













*In*  
*Memoriam*

BY  
ALFRED TENNYSON

WITH A PREFACE BY  
HENRY VAN DYKE

ILLUSTRATED BY  
HARRY FENN

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losophy, and in argumentative discussion. He did not incline strongly to the study of the classics; and towards mathematics, the favourite discipline of Cambridge, he was almost entirely indifferent. These mental indispositions, together with a lack of power or willingness to retain in his memory the mass of uninteresting facts and dates which are required for success in examinations, and a delicacy of health which at times made him subject to serious depression of spirits, unfitted him to contend for university honours. But he was a natural leader among the high-spirited youth who found in the reality of college life and the freedom of intellectual intercourse a deeper and broader education than the routine of the class-room could give. There was a debating society in Cambridge at this time, familiarly called "The Twelve Apostles," which included such men of promise as Richard Monckton Milnes (afterwards Lord Houghton), W. H. Thompson (afterwards Master of Trinity), Richard Chevenix Trench (afterwards Archbishop of Dublin), Henry Alford (afterwards Dean of Canterbury), Frederic Dennison Maurice, W. H. Brookfield, James Spedding, Edmund Lushington, and G. S. Venables. In this society of kindling genius Hallam shone with a singular lustre, not only by reason of the depth and clearness of his

thought and the masterful vigour of his expression, but also because of the sweetness and purity of his character and the sincerity of his religious spirit, strengthened and ennobled by conflict with honest doubt.<sup>1</sup> One of his friends wrote of him : "I have met with no man his superior in metaphysical subtlety ; no man his equal as a philosophical critic on works of taste ; no man whose views on all subjects connected with the duties and dignities of humanity were more large, more generous, and enlightened." Mr. Gladstone, recalling his intimacy with Hallam at Eton, bears witness to "his unparalleled endowments, and his deep enthusiastic affections, both religious and human."

It was by such qualities that Alfred Tennyson was drawn to Arthur Hallam ; and although, or perhaps because, they were unlike in many things,<sup>2</sup> their minds and hearts were wedded in a friendship which was closer than brotherhood, and in which Tennyson felt that Hallam's influence was the stronger and more masculine element, so that he always spoke of himself as "widowed" by his loss.<sup>3</sup>

<sup>1</sup> *In Memoriam*, cantos xxiii ; xli ; lxxxv, 12 ; lxxxvii, 8 ; lxxxix · xcv, 8 ; xcvi ; cix : cx ; cxl ; cxii ; cxiii ; cxiv, 7.

<sup>2</sup> Canto lxxix, 5.

<sup>3</sup> Cantos ix, xvii, xl, xlii, lxxxv, xcvi.

1832, the year of his graduation at Cambridge, he was engaged to Miss Emily Tennyson, the poet's sister.<sup>1</sup> His home was with his father in Wimpole Street, called the longest street in London ;<sup>2</sup> and on leaving college he began the study of law,<sup>3</sup> looking forward to the higher life of public service, in which so many of England's best young men find their mission.<sup>4</sup> In August, 1833, he went with his father to Germany. On the way from Pesth to Vienna he was exposed to inclement weather, and contracted an intermittent fever. The symptoms were slight and seemed to be abating ; but the natural frailty of his constitution involved unforeseen danger. There was a weakness of the heart, which the strength of the spirit concealed. On the 15th of September, while he seemed to be reposing quietly, the silver cord was loosed and the golden bowl was broken.

“ In Vienna's fatal walls  
God's finger touch'd him, and he slept.”<sup>5</sup>

The sharp and overwhelming shock of losing such a friend, suddenly, irretrievably, in ab-

<sup>1</sup> *In Memoriam*, canto lxxxiv ; Epithalamium, stanza 2.

<sup>2</sup> Canto vii.

<sup>3</sup> Canto ix, line 12.

<sup>4</sup> Canto cxiii.

<sup>5</sup> Cantos lxxxv, 5 ; xcvi, 2.

sence, with no opportunity of speaking a word of love and farewell, brought Tennyson face to face with the intense and inexorable reality of Death — the great mystery which must either darken all life and quench the springs of poesy, or open a new world of victory to the spirit and refresh it with deeper and never failing fountains of inspiration.

*In Memoriam* begins with the confession of this dreadful sense of loss, and the firm resolve to hold fast the memory of his grief, even though he doubts whether he can

“reach a hand thro’ time to catch  
The far-off interest of tears.”

The arrangement of the poem does not follow strictly the order of logic or the order of time. It was not written consecutively, but at intervals, and the period of its composition extends over at least sixteen years. The Epithalamium with which it closes was made in 1842, the date of the marriage of Miss Emily Tennyson to Edmund Law Lushington, the friend addressed in canto LXXXV. The Proem, “Strong Son of God, Immortal Love,” was added in 1849, to sum up and express the final significance of the whole lyrical epic of the inner life which had grown so wonderfully through these long years of spiritual experience.

“The general way of its being written,” said Tennyson, “was so queer that if there were a blank space I would put in a poem.” And yet there is a profound coherence in the series of separate lyrics; and a clear advance towards a definite goal of thought and feeling can be traced through the freedom of structure which characterizes the poem.

The first division of the poem, from the first to the eighth canto (I follow here the grouping of the sections which was made by Tennyson himself), moves with the natural uncertainty of a lonely and sorrowful heart; questioning whether it is possible or wise to hold fast to sorrow, questioning whether it be not half a sin to try to put such a grief into words, questioning whether the writing of a memorial poem can be anything more than a

“sad mechanic exercise,  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.”

But the conclusion is, that since the lost friend loved the poet's verse, the poem shall be written for his sake and consecrated to his memory, like a flower planted on a tomb, to live or die.

The second division, beginning with the ninth canto and closing with the nineteenth, describes in lyrics of wondrous beauty the

home-bringing of Arthur's body in a ship from Italy, and the burial in Clevedon Church, which stands on a solitary hill, overlooking the Bristol Channel. This took place on January the third, 1834. A calmer, stronger, steadier spirit now enters into the poem, and from this point it moves forward with ever deepening power and beauty, to pay its rich tribute to the immortal meaning of friendship and to pour its triumphant light through the shadows of the grave.

The third division, beginning with the twentieth canto, returns again to the subject of personal bereavement and the possibility of expressing it in poetry. It speaks of the necessity in the poet's heart for finding such an expression, which is as natural as song is to the bird. He turns back to trace the pathway of friendship, and remembers how love made it fair and sweet, doubling all joy, and dividing all pain. That companionship is now broken and the way is dreary. The love to which he longs to prove himself still loyal is now the minister of lonely sorrow. And yet the very capacity for such suffering is better than the selfish placidity of the loveless life :

“ 'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.’



The fourth division opens, in the twenty-eighth canto, with a Christmas poem. The poet wonders how it is possible to keep the joyous household festival under the shadow of this great loss. But through the saddened and half-hearted merry-making there steals, at last, in the silence, the sense that those who have left the happy circle still live and are unchanged in sympathy and love. From the darkness of Christmas-eve rises the prayer for the dawning of Christmas-day and

“The light that shone when I hope was born.”

Led by this thought, the poet turns to the story of Lazarus, and to Mary's faith in Him who was the Resurrection and the Life. Such a faith is so pure and sacred that it demands the reverence even of those who do not share it. For what would our existence be worth without immortality? Effort and patience would be vain. It would be better to drop at once into darkness. Love itself would be changed and degraded if we believed that death was the end of everything. These immortal instincts of our manhood came to their perfect expression in the life and teachings of Christ. And though the poet's utterance of these divine things be but earthly and imperfect, at least it is a true tribute to the friend who had

spoken of them so often. Thus he stands again beside the funereal yew-tree, of which he wrote, in the second canto, that it never blossomed, and sees that, after all, it has a season of bloom, in which the dust of tiny flowers rises from it in living smoke. Even so his thoughts of death are now blossoming in thoughts of a higher life into which his friend has entered, thoughts of larger powers and nobler duties in the heavenly existence. But may not this mysterious and sudden advancement divide their friendship? No, for if the lost friend is moving onward so swiftly now, he will be all the better fitted to be a teacher and helper when their intercourse is renewed; but if death should prove to be an intervital trance, then when he awakens, the old love will awaken with him. From this assurance the poet passes to wondering thoughts of the manner of life of "the happy dead," and rises to the conviction that it must include an unchanged personal identity and a certain personal recognition and fellowship. This is not uttered by way of argument, but only with the brevity and simplicity of songs, which move like swallows over the depth of grief,

" Whose muffled motions blindly drown  
The bases of my life in tears."

The fifth division of the poem, in the fiftieth canto, begins with a prayer that his unseen friend may be near him in the hours of gloom and pain and doubt and death. Such a presence would bring with it a serene sympathy and allowance for mortal ignorance and weakness and imperfection. For doubtless this lower life of ours is a process of discipline and education for something better. Good must be the final goal of ill. We feel this but dimly and blindly; our expression of it is like the cry of a child in the night. But at least the desire that it may be true, comes from that which is most God-like in our souls. Can it be that God and Nature are at strife? Is it possible that all the hopes and prayers and aspirations of humanity are vain dreams, and that the last and highest work of creation must crumble utterly into dust? This would be the very mockery of reason. And yet the sure answer is not found. It lies behind the veil. So the poet turns away, thinking to close his song with a last word of farewell to the dead; but the Muse calls him to abide a little longer with his sorrow in order that he may "take a nobler leave."

This is the theme with which the sixth division opens, in the fifty-ninth canto. The poet is to live with sorrow as a wife, and to learn

from her all that she has to teach. He turns again to the thought of the strange difference in wisdom and purity between the blessed dead and the living, and finds new comfort and security in the thought that this difference cannot destroy love. He thinks of the tablet to Hallam's memory in Clevedon Church, silvered by the moonlight, or glimmering in the dawn. He dreams of Hallam, over and over again. Night after night they seem to walk and talk together as they did on their tour in the Pyrenees.

The seventy-second canto opens the seventh division of the poem with the anniversary of Hallam's death; an autumnal dirge, wild and dark; followed by sad lyrics which ring the changes on the perishableness of all earthly fame and beauty. But now the Christmas-tide returns, and brings the tender household joys. This is a brighter Christmas than the last. The thought of how faithfully and nobly Arthur would have borne the sorrow if he had been the one to be left while his friend was taken, calms and strengthens the poet's heart. He reconciles himself more deeply with death; learns to believe that it has ripened friendship even more than earthly intercourse could have done; assures himself that the transplanted life is still blooming and bearing richer fruit, and at last complains only because death has

“ put our lives so far apart  
We cannot hear each other speak.”

Now the spring comes, renewing the face of the earth, and with it comes a new tenderness and sweetness into the poet's song. There is a pathetic vision of all the domestic joys that might have been centred about Arthur's life if it had been spared, and of the calm harmony of death if the two friends could have arrived together at the blessed goal—

“ And He that died in Holy Land  
Would reach us out the shining hand,  
And take us as a single soul.”

This vision almost disturbs the new peace that has begun in the poet's heart; but he comes back again, in the eighty-fifth canto (the longest in the poem, and its turning-point), to the deep and unalterable feeling that love with loss is better than life without love. Another friend, the same who was afterwards to be married to Tennyson's sister, has asked him whether his sorrow has darkened his faith and made him incapable of friendship. The answer comes from the inmost depths of the soul, recalling all the noble and spiritual influences of the interrupted comradeship; confessing that it still abides and works as a potent, strengthening force in his life; and seeking,

for the coming years, a new friendship, not to rival the old, nor ever to supplant it, but to teach his heart still

“ to beat in time with one  
That warms another living breast.”

Now the glory of the summer-earth kindles the poetic fancy once more to rapture. Now the old college haunts are revisited and the joys of youth live again in memory. The thought of Arthur's spiritual presence lends a new and loftier significance to these common delights, brings more sweetness than sadness, makes his letters, read in the calm summer midnight, seem like a living voice. The remembrance of his brave conflict with his doubts, gives encouragement to faith. Now he is delivered from the struggle ; he has attained unto knowledge and wisdom : but the poet, still lingering among the shadows and often confused by them, holds fast to the spiritual companionship—

“ I cannot understand : I love.”

The eighth division, from the ninety-ninth to the one hundred and third canto, opens with another anniversary of Hallam's death, which brings the consoling thought that since grief is common, sympathy must be world-wide. The old home at Somersby is now to be forsaken,

and the poet takes farewell of the familiar scenes in lyrics of exquisite beauty. The division ends with a mystical dream, in which he is summoned to a voyage upon the sea of eternity, and the human powers and talents, in the guise of maidens who have served him in this life, accompany him still, and the man he loved appears on the ship as his comrade.

The ninth and last division begins, in the one hundred and fourth canto, with the return of another Christmas-eve. The Tennyson family had removed in 1837 to Beech Hill House, and now, as the time draws near the birth of Christ, they hear not the fourfold peal of bells from the four hamlets lying around the rectory at Somersby, but a single peal from the tower of Waltham Abbey, dimly seen through the mist, below the distant hill. It is a strange, solemn, silent holiday season. But with the ringing of the bells, on the last night of the old year, there comes into it a new, stirring melody of faith, of hope, of high desire and victorious trust. This is a stronger, loftier song than the poet could have reached before grief ennobled him. And from this he moves onward into that splendid series of lyrics with which the poem closes. The harmony of knowledge with reverence; the power of the heart of man to assert its rights against the

colder conclusions of mere intellectual logic ; the certainty that man was born to enjoy a higher life than the physical, and that though his body may have been developed from the lower animals, his soul may work itself out from the dominion of the passions, to an imperishable liberty; the supremacy of love; the sure progress of all things towards a hidden goal of glory; the indomitable courage of the human will, with its God-born power to purify our deeds

“and trust,  
With faith that comes of self-control,  
The truths that never can be proved  
Until we close with all we loved,  
And all we flow from, soul in soul,”—

these are the mighty and exultant chords with which the poet ends his music.

*In Memoriam* is a dead march. But it is a march into immortality.

The promise of Arthur Hallam's life was not broken. Three-score years and ten of earthly labour could hardly have accomplished anything greater than the work which was inspired by his early death and consecrated to his sacred memory. The heart of man which can win such victory out of its darkest defeat, and reap such harvest from the furrows of the grave, is neither sprung from dust nor destined



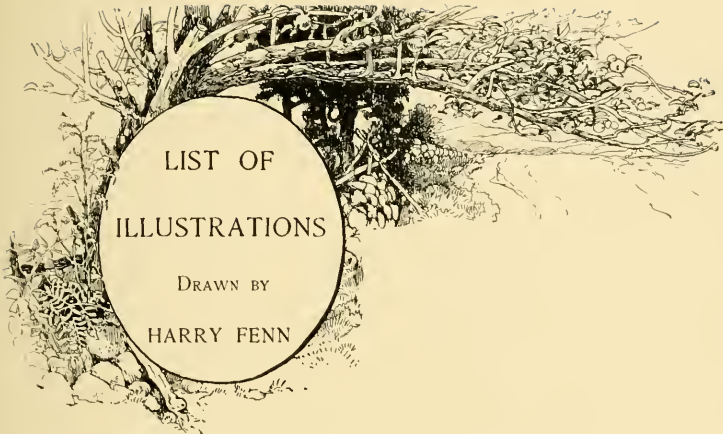
to return to it. A poem like *In Memoriam*, more than all flowers of the returning spring, more than all shining wings that flutter above the ruins of the chrysalis, more than all sculptured tombs and monuments of the beloved dead, is the living evidence and intimation of an endless life.

HENRY VAN DYKE.

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DRAWN BY  
HARRY FENN

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A. H. H.

OBIIT MDCCCXXXIII.





STRONG Son of God, immortal  
Love,

Whom we, that have not  
seen thy face,  
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,  
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thine are these orbs of light and shade ;  
Thou madest Life in man and brute ;  
Thou madest Death ; and lo, thy foot  
Is on the skull which thou hast made !

Thou wilt not leave us in the dust :  
Thou madest man, he knows not why,  
He thinks he was not made to die ;  
And thou hast made him : thou art just.

Thou seemest human and divine,  
The highest, holiest manhood, thou :  
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;  
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

Our little systems have their day ;  
They have their day and cease to be :  
They are but broken lights of thee,  
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

We have but faith : we cannot know ;  
For knowledge is of things we see ;  
And yet we trust it comes from thee,  
A beam in darkness : let it grow.

Let knowledge grow from more to more,  
But more of reverence in us dwell ;  
That mind and soul, according well,  
May make one music as before,

But vaster. We are fools and slight ;  
We mock thee when we do not fear :  
But help thy foolish ones to bear ;  
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.

Forgive what seem'd my sin in me,  
    What seem'd my worth since I began ;  
    For merit lives from man to man,  
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.

Forgive my grief for one removed,  
    Thy creature, whom I found so fair.  
    I trust he lives in thee, and there  
I find him worthier to be loved.

Forgive these wild and wandering cries,  
    Confusions of a wasted youth ;  
    Forgive them where they fail in truth,  
And in thy wisdom make me wise.

1849.





I.

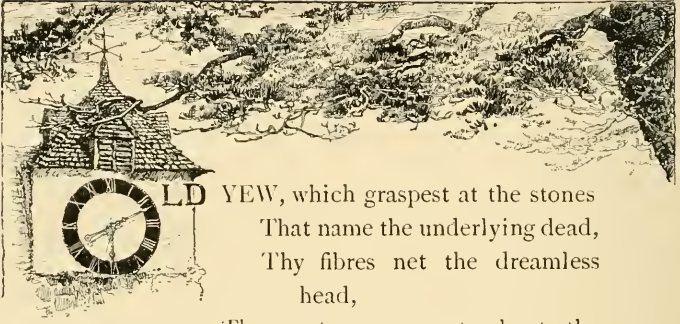


HELD it truth, with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers  
tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-  
stones  
Of their dead selves to higher  
things.

But who shall so forecast the years  
And find in loss a gain to match?  
Or reach a hand thro' time to catch  
The far-off interest of tears?

Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown'd,  
Let darkness keep her raven gloss :  
Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,  
To dance with Death, to beat the ground,

Than that the victor Hours should scorn  
The long result of love, and boast,  
“ Behold the man that loved and lost,  
But all he was is overworn.”



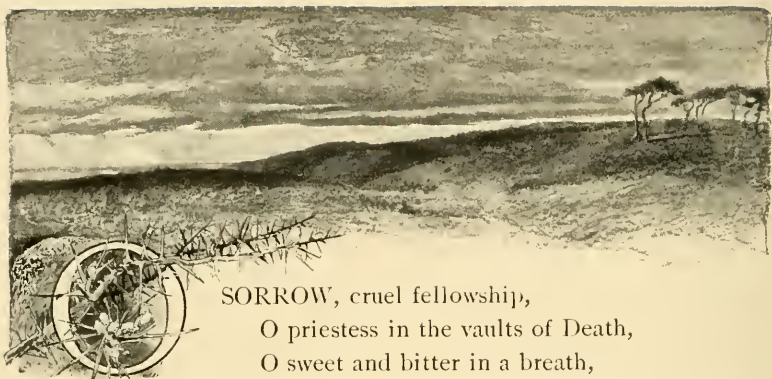
**OLD** YEW, which graspest at the stones  
 That name the underlying dead,  
 Thy fibres net the dreamless  
 head,  
 Thy roots are wrapt about the  
 bones.

The seasons bring the flower again,  
 And bring the firstling to the flock ;  
 And in the dusk of thee the clock  
 Beats out the little lives of men.

O not for thee the glow, the bloom,  
 Who changest not in any gale,  
 Nor branding summer suns avail  
 To touch thy thousand years of gloom ;

And gazing on thee, sullen tree,  
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,  
I seem to fail from out my blood  
And grow incorporate into thee.





SORROW, cruel fellowship,  
 O priestess in the vaults of Death,  
 O sweet and bitter in a breath,  
 What whispers from thy lying lip?

“The stars,” she whispers, “blindly run ;  
 A web is woven across the sky ;  
 From out waste places comes a cry,  
 And murmurs from the dying sun :

“And all the phantom, Nature, stands—  
 With all the music in her tone,  
 A hollow echo of my own,—  
 A hollow form with empty hands.”

And shall I take a thing so blind,  
    Embrace her as my natural good ;  
    Or crush her, like a vice of blood,  
Upon the threshold of the mind?



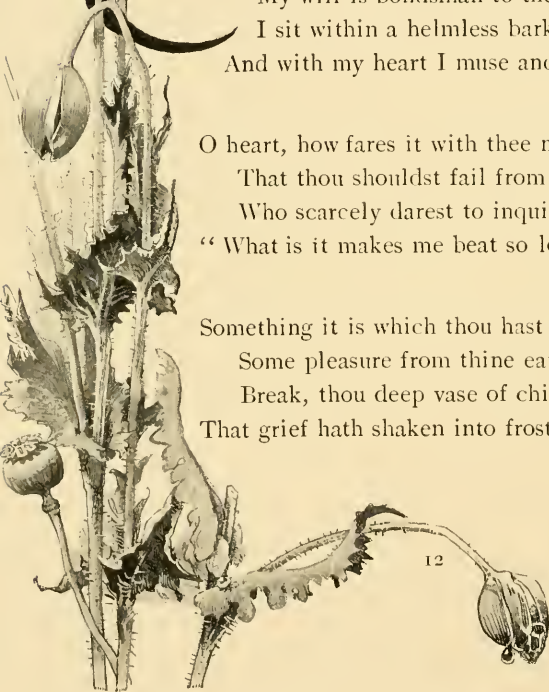
IV.



