THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

THOMAS MOORE,

COLLECTED BY HIMSELF.

IN SIX VOLUMES.

WITH A MEMOIR.

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PREFACE

TO THE FIFTH VOLUME.

In spite of the satirist's assertion, that

"next to singing, the most foolish thing
Is gravely to harangue on what we sing," —

I shall yet venture to prefix to this Volume a few introductory pages, not relating so much to the Songs which it contains, as to my own thoughts and recollections respecting song-writing in general.

The close alliance known to have existed between poetry and music, during the infancy of both these arts, has sometimes led to the conclusion that they are essentially kindred to each other, and that the true poet ought to be, if not practically, at least in taste and ear, a musician. That such was the case in the early times of ancient Greece, and that her poets then not only set their own verses to music, but sung them at public festivals, there is every reason, from all we know on the subject, to believe. A similar union between the two arts attended the dawn of modern literature, in the twelfth century, and was,
in a certain degree, continued down as far as the
time of Petrarch, when, as it appears from his own
memorandums, that poet used to sing his verses, in
composing them;* and when it was the custom with
all writers of sonnets and canzoni to prefix to their
poems a sort of key-note, by which the intonation in
reciting or chanting them was to be regulated.

As the practice of uniting in one individual,—
whether Bard, Scald, or Troubadour,—the char-
acter and functions both of musician and poet, is
known to have been invariably the mark of a rude
state of society, so the gradual separation of these
two callings, in accordance with that great principle
of Political Economy, the division of labour, has
been found an equally sure index of improving civ-
ilization. So far, in England, indeed, has this par-
tition of workmanship been carried, that, with the
signal exception of Milton, there is not to be found,
I believe, among all the eminent poets of England, a
single musician. It is but fair, at the same time, to
acknowledge, that out of the works of these very
poets might be produced a select number of songs,
surpassing, in fancy, grace, and tenderness, all that
the language, perhaps, of any other country could
c nasr

* The following is a specimen of these memorandums, as given
by Foscolo:—"I must make these two verses over again, sing-
ing them, and I must transpose them—3 o'clock, A. M. 19th
October." Frequently to sonnets of that time such notices as
the following were prefixed:—Intonatum per Francum—
"Scriptor dedit sonum."
TO THE FIFTH VOLUME.

We witness, in our own times,—as far as the knowledge or practice of music is concerned,—a similar divorce between the two arts; and my friend and neighbour, Mr. Bowles, is the only distinguished poet of our day whom I can call to mind as being also a musician.* Not to dwell further, however, on living writers, the strong feeling, even to tears, with which I have seen Byron listen to some favourite melody, has been elsewhere described by me; and the musical taste of Sir Walter Scott I ought to be the last person to call in question, after the very cordial tribute he has left on record to my own untutored minstrelsy.† But I must say, that, pleased as my illustrious friend appeared really to be, when I first sung for him at Abbotsford, it was not till an evening or two after, at his own hospitable supper-table, that I saw him in his true sphere of musical enjoyment. No sooner had the quaigh taken its round, after our repast, than his friend, Sir Adam, was called upon, with the general acclaim of the whole table, for the song of "Hey tuttie tattie," and gave it out to us with all the true national relish.

* The late Rev. William Crowe, author of the noble poem of "Lewisden Hill," was likewise a musician, and has left a Treatise on English Versification, to which his knowledge of the sister art lends a peculiar interest.

So little does even the origin of the word "lyrick," as applied to poetry, seem to be present to the minds of some writers, that the poet, Young, has left us an Essay on Lyric Poetry, in which there is not a single allusion to Music, from beginning to end.

† Life by Lockhart, vol. vi. p. 128.
But it was during the chorus that Scott's delight at this festive scene chiefly showed itself. At the end of every verse, the whole company rose from their seats, and stood round the table with arms crossed, so as to grasp the hand of the neighbour on each side. Thus interlinked, we continued to keep measure to the strain, by moving our arms up and down, all chanting forth vociferously, "Hey tuttie tattie, Hey tuttie tattie." Sir Walter's enjoyment of this old Jacobite chorus,—a little increased, doubtless, by seeing how I entered into the spirit of it,—gave to the whole scene, I confess, a zest and charm in my eyes such as the finest musical performance could not have bestowed on it.

