hail the mighty of departed days:
Those sovereign spirits, whose commanding mind
Seems in the marble's breathing mould enshrined;
Still with ascendant power the world to awe,
Still the deep homage of the heart to draw;
To breathe some spell of holiness around,
Bid all the scene be consecrated ground,
And from the stone, by Inspiration wrought,
Dart the pure lightnings of exalted thought.

There thou, fair offspring of immortal Mind!
Love's radiant goddess, idol of mankind!
Once the bright object of Devotion's vow,
Shalt claim from taste a kindred worship now.
Oh! who can tell what beams of heavenly light,
Flash'd o'er the sculptor's intellectual sight,
How many a glimpse, reveal'd to him alone,
Made brighter beings, nobler worlds, his own;
Ere, like some vision sent the earth to bless,
Burst into life thy pomp of loveliness!

Young Genius there, while dwells his kindling eye
On forms, instinct with bright divinity,
While new-born powers, dilating in his heart,
Embrace the full magnificence of Art;
From scenes, by Raphael's gifted hand array'd,
From dreams of heaven, by Angele portray'd;
From each fair work of Grecian skill sublime,
Seal'd with perfection, "sacrosified by time;"
Shall catch a kindred glow, and proudly feel
His spirit burn with emulative zeal,
Buoyant with loftier hopes, his soul shall rise,
Imbued at once with nobler energies;
O'er life's dim scenes on rapid pinions soar,
And worlds of visionary grace explore,
Till his bold hand give glory's day-dream birth,
And with new wonders charm admiring earth.

Venice, exult! and o'er thy moonlight seas,
Swell with gay strains each Adriatic breeze!
What though long fled those years of martial fame,
That shed romantic lustre o'er thy name;
Though to the winds thy streamers idly play,
And the wild waves another Queen obey;

Though quench'd the spirit of thine ancient race,
And power and freedom scarce have left a trace;
Yet still shall Art her splendors round thee cast,
And gild the wreck of years for ever past.
Again thy fanes may boast a Titian's dyes,
Whose clear soft brilliance emulates thy skies,
And scenes that glow in coloring's richest bloom,
With life's warm flush Palladian halls illume.
From the rich dome again th' unrival'd steed
Starts to existence, rushes into speed,
Still for Lysippus claims the wreath of fame,
Panting with ardor, vivified with flame.

Proud Racers of the Sun! to fancy's thought
Burning with spirit, from his essence caught,
No mortal birth ye seem—but form'd to bear
Heaven's car of triumph through the realms of air:
To range uncurb'd the pathless fields of space,
The winds your rivals in the glorious race;
Traverse empyreal spheres with buoyant feet,
Free as the zephyr, as the shot-star fleet;
And waft through worlds unknown the vital ray,
The flame that wakes creations into day.
Creatures of fire and ether! wing'd with light
To track the regions of the Infinite!
From purer elements whose life was drawn,
Sprung from the sunbeam, offspring of the dawn,
What years on years, in silence gliding by,
Have spared those forms of perfect symmetry!
Moulded by Art to dignify, alone,
Her own bright deity's resplendent throne,
Since first her skill their fiery grace bestow'd,
Meet for such lofty fate, such high abode,
How many a race, whose tales of glory seem
An echo's voice — the music of a dream,
Whose records feebly from oblivion save
A few bright traces of the wise and brave;
How many a state, whose pillar'd strength sublime,
Defied the storms of war, the waves of time,
Towering o'er earth majestic and alone,
Each fleeting triumph destined to adorn,
They that of powers and kingdoms lost and won,
Have seen the noontide and the setting sun,
Consummate still in every grace remain,
As o'er their heads had ages roll'd in vain!
Ages, victorious in their ceaseless flight,
O'er countless monuments of earthly might!
While she, from fair Byzantium's lost domain,
'Midst the blue deep, who rear'd her island-throne,
And called th' infinitude of waves her own.
Venice, the proud, the Regent of the sea,
W'elcomes in chains the trophies of the Free!

And thou, whose Eagle's towering plum unfurl'd,
Once cast its shadow o'er a vassal world,
Eternal city! round whose Curule throne,
The lords of nations knelt in ages flown.

Thou, whose Augustan years have left to time
Immortal records of their glorious prime;
When deathless bards, thine olive-shades among,
Swell'd the high raptures of heroic song;
Fair, fallen Empress! raise thy languid head
From the cold altars of th' illustrious dead,
And once again, with fond delight survey,
The proud memorials of thy noblest day.

Lo! where thy sons, oh Rome! a godlike train,
In imaged majesty return again!
Bards, chieftains, monarchs, tower with mien august
O'er scenes that shrine their venerable dust.
Those forms, those features, luminous with soul,
Still o'er thy children seem to claim control;
With awful grace arrest the pilgrim's glance,
And bid the past, to fancy's ardent eyes,
From time's dim sepulchre in glory rise.

Sons of the lofty! whose undying names,
Rouse the young bosom still to noblest aims;
Oh! with your images could fate restore
Your own high spirit to your sons once more;
Patriots and heroes! could those flames return
That bade your hearts with freedom's ardors burn,
Then from the sacred ashes of the first,
Might a new Rome in phoenix grandeur burst!
With one bright glance dispel th' horizon's gloom,
With one loud call wake empire from the tomb;
Bind round her brows her own triumphal crown,
Lift her dread aegis with majestic frown,
Unchain her eagle's wing, and guide his flight
To bathe his plumage in the fount of light.

Vain dream! degraded Rome! thy noon is o'er,
Once lost, thy spirit shall revive no more.
It sleeps with those, the sons of other days,
Who fix'd on thee the world's adoring gaze;
Those, blest to live, while yet thy star was high,
More blest, ere darkness quench'd its beam,
to die!

Yet, though thy faithless tutelary powers
Have fled thy shrines, left desolate thy towers,
Still, still to thee shall nations bend their way,
Revered in ruin, sovereign in decay!
Oh! what can realms, in fame's full zenith,
boast,
To match the relics of thy splendor lost!
By Tiber's waves, on each illustrious hill,
Genius and Taste shall love to wander still,
For there has Art survived an empire's doom,
And rear'd her throne o'er Latium's trophied tomb;
She from the dust recalls the brave and free,
Peopling each scene with beings worthy thee!

Oh! ne'er again may War, with lightning stroke,
Rend its last honors from the shatter'd oak!
Long be those works, revered by ages, thine,
To lend one triumph to thy dim decline!

Bright with stern beauty, breathing wrathful fire,
In all the grandeur of celestial ire,
Once more thine own, th' immortal Archer's form
Sheds radiance round, with more than Being warm!
Oh! who could view, nor deem that perfect frame,
A living temple of ethereal flame?

Lord of the daystar! how may words portray
Of thy chaste glory one reflected ray?
Whate'er the soul could dream, the hand could trace,
Of regal dignity and heavenly grace;
Each purer effluence of the fair and bright,
Whose fitful gleams have broke on mortal sight;
Each bold idea, borrow'd from the sky,
To vest th' embodied form of Deity;
All, all in thee ennobled and refined,
Breathe and enchant, transcendently combined!
Son of Elysium! years and ages gone
Have bow'd in speechless homage at thy throne,
And days unborn, and nations yet to be,
Shall gaze, absorb'd in ecstacy, on thee!

And thou, triumphant wreck, e'en yet sublime
Disputed trophy, claimed by Art and Time;
Hail to that scene again, where genius caught
From thee its fervors of diviner thought!
Where He, th' inspired One, whose gigantic mind
Lived in some sphere, to him alone assign'd;
Who from the past, the future, and th' unseen,
Could call up forms of more than earthly mien:
Unrivall'd Angelo on thee would gaze,
Till his full soul imbibed perfection's blaze!
And who but he, that Prince of Art, might dare
Thy sovereign greatness view without despair?
Emblem of Rome! from power's meridian hurl'd,
Yet claiming still the homage of the world.

What hadst thou been, ere barb'rous hands defaced
The work of wonder, idolized by taste?
Oh! worthy still of some divine abode,
Mould of a Conqueror! ruin of a God!
Still, like some broken gem, whose quenchless beam
From each bright fragment pours its vital stream,
'Tis thine, by fate unconquer'd to dispense
From every part some ray of excellence!
E'en yet, inform'd with essence from on high,
Thine is no trace of frail mortality!
Within that frame a purer being glows,
Through viewless veins a brighter current flows;
Fill'd with immortal life each muscle swells,
In every line supernal grandeur dwells.

Consummate work! the noblest and the last
Of Grecian Freedom, ere her reign was past:
Nurse of the mighty, she, while ling'ring still,
Her mantle flow'd o'er many a classic hill,
Ere yet her voice its parting accents breathed,
A hero's image to the world bequeathed;
Enshrined in thee th' imperishable ray
Of high-soul'd Genius, foster'd by her sway,
And bade thee teach to ages yet unborn,
What lofty dreams were hers—who never shall return.

And mark yon group, tranxsfix'd with many a throe,
Seal'd with the image of eternal woe:
With fearful truth, terrific power, exprest,
Thy pangs, Laocoon, agonize the breast,
And the stern combat picture to mankind
Of suffering nature and enduring mind.
Oh, mighty conflict! though his pains intense
Distend each nerve, and dart through every sense;
Though fix'd on him, his children's suppliant eyes
Implore the aid avenging fate denies;
Though with the giant snake in fruitless strife,
Heaves every muscle with convulsive life,
And in each limb existence writhes, enroll'd,
'Midst the dread circles of the venom'd fold;
Yet the strong spirit lives—and not a cry
Shall own the might of Nature's agony!
That furrow'd brow unconquer'd soul reveals,
That patient eye to angry heaven appeals,
That struggling bosom concentrates its breath,
Nor yields one moan to torture or to death.

Sublimest triumph of intrepid Art!
With speechless horror to congeal the heart,
To freeze each pulse, and dart through every vein,
Cold thrills of fear, keen sympathies of pain;
Yet teach the spirit how its lofty power
May brave the pangs of fate's severest hour.
Turn from such conflicts, and enraptured gaze
On scenes where Painting all her skill displays:
Landscapes, by coloring dress'd in richer dyes,
More mellow'd sunshine, more unclouded skies,
Of dreams of bliss, to dying martyrs given,
Descending seraphs, robed in beams of heaven.

Oh! sovereign Masters of the Pencil's might,
Its depths of shadow, and its blaze of light;
Ye, whose bold thought disdain'd every bound,
Explored the worlds above, below, around,
Children of Italy! who stand alone
And unapproach'd, 'midst regions all your own;
What scenes, what beings bless'd your favor'd sight,
Severely grand, unutterably bright!
Triumphant spirits! your exulting eye
Could meet the noontide of eternity,
And gaze untired, undaunted, uncontroll'd,
On all that Fancy trembles to behold.

Bright on your view such forms, their splendor shed,
As burst on prophet-bards in ages fled:
Forms that to trace no hand but yours might dare,
Darkly sublime or exquisitely fair;
These o'er the walls your magic skill array'd,
Glow in rich sunshine, gleam through melting shade,
Float in light grace, in awful greatness tower,
And breathe and move, the records of your power.

Inspired of Heaven! what heightened power ye cast
O'er all the deathless trophies of the past!
Round many a marble fane and classic dome,
Asserting still the majesty of Rome;
Round many a work that bids the world believe
What Grecian Art could image and achieve;
Again, creative minds, your visions throw
Life's chasten'd warmth, and Beauty's mellowest glow;
And when the Morn's bright beams and mantling dyes,
Pour the rich lustre of Ausonian skies,
Or evening suns illumine, with purple smile,
The Parian altar, and the pillar'd aisle,
Then, as the full, or soften'd radiance falls,
On angel-groups that hover o'er the walls,
Well may those Temples, where your hand has shed
Light o'er the tomb, existence round the dead,
Seem like some world, so perfect and so fair,
That nought of earth should find admittance there,
Some sphere where beings, to mankind unknown,
Dwell in the brightness of their pomp alone!

Hence, ye vain fictions! fancy's erring theme!
Gods of illusion! phantoms of a dream!
Fjual, powerless idols of departed time,
Fables of song, delusive, though sublime!
To loftier tasks has Roman Art assign'd
Her matchless pencil, and her mighty mind!
From brighter streams her vast ideas flow'd,
With purer fire her ardent spirit glow'd.
To her 'twas given in fancy to explore
The land of miracles, the holiest shore;
That realm where first the light of life was sent,
The loved, the punish'd of th' Omnipotent!
O'er Judah's hills her thoughts inspired would stray,
Through Jordan's valleys trace their lonely way;
By Siloa's brook, or Almotana's deep,
Chain'd in dead silence and unbroken sleep;
Scenes, whose cleft rocks and blasted deserts tell,
Where pass'd th' Eternal, where his anger fell!
Where oft his voice the words of fate reveal'd,
Swell'd in the whirlwind, in the thunder peal'd,
Or heard by prophets in some palmy vale,
Breathed "still small" whispers on the midnight gale.

There dwelt her spirit—there her hand portray'd,
'Midst the lone wilderness or cedar-shade,
Ethereal forms with awful missions fraught,
Or patriarch-seers absorb'd in sacred thought,
Bards, in high converse with the world of rest,
Saints of the earth, and spirits of the blest.
But chief to Him, the Conqueror of the grave,
Who lived to guide us, and who died to save;
Him, at whose glance the powers of evil fled,
And soul return'd to animate the dead;
Whom the waves own'd—and sunk beneath his eye,
Awed by one accent of Divinity;
To Him she gave her meditative hours,
Hallow'd her thoughts, and sanctified her powers

O'er her bright scenes sublime repose she threw,
As all around the Godhead's presence knew,
And robed the Holy One's benignant mien
In beaming mercy, majesty serene.

Oh! mark where Raphael's pure and perfect line
Portrays that form ineffably divine!
Where with transcendent skill his hand has shed
Diffusive sunbeams round the Saviour's head;
Each heaven-illumined lineament imbued
With all the fullness of beautitude,
And traced the sainted group, whose mortal sight
Sinks overpower'd by that excess of light!

Gaze on that scene, and own the might of Art,
By truth inspired to elevate the heart,
To bid the soul exultingly possess,
Of all her powers, a heighten'd consciousness;
And strong in hope, anticipate the day,
The last of life, the first of freedom's ray;
To realize, in some unclouded sphere,
Those pictured glories feebly imaged here!
Dim, cold reflections from her native sky,
Faint effluence of "the Day-spring from on high!"
ARABELLA STUART.

I.
'Twas but a dream! — I saw the stag leap free,
Under the boughs where early birds were singing,
I stood, o'ershadow'd by the greenwood tree,
And heard, it seem'd, a sudden bugle ringing
Far through a royal forest; then the fawn
Shot, like a gleam of light, from grassy lawn
To secret covert; and the smooth turf shook,
And lilies quiver'd by the glade's lone brook,
And young leaves trembled, as, in fleet career
A princely band, with horn, and hound, and spear,
Like a rich masque swept forth. I saw the dance
Of their white plumes, that bore a silvery glance
Into the deep wood's heart; and all pass'd by,
Save one — I met the smile of one clear eye,
Flashing out joy to mine.—Yes, thou wert there,
Seymour! a soft wind blew the clustering hair
Back from thy gallant brow, as thou didst rein
Thy courser, turning from that gorgeous train,
And fling, methought, thy hunting-spear away!
And, lightly graceful in thy green array,
Bound to my side; and we, that met and parted,
Ever in dread of some dark watchful power,
Won back to childhood's trust, and, fearless-hearted,
Blest the glad fulness of our thoughts that hour,

II.
'Tis past! — I wake,
A captive, and alone, and far from thee,
My love and friend! Yet, fostering for thy sake,
A quenchless hope of happiness to be;
And feeling still my woman's spirit strong
In the deep faith which lifts from earthly wrong,
A heavenward glance. I know, I know our love
Shall yet call gentle angels from above,
By its undying fervor; and prevail,
Sending a breath, as of the spring's first gale,
Through hearts now cold; and, raising its bright face,
With a free gush of sunny tears erase
The characters of anguish; in this trust,
I bear, I strive, I bow not to the dust,
That I may bring thee back no faded form,
No bosom chill'd and blighted by the storm,
But all my youth's first treasures, when we meet,
Making past sorrow, by communion, sweet.

III.
And thou too art in bonds? — yet droop thou not,
Oh, my beloved! — there is one hopeless lot,
But one, and that not ours. Be idle the dead
There sits the grief that mantles up its head,
Loathing the laughter and proud pomp of light,
When darkness, from the faintly-doting sight,
Covers its beautiful! If thou wert gone
To the grave's bosom, with thy radiant brow,—
If thy deep-thrilling voice, with that low tone
Of earnest tenderness, which now, ev'n now,
Seems floating through my soul, were music taken,
For ever from this world! — oh! thus forsaken,
Could I bear on? — thou liv'st, thou liv'st, thou'rt mine!
With this glad thought I make my heart a shrine,
And by the lamp which quenchless shall burn,
Sit, a lone watcher for the day's return.

IV.

And lo! the joy that cometh with the morning,
Brightly victorious o'er the hours of care!
I have not watch'd in vain, serenely scorning
The wild and busy whispers of despair!
Thou hast sent tidings, as of heaven. — I wait
The hour, the sign, for blessed flight to thee.
Oh! for the skylark's wing that seeks its mate
As a star shoots! — but on the breezy sea
We shall meet soon. — To think of such an hour!
Will not my heart, o'erburden'd by its bliss,
Paint and give way within me, as a flower
Borne down and perishing by noontide's kiss?
Yet shall I fear that lot? — the perfect rest,
The full deep joy of dying on thy breast,
After long-suffering won? — So rich a close
Too seldom crowns with peace affection's woes.

V.

Sunset! — I tell each moment — from the skies
The last red splendor floats along my wall,
Like a king's banner! — Now it melts, it dies!
I see one star — I hear! — 'twas not the call,
Th' expected voice; my quick heart throbbed too soon.
I must keep vigil till yon rising moon
Shower down less golden light. Beneath her beam
Through my lone lattice pour'd, I sit and dream
Of summer lands afar, where holy love,
Under the vine, or in the citron-grove,
May breathe from terror.

Now the night grows deep,
And silent as its clouds, and full of sleep.
I hear my veins beat. — Hark! a bell's slow chime!
My heart strikes with it. — Yet again — 'tis time!
A step! — a voice! — or but a rising breeze?
Hark! — haste! — I come, to meet thee on the seas.

VI.

Now never more, oh! never, in the worth
Of its pure cause, let sorrowing love on earth
Trust fondly — never more! — the hope is crush'd
That lit my life, the voice within me hush'd
That spoke sweet oracles; and I return
To lay my youth, as in a burial-urn,
Where sunshine may not find it. — All is lost!
No tempest met our barks — no billow toss'd:
Yet were they sever'd, ev'n as we must be,  
That so have loved, so striven our hearts to free  
From their close-coiling fate! In vain! — in vain!  
The dark links meet, and clasp themselves again,  
And press out life. — Upon the deck I stood,  
And a white sail came gliding o'er the flood,  
Like some proud bird of ocean; then mine eye  
Strain'd out, one moment earlier to descry  
The form it ached for, and the bark's career  
Seem'd slow to that fond yearning. It drew near,  
Traft with our foes! — What boots it to recall  
The strife, the tears? Once more a prison-wall  
Shuts the green hills and woodlands from my  
sight,  
And joyous glance of waters to the light,  
And thee, my Seymour, thee!  
I will not sink!  
Thou, thou hast rent the heavy chain that  
bound thee;  
And this shall be my strength — the joy to think  
That thou may'st wander with heaven's breath  
around thee;  
And all the laughing sky! This thought shall yet  
Shine o'er my heart, a radiant amulet,  
Guarding it from despair. Thy bonds are broken,  
And unto me, I know, thy true love's token  
Shall one day be deliverance, though the years  
Lie dim between, o'erhung with mists of tears.  

VII.  
My friend, my friend! where art thou? Day  
by day,  
Gliding, like some dark mournful stream, away.

My silent youth flows from me. Spring, the  
while,  
Comes and rains beauty on the kindling boughs  
Round hall and hamlet; Summer, with her smile  
Fills the green forest; young hearts breathe  
their vows;  
Brothers, long parted, meet; fair children rise  
Round the glad board: Hope laughs from loving  
eyes:  
All this is in the world! — These joys lie sown,  
The dew of every path — On one alone  
Their freshness may not fall — the stricken deer,  
Dying of thirst with all the waters near.  

VIII.  
Ye are from dingle and fresh glade, ye flowers!  
By some kind hand to cheer my dungeon sent;  
O'er you the oak shed down the summer showers,  
And the lark's nest was where your bright cups  
bent,  
Quivering to breeze and rain drop, like the sheen  
Of twilight stars. On you Heaven's eye hath  
been,  
Through the leaves, pouring its dark sultry blue  
Into your glowing hearts; the bee to you  
Hath murmur'd, and the rill. — My soul grows  
faint  
With passionate yearning, as its quick dreams  
paint  
Your haunts by dell and stream,— the green,  
The full of all sweet sound,— the shut from  
me!
IX.
There went a swift bird singing past my cell—
O Love and Freedom! ye are lovely things!
With you the peasant on the hills may dwell,
And by the streams; but I—the blood of kings,
A proud, unmingling river, through my veins
Flows in lone brightness,—and its gifts are
chains!
Kings!—I had silent visions of deep bliss,
Leaving their thrones far distant, and for this
I am cast under their triumphal car,
An insect to be crush'd. — Oh! Heaven is fair,
Earth pitiless!

Dost thou forget me, Seymour? I am proved
So long, so sternly! Seymour, my beloved!
There are such tales of holy marvels done
By strong affection, of deliverance won
Through its prevailing power! Are these things
told
Till the young weep with rapture, and the old
Wonder, yet dare not doubt,—and thou, oh! thou,
Dost thou forget me in my hope's decay?—
Thou canst not!—through the silent night,
ev'n now,
I, that need prayer so much, awake and pray
Still first for thee. — Oh! gentle, gentle friend!
How shall I bear this anguish to the end?

Aid! — comes there yet no aid? — the voice of
blood
Passes Heaven's gate, ev'n ere the crimson flood
Sinks through the greensward! — is there not a
cry
From the wrung heart, of power, through agony,
To pierce the clouds? Hear, Mercy! hear me!
None
That bleed and weep beneath the smiling sun
Have heavier cause! — yet hear! — my soul
grows dark;
Who hears the last shriek from the sinking bark,
On the mid seas, and with the storm alone,
And bearing to th' abyss, unseen, unknown,
Its freight of human hearts? — th' o'ermastering
wave!
Who shall tell how it rush'd—and none to save?

Thou hast forsaken me! I feel, I know,
There would be rescue if this were not so.
Thou'rt at the chase, thou'rt at the festive board,
Thou'rt where the red wine free and high is
pour'd,
Thou'rt where the dancers meet! — a magic glass
I set within my soul, and proud shapes pass,
Plushing it o'er with pomp from bower and
hall;—
I see one shadow, stateliest there of all. —
Thine! — What dost thou amidst the bright and
fair,
Whispering light words, and mocking my despair?
It is not well of thee! — my love was more
Than fiery song may breathe, deep thought ex­
plore,
And there thou smilest, while my heart is dying,
With all its blighted hopes around it lying;
Ev'n thou, on whom they hung their last green leaf—
Yet smile, smile on! too bright art thou for grief!

Death! — what, is death a lock'd and treasured thing,
Guarded by swords of fire? a hidden spring,
A fabled fruit, that I should thus endure,
As if the world within me held no cure?
Wherefore not spread free wings — Heaven, Heaven! control
These thoughts — they rush — I look into my soul
As down a gulf, and tremble at th' array
Of fierce forms crowding it! Give strength to pray,
So shall their dark host pass.

The storm is still'd,
Father in Heaven! Thou, only thou, canst sound,
The hearts great deep, with floods of anguish fill'd,
For human line too fearfully profound.
Therefore, forgive, my Father! if Thy child,
Rock'd on its heaving darkness, hath grown wild,
And sinn'd in her despair! It well may be,
That Thou wouldst lead my spirit back to Thee,
By the crush'd hope too long on this world pour'd,
The stricken love which hath perchance adored
A mortal in Thy place! Now let me strive
With thy strong arm no more! Forgive, forgive.
Take me to peace!

And peace at last is nigh.
A sign is on my brow, a token sent
Th' o'erwearied dust, from home; no breeze flits by,
But calls me with a strange sweet whisper, blent
Of many mysteries.

Hark! the warning tone
Deepens — its word is Death. Alone, alone,
And sad in youth, but chasten'd, I depart,
Bowing to heaven. Yet, yet my woman's heart
Shall wake a spirit and a power to bless,
Ev'n in this o'ershadowing fearfulness,
Thee, its first love! — oh! tender still, and true!
Be it forgotten if mine anguish threw
Drops from its bitter fountain on thy name,
Though but a moment.

Now, with fainting frame,
With soul just lingering on the flight begun,
To bind for thee its last dim thoughts in one,
I bless thee! Peace be on thy noble head,
Years of bright fame when I am with the dead!
I bid this prayer survive me, and retain
Its might, again to bless thee, and again!
Thou hast been gather'd into my dark fate
Too much; too long, for my sake, desolate
Hath been thine exiled youth; but now take back,
From dying thine exiled youth; but now take back,
(After a few kind tears for her whose days
Went out in dreams of thee) the sunny ways
Of hope, and find thee happiness. Yet send, 
Ev'n then, in silent hours, a thought, dear friend! 
Down to my voiceless chamber; for thy love 
Hath been to me all gifts of earth above, 
Though bought with burning tears! It is the sting 
Of death to leave that vainly-precious thing 
In this cold world! What were it then, if thou, 
With thy fond eyes, wert gazing on me now? 
Too keen a pang!—Farewell! and yet once more 
Farewell—the passion of long years I pour 
Into that word: thou hear'st not,—but the woe 
And fervor of its tones may one day flow 
To thy heart's holy place; there let them dwell— 
We shall o'ersweep the grave to meet—Farewell! 

CATHEDRAL HYMN.

A dim and mighty minster of old time! 
A temple shadowy with remembrances 
Of the majestic past!—the very light 
Streams with a coloring of heroic days 
In every ray, which leads through arch and aisle 
A path of dreamy lustre, wandering back 
To other years;—and the rich fretted roof, 
And the wrought coronals of summer leaves, 
Ivy and vine, and many a sculptured rose— 
The tenderest image of mortality— 
Binding the slender columns, whose light shafts 
Cluster like stems in corn-sheaves—all these things 

Tell of a race that nobly, fearlessly, 
On their heart's worship pour'd a wealth of love! 
Honor be with the dead!—The people kneel 
Under the helms of antique chivalry, 
And in the crimson gloom from banners thrown, 
And midst the forms, in pale proud slumber carved, 
Of warriors on their tombs.—The people kneel 
Where mail-clad chiefs have knelt; where jewelled crowns 
On the flush'd brows of conquerors have been set; 
Where the high anthems of old victories 
Have made the dust give echoes.—Hence, vain 
thoughts! 
Memories of power and pride, which, long ago 
Like dim processions of a dream, have sunk 
In twilight depths away.—Return, my soul! 
The cross recalls thee.—Lo! the blessed cross! 
High o'er the banners and the crests of earth, 
Fix'd in his meek and still supremacy! 
And lo! the throng of beating human hearts, 
With all their secret scrolls of buried grief, 
All their full treasures of immortal hope, 
Gather'd before their God!—Hark! how the flood 
Of the rich organ harmony bears up 
Their voice on its high waves!—a mighty burst! 
A forest-sounding music!—every tone 
Which the blasts call forth with their harping wings 
From gulfs of tossing foliage there is blent:  
5
And the old minster—forest-like itself—
With its long avenues of pillar'd shade,
Seems quivering all with spirit, as that strain
O'erflows its dim recesses, leaving not
One tomb unthrill'd by the strong sympathy
Answering the electric notes.—Join, join, my soul!
In thine own lowly, trembling consciousness,
And thine own solitude, the glorious hymn.

Rise like an altar-fire!
In solemn joy aspire,
Deepening thy passion still, O choral strain!
On thy strong rushing wind
Bear up from human kind
Thanks and implorings—be they not in vain!

Father, which art on high!
Weak is the melody
Of harp or song to reach thine awful ear,
Unless the heart be there,
Winging the words of prayer,
With its own fervent faith or suppliant fear.

Let, then, thy spirit brood
Over the multitude—I[Guest!]
Be thou amidst them through that heavenly
So shall their cry have power
To win from thee a shower
Of healing gifts for every wounded breast.

What griefs that make no sign
That ask no aid but thine.
Not to the cedar shade
Let his vain flight be made;
Nor the old mountains, nor the desert sea;
What, but the cross, can yield
The hope—the stay—the shield?
Thence may the Atoner lift him up to Thee!

Be thou, be thou his aid!
Oh! let thy soul pervade
The haunted caves of self-accusing thought!
There let the living stone
Be cleft—the seed be sown—
The song of fountains from the silence brought!

So shall thy breath once more
Within the soul restore
Thine own first image—Holiest and most High!
As a clear lake is fill'd
With hues of Heaven, instill'd
Down to the depths of its calm purity.

And if, amidst the throng
Loud by the ascending song, 
There are, whose thoughts in trembling rapture
Thanks, Father! that the power
Of joy, man's early dower,
Thus, e'en midst tears, can fervently adore!

Thanks for each gift divine!
Eternal praise be thine,
Blessing and love, O Thon that hearest prayer!
Let the hymn pierce the sky,
And let the tombs reply!
For seed, that waits the harvest-time is there

EDITH;

A TALE OF THE WOODS.

The woods—oh! solemn are the boundless woods
Of the great Western World, when day declines,
And louder sounds the roll of distant floods,
More deep the rustling of the ancient pines;
When dimness gathers on the stilly air,
And mystery seems o'er every leaf to brood,
Awful it is for human heart to bear
The might and burden of the solitude!
Yet, in that hour, 'midst those green wastes, there sate
One young and fair; and oh! how desolate!
But undismay'd; while sank the crimson light,
And the high cedars darken'd with the night.
Alone she sate: though many lay around,
They, pale and silent on the bloody ground,
Were sever'd from her need and from her woe,
Far as death sever's Life. O'er that wild spot
Combat had raged, and brought the valiant low,
And left them, with the history of then lot,
Unto the forest oaks. A fearful scene
For her whose home of other days had been
'Midst the fair halls of England! but the love
Which fill'd her soul was strong to cast out fear;
And by its might upborne all else above, 
She shrank not—mark'd not that the dead were
Of him alone she thought, whose languid head
Faintly upon her wedded bosom fell;
Memory of aught but him on earth was fled
While heavily she felt his life-blood well
Fast o'er her garments forth, and vainly bound
With her torn robe and hair the streaming wound,
Yet hoped, still hoped!—Oh! from such hope how long
Affection woos the whispers that deceive,
Ev'n when the pressure of dismay grows strong,
And we, that weep, watch, tremble, ne'er believe
The blow indeed can fall! So bow'd she there,
Over the dying, while unconscious prayer
Fill'd all her soul. Now pour'd the moonlight down,
Veining the pine-stems through the foliage brown,
And fireflies, kindling up the leafy place,
Cast fitful radiance o'er the warrior's face,
Whereby she caught its changes: to her eye
The eye that faded look'd through gathering haze,
Whence love, o'ermastering mortal agony,
Lifted a long deep melancholy gaze,
When voice was not: that fond sad meaning pass'd—
She knew the fulness of her woe at last!
One shriek the forests heard,—and mute she lay
And cold; yet clasping still the precious clay
To her scarce-heaving breast. Oh, Love and Death,
Ye have sad meetings on this changeful earth,
Many and sad! but airs of heavenly breath
Shall melt the links that bind you, for your birth
Is far apart.
Now light, of a richer hue
Than the moon sheds, came flushing mist and dew;
The pines grew red with morning; fresh winds play'd,
Bright-color'd birds with splendor cross'd the shade,
Flitting on flower-like wings: glad murmurs broke
From reed, and spray, and leaf, the living strings
Of earth's Æolian lyre, whose music woke
Into young life and joy all happy things.
And she too woke from that long dreamless trance,
The widow'd Edith: fearfully her glance
Fell, as in doubt, on faces dark and strange,
And dusky forms. A sudden sense of change
Flash'd o'er her spirit, ev'n ere memory swept
The tide of anguish back with thought, and slept;
Yet half instinctively she rose, and spread
Her arms, as 'twere for something lost or fled,
Then faintly sank again. The forest bough,
With all its whispers, waved not o'er her now—
Where was she? 'Midst the people of the wild,
By the red hunter's fire: an aged chief,
Whose home look'd sad—for therein play'd no child—
Had borne her, in the stillness of her grief.
To that lone cabin of the woods; and there,
Won by a form so desolately fair,
Or touch'd with thoughts from some past sorrow sprung,
O'er her low couch an Indian matron hung,
While in grave silence, yet with earnest eye,
The ancient warrior of the waste stood by,
Bending in watchfulness his proud grey head,
And leaning on his bow.

And life return'd,
Life, but with all its memories of the dead,
To Edith's heart; and well the sufferer learn'd
Her task of meek endurance, well she wore
The chasten'd grief that humbly can adore,
'Midst blinding tears. But unto that old pair.
Ev'n as a breath of spring's awakening air,
Her presence was ; or as a sweet wild tune
Bringing back tender thoughts, which all too soon
Depart with childhood. Sadly they had seen
A daughter to the land of spirits go,
And ever from that time her fading mien,
And voice, like winds of summer, soft and low,
Had haunted their dim years; but Edith's face
Now look'd in holy sweetness from her place,
And they again seem'd parents. Oh! the joy,
The rich deep blessedness—though earth's alloy,
Fear that still bodes, be there—of pouring forth
The heart's whole power of love, its wealth and
Of strong affection, in one healthful flow,
On something all its own!—that kindly glow,
Gives the glad soul its flowering time again.

When, like the sunshine, freed.—And gentle cares
Th' adopted Edith meekly gave for theirs
Who loved her thus:—her spirit dwelt, the
While,
With the departed, and her patient smile
Spoke of farewells to earth;—yet still she
Pray'd,
Ev'n o'er her soldier's lowly grave, for aid
One purpose to fulfill, to leave one trace
Brightly recording that her dwelling-place
Had been among the wilds; for well she knew
The secret whisper of her bosom true,
Which warn'd her hence.

And now, by many a word
Link'd unto moments when the heart was stirr'd,
By the sweet mournfulness of many a hymn,
Sung when the woods at eve grew hush'd and

By the persuasion of her fervent eye,
All eloquent with childlike piety,

To win for heaven, and heaven-born truth, the

Pour'd out on her so freely.—Nor in vain
Was that soft-breathing influence to enchain
The soul in gentle bonds; by slow degrees
Light follow'd on, as when a summer breeze

Parts the deep masses of the forest shade
And lets the sunbeam through:—her voice was

Made

Ev'n such a breeze; and she a lowly guide,
By faith and sorrow raised and purified,
So to the Cross her Indian fosterers led,
Until their prayers were one. When morning
spread
O'er the blue lake, and when the sunset's glow
'Touch'd into golden bronze the cypress bough,
And when the quiet of the Sabbath time
Sank on her heart, though no melodious chime
Waken'd the wilderness, their prayers were one.
—Now might she pass in hope, her work was
done.
And she was passing from the woods away;
The broken flower of England might not stay
Amidst those alien shades; her eye was bright
Ev'n yet with something of a starry light,
But her form wasted, and her fair young cheek
Wore oft and patiently a fatal streak
A rose whose root was death. The parting sigh
Of autumn through the forests had gone by,
And the rich maple o'er her wanderings lone
Its crimson leaves in many a shower had strown,
Flushing the air; and winter's blast had been
Amidst the pines; and now a softer green
Fringed their dark boughs; for spring again had
come,
The sunny spring! but Edith to her home
Was journeying fast. Alas! we think it sad
To part with life, when all the earth looks glad
In her young lovely things, when voices break
Into sweet sounds, and leaves and blossoms
wake:
Is it not brighter then, in that far clime
Where graves are not, nor blights of changeful
time,
But Edith felt them not; for now a sleep,
Solemnly beautiful, a stillness deep,
Fell on her settled face. Then, sad and slow,
And mantling up his stately head in woe,
"Thou'rt passing hence," he sang, that warrior old,
In sounds like those by plaintive waters roll'd.

"Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side,
And the hunter's hearth away;
For the time of flowers, for the summer's pride,
Daughter! thou canst not stay.
Thou'rt journeying to thy spirit's home,
Where the skies are ever clear;
The corn-month's golden hours shall come,
But they shall not find thee here.
And we shall miss thy voice, my bird!
Under our whispering pine;
Music shall 'midst the leaves be heard,
But not a song like thine.
A breeze that roves o'er stream and hill,
Telling of winter gone,
Hath such sweet falls—yet caught we still
A farewell in its tone.
But thou, my bright one! thou shalt be
Where farewell sounds are o'er;
Thou, in the eyes thou lov'st, shalt see
No fear of parting more.

The mossy grave thy tears have wet,
And the wind's wild moanings by;
Thou with thy kindred shalt forget,
'Midst flowers—not such as die.
The shadow from thy brow shall melt,
The sorrow from thy strain,
But where thine earthly smile hath dwelt
Our hearts shall thirst in vain.
Dim will our cabin be, and lone,
When thou, its light, art fled;
Yet hath thy step the pathway shown
Unto the happy dead.
And we will follow thee, our guide!
And join that shining band;
Thou'rt passing from the lake's green side—
Go to the better land!"

The song had ceased—the listeners caught no breath,
That lovely sleep had melted into death.
THE WIDOW OF CRESCENTIUS.

PART I.

Midst Tivoli's luxuriant glades,
Bright-foaming falls, and olive shades,
Where dwelt, in days departed long,
The sons of battle and of song,
No tree, no shrub its foliage rears,
But o'er the wrecks of other years
Temples and domes, which long have been
The soil of that enchanted scene.

There the wild fig tree and the vine
O'er Hadrian's mouldering villa twine;
The cypress, in funereal grace,
Usurps the vanish'd column's place;
O'er fallen shrine, and ruin'd frieze,
The wall-flower rustles in the breeze;
Acanthus-leaves the marble hide,
They once adorn'd in sculptured pride;
And nature hath resumed her throne
O'er the vast works of ages flown.

Was it for this that many a pile,
Pride of Illissus and the Nile,
To Anio's banks the image lent
Of each imperial monument?

Now Athens weeps her scatter'd fanes,
Thy temples, Egypt, strew thy plains;
And the proud fabrics Hadrian rear'd
From Tiber's vale have disappear'd.
We need no prescient sibyl there,
The doom of grandeur to declare,
Each stone, where weeds and ivy climb,
Reveals some oracle of Time:
Each relic utters Fate's decree,
The future as the past shall be.

Halls of the dead! in Tiber's vale,
Who now shall tell your lofty tale?
Who trace the high patrician's dome,
The bard's retreat, the hero's home?
When moss-clad wrecks alone record,
There dwelt the world's departed lord!
In scenes where verdure's rich array
Still sheds young beauty o'er decay,
And sunshine, on each glowing hill,
Midst ruins finds a dwelling still.

Sunk is thy palace, but thy tomb,
Hadrian! hath shared a prouder doom,
Though vanish'd with the days of old
Its pillars of Corinthian mould;
And the fair forms by sculpture wrought,
Each bodying some immortal thought,
Which o'er that temple of the dead,
Serene, but solemn beauty shed,
Have found, like glory's self, a grave
In Time's abyss or Tiber's wave:
Yet dreams more lofty and more fair,
Than art's bold hand hath imaged e'er,
High thoughts of many a mighty mind,
Expanding when all else declined,
In twilight years, when only they
Recall'd the radiance pass'd away,
Have made that ancient pile their home,
Fortress of freedom and of Rome.

There he, who strove in evil days,
Again to kindle glory's rays,
Whose spirit sought a path of light,
For those dim ages far too bright,
Crescentius long maintain'd the strife,
Which closed but with its martyr's life,
And left the imperial tomb a name,
A heritage of holier fame.