O SLEEP I give my powers away ;  
My will is bondsman to the dark ;  
I sit within a helmless bark,  
And with my heart I muse and say :

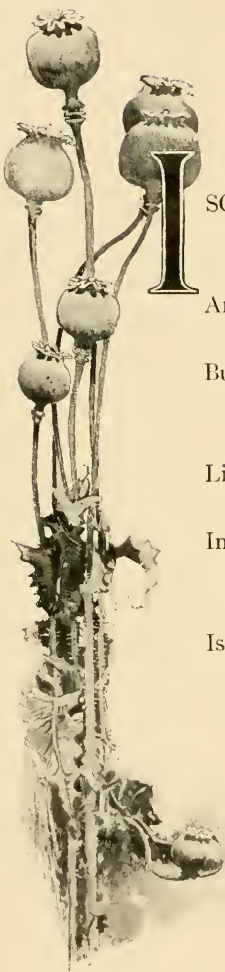
O heart, how fares it with thee now,  
That thou shouldst fail from thy desire,  
Who scarcely darest to inquire,  
“ What is it makes me beat so low ? ”

Something it is which thou hast lost,  
Some pleasure from thine early years.  
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,  
That grief hath shaken into frost !



Such clouds of nameless trouble cross  
All night below the darken'd eyes ;  
With morning wakes the will, and cries,  
“ Thou shalt not be the fool of loss.”





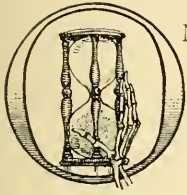
**I**SOMETIMES hold it half a sin  
To put in words the grief I feel ;  
For words, like Nature, half reveal  
And half conceal the soul within.

But, for the unquiet heart and brain,  
A use in measured language lies ;  
The sad mechanic exercise,  
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.

In words, like weeds, I'll wrap me o'er,  
Like coarsest clothes against the cold ;  
But that large grief which these enfold  
Is given in outline and no more.



VI.



NE writes that "Other friends  
remain,"  
That "Loss is common to the  
race"—  
And common is the common-  
place,  
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.

That loss is common would not make  
My own less bitter, rather more :  
Too common ! Never morning wore  
To evening but some heart did break.

O father, wheresoe'er thou be,  
Who pledgest now thy gallant son,  
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,  
Hath still'd the life that beat from thee.

O mother, praying God will save  
Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow'd,  
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud  
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.

Ye know no more than I who wrought  
At that last hour to please him well ;  
Who mused on all I had to tell,  
And something written, something thought ;

Expecting still his advent home ;  
And ever met him on his way  
With wishes, thinking, " here to-day,"  
Or " here to-morrow will he come."

O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,  
That sittest ranging golden hair ;  
And glad to find thyself so fair,  
Poor child, that waitest for thy love !

For now her father's chimney glows  
In expectation of a guest ;  
And thinking " this will please him best,"  
She takes a riband or a rose ;



For he will see them on to-night ;  
    And with the thought her color burns ;  
    And, having left the glass, she turns  
Once more to set a ringlet right ;

And, even when she turn'd, the curse  
    Had fallen, and her future lord  
    Was drown'd in passing thro' the ford,  
Or kill'd in falling from his horse.

O what to her shall be the end?  
    And what to me remains of good?  
    To her perpetual maidenhood,  
And unto me no second friend.

VII.



ARK house, by which once more I stand  
Here in the long unlovely street,  
Doors, where my heart was used to  
beat  
So quickly, waiting for a hand,

A hand that can be claspt no more—  
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,  
And like a guilty thing I creep  
At earliest morning to the door.

He is not here ; but far away  
The noise of life begins again,  
And ghastly thro' the drizzling rain  
On the bald street breaks the blank day.



VIII.

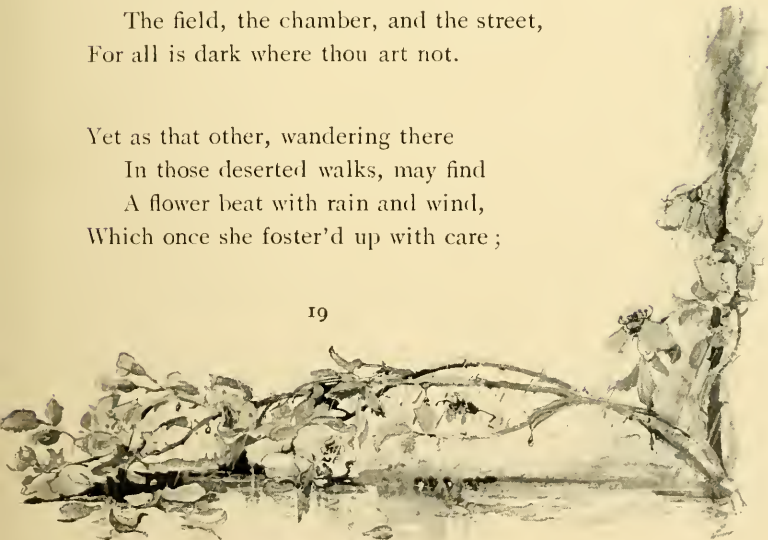


HAPPY lover who has come  
To look on her that loves him  
well,  
Who 'lights and rings the gate-  
way bell,  
And learns her gone and far from home,—

He saddens, all the magic light  
Dies off at once from bower and hall,  
And all the place is dark, and all  
The chambers emptied of delight :

So find I every pleasant spot  
In which we two were wont to meet,  
The field, the chamber, and the street,  
For all is dark where thou art not.

Yet as that other, wandering there  
In those deserted walks, may find  
A flower beat with rain and wind,  
Which once she foster'd up with care ;



So seems it in my deep regret,  
O my forsaken heart, with thee  
And this poor flower of poesy  
Which, little cared for, fades not yet.

But since it pleased a vanish'd eye,  
I go to plant it on his tomb,  
That if it can it there may bloom,  
Or, dying, there at least may die.



IX.



AIR ship, that from the Italian shore  
Sailed the placid ocean-plains  
With my lost Arthur's loved re-  
mains,  
Spread thy full wings, and waft him  
o'er.

So draw him home to those that mourn  
In vain ; a favorable speed  
Ruffle thy mirror'd mast, and lead  
Thro' prosperous floods his holy urn.

All night no ruder air perplex  
Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright  
As our pure love, thro' early light  
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.

Sphere all your lights around, above ;  
Sleep, gentle heavens, before  
the prow ;  
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps  
now,  
My friend, the brother of my love ;

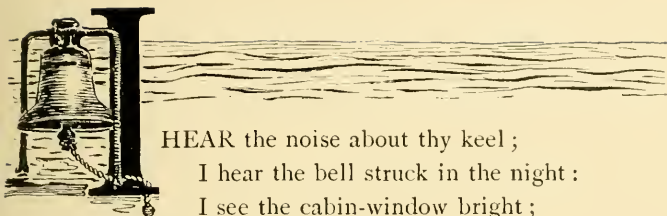


My Arthur, whom I shall not see  
Till all my widow'd race be run;  
Dear as the mother to the son,  
More than my brothers are to me.





X.



HEAR the noise about thy keel ;  
I hear the bell struck in the night :  
I see the cabin-window bright ;  
I see the sailor at the wheel.

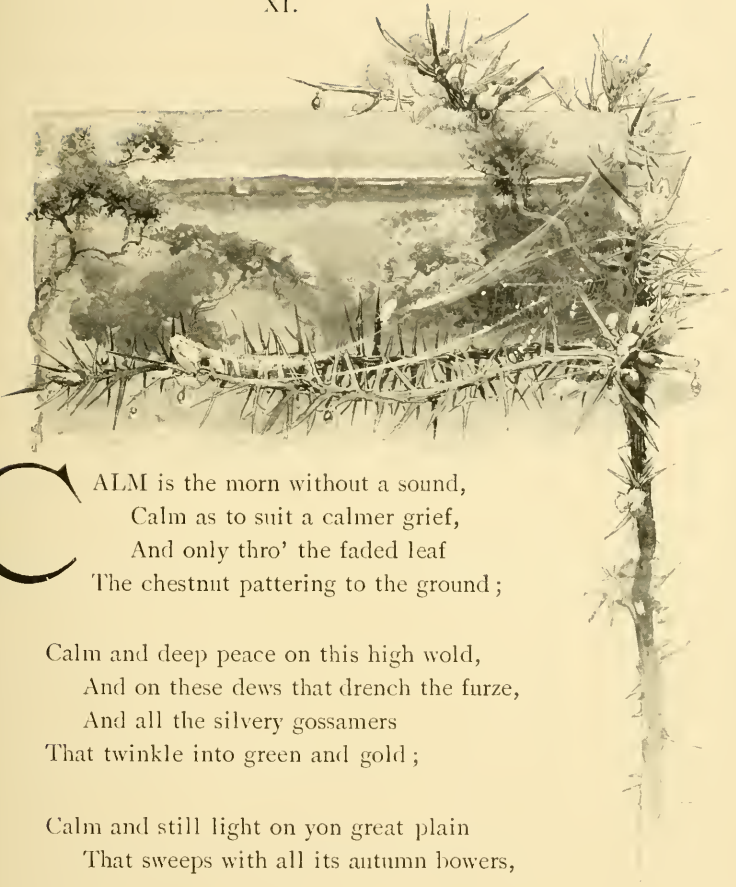
Thou bring'st the sailor to his wife,  
And travell'd men from foreign lands ;  
And letters unto trembling hands ;  
And, thy dark freight, a vanish'd life.

So bring him : we have idle dreams :  
This look of quiet flatters thus  
Our home-bred fancies : O to us,  
The fools of habit, sweeter seems

To rest beneath the clover sod,  
That takes the sunshine and the rains,  
Or where the kneeling hamlet drains  
The chalice of the grapes of God,

Than if with thee the roaring wells  
Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine,  
And hands so often claspt in mine  
Should toss with tangle and with shells.





CALM is the morn without a sound,  
 Calm as to suit a calmer grief,  
 And only thro' the faded leaf  
 The chestnut pattering to the ground ;

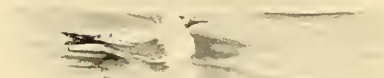
Calm and deep peace on this high wold,  
 And on these dews that drench the furze,  
 And all the silvery gossamers  
 That twinkle into green and gold ;

Calm and still light on yon great plain  
 That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,

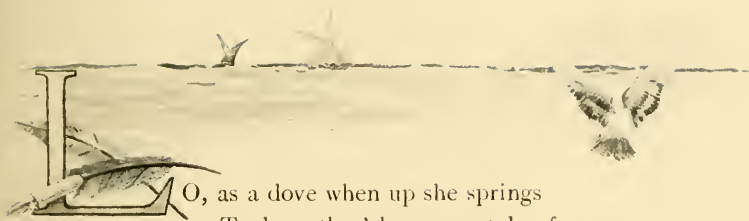
And crowded farms and lessening towers,  
To mingle with the bounding main ;

Calm and deep peace in this wide air,  
These leaves that redden to the fall ;  
And in my heart, if calm at all,  
If any calm, a calm despair :

Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,  
And waves that sway themselves in rest,  
And dead calm in that noble breast  
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.



XII.



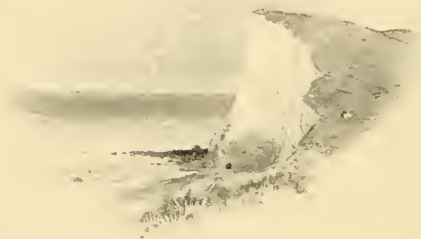
O, as a dove when up she springs  
To bear thro' heaven a tale of  
woe,  
Some dolorous message knit below  
The wild pulsation of her wings,

Like her I go ; I cannot stay ;  
I leave this mortal ark behind,  
A weight of nerves without a mind,  
And leave the cliffs, and haste away

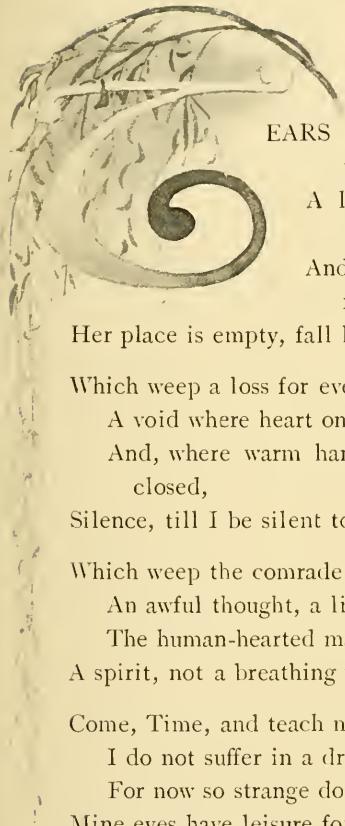
O'er ocean-mirrors rounded large,  
And reach the glow of southern skies,  
And see the sails at distance rise,  
And linger weeping on the marge,

And saying, " Comes he thus, my friend ?  
Is this the end of all my care ?"  
And circle moaning in the air,  
" Is this the end ? Is this the end ?"

And forward dart again, and play  
About the prow, and back return  
To where the body sits, and learn  
That I have been an hour away.



XIII.



EARS of the widower,  
when he sees  
A late-lost form that  
sleep reveals,  
And moves his doubt-  
ful arms, and feels

Her place is empty, fall like these ;

Which weep a loss for ever new,  
A void where heart on heart reposed ;  
And, where warm hands have prest and  
closed,  
Silence, till I be silent too ;

Which weep the comrade of my choice,  
An awful thought, a life removed,  
The human-hearted man I loved,  
A spirit, not a breathing voice.

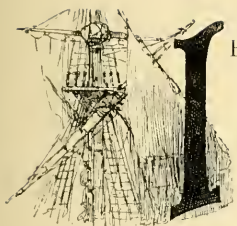
Come, Time, and teach me, many years,  
I do not suffer in a dream ;  
For now so strange do these things seem,  
Mine eyes have leisure for their tears,

My fancies time to rise on wing,  
And glance about the approaching sails,  
As tho' they brought but merchants' bales,  
And not the burthen that they bring.





XIV.



**I**F ONE should bring me this  
report,  
That thou hadst touch'd  
the land to-day,  
And I went down unto the  
quay,  
And found thee lying in the port ;

And standing, muffled round with woe,  
Should see thy passengers in rank  
Come stepping lightly down the plank,  
And beckoning unto those they know ;

And if along with these should come  
The man I held as half-divine,  
Should strike a sudden hand in mine,  
And ask a thousand things of home ;

And I should tell him all my pain,  
And how my life had droop'd of late,  
And he should sorrow o'er my state  
And marvel what possess'd my brain ;

And I perceived no touch of change,  
No hint of death in all his frame,  
But found him all in all the same,  
I should not feel it to be strange.





O-NIGHT the winds begin to rise  
 And roar from yonder drooping  
 day :  
 The last red leaf is whirl'd away,  
 The rooks are blown about the skies ;

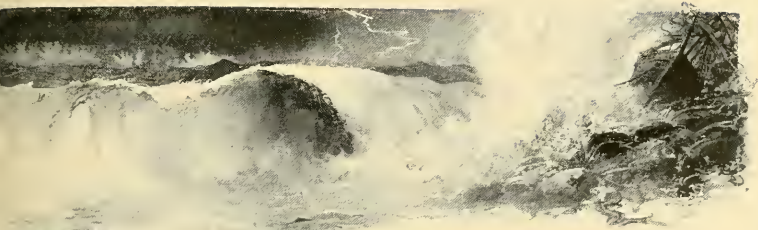
The forest crack'd, the waters curl'd,  
 The cattle huddled on the lea ;  
 And wildly dash'd on tower and tree  
 The sunbeam strikes along the world :

And but for fancies, which aver  
That all thy motions gently pass  
Athwart a plane of molten glass,  
I scarce could brook the strain and stir

That makes the barren branches loud ;  
And but for fear it is not so,  
The wild unrest that lives in woe  
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud

That rises upward always higher,  
And onward drags a laboring breast,  
And topples round the dreary west,  
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

XVI.



WHAT words are these have fallen from  
me ?

Can calm despair and wild unrest  
Be tenants of a single breast,  
Or Sorrow such a changeling be ?

Or doth she only seem to take  
The touch of change in calm or storm,  
But knows no more of transient form  
In her deep self than some dead lake

That holds the shadow of a lark  
Hung in the shadow of a heaven ?  
Or has the shock, so harshly given,  
Confused me like the unhappy bark

That strikes by night a craggy shelf,  
And staggers blindly ere she sink ?  
And stunn'd me from my power to think  
And all my knowledge of myself ;

And made me that delirious man  
Whose fancy fuses old and new,  
And flashes into false and true,  
And mingles all without a plan ?



XVII.

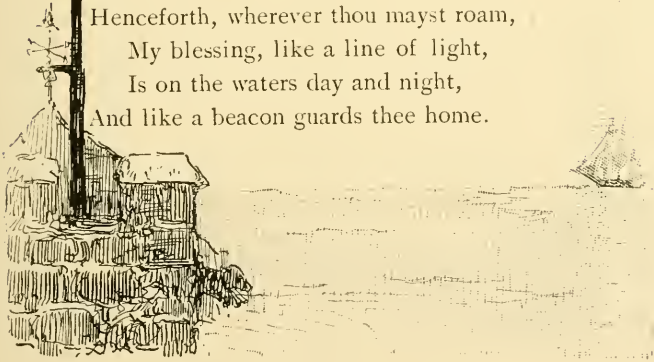


THOU comest, much wept  
for ; such a breeze  
Compell'd thy canvas, and  
my prayer

Was as the whisper of an air  
To breathe thee over lonely seas.

For I in spirit saw thee move  
Thro' circles of the bounding sky,  
Week after week : the days go by :  
Come quick, thou bringest all I love.

Henceforth, wherever thou mayst roam,  
My blessing, like a line of light,  
Is on the waters day and night,  
And like a beacon guards thee home.



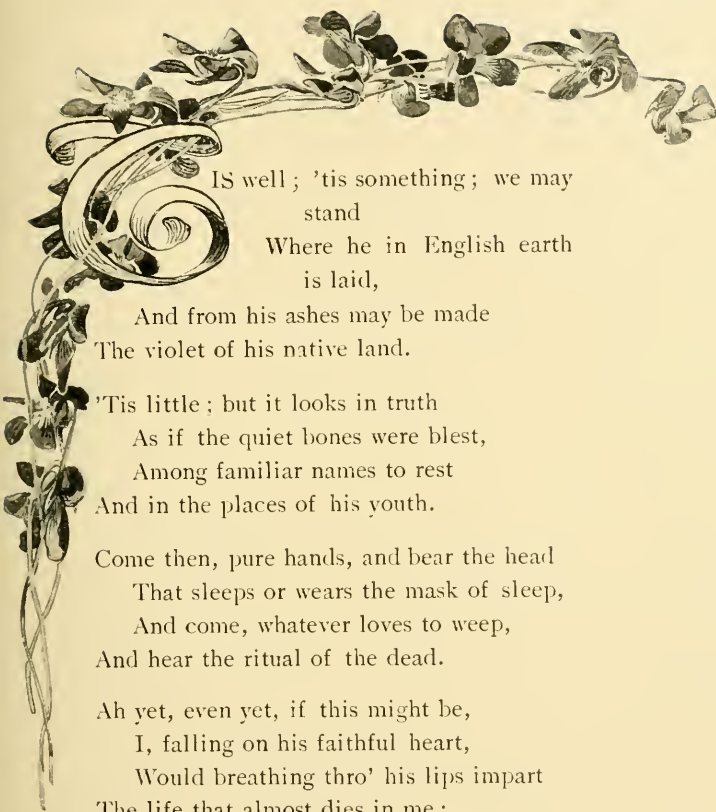
So may whatever tempest mars  
Mid-ocean spare thee, sacred bark,  
And balmy drops in summer dark  
Slide from the bosom of the stars,

So kind an office hath been done,  
Such precious relics brought by thee,  
The dust of him I shall not see  
Till all my widow'd race be run.





XVIII.

A decorative floral illustration on the left side of the page. It features a large, stylized scrollwork element that curves upwards and then downwards. The scrollwork is intertwined with a vine that has several leaves and small flowers. The flowers appear to be violets, consistent with the text. The illustration is rendered in a detailed, engraved style.

IS well ; 'tis something ; we may  
stand  
Where he in English earth  
is laid,

And from his ashes may be made  
The violet of his native land.

'Tis little ; but it looks in truth  
As if the quiet bones were blest,  
Among familiar names to rest  
And in the places of his youth.

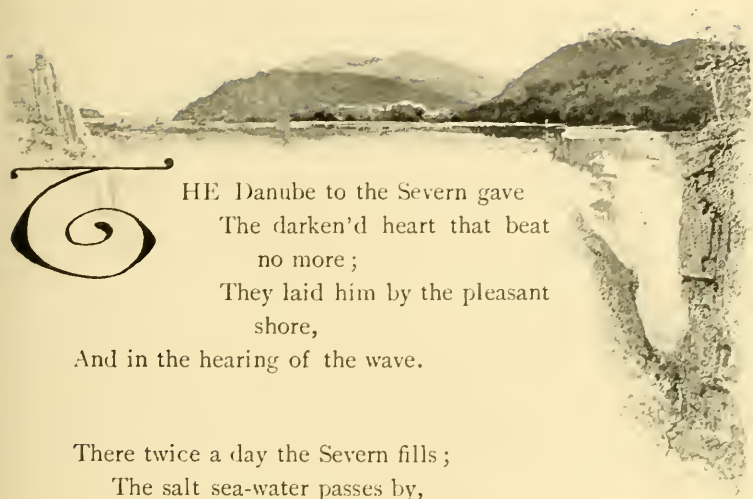
Come then, pure hands, and bear the head  
That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,  
And come, whatever loves to weep,  
And hear the ritual of the dead.