Having been thus led to allude to this visit, I am tempted to mention a few other circumstances connected with it. From Abbotsford I proceeded to Edinburgh, whither Sir Walter, in a few days after, followed; and during my short stay in that city an incident occurred, which, though already mentioned by Scott in his Diary,* and owing its chief interest to the connexion of his name with it, ought not to be omitted among these memoranda. As I had expressed a desire to visit the Edinburgh theatre, which opened but the evening before my departure, it was proposed to Sir Walter and myself, by our friend

* "We went to the theatre together, and the house being luckily a good one, received T. M. with rapture. I could have hugged them, for it paid back the debt of the kind reception I met with in Ireland."
Jeffrey, that we should dine with him at an early hour, for that purpose, and both were good-natured enough to accompany me to the theatre. Having found, in a volume * sent to me by some anonymous correspondent, a more circumstantial account of the scene of that evening than Sir Walter has given in his Diary, I shall here avail myself of its graphic and (with one exception) accurate details. After adverting to the sensation produced by the appearance of the late Duchess of St. Albans in one of the boxes, the writer thus proceeds:—"There was a general buzz and stare, for a few seconds; the audience then turned their backs to the lady, and their attention to the stage, to wait till the first piece should be over ere they intended staring again. Just as it terminated, another party quietly glided into a box near that filled by the Duchess. One pleasing female was with the three male comers. In a minute the cry ran round:—'Eh, yon's Sir Walter, wi' Lockhart an' his wife,† and wha's the wee bit bodie wi' the pawkie een? Wow, but it's Tam Moore, just—Scott, Scott! Moore, Moore!'—with shouts, cheers, bravos, and applause. But Scott would not rise to appropriate these tributes. One could see that he urged Moore to do so; and he, though modestly reluctant, at last yielded, and bowed hand on heart, with much animation. The cry for Scott was then

* Written by Mr. Benson Hill.
† The writer was here mistaken. There was one lady of our party; but neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lockhart was present.
redoubled. He gathered himself up, and, with a benevolent bend, acknowledged this deserved welcome. The orchestra played alternately Scotch and Irish Melodies."

Among the choicest of my recollections of that flying visit to Edinburgh, are the few days I passed with Lord Jeffrey at his agreeable retreat, Craig Crook. I had then recently written the words and music of a glee contained in this volume, "Ship ahoy!" which there won its first honours. So often indeed, was I called upon to repeat it, that the upland echoes of Craig Crook ought long to have had its burden by heart.

Having thus got on Scottish ground, I find myself awakened to the remembrance of a name which, whenever song-writing is the theme, ought to rank second to none in that sphere of poetical fame. Robert Burns was wholly unskilled in music; yet the rare art of adapting words successfully to notes, of wedding verse in congenial union with melody, which, were it not for his example, I should say none but a poet versed in the sister-art ought to attempt, has yet, by him, with the aid of a music, to which my own country's strains are alone comparable, been exercised with so workmanly a hand, as well as with so rich a variety of passion, playfulness, and power, as no song-writer, perhaps, but himself, has ever yet displayed.

That Burns, however untaught, was yet, in ear
and feeling, a musician,* is clear from the skill with which he adapts his verse to the structure and character of each different strain. Still more strikingly did he prove his fitness for this peculiar task, by the sort of instinct with which, in more than one instance, he discerned the real and innate sentiment which an air was calculated to convey, though always before associated with words expressing a totally different feeling. Thus the air of a ludicrous old song, "Fee him, father, fee him," has been made the medium of one of Burns's most pathetic effusions; while, still more marvellously, "Hey tuttie tattie" has been elevated by him into that heroic strain, "Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled;" — a song which, in a great national crisis, would be of more avail than all the eloquence of a Demosthenes.†

It was impossible that the example of Burns, in these his higher inspirations, should not materially

* It appears certain, notwithstanding, that he was, in his youth, wholly insensible to music. In speaking of him and his brother, Mr. Murdoch, their preceptor, says, "Robert's ear, in particular, was remarkably dull and his voice untunable. It was long before I could get him to distinguish one tune from another."