There closed De Brescia's mission high,
From thence the patriot came to die;
And thou, whose Roman soul the last,
Spoke with the voice of ages past,
Whose thoughts so long from earth hath fled,
To mingle with the glorious dead,
That 'midst the world's degenerate race,
They vainly sought a dwelling-place.

Yet worthy of a brighter lot,
Rienzi! be thy faults forgot!
For thou, when all around thee lay
Chain'd in the slumbers of decay;
So sunk each heart, that mortal eye
Had scarce a tear less for liberty;

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Tis morn, and Nature's richest dyes
Are floating o'er Italian skies;
Tints of transparent lustre shine
Along the snow-clad Apenine;
The clouds have left Soracte's height,
And yellow Tiber winds in light,
Where tombs and fallen fanes have strew'd
The wild Campagna's solitude.

'Tis sad amidst that scene to trace
Those relics of a vanish'd race;
Yet o'er the ravaged path of time,
Such glory sheds that brilliant clime,
Where nature still, though empires fall,
Holds her triumphant festival;
E'en desolation wears a smile,
Where skies and sunbeams laugh the while;
And Heaven's own light, Earth's richest bloom
Array the ruin and the tomb.

But she, who from yon convent tower
Breathes the pure freshness of the hour;
She, whose rich flow of raven hair
Streams wildly on the morning air;
Robed in Italia's brightest glow,
Though throned 'midst Latium's classic plains
Th' Eternal City's towers and fanes,
And they, the Pleiades of the earth,
The seven proud hills of Empire's birth.
Lie spread beneath: not now her glance
Roves o'er that vast, sublime expanse;
Inspired, and bright with hope, 'tis thrown
On Hadrian's massy tomb alone;
There, from the storm when Freedom fled,
His faithful few Crescentius led!
While she, his anxious bride, who now,
Bends o'er the scene her youthful brow,
Sought refuge in the hallow'd fane,
Which then could shelter, not in vain.
But now the lofty strife is o'er,
And Liberty shall weep no more.
At length imperial Otho's voice
Bids her devoted sons rejoice;
And he, who battled to restore
The glories and the rights of yore,
Whose accents, like the clarion's sound,
Could burst the dead repose around,
Again his native Rome shall see,
The sceptred city of the free!
And young Stephania waits the hour
When leaves her lord his fortress-tower,
Her ardent heart with joy elate,
That seems beyond the reach of fate;
Her mien, like creature from above,
All vivified with hope and love.

Fair is her form, and in her eye
Lives all the soul of Italy!
A meaning lofty and inspired,
As by her native day-star fired:
Such wild and high expression, fraught
With glances of impassion'd thought,
As fancy sheds its vision bright
O'er priestess of the God of Light!
And the dark locks that lend her face
A youthful and luxuriant grace,
Wave o'er her cheek, whose kindling dyes
Seem from the fire within to rise;
But deepen'd by the burning heaven
To her own land of sunbeams given.
Italian art that fervid glow
Would o'er ideal beauty throw,
And with such ardent life express
Her high-wrought dreams of loveliness;
Dreams which, surviving Empire's fall,
The shade of glory still recall.

But see,—the banner of the brave,
O'er Hadrian's tomb hath ceased to wave.
'Tis lower'd—and now Stephania's eye
Can well the martial train descry,
Who, issuing from that ancient dome,
Pour through the crowded streets of Rome.
Now from her watch-tower on the height,
With step as fabled wood-nymph's light,
She flies—and swift her way pursues
Through the lone convent's avenues.
Dark cypress-groves, and fields o'erspread
With records of the conquering dead,
And paths which track a glowing waste,
She traverses in breathless haste:
And by the tombs where dust is shrined,
Once tenanted by loftiest mind,
Still passing on, hath reach'd the gate
Of Rome, the proud, the desolate!
Throng'd are the streets, and, still renew'd,  
Rush on the gathering multitude.

Is it their high-soul'd chief to greet,  
That thus the Roman thousands meet?
With names that bid their thoughts ascend,  
Crescentius, thine in song to blend;
And of triumphal days gone by  
Recall th' inspiring pageanty?
—There is an air of breathless dread,  
An eager glance, a hurrying tread;
And now a fearful silence round,  
And now a fitful murmuring sound,
'Midst the pale crowds, that almost seem  
Phantoms of some tumultuous dream,
Quick is each step, and wild each mien,  
Portentous of some awful scene.
Bride of Crescentius! as the throng  
Bore thee with whelming force along,
How did thine anxious heart beat high,  
Till rose suspense to agony!
Too brief suspense, that soon shall close,  
And leave thy heart to deeper woes.
Who 'midst yon guarded precinct stands,  
With fearless mien, but fetter'd hands?
The ministers of death are nigh,  
Yet a calm grandeur lights his eye;
And in his glance there lives a mind,  
Which was not form'd for chains to bind,
But cast in such heroic mould  
As theirs, th' ascendant ones of old.
Crescentius! freedom's daring son,  
Is this the guerdon thou hast won?

Oh, worthy to have lived and died  
In the bright days of Latium's pride!
Thus must the beam of glory close,  
O'er the seven hills again that rose,
When at thy voice to burst the yoke,  
The soul of Rome indignant woke?
Vain dream! the sacred shields are gone,  
Sunk is the crowning city's throne:
Th' illusions that around her cast  
Their guardian spells have long been past.
Thy life hath been a shot-star's ray,  
Shed o'er her midnight of decay;
Thy death at Freedom's ruin'd shrine  
Must rivet every chain—but thine.
Calm is his aspect, and his eye  
Now fix'd upon the deep blue sky,
Now on those wrecks of ages fled,  
Around in desolation spread;
Arch, temple, column, worn and grey,  
Recording triumphs pass'd away;
Works of the mighty and the free,  
Whose steps on earth no more shall be,  
Though their bright course hath left a trace  
Nor years nor sorrows can efface.
Why changes now the patriot's mien  
Erewhile so loftily serene?
Thus can approaching death control  
The might of that commanding soul?
No!—Heard ye not that thrilling cry  
Which told of bitterest agony?
He heard it, and, at once subdued,  
Hath sunk the hero's fortitude,
He heard it, and his heart too well
Whence rose that voice of woe can tell;
And 'midst the gazing throngs around
One well-known form his glance hath found;
One fondly loving and beloved,
In grief, in peril, faithful proved.
Yes, in the wildness of despair,
She, his devoted bride, is there.

Pale, breathless, through the crowd she flies,
The light of frenzy in her eyes:
But ere her arms can clasp the form
Which life ere long must cease to warm;
Ere on his agonizing breast
Her heart can heave, her head can rest;
Check'd in her course by ruthless hands,
Mute, motionless, at once she stands;
With bloodless cheek and vacant glance,
Frozen and fix'd in horror's trance;
Spell-bound, as every sense were fled,
And thought o'erwhelm'd, and feeling dead.

And the light waving of her hair,
And veil, far floating on the air,
Alone, in that dread moment, show,
She is no sculptured form of woe.

The scene of grief and death is o'er,
The patriot's heart shall throb no more;
But hers—so vainly form'd to prove
The pure devotedness of love,
And draw from fond affection's eye
All thoughts sublime, all feelings high;
When consciousness again shall wake
Hath now no refuge—but to break.

PART II.

Hast thou a scene that is not spread
With records of thy glory fled?
A monument that doth not tell
The tale of liberty's farewell?
Italia! thou art but a grave
Where flowers luxuriate o'er the brave,
And Nature gives her treasures birth
O'er all that hath been great on earth.
Yet smile thy heavens as once they smiled,
When thou wert Freedom's favor'd child:
Though fane and tomb alike are low,
Time hath not dimm'd thy sunbeam's glow
And robed in that exulting ray,
Thou seem'st to triumph o'er decay;
O yet, though by thy sorrows bent,
In nature's pomp magnificent!
What marvel if, when all was lost,
Still on thy bright enchanted coast,
Though many an omen warn'd him thence,
Linger'd the lord of eloquence!
Still gazing on the lovely sky,
Whose radiance woo'd him—but to die:
Like him, who would not linger there,
Where heaven, earth, ocean, all are fair?
Who 'midst thy glowing scenes could dwell,
Nor bid awhile his griefs farewell?
Hath not thy pure and genial air
Balm for all sadness but despair?
No! there are pangs, whose deep-worn trace
Not all thy magic can efface!
Hearts, by unkindness wrung, may learn
The world and all its gifts to spurn;
Time may steal on with silent tread,
And dry the tear that mourns the dead;
May change fond love, subdue regret,
And teach e'en vengeance to forget:
But thou, Remorse! there is no charm
Thy sting, avenger, to disarm!
Vain are bright suns, and laughing skies,
To soothe thy victim's agonies:
The heart once made thy burning throne,
Still, while it beats, is thine alone.

In vain for Otho's joyless eye
Smile the fair scenes of Italy,
As through her landscapes' rich array,
Th' imperial pilgrim bends his way.
Thy form, Crescentius, on his sight
Rises when nature laughs in light.
Glides round him at the midnight hour,
Is present in his festal bower,
With awful voice and frowning mien,
By all but him unheard, unseen.

Oh! thus to shadows of the grave
Be every tyrant still a slave!

Where through Gorgano's woody dells,
O'er bending oaks the north wind swells,
A sainted hermit's lowly tomb
Is bosom'd in umbrageous gloom,
In shades that saw him live and die
Beneath their waving canopy.
'Twas his, as legends tell, to share
The converse of immortals there;
Around that dweller of the wild
There "bright appearances" have smiled,
And angel-wings, at eve, have been
Gleaming the shadowy boughs between.
And often from that secluded bower
Hath breathed, at midnight's calmer hour,
A swell of viewless harps, a sound
Of warbled anthems pealing round.
Oh, none but voices of the sky
Might-wake that thrilling harmony
Whose tones, whose very echoes, made
An Eden of the lonely shade!

Years have gone by; the hermit sleeps
Amidst Gorgano's woods and steeps!
Ivy and flowers have half o'ergrown
And veild his low, sepulchral stone
Yet still the spot is holy, still
Celestial footsteps haunt the hill;
And oft the awe-struck mountaineer
Aerial vesper hymns may hear.
Around those forest precincts float,
Soft, solemn, clear,—but still remote.
Oft will Affliction breathe her plaint
To that rude shrine’s departed saint,
And deem that spirits of the blest
There shed sweet influence o’er her breast.

And thither Otho now repairs
To soothe his soul with vows and prayers;
And if for him, on holy ground,
The lost one, Peace, may yet be found,
’Midst rocks and forests, by the bed
Where calmly sleep the sainted dead,
She dwells, remote from heedless eye,
With Nature’s lonely majesty.

Vain, vain the search—his troubled breast
Nor vow nor penance hulls to rest;
The weary pilgrimage is o’er,
The hopes that cheer’d it are no more.
Then sinks his soul, and day by day,
Youth’s buoyant energies decay.
The light of health his eye hath flown,
The glow that tinged his cheek is gone.
Joyless as one on whom is laid
Some baleful spell that bids him fade,
Extending its mysterious power
O’er every scene, o’er every hour;
E’en thus he withers; and to him,
Italia’s brilliant skies are dim.

From him alone their power withhold,
And leave his heart in darkness cold.
Earth blooms around him, heaven is fair,
He only seems to perish there.

Yet sometimes will a transient smile
Play o’er his faded cheek awhile,
When breathes his minstrel-boy a strain
Of power to dull all earthly pain;
So wildly sweet, its notes might seem
Th’ ethereal music of a dream,
A spirit’s voice from worlds unknown,
Deep thrilling power in every tone!
Sweet is that lay, and yet its flow
Hath language only given to woe;
And if at times its wakening swell
Some tale of glory seems to tell,
Soon the proud notes of triumph die,
Lost in a dirge’s harmony.

Oh! many a pang the heart hath proved,
Hath deeply suffer’d, fondly loved,
Ere the sad strain could catch from thence
Such deep impassion’d eloquence!
Yes! gaze on him, that minstrel-boy—
He is no child of hope and joy;
Though few his years, yet have they been
Such as leave traces on the mien,
And o’er the roses of our prime
Breathe other blights than those of time.

Yet, seems his spirit wild and proud,
By grief unsoften’d and unhew’d.
Oh! there are sorrows which impart
A sternness foreign to the heart,
And rushing with an earthquake's power,
That makes a desert in an hour;
Rouse the dread passions in their course,
As tempests wake the billows' force!—
'Tis sad on youthful Guido's face,
The stamp of woes like these to trace.
Oh! where can ruins awe mankind
Dark as the ruins of the mind?

His mien is lofty, but his gaze
Too well a wandering soul betrays:
His full, dark eye at times is bright
With strange and momentary light,
Whose quick uncertain flashes throw
O'er his pale cheek a hectic glow;
And oft his features and his air
A shade of troubled mystery wear,
A glance of hurried wildness, fraught
With some unfathomable thought.
Whate'er that thought, still unexpress'd,
Dwells the sad secret in his breast;
The pride his haughty brow reveals,
All other passion well conceals.
He breathes each wounded feeling's tone
In music's eloquence alone;
His soul's deep voice is only pour'd
Through his full song and swelling chord.
He seeks no friend, but shuns the train
Of courtiers with a proud disdain;
And, save when Otho bids his lay
Its half unearthly power essay,
In hall or bower the heart to thrill,
His haunts are wild and lonely still.

Far distant from the heedless throng,
He roves old Tiber's banks along,
Where Empire's desolate remains
Lie scatter'd o'er the silent plains;
Or, lingering 'midst each ruin'd shrine
That strews the desert Palatine,
With mournful, yet commanding mien,
Like the sad Genius of the scene,
Entranced in awful thought appears
To commune with departed years.
Or at the dead of night, when Rome
Seems of heroic shades the home;
When Tiber's murmuring voice recalls,
The mighty to their ancient halls;
When hush'd is every meaner sound,
And the deep moonlight-calm around
Leaves to the solemn scene alone
The majesty of ages flown;
A pilgrim to each hero's tomb,
He wanders through the sacred gloom;
And, 'midst those dwellings of decay,
At times will breathe so sad a dirge
'Tis like a dirge for empires gone!
Awake thy pealing harp again,
But breathe a more exulting strain,
Young Guido! for a while forgot
Be the dark secrets of thy lot,
And rouse th' inspiring soul of song
To speed the banquet's hour along!
The feast is spread; and music's call
Is echoing through the royal hall,
And banners wave and trophies shine,
O'er stately guests in glittering line;
And Otho seeks awhile to chase
The thoughts he never can erase,
And bid the voice, whose murmurs deep
Rise like a spirit on his sleep,
The still small voice of conscience die,
Lost in the din of revelry.

On his pale brow dejection lowers,
But that shall yield to festal hours;
A gloom is in his faded eye,
But that from music's power shall fly;
His wasted cheek is wan with care,
But mirth shall spread fresh crimson there.

Wake, Guido! wake thy numbers high,
Strike the bold chord exultingly!
And pour upon th' enraptured ear
Such strains as warriors love to hear!
Let the rich mantling goblet flow,
And banish all resembling woe;
And if a thought intrude, of power
To mar the bright convivial hour,
Still must its influence lurk unseen,
And cloud the heart—but not the mien!

Away, vain dream!—on Otho's brow
Still darker lower the shadows now;
Changed are his features, now o'erspread
With the cold paleness of the dead;
Now crimson'd with a hectic dye,
The burning flush of agony!
His lip is quivering, and his breast
Heaves, with convulsive pangs oppress'd;

Now his dim eye seems fix'd and glazed,
And now to heaven in anguish raised;
And as, with unavailing aid,
Around him throng his guests dismay'd,
He sinks—while scarce his struggling breath
Hath power to falter—"This is death!"

Then rush'd that haughty child of song
Dark Guido, through the awe-struck throng;
Fill'd with a strange delirious light,
His kindling eye shone wildly bright,
And on the sufferer's mien awhile
Gazing with stern vindictive smile,
A feverish glow of triumph dyed
His burning cheek, while thus he cried:
"Yes! these are death pangs—on thy brow
Is set the seal of vengeance now!
Oh! well was mix'd the deadly draught,
And long and deeply hast thou quaff'd;
And bitter as thy pangs may be,
They are but guerdons meet from me!
Yet, these are but a moment's throes,
Howe'er intense, they soon shall close.
Soon shalt thou yield thy fleeting breath,
My life hath been a lingering death;
Since one dark hour of woe and crime,
A blood-spot on the page of time!

"Deem'st thou my mind of reason void?
It is not frenzied,—but destroy'd!
Aye! view the wreck with shuddering
thought,—
That work of ruin thou hast wrought!
“The secret of thy doom to tell,
My name alone suffices well!
Stephania! once a hero’s bride!
Otho! thou know’st the rest—he died.
Yes! trusting to a monarch’s word,
The Roman fell, untried, unheard!
And thou, whose every pledge was vain
How couldst thou trust in aught again?

“He died, and I was changed—my soul,
A lonely wanderer, spurn’d control.
From peace, and light, and glory hurl’d,
The outcast of a purer world,
I saw each brighter hope o’erthrown,
And lived for one dread task alone.
The task is closed—fulfill’d the vow,
The hand of death is on thee now.
Betrayer! in thy turn betray’d,
The debt of blood shall soon be paid!
Thine hour is come—the time has been
My heart had shrunk from such a scene;
That feeling long is past—my fate
Hath made me stern as desolate.

“Ye, that round me shuddering stand,
Ye chiefs and princes of the land!
Mourn ye a guilty monarch’s doom?
—Ye wept not o’er the patriot’s tomb!
He sleeps unhonour’d—yet be mine
To share his low, neglected shrine.
His soul with freedom finds a home,
His grave is that of glory—Rome!
Are not the great of old with her,
That city of the sepulchre?

Lead me to death! and let me share
The slumber of the mighty there!”

The day departs—that fearful day
Fades in calm loveliness away;
From purple heavens its lingering beam
Seems melting into Tiber’s stream,
And softly tints each Roman hill
With glowing light, as clear and still,
As if, unstain’d by crime or woe,
Its hours had pass’d in silent flow.
The day sets calmly—it hath been
Mark’d with a strange and awful scene:
One guilty bosom throbs no more,
And Otho’s pangs and life are o’er.
And thou, ere yet another sun
His burning race hath brightly run,
Released from anguish by thy foes,
Daughter of Rome! shalt find repose.—
Yes! on thy country’s lovely sky
Fix yet once more thy parting eye!
A few short hours—and all shall be
The silent and the past for thee.
Oh! thus with tempests of a day
We struggle, and we pass away,
Like the wild billows as they sweep,
Leaving no vestige on the deep!
And o’er thy dark and lowly bed
The sons of future days shall tread,
The pangs, the conflicts of thy lot,
By them unknown, by thee forgot.
DARTMOOR.
A PRIZE POEM.

Amidst the peopled and the regal Isle,
Whose vales, rejoicing in their beauty, smile;
Whose cities, fearless of the spoiler, tower,
And send on every breeze a voice of power;
Hath Desolation rear'd herself a throne,
And mark'd a pathless region for her own?
Yes! though thy turf no stain of carnage wore,
When bled the noble hearts of many a shore,
Though not a hostile step thy heath-flowers bent,
When empires totter'd and the earth was rent;
Yet lone, as if some trampler of mankind
Had still'd life's busy murmurs on the wind,
And, flushed with power, in daring pride's excess,
Stamp'd on thy soil the curse of barrenness;
For thee in vain descend the dews of heaven,
In vain the sunbeam and the shower are given;
Wild Dartmoor! thou that, 'midst thy mount­tains rude,
Hast robed thyself with haughty solitude,
As a dark cloud on summer's clear blue sky,
A mourner circled with festivity!
For all beyond is life!—the rolling sea,
The rush, the swell, whose echoes reach not thee.
Yet who shall find a scene so wild and bare,
But man has left his lingering traces there?

E'en on mysterious Afric's boundless plains,
Where noon with attributes of midnight reigns.
In gloom and silence, fearfully profound,
As of a world unwaked to soul or sound,
Though the sad wand'rer of the burning zone
Feels, as amidst infinity, alone,
And nought of life be near;—his camel's tread
Is o'er the prostrate cities of the dead!
Some column, rear'd by long-forgotten hands,
Just lifts its head above the billowy sands—
Some mouldering shrine still consecrates the scene,
And tells that glory's footstep there hath been.
There hath the spirit of the mighty pass'd,
Not without record; though the desert blast,
Borne on the wings of Time, hath swept away
The proud creations rear'd to brave decay.
But thou, lone region! whose unnoticed name
No lofty deeds have mingled with their fame,
Who shall unfold thine annals?—who shall tell
If on thy soil the sons of heroes fell,
In those far ages, which left no trace,
No sunbeam, on the pathway of their race?
Though, haply, in the unrecorded days
Of kings and chiefs, who pass'd without their praise,
Thou might'st have rear'd the valiant and the free;
In history's page there is no tale of thee.

Yet hast thou thy memorials. On the wild
Still rise the cairns of yore, all rudely piled,
But hallow'd by that instinct which reveres
Things fraught with characters of elder years.
And such are these. Long centuries are flown,
Bow'd many a crest, and shatter'd many a throne,
Mingling the urn, the trophy, and the bust,
With what they hide—their shrined and treasured dust;
Men traverse Alps and oceans, to behold
Earth's glorious works fast mingling with her mould;
But still these nameless chronicles of death,
'Midst the deep silence of the unpeopled heath,
Stand in primeval artlessness, and wear
The same sepulchral mien, and almost share
Th' eternity of nature, with the forms
Of the crown'd hills beyond, the dwellings of the storms.
Yet, what avails it, if each moss-grown heap
Still on the waste its lonely vigils keep,
Guarding the dust which slumbers well beneath
(Nor needs such care) from each cold season's breath?
Where is the voice to tell their tale who rest,
Thus rudely pillow'd on the desert's breast?
Doth the sword sleep beside them? Hath there been
A sound of battle 'midst the silent scene
Where now the flocks repose?—did the scythed car
Here reap its harvest in the ranks of war?
And raise these piles in memory of the slain,
Aid the red combat of the mountain-plain?
It may be thus:—the vestiges of strife,
Around yet lingering, mark the steps of life,
And the rude arrow's barb remains to tell
How by its stroke, perchance, the mighty fell
To be forgotten. Vain the warrior's pride,
The chieftain's power—they had no bard, and died.
But other scenes, from their untroubled sphere,
The eternal stars of night have witness'd here.
There stands an altar of unsculptured stone,
Far on the moor, a thing of ages gone,
Propp'd on its granite pillars, whence the rains,
And pure bright dews, have laved the crimson stains
Left by dark rites of blood: for here, of yore,
When the bleak waste a robe of forest wore,
And many a crested oak, which now lies low,
Waved its wild wreath of sacred mistletoe;
Here, at dead midnight, through the haunted shade,
On Druid-harps the quivering moonbeam play'd,
And spells were breath'd, that fill'd the deepening gloom
With the pale, shadowy people of the tomb.
Or, haply, torches waving through the night,
Bade the red cairn-fires blaze from every height,
Like battle-signals, whose unearthly gleams
Throw o'er the desert's hundred hills and streams,
A savage grandeur: while the starry skies
Rung with the peal of mystic harmonies,
As the loud harp its deep-toned hymns sent forth
To the storm-ruling powers, the war-gods of the North.
But wilder sounds were there; th' imploring cry
That woke the forest's echo in reply,
But not the heart's!—Unmoved, the wizard train
Stood round their human victim, and in vain
His prayer for mercy rose; in vain his glance
Look'd up, appealing to the blue expanse,
Where, in their calm, immortal beauty, shone
Heaven's cloudless orbs. With faint and fainter moan,
Bound on the shrine of sacrifice he lay,
Till, drop by drop, life's current ebb'd away;
Till rock and turf grew deeply, darkly red,
And the pale moon gleam'd paler on the dead.
Have such things been, and here?—where stillness dwells
'Midst the rude barrows and the moorland swells,
Thus undisturb'd?—Oh! long the gulf of time
Hath closed in darkness o'er those days of crime,
And earth no vestige of their path retains,
Save such as these, which strew her loneliest plains
With records of man's conflicts and his doom,
His spirit and his dust—the altar and the tomb
But ages roll'd away; and England stood,
With her proud banner streaming o'er the flood,
And regal in collected majesty,
To breast the storm of battle. Every breeze
Bore sounds of triumph o'er her own blue seas;
And other lands, redeem'd and joyous, drank
The life-blood of her heroes, as they sank

On the red fields they won; whose wild flowers wave
Now in luxuriant beauty, o'er their grave.
'Twas then the captives of Britannia's war,
Here for their lovely southern climes afar
In bondage pined: the spell-deluded throng
Dragg'd at ambition's chariot-wheels so long
To die—because a despot could not clasp
A sceptre, fitted to his boundless grasp!

Yes! they whose march had rock'd the ancient thrones
And temples of the world; the deepening tones
Of whose advancing trumpet, from repose
Had startled nations, wakening to their woes;
Were prisoners here.—And there were some whose dreams
Were of sweet homes, by chainless mountain-streams,
And of the vine-clad hills, and many a strain
And festive melody of Loire or Seine,
And of those mothers who had watch'd and wept,
When on the field the unshelter'd conscript slept,
Bathed with the midnight dews. And some were
Of sterner spirits, harden'd by despair;
Who, in their dark imaginings, again
Fired the rich palace and the stately fane,
Drank in the victim's shriek, as music's breath,
And lived o'er scenes, the festivals of death!
And there was mirth, too!—strange and savage mirth,
More fearful far than all the woes of earth!
The laughter of cold hearts, and scoffs that spring
From minds for which there is no sacred thing,
And transient bursts of fierce, exulting glee—
The lightning's flash upon its blasted tree!

But still, howe'er the soul's disguise was worn,
If, from wild revelry, or haughty scorn,
Or buoyant hope, it won an outward show,
Slight was the mask, and all beneath it—woe.

Yet, was this all? amidst the dungeon-gloom,
The void, the stillness, of the captive's doom,
Were there no deeper thoughts?—and that dark power,
To whom guilt owes one late but dreadful hour,
The mighty debt through years of crime delay'd,
But, as the grave's, inevitably paid;
Came he not thither, in his burning force,
The lord, the tamer of dark souls—remorse?

Yes! as the night calls forth from sea and sky,
From breeze and wood, a solemn harmony,
Lost, when the swift, triumphant wheels of day,
In light and sound, are hurrying on their way;
Thus, from the deep recesses of the heart,
The voice which sleeps, but never dies, might start,
Call'd up by solitude, each nerve to thrill
With accents heard not, save when all is still!

The voice, inaudible when havoc's train
Crush'd the red vintage of devoted Spain;
Mute, when sierras to the war-whoop rung,
And the broad light of conflagration sprung
From the south's marble cities;—hush'd 'midst cries
That told the heavens of mortal agonies;
But gathering silent strength, to wake at last
In concentrated thunders of the past!

And there, perchance, some long-bewilder'd mind,
Torn from its lowly sphere, its path confined
Of village duties, in the Alpine glen,
Where nature cast its lot, 'midst peasant-men;
Drawn to that vortex, whose fierce ruler bent
The earthquake power of each wild element,
To lend the tide, which bore his throne on high,
One impulse more of desperate energy;
Might—when the billow's awful rush was o'er,
Which toss'd its wreck upon the storm-beat shore,
Won from its wand'ring past, by sufferings tried,
Search'd by remorse, by anguish purified—
Have fix'd, at length, its troubled hopes and fears,
On the far world, seen brightest through our tears;
And, in that hour of triumph or despair,
Whose secrets all must learn, but none declare,
When of the things to come, a deeper sense
Fills the dim eye of trembling penitence,
Have turn'd to Him whose bow is in the cloud.
Around life's limits gathering, as a shroud;—
The fearful mysteries of the heart who knows,
And, by the tempest, calls it to repose!

Who visited that deathbed?—Who can tell
Its brief, sad tale, on which the soul might dwell,
And learn immortal lessons?—who beheld
The struggling hope, by shame, by doubt repell'd—
The agony of prayer—the bursting tears—
The dark remembrances of guilty years,
Crowding upon the spirit in their might?
He, through the storm who look'd, and there was light!

That scene is closed!—that wild, tumultuous breast,
With all its pangs and passions, is at rest!
He too, is fallen, the master-power of strife
Who woke these passions to delirious life;
And days, prepared a brighter course to run,
Unfold their buoyant pinions to the sun!

It is a glorious hour when Spring goes forth
O'er the bleak mountains of the shadowy north,
And with one radiant glance, one magic breath,
Wakes all things lovely from the sleep of death,
While the glad voices of a thousand streams,
Bursting their bondage, triumph in her beams!

But Peace hath nobler changes! O'er the mind,
The warm and living spirit of mankind,

Her influence breathes, and bids the brightened heart,
To life and hope from desolation start!
She, with a look, dissolves the captive's chain,
People with beauty widow'd homes again:
Around the mother, in her closing years,
Gathering her sons once more, and from the tears
Of the dim past, but winning purer light,
To make the present more serenely bright.

Nor rests that influence here. From clime to clime,
In silence gliding with the stream of time,
Still doth it spread, borne onwards, as a breeze
With healing on its wings, o'er isles and seas;
And, as Heaven's breath call'd forth, with genial power,
From the dry wand, the almond's living flower;
So doth its deep-felt charm in secret move
The coldest heart to gentle deeds of love:
While round its pathway nature softly glows,
And the wide desert blossoms as the rose.

Yes! let the waste lift up the exulting voice!
Let the far-echoing solitude rejoice!
And thou, lone moor! where no blithe reaper's song
E'er lightly sped the summer hours along,
Bid thy wild rivers, from each mountain-source,
Rushing in joy, make music, on their course!
Thou, whose sole records of existence mark
The scene of barbarous rites, in ages dark.
And of some nameless combat: hope's bright eye
Beams o'er thee in the light of prophecy!
Yet shalt thou smile, by busy culture drest,
And the rich harvest wave upon thy breast!
Yet shall thy cottage smoke, at dewy morn,
Rise, in blue wreaths, above the flowering thorn,
And, 'midst thy hamlet shades, the embosom'd spire
Catch from deep-kindling heavens their earliest fire.

Thee too that hour shall bless, the balmy close
Of labor's day, the herald of repose,
Which gathers hearts in peace; while social mirth
Basks in the blaze of each free village hearth;
While peasant-songs are on the joyous gales,
And merry England's voice floats up from all her vales.
Yet are there sweeter sounds; and thou shalt hear
Such as to Heaven's immortal hosts are dear.
Oh! if there still be melody on earth,
Worthy the sacred bowers where man drew birth,
When angel-steps their paths rejoicing trode,
And the air trembled with the breath of God;
It lives in those soft accents to the sky
Borne from the lips of stainless infancy,
When holy strains, from life's pure font which sprung,
Breathed with deep reverence, falter on its tongue.

And such shall be thy music, when the cells,
Where Guilt, the child of hopeless Misery, dwells,
(And, to wild strength by desperation wrought,
In silence broods o'er many a fearful thought,)
Resound to pity's voice; and childhood thence,
Ere the cold blight hath reached its innocence,
Ere that soft rose-bloom of the soul be fled,
Which vice but breathes on, and its hues are dead,
Shall at the call press forward, to be made
A glorious offering, meet for him who said,
"Mercy, not sacrifice!"
and when, of old,
Clouds of rich incense from his altars roll'd,
Dispersed the smoke of perfumes, and laid bare
The heart's deep folds, to read its homage there!

When some crown'd conqueror, o'er a trampled world
His banner, shadowing nations, hath unfurl'd,
And, like those visitations which deform
Nature for centuries, hath made the storm
His pathway to dominion's lonely sphere,
Silence behind—before him flight and fear;
When kingdoms rock beneath his rushing wheels,
Till each fair isle the mighty impulse feels,
And earth is moulded but by one proud will,
And sceptred realms wear fetters, and are still;
Shall the free soul of song bow down to pay,
The earthquake homage on its baleful way?
Shall the glad harp send up exulting strains
O'er burning cities and forsaken plains?
And shall no harmony of softer close
Attend the stream of mercy as it flows,
And, mingling with the murmur of its wave,
Bless the green shores its gentle currents lave?

Oh! there are loftier themes, for him whose eyes
Have searched the depths of life's realities,
Than the red battle, or the trophied car,
Wheeling the monarch-victor fast and far;
There are more noble strains than those which swell
The triumphs, ruin may suffice to tell!

Ye prophet-bards, who sat in elder days
Beneath the palms of Judah! Ye whose lays
With torrent rapture, from their source on high,
Burst in the strength of immortality!
Oh! not alone, those haunted groves among,
Of conquering hosts, of empires crush'd, ye sung,
But of that spirit, destined to explore
With the bright day-spring every distant shore,
To dry the tear, to bind the broken reed,
To make the home of peace in hearts that bleed;
With beams of home to pierce the dungeon's gloom,
And pour eternal star-light o'er the tomb.

And bless'd and hallow'd be its haunts! for there
Hath man's high soul been rescued from despair!

There hath the immortal spark for Heaven been nursed;
There from the rock the springs of life have burst,
Quenchless and pure! and holy thoughts that rise,
Warm from the source of human sympathies—
Where'er its path of radiance may be traced,
Shall find their temples in the silent waste.

PROPERZIA ROSSI.

O one dream of passion and of beauty more!
And in its bright fulfillment let me pour
My soul away! Let earth retain a trace
Of that which lit my being, though its race
Might have been loftier far.—Yet one more dream!
From my deep spirit one victorious gleam
Ere I depart! For thee alone, for thee!
May this last work, this farewell triumph be
Thou, loved so vainly! I would leave enshrined
Something immortal of my heart and mind,
That yet may speak to thee when I am gone,
Shaking thine inmost bosom with a tone
Of lost affection;—something that may prove
What she hath been, whose melancholy love
On thee was lavish'd; silent pang and tear,
And fervent song that gush'd when none were near,
And dream by night, and weary thought by day,
Stealing the brightness from her life away,—
While thou—Awake! not yet within me die,
Under the burden and the agony
Of this vain tenderness,—my spirit, wake!
Ev'n for thy sorrowful affection's sake,
Live! in thy work breathe out!—that he may yet,
Feeling sad mastery there, perchance regret
Thine unrequited gift.

II.

It comes,—the power
Within me born, flows back; my fruitless dower,
That could not win me love. Yet once again
I greet it proudly, with its rushing train
Of glorious images:—they throng—they press—
A sudden joy lights up my loneliness,
I shall not perish all!

The bright work grows
Beneath my hand, unfolding, as a rose,
Leaf after leaf, to beauty; line by line,
I fix my thought, heart, soul, to burn, to shine,
Through the pale marble's veins. It grows—
and now
I give my own life's history to thy brow,
Forsaken Ariadne! thou shalt wear
My form, my lineaments; but oh! more fair.

III.

Now fair thou art,
Thou form, whose life is of my burning heart!
Yet all the vision that within me wrought,
It cannot make thee! Oh! I might have given
Birth to creations of far nobler thought,
I might have kindled, with the fire of heaven,
Things not of such as die! But I have been
Too much alone; a heart whereon to lean,
With all these deep affections, that o'erflow
My aching soul, and find no shore below;
An eye to be my star, a voice to bring
Hope o'er my path, like sounds that breathe of
spring,
These are denied me—dreamt of still in vain,—
Therefore my brief aspirations from the chain,
Are ever but some wild and fitful song,
Rising triumphantly, to die ere long
In dirge-like echoes.

IV.
Yet the world will see
Little of this, my parting work, in thee,
Thou shalt have fame! Oh, mockery! give
the reed
From storms a shelter,—give the drooping vine
Something round which its tendrils may en­
twine,—
Give the parch'd flower a rain drop, and the
meed
Of love's kind words to woman! Worthless
fame!
That in his bosom wins not for my name
Th' abiding-place it ask'd! Yet how my heart,
In its own fairy world of song and art,
Once beat for praise!—Are those high longings
o'er!
That which I have been can I be no more?—
Never, oh! never more; though still thy sky
Be blue as then, my glorious Italy!

And though the music, whose rich breathings fill
Thine air with soul, be wandering past me still,
And though the mantle of thy sunlight streams,
Unchanged on forms, instinct with poet dreams;
Never, oh! never more! where'er I move,
The shadow of this broken-hearted love
Is on me and around! Too well they know,
Whose life is all within, too soon and well,
When there the blight hath settled;—but I go
Under the silent wings of peace to dwell;
From the slow wasting, from the lonely pain,
The inward burning of those words— in vain,"
Sear'd on the heart—I go. 'Twill soon be
past.
Sunshine, and song, and bright Italian heaven,
And thou, oh! thou on whom my spirit cast
Unvalued wealth,—who know'st not what was
given
In that devotedness,—the sad, and deep,
And unrepaid—farewell! If I could weep
Once, only once, beloved one! on thy breast,
Pouring my heart forth ere I sink to rest!
But that were happiness, and unto me
Earth's gift is fame. Yet I was form'd to be
So richly blest! With thee to watch the sky,
Speaking not, feeling but that thou wast nigh;
With thee to listen, while the tones of song
Swept ev'n as part of our sweet air along,
To listen silently;—with thee to gaze
On forms, the deified of olden days,
This had been joy enough; and hour by hour,
From its glad well-springs drinking life and
power.
How had my spirit soar'd, and made its fame
A glory for thy brow!—Dreams, dreams!—
The fire
Burns faint within me. Yet I leave my name—
As a deep thrill may linger on the lyre
When its full chords are hush'd—awhile to live,
And one day haply in thy heart revive
Sad thoughts of me:—I leave it, with a sound,
A spell o'er memory, mournfully profound,
I leave it, on my country's air to dwell,—
Say proudly yet—'Twas hers who loved me well!'

ELYSIUM.

Fair wert thou in the dreams
Of elder time, thou land of glorious flowers
And summer winds and low-toned silvery streams
Dim with the shadows of thy laurel bowers,
Where, as they pass'd, bright hours
Left no vain sense of parting, such as clings
To earthly love, and joy in loveliest things!

Fair wert thou with the light
On thy blue hills and sleepy waters cast
From purple skies ne'er deep'ning into night,
Yet soft, as if each moment were their last
Of glory, fading fast
Along the mountains!—but thy golden day
Was not as those that warn us of decay

And ever, through thy shades,
A swell of deep Æolian sound went by,
From fountain-voices in their secret glades,
And low reed-whispers, making sweet reply
To summer's breezy sigh,
And young leaves trembling to the winds light breath,
Which ne'er had touch'd them with a hue of death!

And the transparent sky
Rung as a dome, all thrilling to the strain
Of harps that, 'midst the woods, made harmony
Solemn and sweet; yet troubling not the brain
With dreams and yearnings vain,
And dim remembrances, that still draw birth
From the bewild'ring music of the earth.

And who, with silent tread,
Moved o'er the plains of asphodel?
Call'd from the dim procession of the dead,
Who, 'midst the shadowy amaranth-bowers might dwell,
And listen to the swell
Of those majestic hymn-notes, and inhale
The spirit wandering in the immortal gale?

They of the sword, whose praise, round!
With the bright wine at nations' feasts, went
They of the lyre, whose unforgotten lays
Forth on the winds had sent their mighty sound,
And in all regions found
Their echoes 'midst the mountains!—and become
In man's deep heart as voices of his home!

They of the daring thought!
Daring and powerful, yet to dust allied—
Whose flight through stars, and seas, and depths
had sought
The soul's fair birth-place—but without a guide!
Sages and seers, who died,
And left the world their high mysterious dreams,
Born 'midst the olive woods, by Grecian streams.

But the most loved are they
Of whom fame speaks not with her clarion voice,
In regal halls!—the shades o'erhang their way,
The vale, with its deep fountains, is their choice,
And gentle hearts rejoice
Around their steps; till silently they die,
As a stream shrinks from summer's burning eye.

And these—of whose abode,
'Midst her green valleys earth retain'd no trace,
Save a flower springing from their burial-sod,
A shade of sadness on some kindred face,
A dim and vacant place [for these,
In some sweet home;—then hast no wreaths
Thou sunny land! with all thy deathless trees!

The peasant at his door
Might sink to die when vintage feasts were spread,
And songs on every wind! From thy bright shore
No lovelier vision floated round his head—
Thou wert for nobler dead!