Ah yet, even yet, if this might be,  
I, falling on his faithful heart,  
Would breathing thro' his lips impart  
The life that almost dies in me ;

That dies not, but endures with pain,  
And slowly forms the firmer mind,  
Treasuring the look it cannot find,  
The words that are not heard again.



XIX.



**T**HE Danube to the Severn gave  
The darken'd heart that beat  
no more ;  
They laid him by the pleasant  
shore,  
And in the hearing of the wave.

There twice a day the Severn fills ;  
The salt sea-water passes by,  
And hushes half the babbling Wye,  
And makes a silence in the hills.

The Wye is hush'd nor moved along,  
And hush'd my deepest grief of all,  
When, fill'd with tears that cannot fall,  
I brim with sorrow drowning song.

The tide flows down, the wave again  
Is vocal in its wooded walls ;  
My deeper anguish also falls,  
And I can speak a little then.



XX.



HE lesser griefs that may be said,  
That breathe a thousand tender  
vows,  
Are but as servants in a house  
Where lies the master newly dead ;

Who speak their feeling as it is,  
And weep the fulness from the mind :  
“ It will be hard,” they say, “ to find  
Another service such as this.”


My lighter moods are like to these,  
That out of words a comfort win ;  
But there are other griefs within,  
And tears that at their fountain freeze ;

For by the hearth the children sit  
Cold in that atmosphere of death,  
And scarce endure to draw the breath,  
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit :

But open converse is there none,  
So much the vital spirits sink  
To see the vacant chair, and think,  
“ How good ! how kind ! and he is gone.”



XXI.



SING to him that rests below,  
And, since the grasses round me  
wave,  
I take the grasses of the grave,  
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

The traveller hears me now and then,  
And sometimes harshly will he speak .  
“ This fellow would make weakness weak,  
And melt the waxen hearts of men.”

Another answers, “ Let him be,  
He loves to make parade of pain,  
That with his piping he may gain  
The praise that comes to constancy.”

A third is wroth : “ Is this an hour  
For private sorrow’s barren song,  
When more and more the people throng  
The chairs and thrones of civil power ?

“ A time to sicken and to swoon,  
When Science reaches forth her arms  
To feel from world to world, and charms  
Her secret from the latest moon ? ”

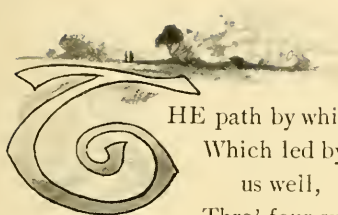
Behold, ye speak an idle thing ;  
Ye never knew the sacred dust :  
I do but sing because I must,  
And pipe but as the linnets sing :

And one is glad ; her note is gay,  
For now her little ones have ranged ;  
And one is sad ; her note is changed,  
Because her brood is stolen away.





XXII.



THE path by which we twain did go,  
Which led by tracts that pleased  
us well,  
Thro' four sweet years arose and  
fell,  
From flower to flower, from snow to snow ;

And we with singing cheer'd the way,  
And, crown'd with all the season lent,  
From April on to April went,  
And glad at heart from May to May :



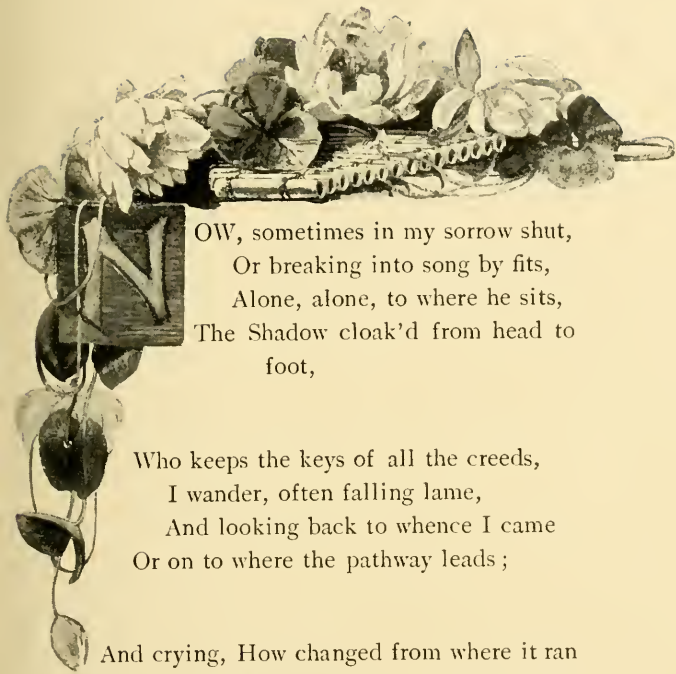
But where the path we walk'd began  
    To slant the fifth autumnal slope,  
    As we descended following Hope,  
There sat the Shadow fear'd of man ;

Who broke our fair companionship,  
    And spread his mantle dark and cold,  
    And wrapt thee formless in the fold,  
And dull'd the murmur on thy lip,

And bore thee where I could not see  
    Nor follow, tho' I walk in haste,  
    And think that somewhere in the waste  
The Shadow sits and waits for me.




XXIII.



OW, sometimes in my sorrow shut,  
Or breaking into song by fits,  
Alone, alone, to where he sits,  
The Shadow cloak'd from head to  
foot,

Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,  
I wander, often falling lame,  
And looking back to whence I came  
Or on to where the pathway leads ;

And crying, How changed from where it ran  
Thro' lands where not a leaf was dumb,  
But all the lavish hills would hum  
The murmur of a happy Pan :



When each by turns was guide to each,  
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,  
And Thought leapt out to wed with  
Thought  
Ere Thought could wed itself with  
Speech ;

And all we met was fair and good,  
And all was good that Time could  
bring,  
And all the secret of the Spring  
Moved in the chambers of the blood ;

And many an old philosophy  
On Argive heights divinely sang,  
And round us all the thicket rang  
To many a flute of Arcady.

XXIV.

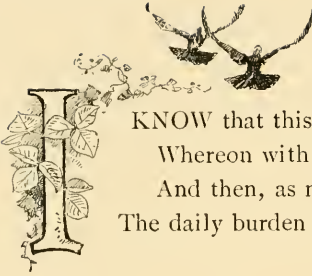


AND was the day of my  
delight  
As pure and perfect  
as I say ?  
The very source and  
fount of day  
Is dash'd with wandering  
isles of night.

If all was good and fair we met,  
This earth had been the Paradise  
It never look'd to human eyes  
Since our first sun arose and set.

And is it that the haze of grief  
Makes former gladness loom so great ?  
The lowness of the present state,  
That sets the past in this relief ?

Or that the past will always win  
A glory from its being far,  
And orb into the perfect star  
We saw not when we moved therein ?



KNOW that this was Life,—the track  
 Whereon with equal feet we fared ;  
 And then, as now, the day prepared  
 The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move  
 As light as carrier-birds in air ;  
 / I loved the weight I had to bear,  
 Because it needed help of Love : /

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,  
 When mighty Love would cleave in twain  
 The lading of a single pain,  
 And part it, giving half to him.



TILL onward winds the dreary  
 way ;  
 I with it ; for I long to prove  
 / No lapse of moons can canker  
 Love,  
 Whatever fickle tongues may say. /

And if that eye which watches guilt  
 And goodness, and hath power to see  
 Within the green the moulder'd tree,  
 And towers fallen as soon as built—

O, if indeed that eye foresee  
 Or see (in Him is no before)  
 In more of life true life no more  
 And Love the indifference to be,

Then might I find, ere yet the morn  
Breaks hither over Indian seas,  
That Shadow waiting with the keys,  
To shroud me from my proper scorn.





XXVII.



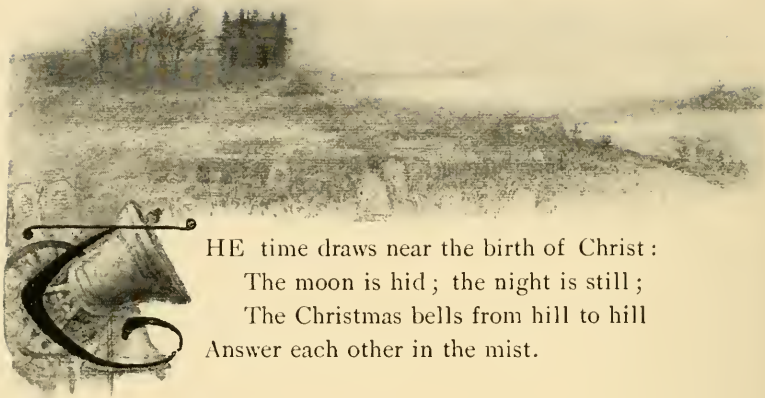
I ENVY not in any moods  
The captive void of noble rage,  
The linnet born within the  
cage,  
That never knew the summer  
woods :

I envy not the beast that takes  
His license in the field of time,  
Unfetter'd by the sense of crime,  
To whom a conscience never wakes ;

Nor, what may count itself as blest,  
The heart that never plighted troth  
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth ;  
Nor any want-begotten rest.

I hold it true, whate'er befall ;  
I feel it, when I sorrow most :  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.

XXVIII.



HE time draws near the birth of Christ :  
The moon is hid ; the night is still ;  
The Christmas bells from hill to hill  
Answer each other in the mist.

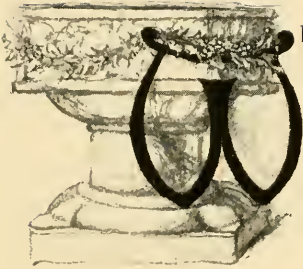
Four voices of four hamlets round,  
From far and near, on mead and moor,  
Swell out and fail, as if a door  
Were shut between me and the sound :

Each voice four changes on the wind,  
That now dilate, and now decrease,  
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,  
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.

This year I slept and woke with pain,  
I almost wish'd no more to wake,  
And that my hold on life would break  
Before I heard those bells again :

But they my troubled spirit rule,  
For they controll'd me when a boy ;  
They bring me sorrow touch'd with joy,  
The merry, merry bells of Yule.

XXIX.



WITH such compelling cause to grieve  
As daily vexes household peace,  
And chains regret to his de-  
    cease,  
How dare we keep our Christmas-  
    eve ;

Which brings no more a welcome guest  
    To enrich the threshold of the night  
    With shower'd largess of delight  
In dance and song and game and jest ?

Yet go, and while the holly boughs  
    Entwine the cold baptismal font,  
    Make one wreath more for Use and Wont,  
That guard the portals of the house ;

Old sisters of a day gone by,  
    Gray nurses, loving nothing new ;  
    Why should they miss their yearly due  
Before their time ? They too will die.

XXX.



WITH trembling fingers did we  
weave  
The holly round the Christ-  
mas hearth ;  
A rainy cloud possess'd the earth,  
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.

At our old pastimes in the hall  
We gamboll'd, making vain pretence  
Of gladness, with an awful sense  
Of one mute Shadow watching all.

We paused : the winds were in the beech :  
We heard them sweep the winter land ;  
And in a circle hand-in-hand  
Sat silent, looking each at each.

Then echo-like our voices rang ;  
We sung, tho' every eye was dim,  
A merry song we sang with him  
Last year : impetuously we sang.

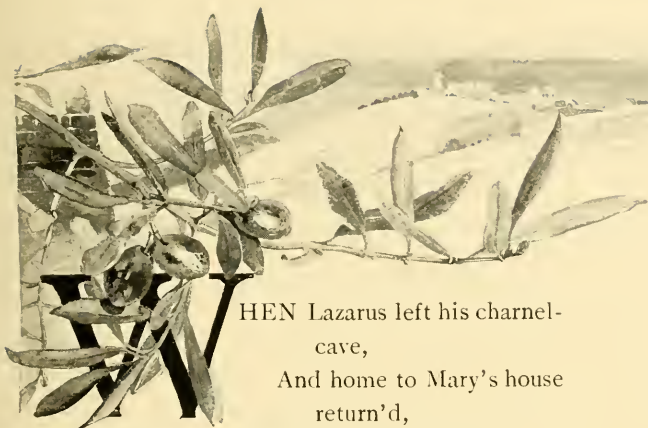
We ceased : a gentler feeling crept  
Upon us : surely rest is meet :  
“ They rest,” we said, “ their sleep is  
sweet,”

And silence follow'd, and we wept.

Our voices took a higher range ;  
Once more we sang : “ They do not die  
Nor lose their mortal sympathy,  
Nor change to us, although they change ;

“ Rapt from the fickle and the frail  
With gather'd power, yet the same,  
Pierces the keen seraphic flame  
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.”

Rise, happy morn, rise, holy morn,  
Draw forth the cheerful day from night ;  
O Father, touch the east, and light  
The light that shone when Hope was born.



WHEN Lazarus left his charnel-  
cave,  
And home to Mary's house  
return'd,

Was this demanded—if he yearn'd  
To hear her weeping by his grave ?

“ Where wert thou, brother, those four  
days? ”

There lives no record of reply,  
Which telling what it is to die  
Had surely added praise to praise.

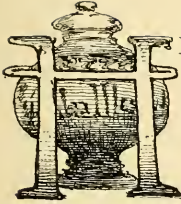
From every house the neighbors met,  
The streets were fill'd with joyful sound,  
A solemn gladness even crown'd  
The purple brows of Olivet.

Behold a man raised up by Christ!  
The rest remaineth unreveal'd;  
He told it not, or something seal'd  
The lips of that Evangelist.





XXXII.



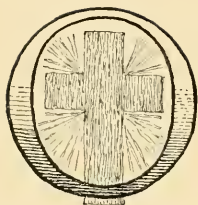
HER eyes are homes of silent prayer,  
Nor other thought her mind  
admits  
But, he was dead, and there he  
sits,  
And he that brought him back is there.

Then one deep love doth supersede  
All other, when her ardent gaze  
Roves from the living brother's face,  
And rests upon the Life indeed.

All subtle thought, all curious fears,  
Borne down by gladness so complete,  
She bows, she bathes the Saviour's feet  
With costly spikenard and with tears.

Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,  
Whose loves in higher love endure ;  
What souls possess themselves so pure,  
Or is there blessedness like theirs ?

XXXIII.

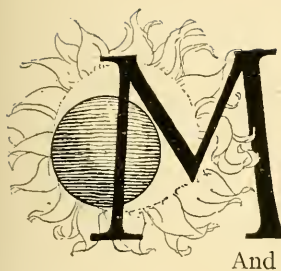


THOU that after toil and storm  
    Mayst seem to have reach'd a purer air,  
    Whose faith has centre everywhere,  
Nor cares to fix itself to form,

Leave thou thy sister when she prays,  
    Her early Heaven, her happy views ;  
    Nor thou with shadow'd hint confuse  
A life that leads melodious days.

Her faith thro' form is pure as thine,  
    Her hands are quicker unto good :  
    O, sacred be the flesh and blood  
To which she links a truth divine !

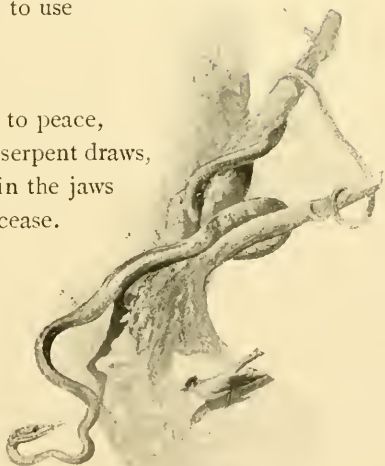
See thou, that countest reason ripe  
    In holding by the law within,  
    Thou fail not in a world of sin,  
And even for want of such a type.


**M**Y own dim life should  
 teach me this,  
 That life shall live for  
 evermore,  
 Else earth is darkness  
 at the core,  
 And dust and ashes all that is ;

This round of green, this orb of flame,  
 Fantastic beauty ; such as lurks  
 •In some wild poet, when he works  
 Without a conscience or an aim.

What then were God to such as I ?  
 'Twere hardly worth my while to choose  
 Of things all mortal, or to use  
 A little patience ere I die ;

'Twere best at once to sink to peace,  
 Like birds the charming serpent draws,  
 To drop head-foremost in the jaws  
 Of vacant darkness and to cease.





ET if some voice that man could trust  
 Should murmur from the narrow house,  
 "The cheeks drop in, the body bows;  
 Man dies : nor is there hope in dust :"

Might I not say, "Yet even here,  
 But for one hour, O Love, I strive  
 To keep so sweet a thing alive" ?  
 But I should turn mine ears and hear

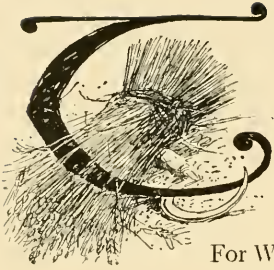
The moanings of the homeless sea,  
 The sound of streams that swift or slow  
 Draw down Æonian hills, and sow  
 The dust of continents to be ;

And Love would answer with a sigh,  
 "The sound of that forgetful shore  
 Will change my sweetness more and more,  
 Half-dead to know that I shall die."

O me, what profits it to put  
An idle case? If Death were seen  
At first as Death, Love had not been,  
Or been in narrowest working shut,

Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,  
Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape  
Had bruised the herb and crush'd the  
grape,  
And bask'd and batten'd in the woods.





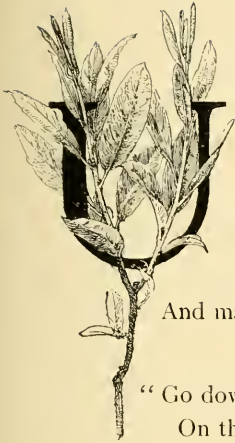
HO' truths in manhood darkly join,  
 Deep-seated in our mystic frame,  
 We yield all blessing to the name  
 Of Him that made them current coin ;

For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,  
 Where truth in closest words shall fail,  
 When truth embodied in a tale  
 Shall enter in at lowly doors.

And so the Word had breath, and wrought  
 With human hands the creed of creeds  
 In loveliness of perfect deeds,  
 More strong than all poetic thought ;

Which he may read that binds the sheaf,  
 Or builds the house, or digs the grave,  
 And those wild eyes that watch the wave,  
 In roarings round the coral reef.

XXXVII.



RANIA speaks with darken'd  
brow :

“Thou pratest here where  
thou art least ;

This faith has many a purer  
priest,

And many an abler voice than thou.

“Go down beside thy native rill,  
On thy Parnassus set thy feet,  
And hear thy laurel whisper sweet  
About the ledges of the hill.”

And my Melpomene replies,  
A touch of shame upon her cheek :

“I am not worthy even to speak  
Of thy prevailing mysteries ;

“For I am but an earthly Muse,  
· / And owning but a little art  
To lull with song an aching heart, /  
And render human love his dues ;

“ But brooding on the dear one dead,  
And all he said of things divine  
(And dear to me as sacred wine  
To dying lips is all he said),

“ I murmur'd, as I came along,  
Of comfort claspt in truth reveal'd ;  
And loiter'd in the master's field,  
And darken'd sanctities with song.”







WITH weary steps I loiter on,  
 Tho' always under alter'd skies  
 The purple from the distance  
 dies,  
 My prospect and horizon gone. /

No joy the blowing season gives,  
 The herald melodies of spring,  
 But in the songs I love to sing  
 A doubtful gleam of solace lives.

If any care for what is here  
 Survive in spirits render'd free,  
 Then are these songs I sing of thee  
 Not all ungrateful to thine ear.



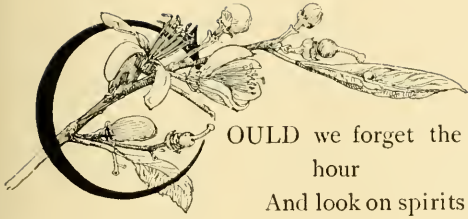
OLD warden of these buried bones,  
 And answering now my random stroke  
 With fruitful cloud and living smoke,  
 Dark yew, that graspest at the stones

And dippest toward the dreamless head,  
 To thee too comes the golden hour  
 When flower is feeling after flower;  
 But Sorrow—fixt upon the dead,

And darkening the dark graves of men,—  
 What whisper'd from her lying lips?  
 Thy gloom is kindled at the tips,  
 And passes into gloom again.



XL.



COULD we forget the widow'd  
hour  
And look on spirits breathed  
away,  
As on a maiden in the day  
When first she wears her orange-flower !

When crown'd with blessing she doth rise  
To take her latest leave of home,  
And hopes and light regrets that come  
Make April of her tender eyes ;

And doubtful joys the father move,  
And tears are on the mother's face,  
As parting with a long embrace  
She enters other realms of love ;

Her office there to rear, to teach,  
Becoming as is meet and fit  
A link among the days, to knit  
The generations each with each :

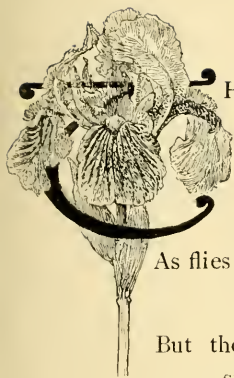
And, doubtless, unto thee is given  
A life that bears immortal fruit  
In those great offices that suit  
The full-grown energies of heaven.