† I know not whether it has ever been before remarked, that the well-known lines in one of Burns's most spirited songs,

"The title's but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gold for a' that,"

may possibly have been suggested by the following passage in Wycherley's play, the "Country Wife:" — "I weigh the man, not his title; 'tis not the King's stamp can make the metal better."
contribute to elevate the character of English songwriting, and even to lead to a re-union of the gifts which it requires, if not, as of old, in the same individual, yet in that perfect sympathy between poet and musician which almost amounts to identity, and of which we have seen, in our own times, so interesting an example in the few songs bearing the united names of those two sister muses, Mrs. Arkwright and the late Mrs. Heman.

Very different was the state of the song-department of English poesy at the time when first I tried my novice hand at the lyre. The divorce between song and sense had then reached its utmost range; and to all verses connected with music, from a Birthday-Ode down to the libretto of the last new opera, might fairly be applied the solution Figaro gives of the quality of the words of songs, in general,—

"Ce qui ne vaut pas la peine d'être dit, on le chante."

It may here be suggested that the convivial lyrics of Captain Morris present an exception to the general character I have given of the songs of this period; and, assuredly, had Morris written much that at all approached the following verses of his "Reasons for Drinking," (which I quote from recollection,) few would have equalled him either in fancy, or in that lighter kind of pathos, which comes, as in this instance, like a few melancholy notes in the middle of a gay air, throwing a soft and passing shade over mirth:—

"My muse, too, when her wings are dry,
No frolic flights will take;"
TO THE FIFTH VOLUME.

But round a bowl she'll dip and fly,
   Like swallows round a lake.
If then the nymph must have her share,
   Before she'll bless her swain,
Why, that I think 's a reason fair
   To fill my glass again.

"Then, many a lad I lik'd is dead,
   And many a lass grown old;
And, as the lesson strikes my head,
   My weary heart grows cold.
But wine awhile holds off despair,
   Nay, bids a hope remain;—
And that I think 's a reason fair
   To fill my glass again."

How far my own labours in this field — if, indeed, the gathering of such idle flowers may be so designated — have helped to advance, or even kept pace with the progressive improvement I have here described, it is not for me to presume to decide. I only know that in a strong and inborn feeling for music lies the source of whatever talent I may have shown for poetical composition; and that it was the effort to translate into language the emotions and passions which music appeared to me to express, that first led to my writing any poetry at all deserving of the name. Dryden has happily described music as being "inarticulate poetry;" and I have always felt, in adapting words to an expressive air, that I was but bestowing upon it the gift of articulation, and thus enabling it to speak to others all that was conveyed, in its wordless eloquence, to myself.

Owing to the space I was led to devote to my
Irish reminiscences, in our last Volume, I found myself obliged to postpone some recollections, of a very different description, respecting the gala at Boyle Farm, by which my poem, entitled The Summer Fête, was suggested. In an old letter of my own, to which I have had access, giving an account of this brilliant festival to a friend in Ireland, I find some memorandums which, besides their reference to the subject of the poem, contain some incidents also connected with the first appearance before the public of one of the most successful of all my writings, the story of the Epicurean. I shall give my extracts from this letter, in their original diary-like form, without alteration or dressing:—

June 30, 1837. — Day threatening for the Fête. Was with Lord Essex * at three o’clock, and started about half an hour after. The whole road swarming with carriages and four all the way to Boyle Farm, which Lady de Roos, has lent, for the occasion, to Henry; — the five givers of the Fête, being Lords Chesterfield, Castlereagh, Alvanley, Henry de Roos, and Robert Grosvenor, subscribing four or five hundred pounds each towards it. The arrangements all in the very best taste. The pavilion for quadrilles, on the bank of the river, with steps descending to

* I cannot let pass the incidental mention here of this social and public-spirited nobleman, without expressing my strong sense of his kindly qualities, and lamenting the loss which not only society, but the cause of sound and progressive Political Reform, has sustained by his death.
the water, quite eastern — like what one sees in Daniel's pictures. Towards five the élite of the gay world was assembled — the women all looking their best, and scarce a single ugly face to be found. About half past five, sat down to dinner, 450 under a tent on the lawn, and fifty to the Royal Table in the conservatory. The Tyrolese musicians sung during dinner, and there were, after dinner, gondolas on the river, with Caradori, De Begnis, Velluti, etc., singing barcarolles and rowing off occasionally, so as to let their voices die away and again return. After these succeeded a party in dominos, Madame Vestris, Fanny Ayton, etc., who rowed about in the same manner, and sung, among other things, my gondola song, "Oh come to me when daylight sets." The evening was delicious, and, as soon as it grew dark, the groves were all lighted up with coloured lamps, in different shapes and devices. A little lake near a grotto took my fancy particularly, the shrubs all round being illuminated, and the lights reflected in the water. Six-and-twenty of the prettiest girls of the world of fashion, the F****t*rs, Br*d***lls, De R*s's's, Miss F*ld***g, Miss F*x, Miss R*ss*ll, Miss B**ly, were dressed as Rosières, and opened the quadrilles in the pavilion ...... While talking with D—n (Lord P.'s brother), he said to me, "I never read any thing so touching as the death of your heroine." "What!" said I, "have you got so far already?" "Oh, I