He heard the bounding steps which round him fell,
And sigh'd to bid the festal sun farewell!

The slave, whose very tears
Were a forbidden luxury, and whose breast
Kept the mute woes and burning thoughts of years,
As embers in a burial-urn compress'd;
He might not be thy guest!
No gentle breathing from thy distant sky
Came o'er his path, and whisper'd "Liberty!"

Calm, on its leaf strewn bier,
Unlike a gift of Nature to Decay,
Too rose-like still, too beautiful, too dear,
The child at rest before the mother lay,
E'en so to pass away,
With its bright smile!—Elysium! what wert thou
To her, who wept o'er that young slumber'r's brow?

Thou hadst no home, green land!
For the fair creature from her bosom gone,
With life's fresh flowers just opening in its hand,
And all the lovely thoughts and dreams unknown
Which, in its clear eye, shone
Like spring's first wakening! but that light was past—
Where went the dew drop swept before the blast?
Not where thy soft winds play'd,
Not where thy waters lay in glassy sleep!
Fade with thy bowers, thou Land of Visions,
fade!
From thee no voice came o'er the gloomy deep,
And bade man cease to weep!
Fade, with the amaranth plain, the myrtle grove,
Which could not yield one hope to sorrowing love.

THE DEATH OF CONRADIN.

No cloud to dim the splendor of the day
Which breaks o'er Naples and her lovely bay,
And lights that brilliant sea and magic shore
With every tint that charm'd the great of yore;
Th' imperial ones of earth—who proudly bade
Their marble domes e'en Ocean's realm invade.
That race is gone—but glorious Nature here
Maintains unchanged her own sublime career,
And bids these regions of the suns display
Bright hues, surviving empires pass'd away.
The beam of Heaven expands—its kindling
smile
Reveals each charm of many a fairy isle,
Whose image floats, in softer coloring drest,
With all its rocks and vines, on Ocean's breast
Misenum's cape hath sought the vivid ray,
On Roman streamers there no more to play;
Still, as of old, unalterably bright,
Lovely it sleeps on Posilippo's height,

With all Italia's sunshine to illume
The ilex canopy of Virgil's tomb.
Campania's plains rejoice in light, and spread
Their gay luxuriance o'er the mighty dead;
Fair glittering to thine own transparent skies,
Thy palaces, exulting Naples! rise!
While, far on high, Vesuvius rears his peak,
Furrow'd and dark with many a lava streak.
Oh, ye bright shores of Circe and the Muse!
Rich with all Nature's and all fiction's hues;
Who shall explore your regions, and declare
The poet err'd to paint Elysium there?
Call up his spirit, wanderer! bid him guide
Thy steps, those siren-haunted seas beside;
And all the scene a lovelier light shall wear,
And spells more potent shall pervade the air.
What though his dust be scatter'd, and his urn
Long from its sanctuary of slumber torn,
Still dwell the beings of his verse around,
Hovering in beauty o'er th' enchanted ground:
His lays are murmurd in each breeze that roves
Soft o'er the sunny waves and orange groves:
His memory's charm is spread o'er shore and sea,
The soul, the genius of Parthenope;
Shedding o'er myrtle shade and vine-clad hill
The purple radiance of Elysium still.
Yet that fair soil and calm resplendent sky
Have witness'd many a dark reality.
Oft o'er those bright blue seas the gale hath borne
The sights of exiles never to return.
There with the whisper of Campania's gale
Hath mingled oft affection's funeral wail,
Mourning for buried heroes—while to her
That glowing land was but their sepulchre.
And there of old the dread mysterious moan
Swell’d from strange voices of no mortal tone;
And that wild trumpet, whose unearthly note
Was heard, at midnight, o’er the hills to float
Around the spot where Agrippina died,
Denouncing vengeance on the matricide.

Past are those ages—yet another crime,
Another woe, must stain th’ Elysian clime.
There stands a scaffold on the sunny shore—
It must be crimson’d ere the day is o’er!
There is a throne in regal pomp array’d,—
A scene of death from thence must be survey’d.
Mark’d ye the rushing throngs?—each mien is pale,
Each hurried glance reveals a fearful tale;
But the deep workings of th’ indignant breast,
Wrath, hatred, pity, must be all suppress’d;
The burning tear awhile must check its course,
Th’ avenging thought concentrate all its force;
For tyranny is near, and will not brook
Aught but submission in each guarded look.

Girt with his fierce Provençals, and with mien
Austere in triumph, gazing on the scene,
And in his eye a keen suspicious glance
Of jealous pride and restless vigilance,
Behold the conqueror!—mainly in his face,
Of gentler feeling hope would seek a trace:
Cold, proud, severe, the spirit which hath lent
Its haughty stamp to each dark lineament;
And pleading Mercy, in the sternness there,
May read at once her sentence—to despair

But thou, fair boy! the beautiful, the brave,
Thus passing from the dungeon to the grave,
While all is yet around thee which can give
A charm to earth, and make it bliss to live;
Thou on whose form hath dwelt a mother’s eye,
Till the deep love that not with thee shall die
Hath grown too full for utterance—Can it be?
And is this pomp of death prepared for thee?
Young, royal Conradin! who shouldest have known
Of life as yet the sunny side alone!
Oh! who can view thee, in the pride and bloom
Of youth, array’d so richly for the tomb,
Nor feel, deep swelling in his inmost soul,
Emotions tyranny may ne’er control?
Bright victim! to Ambition’s altar led,
Crown’d with all flowers that heaven on earth can shed,
Who, from th’ oppressor towering in his pride,
May hope for mercy—if to thee denied?
There is dead silence on the breathless throng,
Dead silence all the peopled shore along,
As on the captive moves—the only sound,
To break that calm so fearfully profound,
The low, sweet murmur of the rippling wave,
Soft as it glides, the smiling shore to lave;
While on that shore, his own fair heritage,
The youthful martyr to a tyrant’s rage
Is passing to his fate: the eyes are dim
Which gaze, through tears that dare not flow,
on him.
He mounts the scaffold—doth his footstep fail?
Doth his lip quiver? doth his cheek turn pale?
Oh! it may be forgiven him if a thought
Cling to that world, for him with beauty fraught;
To all the hopes that promised glory's meed,
And all th' affections that with him shall bleed!
If, in his life's young dayspring, while the rose
Of boyhood on his cheek yet freshly glows,
One human fear convulse his parting breath,
And shrink from all the bitterness of death!
But no! the spirit of his royal race
Sits brightly on his brow—that youthful face
Beams with heroic beauty, and his eye
Is eloquent with injured majesty.
He kneels—but not to man—his heart shall own
Such deep submission to his God alone!
And who can tell with what sustaining power
That God may visit him in fate's dread hour?
How still the voice, which answers every moan
May speak of hope—when hope on earth is gone?
That solemn pause is o'er—the youth hath given
One glance of parting love to earth and heaven.
The sun rejoices in th' unclouded sky,
Life all around him glows—and he must die!
Yet 'midst his people, undismay'd, he throws
The gage of vengeance for a thousand woes;
Vengeance, that, like their own volcano's fire,
May sleep suppress'd a while—but not expire.
One softer image rises o'er his breast,
One fond regret, and all shall be at rest!
"Alas, for thee, my mother! who shall bear
To thy sad heart the tidings of despair,
When thy lost child is gone?"—that thought can thrill
His soul with pangs one moment more shall still.
The lifted axe is glittering in the sun—
It falls—the race of Conradin is run!
Yet, from the blood which flows that shore to stain,
A voice shall cry to heaven—and not in vain!
Gaze thou, triumphant from thy gorgeous throne,
In proud supremacy of guilt alone,
Charles of Anjou! but that dread voice shall be
A fearful summoner e'en yet to thee!
The scene of death is closed—the throngs depart,
A deep stern lesson graved on every heart.
No pomp, no funeral rites, no streaming eyes,
High-minded boy! may grace thine obsequies.
O, vainly royal and beloved! thy grave,
Unsanctified, is bathed by Ocean's wave;
Mark'd by no stone, a rude, neglected spot,
Unhonor'd, unadorn'd—but unforgot;
For thy deep wrongs in tameless hearts shall live,
Now mutely suffering—never to forgive!
The sunset fades from purple heavens away—
A bark hath anchor'd in th' unruffled bay;
Thence on the beach descends a female form,
Her mien with hope and tearful transport warm:
But life hath left sad traces on her cheek,
And her soft eyes a chasten'd heart bespeak,
Insured to woes—yet what were all the past!
She sunk not feebly 'neath affliction's blast,
While one bright hope remain'd—who now shall tell
Th' uncrown'd, the widow'd, how her loved one fell?
To clasp her child, to ransom and to save,
The mother came—and she hath found his grave!
And by that grave, transfixed in speechless grief,
Whose death-like trance denies a tear's relief,
Awhile she kneels—till roused at length to know
To feel the might, the fulness of her woe,
On the still air a voice of anguish wild,
A mother's cry is heard—"My Conradin! my child!"

THE KING OF ARRAGON'S LAMENT
FOR HIS BROTHER.

There were light sounds of revelling in the vanquish'd city's halls,
As by night the feast of victory was held within its walls;
And the conquerors filled the wine cup high,
after years of bright blood shed;
But their Lord, the King of Arragon, 'midst the triumph, wail'd the dead.

He look'd down from the fortress won on the tents and towers below,
The moon-lit sea, the torch-lit streets,—and a gloom came o'er his brow:

The voice of thousands floated up, with the horn and cymbal's tone;
But his heart, 'midst that proud music, felt more utterly alone.

And he cried, "Thou art mine, fair city! thou city of the sea!
But, oh! what portion of delight is mine at last in thee?
—I am lonely midst thy palaces, while the glad waves past them roll,
And the soft breath of thine orange-bowers is mournful to my soul.

"My brother! oh! my brother! thou art gone,—the true and brave,
And the haughty joy of victory hath died upon thy grave,
There are many round my throne to stand, and to march where I lead on;
There was one to love me in the world,—my brother! thou art gone!

"In the desert, in the battle, in the ocean-tempest's wrath,
We stood together side by side; one hope was ours,—one path;
Thou hast wrapt me in the soldier's cloak, thou hast fenced me with thy breast;
Thou hast watch'd beside my couch of pain—oh! bravest heart, and best!"
I see the festive lights around;—o'er a dull sad world they shine;
I hear the voice of victory—my Pedro! where is thine?
The only voice in whose kind tone my spirit found reply!—
O brother! I have bought too dear this hollow pageantry!

"I have hosts, and gallant fleets, to spread my glory and my sway,
And chiefs to lead them fearlessly;—my friend hath pass'd away!
For the kindly look, the word of cheer, my heart may thirst in vain,
And the face that was as light as mine—it cannot come again!

"I have made thy blood, thy faithful blood, the offering for a crown;
With love, which earth bestows not twice, I have purchased cold renown;
How often will my weary heart 'midst the sounds of triumph die,
When I think of thee, my brother! thou flower of chivalry!

"I am lonely—I am lonely! this rest is even as death!
Let me hear again the ringing spears, and the battle-trumpet's breath;

Let me see the fiery charger foam, and the royal banner wave—
But where art thou, my brother? where?—in thy low and early grave?
And louder swelled the songs of joy through that victorious night,
And faster flow'd the red wine forth, by the stars' and torches' light;
But low and deep, amidst the mirth, was heard the conqueror's moan—
"My brother! oh! my brother! best and bravest! thou art gone!"

THE HOMES OF ENGLAND.

The stately homes of England,
How beautiful they stand!
Amidst their tall ancestral trees,
O'er all the pleasant land.
The deer across then greensward bound,
Through shade and sunny gleam,
The swan glides past them with the sound
Of some rejoicing stream.

The merry homes of England!
Around their hearths by night,
What gladsome looks of household love
Meet in the ruddy light!
There woman's voice flows forth in song,
Or childhood's tale is told,
Or lips move tunefully along
Some glorious page of old.

The blessed homes of England!
How softly on their bowers
Is laid the holy quietness
That breathes from Sabbath-hours

Solemn, yet sweet, the church-bells chime
Floats through their woods at morn;
All other sounds, in that still time,
Of breeze and leaf are born.

The cottage homes of England!
By thousands on her plains,
They are smiling o'er the silvery brooks,
And round the hamlet-fanes.

Through glowing orchards forth they peep,
Each from its nook of leaves,
And fearless there the lowly sleep,
As the bird beneath their eaves.

The free, fair homes of England!
Long, long, in hut and hall,
May hearts of native proof be rear'd
To guard each hallow'd wall!

And green for ever be the groves,
And bright the flowery sod,
Where first the child's glad spirit loves
Its country and its God!

O Spirit-Land! thou land of dreams!
A world thou art of mysterious gleams,
Of startling voices, and sounds at strife,—
A world of the dead in the hues of life.

Like a wizard's magic glass thou art,
When the wavy shadows float by, and part:
Visions of aspects, now loved, now strange,
Glimmering and mingling in ceaseless change.

Thou art like a city of the past,
With its gorgeous halls in fragments cast,
Amidst whose ruins there glide and play
Familiar forms of the world's to day.

Thou art like the depths where the seas have birth,
Rich with the wealth that is lost from earth,—
All the sere flowers of our days gone by,—
And the buried gems in thy bosom lie.

Yes! thou art like those dim sea caves,
A realm of treasures, a realm of graves!
And the shapes through thy mysteries that
come and go,
Are of beauty and terror, of power and woe.

But for me, O thou picture-land of sleep!
Thou art all one world of affections deep,—
And wrung from my heart is each flushing dye, 
That sweeps o'er thy chambers of imagery.

And thy bowers are fair—e'en as Eden fair; 
All the beloved of my soul are there! 
The forms of my spirit most pines to see, 
The eyes, whose love hath been life to me:

They are there,—and each blessed voice I hear, 
Kindly, and joyous, and silvery clear; 
But under-tones are in each, that say,— 
“‘It is but a dream; it will melt away!’”

I walk with sweet friends in the sunset’s glow, 
I listen to music of long ago; 
But one thought, like an omen, breathes faint through the lay: 
“‘It is but a dream; it will melt away!’”

I sit by the hearth of my early days; 
All the home-faces are met by the blaze,— 
And the eyes of the mother shine soft, yet say 
“‘It is but a dream; it will melt away!’”

And away, like a flower’s passing breath, ‘tis gone, 
And I wake more sadly, more deeply lone! 
Oh! a haunted heart is a weight to bear,— 
Bright faces, kind voices! where are ye, where?

Shadow not forth, O thou land of dreams, 
The past, as it fled by my own blue streams! 
Make not my spirit within me burn 
For the scenes and the hours that may ne’er return!

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Call out from the future thy visions bright, 
From the world o’er the grave, take thy solemn light, 
And oh! with the loved, whom no more I see, 
Show me my home, as it yet may be!

As it yet may be in some purer sphere, 
No cloud, no parting, no sleepless fear; 
So my soul may bear on, through the long, long day, 
Till I go where the beautiful melts not away!

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THE CHILDE’S DESTINY.

No mistress of the hidden skill, 
No wizard gaunt and grim, 
Went up by night to heath or hill, 
To read the stars for him;

The merriest girl in all the land 
Of vine-encircled France 
Bestow’d upon his brow and hand 
Her philosophic glance:

“I bind thee with a spell,” said she, 
“I sign thee with a sign; 
No woman’s love shall light on thee, 
No woman’s heart be thine i

“And trust me, ‘tis not that thy cheek 
Is colorless and cold, 
Nor that thine eye is slow to speak 
What only eyes have told;
For many a cheek of paler white
Hath blushed with passion's kiss:
And many an eye of lesser light
Hath caught its fire from bliss;
Yet while the rivers seek the sea,
And while the young stars shine,
No woman's love shall light on thee,
No woman's heart be thine!

"And 'tis not that thy spirit, awed
By beauty's numbing spell,
Shrinks from the force or from the fraud
Which beauty loves so well;
For thou hast learned to watch and wake,
And swear by earth and sky;
And thou art ever bold to take
What we must still deny;
I cannot tell: the charm was wrought
By other threads than mine,
The lips are lightly begged or bought,
The heart may not be thine!

Yet thine the brightest smile shall be
That ever beauty wore,
And confidence from two or three,
And compliments from more;
And one shall give, perchance hath given,
What only is not love,—
Friendship, oh! such as saints in heaven
Rain on us from above.
If she shall meet thee in the bower,
Or name thee in the shrine,
Oh! wear the ring, and guard the flower,
Her heart may not be thine!

"Go, set thy boat before the blast,
Thy breast before the gun,—
The haven shall be reached at last,
The battle shall be won;
Or muse upon thy country's laws,
Or strike thy country's lyre,
And patriot hands shall sound applause,
And lovely lips be mute:
Go, dig the diamond from the wave,
The treasure from the mine,
Enjoy the wreath, the gold, the grave,—
No woman's heart is thine!

"I charm thee from the agony
Which others feel or feign;
From anger, and from jealously,
From doubt, and from disdain;
I bid thee wear the scorn of years
Upon the cheek of youth,
And curl the lip at passion's tears,
And shake the head at truth:
While there is bliss in revelry,
Forgetfulness in wine,
Be thou from woman's love as free
As woman is from thine!"
CŒUR DE LION AT THE BIER OF HIS FATHER.

Torches were blazing clear,
Hymns pealing deep and slow,
Where a king lay stately on his bier
In the church of Fontevraud.
Banners of battle o'er him hung,
And warriors slept beneath,
And light, as noon's broad light was flung
On the settled face of death.

On the settled face of death
A strong and ruddy glare,
Though dimm'd at times by the censer's breath,
Yet it fell still brightest there:
As if each deeply furrow'd trace
Of earthly years to show,—
Alas! that sceptred mortal's race
Had surely closed in woe!

The marble floor was swept
By many a long dark stole,
As the kneeling priests, round him that slept,
Sang mass for the parted soul:
And solemn were the strains they pour'd
Through the stillness of the night,
With the cross above, and the crown and sword,
And the silent king in sight.

There was heard a heavy clang,
As of steel-girt men the tread,
And the tombs and the hollow pavement rang
With a sounding thrill of dread;
And the holy chant was hush'd awhile,
As, by the torch's flame,
A gleam of arms up the sweeping aisle,
With a mail-clad leader came.

He came with saunterly look,
An eagle-glance and clear;
But his proud heart through its breastplate shook,
When he stood beside the bier!
He stood there still with a drooping brow,
And clasped hands o'er it raised;—
For his father lay before him low,
It was Cœur de Lion gazed!

And silently he strove
With the workings of his breast;
But there's more in late repentant love
Than steel may keep suppress'd!
And his tears brake forth, at last, like rain,—
Men held their breath in awe,
For his face was seen by his warrior train,
And he reck'd not that they saw.

He look'd upon the dead,
And sorrow seem'd to lie,
A weight of sorrow, even like lead,
Pale on the fast-shut eye.
He stoop'd—and kiss'd the frozen cheek
And the heavy hand of clay
Till bursting words—yet all too weak—
Gave his soul's passion way.

"Oh, father! is it vain,
This late remorse and deep grief?
Speak to me, father! once again,
I weep—behold, I weep!
Alas! my guilty pride and ire!
Were but this work undone
I would give England's crown, my sire!
To hear thee bless thy son.

"Speak to me! mighty grief
Ere now the dust hath stirr'd!
Hear me, but hear me!—father, chief,
My king! I must be heard!—
Hush'd, hush'd—how is it that I call,
And that thou answerest not?
When was it thus, woe, woe for all
The love my soul forgot!

"Thy silver hairs I see,
So still, so sadly bright!
And father, father! but for me,
They had not been so white!
I bore thee down, high heart! at last,
No longer could'st thou strive;
Oh! for one moment of the past,
To kneel and say—'forgive!'

"Thou wert the noblest king,
On royal throne ere seen;

And thou didst wear in knightly ring
Of all, the stateliest mien;
And thou didst prove, where spears are proved,
In war, the bravest heart—
Oh! ever the renown'd and loved
Thou wert—and there thou art!

"Thou that my boyhood's guide
Didst take fond joy to be!—
The times I've sported at thy side,
And climb'd thy parent knee!
And there before the blessed shrine,
My sire! I see thee lie,—
How will that sad still face of thine
Look on me till I die!"

THE LANDING OF THE PILGRIM FATHERS.

The breaking waves dashed high
On a stern and rock-bound coast,
And the woods, against a stormy sky
Their giant branches toss'd;

And the heavy night hung dark
The hills and waters o'er,
When a band of exiles moor'd their bark
On the wild New England shore.
Not as the conqueror comes,
They, the true-hearted, came,
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,
In silence and in fear,—
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang;
And the stars heard and the sea!
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang
To the anthem of the free!

The ocean-eagle soar'd
From his nest by the white wave's foam,
And the rocking pines of the forest roar'd—
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair
Amidst that pilgrim-band—
Why had they come to wither there
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,
Lit by her deep love's truth;
There was manhood's brow, serenely high,
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?
Bright jewels of the mine?
The wealth of seas, the spoils of war?
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Aye, call it holy ground,
The soil where first they trod!
They have left unstain'd what there they found—
Freedom to worship God!

THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song!
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves, opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the south, and the chestnut flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers,
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veil'd with wreaths on Italian plains;—
But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have look'd o'er the hills of the stormy north,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds o'er the pastures free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my foot hath been.
I have sent through the wood-paths a glowing sigh,
And call'd out each voice of the deep blue sky;
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild notes by the Iceland lakes,
When the dark fir-branch into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain,
They are sweeping on to the silvery main,
They are flashing down from the mountain brows,
They are flinging spray o'er the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves!

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come!
Where the violets lie may be now your home.
Ye of the rose lip and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly!
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in grove and glen!
Away from the chamber and sullen hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth!
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains
And youth is abroad in my green domains.

But ye!—ye are changed since ye met me last!
There is something bright from your features pass'd!
They are gone from amongst you, the young
and fair,
Ye have lost the gleam of their shining hair!—
But I know of a land where there falls no blight,
I shall find them there, with their eyes of light!
Where Death 'midst the blooms of the morn
may dwell,
I tarry no longer—farewell, farewell!

The summer is coming, on soft winds borne,
Ye may press the grape, ye may bind the corn!
For me, I depart to a brighter shore,
Ye are mark'd by care, ye are mine no more;
I go where the loved who have left you dwell,
And the flowers are not Death's—fare ye well,
farewell!

ROMAN GIRL'S SONG.

Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!
On thy seven hills of yore
Thou satt'st a queen.

Thou hadst thy triumphs then
Purpling the street,
Leaders and sceptred men
Bow'd at thy feet.

They that thy mantle wore,
   As gods were seen—
Rome, Rome! thou art no more
   As thou hast been!

Rome! thine imperial brow
   Never shall rise:
What hast thou left thee now?—
   Thou hast thy skies!

Blue, deeply blue, they are,
   Gloriously bright!
Veiling thy wastes afar
   With color'd light.

Thou hast the sunset's glow,
   Rome, for thy dower,
Flushing tall cypress bough,
   Temple and tower!

And all sweet sounds are thine,
   Lovely to hear,
While night o'er tomb and shrine,
   Rests darkly clear.

Many a solemn hymn,
   By starlight sung,
Sweeps through the arches dim,
   Thy wrecks among.

Many a flute's low swell,
   On thy soft air
Lingers, and loves to dwell
   With summer there.
Thou hast the south's rich gift
Of sudden song—
A charmed fountain, swift,
Joyous, and strong.

Thou hast fair forms that move
With queenly tread;
Thou hast proud fanes above
Thy mighty dead.

Yet wears thy Tiber's shore
A mournful mien:—
Rome, Rome! thou art no more
As thou hast been!

**DIRGE.**

*Where* shall we make her grave?
—Oh! where the wild flowers wave
In the free air!
Where shower and singing bird
'Midst the young leaves are heard—
There—lay her there!

Harsh was the world to her—
Now may sleep minister
Balm for each ill:
Low on sweet nature's breast,
Let the meek heart find rest
Deep, deep and still!

Murmur, glad waters, by!
Faint gales, with happy sigh,
Come wandering o'er
That green and mossy bed,
Where, on a gentle head,
Storms beat no more!

What though for her in vain
Falls now the bright spring rain,
Plays the soft wind?
Yet still, from where she lies,
Should blessed breathings rise
Gracious and kind.

Therefore, let song and dew
Thence, in the heart renew
Life's vernal glow!
And o'er that holy earth
Scents of the violet's birth
Still come and go!

Oh! then where wild flowers wave,
Make ye her mossy grave
In the free air!
Where shower and singing bird
'Midst the young leaves are heard—
There, lay her there!
THE CORONATION OF INEZ DE CASTRO.

There was music on the midnight:—
From a royal fane it roll'd,
And a mighty bell, each pause between,
Sternly and slowly toll'd.
Strange was their mingling in the sky,
It hush'd the listener's breath;
For the music spoke of triumph high,
The lonely bell, of death.

There was hurrying through the midnight—
A sound of many feet:
But they fell with a muffled fearfulness,
Along the shadowy street:
And softer, fainter, grew their tread,
As it near'd the minster-gate,
Whence a broad and solemn light was shed
From a scene of royal state.

Full glow'd the strong red radiance,
In the centre of the nave,
Where the folds of a purple canopy
Swept down in many a wave;
Loading the marble pavement old
With a weight of gorgeous gloom,
For something lay 'midst their fretted gold
Like a shadow of the tomb.

And within that rich pavilion,
High on a glittering throne,
A woman's form sat silently,
'Midst the glare of light alone.
Her jewel'd robes fell strangely still—
The drapery on her breast
Seem'd with no pulse beneath to thrill,
So stone-like was its rest!

But a peal of lordly music
Shook e'en the dust below,
When the burning gold of the diadem
Was set on her pallid brow!
Then died away that haughty sound,
And from the encircling band
Stept Prince and Chief, 'midst the hush profound,
With homage to her hand.

Why pass'd a faint, cold shuddering
Over each mortal frame,
As one by one, to touch that hand,
Noble and leader came?
Was not the settled aspect fair?
Hid not a queenly grace,
Under the parted ebon hair,
Sit on the pale still face?

Death! Death! canst thou be lovely
Unto the eye of Life?
Is not each pulse of the quick high breast
With thy cold mien at strife?
It was a strange and fearful sight,
The crown upon that head,
The glorious robes, and the blaze of light,
All gather’d round the Dead!

And beside her stood in silence
One with a brow as pale,
And white lips rigidly compress’d,
Lest the strong heart should fail:
King Pedro, with a jealous eye,
Watching the homage done,
By the land's flower and chivalry,
To her, his martyr'd one.

But on the face he look’d not,
Which once his star had been;
To every form his glance was turn’d,
Save of the breathless queen:
Though something won from the grave's embrace
Of her beauty still was there,
Its hues were all of that shadowy place
It was not for him to bear.

Alas! the crown, the sceptre,
The treasures of the earth,
And the priceless love that pour'd those gifts,
Alike of wasted worth!
The rites are closed:—bear back the Dead
Unto the chamber deep!
Lay down again the royal head,
Dust with the dust to sleep!

There is music on the midnight—
A requiem sad and slow,
As the mourners through the sounding aisle
In dark procession go;
And the ring of state, and the starry crown,
And all the rich array,
Are borne to the house of silence down,
With her, that queen of clay!

And tearlessly and firmly
King Pedro led the train,—
But his face was wrapt in his folding robe,
When they lower'd the dust again.
'Tis hush'd at last the tomb above,
Hymns die, and steps depart:
Who call'd thee strong as death, O Love?
Mightier thou wast and art.

They haunt me still—those calm, pure, holy eyes:
Their piercing sweetness wanders through my dreams:
The soul of music that within them lies,
Comes o'er my soul in soft and sudden gleams:
Life—spirit-life—immortal and divine—
Is there—and yet how dark a death was thine!
Could it—oh! could it be—meek child of song?
The might of gentleness on that fair brow—
Was the celestial gift no shield from wrong?
Bore it no talisman to ward the blow?
Ask if a flower, upon the billows cast,
Might brave their strife—a flute-note hush the blast?

Are there not deep sad oracles to read
In the clear stillness of that radiant face?
Yes, even like thee must gifted spirits bleed,
Thrown on a world, for heavenly things no place!
Bright exiled birds that visit alien skies,
Pouring on storms their suppliant melodies.

And seeking ever some true, gentle breast,
Whereon their trembling plumage might repose,
And their free song-notes, from that happy nest,
Gush as a fount that forth from sunlight flows;
Vain dream! the love whose precious balms might save
Still, still denied—they struggle to the grave.

Yet my heart shall not sink!—another doom,
Victim hath set its promise in thine eye;
A light is there, too quenchless for the tomb,
Bright earnest of a nobler destiny;
Telling of answers, in some far-off sphere,
To the deep souls that find no echo here.

JOAN OF ARC, IN RHEIMS.

That was a joyous day in Rheims of old,
When peal on peal of mighty music roll'd
Forth from her throng'd cathedral; while around,
A multitude, whose billows made no sound,
Chain'd to a hush of wonder, though elate
With victory, listen'd at their temple's gate.
And what was done within?—within, the light
Through the rich gloom of pictured windows flowing,
Tinged with soft awfulness a stately sight,
The chivalry of France, their proud heads bowing
In martial vassalage!—while 'midst that ring,
And shadow'd by the ancestral tombs, a king
Received his birthright's crown. For this, the hymn
Swell'd out like rushing waters, and the day
With the sweet censer's misty breath grew dim
As through long aisles it floated o'er th' array
Of arms and sweeping stoles. But who, alone
And unapproach'd, beside the altar-stone,
With the white banner, forth like sunshine streaming,
And the gold helm, through clouds of fragrance gleaming,—
Silent and radiant stood?—the helm was raised,
And the fair face reveal'd that upward gazed
Intensely worshipping:—a still, clear face
Youthful, but brightly solemn!—Woman's cheek
And brow were there, in deep devotion meek
Yet glorified with inspiration's trace
On its pure paleness; while, enthroned above,
The pictured Virgin, with her smile of love,
Seem'd bending o'er her votaress.—That slight
form!
Was that the leader through the battle storm?
Had the soft light in that adoring eye,
Guided the warrior where the swords flash'd high?
'Twas so, even so!—and thou, the shepherd's
child
Joanne, the lowly dreamer of the wild!
Never before, and never since that hour,
Hath woman, mantled with victorious power,
Stood forth as thou beside the shrine didst stand,
Holy amidst the knighthood of the land;
And beautiful with joy and with renown,
Lift thy white banner o'er the olden crown,
Ransom'd for France by thee!

The rites are done.
Now let the dome with trumpet-notes be shaken,
And bid the echoes of the tombs awaken,
And come thou forth, that Heaven's rejoicing
sun
May give thee welcome from thine own blue
skies,
Daughter of victory!—a triumphant strain,
A proud rich stream of warlike melodies,
Gush'd through the portals of the antique fane.

And forth she came.—Then rose a nation's sound!
Oh! what a power to bid the quick heart bound,
The wind bears onward with the stormy cheer
Man gives to glory on her high career!
Is there indeed such power?—far deeper dwells
In one kind household voice, to reach the cells
Whence happiness flow'd forth!—the shouts that
fill'd
The hollow heaven tempestuously, were still'd
One moment; and in that brief pause, the tone,
As of a breeze that o'er her home had blown,
Sank on the bright maid's heart.—"Joanne!"—
who spoke
Like those whose childhood with her child­hood grew
Under one roof?—"Joanne!"—that murmur
broke
With sounds of weeping forth!—She turn'd—
she knew
Beside her, mark'd from all the thousands there,
In the calm beauty of his silver hair,
The stately shepherd; and the youth, whose joy
From his dark eye flash'd proudly; and the boy,
The youngest-born, that ever loved her best;
"Father! and ye, my brothers! "—On the
breast
Of that grey sire she sank—and swiftly back,
Ev'n in an instant, to their native track
Her free thoughts flow'd.—She saw the pomp
no more—
The plumes, the banners:—to her cabin door,
And to the Fairy's fountain in the glade,
Where her young sisters by her side had play'd,
And to her hamlet's chapel, where it rose
Hallowing the forest unto deep repose,
Her spirit turn'd.—The very wood-note, sung
In early spring-time by the bird, which dwelt
Where o'er her father's roof the beach leaves hung,
Was in her heart; a music heard and felt,
Winning her back to nature.—She unbound
The helm of many battles from her head.
And, with her bright locks bow'd to sweep she
ground,
Lifting her voice up, wept for joy, and said,—
"Bless me, my father, bless me! and with thee,
To the still cabin and the beechen tree,
Let me return!"
Oh! never did thine eye
Through the green haunts of happy infancy
Wander again, Joanne!—too much of fame
Had shed its radiance on thy peasant name;
And bought alone by gifts beyond all price,
The trusting heart's repose, the paradise
Of home with all its loves, doth fate allow
The crown of glory unto woman's brow.

THE CRUSADERS' WAR SONG.

Chieftains, lead on! our hearts beat high,
Lead on to Salem's towers!
Who would not deem it bliss to die,
Slain in a cause like ours?
The brave who sleep in soil of thine,
Die not entomb'd, but shrined, O Palestine!

Sons of the slain in holy war!
Look from your sainted rest.
Tell us ye rose in Glory's car,
To mingle with the blest;
Tell us how short the death-pang's power,
How bright the joys of your immortal bower.

Strike the loud harp, ye minstrel train!
Pour forth your loftiest lays;
Each heart shall echo to the strain
Breath'd in the warrior's praise.
Bid every string triumphant swell
Th' inspiring sounds that heroes love so well.

Salem! amidst the fiercest hour,
The wildest rage of fight,
Thy name shall lend our falchions power,
And nerve our hearts with might,
Envied be those for thee that fall,
Who find their graves beneath thy sacred wall.

For them no need that sculptured tomb
Should chronicle their fame,
Or pyramid record their doom,
Or deathless verse their name;
It is enough that dust of thine
Should shroud their forms, O blessed Palestine!

Chieftains, lead on! our hearts beat high,
For combat's glorious hour;
Soon shall the red-cross banner fly
On Salem's loftiest tower!
We burn to mingle in the strife,
Where but to die ensures eternal life.
THE VAUDOIS' WIFE.

Thy voice is in mine ear, beloved!
Thy look is in my heart,
Thy bosom is my resting-place,
And yet I must depart.
Earth on my soul is strong—too strong—
Too precious is its chain,
All woven of thy love, dear friend,
Yet vain—though mighty—vain!

Thou seest mine eye grow dim, beloved!
Thou seest my life-blood flow.—
Bow to the chastener silently,
And calmly let me go!
A little while between our hearts
The shadowy gulf must lie,
Yet have we for their communing
Still, still Eternity!

Ales! thy tears are on my cheek,
My spirit they detain;
I know that from thine agony
Is wrung that burning rain.
Best, kindest, weep not;—make the pang,
The bitter conflict, less—
Oh! sad it is, and yet a joy,
To fell thy love's excess!

But calm thee! Let the thought of death
A solemn peace restore!
The voice that must be silent soon,
Would speak to thee once more,
That thou may'st bear its blessings on
Through years of after life—
A token of consoling love,
Even from this hour of strife.

I bless thee for the noble heart,
The tender, and the true,
Where mine hath found the happiest rest
That e'er fond woman's knew;
I bless thee, faithful friend and guide,
For my own, my treasured share,
In the mournful secrets of thy soul;
In thy sorrow, in thy prayer.

I bless thee for the kind looks and words
Shower'd on my path like dew,
For all the love in those deep eyes
A gladness ever new!
For the voice which ne'er to mine replied
But in kindly tones of cheer:
For every spring of happiness
My soul hath tasted here!

I bless thee for the last rich boon
Won from affection tried,
The right to gaze on death with thee,
To perish by thy side!
And yet more for the glorious hope
   Even to these moments given—
Did not thy spirit ever lift
   The trust of mine to Heaven?

Now be thou strong? Oh! knew we not
   Our path must lead to this?
A shadow and a trembling still
   Were mingled with our bliss!
We plighted our young hearts when storms
   Were dark upon the sky,
In full, deep knowledge of their task
   To suffer and to die!

Be strong! I leave the living voice
   Of this, my martyr'd blood,
With the thousand echoes of the hills,
   With the torrent's foaming flood,—
A spirit 'midst the caves to dwell,
   A token on the air,
To rouse the valiant from repose,
   The fainting from despair.

Hear it, and bear thou on, my love!
   Aye, joyously, endure;
Our mountains must be altars yet,
   Inviolate and pure;
There must our God be worshipp'd still
   With the worship of the free—
Farewell! there's but one pang in death,
   One only,—leaving thee!
The Switzer's Wife.

It was the time when children bound to meet
Their father's homeward step from field or hill,
And when the belfry's returning bells are sweet.

In the Swiss valleys, and the lakes grew still,
And the last notes of that wild bell swells by,
Which haunts the switzer's heart with melody.

And in many an Alpine home, around the crimson of the dying hour,
Thro' its bowers, by the torrent's foam,
Swept its lattice through the vine-hung bow'r;

Then first look'd mournful in its green repose.

For Werner sat beneath the linden tree,
That sent its lulling whispers through his door,
As man sits whose heart alone would be
With some deep care, and thus can find no more
The accustomed joy in all which evening brings;
Gathering a household with her quiet wings.

His wife stood hush'd before him,—sad, yet mild
In her beseeching mien;—he mark'd it not.
The silvery laughter of his bright-hair'd child
Rang from the greensward round the shelter'd spot.
THE SWITZER'S WIFE.

It was the time when children bound to meet  
Their father's homeward step from field or hill,  
And when the herd's returning bells are sweet  
In the Swiss valleys, and the lakes grow still,  
And the last note of that wild horn swells by,  
Which haunts the exile's heart with melody.

And lovely smiled full many an Alpine home,  
Touch'd with the crimson of the dying hour,  
Which lit its low roof by the torrent's foam,  
And pierced its lattice through the vine-hung bower;  
But one, the loveliest o'er the land that rose,  
Then first look'd mournful in its green repose.

For Werner sat beneath the linden tree,  
That sent its lulling whispers through his door,  
Even as man sits whose heart alone would be  
With some deep care, and thus can find no more  
Th' accustom'd joy in all which evening brings,  
Gathering a household with her quiet wings.

His wife stood hush'd before him,—sad, yet mild  
In her beseeching mien ;—he mark'd it not.  
The silvery laughter of his bright-hair'd child  
Rang from the greensward round the shelter'd spot.
But seem'd unheard; until at last the boy
Raised from his heaped-up flowers a glance of joy.

And met his father's face: but then a change
Pass'd swiftly o'er the brow of infant glee,
And a quick sense of something dimly strange
Brought him from play to stand beside the knee
So often climb'd, and lift his loving eyes
That shone through clouds of sorrowful surprise.

Then the proud bosom of the strong man shook;
But tenderly his babe's fair mother laid
Her hand on his, and with a pleading look,
Through tears half quivering, o'er him bent
and said,

"What grief, dear friend, hath made thy heart
its prey,
That thou shouldst turn thee from our love away?"

"It is too sad to see thee thus, my friend!
Mark'st thou the wonder on thy boy's fair brow,
Missing the smile from thine? Oh! cheer thee! bend
To his soft arms, unseal thy thoughts e'en now!
Thou dost not kindly to withhold the share
Of tried affection in thy secret care,"

He look'd up into that sweet earnest face,
But sternly, mournfully: not yet the band
Was loosened from his soul; its inmost place
Not yet unveiling by love's o'er-mastering hand.

"Speak low!" he cried, and pointed where on high
The white Alps glitter'd through the solemn sky:

"We must speak low amidst our ancient hills
And their free torrents; for the days are come
When tyranny lies crouch'd by forest rills,
And meets the shepherd in his mountain home.
Go, pour the wine of our own grapes in fear,
Keep silence by the hearth! its foes are near.

"The envy of the oppressor's eye hath been
Upon my heritage. I sit to-night
Under my household tree, if not serene,
Yet with the faces best beloved in sight:
To-morrow eve may find me chain'd, and thee—
How can I bear the boy's young smiles to see?"