Ay me, the difference I discern !  
How often shall her old fireside  
Be cheer'd with tidings of the bride,  
How often she herself return,

And tell them all they would have told,  
And bring her babe, and make her boast,  
Till even those that miss'd her most  
Shall count new things as dear as old :

But thou and I have shaken hands,  
Till growing winters lay me low ;  
My paths are in the fields I know,  
And thine in undiscover'd lands.

XLI.

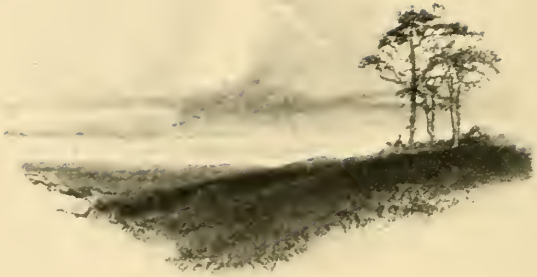


HY spirit ere our fatal loss  
Did ever rise from high to  
higher ;  
As mounts the heavenward  
altar-fire,  
As flies the lighter thro' the gross.

But thou art turn'd to something  
strange,  
And I have lost the links that bound  
Thy changes ; here upon the ground,  
No more partaker of thy change.

Deep folly ! yet that this could be—  
That I could wing my will with might  
To leap the grades of life and light,  
And flash at once, my friend, to thee.

For tho' my nature rarely yields  
To that vague fear implied in death,  
Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,  
The howlings from forgotten fields ;



Yet oft when sundown skirts the moor  
    An inner trouble I behold,  
    A spectral doubt which makes me cold,  
That I shall be thy mate no more,

Tho' following with an upward mind  
    The wonders that have come to thee,  
    'Thro' all the secular to-be,  
But evermore a life behind.

XLII.



VEX my heart with fancies dim :  
He still outstript me in the  
race ;  
It was but unity of place  
That made me dream I rank'd with him.

And so may place retain us still,  
And he the much-beloved again,  
A lord of large experience, train  
To riper growth the mind and will :

And what delights can equal those  
That stir the spirit's inner deeps,  
When one that loves, but knows not, reaps  
A truth from one that loves and knows ?



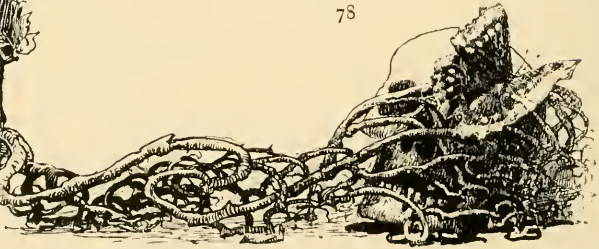


I F SLEEP and Death be truly one;  
 And every spirit's folded bloom  
 Thro' all its intervital gloom  
 In some long trance should slumber on :

Unconscious of the sliding hour,  
 Bare of the body, might it last,  
 And silent traces of the past  
 Be all the colour of the flower :

So then were nothing lost to man ;  
 So that still garden of the souls  
 In many a figured leaf enrolls  
 The total world since life began ;

And love will last as pure and whole  
 As when he loved me here in Time,  
 And at the spiritual prime  
 Rewaken with the dawning soul.





XLIV.



HOW fares it with the happy  
dead ?

For here the man is more  
and more ;

But he forgets the days be-  
fore

God shut the doorways of his head.

The days have vanish'd, tone and tint,  
And yet perhaps the hoarding sense  
Gives out at times (he knows not whence)  
A little flash, a mystic hint ;

And in the long harmonious years  
(If Death so taste Lethean springs)  
May some dim touch of earthly things  
Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.

If such a dreamy touch should fall,  
O turn thee round, resolve the doubt ;  
My guardian angel will speak out  
In that high place, and tell thee all.

XLV.



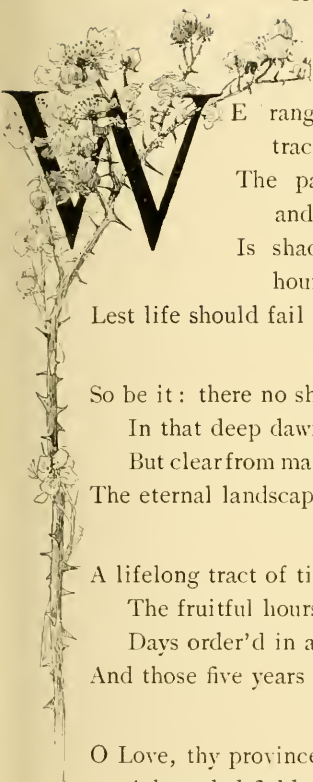
THE baby new to earth and sky,  
What time his tender palm is prest  
Against the circle of the breast,  
Has never thought that "this is I:"

But as he grows he gathers much,  
And learns the use of "I," and "me,"  
And finds "I am not what I see,  
And other than the things I touch."

So rounds he to a separate mind  
From whence clear memory may begin,  
As thro' the frame that binds him in  
His isolation grows defined.

This use may lie in blood and breath,  
Which else were fruitless of their due,  
Had man to learn himself anew  
Beyond the second birth of death.

XLVI.



W E ranging down this lower  
track,  
The path we came by, thorn  
and flower,  
Is shadow'd by the growing  
hour,  
Lest life should fail in looking back.

So be it: there no shade can last  
In that deep dawn behind the tomb,  
But clear from marge to marge shall bloom  
The eternal landscape of the past;

A lifelong tract of time reveal'd;  
The fruitful hours of still increase;  
Days order'd in a wealthy peace,  
And those five years its richest field.

O Love, thy province were not large,  
A bounded field, nor stretching far;  
Look also, Love, a brooding star,  
A rosy warmth from marge to marge!

XLVII.



HAT each, who seems a separate whole,  
Should move his rounds and, fusing all  
The skirts of self again, should fall  
Remerging in the general Soul,

Is faith as vague as all unsweet :  
Eternal form shall still divide  
The eternal soul from all beside,  
And I shall know him when we meet ;

And we shall sit at endless feast,  
Enjoying each the other's good :  
What vaster dream can hit the mood  
Of Love on earth ? He seeks at least

Upon the last and sharpest height,  
Before the spirits fade away,  
Some landing-place, to clasp and say,  
“ Farewell ! We lose ourselves in light.”

XLVIII.



If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,  
Were taken to be such as closed  
Grave doubts and answers here pro-  
posed,  
Then these were such as men might  
scorn.

Her care is not to part and prove :  
She takes, when harsher moods remit,  
What slender shade of doubt may flit,  
And makes it vassal unto love ;

And hence, indeed, she sports with words,  
But better serves a wholesome law,  
And holds it sin and shame to draw  
The deepest measure from the chords ;

Nor dare she trust a larger lay,  
But rather loosens from the lip  
Short swallow-flights of song, that dip  
Their wings in tears and skim away.






**F**ROM art, from nature, from the schools,  
Let random influences glance,  
Like light in many a shiver'd lance  
That breaks about the dappled pools.

The lightest wave of thought shall lisp,  
The fancy's tenderest eddy wreathe,  
The slightest air of song shall breathe  
To make the sullen surface crisp.



And look thy look, and go thy way,  
But blame not thou the winds that make  
The seeming-wanton ripple break,  
The tender-pencill'd shadow play.

Beneath all fancied hopes and fears  
Ay me, the sorrow deepens down,  
Whose muffled motions blindly drown  
The bases of my life in tears.




BE NEAR me when my light is low,  
 When the blood creeps, and the  
       nerves prick  
 And tingle; and the heart is sick,  
 And all the wheels of being slow.

Be near me when the sensuous frame  
       Is rack'd with pangs that conquer trust;  
 And Time a maniac scattering dust,  
 And Life a Fury slinging flame.

Be near me when my faith is dry,  
       And men the flies of latter spring,  
       That lay their eggs, and sting and sing  
 And weave their petty cells and die.

Be near me when I fade away,  
       To point the term of human strife,  
       And on the low dark verge of life  
 The twilight of eternal day.





LI.



O WE indeed desire the  
dead  
Should still be near us at  
our side ?

Is there no baseness we would  
hide?

No inner vileness that we dread ?

Shall he for whose applause I strove,  
I had such reverence for his blame,  
See with clear eye some hidden shame  
And I be lessen'd in his love ?

I wrong the grave with fears untrue :  
Shall love be blamed for want of faith ?  
There must be wisdom with great Death :  
The dead shall look me thro' and thro'.

Be near us when we climb or fall :  
Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours  
With larger other eyes than ours,  
To make allowance for us all.



CANNOT love thee as I ought,  
 For love reflects the thing beloved ;  
 My words are only words, and moved  
 Upon the topmost froth of thought.

“ Yet blame not thou thy plaintive song,”  
 The Spirit of true love replied ;  
 “ Thou canst not move me from thy side,  
 Nor human frailty do me wrong.

“ What keeps a spirit wholly true  
 To that ideal which he bears ?  
 What record ? not the sinless years  
 That breathed beneath the Syrian blue :

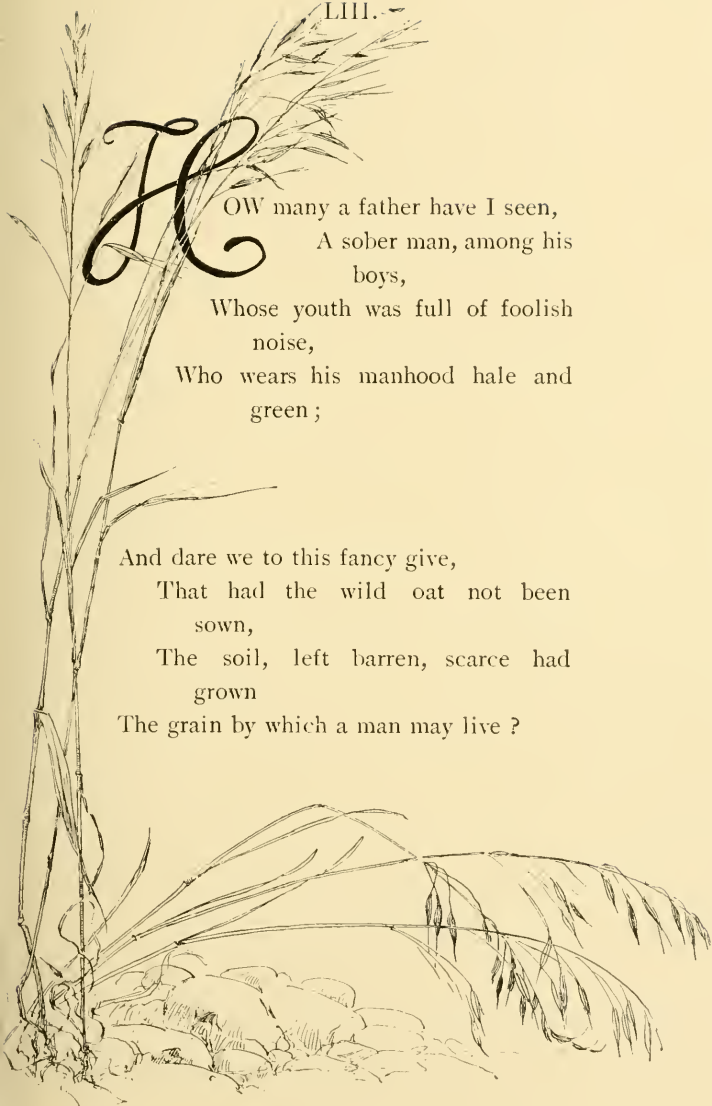
“ So fret not, like an idle girl,  
 That life is dash'd with flecks of sin.  
 Abide : thy wealth is gather'd in,  
 When Time hath sunder'd shell from pearl.”



H

OW many a father have I seen,  
A sober man, among his  
boys,  
Whose youth was full of foolish  
noise,  
Who wears his manhood hale and  
green ;

And dare we to this fancy give,  
That had the wild oat not been  
sown,  
The soil, left barren, scarce had  
grown  
The grain by which a man may live ?



Or, if we held the doctrine sound  
For life outliving heats of youth,  
Yet who would preach it as a truth  
To those that eddy round and round ?

Hold thou the good ; define it well :  
For fear divine Philosophy  
Should push beyond her mark, and be  
Procuress to the Lords of Hell.





YET we trust that somehow good  
 Will be the final goal of ill,  
 To pangs of nature, sins of will,  
 Defects of doubt, and taints of blood :

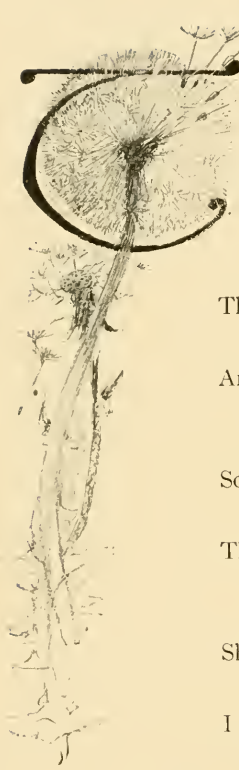
That nothing walks with aimless feet ;  
 That not one life shall be destroy'd,  
 Or cast as rubbish to the void,  
 When God hath made the pile complete ;

That not a worm is cloven in vain ;  
 That not a moth with vain desire  
 Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,  
 Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything ;  
 I can but trust that good shall fall  
 At last—far off—at last, to all,  
 And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream : but what am I ?  
 An infant crying in the night ;  
 An infant crying for the light ;  
 And with no language but a cry.





HE wish, that of the living whole  
 No life may fail beyond the  
 grave,  
 Derives it not from what we have  
 The likest God within our soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,  
 That Nature lends such evil dreams ?  
 So careful of the type she seems,  
 So careless of the single life,

That I, considering everywhere  
 Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
 And finding that of fifty seeds  
 She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,  
 And falling with my weight of cares  
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
 That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope.



O CAREFUL of the type ?” but no.  
 From scarpèd cliff and quarried  
 stone  
 She cries, “ A thousand types are  
 gone :

I care for nothing, all shall go.

“ Thou makest thine appeal to me :  
 I bring to life, I bring to death ;  
 The spirit does but mean the breath :  
 I know no more.” And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,  
 Such splendid purpose in his eyes,  
 Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,  
 Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed  
 And love Creation's final law—  
 Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw  
 With ravin, shriek'd against his creed—

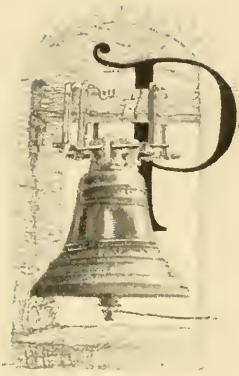




Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,  
Who battled for the True, the Just,  
Be blown about the desert dust,  
Or seal'd within the iron hills ?

No more ? A monster then, a dream,  
A discord. Dragons of the prime,  
That tare each other in their slime,  
Were mellow music match'd with him.

O life as futile, then, as frail !  
O for thy voice to soothe and bless !  
What hope of answer, or redress ?  
Behind the veil, behind the veil.



**P**EACE ; come away : the song of woe  
 Is after all an earthly song :  
 Peace ; come away : we do him  
 wrong  
 To sing so wildly : let us go.

Come, let us go : your cheeks are  
 pale ;  
 But half my life I leave behind :  
 Methinks my friend is richly shrined ;  
 But I shall pass ; my work will fail.

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,  
 One set slow bell will seem to toll  
 The passing of the sweetest soul  
 That ever look'd with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,  
 Eternal greetings to the dead ;  
 And " Ave, Ave, Ave," said,  
 " Adieu, adieu," for evermore.

LVIII.

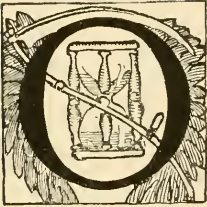


N those sad words I took farewell :  
Like echoes in sepulchral halls,  
As drop by drop the water falls  
In vaults and catacombs, they fell ;

And, falling, idly broke the peace  
Of hearts that beat from day to day,  
Half-conscious of their dying clay,  
And those cold crypts where they shall  
cease.

The high Muse answer'd : “ Wherefore grieve  
Thy brethren with a fruitless tear ?  
Abide a little longer here,  
And thou shalt take a nobler leave.”



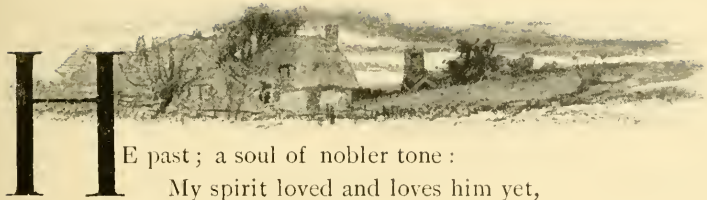


SORROW, wilt thou live with me  
 No casual mistress, but a wife,  
 My bosom-friend and half of life ;  
 As I confess it needs must be ?

O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,  
 Be sometimes lovely like a bride,  
 And put thy harsher moods aside,  
 If thou wilt have me wise and good ?

My centred passion cannot move,  
 Nor will it lessen from to-day ;  
 But I'll have leave at times to play  
 As with the creature of my love ;

And set thee forth, for thou art mine,  
 With so much hope for years to come,  
 That, howsoe'er I know thee, some  
 Could hardly tell what name were thine.

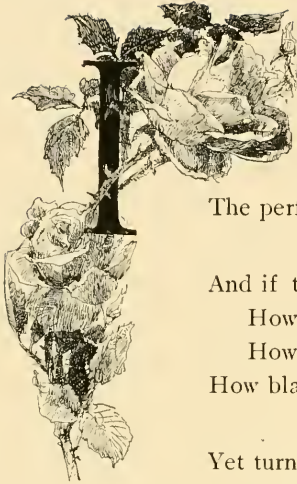


**H**E past ; a soul of nobler tone :  
 My spirit loved and loves him yet,  
 Like some poor girl whose heart is set  
 On one whose rank exceeds her own.

He mixing with his proper sphere,  
 She finds the baseness of her lot,  
 Half jealous of she knows not what,  
 And envying all that meet him there.

The little village looks forlorn ;  
 She sighs amid her narrow days,  
 Moving about the household ways,  
 In that dark house where she was born.

The foolish neighbors come and go,  
 And tease her till the day draws by :  
 At night she weeps, " How vain am I !  
 How should he love a thing so low ? "



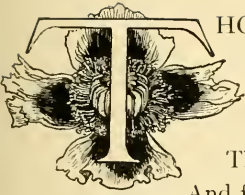
F; in thy second state sublime,  
 Thy ransom'd reason change  
 replies  
 With all the circle of the wise,  
 The perfect flower of human time ;

And if thou cast thine eyes below,  
 How dimly character'd and slight,  
 How dwarf'd a growth of cold and night,  
 How blanch'd with darkness must I grow !

Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,  
 Where thy first form was made a man ;  
 I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can  
 The soul of Shakspeare love thee more.



LXII.



HO' if an eye that's downward  
cast  
Could make thee somewhat  
blench or fail,  
Then be my love an idle tale,  
And fading legend of the past ;

And thou, as one that once declined,  
When he was little more than boy,  
On some unworthy heart with joy,  
But lives to wed an equal mind ;

And breathes a novel world, the while  
His other passion wholly dies,  
Or in the light of deeper eyes  
Is matter for a flying smile.





YET pity for a horse o'er-driven,  
 And love in which my hound has part,  
 Can hang no weight upon my heart  
 In its assumptions up to heaven ;

And I am so much more than these  
 As thou, perchance, art more than I,  
 And yet I spare them sympathy,  
 And I would set their pains at ease.

So mayst thou watch me where I weep,  
 As, unto vaster motions bound,  
 The circuits of thine orbit round  
 A higher height, a deeper deep.



LXIV.



LOST thou look back on what  
hath been,  
As some divinely gifted  
man,  
Whose life in low estate  
began  
And on a simple village green ;

Who breaks his birth's invidious bar,  
And grasps the skirts of happy chance,  
And breasts the blows of circumstance,  
And grapples with his evil star ;

Who makes by force his merit known  
And lives to clutch the golden keys,  
To mould a mighty state's decrees,  
And shape the whisper of the throne ;

And, moving up from high to higher,  
Becomes on Fortune's crowning slope  
The pillar of a people's hope,  
The centre of a world's desire ;

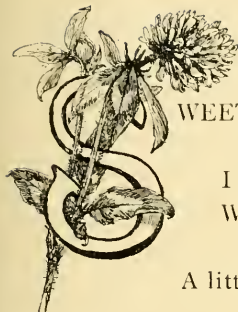
/ Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,  
When all his active powers are still,  
A distant dearness in the hill,  
A secret sweetness in the stream, /

The limit of his narrower fate,  
While yet beside its vocal springs  
He play'd at counsellors and kings,  
With one that was his earliest mate ;

Who ploughs with pain his native lea  
And reaps the labour of his hands,  
Or in the furrow musing stands :  
“ Does my old friend remember me ? ”



LXV.

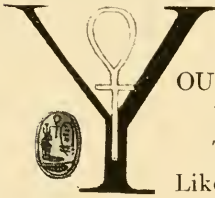


WEET soul, do with me as thou  
wilt ;  
I lull a fancy trouble-tost  
With " Love's too precious to  
be lost,  
A little grain shall not be spilt."