* The Epicurean had been published but the day before.
read it in the Literary Gazette." This anticipation of my catastrophe is abominable. Soon after, the Marquis P—lm—a said to me, as he and I and B—m stood together, looking at the gay scene, "This is like one of your Fêtes." "Oh yes," said B—m, thinking he alluded to Lalla Rookh, "quite oriental." "Non, non," replied P—lm—a, "Je veux dire cette Fête d’Athènes, dont j’ai lu la description dans la Gazette d’aujourd’hui."

Respecting the contents of the present Volume I have but a few more words to add. Accustomed as I have always been to consider my songs as a sort of compound creations, in which the music forms no less essential a part than the verses, it is with a feeling which I can hardly expect my unlyrical readers to understand, that I see such a swarm of songs as crowd these pages all separated from the beautiful airs which have formed hitherto their chief ornament and strength— their "decus et tutamen." But, independently of this uneasy feeling, or fancy, there is yet another inconvenient consequence of the divorce of the words from the music, which will be more easily, perhaps, comprehended, and which, in justice to myself, as a metre-monger, ought to be noticed. Those occasional breaches of the laws of rhythm, which the task of adapting words to airs demands of the poet, though very frequently one of the happiest results of his skill, become blemishes when the verse is separated from the melody, and require, to justify them, the presence of the music
to whose wildness or sweetness the sacrifice had been made.

In a preceding page of this preface, I have mentioned a Treatise by the late Rev. Mr. Crowe, on English versification; and I remember his telling me, in reference to the point I have just touched upon, that, should another edition of that work be called for, he meant to produce, as examples of new and anomalous forms of versification, the following songs from the Irish Melodies:—“Oh the days are gone when Beauty bright”—“At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly,”—and, “Through grief and through danger thy smile hath cheered my way.”

* I shall avail myself of this opportunity of noticing the charge brought by Mr. Bunting against Sir John Stevenson, of having made alterations in many of the airs that formed our Irish Collection. Whatever changes of this kind have been ventured upon (and they are but few and slight), the responsibility for them rests solely with me; as, leaving the Harmonist's department to my friend Stevenson, I reserved the selection and management of the melodies entirely to myself.
EVENINGS IN GREECE.
In thus connecting together a series of Songs by a thread of poetical narrative, my chief object has been to combine Recitation with Music, so as to enable a greater number of persons to join in the performance, by enlisting, as readers, those who may not feel willing or competent to take a part, as singers.

The Island of Zea, where the scene is laid, was called by the ancients Ceos, and was the birth place of Simonides, Bacchylides, and other eminent persons. An account of its present state may be found in the Travels of Dr. Clarke, who says, that "it appeared to him to be the best cultivated of any of the Grecian Isles." — Vol. vi. p. 174.

T. M.
EVENINGS IN GREECE.

FIRST EVENING.

"The sky is bright — the breeze is fair,
"And the mainsail flowing, full and free —
"Our farewell word is woman's pray'r,
"And the hope before us — Liberty!
"Farewell, farewell.
"To Greece we give our shining blades,
"And our hearts to you, young Zean Maids!

"The moon is in the heavens above,
"And the wind is on the foaming sea—
"Thus shines the star of woman's love
"On the glorious strife of Liberty!
"Farewell, farewell.
"To Greece we give our shining blades,
"And our hearts to you, young Zean Maids!"

Thus sung they from the bark, that now
Turn'd to the sea its gallant prow,
Bearing within it hearts as brave,
As e'er sought Freedom o'er the wave;
And leaving on that islet's shore,
Where still the farewell beacons burn,
Friends, that shall many a day look o'er
The long, dim sea for their return.