The bright blood left that youthful mother's cheek;
Back on the linden stem she lean'd her form,
And her lip trembled, as it strove to speak,
Like a frail harp-string, shaken by the storm.
'Twas but a moment, and the faintness pass'd,
And the free Alpine spirit woke at last.

And she, that ever through her home had moved
With her meek thoughtfulness and quiet smile
Of woman, calmly loving and beloved,
And timid in her happiness the while,
Stood brightly forth, and steadfastly, that hour,
Her clear glance kindling into sudden power.
Aye, pale she stood, but with an eye of light,
And took her fair child to her holy breast,
And lifted her soft voice, that gather'd might
As it found language:—"Are we thus oppress'd?
Then must we rise upon our mountain-sod,
And man must arm, and woman call on God!

"I know what thou wouldst do,—and be it done!
Thy soul is darken'd with its fears for me.
Trust me to Heaven, my husband!—this, thy son,
The babe whom I have borne thee, must be free!
And the sweet memory of our pleasant hearth
May well give strength—if aught be strong on earth.

"Thou hast been brooding o'er the silent dread
Of my desponding tears; now lift once more,
My hunter of the hills! thy stately head,
And let thine eagle glance my joy restore!
I can bear all, but seeing thee subdued,—
Take to thee back thine own undaunted mood.

"Go forth beside the waters, and along
The chamois paths, and through the forests go;
And tell, in burning words, thy tale of wrong
To the brave hearts that 'midst the hamlets glow.
God shall be with thee, my beloved!—Away!
Bless but thy child, and leave me,—I can pray!"

He sprang up like a warrior-youth awaking
To clarion sounds upon the ringing air;
He caught her to his breast, while proud tears breaking
From his dark eyes, fell o'er her braided hair,—
And "Worthy art thou," was his joyous cry,
"That man for thee should gird himself to die.

"My bride, my wife, the mother of my child!
Now shall thy name be armor to my heart;
And this our laud, by chains no more defiled,
Be taught of thee to choose the better part!
I go—thy spirit on my words shall dwell,
Thy gentle voice shall stir the Alps—Farewell!"

And thus they parted, by the quiet lake,
In the clear starlight: he, the strength to rouse
Of the free hills; she, thoughtful for his sake,
To rock her child beneath the whispering boughs,
Singing its blue, half curtain'd eyes to sleep,
With a low hymn, amidst the stillness deep

13*
WASHINGTON'S STATUE.

SENT FROM ENGLAND TO AMERICA.

Yes! rear thy guardian hero's form
On thy proud soil, thou western world!
A watcher through each sigh of storm,
O'er freedom's flag unfurl'd.

There, as before a shrine, to bow,
Bid thy true sons their children lead:
The language of that noble brow
For all things good shall plead.

The spirit rear'd in patriot fight,
The virtue born of home and hearth,
There calmly throned, a holy light
Shall pour o'er chainless earth.

And let that work of England's hand,
Sent through the blast and surge's roar,
So girt with tranquil glory stand,
For ages on thy shore!

Such, through all time, the greetings be
That with the Atlantic billow sweep!
Telling the mighty and the free
Of brothers o'er the deep.

THE PALM TREE.

It waved not through an Eastern sky,
Beside a fount of Araby;
It was not fann'd by southern breeze
In some green Isle of Indian seas,
Nor did its graceful shadow sleep
O'er stream of Afric, lone and deep.

But fair the exiled palm-tree grew
Midst foliage of no kindred hue;
Through the laburnum's dropping gold
Rose the light shaft of orient mould,
And Europe's violets, faintly sweet.
Purpled the moss-beds at its feet.

Strange look'd it there!—the willow stream'd
Where silvery waters near it gleam'd;
The lime-bough lured the honey-bee
To murmur by the desert's tree,
And showers of snowy roses made
A lustre in its fan-like shade.

There came an eve of festal hours—
Rich music fill'd that garden's bowers;
Lamps that from flowering branches hung,
On sparks of dew soft colors flung,
And bright forms glanced—a fairy show—
Under the blossoms to and fro.
But one, a lone one, midst the throng
Seem’d reckless of all dance or song:
He was a youth of dusky mien,
Whereon the Indian sun had been,
Of crested brow, and long black hair—
A stranger, like the palm-tree, there.

And slowly, sadly, moved his plumes,
Glittering athwart the leafy glooms;
He pass’d the pale green olives by,
Nor won the chestnut-flowers his eye;
But when to that sole palm he came,
Then shot a rapture through his frame!

To him, to him its rustling spoke,
The silence of his soul it broke!
It whisper’d of his own bright isle,
That lit the ocean with a smile;
Ay, to his ear that native tone
Had something of the sea-wave’s moan!

His mother’s cabin home, that lay
Where feathery cocones fringed the bay;
The dashing of his brethren’s oar,
The conch-note heard along the shore;—
All through his wakening bosom swept,
He clasp’d his country’s tree and wept!

Oh ! scorn him not!—the strength whereby
The patriot girds himself to die,
The unconquerable power, which fills
The freeman battling on his hills,
These have one fountain deep and clear—
The same whence gush’d the child-like tear!

THE TRAVELLER’S EVENING SONG.

Father, guide me! Day declines,
Hollow winds are in the pines;
Darkly waves each giant bough
O’er the sky’s last crimson glow;
Hush’d is now the convent’s bell,
Which erewhile with breezy swell
From the purple mountains bore
Greetings to the sunset-shore.
Now the sailor’s vespers-hymn
Dies away.
Father! in the forest dim,
Be my stay!

In the low and shivering thrill
Of the leaves that late hung still;
In the dull and muffled tone
Of the sea-wave’s distant moan;
There are signs of tempest nigh.
Ominous, with sullen sound,
Falls the closing dusk around.
Father! through the storm and shade
O’er the wild,
Oh! be Thou the lone one’s aid—
Save thy child!

Many a swift and sounding plume
Homewards, through the boding gloom,
O'er my way hath flitted fast,
Since the farewell sunbeam pass'd
From the chestnut's ruddy bark,
And the pools, now lone and dark,
Where the waking night-winds sigh
Through the long reeds mournfully.
Homeward, homeward, all things haste—
God of might!
Shield the homeless midst the waste,
Be his light!

In his distant cradle nest,
Now my babe is laid to rest;
Beautiful his slumber seems
With a glow of heavenly dreams,
Beautiful, o'er that bright sleep,
Hang soft eyes of fondness deep,
Where his mother bends to pray,
For the loved and far away.—
Father! guard that household bower,
Hear that prayer!
Back, through thine all-guiding power.
Lead me there!

Darker, wilder, grows the night—
Not a star sends quivering light
Through the massy arch of shade
By the stern old forest made,
Thou! to whose unslumbering eyes
All my pathway open lies,
By thy Son, who knew distress
In the lonely wilderness,
And unto them the glancing oars
    A joyous measure keep,
Where the dark rocks that crest our shores
    Dash back the foaming deep.

So let it be! —a light they shed
    O'er each old fount and grove;
A memory of the gentle dead,
    A lingering spell of love.
Murmuring the names of mighty men,
    They bid our streams roll on,
And link high thoughts to every glen
    Where valiant deeds were done.

Teach them your children round the hearth,
    When evening fires burn clear,
And in the fields of harvest mirth,
    And on the hills of deer:
So shall each unforgotten word,
    When far those loved ones roam,
Call back the hearts which once it stirr'd,
    To childhood's holy home.

The green woods of their native land
    Shall whisper in the strain,
The voices in thy household band
    Shall breathe their names again;
The heathery heights in vision rise
    Where, like the stag, they roved—
Sing to your sons those melodies,
    The songs your fathers loved;
Or, as day closed upon their gentle mirth,
Gathering, with braided hair, around the hearth
Where sat their mother;—and that mother's face
Its grave sweet smile yet wearing in the place
Where so it ever smiled!—Perchance the prayer
Learn'd at her knee came back on his despair;
The blessing from her voice, the very tone
Of her "Good night," might breathe from boyhood gone!
He started and look'd up;—thick cypress boughs
Full of strange sound, waved o'er him, darkly red
In the broad stormy firelight;—savage brows,
With tall plumes crested and wild hues o'erspread,
Girt him like feverish phantoms; and pale stars
Look'd through the branches as through dungeon bars,
Shedding no hope.—He knew, he felt his doom—
Oh! what a tale to shadow with its gloom
That happy hall in England!—Idle fear!
Would the winds tell it?—who might dream or hear
The secrets of the forests?—To the stake
They bound him; and that proud young soldier strove
His father's spirit in his breast to wake,
Trusting to die in silence!—He, the love
Of many hearts! the fondly rear'd,—the fair,
Gladdening all eyes to see!—And letting there
He stood beside his death-pyre, and the brand
Flamed up to light it, in the chieftain's hand.

He thought upon his God.—Hush! hark! a cry
Breaks on the stern and dread solemnity,—
A step hath pierced the ring!—Who dare intrude
On the dark hunters in their vengeful mood!—
A girl—a young slight girl—a fawn-like child
Of green savannas and the leafy wild,
Springing unmark'd till then, as some lone flower,
Happy because the sunshine is its dower;
Yet one that knew how early tears are shed,—
For hers had mourn'd a playmate brother dead.

She had sat gazing on the victim long,
Until the pity of her soul grew strong;
And, by its passion's deepening fervor sway'd,
Evn'to the stake she rush'd, and gently laid
His bright head on her bosom, and around
His form her slender arms to shield it round
Like close Lianes; then raised her glittering eye
And clear-toned voice that said, "He shall not die!"

"He shall not die!"—the gloomy forest thrill'd
To that sweet sound. A sudden wonder fell
On the fierce throng; and heart and hand were still'd,
Struck down, as by the whisper of a spell.
They gazed,—their dark souls bow'd before the maid,
She of the dancing step in wood and glade!
(160)

And, as her cheek flush'd through its olive hue,
As her black tresses to the night wind flew,
Something o'ermaster'd them from that young mien—
Something of heaven, in silence felt and seen;
And seeming, to their child-like faith, a token
That the Great Spirit by her voice had spoken.

They loosed the bonds that held their captive's breath;
From his pale lips they took the cup of death;
They quench'd the brand beneath the cypress tree;
"Away," they cried, "young stranger, thou art free!"

CASABIANCA.

The boy stood on the burning deck
Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go
Without his Father's word;
That Father, faint in death below.
His voice no longer heard.

(161)

He call'd aloud:—"Say, Father, say
If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, Father!" once again he cried,
"If I may yet be gone!"
And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair,
And look'd from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
"My Father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendor wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea!—

With mast and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had bore their part—
But the noblest thing which perish'd there
Was that young faithful heart.

14*
GREEK FUNERAL CHANT, OR
MYROLOGUE.

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed
of the young,
Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful
mother sung.—

"Ianthis! dost thou sleep?—Thou sleep’st!—
but this is not the rest,
The breathing and the rosy calm, I have pil-
low’d on my breast!
I lull’d thee not to this repose, Ianthis! my
sweet son!
As in thy glowing childhood's time by twilight
I have done!
How is it that I bear to stand and look upon
thee now?
And that I die not, seeking death on thy pale
glorious brow?

"I look upon thee, thou that wert of all most
fair and brave!
I see thee wearing still too much of beauty for
the grave!
Though mournfully thy smile is fix'd, and
heavily thine eye
Hath shut above the falcon-glance that in it
loved to lie;
And fast is bound the springing step, that seem’d
on breezes borne,
I would that I had follow'd thee, Ianthis, my beloved!
And stood as woman oft hath stood where faithful hearts are proved!
That I had bound a breastplate on, and battled at thy side—
I would have been a blessed thing together had we died!

"But where was I when thou didst fall beneath the fatal sword?
Was I beside the sparkling fount, or at the peaceful board?
Or singing some sweet song of old, in the shadow of the vine,
Or praying to the saints for thee, before the holy shrine?
And thou wert lying low the while, the life-drops from thy heart
Fast gushing like a mountain-spring!—and couldst thou thus depart?
Couldst thou depart, nor on my lips pour out thy fleeting breath?—
Oh! I was with thee but in joy, that should have been in death!

Yes I was with thee when the dance through mazy rings was led,
And when the lyre and voice were tuned, and when the feast was spread!
But not where noble blood flow'd forth, where sounding javelins flew—

(164)

Why did I hear love's first sweet words, and not its last adieu?
What now can breathe of gladness more,—what scene, what hour, what tone?
The blue skies fade with all their lights; they fade, since thou art gone!
Even that must leave me, that still face, by all my tears unmoved—
Take me from this dark world with thee, Ianthis, my beloved!"

A wail was heard around the bed, the death-bed of the young,
Amidst her tears the Funeral Chant a mournful sister sung.
"Ianthis! brother of my soul!—oh where are now the days
That laugh'd among the deep green hills, on all our infant plays?
When we two sported by the streams, or track'd them to their source,
And like a stag's, the rocks along, was thy fleet, fearless course,
I see the pines there waving yet, I see the rills descend,
I see thy bounding step no more—my brother and my friend!

"I come with flowers—for spring is come!
Ianthis! art thou here?
I bring the garlands she hath brought, I cast them on thy bier!

(165)
Thou shouldst be crown'd with victory's crown—but oh! more meet they seem,
The first faint violets of the wood, and lilies of the stream!
More meet for one so fondly loved, and laid thus early low—
Alas! how sadly sleeps thy face amidst the sunshine's glow:
The golden glow that through thy heart was wont such joy to send,—
Woe! that it smiles, and not for thee!—my brother and my friend!

WOMAN ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE.

Gentle and lovely form,
What didst thou here,
When the fierce battle-storm
Bore down the spear?
Banner and shiver'd crest,
Beside thee strown,
Tell, that amidst the best,
Thy work was done!
Yet strangely, sadly fair.
O'er the wild scene,
Gleams through its golden hair
That brow serene.

Low lies the stately head,—
Earth-bound the free;
How gave those haughty dead
A place to thee?
Slumberer! thine early bier
Friends should have crown'd,
Many a flower and tear
Shedding around.
Soft voices, clear and young,
Mingling their swell,
Should o'er the dust have sung
Earth's last farewell.
Sisters, above the grave
Of thy repose,
Should have bid violets wave
With the white rose.
Now must the trumpet's note,
Savage and shrill,
For requiem o'er thee float,
Thou fair and still!
And the swift charger sweep,
In full career,
Trampling thy place of sleep,—
Why camest thou here?
Why? ask the true heart why
Woman hath been
Ever where brave men die,
Unshrinking seen?
Unto this harvest ground
  Proud reapers came,—
Some, for that stirring sound,
  A warrior's name;
Some, for the stormy play
  And joy of strife;
And some, to fling away
  A weary life;—
But thou, pale sleeper, thou,
  With the slight frame,
And the rich locks, whose glow
  Death cannot tame;
Only one thought, one power,
  Thee could have led,
So, through the tempest's hour,
  To lift thy head!
Only the true, the strong,
  The love, whose trust
Woman's deep soul too long
  Pours on the dust!

THE FESTAL HOUR.

When are the lessons given
That shake the startled earth? When wakes
the foe
While the friend sleeps? When falls the
traitor's blow?
When are proud sceptres riven,
High hopes o'erthrown?—It is when lands rejoice,
When cities blaze and lift th' exulting voice,
And wave their banners to the kindling heaven!

Fear ye the festal hour!
When mirth o'erflows, then tremble!—'Twas a
night
Of gorgeous revel, wreaths, and dance, and light,
When through the regal bower
The trumpet peal'd, ere yet the song was done,
And there were shrieks in golden Babylon,
And trampling armies, ruthless in their power.

The marble shrines were crown'd:
Young voices through the blue Athenian sky,
And Dorian reeds, made summer melody,
And censers waved around;
And lyres were strung and bright libations pour'd!
When, through the streets, flash'd out th' avenging
sword,
Fearless and free, the sword with myrtles bound!
Through Rome a triumph pass'd.  
Rich in her sun-god's mantling beams went by  
That long array of glorious pageantry,  
With shout and trumpet-blast.  
An empire's gems their starry splendor shed  
O'er the proud march; a king in chains was led;  
A stately victor, crown'd and robed, came last.

And many a Dryad's bower  
Had lent the laurel's which, in waving play,  
Stirr'd the warm air, and glisten'd round his way,  
As a quick-flashing shower.

- O'er his own porch, meantime, the cypress hung,  
Through his fair halls a cry of anguish rung—  
Woe for the dead!—the father's broken flower!

A sound of lyre and song,  
In the still night, went floating o'er the Nile,  
Whose waves, by many an old mysterious pile,  
Swept with that voice along;  
And lamps were shining o'er the red wine's foam  
Where a chief revell'd in a monarch's dome,  
And fresh rose-garlands deck'd a glittering throng.

'Twas Antony that bade  
The joyous chords ring out!—but strains arose  
Of wilder omen at the banquet's close!  
Sounds, by no mortal made,  
Shook Alexandria through her streets that night.  
And pass'd—and with another sunset's light,  
The kingly Roman on his bier was laid.

Bright 'midst its vineyards lay  
The fair Campanian city, with its towers  
And temples gleaming through dark olive-bowers  
Clear in the golden day;  
Joy was around it as the glowing sky,  
And crowds had fill'd its halls of revelry,  
And all the sunny air was music's way.

A cloud came o'er the face  
Of Italy's rich heaven!—its crystal blue  
Was changed, and deepen'd to a wrathful hue  
Of night, o'er-shadowing space,  
As with the wings of death!—in all his power  
Vesuvius woke, and hurl'd the burning shower;  
And who could tell the buried city's place?

Such things have been of yore,  
In the gay regions where the citrons blow,  
And purple summers all their sleepy glow  
On the grape-clusters pour;  
And where the palms to spicy winds are waving,  
Along clear seas of melting sapphire, laving,  
As with a flow of light, their southern shore.

Turn we to other climes!—  
Far in the Druid-Isle a feast was spread,  
'Midst the rock-altars of the warrior dead:  
And ancient battle-rhymes  
Were chanted to the harp; and yellow mead  
Went flowing round, and tales of martial dead,  
And lofty songs of Britain's elder time;
But, ere the giant-fane
Cast us broad shadows on the robe of even,
Hush'd were the bards, and in the face of
heaven,
O'er that old burial plain
Flash'd the keen Saxon dagger!—Blood was
streaming
Where late the mead-cup to the sun was
gleaming;
And Britain's hearths were heap'd that night
in vain—
For they return'd no more!
They that went forth at morn with reckless
heart,
In that fierce banquet's mirth to bear their
part;
And, on the rushy floor,
And the bright spears and bucklers of the walls,
The high wood fires were blazing in their halls;
But not for them—they slept—their feast was
o'er!

Fear ye the festal hour!
Aye, tremble when the cup of joy o'erflows!
Tame down the swelling heart!—the bridal
rose,
And the rich myrtle's flower
Have veil'd the sword!—Red wines have
sparkled fast
From venom'd goblets, and soft breezes pass'd,
With fatal perfume, through the revel's bower.

Twine the young glowing wreath!
But pour not all your spirit in the song,
Which through the sky's deep azure floats along
Like summer's quickening breath!
The ground is hollow in the path of mirth:
Oh! far too daring seems the joy of earth,
So darkly press'd and girdled in by death!

THE LAST SONG OF SAPPHO.

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea!
My dirge is in thy moan;
My spirit finds response in thee,
To its own ceaseless cry—"Alone, alone!"

Yet send me back one other word,
Ye tones that never cease!
Oh! let your secret caves be stirr'd,
And say, dark waters! will ye give me peace?

Away! my weary soul hath sought
In vain one echoing sigh,
One answer to consuming thought
In human hearts—and will the wave reply?

Sound on, thou dark unslumbering sea!
Sound in thy scorn and pride!
I ask not, alien world, from thee,
What my own kindred earth hath still denied.
15*
And yet I loved that earth so well
With all its lovely things!
—Was it for this the death wind fell
On my rich lyre, and quench'd its living strings?
—Let them lie silent at my feet!
Since broken even as they,
The heart whose music made them sweet,
Hath pour'd on desert-sands its wealth away.
Yet glory's light hath touch'd my name,
The laurel-wreath is mine—
With a lone heart, a weary frame—
O restless deep! I come to make them thine!
Give place to that crown, that burning crown,
Place in thy darkest hold!
Bury my anguish, my renown,
With hidden wrecks, lost gems, and wasted gold.
Thou sea-bird on the billow's crest,
Thou hast thy love, thy home;
They wait thee in the quiet nest,
And I, the unsought, unwatch'd-for—I too come!
I, with this wing'd nature fraught,
These visions wildly free,
This boundless love, this fiery thought—
Alone I come—oh! give me peace, dark sea!

IVAN THE CZAR.

He sat in silence on the ground,
The old and haughty Czar,
Lonely, though princes girt him round,
And leaders of the war:
He had cast his jewell'd sabre,
That many a field had won,
To the earth beside his youthful dead—
His fair and first-born son.

With a robe of ermine for its bed,
Was laid that form of clay,
Where the light a stormy sunset shed,
Through the rich tent made way;
And a sad and solemn beauty
On the pallid face came down,
Which the Lord of nations mutely watch'd,
In the dust, with his renown.

Low tones, at last, of woe and fear
From his full bosom broke—
A mournful thing it was to hear
How then the proud man spoke!
The voice that through the combat
Had shouted far and high,
Came forth in strange, dull, hollow tones,
Burden'd with agony.
There is no crimson on thy cheek,
And on thy lip no breath;
I call thee, and thou dost not speak—
They tell me this is death!
And fearful things are whispering
That I the deed have done—
For the honor of thy father's name,
Look up, look up, my son!

Well might I know death's hue and mien,
But on thine aspect, boy!
What, till this moment, have I seen
Save pride and tameless joy?
Swiftest thou wert to battle,
And bravest there of all—
How could I think a warrior's frame
Thus like a flower should fall?

I will not bear that still cold look—
Rise up, thou fierce and free!
Wake as the storm wakes! I will brook
All, save this calm, from thee!
Lift brightly up, and proudly,
Once more thy kindred eyes!
Hath my word lost its power on earth?
I say to thee, arise!

Didst thou not know I loved thee well?
Thou didst not! and art gone,
In bitterness of soul, to dwell
Where man must dwell alone.

Come back, young fiery spirit!
If but one hour, to learn
The secrets of the folded heart
That seem'd to thee so stern.

Thou wert the first, the first, fair child,
That in mine arms I press'd:
Thou wert the bright one, that hast smiled
Like summer on my breast!
I rear'd thee as an eagle,
To the chase thy steps I led,
I bore thee on my battle-horse,
I look upon thee—dead!

Lay down my warlike banners here,
Never again to wave,
And bury my red sword and spear,
Chiefs! in my first-born's grave!
And leave me!—I have conquer'd,
I have slain—my work is done!
Whom have I slain?—ye answer not—
Thou art too mute, my son!

And thus his wild lament was pour'd
Through the dark resounding night,
And the battle knew no more his sword,
Nor the foaming steed his might.
He heard strange voices moaning
In every wind that sigh'd;
From the searching stars of heaven he shrank—
Humbly the conqueror died.
THE DYING IMPROVISATOIRE.

The spirit of my land,
It visits me once more!—though I must die
Far from the myrtles which thy breeze hath fanned
My own bright Italy!

It is, it is thy breath,
Which stirs my soul e'en yet, as wavering flame
Is shaken by the wind;—in life and death
Still trembling, yet the same!

Oh! that love's quenchless power
Might waft my voice to fill thy summer sky
And through thy groves its dying music shower
Italy! Italy!

The nightingale is there,
The sunbeam's glow, the citron-flower's perfume,
The south wind's whisper in the scented air—
It will not pierce the tomb!

Never, oh! never more,
On my Rome's purple heaven mine eye shall dwell
Or watch the bright waves melt along thy shore—
My Italy! farewell!

Alas!—thy hills among,
Had I but left a memory of my name,
Of love and grief one deep, true, fervent song.
Unto immortal fame!

But like a lute's brief tone,
Like a rose-odor on the breezes cast,
Like a swift flush of dayspring, seen and gone,
So hath my spirit pass'd—

Pouring itself away
As a wild bird amidst the foliage turns
That which within him triumphs, beats, or burns,
Into a fleeting lay;

That swells, and floats, and dies,
Leaving no echo to the summer woods
Of the rich breathings and impassion'd sighs
Which thrill'd their solitudes.

Yet, yet remember me!
Friends! that upon its murmurs oft have hung,
When from my bosom, joyously and free,
The fiery fountain sprung.

Under the dark rich blue
Of midnight heavens, and on the star-lit sea,
And when woods kindle into Spring's first hue,
Sweet friends! remember me!

And in the marble halls,
Where life's full glow the dreams of beauty wear,
And poet-thoughts embodied light the walls,
Let me be with you there!

Fain would I bind, for you,
My memory with all glorious things to dwell;
Fain bid all lovely sounds my name renew—
Sweet friends! bright land! farewell!
THE HOUR OF PRAYER.

Child, amidst the flowers at play,
While the red light fades away;
Mother, with thine earnest eye,
Ever following silently;
Father, by the breeze of eve
Call'd thy harvest work to leave—
Pray: ere yet the dark hours be,
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Traveller, in the stranger's land,
Far from thine own household band;
Mourner, haunted by the tone
Of a voice from this world gone;
Captive, in whose narrow cell
Sunshine hath not leave to dwell;
Sailor, on the darkening sea!
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

Warrior, that from battle won
Breathes now at set of sun;
Woman, o'er the lowly slain
Weeping on his burial-plain;
Ye that triumph, ye that sigh,
Kindred by one holy tie,
Heaven's first star alike ye see—
Lift the heart and bend the knee!

THE HEBREW MOTHER.

The rose was in rich bloom on Sharon's plain,
When a young mother, with her first-born, thence
Went up to Zion; for the boy was vow'd
Unto the temple service:—by the hand
She led him, and her silent soul, the while,
Oft as the dewy laughter of his eye
Met her sweet serious glance, rejoiced to think
That aught so pure, so beautiful, was hers,
To bring before her God. So pass'd they on
O'er Judah's hills; and wheresoe'er the leaves
Of the broad sycamore made sounds at noon,
Like lulling rain drops, or the olive boughs,
With their cool dimness, cross'd the sultry blue
Of Syria's heaven, she paused, that he might rest:
Yet from her own meek eyelids chased the sleep
That weigh'd their dark fringe down, to sit and watch
The crimson deepening o'er his cheek's repose,
As at a red flower's heart. And where a fount
Lay, like a twilight star, 'midst palmy shades
Making its bank green gems along the wild,
There, too, she linger'd, from the diamond wave
Drawing bright water for his rosy lips,
And softly parting clusters of jet curls
To bathe his brow. At last the fane was reach'd,
The earth's one sanctuary—and rapture hush'd
Her bosom, as before her, through the day
It rose, a mountain of white marble, steep'd
In light like floating gold. But when that hour
Waned to the farewell moment, when the boy
Lifted, through rainbow-gleaming tears, his eye
Beseechingly to hers, and half in fear
Turn'd from the white-robed priest, and round
her arm
Clung even as joy clings—the deep spring-tide
Of nature then swell'd high, and o'er her child
Bending, her soul broke forth, in mingled sounds
Of weeping and sad song.—"Alas!" she cried,—

"Alas! my boy, thy gentle grasp is on me;
The bright tears quiver in thy pleading eyes;
And now fond thoughts arise,
And silver chords again to earth have won me;
And like a vine thou claspest my full heart—
How shall I hence depart?

"How the lone paths retrace where thou wert playing
So late along the mountains, at my side?
And I, in joyous pride,
By every place of flowers my course delaying,
Wore, e'en as pearls, the lilies round thy hair;
Beholding thee so fair!

"And, oh! the nome whence thy bright smile hath parted,
Will it not seem as if the sunny day
Turn'd from its door away?

While through its chambers wandering, weary hearted,
I languish for thy voice, which past me still
Went like a singing rill?

"Under the palm trees thou no more shalt meet me,
When from the fount at evening I return,
With the full water-urn;
Nor will thy sleep's low dove-like breathings greet me,
As 'midst the silence of the stars I wake.
And watch for thy dear sake.

"And thou, will slumber's dewy cloud fall round thee,
Without thy mother's hand to smooth thy bed?
Wilt thou not vainly spread
Thine arms, when darkness as a veil hath wound thee,
To fold my neck, and lift up, in thy fear,
A cry which none shall hear?

"What have I said, my child!—Will He not hear thee,
Who the young ravens heareth from their nest?
Shall He not guard thy rest,
And, in the hush of holy midnight near thee,
Breathe o'er thy soul, and fill thy dreams with joy?
Thou shalt sleep soft, my boy.
"I give thee to thy God—the God that gave thee,  
A well-spring of deep gladness, to my heart!  
And, precious as thou art,  
And pure as dew of Hermon, He shall have thee,  
My own, my beautiful, my undefiled!  
And thou shalt be His child."

"Therefore, farewell!—I go, my soul may fail me,  
As the hart panteth for the water brooks,  
Yearning for thy sweet looks  
But thou, my first-born, droop not, nor bewail me;  
Thou in the Shadow of the Rock shalt dwell,  
The Rock of Strength.—Farewell!"

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD.

They grew in beauty, side by side,  
They fill'd one home with glee;—  
Their graves are sever'd, far and wide,  
By mount, and stream, and sea.

The same fond mother bent at night  
O'er each fair sleeping brow;  
She had each folded flower in sight—  
Where are those dreamers now?

One, 'midst the forest of the west,  
By a dark stream is laid—  
The Indian knows his place of rest,  
Far in the cedar shade.

The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one—  
He lies where pearls lie deep;  
He was the loved of all, yet none  
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest,  
Above the noble slain;  
He wrapt his colors round his breast  
On a blood-red field of Spain.

And one—o'er her the myrtle showers  
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd;  
She faded 'midst Italian flowers—  
The last of that bright band.

And parted thus they rest, who play'd  
Beneath the same green tree;  
Whose voices mingled as they pray'd  
Around one parent knee!

They that with smiles lit up the hall,  
And cheered with song the hearth—  
Alas! for love, if thou wert all,  
And nought beyond, O earth!'
She sat, where on each wind that sigh’d,  
The citron’s breath went by,  
While the red gold of eventide  
Burn’d in the Italian sky.  
Her bower was one where daylight’s close  
Full of sweet laughter found,  
As thence the voice of childhood rose  
To the high vineyards round.  

But still and thoughtful, at her knee,  
Her children stood that hour,  
Their bursts of song and dancing glee  
Hush’d as by words of power.  
With bright fix’d wondering eyes, that gazed  
Up to their mother’s face,  
With brows through parted ringlets raised,  
They stood in silent grace.  

While she—yet something o’er her look  
Of mournfulness was spread—  
Forth from a poet’s magic book  
The glorious numbers read;  
The proud undying lay, which pour’d  
Its light on evil years;  
His of the gifted pen and sword,  
The triumph—and the tears.  

She read of fair Erminia’s flight,  
Which Venice once might hear  
Sung on her glittering seas at night  
By many a gondolier;  
Of him she read, who broke the charm  
That wrapt the myrtle grove;  
Of Godfrey’s deeds, of Tancred’s arm,  
That slew his Paynim love.  

Young cheeks around that bright page glow’d,  
Young holy hearts were stirr’d;  
And the meek tears of woman flow’d  
Fast o’er each burning word.  
And sounds of breeze, and fount, and leaf,  
Came sweet, each pause between;  
When a strange voice of sudden grief  
Burst on the gentle scene.  

The mother turn’d—a wayworn man,  
In pilgrim garb, stood nigh,  
Of stately mien, yet wild and wan,  
Of proud yet mournful eye.  
But drops which would not stay for pride  
From that dark eye gush’d free,  
As pressing his pale brow, he cried.  
"Forgotten! e’en by thee!"  

"Am I so changed?—and yet we too  
Oft hand in hand have play’d;—  
This brow hath been all bathed in dew  
From wreaths which thou hast made;  
"
We have knelt down and said one prayer,
And sung one vespers strain;
My soul is dim with clouds of care—
Tell me those words again!

"Life hath been heavy on my head,
I come a stricken deer,
Bearing the heart, 'midst crowds that bled,
To bleed in stillness here."
She gazed, till thoughts that long had slept
Shook all her thrilling frame—
She fell upon his neck and wept,
Murmuring her brother's name.

Her brother's name!—and who was he,
The weary one, th' unknown,
That came, the bitter world to flee,
A stranger to his own?—
He was the bard of gift divine
To sway the souls of men;
He of the song for Salem's shrine,
He of the sword and pen!

ENGLAND'S DEAD.

Son of the ocean isle!
Where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger! track the deep
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'ersway'd,
With fearful power the noonday reigns,
And the palm trees yield no shade.

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done!—
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And free, in green Columbia's woods
The hunter's bow is strung.

But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow's flight be sped!
Why should they reck whose task is done?—
There slumber England's dead!
The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine boughs through the sky,
Like rose leaves on the breeze.

But let the storm rage on!
Let the fresh wreaths be shed!
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deeps repose
'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close,
And the northern night-clouds lower.

But let the ice drift on!
Let the cold-blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done,—
Even there sleeps England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
The men of field and wave!
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
The seas and shores their grave!

Go, stranger! track the deep,
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE
OF THE NILE.

In sunset's light o'er Afric thrown,
A wanderer proudly stood
Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,
Of Egypt's awful flood;
The cradle of that mighty birth,
So long a hidden thing to earth.

He heard its life's first murmuring sound,
A low, mysterious tone;
A music sought, but never found
By kings and warriors gone;
He listen'd—and his heart beat high—
That was the song of victory!

The rapture of a conqueror's mood
Rush'd burning through his frame,
The depths of that green solitude
Its torrents could not tame,
Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile,
Round those calm fountains of the Nile,

Night came with stars;—across his soul,
There swept a sudden change,
E'en at the pilgrim's glorious goal,
A shadow dark and strange,
Breathed forth the thought, so swift to fall
O'er triumph's hour—And is this all?
No more than this!—what seem'd it now
First by that spring to stand?
A thousand streams of lovelier flow
Bathed his own mountain land!
Whence, far o'er waste and ocean track,
Their wild sweet voices call'd him back.

They call'd him back to many a glade,
His childhood's haunt of play,
Where brightly through the beechen shade
Their waters glanced away;
They call'd him, with their sounding waves,
Back to his father's hills and graves.

But, darkly mingling with the thought
Of each familiar scene,
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught
With all that lay between,—
The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,
The whirling sands, the red simoon!
Where was the glow of power and pride
The spirit born to roam?
His weary heart within him died
With yearnings for his home;
All vainly struggling to repress
That gush of painful tenderness.
He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven
Beheld his bursting tears,
E'en on that spot where fate had given
The meed of toiling years.
O happiness! how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!

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HYMN OF THE TRAVELLER'S HOUSE-HOLD ON HIS RETURN.

IN THE OLDEN TIME.

Joy! the lost one is restored!
Sunshine comes to hearth and hoard,
From the far-off countries old
Of the diamond and red gold;
From the dusky archer bands,
Roamers of the fiery sands;
From the desert winds, whose breath
Smites with sudden silent death;
He hath reach'd his home again,
Where we sing
In thy praise a fervent strain,
God our King!

Mightiest! unto thee he turn'd,
When the noonday fiercest burn'd;
When the fountain springs were far.
And the sounds of Arab war
Swell'd upon the sultry blast,
And the sandy columns past,
Unto Thee he cried! and Thou,
Merciful! didst hear his vow!
Therefore, unto thee again
Joy shall sing,
Many a sweet and thankful strain,
God our King!
Thou wert with him on the main,
And the snowy mountain-chain,
And the rivers dark and wide,
Which through Indian forests glide,
Thou didst guard him from the wrath
Of the lion in his path,
And the arrows on the breeze,
And the drooping poison trees;
Therefore, from household train
Oft shall spring
Unto thee a blessing strain,
God our King!

Thou to his lone watching wife
Hast brought back the light of life!
Thou hast spared his loving child
Home to greet him from the wild.

Though the suns of eastern skies
On his cheek have set their dyes,
Though long toils and sleepless cares
On his brow have blanch'd the hairs,
Yet the night of fear is flown,
He is living, and our own!—
Brethren! spread his festal board,
Hang his mantle on his sword,
With the armor on the wall,
While this long, long silent hall
Joyfully doth hear again
Voice and string
Swell to Thee the exulting strain
God our King!

THE PARTING OF SUMMER.

Thou’rt bearing hence thy roses,
Glad summer, fare thee well!
Thou’rt singing thy last melodies
In every wood and dell.

But ere the golden sunset
Of thy latest lingering day,
Oh! tell me, o’er this chequered earth,
How hast thou pass’d away?

Brightly, sweet Summer! brightly
Thine hours have floated by,
To the joyous birds of the woodland boughs,
The rangers of the sky.

And brightly in the forests
To the wild deer wandering free;
And brightly ’midst the garden flowers
Is the happy murmuring bee:

But how to human bosoms,
With all their hopes and fears.
And thoughts that make them eagle-wings,
To pierce the unborn years?

Sweet Summer! to the captive
Thou hast flown in burning dreams
Of the woods, with all their whispering leaves,
And the blue rejoicing streams;—
To the wasted and the weary
On the bed of sickness bound,
In swift delirious fantasies,
That changed with every sound;—

To the sailor on the billows,
In longings wild and vain,
For the gushing founts and breezy hills,
And the homes of earth again!

And unto me, glad Summer!
How hast thou flown to me?
My chainless footstep nought hath kept
From thy haunts of song and glee.

Thou hast flown in wayward visions,
In memories of the dead—
In shadows from a troubled heart,
O'er thy sunny pathway shed:

In brief and sudden strivings
To fling a weight aside—
'Midst these thy melodies have ceased,
And all thy roses died.

But oh! thou gentle Summer!
If I greet thy flowers once more,
Bring me again the buoyancy
Wherewith my soul should soar!

Give me to hail thy sunshine,
With song and spirit free;
Or in a purer air than this
May that next meeting be!

HYMN OF THE VAUDOIS MOUNTAIN-EERS IN TIMES OF PERSECUTION.

For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!
Thou hast made thy children mighty,
By the touch of the mountain sod.
Thou hast fix'd our ark of refuge,
Where the spoiler's foot ne'er trod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

We are watchers of a beacon
Whose light must never die;
We are guardians of an altar
'Midst the silence of the sky;
The rocks yield founts of courage,
Struck forth as by thy rod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

For the dark resounding caverns,
Where thy still, small voice is heard;
For the strong pines of the forest,
That by thy breath are stirr'd;
For the storms on whose free pinions
Thy spirit walks abroad;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
Our God, our fathers' God!

17*
The royal eagle darteth
   On his quarry from the heights,
And the stag that knows no master,
   Seeks there his wild delights;
But we, for thy communion,
   Have sought the mountain sod,
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
   Our God, our fathers' God!

The banner of the chieftain,
   Far, far below us waves;
The war-horse of the spearman
   Cannot reach our lofty caves:
Thy dark clouds wrap the threshold
   Of freedom's last abode;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee,
   Our God, our fathers' God!

For the shadow of thy presence,
   Round our camp of rock outspread;
For the stern desiles of battle,
   Bearing record of our dead;
For the snows and the torrents,
   For the free heart's burial sod;
For the strength of the hills we bless thee.
   Our God, our fathers' God!

THE BOON OF MEMORY.

I go, I go!—and must mine image fade [play'd,
   From the green spots wherein my childhood
By my own streams?
   Must my life part from each familiar place,
As a bird's song, that leaves the woods no trace
   Of its lone themes?

Will the friend pass my dwelling, and forget
   The welcomes there, the hours when we have met
In grief or glee?
   All the sweet counsel, the communion high,
The kindly words of trust in days gone by,
   Pour'd full and free?

A boon, a talisman, O Memory! give,
   To shrine my name in hearts where I would live
For ever more!
   Bid the wind speak of me where I have dwelt,
Bid the stream's voice, of all my soul hath felt,
   A thought restore!

In the rich rose, whose bloom I loved so well,
   In the dim brooding violet of the dell,
Sat deep that thought!
   And let the sunset's melancholy glow,
And let the Spring's first whisper, faint and low
   With me be fraught!
And memory answer'd me:—"Wild wish and vain! I have no hues the loveliest to detain In the heart's core. The place they held in bosoms all their own, Soon with new shadows fill'd, new flowers o'ergrown, Is theirs no more."