And in that solace can I sing,  
Till out of painful phases wrought  
There flutters up a happy thought,  
Self-balanced on a lightsome wing :

Since we deserved the name of friends,  
And thine effect so lives in me,  
A part of mine may live in thee  
And move thee on to noble ends.





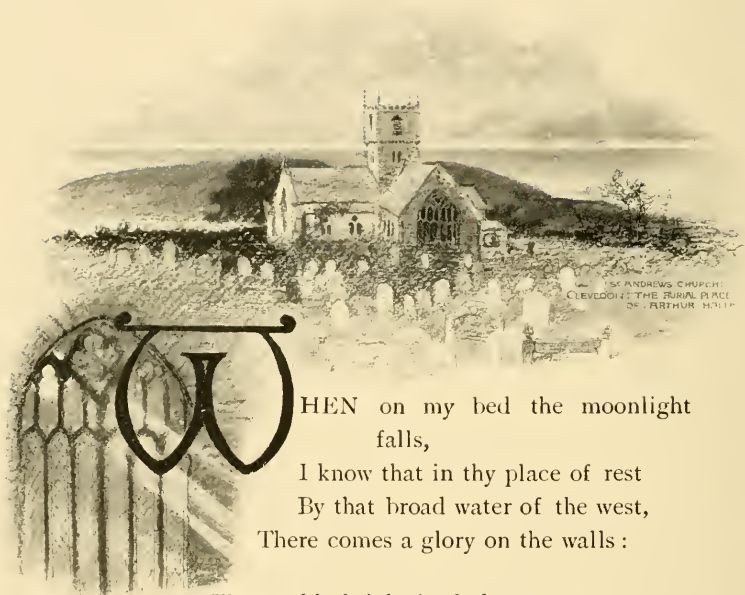
YOU thought my heart too far diseased ;  
 You wonder when my fancies play  
 To find me gay among the gay,  
 Like one with any trifle pleased.

The shade by which my life was crost,  
 Which makes a desert in the mind,  
 Has made me kindly with my kind,  
 And like to him whose sight is lost ;

Whose feet are guided thro' the land,  
Whose jest among his friends is free,  
Who takes the children on his knee,  
And winds their curls about his hand :

He plays with threads, he beats his chair  
For pastime, dreaming of the sky ;  
His inner day can never die,  
His night of loss is always there.





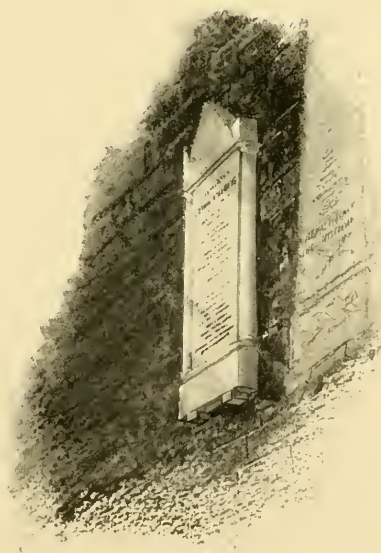
WHEN on my bed the moonlight  
falls,  
I know that in thy place of rest  
By that broad water of the west,  
There comes a glory on the walls :

Thy marble bright in dark appears,  
As slowly steals a silver flame  
Along the letters of thy name,  
And o'er the number of thy years.

The mystic glory swims away ;  
From off my bed the moonlight dies ;

And closing eaves of wearied eyes  
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray :

And then I know the mist is drawn  
A lucid veil from coast to coast,  
And in the dark church like a ghost  
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.



LXVIII.



WHEN in the down I sink my head,  
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, times my  
breath ;  
Sleep, Death's twin-brother, knows not  
Death,  
Nor can I dream of thee as dead.

I walk as ere I walk'd forlorn,  
When all our path was fresh with dew,  
And all the bugle breezes blew  
Reveillée to the breaking morn.

But what is this ? I turn about,  
I find a trouble in thine eye,  
Which makes me sad I know not why,  
Nor can my dream resolve the doubt :

But ere the lark hath left the lea  
I wake, and I discern the truth ;  
It is the trouble of my youth  
That foolish sleep transfers to thee.



LXIX.



DREAM'D there would be Spring  
no more,  
That Nature's ancient power  
was lost :  
The streets were black with  
smoke and frost,  
They chatter'd trifles at the door.

I wander'd from the noisy town,  
I found a wood with thorny boughs ;  
I took the thorns to bind my brows,  
I wore them like a civic crown.

I met with scoffs, I met with scorns  
From youth and babe and hoary hairs ;  
They call'd me in the public squares  
The fool that wears a crown of thorns.

They call'd me fool, they call'd me child :  
I found an angel of the night ;  
The voice was low, the look was bright ;  
He look'd upon my crown and smiled.

He reach'd the glory of a hand,  
That seem'd to touch it into leaf :  
The voice was not the voice of grief,  
The words were hard to understand.





I CANNOT see the features right,  
 When on the gloom I strive to  
 paint  
 The face I know ; the hues are  
 faint  
 And mix with hollow masks of  
 night ;

Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,  
 A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,  
 A hand that points, and pallèd shapes  
 In shadowy thoroughfares of thought ;

And crowds that stream from yawning doors,  
 And shoals of pucker'd faces drive ;  
 Dark bulks that tumble half alive,  
 And lazy lengths on boundless shores ;

Till all at once beyond the will  
 I hear a wizard music roll,  
 And thro' a lattice on the soul  
 Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

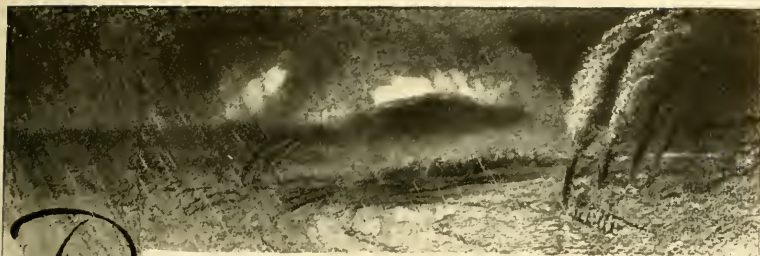


**S**LEEP, kinsman thou to death and trance  
 And madness, thou hast forged at last  
 A night-long present of the past  
 In which we went thro' summer France.

Hadst thou such credit with the soul ?  
 Then bring an opiate trebly strong,  
 Drug down the blindfold sense of wrong,  
 That so my pleasure may be whole ;

While now we talk as once we talk'd  
 Of men and minds, the dust of change,  
 The days that grow to something strange,  
 In walking as of old we walk'd

Beside the river's wooded reach,  
 The fortress, and the mountain ridge,  
 The cataract flashing from the bridge,  
 The breaker breaking on the beach.



R

ISEST' thou thus, dim dawn, again,  
 And howlest, issuing out of night,  
 With blasts that blow the poplar  
 white,  
 And lash with storm the streaming pane ?

Day, when my crown'd estate begun  
 To pine in that reverse of doom,  
 Which sicken'd every living bloom,  
 And blurr'd the splendour of the sun ;

Who usherest in the dolorous hour  
 With thy quick tears that make the rose  
 Pull sideways, and the daisy close  
 Her crimson fringes to the shower ;

Who mightst have heaved a windless flame  
 Up the deep east, or, whispering, play'd

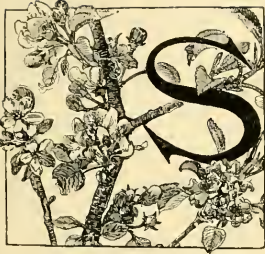
A chequer-work of beam and shade  
Along the hills, yet look'd the same,

As wan, as chill, as wild as now ;  
Day, mark'd as with some hideous crime,  
When the dark hand struck down thro'  
time,  
And cancell'd nature's best : but thou,

Lift as thou mayst thy burthen'd brows  
Thro' clouds that drench the morning star,  
And whirl the ungarner'd sheaf afar,  
And sow the sky with flying boughs,

And up thy vault with roaring sound  
Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day ;  
Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray,  
And hide thy shame beneath the ground.





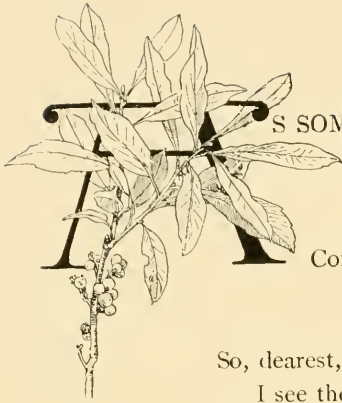
O MANY worlds, so much  
to do,  
So little done, such  
things to be,  
How know I what had  
need of thee,

For thou wert strong as thou wert true ?

The fame is quench'd that I foresaw,  
The head hath miss'd an earthly wreath :  
I curse not Nature, no, nor Death ;  
For nothing is that errs from law.

We pass ; the path that each man trod  
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds.  
What fame is left for human deeds  
In endless age ? It rests with God.

O hollow wraith of dying fame,  
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,  
And self-infolds the large results  
Of force that would have forged a name.

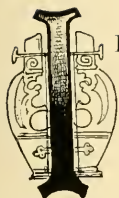


S SOMETIMES in a dead man's face,  
 To those that watch it more  
 and more,  
 A likeness, hardly seen before,  
 Comes out—to some one of his race ;

So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,  
 I see thee what thou art, and know  
 Thy likeness to the wise below,  
 Thy kindred with the great of old.

But there is more that I can see,  
 And what I see I leave unsaid,  
 Nor speak it, knowing Death has made  
 His darkness beautiful with thee.





LEAVE thy praises unexpress'd  
 In verse that brings myself relief,  
 And by the measure of my grief  
 I leave thy greatness to be guess'd.

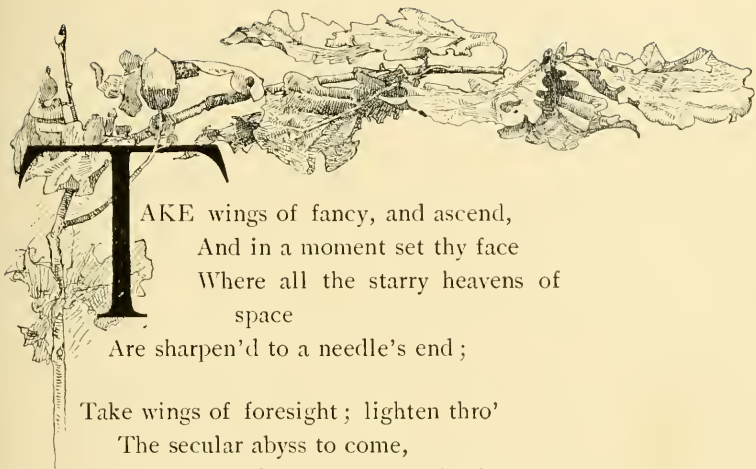
What practice howsoe'er expert  
 In fitting aptest words to things,  
 Or voice the richest-toned that sings,  
 Hath power to give thee as thou wert ?

I care not in these fading days  
 To raise a cry that lasts not long,  
 And round thee with the breeze of song  
 To stir a little dust of praise.

Thy leaf has perish'd in the green,  
 And, while we breathe beneath the sun,  
 The world which credits what is done  
 Is cold to all that might have been.

So here shall silence guard thy fame ;  
But somewhere, out of human view,  
Whate'er thy hands are set to do  
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.



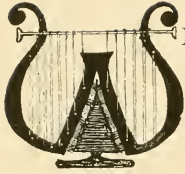


TAKE wings of fancy, and ascend,  
 And in a moment set thy face  
 Where all the starry heavens of  
 space  
 Are sharpen'd to a needle's end ;

Take wings of foresight ; lighten thro'  
 The secular abyss to come,  
 And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb  
 Before the mouldering of a yew ;

And if the matin songs, that woke  
 The darkness of our planet, last,  
 Thine own shall wither in the vast  
 Ere half the lifetime of an oak.

Ere these have clothed their branchy bowers  
 With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain ;  
 And what are they when these remain  
 The ruin'd shells of hollow towers ?



HAT hope is here for modern rhyme  
 To him who turns a musing eye  
 On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie  
 Foreshorten'd in the tract of time ?

These mortal lullabies of pain  
 May bind a book, may line a box,  
 May serve to curl a maiden's locks ;  
 Or when a thousand moons shall wane

A man upon a stall may find,  
 And, passing, turn the page that tells  
 A grief, then changed to something else,  
 Sung by a long-forgotten mind.

But what of that ? My darken'd ways  
 Shall ring with music all the same ;  
 To breathe my loss is more than fame,  
 To utter love more sweet than praise.



**A** GAIN at Christmas did we  
weave

The holly round the Christmas hearth ;  
The silent snow possess'd the earth,  
And calmly fell our Christmas-eve.

The yule-log sparkled keen with frost,  
No wing of wind the region swept,  
But over all things brooding slept  
The quiet sense of something lost.

As in the winters left behind,  
    Again our ancient games had place,  
    The mimic picture's breathing grace,  
And dance and song and hoodman-blind.

Who show'd a token of distress ?  
    No single tear, no mark of pain :  
    O sorrow, then can sorrow wane ?  
O grief, can grief be changed to less ?

O last regret, regret can die !  
    No—mixt with all this mystic frame,  
    Her deep relations are the same,  
But with long use her tears are dry.



**M**ORE than my brothers are to me,"—  
 Let this not vex thee, noble heart!  
 I know thee of what force thou  
     art  
 To hold the costliest love in fee.

But thou and I are one in kind,  
     As moulded like in Nature's mint;  
     And hill and wood and field did print  
 The same sweet forms in either mind.

For us the same cold streamlet curl'd  
     Thro' all his eddyng coves; the same  
     All winds that roam the twilight came  
 In whispers of the beauteous world.

At one dear knee we proffer'd vows,  
One lesson from one book we learn'd,  
Ere childhood's flaxen ringlet turn'd  
To black and brown on kindred brows.

And so my wealth resembles thine,  
But he was rich where I was poor,  
And he supplied my want the more  
As his unlikeness fitted mine.





F ANY vague desire should rise,  
 That holy Death ere Arthur died  
 Had moved me kindly from his  
 side,  
 And dropt the dust on tearless eyes ;

Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,  
 The grief my loss in him had wrought,  
 A grief as deep as life or thought,  
 But stay'd in peace with God and man.

I make a picture in the brain ;  
 I hear the sentence that he speaks ;  
 He bears the burthen of the weeks,  
 But turns his burthen into gain.

His credit thus shall set me free ;  
 And, influence-rich to soothe and save,  
 Unused example from the grave  
 Reach out dead hands to comfort me.

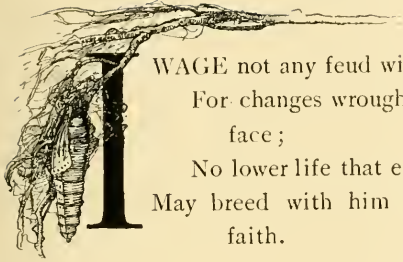


WOULD I have said while he was here,  
 "My love shall now no further  
 range ;  
 There cannot come a mellow  
 change,  
 For now is love mature in ear."

Love, then, had hope of richer store :  
 What end is here to my complaint ?  
 This haunting whisper makes me faint,  
 "More years had made me love thee more."

But Death returns an answer sweet :  
 "My sudden frost was sudden gain,  
 And gave all ripeness to the grain,  
 It might have drawn from after-heat."



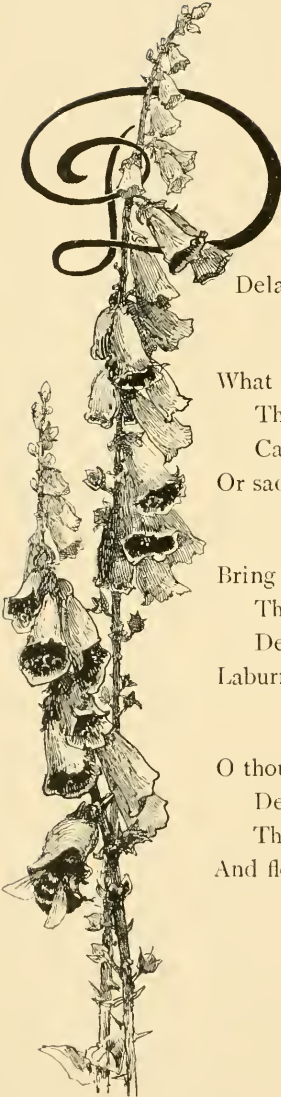


WAGE not any feud with Death  
 For changes wrought on form and  
 face ;  
 No lower life that earth's embrace  
 May breed with him can fright my  
 faith.

Eternal process moving on,  
 From state to state the spirit walks ;  
 And these are but the shatter'd stalks,  
 Or ruin'd chrysalis of one.

Nor blame I Death, because he bare  
 The use of virtue out of earth :  
 I know transplanted human worth  
 Will bloom to profit, elsewhere.

For this alone on Death I wreak  
 The wrath that garners in my heart ;  
 He put our lives so far apart  
 We cannot hear each other speak.

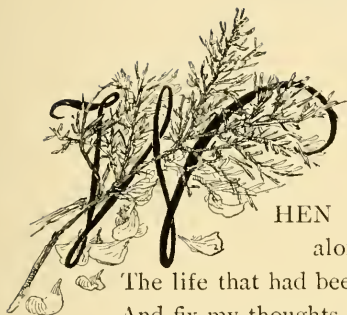


DIP down upon the northern shore,  
 O sweet new-year delaying long ;  
 Thou doest expectant nature wrong ;  
 Delaying long, delay no more.

What stays thee from the clouded noons,  
 Thy sweetness from its proper place ?  
 Can trouble live with April days,  
 Or sadness in the summer moons ?

Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,  
 The little speedwell's darling blue,  
 Deep tulips dash'd with fiery dew,  
 Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.

O thou, new-year, delaying long,  
 Delayest the sorrow in my blood,  
 That longs to burst a frozen bud  
 And flood a fresher throat with song.



WHEN I contemplate all  
alone

The life that had been thine below,  
And fix my thoughts on all the glow  
To which thy crescent would have grown,

I see thee sitting crown'd with good,  
A central warmth diffusing bliss  
In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,  
On all the branches of thy blood ;

Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine ;  
For now the day was drawing on,  
When thou shouldst link thy life with one  
Of mine own house, and boys of thine

Had babbled " Uncle " on my knee ;  
But that remorseless iron hour  
Made cypress of her orange flower,  
Despair of hope, and earth of thee.

I seem to meet their least desire,  
    To clap their cheeks, to call them mine.  
I see their unborn faces shine  
Beside the never-lighted fire.

I see myself an honour'd guest,  
    Thy partner in the flowery walk  
    Of letters, genial table-talk,  
Or deep dispute, and graceful jest ;

While now thy prosperous labour fills  
    The lips of men with honest praise,  
    And sun by sun the happy days  
Descend below the golden hills

With promise of a morn as fair ;  
    And all the train of bounteous hours  
    Conduct, by paths of growing powers,  
To reverence and the silver hair ;

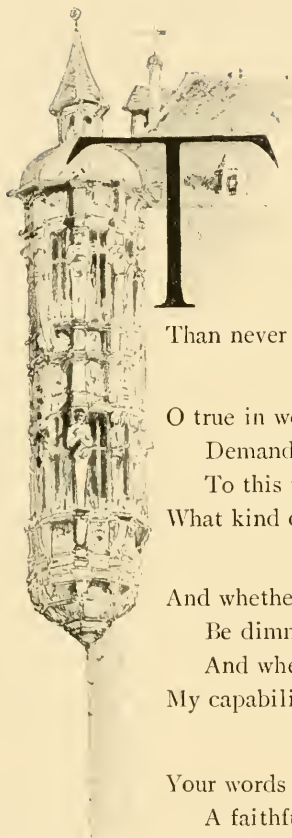
Till slowly worn her earthly robe,  
    Her lavish mission richly wrought,  
    Leaving great legacies of thought,  
Thy spirit should fail from off the globe ;

What time mine own might also flee,  
As link'd with thine in love and fate,  
And, hovering o'er the dolorous strait  
To the other shore, involved in thee,

Arrive at last the blessed goal,  
And He that died in Holy Land  
Would reach us out the shining hand,  
And take us as a single soul.

What reed was that on which I leant ?  
Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake  
The old bitterness again, and break  
The low beginnings of content ?





**T**HIS truth came borne with bier  
 and pall,  
 I felt it, when I sorrow'd most,  
 'Tis better to have lov'd and lost,  
 Than never to have loved at all—

O true in word, and tried in deed,  
 Demanding, so to bring relief  
 To this which is our common grief,  
 What kind of life is that I lead ;

And whether trust in`things above  
 Be dimm'd of sorrow, or sustain'd ;  
 And whether love for him have drain'd  
 My capabilities of love ;

Your words have virtue such as draws  
 A faithful answer from the breast,  
 Thro' light reproaches, half exprest,  
 And loyal unto kindly laws.



My blood an even tenor kept,  
Till on mine ear this message falls,  
That in Vienna's fatal walls  
God's finger touched him, and he slept.

The great Intelligences fair  
That range above our mortal state,  
In circle round the blessed gate,  
Received and gave him welcome there ;

And led him thro' the blissful climes,  
And show'd him in the fountain fresh  
All knowledge that the sons of flesh  
Shall gather in the cycled times.

But I remain'd, whose hopes were dim,  
Whose life, whose thoughts were little  
worth,  
To wander on a darken'd earth,  
Where all things round me breathed of him.