Virgin of Heaven! speed their way—
Oh, speed their way,—the chosen flow'r,
Of Zea's youth, the hope and stay
Of parents in their wintry hour,
The love of maidens, and the pride
Of the young, happy, blushing bride,
Whose nuptial wreath has not yet died—
All, all are in that precious bark,
Which now, alas, no more is seen—
Though every eye still turns to mark
The moonlight spot where it had been.

Vainly you look, ye maidens, sires,
And mothers, your beloved are gone!—
Now may you quench those signal fires,
Whose light they long look'd back upon
From their dark deck — watching the flame
As fast it faded from their view,
With thoughts, that, but for manly shame,
Had made them droop and weep like you.
Home to your chambers! home, and pray
For the bright coming of that day,
When, bless'd by heaven, the Cross shall sweep
The Crescent from the Ægean deep,
And your brave warriors, hastening back,
Will bring such glories in their track,
As shall, for many an age to come,
Shed light around their name and home.

There is a Fount on Zea’s isle,
Round which, in soft luxuriance, smile
All the sweet flowers, of every kind,
On which the sun of Greece looks down,

Pleased as a lover on the crown
His mistress for her brow hath twined,
When he beholds each floweret there,
Himself had wish’d her most to wear;
Here bloom’d the laurel-rose,* whose wreath
Hangs radiant round the Cypriot shrines,
And here those bramble flowers, that breathe
Their odour into Zante’s wines: — 

The splendid woodbine, that, at eve,
To grace their floral diadems,
The lovely maids of Patmos weave: — 

And that fair plant, whose tangled stems
Shine like a Nereid’s hair,§ when spread,
Dishevell’d, o’er her azure bed; —

* "Nerium Oleander. In Cyprus it retains its ancient name, Rhododaphne, and the Cypriots adorn their churches with the flowers on feast-days." — Journal of Dr. Sibthorpe, Walpole’s Turkey.
† Id.
‡ Lonicera Caprifolium, used by the girls of Patmos for garlands.
§ Cnscuta europaea. “From the twisting and twining of the stems, it is compared by the Greeks to the dishevelled hair of the Nereids.” — Walpole’s Turkey.
All these bright children of the clime,
(Each at its own most genial time,
The summer, or the year's sweet prime,)
Like beautiful earth-stars, adorn
The Valley, where that Fount is born:
While round, to grace its cradle green,
Groups of Velani oaks are seen,
Towering on every verdant height—
Tall, shadowy, in the evening light,
Like Genii, set to watch the birth
Of some enchanted child of earth—
Fair oaks, that over Zea's vales,
Stand with their leafy pride unfurl'd;
While Commerce, from her thousand sails,
Scatters their fruit throughout the world!* 

'Twas here — as soon as prayer and sleep
(Those truest friends to all who weep)
Had lighten'd every heart, and made
Ev'n sorrow wear a softer shade—
'Twas here, in this secluded spot,
Amid whose breathings calm and sweet
Grief might be soothed, if not forgot,
The Zean nymphs resolved to meet
Each evening now, by the same light
That saw their farewell tears that night;
And try, if sound of lute and song,
If wandering mid the moonlight flowers

* "The produce of the island in these acorns alone amounts annually to fifteen thousand quintals."—Clarke's Travels.
In various talk, could charm along
With lighter step, the lingering hours,
Till tidings of that Bark should come,
Or Victory wait their warriors home!

When first they met — the wonted smile
Of greeting having gleam'd awhile —
'Twould touch ev'n Moslem heart to see
The sadness that came suddenly
O'er their young brows, when they look'd round
Upon that bright, enchanted ground;
And thought, how many a time, with those
Who now were, gone to the rude wars,
They there had met, at evening's close,
And danced till morn outshone the stars!

But seldom long doth hang th' eclipse
Of sorrow o'er such youthful breasts —
The breath from her own blushing lips,
That on the maiden's mirror rests,
Not swifter, lighter from the glass,
Than sadness from her brow doth pass.
Soon did they now, as round the Well
They sat, beneath the rising moon —
And some, with voice of awe, would tell
Of midnight fays, and nymphs who dwell
In holy founts — while some would tune
Their idle lutes, that now had lain,
For days, without a single strain; —
And others, from the rest apart,
With laugh that told the lighten'd heart,
Sat, whispering in each other's ear
Secrets, that all in turn would hear; —
Soon did they find this thoughtless play
So swiftly steal their griefs away,
That many a nymph, though pleased the while,
Reproach'd her own forgetful smile,
And sigh'd to think she could be gay.