Hast thou such power, O Love?—and love replied, "It is not mine! Pour out thy soul's full tide Of hope and trust, Prayer, tear, devotedness, that boon to gain— 'Tis but to write with the heart's fiery rain, Wild words on dust!"

Song, is the gift with thee?—I ask a lay, Soft, fervent, deep, that will not pass away From the still breast; Fill'd with a tone—oh! not for deathless fame, But a sweet haunting murmur of my name, Where it would rest.

And Song made answer:—"It is not in me, Though call'd immortal; though my gifts may All but divine. A place of lonely brightness I can give: [live— A changeless one, where thou with Love would'st This is not mine!"

Death, Death! wilt thou the restless wish fulfill? And Death, the Strong One, spoke:—"I can but still
The tune that speaks of other times—
A sorrowful delight!
The melody of distant chimes,
The sound of waves by night.
The wind that, with so many a tone,
Some chord within can thrill,—
These may have language all thine own,
To him a mystery still.

Yet scorn thou not, for this, the true
And steadfast love of years;
The kindly, that from childhood grew,
The faithful to thy tears!
If there be one that o'er the dead
Hath in thy grief borne part,
And watch'd through sickness by thy bed,—
Call his a kindred heart!

But for those bonds all perfect made,
Wherein bright spirits blend,
Like sister flowers of one sweet shade,
With the same breeze that bend,
For that full bliss of thought allied,
Never to mortals given,—
Oh! lay thy lovely dreams aside.
Or lift them unto Heaven.

THE PARTHENON.

Fair Parthenon! yet still must Fancy weep
For thee, thou work of nobler spirits flown.
Bright, as of old, the sunbeams o'er thee sleep
In all their beauty still—and thine is gone!
Empires have sunk since thou wert first revered,
And varying rites have sanctified thy shrine.
The dust is round thee of the race that rear'd
Thy walls; and thou—their fate must soon
be thine!

But when shall earth again exult to see
Visions divine like theirs renew'd in aught like thee?

Lone are thy pillars now—each passing gale
Sighs o'er them as a spirit's voice, which
mourn'd
That loneliness, and told the plaintive tale
Of the bright synod once above them throned.
Mourn, graceful ruin! on thy sacred hill,
Thy gods, thy rites, a kindred fate have shared:
Yet art thou honor'd in each fragment still
That wasting years and barbarous hands had spared;
Each hallow'd stone, from rapine's fury borne,
Shall wake bright dreams of thee in ages yet unborn.
Yes; in those fragments, though by time defaced
And rude insensate conquerors, yet remains
All that may charm the enlighten'd eye of taste,
On shores where still inspiring freedom reigns.
As vital fragrance breathes from every part
Of the crush'd myrtle, or the bruised rose,
E'en thus the essential energy of art
There in each wreck imperishably glows!
The soul of Athens lives in every line,
Pervading brightly still the ruins of her shrine.

Mark—on the storied frieze the graceful train,
The holy festival's triumphal throng,
In fair procession, to Minerva's fane,
With many a sacred symbol, move along.
There every shade of bright existence trace,
The fire of youth, the dignity of age;
The matron's calm austerity of grace,
The ardent warrior, the benignant sage;
The nymph's light symmetry, the chief's proud mien;
Each ray of beauty caught and mingled in the scene.

Art unobtrusive there ennobles form,
Each pure chaste outline exquisitely flows;
There e'en the steed, with bold expression warm,
Is cloth'd with majesty, with being glows.
One mighty mind hath harmonized the whole;

Those varied groups the same bright impress bear;
One beam an essence of exalting soul.
Lives in the grand, the delicate, the fair;
And well that pageant of the glorious dead
Blends us with nobler days, and loftier spirits fled.

O, conquering Genius! that couldst thus detain
The subtle graces, fading as they rise,
Eternalize expression's fleeting reign,
Arrest warm life in all its energies,
And fix them on the stone—thy glorious lot
Might wake ambition's envy, and create
Powers half divine; while nations are forgot,
A thought, a dream of thine hath vanquish'd fate!
And when thy hand first gave its wonders birth,
The realms that hail them now scarce claim'd a name on earth.

Wert thou some spirit of a purer sphere
But once beheld, and never to return?
No—we may hail again thy bright career,
Again on earth a kindred fire shall burn!
Though thy least relics, e'en in ruin, bear
A stamp of heaven, that ne'er hath been renew'd—
A light inherent—let not man despair:
Still be hope ardent, patience unsubdued;
For still is nature fair, and thought divine,
And art hath won a world in models pure as thine.
SISTER! SINCE I MET THEE LAST.

Sister! since I met thee last,
O'er thy brow a change hath past,
In the softness of thine eyes,
Deep and still a shadow lies;
From thy voice there thrills a tone,
Never to thy childhood known;
Through thy soul a storm hath moved,
—Gentle sister, thou hast loved!

Yes! thy varying cheek hath caught
Hues too bright from troubled thought;
Far along the wandering stream,
Thou art followed by a dream:
In the woods and valleys lone
Music haunts thee, not thine own:
Wherefore fall thy tears like rain?
—Sister, thou hast loved in vain!

Tell me not the tale, my flower!
On my bosom pour that shower!
Tell me not of kind thoughts wasted;
Tell me not of young hopes blasted;
Wring not forth one burning word,
Let thy heart no more be stirr'd!
Home alone can give thee rest.
—Weep, sweet sister, on my breast!

THE TWO VOICES.

Two solemn Voices, in a funeral strain,
Met as rich sunbeams and dark bursts of rain
Meet in the sky:

"Thou art gone hence!" one sang; "Our light is flown,
Our beautiful, that seem'd too much our own
Ever to die!

"Thou art gone hence!—our joyous hills among
Never again to pour thy soul in song,
When spring-flowers rise!
Never the friend's familiar step to meet
With loving laughter, and the welcome sweet
Of thy glad eyes."

"Thou art gone home, gone home!" then, high and clear,
Warbled that other Voice: "Thou hast no tear
Again to shed.
Never to fold the robe o'er secret pain,
Never, weigh'd down by Memory's clouds, again
To bow thy head.

"Thou art gone home! oh! early crown'd and blest!
Where could the love of that deep heart find rest
With aught below?
Thou must have seen rich dream by dream decay,
All the bright rose leaves drop from life away—
Thrice bless'd to go!

Yet sigh'd again that breeze-like Voice of grief—
"Thou art gone hence! alas! that aught so brief,
So loved should be;
Thou tak'st our summer hence!—the flower, the tone
The music of our being, all in one,
Depart with thee!

"Fair form, young spirit, morning vision fled!
Canst thou be of the dead, the awful dead?
The dark unknown?
Yes! to the dwelling where no footsteps fall,
Never again to light up hearth or hall,
Thy smile is gone!"

"Home, home!" once more the exulting Voice arose:
"Thou art gone home!—from that divine repose
Never to roam!
Never to say farewell, to weep in vain,
To read of change, in eyes beloved, again—
Thou art gone home!

"By the bright waters now thy lot is cast—
Joy for thee, happy friend! thy bark hath past
The rough sea's foam!
Now the long yearnings of thy soul are still'd,
Home! home! thy peace is won, thy heart is fill'd.
Thou art gone home!"

THE IMAGE IN LAVA.*

Thou thing of years departed!
What ages have gone by,
Since here the mournful seal was set
By love and agony?

Temple and tower have moulder'd,
Empires from earth have pass'd,
And woman's heart hath left a trace
Those glories to outlast!

And childhood's fragile image,
Thus fearfully enshrined,
Survives the proud memorials rear'd
By conquerors of mankind.

Babe! wert thou brightly slumbering
Upon thy mother's breast,
When suddenly the fiery tomb
Shut round each gentle guest?

A strange, dark fate o'ertook you,
Fair babe and loving heart!
One moment of a thousand pangs—
Yet better than to part!

* The impression, of a woman's form, with an infant clasped to the bosom, found at the uncovering of Herculaneum.
Haply of that fond bosom
On ashes here impress'd,
Thou wert the only treasure, child!
Whereon a hope might rest.

Perchance all vainly lavish'd
Its other love had been,
And where it trusted, naught remain'd
But thorns on which to lean.

Far better, then, to perish,
Thy form within its clasp,
Than live and lose thee, precious one!
From that impassion'd grasp.

Oh! I could pass all relics
Left by the pomp's of old,
To gaze on this rude monument
Cast in affection's mould.

Love, human love! what art thou?
Thy print upon the dust
Outlives the cities of renown
Wherein the mighty trust!

Immortal, oh! immortal
Thou art, whose earthly glow
Hath given these ashes holiness—
It must, it must be so!

THE SUMMER'S CALL.

Come away! the sunny hours
Woo thee far to founts and bowers!
O'er the very waters now,
In their play,

Flowers are shedding beauty's glow—
Come away!
Where the lily's tender gleam
Quivers on the glancing stream—
Come away!

And the air is filled with sound,
Soft, and sultry, and profound;
Murmurs through the shadowy grass
Lightly stray;
Faint winds whisper as they pass—
Come away;
Where the bee's deep music swells
From the trembling foxglove bells—
Come away!

In the skies the sapphire blue
Now hath won its richest hue;
In the woods the breath of song
Night and day
Floats with leafy scents along—
Come away!
Where the boughs with dewy gloom
Darken each thick bed of bloom
Come away!
In the deep heart of the rose
Now the crimson love-hue glows;
Now the glow-worm's lamp by night
Sheds a ray
Dreamy, starry, greenly bright—
Come away!
Where the fair cup-moss lies,
With the wild-wood strawberries,
Come away!

Now each tree by summer crown'd,
Sheds its own rich twilight round;
Glancing there from sun to shade,
Bright wings play;
There the deer-its couch hath made—
Come away!
Where the smooth leaves of the lime
Glisten in their honey-time—
Come away—away!

HE NEVER SMILED AGAIN.

The bark that held a prince went down,
The sweeping waves roll'd on;
And what was England's glorious crown
To him that wept a son?
He lived—for life may long be borne
Ere sorrow break its chain;
Why comes not death for those who mourn?—
He never smiled again!

There stood proud forms around his throne,
The stately and the brave;
But which could fill the place of one,
That one beneath the wave?
Before him pass'd the young and fair,
In pleasure's reckless train;
But seas dash'd o'er his son's bright hair—
He never smiled again!

He sat where festal bowls went round,
He heard the minstrel sing,
He saw the tourney's victor crown'd,
Amidst the knightly ring:
A murmur of the restless deep
Was blend with every strain,
A voice of winds that would not sleep—
He never smiled again.

Hearts, in that time, closed o'er the trace
Of vows once fondly pour'd,
And strangers took the kinsman's place
At many a joyous board;
Graves, which true love had bathed with tears,
Were left to heaven's bright rain,
Fresh hopes were born for other years—
He never smiled again!
BERNARDO DEL CARPIO.

The warrior bow'd his crested head, and tamed his heart of fire,
And sued the haughty king to free his long-imprisoned sire;
"I bring thee here my fortress keys, I bring my captive train,
I pledge thee faith, my liege, my lord—on, break my father's chain!"

"Rise, rise! even now thy father comes, a ransom'd man this day;
Mount thy good horse, and thou and I will meet him on his way."

Then lightly rose that loyal son, and bounded on his steed,
And urged, as if with lance in rest, the charger's foamy speed.

And lo! from far, as on they press'd, there came a glittering band,
With one that 'midst them stately rode, as a leader in the land;
"Now haste, Bernardo, haste! for there, in very truth, is he,
The father whom thy faithful heart hath yearn'd so long to see."

His dark eye flash'd, his proud breast heaved, his cheek's blood came and went;
He reach'd that gray-hair'd chieftain's side, and there, dismounting, bent;
A lowly knee to earth he bent, his father's hand he took, —
What was there in its touch that all his fiery spirit shook?

That hand was cold—a frozen thing—it dropp'd from his like lead,—
He look'd up to the face above—the face was of the dead!
A plume waved o'er the noble brow—the brow was fix'd and white;—
He met at last his father's eyes—but in them was no sight!

Up from the ground he sprang, and gazed, but who could paint that gaze?
They hush'd their very hearts, that saw its horror and amaze;
They might have chain'd him, as before that stony form he stood,
For the power was stricken from his arm, and from his lip the blood.

"Father!" at length he murmur'd low—and wept like childhood then,—
Talk not of grief till thou hast seen the tears of warlike men! —
He thought on all his glorious hopes, all his young renown:
He flung the falchion from his side, and in the dust sate down.

Then covering with his steel-gloved hands his darkly mournful brow,
"No more, there is no more," he said, "to lift the sword for now.—
My king is false, my hope betray'd, my Father—oh! the worth,
The glory and the loveliness, are pass'd away from earth!

"I thought to stand where banners waved, my sire! beside thee yet,
I would that there our kindred blood on Spain's free soil had met,—
Thou wouldst have known my spirit then,—for thee my fields were won,—
And thou hast perished in thy chains, as though thou hadst no son!"

Then, starting from the ground once more, he seized the monarch's rein,
Amidst the pale and wilder'd looks of all the courtier train:
And with a fierce, o'ermastering grasp, the rearing war-horse led,
And sternly set them face to face,—the king before the dead!—

"Came I not forth upon thy pledge, my father's hand to kiss?—
Be still, and gaze thou on, false king! and tell me what is this!
The voice, the glance, the heart I sought—give answer, where are they?
If thou wouldst clear thy perjured soul, send life through this cold clay!

"Into these glassy eyes put light—be still! keep down thine ire,—
Bid these white lips a blessing speak—this earth is not my sire!
Give me back him for whom I strove, for whom my blood was shed,—
Thou canst not—and a king?—His dust be mountains on thy head!"

He loosed the steed; his slack hand fell,—upon the silent face
He cast one long, deep, troubled look,—then turn'd from that sad place:
His hope was crush'd, his after-fate untold in martial strain;
His banner led the spears no more amidst the hills of Spain.
THE HOUR OF DEATH.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

Day is for mortal care,
Eve, for glad meetings round the joyous hearth,
Night for the dreams of sleep, the voice of prayer;
But all for thee, thou mightiest of the earth.

The banquet hath its hour,
Its feverish hour of mirth, and song, and wine;
There comes a day for grief's o'erwhelming power.
A time for softer tears,—but all are thine.

Youth and the opening rose
May look like things too glorious for decay,
And smile at thee—but thou art not of those
That wait the ripen'd bloom to seize their prey.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!

We know when moons shall wane,
When summer birds from far shall cross the sea,
When autumn's hue shall tinge the golden grain—
But who shall teach us when to look for thee?

Is it when spring's first gale
Comes forth to whisper where the violets lie?
Is it when roses in our paths grow pale?—
They have one season—all are ours to die!

Thou art where billows foam,
Thou art where music melts upon the air;
Thou art around us in our peaceful home,
And the world calls us forth—and thou art there.

Thou art where friend meets friend,
Beneath the shadow of the elm to rest—
Thou art where foe meets foe, and trumpets rend
The skies, and swords beat down the princely crest.

Leaves have their time to fall,
And flowers to wither at the north-wind's breath,
And stars to set,—but all,
Thou hast all seasons for thine own, O Death!
THE VOICE OF HOME TO THE PRODIGAL.

O! when wilt thou return
To thy spirit's early loves?
To the freshness of the morn,
To the stillness of the groves?
The summer-birds are calling
Thy household porch around,
And the merry waters falling
With sweet laughter in their sound
And a thousand bright-vein'd flowers,
From their banks of moss and fern,
Breathe of the sunny hours—
But when wilt thou return?
Oh! thou hast wander'd long
From thy home without a guide;
And thy native woodland song,
in thine alter'd heart hath died.
Thou hast flung the wealth away,
And the glory of thy Spring;
And to thee the leaves' light play
Is a long-forgotten thing.
But when wilt thou return?
Sweet dews may freshen soon
The flower, within whose urn
Too fiercely gazed the noon.

O'er the image of the sky,
Which the lake's clear bosom wore,
Darkly may shadows lie—
But not for evermore.

Give back thy heart again
To the freedom of the woods,
To the birds' triumphant strain,
To the mountain solitudes!

But when wilt thou return?
Along thine own pure air,
There are young sweet voices borne—
Oh! should not thine be there?

Still at thy father's board
There is kept a place for thee;
And, by thy smile restored,
Joy round the hearth shall be.

Still hath thy mother's eye,
Thy coming step to greet,
A look of days gone by,
Tender and gravely sweet.

Still, when the prayer is said,
For thee kind bosoms yearn,
For thee kind tears are shed—
Oh! when wilt thou return.
LET HER DEPART.

Her home is far, oh! far away!
The clear light in her eyes
Hath haught to do with earthly day,
'Tis kindled from the skies.
  Let her depart!

She looks upon the things of earth,
Even as some gentle star
Seems gazing down on grief or mirth,
How softly, yet how far!
  Let her depart!

Her spirit's hope—her bosom's love—
Oh! could they mount and fly!
She never sees a wandering dove,
But for its wings to sigh.
  Let her depart!

She never hears a soft wind bear
Low music on its way,
But deems it sent from heavenly air,
For her who cannot stay.
  Let her depart!

Wrapt in a cloud of glorious dreams,
She breathes and moves alone,
Pining for those bright bowers and streams
Where her beloved is gone.
  Let her depart!

SONG OF EMIGRATION.

There was heard a song on the chiming sea,
A mingled breathing of grief and glee;
Man's voice, unbroken by sighs, was there,
Filling with triumph the sunny air;
Of fresh green lands, and of pastures new,
It sang, while the bark through the surges flew
But ever and anon
A murmur of farewell
Told by its plaintive tone,
That from woman's lip it fell.

"Away, away, o'er the foaming main!"
—This was the free and the joyous strain—
"There are clearer skies than ours, afar,
We will shape our course by a brighter star;
There are plains whose verdure no foot hath press'd,
And whose wealth is all for the first brave guest."

"But alas! that we should go,"—Sang the farewell voices then—
"From the homesteads, warm and low,
By the brook and in the glen!"

"We will rear new homes under trees that glow
As if gems were fruitage of every bough;"
O'er our white walls we will train the vine,
And sit in its shadow at day's decline;
And watch our herds, as they range at will
Through the green savannas, all bright and still.

"But woe for that sweet shade
Of the flowering orchard trees,
Where first our children play'd—
'Midst the birds and honey bees."

"All, all our own shall the forests be,
As to the bound of the roebuck free!
None shall say, 'Hither, no further pass!'
We will track each step through the wavy grass,
We will chase the elk in his speed and might,
And bring proud spoils to the hearth at night."

"But oh! the grey church tower,
And the sound of Sabbath bell,
And the shelter'd garden bower,—
We have bid them all farewell."

"We will give the names of our fearless race
To each bright river whose course we trace;
And will leave our mem'ry with mounts and floods,
And the path of our daring in boundless woods!
And our works unto many a lake's green shore,
Where the Indian graves lay, alone, before."

"But who shall teach the flowers,
Which our children loved, to dwell
In a soil that is not ours?
—Home, home and friends, farewell!"

THE TRUMPET.

The trumpet's voice hath roused the land—
Light up the beacon-pyre!—
A hundred hills have seen the brand,
And waved the sign of fire.
A hundred banners to the breeze,
Their gorgeous folds have cast—
And, hark! was that the sound of seas?
A king to war went past.

The chief is arming in his hall,
The peasant by his hearth;
The mourner hears the thrilling call,
And rises from the earth.
The mother on her first-born son,
Looks with a boding eye—
They come not back, though all be won,
Whose young hearts leap so high.

The bard hath ceased his song, and bound
The falchion to his side;
E'en for the marriage altar crown'd,
The lover quits his bride.
And all this haste, and change, and fear,
By earthly clarion spread!—
How will it be when kingdoms hear
The blast that wakes the dead?
DESPONDENCY AND ASPIRATION.

My soul was mantled with dark shadows, born
Of lonely Fear, disquieted in vain;
Its phantoms hung around the star of morn,
A cloud-like weeping train;
Through the long day they dimm'd the autumn gold
On all the glistening leaves; and wildly roll'd,
When the last farewell flush of light was glowing
Across the sunset sky;
O'er its rich isles of vaporous glory throwing
One melancholy dye.

And when the solemn Night
Came rushing with her might
Of stormy oracles from caves unknown,
Then with each fitful blast
Prophetic murmurs pass'd,
Wakening or answering some deep Sibyl tone,
Far buried in my breast, yet prompt to rise
With every gusty wail that o'er the wind-harp flies.

"Fold, fold thy wings," they cried, "and strive no more,
Faint spirit, strive no more!—for thee too strong
Are outward will and wrong,
And inward wasting fires!—Thou canst not soar
Free on a starry way
Beyond their blighting sway,
At Heaven's high gate serenely to adore!
How shouldst thou hope Earth's fetters to unbind?
O passionate, yet weak! O trembler to the wind!

"Never shall aught but broken music flow
From joy of thine, deep love, or tearful woe;
Such homeless notes as through the forest sigh,
From the reeds hollow shaken,
When sudden breezes waken
Their vague wild symphony;
No power is theirs, and no abiding place
In human hearts; their sweetness leaves no trace—
Born only so to die!

"Never shall aught but perfume, faint and vain,
On the fleet pinion of the changeful hour,
From thy bruised life again
A moment's essence breathe;
Thy life, whose trampled flower
Into the blessed wreath
Lies pale and withering on the barren ground.

"So fade, fade on! thy gift of love shall clir.g,
A coiling sadness, round thy heart and brain,
A silent, fruitless, yet undying thing,
All sensitive to pain!
And still the shadow of vain dreams shall fall
O'er thy mind's world, a daily darkening pall.
Fold, then, thy wounded wing, and sink subdued,
In cold and unrepining quietude!"

Then my soul yielded; spells of numbing breath
Crept o'er it heavy with a dew of death,
Its powers, like leaves before the night rain, closing;
And, as by conflict of wild sea-waves toss'd
On the chill bosom of some desert coast,
Mutely and hopelessly I lay reposing.

When silently it seem'd
As if a soft mist gleam'd
Before my passive sight, and, slowly curling,
To many a shape and hue
Of vision'd beauty grew,
Like a wrought banner, fold by fold unfurling.
Oh! the rich scenes that o'er mine inward eye
Unrolling then swept by,
With dreamy motion! Silvery seas were there
Lit by large dazzling stars, and arch'd by skies
Of southern midnight's most transparent dyes,
And gemm'd with many an island, wildly fair,
Which floated past me into orient day,
Still gathering lustre on th' illumin'd way,
Till its high groves of wondrous flowering trees
Color'd the silvery seas.

And then a glorious mountain-chain uprose,
Height above spiry height!
A soaring solitude of woods and snows,
All steep'd in golden light!

While as it pass'd, those regal peaks unveiling,
I heard, methought, a waving of dread wings
And mighty sounds, as if the vision hailing,
From lyres that quiver'd through ten thousand strings:
Or as if waters forth to music leaping,
From many a cave the Alpine Echo's hall,
On their bold way victoriously were sweeping,
Link'd in majestic anthems! while through all
That billowy swell and fall,
Voices, like ringing crystal, fill'd the air
With inarticulate melody, that stirr'd
My being's core; then, moulding into word
Their piercing sweetness, bade me rise and bear
In that great choral strain my trembling part
Of tones, by love and faith struck from a human heart.

Return no more, vain bodings of the night!
A happier oracle within my soul
Hath swell'd to power;—a clear unwavering light
Mounts through the battling clouds that round
And to a new control
Nature's full harp gives forth rejoiceing tones,
Wherein my glad sense owns
The accordant rush of elemental sound
To one consummate harmony profound;
One grand Creation Hymn,
Whose notes the seraphim
Lift to the glorious height of music wing'd and crown'd.

20
Shall not those notes find echoes in my lyre, 
Faithful though faint?—Shall not my spirit's fire, 
If slowly, yet unswervingly, ascend
Now to its fount and end?
Shall not my earthly love, all purified,
Shine forth a heavenward guide?
An angel of bright power?—and strongly bear
My being upward into holier air,
Where fiery passion-clouds have no abode,
And the sky's temple-arch overflows with God?

The radiant hope new-born
Expands like rising morn
In my life's life: and as a ripening rose
The crimson shadow of its glory throws
More vivid, hour by hour, on some pure stream;
So from that hope are spreading
Rich hues, o'er nature shedding,
Each day, a clearer, spiritual gleam.

Let not those rays fade from me—once enjoy'd,
Father of spirits! let them not depart!
Leaving the chill'd earth, without form and void
Darken'd by mine own heart!
Lift, aid, sustain me! Thou, by whom alone
All lovely gifts and pure
In the soul's grasp endure;
Thou, to the steps of whose eternal throne
All knowledge flows—a sea for evermore
Breaking its crested waves on that sole shore—
O consecrate my life! that I may sing
Of Thee with joy that hath a living spring.

In a full heart of music!—Let my lays
Through the resounding mountains waft thy praise,
And with that theme the wood's green cloisters fill,
And make their quivering leafy dimness thrill
'To the rich breeze of song!' Oh! let me wake
The deep religion which hath dwelt from yore,
Silently brooding by lone cliff and lake,
And wildest river shore!
And let me summon all the voices dwelling
Whose eagles build, and cavern'd rills are welling,
And where the cataract's organ-peal is swelling,
In that one spirit gather'd to adore!

Forgive, O Father! if presumptuous thought
Too daringly in aspiration rise!
Let not thy child all vainly have been taught
By weakness, and by wanderings, and by sighs
Of sad confession!—lowly be my heart,
And on its penitential altar spread
The offerings worthless, till thy grace impart
The fire from Heaven, whose touch alone can shed
Life, radiance, virtue!—let that vital spark
Pierce my whole being, wilder'd else and dark!

Thine are all holy things—O make me Thine,
So shall I, too, be pure—a living shrine
Unto that spirit which goes forth from Thee,
Strong and divinely free,
Bearing thy gifts of wisdom on its flight,
And brooding o'er them with a dove-like wing,
Till thought, word, song, to Thee in worship spring,
Immortality endow'd for liberty and light.

TO THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

Forget them not:—though now their name
Be but a mournful sound,
Though by the hearth its utterance claim
A stillness round.

Though for their sake this earth no more
As it hath been may be,
And shadows, never mark'd before,
Brood o'er each tree;

And though their image dim the sky,
Yet, yet forget them not!
Nor, where their love and life went by,
Forsake the spot!

They have a breathing influence there,
A charm not elsewhere found;
Sad—yet it sanctifies the air,
The stream—the ground.

Then, though the wind an alter'd tone
Through the young foliage bear,
Though every flower, of something gone
A tinge may wear;

Oh! fly it not!—no fruitless grief
Thus in their presence felt,
A record links to every leaf
There, where they dwelt.

Still trace the path which knew their tread,
Still tend their garden-bower,
Still commune with the holy dead
In each lone hour!

The holy dead!—oh! bless'd we are,
That we may call them so,
And to their image look afar,
Through all our woe!

Bless'd, that the things they loved on earth,
As relics we may hold,
That wake sweet thoughts of parted worth,
By springs untold!

Bless'd, that a deep and chastening power
Thus o'er our souls is given,
If but to bird, or song, or flower,
Yet all for Heaven!

20*
MOZART'S REQUIEM.

A requiem!—and for whom?
For beauty in its bloom?
For valor fallen—a broken rose or sword?
A dirge for king or chief,
With pomp of stately grief,
Banner, and torch, and waving plume deplored?

Not so, it is not so!
That warning voice I know,
From other worlds a strange mysterious tone;
A solemn funeral air
It call'd me to prepare,
And my heart answer'd secretly—my own!

One more then, one more strain,
In links of joy and pain
Mighty the troubled spirit to enthral!
And let me breathe my dower
Of passion and of power
Ful. into that deep lay—the last of all!

The last!—and I must go
From this bright world below,
This realm of sunshine, ringing with sweet sound!
Must leave its festal skies,
With all their melodies,
That ever in my breast glad echoes found!

Yet have I known it long;
Too restless and too strong [flame;
Within this clay hath been the o'ermastering
Swift thoughts, that came and went,
Like torrents o'er me sent,
Have shaken, as a reed, my thrilling frame.

Like perfumes on the wind,
Which none may stay or bind,
The beautiful comes floating through my soul;
I strive with yearnings vain,
The spirit to detain
Of the deep harmonies that past me roll!

Therefore disturbing dreams
Trouble the secret streams
And founts of music that o'erflow my breast;
Something far more divine
Than may on earth be mine,
Haunts my worn heart, and will not let me rest.

Shall I then fear the tone
That breathes from worlds unknown?—
Surely these feverish aspirations there
Shall grasp their full desire,
And this unsettled fire,
Burn calmly, brightly, in immortal air.

Once more then, one more strain,
To earthly joy and pain
A rich, and deep, and passionate farewell!
I pour each fervent thought
With fear, hope, trembling fraught,
Into the notes that o'er my dust shall swell
THE FUNERAL GENIUS; AN ANCIENT STATUE.

Thou shouldst be look'd on when the starlight falls Through the blue stillness of the summer-air, Not by the torch-fire wavering on the walls— It hath too fitful and too wild a glare! And thou!—thy rest, the soft, the lovely, seems To ask light steps, that will not break its dreams.

Flowers are upon thy brow; for so the dead Were crown'd of old, with pale spring flowers like these:
Sleep on thine eye hath sunk; yet softly shed, As from the wing of some faint southern breeze:
And the pine-boughs o'ershadow thee with gloom Which of the grove seems breathing—not the tomb.

They fear'd not death, whose calm and gracious thought Of the last hour, hath settled thus in thee!
They who thy wreath and pallid roses wrought, And laid thy head against the forest tree, As that of one, by music's dreamy close, On the wood-violets lull'd to deep repose.

They fear'd not death!—yet who shall say his touch Thus lightly falls on gentle things and fair?

Doth he bestow, or will he leave so much Of tender beauty as thy features wear? Thou sleeper of the bower! on whose young eyes So still a night, a night of summer, lies!

Had they seen aught like thee?—Did some fair boy Thus, with his graceful hair, before them rest?
—His graceful hair, no more to wave in joy, But drooping, as with heavy dews oppress'd: And his eye veil'd so softly by its fringe, And his lip faded to the white-rose tinge!

Oh! happy, if to them the one dread hour Made known its lessons from a brow like thine! If all their knowledge of the spoiler's power Came by a look so tranquilly divine!—Let him, who thus hath seen the lovely part, Hold well that image to his thoughtful heart!

But thou, fair slumberer! was there less of woe, Or love, or terror, in the days of old, That men pour'd out their gladdening spins Like sunshine, on the desolate and cold.
And gave thy semblance to the shadowy king, Who for deep souls had then a deeper sting?

In the dark bosom of the earth they laid Far more than we—for loftier faith is ours! Their gems were lost in ashes—yet they made The grave a place of beauty and of flowers,
With fragrant wreaths, and summer boughs array'd,
And lovely sculpture gleaming through the shade.

Is it for us a darker gloom to shed O'er its dim precincts?—do we not intrust But for a time, its chambers with our dead,
And strew immortal seed upon the dust?
—Why should we dwell on that which lies beneath,
When living light hath touch'd the brow of death?

THE GRAVES OF MARTYRS.

The kings of old have shrine and tomb
In many a minster's haughty gloom;
And green, along the ocean side,
The mounds rise where heroes died;
But show me, on thy flowery breast,
Earth! where thy nameless martyrs rest!

The thousands that, uncheer'd by praise,
Have made one offering of their days;
For Truth, for Heaven, for Freedom's sake
Resign'd the bitter cup to take:
And silently, in fearless faith,
Bowing their noble souls to death.

Where sleep they Earth?—by no proud stone
Their narrow couch of rest is known;
The still sad glory of their name
Hallows no mountain unto Fame;
No—not a tree the record bears
Of their deep thoughts and lonely prayers.

Yet haply all around lie strew'd
The ashes of that multitude:
It may be that each day we tread,
Where thus devoted hearts have bled;
And the young flowers our children sow,
'Take root in holy dust below.

O that the many-rustling leaves,
Which round our homes the summer weaves,
Or that the streams, in whose glad voice
Our own familiar paths rejoice,
Might whisper through the starry sky,
To tell where those blest slumberers lie!

Would not our inmost hearts be still'd,
With knowledge of their presence fill'd,
And by its breathings taught to prize
The meekness of self-sacrifice?
—But the old woods and sounding waves
Are silent of those hidden graves.

Yet what if no light footstep there
In pilgrim-love and awe repair,
So let it be!—like him, whose clay
Deep buried by his Maker lay,
They sleep in secret,—but their sod,
Unknown to man, is mark'd by God.
THE IVY SONG.

Oh! how could fancy crown with thee,
In ancient days the God of Wine,
And bid thee at the banquet be
Companion of the Vine?
Ivy! thy home is where each sound
Of revelry hath long been o'er,
Where song and beaker once went round,
But now are known no more,
Where long-fallen gods recline,
There the place is thine.

The Roman on his battle-plains,
Where kings before his eagles bent,
With thee, amidst exulting strains,
Shadow'd the victor's tent:
Though shining there in deathless green,
Triumphally thy boughs might wave,
Better thou lovest the silent scene
Around the victor's grave—
Urn and sculpture half divine
Yield their place to thine.

The cold halls of the regal dead,
Where lone the Italian sunbeams dwell,
Where hollow sounds the lightest tread—
Ivy! they know thee well!

And far above the festal vine,
Thou wavest where once-proud banners hung,
Where mouldering turrets crest the Rhine,
—The Rhine, still fresh and young!
Tower and rampart o'er the Rhine,
Ivy! all are thine!

High from the fields of air look down—
Those eyries of a vanish'd race,
Where harp, and battle, and renown,
Have pass'd, and left no trace.
But thou art there!—serenely bright,
Meeting the mountain storms with bloom
Thou that wilt climb the loftiest height,
Or crown the lowliest tomb!
Ivy, Ivy! all are thine,
Palace, hearth, and shrine.

'Tis still the same; our pilgrim tread
O'er classic plains, through deserts free,
On the mute path of ages fled,
Still meets decay and thee.
And still let man his fabrics rear,
August in beauty, stern in power,
—Days pass—thou Ivy never sere;
And thou shalt have thy dower.
All are thine, or must be thine—
Temple, pillar, shrine!
THE NIGHTINGALE’S DEATH SONG.

Mournfully, sing mournfully,
And die away my heart!
The rose, the glorious rose is gone,
And I, too, will depart.

The skies have lost their splendor,
The waters changed their tone,
And wherefore, in the faded world,
Should music linger on?

Where is the golden sunshine,
And where the flower-cup’s glow?
And where the joy of the dancing leaves,
And the fountain’s laughing flow?

A voice, in every whisper
Of the wave, the bough, the air,
Comes asking for the beautiful,
And moaning, “Where, oh! where?”

Tell of the brightness parted,
Thou bee, thou lamb at play!
Thou lark in thy victorious mirth!
—Are ye, too, pass’d away?

Mournfully, sing mournfully!
The royal rose is gone.
Melt from the woods, my spirit, melt
In one deep farewell tone!

Not so, swell forth triumphantly,
The full, rich, fervent strain!
Hence with young love and life I go,
In the summer’s joyous train.

With sunshine, with sweet odor,
With every precious thing,
Upon the last warm southern breeze
My soul its flight shall wing.

Alone I shall not linger,
When the days of hope are past,
To watch the fall of leaf by leaf,
To wait the rushing blast.

Triumphantly, triumphantly!
Sing to the woods, I go!
For me, perchance, in other lands,
The glorious rose may blow.

The sky’s transparent azure,
And the greensward’s violet breath,
And the dance of light leaves in the wind,
May these know naught of death.

No more, no more sing mournfully!
Swell high, then break, my heart!
With love, the spirit of the wind,
With summer I depart.
THE REVELLERS.

Ring, joyous chords!—ring out again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
They are here—the fair face and the careless heart,
And stars shall wane ere the mirthful part.—
But I met a dimly mournful glance,
In a sudden turn of the flying dance;
I heard the tone of a heavy sigh
In a pause of the thrilling melody!
And it is not well that woe should breathe
On the bright spring flowers of the festal wreath!
Ye that to thought or to grief belong,
Leave, leave the hall of song!

Ring, joyous chords!—but who art thou
With the shadowy locks o'er thy pale, young brow,
And the world of dreamy gloom that lies
In the misty depths of thy soft dark eyes?
Thou hast loved, fair girl! thou hast loved too well!
Thou art mourning now o'er a broken spell;
Thou hast pour'd thy heart's rich treasures forth,
And art unrepaid for their priceless worth!
Mourn on!—yet come thou not here the while,
It is but a pain to see thee smile!
There is not a tone in our songs for thee—
Home with thy sorrows flee!

Ring, joyous chords!—ring forth again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
But thou hast no part in the gladd'ning notes;
There are bright young faces that pass thee by,
But they fix no glance of thy wandering eye!
Away, there's a void in thy yearning breast,
Thou weary man! wilt thou here find rest?
Away! for thy thoughts from the scene have fled,
And the love of thy spirit is with the dead!
Thou art but more lone 'midst the sounds of mirth,
Back to thy silent hearth!

Ring, joyous chords!—ring forth again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
But thou, though a reckless mien be thine,
And thy cup be crown'd with the foaming wine,
By the fitful bursts of thy laughter loud,
By thine eye's quick flash through its troubled cloud,
I know thee! it is but the wakeful fear
Of a haunted bosom that brings thee here!
I know thee!—thou fearest the solemn night,
With her piercing stars and her deep wind's might!
There's a tone in her voice which thou fain wouldst shun,
For it asks what the secret soul hath done!
And thou—there's a dark weight on thine away!
Back to thy home, and pray!
Ring, joyous chords!—ring out again!
A swifter still, and a wilder strain!
And bring fresh wreaths!—we will banish all
Save the free in heart from our festive hall.
On! through the maze of the fleeting dance, on!
But where are the young and the lovely?—gone!
Where are the brows with the Red Cross crown'd,
And the floating forms with the bright zone bound?
And the waving locks and the flying feet,
That still should be where the mirthful meet?
They are gone—they are fled—they are parted all:
Alas! the forsaken hall!

SONG OF A GUARDIAN SPIRIT.

Oh! droop thou not, my gentle earthly love!
Mine still to be!
I bore through death, to brighter lands above,
My thoughts of thee.

Yes! the deep memory of our holy tears,
Our suffering love, through long devoted years,
Went with me there.

It was not vain, the hallow'd and the tried—
It was not vain!
Still, though unseen, still hovering at thy side,
I watch again!

From our own paths, our love's attesting bowers,
I am not gone;
In the deep calm of Midnight's whispering hours,
Thou art not lone:

Not lone, when by the haunted streams thou
That stream whose tone [weepes,
Murmurs of thoughts, the richest and the deepest.
We two have known:

Not lone, when mournfully some strain awaking
Of days long past,
From thy soft eyes the sudden tears are breaking,
Silent and fast:

Not lone, when upwards, in fond visions turning
Thy dreamy glance, [burning,
Thou seek'st my home, where solemn stars are
O'er night's expanse.

My home is near thee, loved one! and around thee,
Where'er thou art; [thee,
Though still mortality's thick cloud hath bound
Doubt not thy heart!

Hear its low voice, nor deem thyself forsaken—
Let faith be given
To the still tones which oft our being waken
They are of heaven!
SWISS SONG,
ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF AN ANCIENT BATTLE.

Look on the white Alps round!
If yet they gird a land
Where Freedom's voice and step are found,
Forget ye not the band,—
The faithful band, our sires, who fell
Here in the narrow battle dell!

If yet the wilds among,
Our silent hearts may burn,
When the deep mountain-horn hath rung,
And home our steps may turn,—
Home!—home!—if still that name be dear,
Praise to the men who perish'd here!

Look on the white Alps round!
Up to their shining snows,
That day the stormy rolling sound,
The sound of battle, rose!
Their caves prolonged the trumpet's blast,
Their dark pines trembled as it pass'd!

They saw the princely crest,
They saw the knightly spear,
The banner and the mail-clad breast,
Borne down and trampled here!
They saw—and glorying there they stand.
Eternal records to the land!