O friendship, equal-poised control,  
O heart, with kindest motion warm,  
O sacred essence, other form,  
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul !

Yet none could better know than I,  
    How much of act at human hands  
    The sense of human will demands  
By which we dare to live or die.

Whatever way my days decline,  
    I felt and feel, tho' left alone,  
    His being working in mine own,  
The footsteps of his life in mine ;

A life that all the Muses deck'd  
    With gifts of grace, that might express  
    All-comprehensive tenderness,  
All-subtilizing intellect :

And so my passion hath not swerved  
    To works of weakness, but I find  
    An image comforting the mind,  
And in my grief a strength reserved.

Likewise the imaginative woe,  
    That loved to handle spiritual strife,  
    Diffused the shock thro' all my life,  
But in the present broke the blow.

My pulses therefore beat again  
For other friends that once I met ;  
Nor can it suit me to forget  
The mighty hopes that make us men.

I woo your love : I count it crime  
To mourn for any overmuch ;  
I, the divided half of such  
A friendship as had master'd Time ;

Which masters Time indeed, and is  
Eternal, separate from fears :  
The all-assuming months and years  
Can take no part away from this :

But Summer on the steaming floods,  
And Spring that swells the narrow brooks,  
And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,  
That gather in the waning woods,



And every pulse of wind and wave  
    Recalls, in change of light or gloom,  
    My old affection of the tomb,  
And my prime passion in the grave.

My old affection of the tomb,  
    A part of stillness, yearns to speak :  
    “ Arise, and get thee forth and seek  
A friendship for the years to come.

“ I watch thee from the quiet shore ;  
    Thy spirit up to mine can reach ;  
    But in dear words of human speech  
We two communicate no more.”

And I, “ Can clouds of nature stain  
    The starry clearness of the free ?  
    How is it ? Canst thou feel for me  
Some painless sympathy with pain ?”

And lightly does the whisper fall :  
    “ ’Tis hard for thee to fathom this ;  
    I triumph in conclusive bliss,  
And that serene result of all.”

So hold I commerce with the dead ;  
Or so methinks the dead would say ;  
Or so shall grief with symbols play  
And pining life be fancy-fed.

Now looking to some settled end,  
That these things pass, and I shall prove  
A meeting somewhere, love with love,  
I crave your pardon, O my friend ;

If not so fresh, with love as true,  
I, clasping brother-hands, aver  
I could not, if I would, transfer  
The whole I felt for him to you.

For which be they that hold apart  
The promise of the golden hours ?  
First love, first friendship, equal powers,  
That marry with the virgin heart.

Still mine, that cannot but deplore,  
That beats within a lonely place,  
That yet remembers his embrace,  
But at his footstep leaps no more,

My heart, tho' widow'd, may not rest  
Quite in the love of what is gone,  
But seeks to beat in time with one  
That warms another living breast.

Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,  
Knowing the primrose yet is dear,  
The primrose of the later year,  
As not unlike to that of spring.





WEET after showers, ambrosial  
 air,  
 That rollest from the gorgeous  
 gloom  
 Of evening over brake and bloom  
 And meadow, slowly breathing bare

The round of space, and rapt below  
 Thro' all the dewy-tassell'd wood,  
 And shadowing down the horned flood  
 In ripples, fan my brows and blow

The fever from my cheek, and sigh  
 The full new life that feeds thy breath  
 Throughout my frame, till Doubt and  
 Death,  
 Ill brethren, let the fancy fly

From belt to belt of crimson seas  
 On leagues of odour streaming far,  
 To where in yonder orient star  
 A hundred spirits whisper "Peace."



PAST beside the reverend walls  
In which of old I wore the gown ;  
I roved at random thro' the town,  
And saw the tumult of the halls ;



And heard once more in college fanes  
The storm their high-built organs make,  
And thunder-music, rolling, shake  
The prophet blazon'd on the panes ;

And caught once more the distant shout,  
The measured pulse of racing oars  
Among the willows ; paced the shores  
And many a bridge, and all about

The same gray flats again, and felt  
The same, but not the same ; and last  
Up that long walk of limes I past  
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.

Another name was on the door :  
I linger'd ; all within was noise  
Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys  
That crash'd the glass and beat the floor ;

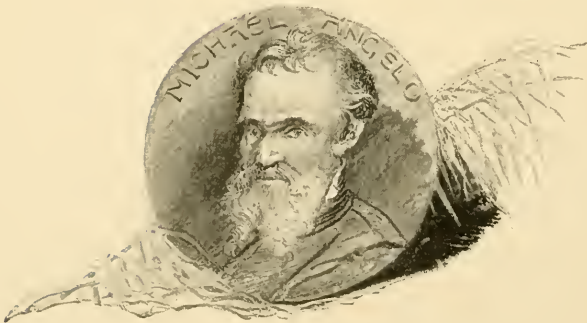
Where once we held debate, a band  
Of youthful friends, on mind and art,  
And labour, and the changing mart,  
And all the framework of the land ;

When one would aim an arrow fair,  
But send it slackly from the string ;  
And one would pierce an outer ring,  
And one an inner, here and there ;

And last the master-bowman, he,  
Would cleave the mark. A willing ear  
We lent him. Who, but hung to hear  
The rapt oration flowing free

From point to point, with power and grace  
And music in the bounds of law,  
To those conclusions when we saw  
The God within him light his face,

And seem to lift the form, and glow  
In azure orbits heavenly-wise ;  
And over those ethereal eyes  
The bar of Michael Angelo ?



LXXXVIII.



ILD bird, whose warble,  
liquid sweet,  
Rings Eden thro' the  
budded quicks,  
O tell me where the  
senses mix,  
O tell me where the passions  
meet,

Whence radiate : fierce extremes employ  
Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,  
And in the midmost heart of grief  
Thy passion clasps a secret joy :

And I—my harp would prelude woe—  
I cannot all command the strings ;  
The glory of the sum of things  
Will flash along the chords and go.



ITCH-ELMS that counterchange  
 the floor  
 Of this flat lawn with dusk and  
 bright,  
 And thou, with all thy breadth  
 and height

Of foliage, towering sycamore ;

How often, hither wandering down,  
 My Arthur found your shadows fair,  
 And shook to all the liberal air  
 The dust and din and steam of town !

He brought an eye for all he saw ;  
 He mixt in all our simple sports ;  
 They pleased him, fresh from brawling  
 courts  
 And dusty purlieus of the law.

O joy to him in this retreat,  
 Immantled in ambrosial dark,  
 To drink the cooler air, and mark  
 The landscape winking thro' the heat !

O sound to rout the brood of cares,  
The sweep of scythe in morning dew,  
The gust that round the garden flew,  
And tumbled half the mellowing pears !

O bliss, when all in circle drawn  
About him, heart and ear were fed  
To hear him, as he lay and read  
The Tuscan poets on the lawn ;

Or in the all-golden afternoon  
A guest, or happy sister, sung,  
Or here she brought the harp and flung  
A ballad to the brightening moon !

Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,  
Beyond the bounding hill to stray,  
And break the livelong summer day  
With banquet in the distant woods ;

Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,  
Discuss'd the books to love or hate,  
Or touch'd the changes of the state,  
Or threaded some Socratic dream ;

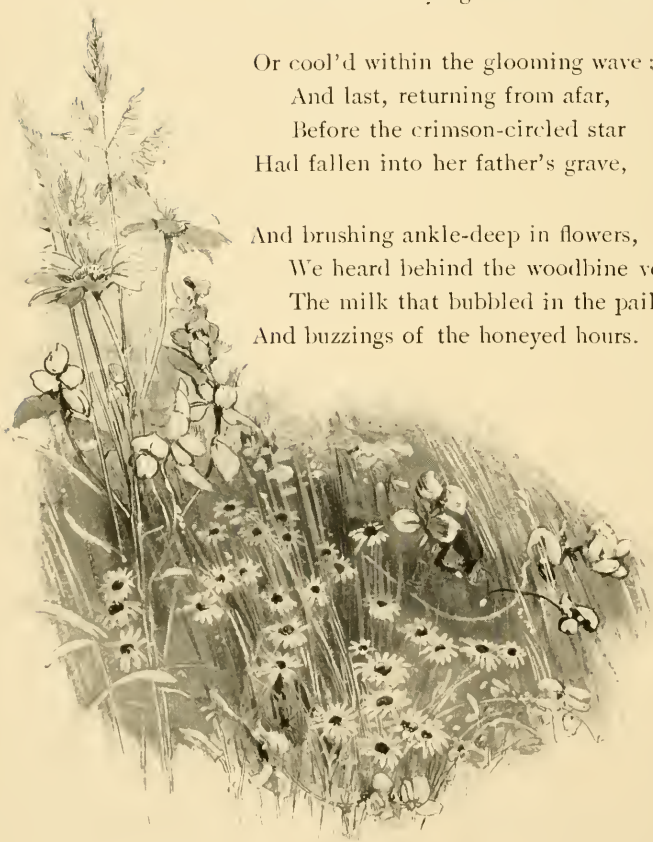
But if I praised the busy town,  
He loved to rail against it still,  
For "ground in yonder social mill  
We rub each other's angles down,

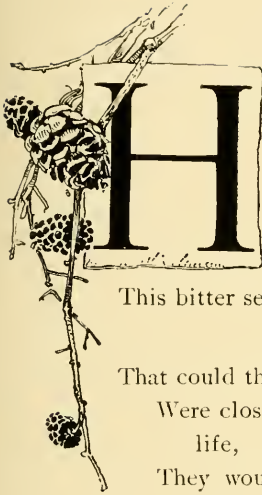
"And merge," he said, "in form and gloss  
The picturesque of man and man."

We talk'd: the stream beneath us ran,  
The wine-flask lying couch'd in moss,

Or cool'd within the glooming wave :  
And last, returning from afar,  
Before the crimson-circled star  
Had fallen into her father's grave,

And brushing ankle-deep in flowers,  
We heard behind the woodbine veil  
The milk that bubbled in the pail,  
And buzzings of the honeyed hours.





HE tasted love with half  
 his mind,  
 Nor ever drank the in-  
 violate spring  
 Where nighest heaven,  
 who first could fling  
 This bitter seed among mankind :

That could the dead, whose dying eyes  
 Were closed with wail, resume their  
 life,  
 They would but find in child and  
 wife  
 An iron welcome when they rise.

'Twas well, indeed, when warm with wine,  
 To pledge them with a kindly tear,  
 To talk them o'er, to wish them here,  
 To count their memories half divine :

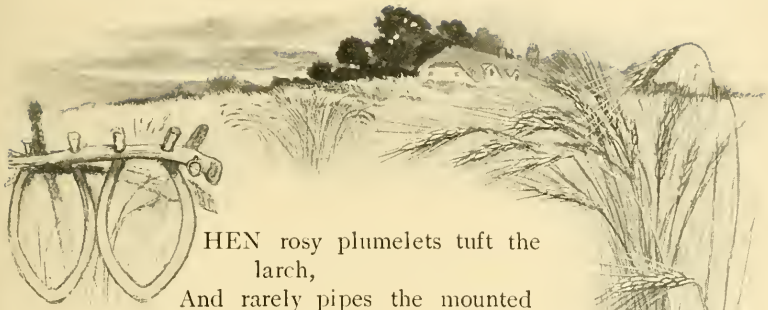
But if they came who past away,  
 Behold their brides in other hands ;

The hard heir strides about their lands,  
And will not yield them for a day.

Yea, tho' their sons were none of these,  
Not less the yet-loved sire would make  
Confusion worse than death, and shake  
The pillars of domestic peace.

Ah, dear, but come thou back to me :  
Whatever change the years have wrought,  
I find not yet one lonely thought  
That cries against my wish for thee.





HEN rosy plumelets tuft the  
larch,  
And rarely pipes the mounted  
thrush,

Or underneath the barren bush  
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March ;

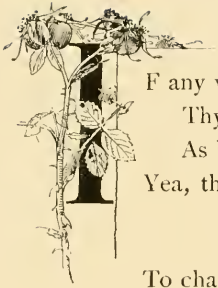
Come, wear the form by which I know  
Thy spirit in time among thy peers ;  
The hope of unaccomplish'd years  
Be large and lucid round thy brow.

When summer's hourly-mellowing change  
May breathe, with many roses sweet,  
Upon the thousand waves of wheat  
That ripple round the lonely grange,

Come ; not in watches of the night,  
But where the sunbeam broodeth warm,  
Come, beauteous in thine after form,  
And like a finer light in light.



XCII.



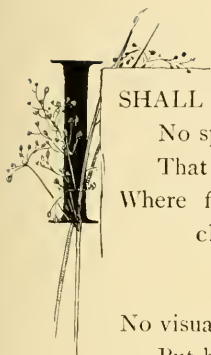
F any vision should reveal  
Thy likeness, I might count it vain  
As but the canker of the brain ;  
Yea, tho' it spake and made appeal

To chances where our lots were cast  
Together in the days behind,  
I might but say, I hear a wind  
Of memory murmuring the past.

Yea, tho' it spake and bared to view  
A fact within the coming year ;  
And tho' the months, revolving near,  
Should prove the phantom-warning true,

They might not seem thy prophecies,  
But spiritual presentiments,  
And such refraction of events  
As often rises ere they rise.

XCIII.



SHALL not see thee. Dare I say  
No spirit ever brake the band  
That stays him from the native land  
Where first he walk'd when claspt in  
clay ?

No visual shade of some one lost,  
But he, the Spirit himself, may come  
Where all the nerve of sense is numb ;  
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.

O, therefore from thy sightless range  
With gods in un conjectured bliss,  
O, from the distance of the abyss  
Of tenfold-complicated change,

Descend, and touch, and enter ; hear  
The wish too strong for words to name ;  
That in this blindness of the frame  
My Ghost may feel that thine is near.



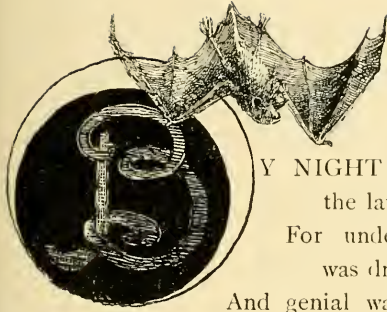
H

OW pure at heart and sound in head,  
With what divine affections bold,  
Should be the man whose thought would  
hold  
An hour's communion with the dead.

In vain shalt thou, or any, call  
The spirits from their golden day,  
Except, like them, thou too canst say,  
My spirit is at peace with all.

They haunt the silence of the breast,  
Imaginations calm and fair,  
The memory like a cloudless air,  
The conscience as a sea at rest ;

But when the heart is full of din,  
And doubt beside the portal waits,  
They can but listen at the gates,  
And hear the household jar within.



Y NIGHT we linger'd on  
 the lawn,  
 For underfoot the herb  
 was dry;  
 And genial warmth; and o'er  
 the sky  
 The silvery haze of summer drawn;

And calm that let the tapers burn  
 Unwavering: not a cricket chirr'd:  
 The brook alone far-off was heard,  
 And on the board the fluttering urn.

And bats went round in fragrant skies,  
 And wheel'd or lit the filmy shapes  
 That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes  
 And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;

While now we sang old songs that peal'd  
 From knoll to knoll, where, couch'd at  
 ease,



The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees  
Laid their dark arms about the field.

But when those others, one by one,  
    Withdrew themselves from me and night,  
    And in the house light after light  
Went out, and I was all alone,

A hunger seized my heart ; I read  
    Of that glad year which once had been,  
    In those fallen leaves which kept their  
    green,  
The noble letters of the dead.

And strangely on the silence broke  
    The silent-speaking words, and strange  
    Was love's dumb cry defying change  
To test his worth ; and strangely spoke

The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell  
    On doubts that drive the coward back,  
    And keen thro' wordy snares to track  
Suggestion to her inmost cell.

So word by word, and line by line,  
    The dead man touch'd me from the past,

And all at once it seem'd at last  
The living soul was flash'd on mine,

And mine in this was wound, and whirl'd  
About empyreal heights of thought,  
And came on that which is, and caught  
The deep pulsations of the world,

Æonian music measuring out  
The steps of Time—the shocks of  
Chance—  
The blows of Death. At length my  
trance  
Was cancell'd, stricken thro' with doubt.

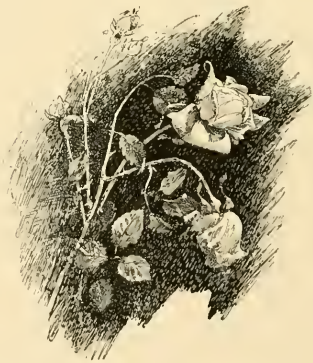
Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame  
In matter-moulded forms of speech,  
Or even for intellect to reach  
Thro' memory that which I became :

Till now the doubtful dusk reveal'd  
The knolls once more where, couch'd at  
ease,  
The white kine glimmer'd, and the trees  
Laid their dark arms about the field ;

And suck'd from out the distant gloom  
A breeze began to tremble o'er  
The large leaves of the sycamore,  
And fluctuate all the still perfume,

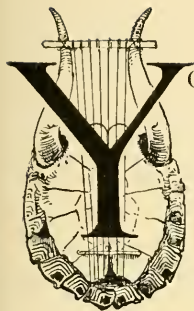
And, gathering freshlier overhead,  
Rock'd the full-foliaged elms, and swung  
The heavy-folded rose, and flung  
The lilies to and fro, and said,

“The dawn, the dawn,” and died away ;  
And East and West, without a breath,  
Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,  
To broaden into boundless day.





XCVI.



YOU SAY, but with no touch of  
scorn,  
Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-  
blue eyes  
Are tender over drowning  
flies,  
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.

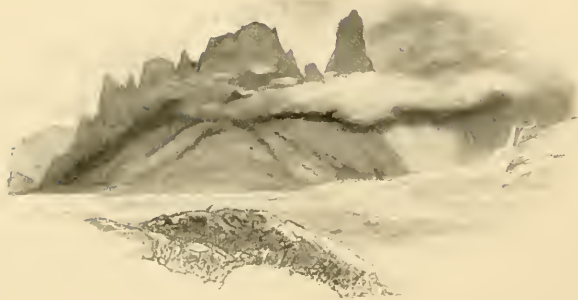
I know not : one indeed I knew  
In many a subtle question versed,  
Who touch'd a jarring lyre at first,  
But ever strove to make it true :

Perplext in faith, but pure in deeds,  
At last he beat his music out.  
There lives more faith in honest doubt,  
Believe me, than in half the creeds.

He fought his doubts and gather'd strength,  
He would not make his judgment blind,  
He faced the spectres of the mind  
And laid them : thus he came at length

To find a stronger faith his own ;  
And Power was with him in the night,  
Which makes the darkness and the light,  
And dwells not in the light alone,

But in the darkness and the cloud,  
As over Sinai's peaks of old,  
While Israel made their gods of gold,  
Altho' the trumpet blew so loud.





**M**

Y LOVE has talk'd with rocks  
and trees ;  
He finds on misty mountain-  
ground

His own vast shadow glory-crown'd ;  
He sees himself in all he sees.

Two partners of a married life—  
I look'd on these and thought of thee  
In vastness and in mystery,  
And of my spirit as of a wife.

These two—they dwelt with eye on eye,  
Their hearts of old have beat in tune,  
Their meetings made December June,  
Their every parting was to die.

Their love has never past away ;  
The days she never can forget  
Are earnest that he loves her yet,  
Whate'er the faithless people say.

Her life is lone, he sits apart ;  
He loves her yet, she will not weep,  
Tho' rapt in matters dark and deep  
He seems to slight her simple heart.

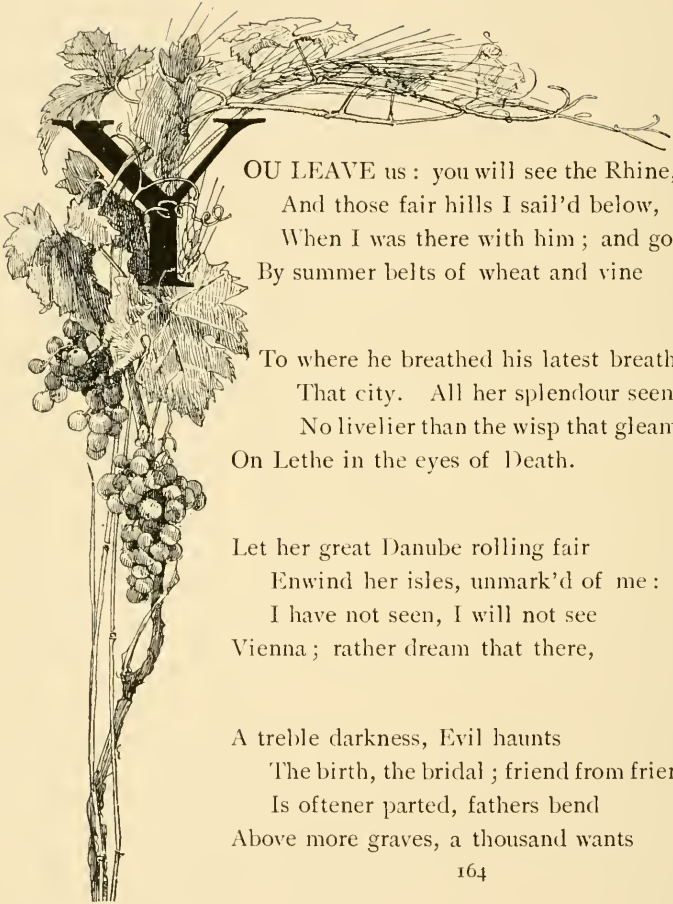
He thrids the labyrinth of the mind,  
He reads the secret of the star,  
He seems so near and yet so far,  
He looks so cold : she thinks him kind.