Praise to the mountain-born,
The brethren of the glen!
By them no steel array was worn,
They stood as peasant-men!
They left the vineyard and the field,
To break an empire's lance and shield!

Look on the white Alps round!
If yet, along their steeps,
Our children's fearless feet may bound,
Free as the chamois leaps:
Teach them in song to bless the band
Amidst whose mossy graves we stand!

If, by the wood-fire's blaze,
When winter stars gleam cold,
The glorious tales of elder days
May proudly yet be told,
Forget not then the shepherd race,
Who made the hearth a holy place!

Look on the white Alps round!
If yet the Sabbath-bell
Comes o'er them with a gladdening sound,
Think on the battle dell!
For blood first bathed its flowery sod,
That chainless hearts might worship God!
THE DIVER.

Thou hast been where the rocks of coral grow
Thou hast fought with eddying waves;
Thy cheek is pale, and thy heart beats low,
Thou searcher of ocean's caves!

Thou hast look'd on the gleaming wealth of old
And wrecks where the brave have striven:
The deep is a strong and fearful hold,
But thou its bar hast riven!

A wild and weary life is thine:
A wasting task and lone,
Though treasure-grots for thee may shin
To all besides unknown!

A weary life! but a swift decay
Soon, soon shall set thee free;
Thou'rt passing fast from thy toils away,
Thou wrestler with the sea!

In thy dim eye, on thy hollow cheek,
Well are the death-signs read—
Go! for the pearl in its cavern seek,
Ere hope and power be fled!

And bright in beauty's coronal
That glistening gem shall be;
A star to all in the festive hall—
But who will think on thee?

None!—as it gleams from the queen-like head,
Not one 'midst throngs will say,
"A life hath been like a rain-drop shed
For that pale quivering ray."

Woe for the wealth thus dearly bought!
—And are not those like thee,
Who win for earth the gems of thought?
O wrestler with the sea!

Down to the guls of the soul they go
Where the passion-fountains burn,
Gathering the jewels far below
From many a buried urn:

Wringing from lava veins the fire,
That o'er bright words is pour'd;
Learning deep sounds, to make the lyre
A spirit in each chord.

But, oh! the price of bitter tears,
Paid for the lonely power
That throws at last o'er desert years,
A darkly glorious dower!

Like flower seeds, by the wild wind spread,
So radiant thoughts are strew'd.
—The soul whence those high gifts are shed,
May faint in solitude!

And who will think, when the strain is sung
Till a thousand hearts are stirr'd.
What life-drops, from the minstrel wrung,
Have gush'd with every word?
None, none!—his treasures live like thine,
He strives and dies like thee;
—Thou, that hast been to the pearl's dark shrine,
O wrestler with the sea!

LEAVE ME NOT YET.

Leave me not yet—through rosy skies from far,
But now the song-birds to their nests return;
The quivering image of the first pale star
On the dim lake scarce yet begins to burn:
Leave me not yet!

Not yet! oh, hark! low tones from hidden streams,
Piercing the shivery leaves, even now arise:
Their voices mingle not with daylight dreams,
They are of vespers' hymns and harmonies.
Leave me not yet!

My thoughts are like those gentle sounds, dear love!
By day shut up in their own still recess,
They wait for dews on earth, for stars above,
Then to breathe out their soul of tenderness:
Leave me not yet!

ALL night the booming minute-gun,
Had peal'd along the deep,
And mournfully the rising sun
Look'd o'er the tide-worn steep.
A barque from India's coral strand,
Before the raging blast,
Had veil'd her topsails to the sand,
And bow'd her noble mast.

The queenly ship!—brave hearts had striven,
And true ones died with her!—
We saw her mighty cable riven,
Like floating gossamer.
We saw her proud flag struck that morn,
A star once o'er the seas—
Her anchor gone, her deck uptorn—
And sadder things than these!

We saw her treasures cast away,—
The rocks with pearls were sown,
And strangely sad, the ruby's ray
Flash'd out o'er fretted stone.
And gold was strewn the wet sands o'er,
Like ashes by a breeze;
And gorgeous robes—but oh! that shore
Had sadder things than these!
We saw the strong man still and low,
A crush'd reed thrown aside;
Yet, by that rigid lip and brow,
Not without strife he died.
And near him on the sea-weed lay—
Till then we had not wept—
But well our gushing hearts might say
That there a mother slept!

For her pale arms a babe had press'd
With such a wreathing grasp,
Billows had dash'd o'er that fond breast,
Yet not undone the clasp.
Her very tresses had been flung
To wrap the fair child's form,
Where still their wet long streamers hung
All tangled by the storm.

And beautiful, 'midst that wild scene,
Gleam'd up the boy's dead face
Like slumber's, trustingly serene,
In melancholy grace.
Deep in her bosom lay his head,
With half-shut violet eye—
He had known little of her dread,
Naught of her agony!

Oh! human love, whose yearning heart
Through all things vainly true,
So stamps upon the mortal part
Its passionate adieu—

Surely thou hast another lot:
There is some home for thee,
Where thou shalt rest, rememb'ring not
The moaning of the sea!

O YE VOICES GONE.

Oh! ye voices gone,
Sounds of other years,
Hush that haunting tone,
Melt me not to tears!
All around forget,
All who love you well,
Yet, sweet voices, yet
O'er my soul ye swell.
With the winds of spring,
With the breath of flowers,
Floating back, ye bring
Thoughts of vanish'd hour
Hence your music take,
Oh! ye voices gone.
This lone heart ye make
But more deeply lone.
THE SOLDIER'S DEATH-BED.

LIKE THEE TO DIE, THOU SUN!—My boyhood's dream
Was this; and now my spirit, with thy beam,
Ebbs from a field of victory!—yet the hour
Bears back upon me, with a torrent's power,
Nature's deep longings:—Oh! for some kind eye,
Wherein to meet love's fervent farewell gaze;
Some breast to pillow life's last agony,
Some voice, to speak of hope and brighter days,
Beyond the pass of shadows!—But I go,
I, that have been so loved, go hence alone;
And ye, now gathering round my own hearth's glow,
Sweet friends! it may be that a softer tone,
Even in this moment, with your laughing glee
Mingles its cadence while you speak of me:
Of me, your soldier, 'midst the mountains lying,
On the red banner of his battles dying,
Par, far away!—and oh! your parting prayer—
Will not his name be fondly murmur'd there?
It will!—A blessing on that holy hearth!
Though clouds are darkening to o'ercast its mirth.
Mother! I may not hear thy voice again;
Sisters! ye watch to greet my step in vain;
Young brother, fare thee well!—on each dear head
Blessing and love a thousand fold be shed,

THE BIRD AT SEA.

Bird of the greenwood!
O! why art thou here?
Leaves dance not o'er thee,
Flowers bloom not near.
All the sweet waters
Far hence are at play—
Bird of the greenwood!
Away, away!

Where the mast quivers,
Thy place will not be,
As 'midst the waving
Of wild rose and tree.
How should'st thou battle
With storm and with spray?
Bird of the greenwood!
Away, away!

Or art thou seeking
Some brighter land,
Where by the south wind
Vine leaves are fann'd?
'Midst the wild billows
Why then delay?
Bird of the greenwood!
Away, away!

"Chide not my lingering
Where storms are dark;
A hand that hath nursed me
Is in the bark;
A heart that hath cherish'd
Through winter's long day,
So I turn from the greenwood,
Away, away!

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

Gloom is upon thy silent hearth,
O silent house! once fill'd with mirth;
Sorrow is in the breezy sound
Of thy tall poplars whispering round.

The shadow of departed hours
Hangs dim upon thy early flowers;
Even in thy sunshine seems to brood
Something more deep than solitude.

Fair art thou, fair to a stranger's gaze,
Mine own sweet home of other days!
My children's birth-place! yet for me,
It is too much to look on thee.

Too much! for, all about thee spread,
I feel the memory of the dead,
And almost linger for the feet
That never more my step shall meet.

The looks, the smiles, all vanish'd now,
Follow me where thy roses blow;
The echoes of kind household words
Are with me 'midst thy singing birds.

Till my heart dies, it dies away
In yearnings for what might not stay;
For love which ne'er deceived my trust,
For all which went with "dust to dust."
What now is left me, but to raise
From thee, lorn spot! my spirit's gaze,
To lift through tears my straining eye
Up to my Father's house on high?

Oh! many are the mansions there,
But not in one hath grief a share!
No haunting shade from things gone by,
May there o'ersweep the unchanging sky.

And they are there, whose long-loved mien
In earthly home no more is seen;
Whose places, where they smiling sate,
Are left unto us desolate.

We miss them when the board is spread;
We miss them when the prayer is said;
Upon our dreams their dying eyes
In still and mournful fondness rose.

But they are where these longings vain
Trouble no more the heart and brain;
The sadness of this aching love
Dims not our Father's house above.

Ye are at rest, and I in tears,
Ye dwellers of immortal spheres!
Under the poplar boughs I stand,
And mourn the broken household band.

But by your life of lowly faith,
And by your joyful hope in death,
Guide me, till on some brighter shore,
The sever'd wreath is bound once more!

__CORINNA AT THE CAPITOL__

Daughter of th' Italian heaven!
Thou, to whom its fires are given,
Joyously thy car hath roll'd
Where the conqueror's pass'd of old;
And the festal sun that shone,
O'er three hundred triumphs gone,
Makes thy day of glory bright
With a shower of golden light.

Now thou tread'st th' ascending road,
Freedom's foot so proudly trode;
While, from tombs of heroes borne,
From the dust of empire shorn,
Flowers upon thy graceful head,
Chaplets of all hues, are shed,
In a soft and rosy train,
Touch'd with many a gem-like stain.

Thou hast gain'd the summit now!
Music hails thee from below;
Music, whose rich notes might stir
Ashes of the sepulchre;
Shaking with victorious notes
All the bright air as it floats.
Well may woman's heart beat high
Unto that proud harmony!

Now afar it rolls—it dies—
And thy voice is heard to rise
With a low and lovely tone
In its thrilling power alone;
And thy lyre's deep silvery string,
Touch'd as by a breeze's wing,
Murmurs tremblingly at first,
Ere the tide of rapture burst.

All the spirit of thy sky
Now hath lit thy large dark eye,
And thy cheek a flush hath caught
From the joy of kindled thought;
And the burning words of song
From thy lip flow fast and strong,
With a rushing stream's delight
In the freedom of its might.

Radiant daughter of the sun!
Now thy living wreath is won.
Crown'd of Rome!—Oh! art thou not
Happy in that glorious lot?—
Happier, happier far than thou,
With the laurel on thy brow,
She that makes the humblest hearth
Lovely but to one on earth!

THE VOICE OF THE WIND.

Oh! many a voice is thine, thou Wind! full
many a voice is thine,
From every scene thy wing o'ersweeps thou
bear'st a sound and sign;
A minstrel wild and strong thou art, with a
mastery all thine own,
And the spirit is thy harp, O Wind! that gives
the answering tone.

Thou hast been across red fields of war, where
shiver'd helmets lie,
And thou bringest thence the thrilling note of a
clarion in the sky;
A rustling of proud banner-folds, a peal of
stormy drums;
All these are in thy music met, as when a leader
comes.

Thou hast been o'er solitary seas, and from their
wastes brought back
Each noise of waters that awoke in the mystery
of thy track—
The chime of low soft southern waves on some
green palmy shore,
The hollow roll of distant surge, the garner'd
billows' rear.
Thou art come from forests dark and deep, thou mighty rushing Wind!
And thou bearest all their unisons in one full swell combined;
The restless pines, the moaning stream, all hidden things and free,
Of the dim old sounding wilderness, have lent their soul to thee.

Thou art come from cities lighted up for the conqueror passing by,
Thou art wafting from their streets a sound of haughty revelry;
The rolling of triumphant wheels, the harpings in the hall,
The far-off shout of multitudes, are in thy rise and fall.

Thou art come from kingly tombs and shrines from ancient minsters vast,
Through the dark aisles of a thousand years thy lonely wing hath pass'd;
Thou hast caught the anthem's billowy swell, and the stately dirge's tone,
For a chief, with sword, and shield, and helm, to his place of slumber gone.

Thou art come from long-forsaken homes, wherein our young days flew,
Thou hast found sweet voices lingering there, the loved, the kind, the true

Thou callest back those melodies, though now all changed and fled—
Be still, be still, and haunt us not with music from the dead!
Are all these notes in thee, wild Wind? these many notes in thee?
Far in our own unfathom'd souls their fount must surely be;
Yes! buried, but unsleeping, there thought watches, memory lies,
From whose deep urn the tones are pour'd through all earth's harmonies.

THE DEATH DAY OF KÖRNER.
A song for the death day of the brave—
A song of pride!
The youth went down to a hero's grave,
With the Sword, his bride.
He went, with his noble heart unworn,
And pure, and high;
An eagle stooping from clouds of morr
Only to die.
He went with the yre, whose ofty tone
Beneath his hand
Had thrill'd to the name of his God alone,
And his father-land.

23
And with all his glorious feelings yet
In their first glow,
Like a southern stream that no frost hath met
To chain its flow.

A song for the death day of the brave—
A song of pride!
For him that went to a hero's grave,
With the Sword, his bride.

He hath left a voice in his trumpet lays
To turn the flight,
And a guiding spirit for after days,
Like a watchfire's light.

And a grief in his father's soul to rest,
'Midst all high thought;
And a memory unto his mother's breast
With healing fraught.

And a name and fame above the blight
Of earthly breath,
Beautiful—beautiful and bright,
In life and death!

A song for the death day of the brave—
A song of pride!
For him that went to a hero's grave.
With the Sword, his bride!

THE LAST WISH.

Go to the forest shade,
Seek thou the well known glade,
Where, heavy with sweet dew, the violets lie,
Gleaming through moss-tufts keep,
Like dark eyes fill'd with sleep,
And bathed in hues of Summer's midnight sky.

Bring me their buds, to shed
Around my dying bed
A breath of May and of the wood's repose;
For I, in sooth, depart
With a reluctant heart,
That fain would linger where the bright sun glows.

Fain would I stay with thee—
Alas! this may not be;
Yet bring me still the gifts of happier hours!
Go where the fountain's breast
Catches, in glassy rest, [bowers.
The dim green light that pours through laurel

I know how softly bright,
Steep'd in that tender light,
The water-lilies tremble there e'en now;
Go to the pure stream's edge,
And from its whispering sedge
Bring me those flowers to cool my fever'd brow!
Then, as in Hope's young days,
Track thou the antique maze
Of the rich garden to its grassy mound;
There is a lone white rose,
Shedding in sudden snows,
Its faint leaves o'er the emerald turf around.

Well know'st thou that fair tree—
A murmur of the bee
Dwells ever in the honey'd lime above;
Bring me one pearly flower
Of all its clustering shower—
For on that spot we first reveal'd our love.

Gather one woodbine bough,
Then, from the lattice low
Of the bower'd cottage which I bade thee mark,
When by the hamlet last,
Through dim wood lanes we pass'd,
While dews were glancing to the glow worm's spark.

Haste! to my pillow bear
Those fragrant things and fair;
My hand no more may bind them up at eve—
Yet shall their odor soft
One bright dream round me waft
Of life, youth, summer—all that I must leave!

And, oh! if thou would'st ask
Wherefore thy steps I task.

The grove, the stream, the hamlet vale to trace—
'Tis that some thought of me,
When I am gone, may be
The spirit bound to each familiar place.

I bid mine image dwell
(Oh! break not thou the spell!)
In the deep wood and by the fountain side
Thou must not, my beloved!
Rove where we two have roved,
Forgetting her that in her Spring-time died!

THE PALMER.

Aren't thou come from the far-off land at last?
Thou hast wander'd long! Thou art come to a home whence the smile hath
With the merry voice of song.

For the sunny glance and the bounding heart
Thou wilt seek—but all are gone;
They are parted e'en as waters part,
To meet in the deep alone!

And thou—from thy lip is fled the glow,
From thine eye the light of morn;
And the shades of thought o'erhang thy brow
And thy cheek with life is worn.

23*
Say what hast thou brought from the distant shore
For thy wasted youth to pay?
Hast thou treasure to win thee joys once more?
Hast thou vassals to smooth thy way?

"I have brought but the palm-branch in my hand,
Yet I call not my bright youth lost!
I have won but high thought in the Holy Land,
Yet I count not too dear the cost!

"I look on the leaves of the deathless tree—
These records of my track;
And better than youth in its flush of glee,
Are the memories they give me back!

"They speak of toil, and of high emprise,
As in words of solemn cheer,
They speak of lonely victories
O'er pain, and doubt, and fear.

"They speak of scenes which have now become
Bright pictures in my breast;
Where my spirit finds
A glorious home,
And the love of my heart can rest.

"The colors pass not from these away,
Like tints of shower or sun;
Oh! beyond all treasures that know decay,
Is the wealth my soul hath won!

"A rich light thence o'er my life's decline,
An inborn light is cast;
For the sake of the palm from the holy shrine,
I bewail not my bright days past!"

THE SULIOTE MOTHER.

She stood upon the loftiest peak,
Amidst the clear blue sky:
A bitter smile was on her cheek,
And a dark flash in her eye.

"Dost thou see them, boy?—through the dusky pines
Dost thou see where the foeman's armor shines?
Hast thou caught the gleam of the conqueror's crest?
My babe, that I cradled on my breast!
Wouldst thou spring from thy mother's arms
with joy?
—That sight hath cost thee a father, boy!"

For in the rocky strait beneath,
Lay Suliote sire and son:
They had heap'd high the piles of death
Before the pass was won.

"They have cross'd the torrent, and on they come!
Woe for the mountain hearth and home!
There, where the hunter laid by his spear,
There, where the lyre hath been sweet to hear,
There, where I sang thee, fair babe! to sleep,
Naught but the blood-stain our trace shall keep!"
And now the horn's loud blast was heard,
And now the cymbal's clang,
Till even the upper air was stirr'd,
As cliff and hollow rang.

"Hark! they bring music, my joyous child!
What saith the trumpet to Suli's wild!
Dost it light thine eye with so quick a fire,
As if at a glance of thine armed sire?—
Still!—be thou still!—there are brave men low—
Thou would'st not smile could'st thou see him now!

But nearer came the clash of steel,
And louder swell'd the horn,
And farther yet the tambour's peal
Through the dark pass was borne.

"Hear'st thou the sound of their savage mirth?—
Boy! thou wert free when I gave thee birth,—
Free, and how cherish'd, my warrior's son!
He too hath bless'd thee, as I have done!
Aye, and unchain'd must his loved ones be—
Freedom, young Suliote! for thee and me!"

And from the arrowy peak she sprung
And fast the fair child bore:—
A veil upon the wind was flung,
A cry—and all was o'er!
GERTRUDE; OR, FIDELITY TILL DEATH.

Her hands were clasp'd, her dark eyes raised,
The breeze threw back her hair;
Up to the fearful wheel she gazed—
All that she loved was there.
The night was round her clear and cold,
The holy heaven above,
Its pale stars watching to behold
The might of earthly love.

"And bid me not depart," she cried,
"My Rudolph, say not so!
This is no time to quit thy side,
Peace, peace! I cannot go.
Hath the world aught for me to fear,
When death is on thy brow?
The world! what means it?—mine is here—
I will not leave thee now.

"I have been with thee in thine hour
Of glory and of bliss; Doubt not its memory's living power
To strengthen me through this!
And thou mine honor'd love and true,
Bear on, bear nobly on,
We have the bless'd heaven in view,
Whose rest shall soon be won."

And were not these high words to flow
From woman's breaking heart?
Through all that night of bitterest woe,
She bore her lofty part;
But oh! with such a glazing eye,
With such a curdling cheek—
Love, love! of mortal agony,
Thou, only thou shouldst speak!

The wind rose high,—but with it rose
Her voice, that he might hear:
Perchance that dark hour brought repose
To happy bosoms near;
While she sat striving with despair
Beside his tortured form,
And pouring her deep soul in prayer
Forth on the rushing storm.

She wiped the death-damps from his brow,
With her pale hands and soft,
Whose touch upon the lute-chords low,
Had still'd his heart so oft.
She spread her mantle o'er his breast,
She bathed his lips with dew,
And on his cheek such kisses press'd
As hope and joy ne'er knew.

Oh! lovely are ye, Love and Faith,
Enduring to the last!
She had her meed—one smile in death—
And his worn spirit pass'd.
While e'en as o'er a martyr's grave
She knelt on that sad spot,
And, weeping, bless'd the God who gave
Strength to forsake it not!

ITALIAN GIRL'S HYMN TO THE VIRGIN.

In the deep hour of dreams, [sea,
Through the dark woods, and past the moaning
And by the star-light gleams,
Mother of Sorrows! lo, I come to thee.

Unto thy shrine I bear
Night-blooming flowers, like my own heart, to lie
All, all unfolded there,
Beneath the meekness of thy pitying eye.

For thou, that once didst move,
In thy still beauty, through an early home,
Thou know'st the grief, the love,
The fear of woman's soul; to thee I come!

Many, and sad, and deep,
Were the thoughts folded in thy silent breast;
Thou, too, couldst watch and weep—
Hear, gentlest mother! hear a heart oppress'd!

There is a wandering bark
Bearing one from me o'er the restless waves;
Oh! let thy soft eye mark
His course; be with him, Holiest, guide and save!

My soul is on that way;
My thoughts are travellers o'er the waters dim,
Through the long weary day,
I walk, o'ershadow'd by vain dreams of him.

Aid him, and me, too, aid!
Oh! 'tis not well, this earthly love's excess!
On thy weak child is laid
The burden of too deep a tenderness.

Too much o'er him is pour'd
My being's hope—scarce leaving Heaven a part;
Too fearfully adored,
Oh! make not him the chastener of my heart!

I tremble with a sense
Of grief to be; I hear a warning low—
Sweet mother! call me hence!
This wild idolatry must end in woe.

The troubled joy of life,
Love's lightning happiness, my soul hath known;
And, worn with feverish strife,
Would fold its wings;—take back, take back thine own.

Hark! how the wind swept by!
The tempest's voice comes rolling o'er the wave—
Hope of the sailor's eye,
And maiden's heart, blest mother, guide and save!

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THE ADOPTED CHILD.

Why wouldst thou leave me, O gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
A straw-roof'd cabin, with lowly wall—
Mine is a fair and a pillar'd hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of pictures forever streams."

"Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer day;
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know—
Lady, kind lady! O, let me go."

"Content thee, boy! in my bower to dwell,
Here are sweet sounds which thou lovest well;
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune,
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."

"Oh! my mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree,
To the babe half slumbering on her knee;
I dreamt last night of that music low—
Lady, kind lady! O, let me go."

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou would'st meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

"Is my mother gone from her home away?—
But I know that my brothers are there at play—
I know they are gathering the foxglove's bell,
Or the long fern leaves by the sparkling well;
Or they launch their boats where the bright streams flow—
Lady, kind lady! O, let me go."

"Fair child, thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the stream where the fairy barks were tried.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin home is a lonely spot."

"Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?—
But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still:
And the red deer bound in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee,
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow—
Lady, kind lady! O, let me go."
THE TWO MONUMENTS.

Banners hung drooping from on high
In a dim cathedral’s nave,
Making a gorgeous canopy
O'er a noble, noble grave!

And a marble warrior's form beneath,
With helm and crest array'd,
As on his battle bed of death,
Lay in their crimson shade.

Triumph yet linger'd in his eye,
Ere by the dark night seal'd,
And his head was pillow'd haughtily
On standard and on shield.

And shadowing that proud trophy pile
With the glory of his wing
An eagle sat;—yet seem'd the while
Panting through Heaven to spring.

He sat upon a shiver'd lance,
There by the sculptor bound;
But in the light of his lifted glance
Was that which scorn'd the ground.

And a burning flood of gem-like hues
From a storied window pour'd,
There fell, there centred, to suffuse
The conqueror and his word.

A flood of hues!—but one rich dye
O'er all supremely spread,
With a purple robe of royalty
Mantling the mighty dead.

Meet was that robe for him whose name
Was a trumpet note in war,
His pathway still the march of fame,
His eye the battle star.

But faintly, tenderly was thrown
From the color'd light one ray,
Where a low and pale memorial stone
By the couch of glory lay.

Few were the fond words chisell'd there,
Mourning for parted worth;
But the very heart of love and prayer
Had given their sweetness forth.

They spoke of one whose life had been
As a hidden streamlet's course,
Bearing on health and joy unseen,
From its clear mountain source:

Whose young pure memory, lying deep
'Midst rock, and wood, and hill,
Dwelt in the homes where poor men sleep,
A soft light meek and still:

Whose gentle voice too early call'd
Unto Music's land away,
Had won for God the earth’s enthrall'd
By words of silvery sway.
These were his victories—yet enroll'd
In no high song of fame,
The pastor of the mountain-fold
Left but to Heaven his name.

To Heaven and to the peasant's hearth,
A blessed household sound—
And finding lowly love on earth,
Enough, enough, he found!

Bright and more bright before me gleam'd
That sainted image still;
Till one sweet moonlight memory seem'd
The regal fane to fill.

Oh! how my silent spirit turn'd
From those proud trophies nigh;
How my full heart within me burn'd
Like Him to live and die!

PASSING AWAY

It is written on the rose
In its glory's full array—
Read what those buds disclose—
"Passing away."

It is written on the skies,
Of the soft blue summer day;
It is traced in sunset's dyes—
"Passing away."

It is written on the trees,
As their young leaves glistening play,
And on brighter things than these—
"Passing away."

It is written on the brow
Where the spirit's ardent ray
Lives, burns, and triumphs now—
"Passing away."

It is written on the heart—
Alas! that there Decay
Should claim from Love a part—
"Passing away."

Friends, friends!—oh! shall we meet
In a land of purer day,
Where lovely things and sweet
Pass not away?

Shall we know each other's eyes,
And the thoughts that in them lay,
When we mingled sympathies—
"Passing away?"

Oh! if this may be so,
Speed, speed, thou closing day!
How blest, from earth's vain show
To pass away!
THE BETTER LAND.

"I hear thee speak of the better land,
Thou call'st its children a happy band;
Mother! oh, where is that radiant shore?
Shall we not seek it, and weep no more?
Is it where the flower of the orange blows,
And the fireflies glance through the myrtle boughs?"

—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it where the feathery palm trees rise,
And the date grows ripe under sunny skies?
Or midst the green islands of glittering seas,
Where fragrant forests perfume the breeze,
And strange bright birds on their starry wings
Bear the rich hues of all glorious things?"

—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Is it far away, in some region old,
Where the rivers wander o'er sands of gold?
Where the burning rays of the ruby shine,
And the diamond lights up the secret mine,
And the pearl gleams forth from the coral strand?—
Is it there, sweet mother, that better land?"

—"Not there, not there, my child!"

"Eye hath not seen it, my gentle boy!
Ear hath not heard its deep songs of joy;

Evening Song of the Weary.

Father of Heaven and Earth!
I bless thee for the night,
The soft, still night!
The holy pause of care and mirth,
Of sound and light!

Now far in glade and dell,
Flower-cup, and bud, and bell,
Have shut around the sleeping woodlark’s nest—
The bee’s long murmuring toils are done,
And I, the o’erwearied one,
O’erwearied and o’erwrought,
Bless thee, O God, O Father of the oppress’d,
With my last waking thought,
In the still night!
Yes, ere I sink to rest,
By the fire’s dying light,
Thou Lord of Earth and Heaven!
I bless thee, who hast given
Unto life’s fainting travellers, the night,
The soft, still, holy night!
THE STORM-PAINTER IN HIS DUNGEON.

Midnight, and silence deep!
The air is fill'd with sleep,
With the stream's whisper, and the citron's breath;
The fix'd and solemn stars
Gleam through my dungeon bars—
Wake, rushing winds! this breezeless calm is death!

Ye watch-fires of the skies!
The stillness of your eyes
Looks too intensely through my troubled soul;
I feel this weight of rest
An earth-load on my breast—
Wake, rushing winds, awake! and dark clouds roll!

I am your own, your child,
O ye, the fierce, the wild,
And kingly tempests!—will ye not arise?
Hear the bold spirit's voice,
That knows not to rejoice
But in the peal of your strong harmonies.

By sounding ocean-waves,
And dim Calabrian caves,
And flashing torrents, I have been your mate;
And with the rocking pines
Of the olden Appenines,
In your dark path stood fearless and elate:

Your lightnings were as rods,
That smote the deep abodes
Of thought and vision—and the stream gush'd
Come, that my soul again
May swell to burst its chain—
Bring me the music of the sweeping sea!

Within me dwells a flame,
An eagle caged and tame,
Till call'd forth by the harping of the blast,
Then is its triumph's hour,
It springs to sudden power
As mounts the billow o'er the quivering mast.

Then, then, the canvass o'er,
With hurried hand I pour
The lava-waves and guests of my own soul!
Kindling to fiery life
Dreams, worlds, of pictured strife—
Wake, rushing winds, awake! and, dark clouds, roll!

Wake, rise! the reed may bend,
The shivering leaf descend,
The forest branch give way before your might;
But I, your strong compeer,
Call, summon, wait you here—
Answer, my spirit!—answer, storm and night!
THE SONG OF NIGHT.

I come to thee, O Earth!
With all my gifts!—for every flower sweet dew
In bell, and urn, and chalice, to renew
The glory of its birth.

Not one which glimmering lies
Far amidst folding hills, or forest leaves,
But, through its veins of beauty, so receives
A spirit of fresh dyes.

I come with every star;
Making thy streams, that on their noonday track,
Give but the moss, the reed, the lily back,
Mirrors of worlds afar.

I come with peace:—I shed
Sleep through thy wood-walks, o'er the honey bee,
The lark's triumphant voice, the fawn's young glee,
The hyacinth's meek head.

On my own heart I lay
The weary babe; and sealing with a breath
Its eyes of love, send fairy dreams, beneath
The shadowing lids to play.

I come with mightier things!
Who calls me silent? I have many tones—
The dark skies thrill with low mysterious moans,
Borne on my sweeping wings.

I waft them not alone
From the deep organ of the forest shades,
Or buried streams, unheard amidst their glades,
Till the bright day is done;

But in the human breast
A thousand still small voices I awake,
Strong, in their sweetness, from the soul to shake
The mantle of its rest.

I bring them from the past:
From true hearts broken, gentle spirits torn,
From crush'd affections, which, though long o'erborne,
Make their tones heard at last.

I bring them from the tomb:
O'er the sad couch of late repentant love
They pass—though low as murmurs of a dove—
Like trumpets through the gloom.

I come with all my train;
Who calls me lonely?—Hosts around me tread,
The intensely bright, the beautiful, the dead—
Phantoms of heart and brain!

Looks from departed eyes—
These are my lightning! fill'd with anguish vain,
Or tenderness too piercing to sustain,
They smite with agonies.

I, that with soft control,
Shut the dim violet, hush the woodland song,
I am the avenging one!—the arm'd, the strong—
The searcher of the soul!

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I, that shower dewy light
Through slumbering leaves, bring storms!—the tempest-birth
Of memory, thought, remorse;—Be holy, Earth!
I am the solemn Night!

PARTING WORDS.

Leave me, oh! leave me!—unto all below
Thy presence binds me with too deep a spell:
Thou makest those mortal regions, whence I go,
Too mighty in their loveliness—farewell,
That I may part in peace!

Leave me!—thy footstep, with its lightest sound,
The very shadow of thy waving hair,
Wakes in my soul a feeling too profound,
Too strong for aught that loves and dies, to bear—
Oh! bid the conflict cease!

I hear thy whisper—and the warm tears gush
Into mine eyes, the quick pulse thrills my heart;
Thou bid'st the peace, the reverential hush,
The still submission, from my thoughts depart;
Dear one! this must not be.

The past looks on me from thy mournful eye,
The beauty of our free and vernal days;
Our communings with sea, and hill, and sky—
Oh! take that bright world from my spirit's gaze!
Thou art all earth to me!

Shut out the sunshine from my dying room,
The jasmine's breath, the murmur of the bee;
Let not the joy of bird-notes pierce the gloom!
They speak of love, of summer, and of thee,
Too much—and death is here!

Doth our own spring make happy music now,
From the old beach-roots flashing into day?
Are the pure lilies imaged in its flow?
Alas! vain thoughts! that fondly thus can stray
From the dread hour so near!

If I could but draw courage from the light
Of thy clear eye, that ever shone to bless!
—Not now! 'twill not be now!—my aching sight
Drinks from that fount a flood of tenderness,
Bearing all strength away!

Leave me! thou comest between my heart and Heaven!
I would be still, in voiceless prayer to die!
—Why must our souls thus love, and then be riven?
Return! thy parting wakes mine agony!
—Oh, yet awhile delay!

IF THOU HAST CRUSH'D A FLOWER.

If thou hast crush'd a flower,
The root may not be blighted;
If thou hast quench'd a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted.
But on thy harp or on thy lute,
The string which thou hast broken,
Shall never in sweet sound again
Give to thy touch a token!

If thou hast loosed a bird
Whose voice of song could cheer thee,
Still, still he may be won
From the skies to warble near thee:
But if upon the troubled sea
Thou hast thrown a gem unheeded,
Hope not that wind or wave will bring
The treasure back when needed.

If thou hast bruised a vine,
The summer's breath is healing,
And its clusters yet may glow
Through the leaves their bloom revealing;
But if thou hast a cup o'erthrown
With a bright draught fill'd—oh! never
Shall earth give back that lavish'd wealth
To cool thy parch'd lips' fever!

The heart is like that cup,
If thou waste the love it bore thee;
And like that jewel gone,
Which the deep will not restore thee;
And like that string of harp or lute
Whence the sweet sound is scatter'd,—
Gently, oh! gently touch the chords
So soon forever shattered.

LET US DEPART.

Night hung on Salem's towers,
And a brooding hush profound
Lay where the Roman eagle shone,
High o'er the tents around.
The tents that rose by thousands,
In the moonlight glimmering pale;
Like white waves of a frozen sea,
Filling an Alpine vale.
And the temple's massy shadow
Fell broad, and dark, and still,
In peace, as if the Holy One
Yet watch'd his chosen hill.
But a fearful sound was heard
In that old fane's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a dread voice raised the cry,
"Let us depart!"

Within the fated city
E'en then fierce discord raved,
Though o'er night's heaven the comet sword
Its vengeful token waved.
There were shouts of kindred warfare
Through the dark streets ringing high,
Though every sign was full which told
Of the bloody vintage night.

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Though the wild red spears and arrows
Of many a meteor host,
Went flashing o'er the holy stars,
In the sky now seen, now lost.
And that fearful sound was heard
In the temple's deepest heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a voice cried mournfully,
"Let us depart!"

But within the fated city
There was revelry that night;
The wine-cup and the timbrel note.
And the blaze of banquet light.
The footsteps of the dancer
Went bounding through the hall,
And the music of the dulcimer
Summon'd to festival.
While the clash of brother weapons
Made lightning in the air,
And the dying at the palace gates
Lay down in their despair.
And that fearful sound was heard
At the Temple's thrilling heart,
As if mighty wings rush'd by,
And a dread voice raised the cry,
"Let us depart!"

THE SUNBEAM.

Thou art no lingerer in monarch's hall—
A joy thou art, and a wealth to all!
A bearer of hope unto land and sea—
Sunbeam! what gift hath the world like thee!

Thou art walking the billows, and ocean smiles;
Thou hast touch'd with glory his thousand isles;
Thou hast lit up the ships, and the feathery foam,
And gladden'd the sailor, like words from home.

To the solemn depths of the forest shades,
Thou art streaming on through their green arcades;
And the quivering leaves that have caught thy glow,
Like fireflies glance to the pools below.

I look'd on the mountains—a vapor lay
Folding their heights in its dark array:
Thou brakest forth, and the mist became
A crown and a mantle of living flame.

I look'd on the peasant's lowly cot—
Something of sadness had wrapt the spot;
But a gleam of thee on its lattice fell,
And it laugh'd into beauty at that bright spell.
To the earth's wild places a guest thou art,
Flushing the waste like the rose's heart;
And thou scornest not from thy pomp to shed
A tender smile on the ruin's head.

Thou takest through the dim church aisle thy way,
And its pillars from twilight flash forth to day,
And its high pale tombs, with their trophies old,
Are bathed in a flood as of molten gold.

And thou turnest not from the humblest grave,
Where a flower to the sighing winds may wave;
Thou scatterest its gloom like the dreams of rest,
Thou sleepest in love on its grassy breast.

Sunbeam of summer! oh, what is like thee?
Hope of the wilderness, joy of the sea!
One thing is like thee to mortals given,
The faith touching all things with hues of heaven!

TO MY OWN PORTRAIT.

How is it that before mine eyes,
While gazing on thy mien,
All my past years of life arise,
As in a mirror seen?

What spell within thee hath been shrined,
To image back my own deep mind?

Even as a song of other times
Can trouble memory's springs;
Even as a sound of vesper-chimes
Can wake departed things;
Even as a scent of vernal flowers
Hath records fraught with vanish'd hours—

Such power is thine!—they come, the dead,
From the grave's bondage free,
And smiling back the changed are led,
To look in love on thee;
And voices that are music flown
Speak to me in the heart's full tone:

Till crowding thoughts my soul oppress—
The thoughts of happier years,
And a vain gush of tenderness
Overflows in child-like tears;
A passion which I may not stay,
A sudden fount that must have way.

But thou, the while—oh! almost strange,
Mine imaged self! it seems
That on thy brow of peace no change
Reflects my own swift dreams;
Almost I marvel not to trace
Those lights and shadows in thy face.

To see thee calm, while powers thus deep
Affection—Memory—Grief—
Pass o'er my soul as winds that sweep
O'er a frail aspen-leaf!
O that the quiet of thine eye
Might sink there when the storm goes by!
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Yet look thou still serenely on,
Or if sweet friends there be,
That when my song and soul are gone
Shall seek my form in thee,—
Tell them of one for whom 'twas best
To flee away and be at rest!

ANCIENT BATTLE SONG.

Fling forth the proud banner of Leon again!
Let the high word "Castile" go resounding
through Spain!
And thou, free Asturias, encamp'd on the height,
Pour down thy dark sons to the vintage of fight!
Wake, wake! the old soil where thy children
repose
Sounds hollow and deep to the trampling of foes!
The voices are mighty that swell from the past,
With Arragon's cry on the shrill mountain blast;
The ancient sierras give strength to our tread,
Their pines murmur song where bright blood
hath been shed.
—Fling forth the proud banner of Leon again,
And shout ye "Castile! to the rescue for
Spain!"

A PARTING SONG.

When will ye think of me, my friends?
When will ye think of me?
When the last red light, the farewell day,
From the rock and the river is passing away—
When the air with a deepening hush is fraught,
And the heart grows burden'd with tender
thought—
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, kind friends?
When will ye think of me?
When the rose of the rich midsomer time
Is fill'd with the hues of its glorious prime—
When ye gather its bloom, as in bright hours
fled,
From the walks where my footsteps no more
may tread;
Then let it be!

When will ye think of me, sweet friends?
When will ye think of me?
When the sudden tears o'erflow your eye
At the sound of some olden melody—
When ye hear the voice of a mountain stream,
When ye feel the charm of a poet's dream—
Then let it be!
Thus let my memory be with you, friends!
Thus ever think of me!
Kindly and gently, but as of one
For whom 'tis well to be fled and gone—
As of a bird from a chain unbound,
As of a wanderer whose home is found—
So let it be.

THE BRIDE OF THE GREEK ISLE.

Come from the woods with the citron flowers,
Come with your lyres for the festal hours,
Maids of bright Scio! They came, and the breeze
Bore their sweet songs o'er the Grecian seas;
They came, and Eudora stood robed and crown'd,
The bride of the morn, with her train around.
Jewels flash'd out from her braided hair,
Like starry dews 'midst the roses there;
Pearls on her bosom quivering shone,
Heaved by her heart through its golden zone;
But a brow, as those gems of the ocean pale,
Gleam'd from beneath her transparent veil;
Changeful and faint was her fair cheek's hue,
Though clear as a flower which the light looks through;
And the glance of her dark resplendent eye,
For the aspect of woman at times too high,
Lay floating in mists, which the troubled stream
Of the soul sent up o'er its fervid beam.
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And the glances of her dark resplendent eye,
For the aspect of woman at times too high,
Lay floating in mists, which the troubled stream
Of the soul sent up o'er its fervid beam.
She look'd on the vine at her father's door,
Like one that is leaving his native shore;
She hung o'er the myrtle once call'd her own,
As it greenly waved by the threshold stone;
She turn'd—and her mother's gaze brought back
Each hue of her childhood's faded track.
Oh! hush the song, and let her tears
Flow to the dream of her early years!
Holy and pure are the drops that fall
When the young bride goes from her father's hall;
She goes unto love yet untried and new;
She parts from love which hath still been true;
Mute be the song and the choral strain,
Till her heart's deep and well-spring is near again!
She wept on her mother's faithful breast,
Like a babe that sobs itself to rest;
She wept—yet laid her hand awhile
In his that waited her dawning smile,
Her soul's affianced, nor cherish'd less
For the gush of nature's tenderness!
She lifted her graceful head at last—
The choking swell of her heart was past;
And her lovely thoughts from their cells found way
In the sudden flow of a plaintive lay.
THE BENDED BOW.

There was heard the sound of a coming foe,
There was sent through Britain a bended bow;
And a voice was pour'd on the free winds far,
As the land rose up at the sign of war.

"Heard you not the battle horn?—
Reaper! leave thy golden corn!
Leave it for the birds of heaven,
Swords must flash, and spears be riven!
Leave it for the winds to shed—
Arm! ere Britain's turf grow red!"

And the reaper arm'd, like a freeman's son;
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Hunter! leave the mountain chase!
Take the falchion from its place!
Let the wolf go free to-day,
Let the deer ungall'd sweep by,
Arm thee! Britain's foes are nigh!"

And the hunter arm'd ere the chase was done,
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Chieftain! quit the joyous feast!
Stay not till the song hath ceased.
Though the mead be foaming bright,
Though the fire give ruddy light,

And the prince came arm'd, like a leader's son;
And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on.

"Mother! stay thou not thy boy!
He must learn the battle's joy.
Sister! bring the sword and spear,
Give thy brother words of cheer!
Maiden! bid thy lover part,
Britain calls the strong in heart!"

And the bended bow and the voice pass'd on;
And the bards made song for a battle won.

WOMAN AND FAME.

Thou hast a charmed cup O Fame!
A draught that mantles high,
And seems to lift this earthly frame
Above mortality.
Away! to me—a woman—bring
Sweet waters from affection’s spring.

Thou hast green laurel leaves, that twine
Into so proud a wreath;
For that resplendent gift of thine,
Heroes have smiled in death:
Give me from some kind hand a flower,
The record of one happy hour!

Thou hast a voice, whose thrilling tone
Can bid each life-pulse beat
As when a trumpet’s note hath blown,
Calling the brave to meet:
But mine, let mine—a woman’s breast,
By words of home-born love be bless’d.

A hollow sound is in thy song,
A mockery in thine eye,
To the sick heart that doth but long
For aid, for sympathy—
For kindly looks to cheer it on,
For tender accents that are gone.

Fame, Fame! thou canst not be the stay
Unto the drooping reed,
The cool fresh fountain in the day
Of the soul’s feverish need:
Where must the lone one turn or flee?
Not unto thee—oh! not to thee!

THE PENITENT’S RETURN.

My father’s house once more,
In its own moonlight beauty! Yet around,
Something amidst the dewy calm profound,
Broods, never mark’d before!

Is it the brooding night,
Is it the shivery creeping on the air,
That makes the home so tranquil and so fair,
O’erwhelming to my sight?

All solemnized it seems,
And still, and darken’d in each time-worn hue,
Since the rich clustering roses met my view,
As now, by starry gleams.

And this high elm, where last
I stood and linger’d—where my sisters made
Our mother’s bower—I deem’d not that it cast
So far and dark a shade!

How spirit-like a tone
Sighs through yon tree! My father’s place was there
At evening hours, while soft winds waved his hair!
Now those grey locks are gone!

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My soul grows faint with fear;
Even as if angel-steps had mark'd the sod.
I tremble where I move—the voice of God
Is in the foliage here!

Is it indeed the night
That makes my home so awful? Faithless-hearted!
'Tis that from thine own bosom hath departed
The inborn glad'ning light!

No outward thing is changed;
Only the joy of purity is fled,
And, long from nature's melodies estranged,
Thou hear'st their notes with dread.

Therefore, the calm abode,
By the dark spirit, is o'erhung with shade;
And, therefore, in the leaves, the voice of God
Makes thy sick heart afraid!

The night-flowers round that door,
Still breathe pure fragrance on the untainted air;
Thou, thou alone art worthy now no more
To pass, and rest thee there.

And must I turn away?—
Hark, hark!—it is my mother's voice I hear—
Sadder than once it seem'd,—yet soft and clear—
Doth she not seem to pray?

My name!—I caught the sound!
Oh! blessed tone of love—the deep, the mild—
Mother, my mother! Now receive thy child,
Take back the lost and found!

DIRGE OF A CHILD.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,
Blossom of being! seen and gone!
With flowers alone we strew thy bed,
O blest departed One!
Whose all of life, a rosy ray,
Bless'd into dawn and pass'd away.

Yes! thou art fled, ere guilt had power
To stain thy cherub-soul and form,
Closed is the soft ephemeral flower,
That never felt a storm!
The sunbeam's smile, the zephyr's breath,
All that it knew from birth to death.

Thou wert so like a form of light,
That heaven benignly call'd thee hence,
Ere yet the world could breathe one blight
O'er thy sweet innocence:
And thou, that brighter home to bless,
Art pass'd, with all thy loveliness!

Oh! hadst thou still on earth remain'd,
Vision of beauty! fair, as brief!
How soon thy brightness had been stam'd
With passion or with grief!
Now not a sullying breath can rise,
'To dim thy glory in the skies.
We rear no marble o'er thy tomb;
No sculptured image there shall mourn;
Ah! fitter far the vernal bloom
Such dwelling to adorn.
Fragrance, and flowers, and dews, must be
The only emblem meet for thee.
Thy grave shall be a blessed shrine,
Adorn'd with Nature's brightest wreath;
Each glowing season shall combine
Its incense there to breathe:
And oft, upon the midnight air,
Shall viewless harps be murmuring there.
And oh! sometimes in visions blest,
Sweet spirit! visit our repose;
And bear, from thine own world of rest,
Some balm for human woes!
What form more lovely could be given
Than thine to messenger of heaven?

THE SILENT MULTITUDE.

A mighty and a mingled throng
Were gather'd in one spot;
The dwellers of a thousand homes—
Yet 'midst them voice was not.
The soldier and his chief were there—
The mother and her child:
The friends, the sisters of one hearth—
None spoke—none moved—none smiled.

There lovers met, between whose lives
Years had swept darkly by;
After that heart-sick hope deferr'd—
They met—but silently.
You might have heard the rustling leaf,
The breeze's faintest sound,
The shiver of an insect's wing,
On that thick-peopled ground.
Your voice to whispers would have died,
For the deep quiet's sake;
Your tread the softest moss have sought,
Such stillness not to break.
What held the countless multitude
Bound in that spell of peace?
How could the ever-sounding life
Amid so many cease?
Was it some pageant of the air—
Some glory high above,
That link'd and hush'd those human souls
In reverential love?
Or did some burdening passion's weight
Hang on their indrawn breath?
Awe—the pale awe that freezes words?
Fear—the strong fear of death?
A mightier thing—Death, Death himself
Lay on each lonely heart!
Kindred were there—yet hermits all—
Thousands, but each apart.
THE STRANGER IN LOUISIANA.

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept!
We look'd for the youth of the sunny glance,
Whose step was the fleetest in chase or dance!
The light of his eye was a joy to see,
The path of his arrows a storm to flee!
But there came a voice from a distant shore:
He was call'd—he is found 'midst his tribes no more!
He is not in his place when the night-fires burn,
But we look for him still—he will yet return!
His brother sat with a drooping brow
In the gloom of the shadowing cypress bough:
We roused him—we had him no longer pine,
For we heard a step—but the step was thine.

We saw thee, O stranger, and wept!
We look'd for the maid of the mournful song—
Mournful, though sweet—she hath left us long!
We told her the youth of her love was gone,
And she went forth to seek him—she pass'd alone;
We hear not her voice when the woods are still,
From the bower where it sang, like a silvery still.
The joy of her sire with her smile is fled,
The winter is white on his lonely head,
He hath none by his side when the wilds we track,
He hath none when we rest—yet she comes not back.

THE MESSENGER BIRD.

Thou art come from the spirits' land, thou bird!
Thou art come from the spirits' land:
Through the dark pine grove let thy voice be heard,
And tell of the shadowy band!

We know that the bowers are green and fair
In the light of that summer shore,
And we know that the friends we have lost are there,
They are there—and they weep no more!
And we know they have quench’d their fever’s thirst
   From the Fountain of youth ere now,
For there must the stream in its freshness burst
Which none may find below!

And we know that they will not be lured to earth
From the land of deathless flowers,
By the feast, or the dance, or the song of mirth,
Though their hearts were once with ours:

Though they sat with us by the night-fire’s blaze,
   And bent with us the bow,
And heard the tales of our fathers’ days,
   Which are told to others now!

But tell us, thou bird of the solemn strain!
   Can those who have love forget?
We call—and they answer not again—
   Do they love—do they love us yet?

Doth the warrior think of his brother there,
   And the father of his child?
And the chief, of those who were wont to share
   His wandering through the wild?

We call them far through the silent night,
   And they speak not from cave or hill;
We know, thou bird! that their land is bright
   But say, do they love there still?

BRING FLOWERS.

Bring flowers, young flowers, for the festal board,
To wreath the cup ere the wine is pour’d:
Bring flowers! they are springing in wood and vale:
Their breath floats out on the southern gale;
And the torch of the sunbeam hath waked the rose,
To deck the hall where the bright wine flows.

Bring flowers to strew in the conqueror’s path—
He hath shaken thrones with his stormy wrath!
He comes with the spoils of nations back,
The vines lie crush’d in his chariot’s track,
The turf looks red where he won the day—
Bring flowers to die in the conqueror’s way!

Bring flowers to the captive’s lonely cell,
They have tales of the joyous woods to tell;
Of the free blue streams, and the glowing sky,
And the bright world shut from his languid eye.
They will bear him a thought of the sunny hours,
And the dream of his youth—bring him flowers wild flowers!

Bring flowers, fresh flowers, for the bride to wear
They were born to blush in her shining hair.
She is leaving the home of her childhood's mirth,
She hath bid farewell to her father's hearth,
Her place is now by another's side—
Bring flowers for the locks of the fair young bride!

Bring flowers, pale flowers, o'er the bier to shed,
A crown for the brow of the early dead!
For this through its leaves hath the white rose burst,
For this in the woods was the violet nursed!
Though they smile in vain for what once was ours,
They are love's last gift—bring ye flowers, pale flowers!

Bring flowers to the shrine where we kneel in prayer,
They are nature's offering, their place is there!
They speak of hope to the fainting heart,
With a voice of promise they come and part;
They sleep in dust through the wintry hours,
They break forth in glory—bring flowers, bright flowers!

THE WATER LILY.

Oh! beautiful thou art,
Thou sculpture-like and stately River-Queen!
Crowning the depths, as with the light serene
Of a pure heart.

Bright lily of the wave!
Rising in fearless grace with every swell,
Thou seem'st as if a spirit meekly brave
Dwelt in thy cell:

Lifting alike thy head
Of placid beauty, feminine yet free,
Whether with foam or pictured azure spread
The waters be.

What is like thee, fair flower,
The gentle and the firm? thus bearing up
To the blue sky that alabaster cup,
As to the shower?

Oh! Love is most like thee,
The love of woman; quivering to the blast
Through every nerve, yet rooted deep and fast,
'Mid Life's dark sea.

And Faith—O, is not faith
Like thee too, Lily, springing into light,
Still buoyantly above the billows' might,
'Through the storm's breath?

Yes, link'd with such high thought,
Flower, let thine image in my bosom lie!
Till something there of its own purity
And peace be wrought:

Something yet more divine
Than the clear, pearly, virgin lustre shed
Forth from thy breast upon the river's bed,
As from a shrine.
And the dread rushing of your wings that hour,
Was like the noise of waters in their power.

But in the Olive-mount, by night appearing,
'Midst the dim leaves, your holiest work was done!
Whose was the voice that came divinely cheering,
Fraught with the breath of God, to aid his Son?

—Haply of those that, on the moon-lit plains,
Wafted good tidings unto Syrian swains.

Yet one more task was yours! your heavenly dwelling
Ye left, and by the unseal'd sepulchral stone,
In glorious miment sat; the weepers telling,
That He they sought had triumph'd, and was gone!

Nor have ye left us for the brighter shore,
Your presence lights the lonely groves no more.

But may ye not, unseen, around us hover,
With gentle promptings and sweet influence yet,
Though the fresh glory of those days be over,
When, 'mids the palm trees, man your footsteps met?

Are ye not near when faith and hope rise high,
When love, by strength, o'ermasters agony?
Are ye not near when sorrow, unreaping,
Yields up life's treasures unto Him who gave?
When martyrs, all things for His sake resigning,
Lead on the march of death, serenely brave?
Dreams!—but a deeper thought our souls may fill—
One, One is near—a spirit holier still!

THE ROCK BESIDE THE SEA.

Oh! tell me not the woods are fair,
Now Spring is on her way;  
Well, well I know how brightly there
In joy the young leaves play;  
How sweet on winds of morn or eve
The violet's breath may be;—
Yet ask me, woo me not to leave
My lone rock by the sea.

The wild wave's thunder on the shore,
The curlew's restless cries,
Unto my watching heart are more
Than all earth's melodies.
Come back, my ocean rover! come!
There's but one place for me,
Till I can greet thy swift sail home—
My lone rock by the sea!

THE TWO HOMES.

Seest thou my home?—'tis where yon woods are waving;
In their dark richness, to the summer air;
Where yon blue stream, a thousand flower-banks laving,
Leads down the hills a vein of light,—'tis there!

'Midst those green wilds how many a fount lies gleaming,
Fringed with violet, color'd with the skies!
My boyhood's haunt, through days of summer dreaming,
Under young leaves that shook with melodies.

My home! the spirit of its love is breathing
In every wind that plays across my track;
From its white walls the very tendrils wreathing,
Seem with soft links to draw the wanderer back.

There am I loved—there pray'd for—there my mother
Sits by the hearth with meekly thoughtful eye;
There my young sisters watch to greet their brother
—Soon their glad footsteps down the path will fly.
There, in sweet strains of kindred music blending,
All the home-voices meet at day's decline;
One are those tones, as from one heart ascending,—
There laughs my home—sad stranger!—where is thine?

Ask'st thou of mine?—In solemn peace 'tis lying,
Par o'er the deserts and the tombs away
'Tis where I, too, am loved with love undying,
And fond hearts wait my step—but where are they?

Ask where the earth's departed have their dwelling!
Ask of the clouds, the stars, the trackless air!
I know it not, yet trust the whisper, telling
My lone heart, that love unchanged is there.

And what is home, and where, but with the loving?
Happy thou art, that canst so gaze on thine!
My spirit feels, but in its weary roving,
That with the dead, where'er they be, is mine.

Go to thy home, rejoicing son and brother!
Bear in fresh gladness to the household scene!
For me, too, watch the sister and the mother,
I well believe—but dark seas roll between.

SADNESS AND MIRTH.

Ye met at the stately feasts of old, [gold,
Where the bright wine foam'd over sculptured Sadness and mirth! ye were mingled there
With the sound of the lyre in the scented air;
As the cloud and the lightning are blend on high,
Ye mix'd in the gorgeous revelry.

For there hung o'er those banquets of yore a gloom,
A thought and a shadow of the tomb;
It gave to the flute-notes an under-tone,
To the rose a coloring not its own,
To the breath of the myrtle a mournful power—Sadness and mirth! ye had each your dower!

Ye met when the triumph went proudly by,
With the Roman eagles through the sky!
I know that even then, in his hour of pride,
The soul of the mighty within him died;
That a void in his bosom lay darkly still,
Which the music of victory might never fill!

Thou wert there, oh, mirth! swelling on the shout,
Til. the temples, like echo-caves, rang out:
Thine were the garlands, the songs, the wine,
All the rich voices in air were thine, [part,
The incense, the sunshine—but, sadness, thy Deepest of all was the victor's heart!
Ye meet at the bridal with flower and tear;
Strangely and wildly ye meet by the bier:
As the gleam from a sea-bird’s white wing shed,
Crosses the storm in its path of dread;
As a dirge meets the breeze of a summer sky—
Sadness and mirth! so ye come and fly!

Ye meet in the poet’s haunted breast,
Darkness and rainbow, alike its guest!
When the breath of the violet is out in spring,
When the woods with the wakening of music ring,
O’er his dreamy spirit your currents pass,
Like shadow and sunlight o’er mountain grass.

When will your parting be, sadness and mirth?
Bright stream and dark one!—oh! never on earth!
Never while triumphs and tombs are so near,
While death and love walk the same dim sphere,
While flowers unfold where the storm may sweep,
While the heart of man is a soundless deep!

But there smiles a land, oh! ye troubled pair!
Where ye have no part in the summer air.
Far from the breathings of changeful skies,
Over the seas and the graves it lies
Where the day of the lightning and cloud is done.
And joy reigns alone, as the lonely sun!

Why do I weep? to leave the vine
Whose clusters o’er me bend,—
The myrtle—yet, oh! call it mine!—
The flowers I loved to tend.
A thousand thoughts of all things dear
Like shadows o’er me sweep,
I leave my sunny childhood here,
Oh, therefore, let me weep!

I leave thee, sister! we have play’d
Through many a joyous hour,
Where the silvery green of the olive shade
Hung dim o’er fount and bower.
Yes, thou and I, by stream, by shore,
In song, in prayer, in sleep,
Have been as we may be no more—
Kind sister, let me weep!

I leave thee father! Eve’s bright moon
Must now light other feet,
With the gather’d grapes, and the lyre in tune
Thy homeward step to greet.
Thou in whose voice, to bless thy child,
Lay tones of love so deep,
Whose eye o’er all my youth hath smiled—
I leave thee! let me weep!
Mother! I leave thee! on thy breast,
Pouring out joy and woe,
I have found that holy place of rest
Still changeless,—yet I go!
Lips, that have hush'd me with your strain,
Eyes, that have watch'd my sleep:
Will earth give love like yours again?
Sweet mother! let me weep!

THE SOUND OF THE SEA.

Thou art sounding on, thou mighty sea,
For ever and the same!
The ancient rocks yet ring to thee;
Those thunders nought can tame.

Oh! many a glorious voice is gone
From the rich bowers of earth,
And hush'd is many a lovely one
Of mournfulness or mirth.

The Dorian flute that sigh'd of yore
Along the wave, is still;
The harp of Judah peals no more
On Zion's awful hill.

And Memnon's lyre hath lost the chord
That breathed the mystic tone;
And the songs at Rome's high triumphs pour'd
Are with her eagles flown.

And mute the Moorish horn that rang
O'er stream and mountain free;
And the hymn the leagued Crusaders sang
Hath died in Galilee.

But thou art swelling on, thou deep,
Through many an olden clime,
Thy billowy anthem ne'er to sleep
Until the close of time.

Thou lift'st up thy solemn voice
To every wind and sky,
And all our earth's green shores rejoice
In that one harmony.

It fills the noontide's calm profound,
The sunset's heaven of gold;
And the still midnight hears the sound,
Even as first it roll'd.

Let there be silence, deep and strange,
Where sceptred cities rose!
Thou speakest of One who doth not change—
So may our hearts repose.

A PRAYER OF AFFECTION.

Blessings, O Father, shower!
Father of mercies! round his precious head!
On his lone walks and on his thoughtful hour,
And the pure visions of his midnight bed,
Blessings be shed!
Father! I pray Thee not
For earthly treasure to that most beloved,
Fame, fortune, power;—oh! be his spirit proved
By these, or by their absence, at Thy will!
But let Thy peace be wedded to his lot,
Guarding his inner life from touch of ill,
With its dove-pinion still!

Let such a sense of Thee,
Thy watching presence, thy sustaining love,
His bosom guest inalienably be,
That wheresoe'er he move,
A heavenly light serene
Upon his heart and mien
May sit undimmed! a gladness rest his own,
Unspeakable, and to the world unknown!
Such as from childhood's morning land of dreams,
Remember'd faintly, gleams,
Faintly remember'd, and too swiftly flown!

So let him walk with Thee,
Made by Thy spirit free;
And when thou call'st him from his mortal place,
To his last hour be still that sweetness given,
That joyful trust! and brightly let him part,
With lamp clear burning, and unlingerling heart,
Mature to meet in heaven
His Saviour's face!

THE ANTIQUE SEPULCHRE.

O ever joyous band
Of revellers amidst the southern vines!
On the pale marble, by some gifted hand,
Fix'd in undying lines!

Thou, with the sculptured bowl,
And thou, that wearest the immortal wreath,
And thou, from whose young lip and flute, the soul
Of music seems to breathe;

And ye, luxuriant flowers!
Linking the dancers with your graceful ties,
And cluster'd fruitage, born of sunny hours,
Under Italian skies:

Ye, that a thousand springs,
And leafy summers with their odorous breath,
May yet outlast,—what do ye there, bright things!
Mantling the place of death?

Of sunlight and soft air,
And Dorian reeds, and myrtles ever green,
Unto the heart a glowing thought ye bear;—
Why thus, where dust hath been?

Is it to show how slight
The bond that severs festivals and tombs,
Music and silence, roses and the blight,
Crowns and sepulchral glooms?
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Or when the father laid
Haply his child's pale ashes here to sleep,
When the friend visited the cypress shade,
Flowers o'er the dead to heap;

Say if the mourners sought,
In these rich images of summer mirth, thought
These wine-cups and gay wreaths, to lose the
Of our last hour on earth?

Ye have no voice, no sound,
Ye flutes and lyres, to tell me what I seek;
Silent ye are, light forms with vine leaves crown'd,
Yet to my soul ye speak.

Alas! for those that lay
Down in the dust without their hope of old!
Backward they look'd on life's rich banquet-day,
But all beyond was cold.

Every sweet wood-note then,
And through the plane trees every sunbeam's glow,
And each glad murmur from the homes of men,
Made it more hard to go.

But we, when life grows dim,
When its last melodies float o'er our way,
Its changeful hues before us faintly swim,
Its flitting lights decay;

E'en though we bid farewell
Unto the spring's blue skies and budding trees
Yet may we lift our hearts, in hope to dwell
'Midst brighter things than these.

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And think of deathless flowers,
And of bright streams to glorious valleys given,
And know the while, how little dream of ours
Can shadow forth of Heaven.

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THE CAMBRIAN IN AMERICA.

When the last flush of eve is dying
On boundless lakes, afar that shine;
When winds amidst the palms are sighing,
And fragrance breathes from every pine:
When stars through cypress-boughs are gleaming,
And fireflies wander bright and free,
Still of thy harps, thy mountains dreaming,
My thoughts, wild Cambria! dwell with thee!

Alone o'er green savannas roving,
Where some broad stream in silence flows,
Or through the eternal forests moving,
One only home my spirit knows!
Sweet land, whence memory ne'er hath parted!
To thee on sleep's light wing I fly;
But happier, could the weary hearted
Look on his own blue hills, and die! 28*
NO MORE.

No more! a harp-string's deep and breaking tone,
A last low summer breeze, a far-off swell,
A dying echo of rich music gone,
Breathe through those words—those murmurs of farewell:

No more!

To dwell in peace, with home affections bound,
To know the sweetness of a mother's voice,
To feel the spirit of her love around,
And in the blessing of her eye rejoice—

No more!

A dirge-like sound! to greet the early friend
Unto the hearth, his place of many days;
In the glad song with kindred lips to blend,
Or join the household laughter by the blaze—

No more!

Through woods that shadow'd our first years to rove,
With all our native music in the air;
To watch the sunset with the eyes we love,
And turn, and read our own heart's answer there—

No more!

Words of despair! yet earth's, all earth's—the woe
Their passion breathes—the desolately deep!
That sound in Heaven—oh! image then the flow
Of gladness in its tones—to part, to weep—

No more!

To watch, in dying hope, affection's wane,
To see the beautiful from life depart,
To wear impatiently a secret chain,
To waste the untold riches of the heart—

No more!

Through long, long years to seek, to strive, to yearn
For human love—and never quench that thirst,
To pour the soul out, winning no return,
O'er fragile idols, by delusion nursed—

No more!

On things that fail us, reed by reed, to lean,
To mourn the changed, the far away, the dead;
To send our troubled spirits through the unseen,
Intensely questioning for treasures fled—

No more!

Words of triumphant music—bear we on
The weight of life, the chain, the ungenial air;
Their deathless meaning, when our tasks are done
To learn in joy;—to struggle, to despair—

No more!
LAST RITES.

By the mighty minster's bell,
Tolling with a sudden swell;
By the colors half-mast high,
O'er the seas hung mournfully;
Know, a prince hath died!

By the drum's dull muffled sound,
By the arms that sweep the ground,
By the volleying muskets' tone,
Speak ye of a soldier gone
In his manhood's pride.

By the chanted psalm that fills
Reverently the ancient hills,
Learn, that from his harvests done
Peasants bear a brother on
To his last repose.

By the pall of snowy white
Through the yew-trees gleaming bright;
By the garland on the bier,
Weep! a maiden claims thy tear—
Broken is the rose!

Which is the tenderest rite of all?
Buried virgin's coronal,
Requiem o'er the monarch's head,
Farewell gun for warrior dead,
Herdsmen's funeral hymn?

THE FAREWELL TO THE DEAD.

Come near!—ere yet the dust
Soil the bright paleness of the settled brow,
Look on your brother; and embrace him now,
In still and solemn trust!
Come near!—once more let kindred lips be press'd
On his cold cheek; then bear him to his rest!

Look yet on this young face!
What shall the beauty, from amongst us gone,
Leave of its image, even where most it shone,
Gladdening its hearth and race?
Dim grows the semblance on man's heart impress'd—
Come near, and bear the beautiful to rest!

Ye weep, and it is well!
For tears befit earth's partings!—Yesterday,
Song was upon the lips of this pale clay,
And sunshine seem'd to dwell
Where'er he moved—the welcome and the bless'd—
Now gaze! and bear the silent unto rest!
Look yet on him whose eye
Meets yours no more, in sadness or in mirth!
Was he not fair amidst the sons of earth,
The beings born to die?—[bless'd—
But not where death has power may love be
Come near! and bear ye the beloved to rest!

How may the mother's heart
Dwell on her son, and dare to hope again?
The Spring's rich promise hath been given in vain,
The lovely must depart!
Is he not gone, our brightest and our best?
Come near! and bear the early-call'd to rest!

Look on him! is he laid
To slumber from the harvest or the chase?—
Too still and sad the smile upon his face;
Yet that, even that must fade! [guest!—
Death holds not long unchanged his fairest
Come near! and bear the mortal to his rest!

His voice of mirth hath ceased
Amidst the vineyards! there is left no place
For him whose dust receives your vain embrace,
At the gay bridal feast!
Earth must take earth to moulder on her breast;
Come near! weep o'er him! bear him to his rest!

Yet mourn ye not as they
Whose spirit's light is quench'd—for him the past
Is seal'd. He may not fall, he may not cast
His birthright's hope away!
All is not here of our beloved and bless'd—
Leave ye the sleeper with his God to rest!

A THOUGHT OF THE FUTURE.

Dreamer! and would'st thou know
If love goes with us to the viewless bourne?
Would'st thou bear hence th' unfathom'd source
Of woe
In thy heart's lonely urn?

What hath it been to thee,
That power, the dweller of thy secret breast?
A dove sent forth across a stormy sea,
Finding no place of rest:

A precious odor cast
On a wild stream, that recklessly swept by;
A voice of music utter'd to the blast,
And winning no reply.

Even were such answer thine—
Would'st thou be bless'd?—too sleepless, too profound,
Are the soul's hidden springs: there is no line
Their depth of love to sound.

Do not words faint and fail
When thou would'st fill them with that ocean's power?
As thine own cheek before high thoughts grows pale
In some overwhelming hour.
Doth not thy frail form sink
Beneath the chain that binds thee to one spot,
When thy heart strives, held down by many a link,
Where thy beloved are not?

Is not thy very soul
Oft in the gush of powerless blessing shed,
Till a vain tenderness, beyond control,
Bows down thy weary head?

And would'st thou bear all this—
The burden and the shadow of thy life—
To trouble the blue skies of cloudless bliss
With earthly feelings' strife?

Not thus, not thus—oh, no!
Not veil'd and mantled with dim clouds of care,
That spirit of my soul should with me go
To breathe celestial air.

But as the skylark springs
To its own sphere, where night afar is driven,
As to its place the flower-seed findeth wings,
So must love mount to heaven!

Vainly it shall not strive
There on weak words to pour a stream of fire;
Thought unto thought shall kindling impulse give,
As light might wake a lyre.

And oh! its blessings there,
Shower'd like rich balsam forth on some dear
Powerless no more, a gift shall surely bear,
A joy of sunlight shed.

Let me, then—let me dream
That love goes with us to the shore unknown;
So o'er its burning tears a heavenly gleam
In mercy shall be thrown!

TROUBADOUR SONG.
The warrior cross'd the ocean's foam
For the stormy fields of war;
The maid was left in a smiling home
And a sunny land afar.

His voice was heard where javelin showers
Pour'd on the steel-clad line;
Her step was 'midst the summer flowers,
Her seat beneath the vine.

His shield was cleft, his lance was riven,
And the red blood stain'd his crest;
While she—the gentlest wind of heaven,
Might scarcely fan her breast.

Yet a thousand arrows pass'd him by,
And again he cross'd the seas;
But she had died as roses die
That perish with a breeze.

As roses die, when the blast is come
For all things bright and fair—
There was death within the smiling home—
How had death found her there?
EVENING PRAYER AT A GIRL’S SCHOOL.

Hush! ’tis a holy hour—the quiet room
Seems like a temple, while you soft lamp sheds
A faint and starry radiance, through the gloom
And the sweet stillness, down on fair young heads,
With all their clust’ring locks, untouch’d by care,
And bow’d, as flowers are bow’d with night, in prayer!

Gaze on—’tis lovely!—Childhood’s lip and cheek,
Mantling beneath its earnest brow of thought—
Gaze—yet what seest thou in those fair and meek,
And fragile things, as but for sunshine wrought!
Thou seest what grief must nurture for the sky,
What death must fashion for eternity!

O! joyous creatures! that will sink to rest,
Lightly, when those pure orisons are done.
As birds with slumber’s honey-dew opprest.
’Midst the dim folded leaves, at set of sun—
Lift up your hearts! though yet no sorrow lies
Dark in the summer-heaven of those clear eyes.

Though fresh within your breasts th’ untroubled springs
Of hope make melody where’er ye tread,
And o’er your sleep bright shadows, from the wings
Of spirits visiting but youth be spread;
Yet in those flute-like voices, mingling low,
Is woman’s tenderness—how soon her woe!

Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering’s hour,
And sunless riches, from affection’s deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray!

Her lot is on you—to be found untired,
Watching the stars out by the bed of pain,
With a pale cheek, and yet a brow inspired,
A true heart of hope, though hope be vain!
Meekly to bear with wrong, to cheer decay,
And, oh! to love through all things—therefore pray;

And take the thought of this calm vespertine,
With its low murmuring sounds and silvery light,
On through the dark days fading from their prime,
As a sweet dew to keep your souls from blight;
Earth will forsake—O! happy to have given
Th’ unbroken heart’s first fragrance unto Heaven.
THE CROSS OF THE SOUTH.

In the silence and grandeur of midnight I tread,
Where savannas, in boundless magnificence,
spread,
And bearing sublimely their snow-wreaths on high,
The far Cordilleras unite with the sky.

The fir-tree waves o'er me, the fireflies' red light,
With its quick-glancing splendor illumines the night;
And I read in each tint of the skies and the earth,
How distant my steps from the land of my birth.

But to thee, as thy lode-stars resplendently burn,
In their clear depths of blue, with devotion I turn,
Bright Cross of the South! and beholding thee shine,
Scarce regret the loved land of the olive and vine.

Thou recallest the ages when first o'er the main,
My fathers unfolded the ensign of Spain,
And planted their faith in the regions that see
Its unperishing symbol emblazon'd in thee.

How oft in their course o'er the oceans unknown,
Where all was mysterious, and awful, and lone,
Hath their spirit been cheer'd by thy light, when the deep
Reflected its brilliance in tremulous sleep!

As the vision that rose to the Lord of the world,
When first his bright banner of faith was unfurl'd;
Even such, to the heroes of Spain, when their prow
Made the billows the path of their glory, wert thou.

And to me, as I traversed the world of the west,
Through deserts of beauty in stillness that rest,
By forests and rivers untamed in their pride,
Thy hues have a language, thy course is a guide.

Shine on—my own land is a far-distant spot,
And the stars of thy spheres can enlighten it not;
And the eyes that I love, though o'en now they may be
O'er the firmament wandering, can gaze not on thee!

But thou to my thoughts art a pure blazing shrine,
A fount of bright hopes and of visions divine;
And my soul, as an eagle exulting and free,
Soars high o'er the Andes to mingle with thee.
THE CHARMED PICTURE.

Thine eyes are charm'd—thine earnest eyes—
Thou image of the dead!
A spell within their sweetness lies,
A virtue thence is shed.

Oft in their meek blue light enshrined,
A blessing seems to be,
And sometimes there my wayward mind
A still reproach can see.

And sometimes Pity—soft and deep,
And quivering through a tear;
Even as if 'Love in Heaven could weep,
For Grief left drooping here.

And oh! my spirit needs that balm,
Needs it 'midst fitful mirth;
And in the night-hour's haunted calm,
And by the lonely hearth.

Look on me thus, when hollow praise
Hath made the weary pine
For one true tone of other days,
One glance of love like thine!

Look on me thus, when sudden glee
Bears my quick heart along,
On wings that struggle to be free,
As bursts of skylark song.

In vain, in vain! too soon are felt
The wounds they cannot flee,
Better in childlike tears to melt,
Pouring my soul on thee!

Sweet face that o'er my childhood shone,
Whence is thy power of change,
Thus ever shadowing back my own,
The rapid and the strange?

Whence are they charm'd—those earnest eyes?
—I know the mystery well!
In mine own trembling bosom lies
The spirit of the spell!

Of Memory, Conscience, Love, 'tis born—
Oft! change no longer, thou!
Forever be the blessing worn
On thy pure thoughtful brow!

THE AGED INDIAN.

Warriors! my noon of life is past,
The brightness of my spirit flown;
I crouch before the wintry blast,
Amidst my tribe I dwell alone;
The heroes of my youth are fled,
They rest among the warlike dead.
Ye slumberers of the narrow cave!
My kindred-chiefs in days of yore!
Ye fill an unremember'd grave,
Your fame, your deeds, are known no more.
The records of your wars are gone,
Your names forgot by all but one.

Soon shall that one depart from earth,
To join the brethren of his prime;
Then will the memory of your birth
Sleep with the hidden things of time.
With him, ye sons of former days!
Fades the last glimmering of your praise.

His eyes, that hail'd your spirits' frame,
Still kindling in the combat's shock,
Have seen, since darkness veil'd your frame,
Sons of the desert and the rock!
Another, and another race,
Rise to the battle and the chase.

Descendants of the mighty dead!
Fearless of heart and firm of hand!
O! let me join their spirits fled,
O! send me to their shadowy land.
Age hath not tamed Ontara's heart,
He shrinks not from the friendly dart.

These feet no more can chase the deer,
The glory of this arm is flown:
Why should the feeble linger here,
When all the pride of life is gone?
Warriors! why still the stroke deny,
Think ye Ontara fears to die?

He fear'd not in his flower of days,
When strong to stem the torrent's force,
When through the desert's pathless maze
His way was as an eagle's course!
When war was sunshine to his sight,
And the wild hurricane, delight!

Shall then the warrior tremble now?
Now when his envied strength is o'er?
Hung on the pine his idle bow,
His pirogue useless on the shore?
When age hath dimm'd his fading eye,
Shall he, the joyless, fear to die?

Sons of the brave! delay no more,
The spirits of my kindred call;
'Tis but one pang, and all is o'er!
Oh! bid the aged cedar fall!
To join the brethren of his prime,
The mighty of departed time.

THE VICTOR.

Mighty ones, Love and Death!
Ye are the strong in this world of ours, [flowers,
Ye meet at the banquets, ye dwell 'midst the
-Which hath the conqueror's wreath?
Thou art the victor, Love!
Thou art the fearless, the crown'd, the free,
The strength of the battle is given to thee,
The spirit from above!
Thou hast look'd on Death, and smil'd! 
Thou hast borne up the reed-like and fragile form, 
Through the waves of the fight, through the rush of the storm, 
On field, and flood, and wild!

No!—thou art the victor, Death! 
Thou comest, and where is that which spoke, 
From the depths of the eye, when the spirit woke? 
—Gone with the fleeting breath!

Thou comest— and what is left 
Of all that loved us, to say if aught 
Yet loves—yet answers the burning thought 
Of the spirit lone and reft?

Silence is where thou art! 
Silently there must kindred meet, 
No smile to cheer, and no voice to greet, 
No bounding of heart to heart!

Boast not thy victory, Death! 
It is but as the cloud's o'er the sunbeam's power, 
It is but as the winter's o'er leaf and flower, 
That slumber, the snow beneath.

It is but as a tyrant's reign 
O'er the voice and the lip which he bids be still. 
But the fiery thought and the lofty will, 
Are not for him to chain!

They shall soar his might above! 
And thus with the root whence affection springs, 
Though buried, it is not of mortal things— 
Thou art the victor, Love!

'Twas a lovely thought to mark the hours, 
As they floated in light away, 
By the opening and the folding flowers, 
That laugh to the summer's day.

Thus had each moment its own rich hue, 
And its graceful cup and bell, 
In whose color'd vase might sleep the dew, 
Like a pearl in an ocean-shell.

To such sweet signs might the time have flow'd 
In a golden current on, 
Ere from the garden, man's first abode, 
The glorious guests were gone.

So might the days have been brightly told— 
Those days of song and dreams— 
When shepherds gather'd their flocks of old 
By the blue Arcadian streams.

So in those isles of delight, that rest 
Far off in a breezeless main, 
Which many a bark with a weary quest, 
Has sought, but still in vain.

Yet is not life, in its real flight, 
Mark'd thus—even thus—on earth, 
By the closing of one hope's delight, 
And another's gentle birth?
Oh! let us live, so that flower by flower,
Shutting in turn may leave
A lingerer still for the sunset hour,
A charm for the shaded eve.

THE TREASURES OF THE DEEP.
What hidest thou in thy treasure-caves and cells?
Thou hollow-sounding and mysterious main!—
Pale glistering pearls, and rainbow-color'd shells,
Bright things which gleam unwreck'd of and in vain!—
Keep, keep thy riches, melancholy sea!
We ask not such from thee.

Yet more, the depths have more!—what wealth untold,
Far down, and shining through their stillness lies!
Thou hast the starry gems, the burning gold,
Won from ten thousand royal Argosies! [main!
Sweep o'er thy spoils, thou wild and wrathful Earth claims not these again.

Yet more, the depths have more!—thy waves have roll'd
Above the cities of a world gone by!
Sand hath fill'd up the palaces of old,
Sea-weeds o'er-grown the halls of revelry.—
Dash o'er them ocean! in thy scornful play!
Man yields them to decay.

Yet more! the billows and the depths have more!
High hearts and brave are gather'd to thy breast!
They hear but now the booming waters roar,
The battle-thunders will not break their rest—
Keep thy red gold and gems, thou stormy grave!
Give back the true and brave!
Give back the lost and lovely!—those for whom
The place was kept at board and hearth so long!
The prayer went up through midnight's breathless gloom,
And the vain yearning woke 'midst festal song!
Hold fast thy buried isles, thy towers o'er—But all is not thine own.
To thee the love of woman hath gone down,
Dark flow thy tides o'er manhood's noble head,
O'er youth's bright locks, and beauty's flowery crown;
Yet must thou hear a voice—Restore the dead! [thee!
Earth shall reclaim her precious things from
Restors the dead, thou sea!
TRIUMPHANT MUSIC.