She keeps the gift of years before,  
A wither'd violet is her bliss :  
She knows not what his greatness is,  
For that, for all, she loves him more.

For him she plays, to him she sings  
Of early faith and plighted vows ;  
She knows but matters of the house,  
And he, he knows a thousand things.

Her faith is fixt and cannot move,  
She darkly feels him great and wise,  
She dwells on him with faithful eyes,  
“ I cannot understand : I love.”





YOU LEAVE us : you will see the Rhine,  
 And those fair hills I sail'd below,  
 When I was there with him ; and go  
 By summer belts of wheat and vine

To where he breathed his latest breath,  
 That city. All her splendour seems  
 No livelier than the wisp that gleams  
 On Lethe in the eyes of Death.

Let her great Danube rolling fair  
 Enwind her isles, unmark'd of me :  
 I have not seen, I will not see  
 Vienna ; rather dream that there,

A treble darkness, Evil haunts  
 The birth, the bridal ; friend from friend  
 Is oftener parted, fathers bend  
 Above more graves, a thousand wants

Gnarr at the heels of men, and prey  
    By each cold hearth, and sadness flings  
    Her shadow on the blaze of kings.  
And yet myself have heard him say

That not in any mother town  
    With statelier progress to and fro  
    The double tides of chariots flow  
By park and suburb under brown

Of lustier leaves ; nor more content,  
    He told me, lives in any crowd,  
    When all is gay with lamps, and loud  
With sport and song, in booth and tent,

Imperial halls, or open plain ;  
    And wheels the circled dance, and breaks  
    The rocket molten into flakes  
Of crimson or in emerald rain.



**R**

ISEST thou thus, dim dawn, again,  
 So loud with voices of the birds,  
 So thick with lowings of the herds,  
 Day, when I lost the flower of men ;

Who tremblest thro' thy darkling red  
 On yon swollen brook that bubbles fast  
 By meadows breathing of the past,  
 And woodlands holy to the dead ;



Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves  
    A song that slights the coming care,  
    And Autumn laying here and there  
A fiery finger on the leaves ;

Who wakenest with thy balmy breath  
    To myriads on the genial earth,  
    Memories of bridal, or of birth,  
And unto myriads more, of death.

O, wheresoever those may be,  
    Betwixt the slumber of the poles,  
    To-day they count as kindred souls ;  
They know me not, but mourn with me.

C.



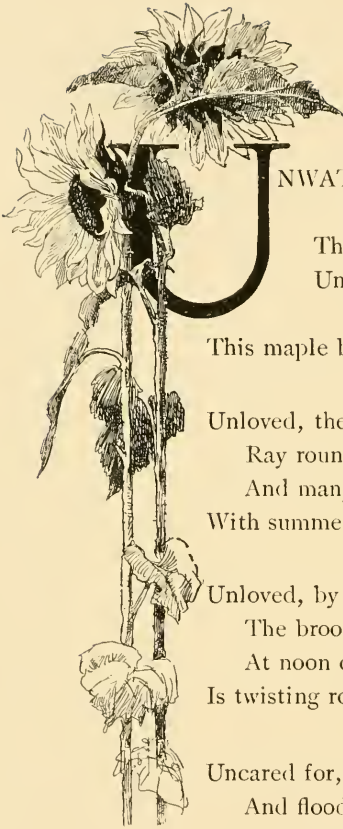
**I** CLIMB the hill : from end to end  
Of all the landscape underneath,  
I find no place that does not breathe  
Some gracious memory of my friend ;

No gray old grange, or lonely fold,  
Or low morass and whispering reed,  
Or simple stile from mead to mead,  
Or sheepwalk up the windy wold ;

Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw  
That hears the latest linnet trill,  
Nor quarry trench'd along the hill  
And haunted by the wrangling daw ;

Nor runlet tinkling from the rock,  
Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves  
To left and right thro' meadowy curves,  
That feed the mothers of the flock ;

But each has pleased a kindred eye,  
And each reflects a kindlier day ;  
And, leaving these, to pass away,  
I think once more he seems to die.



UNWATCH'D, the garden bough shall  
 sway,  
 The tender blossom flutter down,  
 Unloved, that beech will gather  
 brown,  
 This maple burn itself away ;

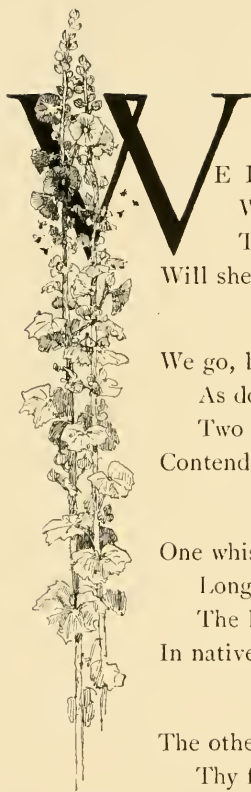
Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,  
 Ray round with flames her disk of seed,  
 And many a rose-carnation feed  
 With summer spice the humming air ;

Unloved, by many a sandy bar,  
 The brook shall babble down the plain,  
 At noon or when the Lesser Wain  
 Is twisting round the polar star ;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,  
 And flood the haunts of hern and crake,  
 Or into silver arrows break  
 The sailing moon in creek and cove ;

Till from the garden and the wild  
    A fresh association blow,  
    And year by year the landscape grow  
Familiar to the stranger's child ;

As year by year the laborer tills  
    His wonted glebe, or lops the glades ;  
    And year by year our memory fades  
From all the circle of the hills.



WE LEAVE the well-beloved place  
 Where first we gazed upon the sky ;  
 The roofs that heard our earliest cry  
 Will shelter one of stranger race.

We go, but ere we go from home,  
 As down the garden-walks I move,  
 Two spirits of a diverse love  
 Contend for loving masterdom.

One whispers, " Here thy boyhood sung  
 Long since its matin song, and heard  
 The low love-language of the bird  
 In native hazels tassel-hung."

The other answers, " Yea, but here  
 Thy feet have stray'd in after hours  
 With thy lost friend among the bowers,  
 And this hath made them trebly dear."

These two have striven half the day,  
And each prefers his separate claim,  
Poor rivals in a losing game,  
That will not yield each other way.

I turn to go : my feet are set  
To leave the pleasant fields and farms ;  
They mix in one another's arms  
To one pure image of regret.



IN THAT last night before we went  
 From out the doors where I was bred,  
 I dream'd a vision of the dead,  
 Which left my after-morn content.

Methought I dwelt within a hall,  
 And maidens with me : distant hills  
 From hidden summits fed with rills  
 A river sliding by the wall.

The hall with harp and carol rang.  
 They sang of what is wise and good  
 And graceful. In the centre stood  
 A statue veil'd, to which they sang ;

And which, tho' veil'd, was known to me,  
 The shape of him I loved, and love  
 For ever : then flew in a dove  
 And brought a summons from the sea :

And when they learnt that I must go,  
 They wept and wail'd, but led the way



To where a little shallop lay  
At anchor in the flood below ;

And on by many a level mead,  
And shadowing bluff that made the banks,  
We glided winding under ranks  
Of iris and the golden reed ;

And still as vaster grew the shore  
And roll'd the floods in grander space,  
The maidens gather'd strength and grace  
And presence, lordlier than before ;

And I myself, who sat apart  
And watch'd them, wax'd in every limb ;  
I felt the thews of Anakim,  
The pulses of a Titan's heart ;

As one would sing the death of war,  
And one would chant the history  
Of that great race which is to be,  
And one the shaping of a star ;

Until the forward-creeping tides  
Began to foam, and we to draw  
From deep to deep, to where we saw  
A great ship lift her shining sides.

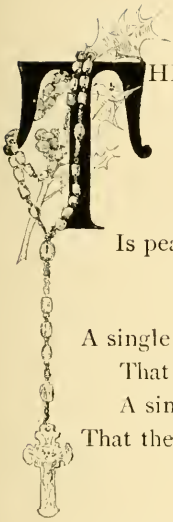
The man we loved was there on deck,  
But thrice as large as man he bent  
To greet us. Up the side I went,  
And fell in silence on his neck :

Whereat those maidens with one mind  
Bewail'd their lot ; I did them wrong :  
“ We served thee here,” they said, “ so  
long,  
And wilt thou leave us now behind ? ”

So rapt I was, they could not win  
An answer from my lips, but he  
Replying, “ Enter likewise ye,  
And go with us : ” they enter'd in.

And while the wind began to sweep  
A music out of sheet and shroud,  
We steer'd her toward a crimson cloud  
That landlike slept along the deep.

CIV.



THE TIME draws near the birth of  
Christ ;  
The moon is hid, the night is  
still ;  
A single church below the hill  
Is pealing, folded in the mist.

A single peal of bells below,  
That wakens at this hour of rest  
A single murmur in the breast,  
That these are not the bells I know.

Like strangers' voices here they sound,  
In lands where not a memory strays,  
Nor landmark breathes of other days,  
But all is new unhallow'd ground.



O-NIGHT ungather'd let us leave  
 This laurel, let this holly stand ;  
 We live within the stranger's land,  
 And strangely falls our Christmas-eve.

Our father's dust is left alone  
 And silent under other snows :  
 There in due time the woodbine blows,  
 The violet comes, but we are gone.

No more shall wayward grief abuse  
 The genial hour with mask and mime ;  
 For change of place, like growth of  
 time,  
 Has broke the bond of dying use.

Let cares that petty shadows cast,  
 By which our lives are chiefly proved,  
 A little spare the night I loved,  
 And hold it solemn to the past.

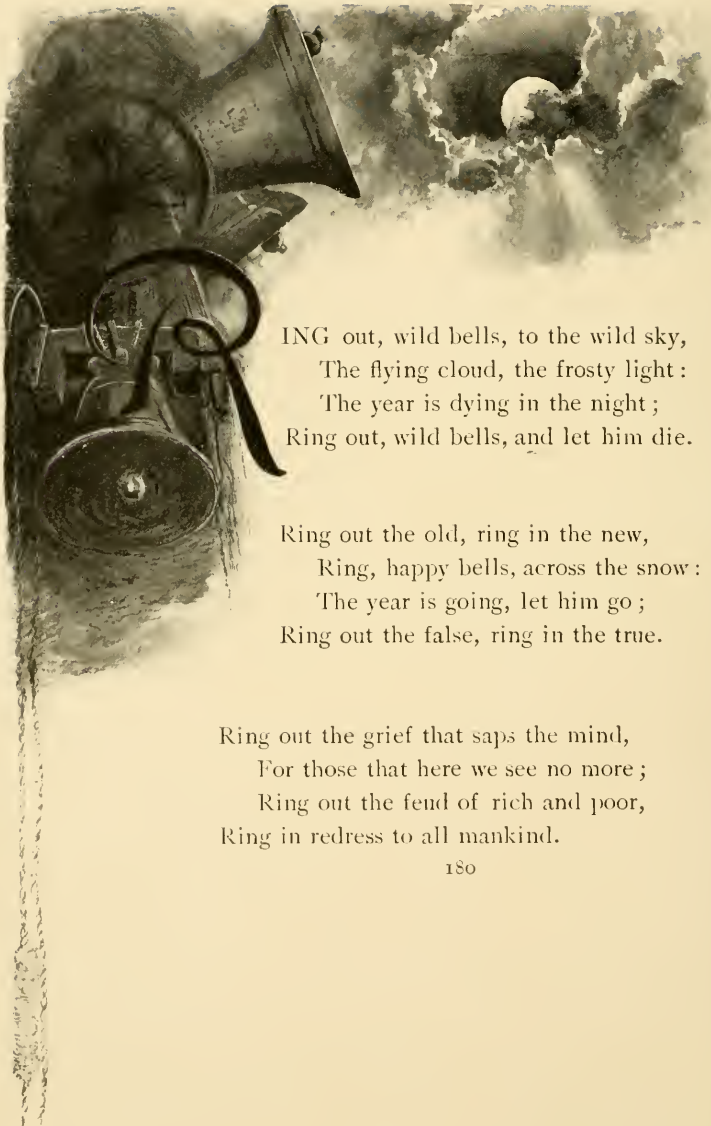
But let no footstep beat the floor,  
 Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm ;

For who would keep an ancient form  
Thro' which the spirit breathes no more ?

Be neither song, nor game, nor feast ;  
Nor harp be touch'd, nor flute be blown ;  
No dance, no motion, save alone  
What lightens in the lucid east

Of rising worlds by yonder wood.  
Long sleeps the summer in the seed ;  
Run out your measured arcs, and lead  
The closing cycle rich in good.





ING out, wild bells, to the wild sky,  
The flying cloud, the frosty light :  
The year is dying in the night ;  
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,  
Ring, happy bells, across the snow :  
The year is going, let him go ;  
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,  
For those that here we see no more ;  
Ring out the fend of rich and poor,  
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,  
    And ancient forms of party strife ;  
    Ring in the nobler modes of life,  
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,  
    The faithless coldness of the times ;  
    Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,  
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,  
    The civic slander and the spite ;  
    Ring in the love of truth and right,  
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;  
    Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;  
    Ring out the thousand wars of old,  
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,  
    The larger heart, the kindlier hand ;  
    Ring out the darkness of the land,  
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CVII.



IT IS the day when he was born,  
A bitter day that early sank  
Behind a purple-frosty bank  
Of vapour, leaving night forlorn.

The time admits not flowers or leaves  
To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies  
The blast of North and East, and ice  
Makes daggers at the sharpen'd eaves,

And bristles all the brakes and thorns  
To yon hard crescent, as she hangs  
Above the wood which grides and clangs  
Its leafless ribs and iron horns

Together, in the drifts that pass  
To darken on the rolling brine  
That breaks the coast. But fetch the  
wine,  
Arrange the board and brim the glass ;



Bring in great logs and let them lie,  
    To make a solid core of heat ;  
    Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat  
Of all things even as he were by ;

We keep the day. With festal cheer,  
    With books and music, surely we  
    Will drink to him, whate'er he be,  
And sing the songs he loved to hear.





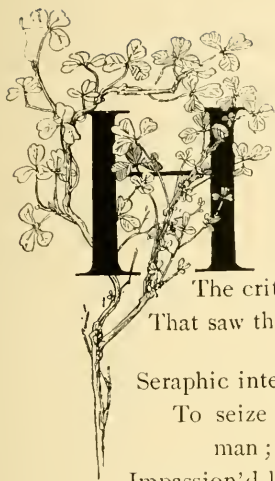
WILL not shut me from my kind,  
 And, lest I stiffen into stone,  
 I will not eat my heart alone,  
 Nor feed with sighs a passing wind :

What profit lies in barren faith,  
 And vacant yearning, tho' with might  
 To scale the heaven's highest height,  
 Or dive below the wells of death?

What find I in the highest place  
 But mine own phantom chanting hymns ?  
 And on the depths of death there swims  
 The reflex of a human face.

I'll rather take what fruit may be  
 Of sorrow under human skies :  
 'Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,  
 Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

CIX.



HEART-AFFLUENCE in  
discursive talk  
From household fountains  
never dry ;

The critic clearness of an eye  
That saw thro' all the 'Muses' walk ;

Seraphic intellect and force  
To seize and throw the doubts of  
man ;  
Impassion'd logic, which outran  
The hearer in its fiery course ;

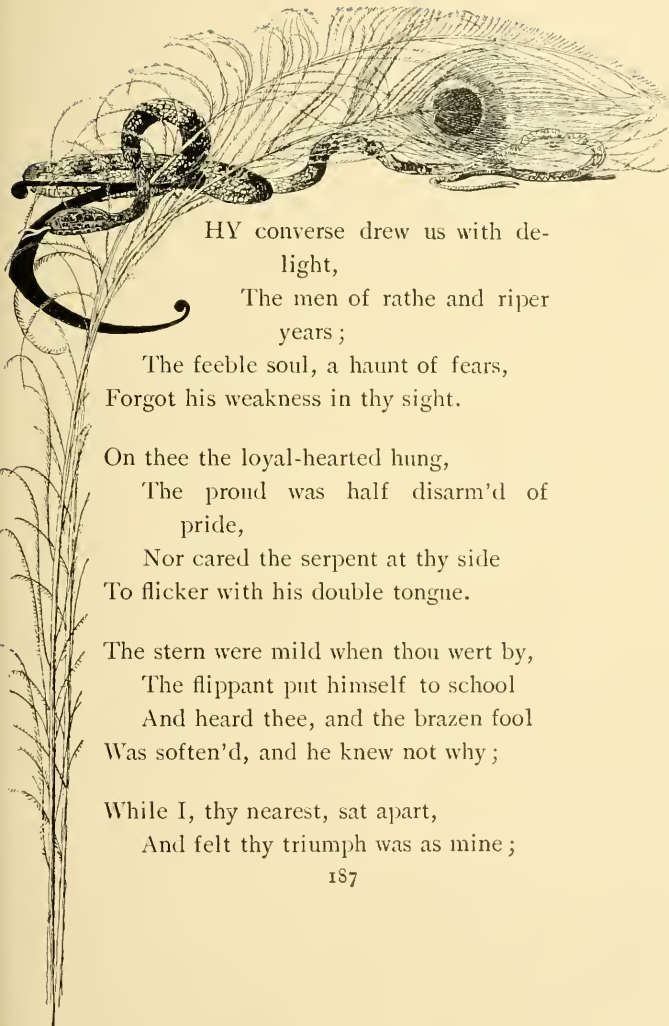
High nature amorous of the good,  
But touch'd with no ascetic gloom ;  
And passion pure in snowy bloom  
Thro' all the years of April blood ;

A love of freedom rarely felt,  
Of freedom in her regal seat  
Of England ; not the schoolboy heat,  
The blind hysterics of the Celt ;

And manhood fused with female grace  
In such a sort, the child would twine  
A trustful hand, unask'd, in thine,  
And find his comfort in thy face ;

All these have been, and thee mine eyes  
Have look'd on : if they look'd in vain,  
My shame is greater who remain,  
Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.





HY converse drew us with de-  
light,

The men of rathe and riper  
years ;

The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,  
Forgot his weakness in thy sight.

On thee the loyal-hearted hung,  
The proud was half disarm'd of  
pride,

Nor cared the serpent at thy side  
To flicker with his double tongue.

The stern were mild when thou wert by,  
The flippant put himself to school  
And heard thee, and the brazen fool  
Was soften'd, and he knew not why ;

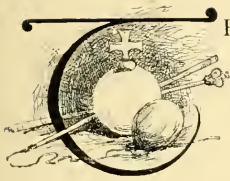
While I, thy nearest, sat apart,  
And felt thy triumph was as mine ;

And loved them more, that they were  
thine,  
The graceful tact, the Christian art ;

Nor mine the sweetness or the skill,  
But mine the love that will not tire,  
And, born of love, the vague desire  
That spurs an imitative will.



CXI



HE churl in spirit, up or  
down  
Along the scale of ranks,  
thro' all,  
To him who grasps a gold-  
en ball,  
By blood a king, at heart a clown,—

The churl in spirit, howe'er he veil  
His want in forms for fashion's sake,  
Will let his coltish nature break  
At seasons thro' the gilded pale ;

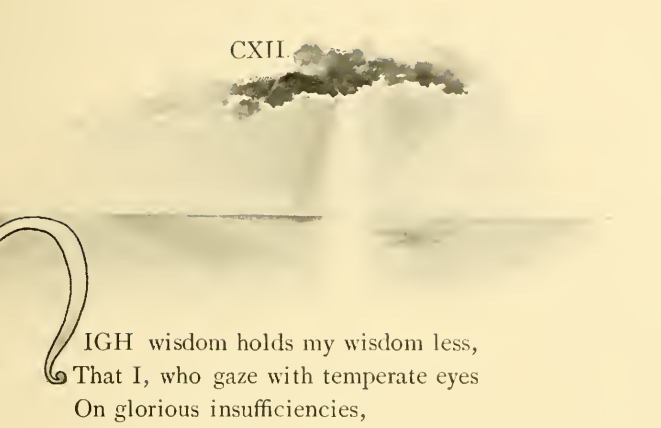
For who can always act ? but he,  
To whom a thousand memories call,  
Not being less but more than all  
The gentleness he seem'd to be,

Best seem'd the thing he was, and join'd  
Each office of the social hour  
To noble manners, as the flower  
And native growth of noble mind ;

Nor ever narrowness or spite,  
Or villain fancy fleeting by,  
Drew in the expression of an eye  
Where God and Nature met in light ;

And thus he bore without abuse  
The grand old name of gentleman,  
Defamed by every charlatan,  
And soil'd with all ignoble use.



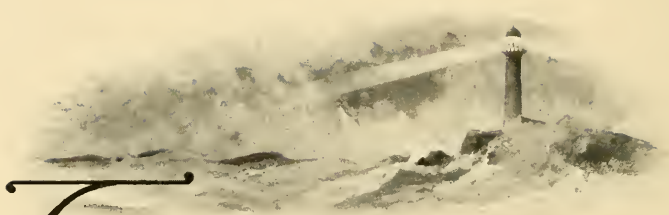


**N**IGH wisdom holds my wisdom less,  
That I, who gaze with temperate eyes  
On glorious insufficiencies,  
Set light by narrower perfectness.