WHEREFORE and whither bear'st thou up my spirit,
   On eagle-wings, through every plume that thrill?
It hath no crown of victory to inherit—
   Be still, triumphant harmony! be still!

Thine are no sounds for earth, thus proudly swelling
   Into rich floods of joy—it is but pain
To mount so high, yet find on high no dwelling,
   To sink so fast, so heavily again!

No sounds for earth?—Yes, to young chieftain dying
   On his own battle field at set of sun,
With his freed country's banner o'er him flying,
   Well might'st thou speak of fame's high guerdon won.

No sounds for earth?—Yes, for the martyr leading
   Unto victorious death serenely on,
For patriot by his rescued altars bleeding,
   Thou hast a voice in each majestic tone.

But speak not thus to one whose heart is beating
   Against life's narrow bound, in conflict vain!
NIGHT HYMN AT SEA.

Night sinks on the wave,
Hollow gusts are sighing,
Sea birds to their cave
Through the gloom are flying,
Oh! should storms come sweeping,
Thou, in Heaven unsleeping,
O'er thy children vigil keeping,
Hear, hear, and save!

Stars look o'er the sea,
Few, and sad, and shrouded!
Faith our light must be,
When all else is clouded.
Thou, whose voice came thrilling,
Wind and billow stilling,
Speak once more! our prayer fulfilling—
Power dwells with Thee!

SONNETS, DEVOTIONAL AND MEMORIAL.

I.—THE SACRED HARP.

How shall the harp of poesy regain
That old victorious tone of prophet-years,
A spell divine o'er guilt's perturbing fears,
And all the hovering shadows of the brain?
Dark evil wings took flight before the strain,
And showers of holy quiet, with its fall,
Sank on the soul:—Oh! who may now recall
The mighty music's consecrated reign?
Spirit of God! whose glory once o'erhung
A throne, the Ark's dread cherubim between,
So let thy presence brood, though now unseen,
O'er those two powers by whom the harp is
strung—
Feeling and Thought!—till the rekindled chords
Give the long-buried tone back to immortal
words!

II.—TO A FAMILY BIBLE.

What household thoughts around thee, as their
shrine,
Cling reverently!—of anxious looks beguiled,
My mother's eyes, upon thy page divine,
Each day were bent:—her accents, gravely mild,
Breathed out thy lore: whilst I, a dreamy child,
Wander'd on breeze-like fancies oft away,
To some lone tuft of gleaming spring-flowers wild,
Some fresh-discover'd nook for woodland play,
Some secret nest:—yet would the solemn Word
At times, with kindlings of young wonder heard,
Fall on my waken'd spirit, there to be
A seed not lost;—for which, in darker years,
O book of Heaven! I pour, with grateful tears,
Heart blessings on the holy dead and thee!

III.—REPOSE OF A HOLY FAMILY

Under a palm tree, by the green old Nile,
Lull'd on his mother's breast, the fair Child lies,
With dove-like breathings, and a tender smile,
Brooding above the slumber of his eyes,
While, through the stillness of the burning skies,
Lo! the dread works of Egypt's buried kings,
Temple and pyramid, beyond him rise,
Regal and still as everlasting things!—
Vain pomp's! from Him, with that pure flowery cheek,
Soft shadow'd by his mother's drooping head,
A new-born Spirit, mighty, and yet meek,
O'er the whole world like vernal air shall spread!
And bid all earthly Grandeurs cast the crown,
Before the suffering and the lowly, down.

V.—PICTURE OF THE INFANT CHRIST WITH FLOWERS.

All the bright hues from eastern garlands glowing,
Round the young child luxuriantly are spread;
Gifts, fairer far than Magian kings, bestowing
In adoration, o'er his cradle shed,
Roses, deep-fill'd with rich midsummer's red,
Circle his hands; but, in his grave sweet eye,
Thought seems o'en now to wake, and prophesy
Of ruder coronals for that meek head.
And thus it was! a diadem of thorn
Earth gave to Him who mantled her with flowers,
To him who pour'd forth blessings in soft showers
O'er all her paths, a cup of bitter scorn!
And we repine, for whom that cup He took,
O'er blooms that mock'd our hope, o'er idols that forsook!

V.—ON A REMEMBERED PICTURE OF CHRIST.

I met that image on a mirthful day
Of youth; and, sinking with a still'd surprise,
The pride of life, before those holy eyes,
In my quick heart died thoughtfully away,
Abash'd to mute confession of a sway,
Awful, though meek; and now, that from the strings
Of my soul's lyre, the tempest's mighty wings
Have struck forth tones which then awaken'd lay;
Now, that around the deep life of my mind,
Affections, deathless as itself, have twined,
Oft does the pale bright vision still float by;
But more divinely sweet, and speaking now
Of One whose pity, throned on that sad brow,
Sounded all depths of love, grief, death,
humanity!

VI.—THE CHILDREN WHOM JESUS BLEST.

Happy were they, the mothers, in whose sight
Ye grew, fair children! hallow'd from that hour
By your Lord's blessing! surely thence a shower
Of heavenly beauty, a transmitted light
Hung on your brows and eyelids, meekly bright,
Through all the after years, which saw ye move
Lowly, yet still majestic, in the might,
The conscious glory of the Saviour's love!
And honor'd be all childhood, for the sake
Of that high love! Let reverential care
Watch to behold the immortal spirit wake,
And shield its first bloom from unholy air.
Owning, in each young suppliant glance, the sign
Of claims upon a heritage divine.

VII.—MOUNTAIN SANCTUARIES.

A child 'midst ancient mountains I have stood,
Where the wild falcons make their lordly nest
On high. The spirit of the solitude
Fell solemnly upon my infant breast.

Though then I pray'd not; but deep thoughts have press'd
Into my being since it breathed that air;
Nor could I now one moment live the guest
Of such dread scenes, without the springs of prayer
O'erflowing all my soul. No ministers rise
Like them in pure communion with the skies,
Vast, silent, open unto night and day;
So might the o'erburden'd Son of man have felt,
When turning where inviolate stillness dwelt,
He sought high mountains, there apart to pray.

VIII.—THE LILIES OF THE FIELD.

Flowers! when the Saviour's calm benignant eye
Fell on your gentle beauty—when from you
That heavenly lesson from all hearts he drew,
Eternal, universal, as the sky—
Then, in the bosom of your purity,
A voice He set, as in a temple shrine,
That life's quick travellers ne'er might pass you by,
Unwarn'd of that sweet oracle divine.
And though too oft its low, celestial sound,
By the harsh notes of work-day Care is drown'd,
And the loud steps of vain unlistening Haste,
Yet, the great ocean hath no tone of power
Mightier to reach the soul, in thought's hush'd hour,
Than yours, ye Lilies! chosen thus and graced.
IX.—THE BIRDS OF THE AIR.

Ye too, the free and fearless Birds of the air,
Were charged that hour on missionary wing:
The same bright lesson o'er the seas to bear,
Heaven-guided wanderers with the winds of spring!
Sing on, before the storm and after, sing!
A call us to your echoing woods away
From worldly cares; and bid our spirits bring
Faith to imbibe deep wisdom from your lay.
So may those blessed vernal strains renew
Childhood, a childhood yet more pure and true
E'en than the first, within th' awaken'd mind:
While sweetly, joyously, they tell of life
That knows no doubts, no questionings, no strife,
But hangs upon its God, unconsciously resign'd.

X.—THE RAISING OF THE WIDOW'S SON.

He that was dead rose up and spoke—He spoke!
Was it of that majestic world unknown?
Those words which first the bier's dread silence broke,
Came they with revelation in each tone?
Wore the far cities of the nations gone,
The solemn halls of consciousness or sleep,
For man uncertain'd by that spirit lone,
Back from their portal summon'd o'er the deep?

XI.—THE OLIVE TREE.

The Palm—the Vine—the Cedar—each hath power
To bid fair Oriental shapes glance by,
And each quick glistening of the Laurel bower
Waits Grecian images o'er fancy's eye.
But thou, pale Olive!—in thy branches lie
Far deeper spells than prophet-grove of old
Might e'er enshrine I could not hear thee sigh
To the wind's faintest whisper, nor behold
One shiver of thy leaves' dim silvery green,
Without high thoughts and solemn, of that scene
When, in the garden, the Redeemer pray'd—
When pale stars look'd upon his fainting head,
And angels, ministering in silent dread,
Trembled, perchance, within thy trembling shade.

Be hush'd, my soul! the veil of darkness lay
Still drawn:—thy Lord call'd back the voice departed,
To spread his truth, to comfort his weak-hearted,
Not to reveal the mysteries of its way.
Oh! take that lesson home in silent faith,
Put on submissive strength to meet, not question death!
XII.—THE DARKNESS OF THE CRUCIFIXION.

On Judah's hills a weight of darkness hung,
Felt shudderingly at noon:—the land had driven
A Guest divine back to the gates of Heaven,
A life, whence all pure founts of healing sprung,
All grace, all truth:—and, when to anguish wrung,
From the sharp cross th' enlightening spirit fled,
O'er the forsaken earth a pall of dread
By the great shadow of that death was flung.
O Saviour! O Atoner! thou that fain
Wouldst make thy temple in each human breast,
Leave not such darkness in my soul to reign,
Ne'er may thy presence from its depths depart,
Chas'd hence by guilt!—Oh! turn not thou away,
The bright and morning star, my guide to perfect day!

XIII.—PLACES OF WORSHIP.

Spirit! whose life-sustaining presence fills
Air, ocean, central depths, by man untried,
Thou for thy worshippers hast sanctified
All place, all time! The silence of the hills
Breathes veneration:—founts and choral rills
Of thee are murmuring:—to its inmost glade
The living forest with thy whisper thrills,
And there is holiness on every shade.
Yet must the thoughtful soul of man invest
With dearer consecration those pure fanes,
Which, sever'd from all sound of earth's unrest,
Hear naught but suppliant or adoring strains
Rise heavenward.—Ne'er may rock or cave possess
Their claim on human hearts to solemn tender­ness.

XIV.—OLD CHURCH IN AN ENGLISH PARK

Crowning a flowery slope, it stood alone
In gracious sanctity. A bright rill wound,
Caressingly, about the holy ground;
And warbled, with a never-dying tone,
Amidst the tombs. A hue of ages gone
Seem'd, from that ivied porch, that solemn gleam
Of tower and cross, pale quivering on the stream,
O'er all th' ancestral woodlands to be thrown,
And something yet more deep. The air was fraught
With noble memories, whispering many a thought
Of England's fathers; lofty serene,
They that had toil'd, watch'd, struggled, to secure,
Within such fabrics, worship free and pure,
Reign'd there, the o'ershadowing spirits of the scene.
XV.—A CHURCH IN NORTH WALES.

Blessings be round it still! that gleaming fane,
Low in its mountain glen! old mossy trees
Mellow the sunshine through the untinted pane,
And oft, borne in upon some fitful breeze,
The deep sound of the ever-pealing seas,
Filling the hollows with its anthem-tone,
There meets the voice of psalms!—yet not alone
For memories lulling to the heart as these,
I bless thee, midst thy rocks, grey house of prayer!
But for their sakes who unto thee repair
From the hill-cabins and the ocean shore.
Oh! may the fisher and the mountaineer,
Words to sustain earth's toiling children hear,
Within thy lowly walls for evermore!

XVI.—LOUISE SCHEFLER.

A fearless journeyer o'er the mountain snow
Wert thou, Louise! the sun's decaying light,
Oft, with its latest melancholy glow,
Redden'd thy steep wild way: the starry night
Oft met thee, crossing some lone eagle's height,
Piercing some dark ravine: and many a dell
Knew, through its ancient rock-recesses well,
Thy gentle presence, which hath made them bright
Oft in mid storms; oh! not with beauty's eye,
Nor the ground glance of genius keenly burning;
No! pilgrim of unwearying charity!
Thy spell was love—the mountain deserts turning
To blessed realms, where stream and rock rejoice,
When the glad human soul lifts a thanksgiving voice!

XVII.—TO THE SAME.

For thou, a holy shepherdess and kind,
Through the pine forests, by the upland rills,
Didst roam to seek the children of the hills,
A wild neglected flock! to seek, and find,
And meekly win! there feeding each young mind
With balms of heavenly eloquence: not thine,
Daughter of Christ! but his, whose love divine,
Its own clear spirit in thy breast, had shrined,
A burning light! Oh! beautiful, in truth,
Upon the mountains are the feet of those
Who bear his tidings! From thy morn of youth,
For this were all thy journeyings, and the close
Of that long path; Heaven's own bright Sabbath-rest,
Must wait thee, wanderer! on thy Saviour's breast.
RECORDS OF THE SPRING OF 1834

I.—A VERNAL THOUGHT.

O festal Spring! 'midst thy victorious glow,
Far-spreading o'er the kindled woods and plains,
And streams, that bound to meet thee from their chains,
Well might there lurk the shadow of a woe
For human hearts, and in the exulting flow
Of thy rich sons a melancholy tone,
Were we of mould all earthly; we alone
Never to feel the breathings of our prime,
Never to flower again!—But we, O Spring!
Cheer'd by deep spirit-whispers not of earth,
Press to the regions of thy heavenly birth,
As here thy flowers and birds press on to bloom and sing.

II.—TO THE SKY.

Far from the rustlings of the poplar bough,
Which o'er my opening life wild music made,
Far from the green hills with their heathery glow
And flashing streams whereby my childhood play'd;

III.—ON RECORDS OF IMMATURE GENIUS.

Oh! judge in thoughtful tenderness of those,
Who, richly dower'd for life, are call'd to die,
Ere the soul's flame, through storms, hath won repose
In truth's divinest ether, still and high!
Let their mind's riches claim a trustful sigh!
Deem them but sad sweet fragments of a strain,
First notes of some yet struggling harmony,
By the strong rush, the crowding joy and pain
Of many inspirations met, and hold
From its true sphere:—Oh! soon it might have swell'd
Majestically forth!—Nor doubt, that He,
Whose touch mysterious may on earth dissolve
Those links of music, elsewhere will evolve
Their grand consummate hymn, from passion-gusts made free!
IV.—ON WATCHING THE FLIGHT OF A SKY LARK.

Upward and upward still!—in pearly light
The clouds are steep’d; the vernal spirit sighs
With bliss in every wind, and crystal skies
Woo thee, O bird! to thy celestial height;
Bird piercing Heaven with music! thy free flight
Hath meaning for all bosoms; most of all
For those wherein the rapture and the might
Of poesy lie deep, and strive, and burn,
For their high place: O heirs of genius! learn
From the sky’s bird your way!—No joy may fill
Your hearts, no gift of holy strength be won
To bless your songs, ye children of the sun!
Save by the unswerving flight—upward and
upward still!

V.—A THOUGHT OF THE SEA.

My earliest memories to thy shores are bound,
Thy solemn shores, thou ever-chanting main!
The first rich sunsets, kindling thought profound
In my lone being, made thy restless plain
As the vast shining floor of some dread fane,
All paved with glass and fire. Yet, O blue deep!
Thou that no trace of human hearts dost keep,
Never to thee did love with silvery chain
Draw my soul’s dream, which through all nature
sought
What waves deny;—some bower of steadfast
bliss,

VI.—DISTANT SOUND OF THE SEA AT EVENING.

Yet, rolling far up some green mountain dale,
Oft let me hear, as oftimes I have heard,
Thy swell, thou deep! when evening calls the
bird
And bee to rest; when summer tints grow pale,
Seen through the gathering of a dewy veil,
And peasant steps are hastening to repose,
And gleaming flocks lie down, and flower-cups
Close.

To the last whisper of the falling gale.
Then, ’midst the dying of all other sound,
When the soul hears thy distant voice profound,
Lone-worshipping, and knows that through the
night
’T will worship still, then most its anthem-tone
Speaks to our being of the Eternal One,
Who girds tired nature with unslumbering might
VII.—THE RIVER CLYWD IN NORTH WALES.

O Cambrian river, with slow music gliding
By pastoral hills, old woods, and ruin'd towers;
Now 'midst thy reeds and golden willows hiding,
Now gleaming forth by some rich bank of flowers;
Long flow'd the current of my life's clear hours
Onward with thine, whose voice yet haunts my dream,
Though time and change, and other mightier powers,
Far from thy side have borne me. Thou smooth stream!
Art winding still thy sunny meads along,
Murm'ring to cottage and grey hall thy song,
Low, sweet, unchanged. My being's tide hath pass'd
Through rocks and storms; yet will I not complain,
If thus wrought free and pure from earthly stain,
Brightly its waves may reach their parent-deep at last.

VIII.—ORCHARD BLOSSOMS.

Dost thy heart stir within thee at the sight
Of orchard blooms upon the mossy bough?
Doth their sweet household smile waft back the glow
Of childhood's morn?—the wondering fresh delight
In earth's new coloring, then all strangely bright.

A joy of fairy land?—Doth some old nook,
Haunted by visions of thy first-loved book,
Rise on thy soul, with faint-streak'd blossoms white,
Shower'd o'er the turf, and the lone primrose knot,
And robin's nest, still faithful to the spot,
And the bee's dreamy chime?—O gentle friend!
The world's cold breath, not Time's, this life bereaves
Of vernal gifts—Time hallows what he leaves,
And will for us dear spring-memories to the end.

IX.—TO A DISTANT SCENE.

Still are the cowslips from thy bosom springing,
O far-off glassy dell?—and dost thou see,
When southern winds first wake the vernal singing,
The star-gleam of the wood anemone?
Doth the shy ring-dove haunt thee yet—the bee
Hang on thy flowers as when I breathed farewell
To their wild blooms? and round my beechen tree
Still, in green softness, doth the moss bank swell?
—Oh! strange illusion by the fond heart wrought,
Whose own warm life suffuses nature's face!
—My being's tide of many-color'd thought
Hath pass'd from thee, and now, rich, leafy place!
I paint thee oft, scarce consciously, a scene,
Silent, forsaken, dim, shadow'd by what hath been.
X.—A REMEMBRANCE OF GRASMERE

O vale and lake, within your mountain-urn
Smiling so tranquilly, and set so deep!
Oft doth your dreamy loveliness return,
Coloring the tender shadows of my sleep
With light Elysian; for the hues that steep
Your shores in melting lustre, seem to float
On golden clouds from spirit-lands remote,
Isles of the blest; and in our memory keep
Their place with holiest harmonies: fair scene,
Most loved by evening and her dewy star!
Oh! ne'er may man, with touch unhallow'd, jar
The perfect music of thy charm serene!
Still, still unchanged, may one sweet region wear
Smiles that subdue the soul to love, and tears,
And prayer.

XI.—THOUGHTS CONNECTED WITH TREES.

Trees, gracious trees! how rich a gift ye are,
Crown of the earth! to human hearts and eyes!
How doth the thought of home, in lands afar,
Link'd with your forms and kindly whisperings rise!
How the whole picture of a childhood lies
Oft 'midst your boughs forgotten, buried deep!
Till gazing through them up the summer skies
As hush'd we stand, a breeze perchance may creep
And old sweet leaf-sounds reach the inner world
Where memory coils—and lo! at once unfurl'd

XII.—THE SAME.

And ye are strong to shelter! all meek things,
All that need home and covert, love your shade!
Birds of shy song, and low-voiced quiet springs,
And nun-like violets, by the wind betray'd.
Childhood beneath your fresh green tents hath play'd,
With his first primrose wealth: there love hath sought
A veiling gloom for his unutter'd thought;
And silent grief, of day's keen glare afraid,
A refuge for her tears; and oftimes there
Hath lone devotion found a place of prayer,
A native temple, solemn, hush'd, and dim;
For wheresoe'er your murmur'ring tremors thrill
The woody twilight, there man's heart hath still
Confess'd a spirit's breath, and heard a ceaseless hymn.
XIII.—ON READING PAUL AND VIRGINIA IN CHILDHOOD.

O gentle story of the Indian isle!
I loved thee in my lonely childhood well;
On the sea shore, when day's last purple smile
Slept on the waters, and their hollow swell
And dying cadence let a deeper spell
Unto thine ocean-pictures. 'Midst thy palms
And strange bright birds, my fancy joy'd to dwell,
And watch the southern cross through midnight calms,
And track the spicy woods. Yet more I bless'd
Thy vision of sweet love; kind, trustful, true,
Lighting the citron groves—a heavenly guest,
With such pure smiles as Paradise once knew.
Even then my young heart wept o'er the world's power,
To reach and blight that holiest Eden flower.

XIV.—A THOUGHT AT SUNSET.

Still that last look is solemn! though thy rays,
O sun! to-morrow will give back, we know,
The joy to nature's heart. Yet through the glow
Of clouds that mantle thy decline, our gaze
Tracks thee with love half fearful; and in days
When earth too much adorned thee, what a swell
Of mournful passion, deepening mighty lays,
Told how the dying bade thy light farewell,

O sun of Greece! O glorious festal sun!
Lost, lost!—for them thy golden hours were done,
And darkness lay before them! Happier far
Are we, not thus to thy bright wheels enchain'd,
Not thus for thy last parting unsustain'd,
Heirs for a purer day, with its unsetting star.

XV.—IMAGES OF PATRIARCHAL LIFE.

Calm scenes of patriarchal life!—How long a power
Your unworn pastoral images retain
O'er the true heart, which in its childhood's hour
Drank their pure freshness deep! The camels' train
Winding in patience o'er the desert plain—
The tent, the palm tree, the reposing flock,
The gleaming fount, the shadow of the rock,
Oh! by how subtle, yet how strong a chain,
And in the influence of its touch how bless'd,
Are these things link'd, in many a thoughtful breast,
To household memories, for all change endear'd!
The matin bird, the ripple of a stream
Beside our native porch—the hearth-light's gleam,
The voices, earliest by the soul rever'd!
XVI.—ATTRACTION OF THE EAST.

What secret current of man's nature turns
Unto the golden east with ceaseless flow?
Still, where the sunbeam at its fountain burns,
The pilgrim spirit would adore and glow;
Rapt in high thoughts, though weary, faint, and slow,
Still doth the traveller through the desert's wind,
Led by those old Chaldean stars, which know
Where pass'd the shepherd fathers of mankind.
Is it some quenchless instinct, which from far
Still points to where our alienated home
Lay in bright peace?
O thou true eastern star,
Saviour! atoning Lord! where'er we roam,
Draw still our hearts to thee; else, else how vain
Their hope, the fair lost birthright to regain.

XVII.—TO AN AGED FRIEND.

Nor long thy voice amongst us may be heard,
Servant of God!—thy day is almost done;
The charm now lingering in thy look and word
Is that which hangs about thy setting sun,
That which the spirit of decay hath won
Still from revering love. Yet doth the sense
Of life immortal—progress but begun—
Pervade thy mien with such clear eloquence,
That hope, not sadness, breathes from thy decline;

XVIII.—FOLIAGE.

Come forth, and let us through our hearts receive
The joy of verdure!—see, the honied lime
Showers cool green light o'er banks where wild
Flowers weave
Thick tapestry; and woodbine tendrils climb
Up the brown oak from buds of moss and thyme.
The rich deep masses of the sycamore
Hang heavy with the fulness of their prime,
And the white poplar, from its foliage hoar,
Scatters forth gleams like moonlight, with each
gale
That sweeps the boughs:—the chestnut flowers
Are past,
The crowning glories of the hawthorn fail,
But arches of sweet eglantine are cast
From every hedge: Oh! never may we lose,
Dear friend! our fresh delight in simplest nature's
hues!
XIX.—A PRAYER.

Father in Heaven! from whom the simplest flower
On the high Alps or fiery desert thrown,
Draws not sweet odor or young life alone,
But the deep virtue of an inborn power
To cheer the wanderer in his fainting hour,
With thoughts of Thee; to strengthen, to infuse
Faith, love, and courage, by the tender hues
That speak thy presence; oh! with such a dower
Grace thou my song!—the precious gift bestow
From thy pure Spirit's treasury divine,
To wake one tear of purifying flow,
To soften one wrung heart for thee and thine;
So shall the life breathed through the lowly strain,
Be as the meek wild flower's—if transient, yet not vain.

XX.—PRAYER CONTINUED.

Far are the wings of intellect astray,
That strive not, Father! to thy heavenly seat;
They rove, but mount not; and the tempests beat
Still on their plumes:—O source of mental day!
Chase from before my spirit's track the array
Of mists and shadows, raised by earthly care
In troubled hosts that cross the purer air,
And veil the opening of the starry way,

XXI.—MEMORIAL OF A CONVERSATION.

Yes! all things tell us of a birthright lost,
A brightness from our nature pass'd away!
Wanderers we seem, that from an alien coast,
Would turn to where their Father's mansion lay,
And but by some lone flower, that 'midst decay
Smiles mournfully, or by some sculptured stone,
Revealing dimly, with grey moss o'ergrown,
The faint-worn impress of its glory's day,
Can trace their once-free heritage; though dreams
Fraught with its picture, oft in startling gleams
Flash o'er their souls.—But One, oh! One alone,
For us the ruin'd fabric may rebuild,
And bid the wilderness again be fill'd
With Eden-flowers—One, mighty to atone!
RECORDS OF THE AUTUMN OF 1834.

I.—THE RETURN TO POETRY.

Once more the eternal melodies from far,
Woo me like songs of home: once more discerning
Through fitful clouds the pure majestic star,
Above the poet's world serenely burning,
Thither my soul, fresh-wing'd by love, is turning,
As o'er the waves the wood bird seeks her nest,
For those green heights of dewy stillness yearning,
Whence glorious minds o'erlook this earth's unrest.

—Now be the spirit of Heaven's truth my guide
Through the bright land!—that no brief gladness found
In passing bloom, rich odor, or sweet sound,
May lure my footsteps from their aim aside:
Their true high quest—to seek, if ne'er to gain,
The inmost, purest shrine of that august domain.

II.—TO SILVIO PELLICO, ON READING HIS "PRIGIONE."

There are who climb the mountain's heathery side,
Or, in life's vernal strength triumphant, urge
The bark's fleet rushing through the crested surge,
Or spur the courser's fiery race of pride
Over the green savannas, gleaming wide
By some vast lake; yet thus, on foaming sea,
Or chainless wild, reign far less nobly free,
Than thou, in that lone dungeon, glorified
By thy brave suffering.—Thou from its dark cell
Fierce thought and baleful passion didst exclude,
Filling the dedicated solitude
With God; and where His Spirit deigns to dwell,
Though the worn frame in fetters withering lie,
There throned in peace divine is liberty!

III.—TO THE SAME, RELEASED.

How flows thy being now?—like some glad hymn,
One strain of solemn rapture?—doth thine eye
Wander through tears of voiceless feeling dim,
O'er the crown'd Alps, that, 'midst the upper sky
Sleep in the sunlight of thine Italy?
Or is thy gaze of reverent love profound,
Unto those dear parental faces bound,
Which, with their silvery hair, so oft glanced by
IV.—ON A SCENE IN THE DARGLE.

"Twas a bright moment of my life when first,

O thou pure stream through rocky portals flowing!

That temple-chamber of thy glory burst

On my glad sight!—thy pebbly couch lay glowing

With deep mosaic hues; and, richly throwing

O'er thy cliff-walls a tinge of autumn's vest,

High bloom'd the heath flowers, and the wild wood's crest

Was touch'd with gold.—Flow ever thus, bestowing

Gifts of delight, sweet stream! on all who move gently along thy shores; and oh! if love,

—True love, in secret nursed, with sorrow fraught—

Should sometimes bear his treasured griefs to thee,

Then full of kindness let thy music be,

Singing repose to every troubled thought."

V.—ON READING COLERIDGE'S EPITAPH.

Spirit! so oft in radiant freedom soaring,

High through seraphic mysteries unconfined,

And oft, a diver through the deep of mind,

Its caverns, far below its waves, exploring;

And oft such strains of breezy music pouring,

As, with the floating sweetness of their sighs,

Could still all fevers of the heart, restoring

Awhile that freshness left in Paradise;

Say, of those glorious wanderings what the goal?

What the rich fruitage to man's kindred soul

From wealth of thine bequeathed? O strong and high,

And sceptred intellect! thy goal confess'd

Was the Redeemer's Cross—thy last bequest

One lesson breathing thence profound humility!

VI.—ON THE DATURA ARBOREA.

Majestic plant! such fairy dreams as lie

Nursed, where the bee sucks in the cowslip's bell,

Are not thy train:—those flowers of vase-like swell,

Clear, large, with dewy moonlight fill'd from high,

And in their monumental purity

Serenely drooping, round thee seem to draw

Visions link'd strangely with that silent awe

Which broods o'er Sculpture's works.—A meet ally
For those heroic forms, the simply grand
Art thou: and worthy, carved by plastic hand,
Above some kingly poet's tomb to shine
In spotless marble; honoring one, whose train
Soar'd upon wings of thought that knew no stain
Free through the starry heavens of truth divine.

VII—DESIGN AND PERFORMANCE.

They float before my soul, the fair designs
Which I would body forth to Life and Power,
Like clouds, that with their wavering hues and lines
Portray majestic buildings:—Dome and tower,
Bright spire, that through the rainbow and the shower
Points to th' unchanging stars; and high arcade
Far-sweeping to some glorious altar, made
For holiest rites:—meanwhile the waning hour
Melts from me, and by fervent dreams o'er-wrought,
I sink:—O friend! O link'd with each high thought
Aid me, of those rich visions to detain
All I may grasp; until thou seest fulfill'd,
While time and strength allow, my hope to build
For lowly hearts devout, but one enduring fane!

VIII—HOPE OF FUTURE COMMUNION WITH NATURE.

If e'er again my spirit be allow'd
Converse with nature in her chambers deep,
Where lone, and mantled with the rolling cloud,
She broods o'er new-born waters, as they leap
In sword-like flashes down the heathery steep
From caves of mystery;—if I roam once more
Where dark pines quiver to the torrent's roar,
And voiceful oaks respond!—shall I not reap
A more ennobling joy, a loftier power,
Than e'er was shed on life's more vernal hour,
From such communion?—yes! I then shall know,
That not in vain have sorrow, love, and thought,
Their long still work of preparation wrought,
For that more perfect sense of God reveal'd below.

IX—DREAMS OF THE DEAD.

Oft in still night-dreams a departed face
Bends o'er me with sweet earnestness of eye
Wearing no more of earthly pains a trace,
But all the tender pity that may lie
On the clear brow of immortality,
Calm, yet profound. Soft rays illumine that mien,
Th' unshadow'd moonlight of some far-off sky
Around it floats transparently serene
As a pure veil of waters. O rich sleep!
Thou hast strong spirits in thy regions deep,
Which glorify with reconciling breath,  
Effacing, brightening, giving forth to shine  
Beauty's high truth, and how much more divine  
Thy power when link'd in this, with thy stern brother—Death!

THOUGHTS DURING SICKNESS.

I.—INTELLECTUAL POWERS

O Thought! O Memory! gems forever heaping  
High in the illumined chambers of the mind,  
And thou, divine Imagination! keeping  
Thy lamp's lone star 'mid shadowy hosts enshrined;  
How in one moment rent and disentwined,  
At Fever's fiery touch, apart they fall,  
Your glorious combinations!—broken all,  
As the sand-pillars by the desert's wind  
Scatter'd to whirling dust!—Oh, soon un­
crown'd!

Well may your parting swift, your strange return,  
Subdue the soul to lowliness profound,  
Guiding its chasten'd vision to discern  
How by meek Faith Heaven's portals must be  
Ere it can hold your gifts inalienably fast.
II.—SICKNESS LIKE NIGHT

Thou art like Night, O Sickness! deeply stilling
Within my heart the world's disturbing sound,
And the dim quiet of my chamber filling
With low, sweet voices by Life's tumult drown'd,
Thou art like awful Night!—thou gather'st round
The things that are unseen—though close they lie,—
And with a truth, clear, startling, and profound,
Givest their dread presence to our mental eye.
—Thou art like starry, spiritual Night!
High and immortal thoughts attend thy way,
And revelations, which the common light
Brings not, though wakening with its rosy ray
All outward life:—Be welcome then thy rod,
Before whose touch my soul unfolds itself to God.

III.—ON RETZSCH'S DESIGN OF THE ANGEL OF DEATH.

Well might thine awful image thus arise
With that high calm upon thy regal brow,
And the deep, solemn sweetness in those eyes,
Unto the glorious Artist!—Who but thou
The fleeting forms of beauty can endow
For Him with permanency?—who make those gleams
Of brighter life, that color his lone dreams,
Immortal things?—Let others trembling bow,

IV.—REMEMBRANCE OF NATURE.

O nature! thou didst rear me for thine own,
With thy free singing birds and mountain brooks;
Feeding my thoughts in primrose-haunted nooks,
With fairy fantasies and wood-dreams lone;
And thou didst teach me every wandering tone
Drawn from thy many whispering trees and waves,
And guide my steps to founts and sparry caves,
And where bright mosses wove thee a rich throne
'Midst the green hills:—and now that far estranged
From all sweet sounds and odors of thy breath,
Fading I lie, within my heart unchanged,
So glows the love of thee, that not for Death
Seems that pure passion's fervor—but ordain'd
To meet on brighter shores thy Majesty unstain'd.
V.—FLIGHT OF THE SPIRIT.

Whither, oh! whither wilt thou wing thy way?
What solemn region first upon thy sight
Shall break, unveil'd for terror or delight?
What hosts, magnificent in dread array?
My spirit! when thy prison-house of clay,
After long strife is rent?—fond, fruitless guest!
The unfledged bird, within his narrow nest
Sees but a few green branches o'er him play,
And through their parting leaves, by fits reveal'd,
A glimpse of summer sky:—Nor knows the field
Wherein his dormant powers must yet be tried.
—Thou art that bird!—of what beyond thee lies
Far in the untrack'd, immeasurable skies,
Knowing but this—that thou shalt find thy Guide!

VI.—FLOWERS.

Welcome, O pure and lovely forms, again
Unto the shadowy stillness of my room!
For not alone ye bring a joyous train
Of summer-thoughts attendant on your bloom—
Visions of freshness, of rich bowery gloom,
Of the low murmurs filling mossy dells,
Of stars that look down on your folded bells
Through dewy leaves, of many a wild perfume

VII.—RECOVERY.

Back then, once more to breast the waves of life
To battle on against the unceasing spray,
To sink o'erwearied in the stormy strife,
And rise to strive again; yet on my way,
Oh! linger still, thou light of better day,
Born in the hours of loneliness, and you,
Ye child-like thoughts, the holy and the true,
Ye that came bearing, while subdued I lay,
The faith, the insight of life's vernal morn
Back on my soul, a clear bright sense, new-born,
Now leave me not! but as, profoundly pure,
A blue stream rushes through a darker lake
Unchang'd, e'en thus with me your journey take,
Wafting sweet airs of heaven through this low world obscure.

Greeting the wanderer of the hill and grove
Like sudden music; more than this ye bring—
For more; ye whisper of the all-fostering love
Which thus hath clothed you, and whose dove-like wing
Broods o'er the sufferer drawing fever'd breath,
Whether the couch be that of life or death.
SABBATH SONNET.

COMPOSED BY MRS. HEMANS A FEW DAYS BEFORE HER DEATH, AND DEDICATED TO HER BROTHER.

How many blessed groups this hour are bending,
Through England's primrose meadow-paths, their way
Towards spire and tower, 'midst shadowy elms ascending,
Whence the sweet chimes proclaim the hallow'd day!

The halls from old heroic ages grey
Pour their fair children forth; and hamlets low,
With whose thick orchard-blooms the soft winds play
Sends out their inmates in a happy flow,
Like a freed vernal stream. I may not tread
With them those pathways,—to the feverish bed
Of sickness bound;—yet, oh, my God! I bless
Thy mercy, that with Sabbath peace hath fill'd
My chasten'd heart, and all its throbings still'd
To one deep calm of lowliest thankfulness.

A POET'S DYING HYMN.

Be mute who will, who can,
Yet I will praise thee with impassion'd voice!
Me didst thou constitute a priest of thine
In such a temple as we now behold,
Rear'd for thy presence; therefore am I bound
To worship here, and every where.

THE blue, deep, glorious heavens!—I lift mine eye,
And bless thee, O my God! that I have met
And own'd thine image in the majesty
Of their calm temple still!—that never yet
There hath thy face been shrouded from my sight
By noontide flare, in a sweeping storm of night:
I bless thee, O my God!

That now still clearer, from their pure expance,
I see the mercy of thine aspect shine,
Touching death's features with a lovely glance
Of light serenely, solemnly divine,
And lending to each holy star a ray
As of kind eyes, that woo my soul away:
I bless thee, O my God!

That I have heard thy voice, nor been afraid,
In the earth's garden—'midst the mountains old,
And the low thrillings of the forest shade,
And the wild sounds of waters uncontr'd,
And upon many a desert plain and shore—
No solitude—for there I felt thee more:
I bless thee, O my God!
And if thy spirit on thy child hath shed
The gift, the vision of the unseal'd eye,
To pierce the mist o'er life's deep meanings spread,
To reach the hidden fountain-urns that lie
Far in man's heart—if I have kept it free
And pure—a consecration unto thee:
   I bless thee, O my God!

If my soul's utterance hath by thee been
fraught
With an awakening power—if thou hast
made,
Like the wing'd seed, the breathings of my
thought,
And by the swift winds bid them be convey'd
To lands of other lays, and there become
Native as early melodies of home:
   I bless thee, O my God!

Not for the brightness of a mortal wreath,
Not for a place 'midst kingly minstrels dead,
But that, perchance, a faint gale of thy breath,
A still small whisper in my song hath led
One struggling spirit upwards to thy throne,
Or but one hope, one prayer—for this alone
   I bless thee, O my God!

That I have loved—that I have known the love
Which troubles in the soul the tearful springs,
Yet, with a coloring hale from above,
Tinges and glorifies all earthly things,
Whate'er its anguish or its woe may be,
Still weaving links for intercourse with thee:
   I bless thee, O my God!

That by the passion of its deep distress,
And by the overflowing of its mighty prayer,
And by the yearning of its tenderness,
Too full for words upon their stream to bear,
I have been drawn still closer to thy shrine,
Well-spring of love, the unfathom'd, the divine;
   I bless thee, O my God!

That hope hath ne'er my heart or song forsaken,
High hope, which even from mystery, doubt,
or dread,
Calmly, rejoicingly, the things hath taken,
Whereby its torchlight for the race was fed;
That passing storms have only fann'd the fire,
Which pierced them still with its triumphal spire,
   I bless thee, O my God!

Now art thou calling me in every gale,
Each sound and token of the dying day:
Thou leav'st me not, though early life grows pale,
I am not darkly sinking to decay;
But, hour by hour, my soul's dissolving shroud,
Melts off to radiance, as a silvery cloud.
   I bless thee, O my God!

And if this earth, with all its choral streams,
And crowning woods, and soft or solemn skies,
And mountain sanctuaries for poet's dreams,
Be lovely still in my departing eyes—
'Tis not that fondly I would linger here,
But that thy foot-prints on its dust appear:
   I bless thee, O my God!
And that the tender shadowing I behold,
The tracery veining every leaf and flower,
Of glories cast in more consummate mould,
No longer vassals to the changeful hour;
That life's last roses to my thoughts can bring
Rich visions of imperishable spring:
I bless thee, O my God!

Yes! the young vernal voices in the skies
Woo me not back, but, wandering past mine ear,
Some heralds of th' eternal melodies,
The spirit-music, imperturb'd and clear;
The full of soul, yet passionate no more—
Let me too, joining those pure strains, adore!
I bless thee, O my God!

Now aid, sustain me still!—to thee I come,
Make thou my dwelling where thy children are!
And for the hope of that immortal home,
And for thy Son, the bright and morning star,
The sufferer and the victor-king of death,
I bless thee with my glad song's dying breath!
I bless thee, O my God!

THE END