But thou, that fillest all the room  
Of all my love, art reason why  
I seem to cast a careless eye  
On souls, the lesser lords of doom.

For what wert thou ? some novel power  
Sprang up for ever at a touch,  
And hope could never hope too much,  
In watching thee from hour to hour,

Large elements in order brought,  
And tracts of calm from tempest made,  
And world-wide fluctuation sway'd  
In vassal tides that follow'd thought.



T

IS HELD that sorrow makes us wise ;  
 Yet how much wisdom sleeps with thee  
 Which not alone had guided me,  
 But served the seasons that may rise ;

For can I doubt, who knew thee keen  
 In intellect, with force and skill  
 To strive, to fashion, to fulfil—  
 I doubt not what thou wouldst have been :

A life in civic action warm,  
 A soul on highest mission sent,  
 A potent voice of Parliament,  
 A pillar steadfast in the storm,

Should licensed boldness gather force,  
 Becoming, when the time has birth,

A lever to uplift the earth  
And roll it in another course,

With thousand shocks that come and go,  
With agonies, with energies,  
With overthrowings, and with cries,  
And undulations to and fro.



CXIV.



HO loves not Knowledge ? Who shall  
rail  
Against her beauty ? May she mix  
With men and prosper ! Who shall  
fix  
Her pillars ? Let her work prevail.

But on her forehead sits a fire :  
She sets her forward countenance  
And leaps into the future chance,  
Submitting all things to desire.

Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—  
She cannot fight the fear of death.  
What is she, cut from love and faith,  
But some wild Pallas from the brain

Of demons ? fiery-hot to burst  
All barriers in her onward race  
For power. Let her know her place ;  
She is the second, not the first.

A higher hand must make her mild,  
If all be not in vain, and guide

Her footsteps, moving side by side  
With Wisdom, like the younger child ;

For she is earthly of the mind,  
But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.  
O friend, who camest to thy goal  
So early, leaving me behind,

I would the great world grew like thee,  
Who grewest not alone in power  
And knowledge, but by year and hour  
In reverence and in charity.





OW fades the last long streak of snow,  
 Now burgeons every maze of quick  
 About the flowering squares, and  
 thick  
 By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
 The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
 And drown'd in yonder living blue  
 The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
 The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
 And milkier every milky sail  
 On winding stream or distant sea ;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives  
 In yonder greening gleam, and fly  
 The happy birds, that change their sky  
 To build and brood, that live their lives

From land to land ; and in my breast  
Spring wakens too, and my regret  
Becomes an April violet,  
And buds and blossoms like the rest.





S IT, then, regret for buried time  
 That keenlier in sweet April wakes,  
 And meets the year, and gives and  
 takes

The colours of the crescent prime?

Not all : the songs, the stirring air,  
 The life re-orient out of dust,  
 Cry thro' the sense to hearten trust  
 In that which made the world so fair.

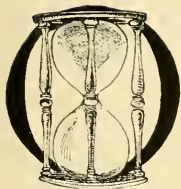
Not all regret : the face will shine  
 Upon me, while I muse alone ;  
 And that dear voice, I once have known,  
 Still speak to me of me and mine :

Yet less of sorrow lives in me  
 For days of happy commune dead,  
 Less yearning for the friendship fled  
 Than some strong bond which is to be.





CXVII.



DAYS and hours, your work is  
this,  
To hold me from my proper  
place,

A little while from his embrace,  
For fuller gain of after bliss :

That out of distance might ensue  
Desire of nearness doubly sweet,  
And unto meeting, when we meet,  
Delight a hundredfold accrue,

For every grain of sand that runs,  
And every span of shade that steals,  
And every kiss of toothed wheels,  
And all the courses of the suns.





CONTEMPLATE all this work of Time,  
 The giant labouring in his youth ;  
 Nor dream of human love and truth  
 As dying Nature's earth and lime ;

But trust that those we call the dead  
 Are breathers of an ampler day  
 For ever nobler ends. They say,  
 The solid earth whereon we tread

In tracts of fluent heat began,  
 And grew to seeming-random forms,  
 The seeming prey of cyclic storms,  
 Till at the last arose the man ;

Who throve and branch'd from clime to  
 clime,  
 The herald of a higher race,

And of himself in higher place,  
If so he type this work of time

Within himself, from more to more ;  
Or, crown'd with attributes of woe  
Like glories, move his course, and show  
That life is not as idle ore,

But iron dug from central gloom,  
And heated hot with burning fears,  
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,  
And batter'd with the shocks of doom

To shape and use. Arise and fly  
The reeling Faun, the sensual feast ;  
Move upward, working out the beast,  
And let the ape and tiger die.



DOORS, where my heart was used to beat  
 So quickly, not as one that weeps  
 I come once more ; the city sleeps ;  
 I smell the meadow in the street ;

I hear a chirp of birds ; I see  
 Betwixt the black fronts long-withdrawn  
 A light-blue lane of early dawn,  
 And think of early days and thee,

And bless thee, for thy lips are bland,  
 And bright the friendship of thine eye ;  
 And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh  
 I take the pressure of thine hand.

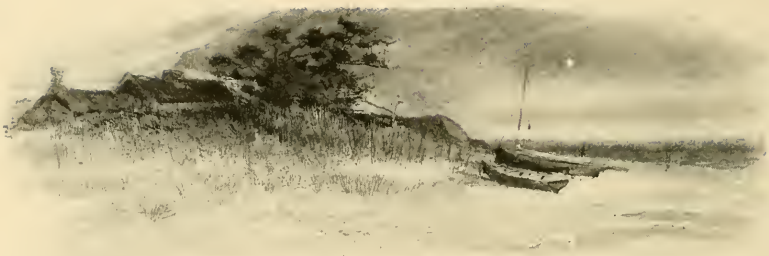




TRUST I have not wasted  
 breath :  
 I think we are not wholly  
 brain,  
 Magnetic mockeries ; not  
 in vain,  
 Like Paul with beasts, I fought  
 with Death ;

Not only cunning casts in clay :  
 Let Science prove we are, and then  
 What matters Science unto men,  
 At least to me ? I would not stay.

Let him, the wiser man who springs  
 Hereafter, up from childhood shape  
 His action like the greater ape,  
 But I was *born* to other things.



SAD HESPER o'er the buried sun  
 And ready, thou, to die with him,  
 Thou watchest all things ever dim  
 And dimmer, and a glory done :

The team is loosen'd from the wain,  
 The boat is drawn upon the shore ;  
 'Thou listenest to the closing door,  
 And life is darken'd in the brain.

Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night,  
 By thee the world's great work is heard  
 Beginning, and the wakeful bird ;  
 Behind thee comes the greater light :

The market boat is on the stream,  
And voices hail it from the brink ;  
Thou hear'st the village hammer clink,  
And seest the moving of the team.

Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name  
For what is one, the first, the last,  
Thou, like my present and my past,  
Thy place is changed ; thou art the same.



CXXII.



WAST thou with me, dearest, then,  
While I rose up against my doom,  
And yearn'd to burst the folded gloom,  
To bare the eternal heavens again,

To feel once more, in placid awe,  
The strong imagination roll  
A sphere of stars about my soul,  
In all her motion one with law ?

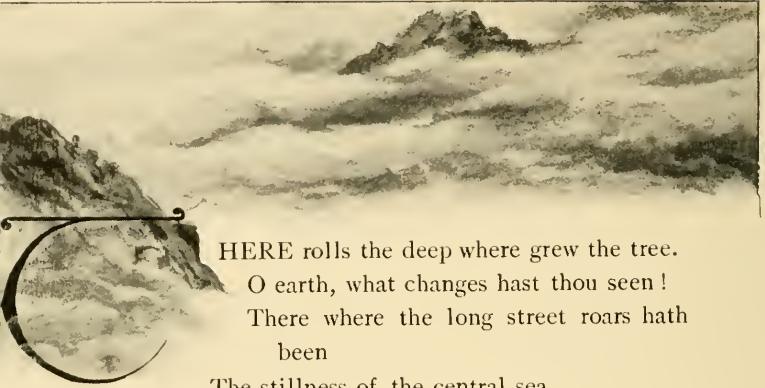
If thou wert with me, and the grave  
Divide us not, be with me now,  
And enter in at breast and brow,  
Till all my blood, a fuller wave,

Be quicken'd with a livelier breath,  
And like an inconsiderate boy,  
As in the former flash of joy,  
I slip the thoughts of life and death ;



And all the breeze of Fancy blows,  
And every dewdrop paints a bow,  
The wizard lightnings deeply glow,  
And every thought breaks out a rose.

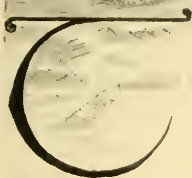




HERE rolls the deep where grew the tree.  
O earth, what changes hast thou seen !  
There where the long street roars hath  
    been  
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow  
    From form to form, and nothing stands ;  
    They melt like mist, the solid lands,  
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,  
    And dream my dream, and hold it true ;  
    For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,  
I cannot think the thing farewell.



HAT which we dare invoke to  
 bless ;  
 Our dearest faith : our ghas-  
 liest doubt ;  
 He, They, One, All ; within,  
 without ;  
 The Power in darkness whom we guess ;

I found Him not in world or sun,  
 Or eagle's wing, or insect's eye ;  
 Nor thro' the questions men may try,  
 The petty cobwebs we have spun :

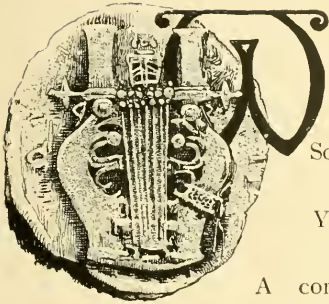
If e'er when faith had fallen asleep,  
 I heard a voice, " Believe no more,"  
 And heard an ever-breaking shore  
 That tumbled in the Godless deep ;

A warmth within the breast would melt  
The freezing reason's colder part,  
And like a man in wrath the heart  
Stood up and answer'd, " I have felt."

No, like a child in doubt and fear :  
But that blind clamour made me wise ;  
Then was I as a child that cries,  
But, crying, knows his father near ;

And what I am beheld again  
What is, and no man understands ;  
And out of darkness came the hands  
That reach thro' nature, moulding men.





WHATEVER I have  
 said or sung,  
 Some bitter notes my  
 harp would give,  
 Yea, tho' there often  
 seem'd to live  
 A contradiction on the  
 tongue,

Yet Hope had never lost her youth ;  
     She did but look through dimmer eyes ;  
     Or Love but play'd with gracious lies,  
 Because he felt so fixt in truth :

And if the song were full of care,  
     He breathed the spirit of the song ;  
     And if the words were sweet and strong,  
 He set his royal signet there ;

Abiding with me till I sail  
     To seek thee on the mystic deeps,  
     And this electric force, that keeps  
 A thousand pulses dancing, fail.



**L**OVE is and was my lord and king,  
 And in his presence I attend  
 To hear the tidings of my friend,  
 Which every hour his couriers bring.

Love is and was my king and lord,  
 And will be, tho' as yet I keep  
 Within his court on earth, and sleep  
 Encompass'd by his faithful guard,

And hear at times a sentinel  
 Who moves about from place to place,  
 And whispers to the worlds of space,  
 In the deep night, that all is well.



**A**

-ND all is well, tho' faith and  
form  
Be sunder'd in the night of  
fear ;

Well roars the storm to those that hear  
A deeper voice across the storm,

Proclaiming social truth shall spread,  
And justice, even tho' thrice again  
The red fool-fury of the Seine  
Should pile her barricades with dead.

But ill for him that wears a crown,  
And him, the lazar, in his rags :  
They tremble, the sustaining crags ;  
The spires of ice are toppled down,

And molten up, and roar in flood ;  
The fortress crashes from on high,  
The brute earth lightens to the sky,  
And the great *Æon* sinks in blood,

And compass'd by the fires of hell ;  
While thou, dear spirit, happy star,  
O'erlook'st the tumult from afar,  
And smilest, knowing all is well.



CXXVIII.



HE love that rose on strong-  
er wings,  
Unpalsied when he met  
with Death,  
Is comrade of the lesser  
faith

That sees the course of human things.

No doubt vast eddies in the flood  
Of onward time shall yet be made,  
And throned races may degrade ;  
Yet, O ye mysteries of good,

Wild Hours that fly with Hope and Fear,  
If all your office had to do  
With old results that look like new—  
If this were all your mission here,

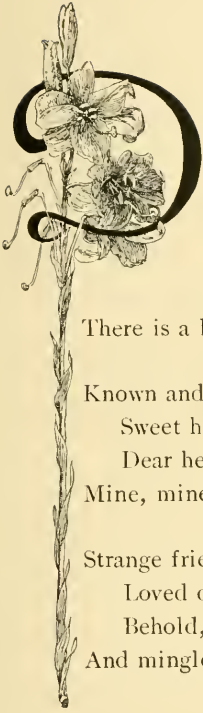
To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,  
To fool the crowd with glorious lies,  
To cleave a creed in sects and cries,  
To change the bearing of a word,

To shift an arbitrary power,  
To cramp the student at his desk,  
To make old bareness picturesque  
And tuft with grass a feudal tower ;

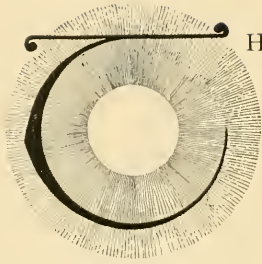


Why, then my scorn might well descend  
On you and yours. I see in part  
That all, as in some piece of art,  
Is toil coöperant to an end.

CXXIX.



DEAR friend, far off, my lost de-  
sire,  
So far, so near in woe and  
weal ;  
O loved the most, when most  
I feel  
There is a lower and a higher ;  
  
Known and unknown ; human, divine ;  
Sweet human hand and lips and eye ;  
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,  
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine ;  
  
Strange friend, past, present, and to be ;  
Loved deeper, darker understood ;  
Behold, I dream a dream of good,  
And mingle all the world with thee.

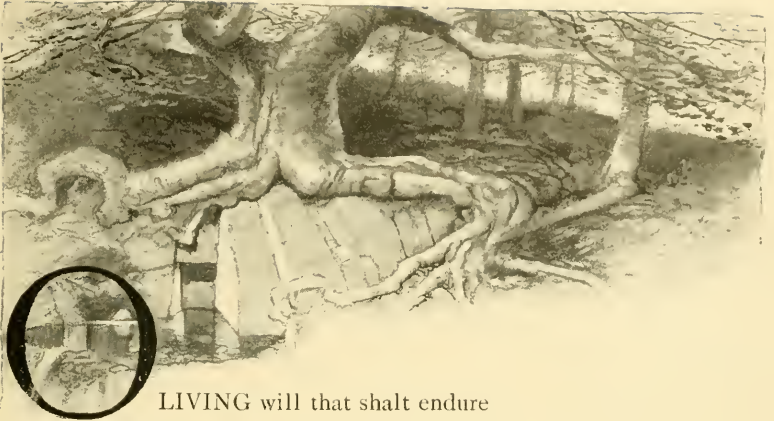


HY voice is on the rolling air ;  
 I hear thee where the waters run ;  
 Thou standest in the rising sun,  
 And in the setting thou art fair.

What art thou then ? I cannot guess ;  
 But tho' I seem in star and flower  
 To feel thee some diffusive power,  
 I do not therefore love thee less.

My love involves the love before ;  
 My love is vaster passion now ;  
 Tho' mixt with God and Nature thou,  
 I seem to love thee more and more.

Far off thou art, but ever nigh ;  
 I have thee still, and I rejoice ;  
 I prosper, circled with thy voice ;  
 I shall not lose thee tho' I die.



LIVING will that shalt endure  
 When all that seems shall suffer shock,  
 Rise in the spiritual rock,  
 Flow thro' our deeds and make them pure,

That we may lift from out of dust  
 A voice as unto him that hears,  
 A cry above the conquer'd years  
 To one that with us works, and trust,

With faith that comes of self-control,  
 The truths that never can be proved  
 Until we close with all we loved,  
 And all we flow from, soul in soul.





TRUE and tried, so well and  
long,  
Demand not thou a marriage  
lay ;

In that it is thy marriage day  
Is music more than any song.

Nor have I felt so much of bliss  
Since first he told me that he loved  
A daughter of our house, nor proved  
Since that dark day a day like this ;

Tho' I since then have number'd o'er  
Some thrice three years; they went and  
came,  
Remade the blood and changed the frame,  
And yet is love not less, but more;

No longer caring to embalm  
In dying songs a dead regret,  
But like a statue solid-set,  
And moulded in colossal calm.

Regret is dead, but love is more  
Than in the summers that are flown,  
For I myself with these have grown  
To something greater than before;

Which makes appear the songs I made  
As echoes out of weaker times,  
As half but idle brawling rhymes,  
The sport of random sun and shade.

But where is she, the bridal flower,  
That must be made a wife ere noon?  
She enters, glowing like the moon  
Of Eden on its bridal bower:



On me she bends her blissful eyes  
And then on thee ; they meet thy look  
And brighten like the star that shook  
Betwixt the palms of Paradise.

O, when her life was yet in bud,  
He too foretold the perfect rose.  
For thee she grew, for thee she grows  
For ever, and as fair as good.

And thou art worthy ; full of power ;  
As gentle ; liberal-minded, great,  
Consistent ; wearing all that weight  
Of learning lightly like a flower.

But now set out : the noon is near,  
And I must give away the bride ;  
She fears not, or, with thee beside  
And me behind her, will not fear.

For I that danced her on my knee,  
That watch'd her on her nurse's arm,  
That shielded all her life from harm,  
At last must part with her to thee ;

Now waiting to be made a wife,  
Her feet, my darling, on the dead ;  
Their pensive tablets round her head,  
And the most living words of life

Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,  
The " Wilt thou ? " answer'd, and again  
The " Wilt thou ? " asked, till out of  
twain  
Her sweet " I will " has made you one.

Now sign your names, which shall be read,  
Mute symbols of a joyful morn,  
By village eyes as yet unborn :  
The names are signed, and overhead

Begins the clash and clang that tells  
The joy to every wandering breeze ;  
The blind wall rocks, and on the trees  
The dead leaf trembles to the bells.

O happy hour, and happier hours  
Await them. Many a merry face  
Salutes them—maidens of the place  
That pelt us in the porch with flowers.



O happy hour, behold the bride  
    With him to whom her hand I gave.  
    They leave the porch, they pass the grave  
That has to-day its sunny side.

To-day the grave is bright for me,  
    For them the light of life increased,  
    Who stay to share the morning feast,  
Who rest to-night beside the sea.

Let all my genial spirits advance  
    To meet and greet a whiter sun ;  
    My drooping memory will not shun  
The foaming grape of eastern France.

It circles round, and fancy plays,  
    And hearts are warm'd and faces bloom,  
    As drinking health to bride and groom  
We wish them store of happy days.

Nor count me all to blame if I  
    Conjecture of a stiller guest,  
    Perchance, perchance, among the rest,  
And, tho' in silence, wishing joy.

But they must go, the time draws on,  
And those white-favour'd horses wait ;  
They rise, but linger ; it is late ;  
Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.

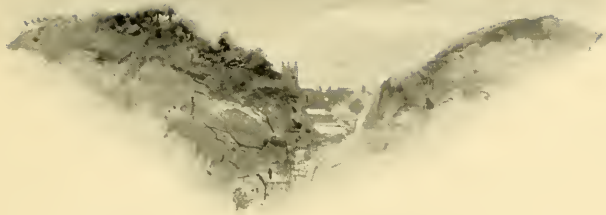
A shade falls on us like the dark  
From little cloudlets on the grass,  
But sweeps away as out we pass  
To range the woods, to roam the park,

Discussing how their courtship grew,  
And talk of others that are wed,  
And how she look'd, and what he said,  
And back we come at fall of dew.

Again the feast, the speech, the glee,  
The shade of passing thought, the wealth  
Of words and wit, the double health,  
The crowning cup, the three-times-three,

And last the dance ;—till I retire :  
Dumb is that tower which spake so loud,  
And high in heaven the streaming cloud,  
And on the downs a rising fire.





And rise, O moon, from yonder down,  
Till over down and over dale  
All night the shining vapour sail  
And pass the silent-lighted town,

The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,  
And catch at every mountain head,  
And o'er the friths that branch and spread  
Their sleeping silver thro' the hills;

And touch with shade the bridal doors,  
    With tender gloom the roof, the wall ;  
    And breaking let the splendour fall  
To spangle all the happy shores

By which they rest, and ocean sounds,  
    And, star and system rolling past,  
    A soul shall draw from out the vast  
And strike his being into bounds,

And, moved through life of lower phase,  
    Result in man, be born and think,  
    And act and love, a closer link  
Betwixt us and the crowning race

Of those that, eye to eye, shall look  
    On knowledge ; under whose command  
    Is Earth and Earth's, and in their hand  
Is Nature like an open book ;

No longer half-akin to brute,  
    For all we thought and loved and did,  
    And hoped, and suffer'd, is but seed  
Of what in them is flower and fruit ;

Whereof the man, that with me trod  
This planet, was a noble type  
Appearing ere the times were ripe,  
That friend of mine who lives in God,

That God, which ever lives and loves,  
One God, one law, one element,  
And one far-off divine event,  
To which the whole creation moves.



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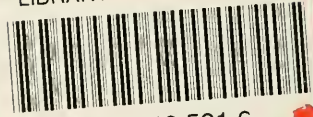








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