Among these maidens there was one,
Who to Lencadia late had been —
Had stood, beneath the evening sun,
On its whitetowering cliff's, and seen
The very spot where Sappho sung
Her swan-like music, ere she sprung
(Still holding, in that fearful leap,
By her loved lyre,) into the deep,
And dying quench'd the fatal fire,
At once, of both her heart and lyre.

Mutely they listen'd all — and well
Did the young travell'd maiden tell
Of the dread height to which that steep
Beetles above the eddying deep — †
Of the lone sea-birds, wheeling round
The dizzy edge with mournful sound —

* Now Santa Maura — the island, from whose cliff's Sappho leaped into the sea.
† "The precipice, which is fearfully dizzy, is about one hundred and fourteen feet from the water, which is of a profound depth, as appears from the dark blue colour and the eddy that plays round the pointed and projecting rocks." — Goodisson's Ionian Isles.
And of those scented lilies* found
Still blooming on that fearful place —
As if call'd up by Love, to grace
The immortal spot, o'er which the last
Bright footsteps of his martyr pass'd!

While fresh to every listener's thought
These legends of Leucadia brought
All that of Sappho's hapless flame
Is kept alive, still watch'd by Fame —
The maiden, tuning her soft lute,
While all the rest stood round her, mute,
Thus sketch'd the languishment of soul,
That o'er the tender Lesbian stole;
And, in a voice, whose thrilling tone
Fancy might deem the Lesbian's own,
One of those fervid fragments gave,
Which still, — like sparkles of Greek Fire,
Undying, ev'n beneath the wave, —
Burn on thro' Time, and ne'er expire.

SONG.

As o'er her loom the Lesbian Maid
In love-sick languor hung her head,
Unknowing where her fingers stray'd,
She weeping turn'd away, and said,
"Oh, my sweet Mother — 'tis in vain —
"I cannot weave, as once I wove —

* See Mr. Goodisson's very interesting description of all these circumstances.
"So wilder'd is my heart and brain
With thinking of that youth I love!" *

Again the web she tried to trace,
But tears fell o'er each tangled thread;
While, looking in her mother's face,
Who watchful o'er her lean'd, she said,
"Oh, my sweet Mother—'tis in vain—
I cannot weave, as once I wove—
So wilder'd is my heart and brain
With thinking of that youth I love!"

A silence follow'd this sweet air,
As each in tender musing stood,
Thinking, with lips that moved in pray'r,
Of Sappho and that fearful flood:
While some, who ne'er till now had known
How much their hearts resembled hers,
Felt as they made her griefs their own,
That they, too, were Love's worshippers.

At length a murmur, all but mute,
So faint it was, came from the lute
Of a young melancholy maid,
Whose fingers, all uncertain play'd

* I have attempted, in these four lines, to give some idea of that beautiful fragment of Sappho, beginning Τυφλή ματηρ, which represents so truly (as Warton remarks) "the languor and listlessness of a person deeply in love."
From chord to chord, as if in chase
   Of some lost melody, some strain
Of other times, whose faded trace
   She sought among those chords again.
Slowly the half-forgotten theme
   (Though born in feelings ne'er forgot)
Came to her memory — as a beam
   Falls broken o'er some shaded spot; —
And while her lute's sad symphony
   Fill'd up each sighing pause between;
And Love himself might weep to see
   What ruin comes where he hath been—
As wither'd still the grass is found
Where fays have danced their merry round —
Thus simply to the listening throng
   She breath'd her melancholy song:

   SONG.
Weeping for thee, my love, through the long day,
Lonely and wearily life wears away.
Weeping for thee, my love, through the long night —
No rest in darkness, no joy in light!
Nought left but Memory, whose dreary tread
Sounds through this ruin'd heart, where all lies
Wakening the echoes of joy long fled!

   [dead —

Of many a stanza, this alone
Had scaped oblivion — like the one
Stray fragment of a wreck, which thrown,
With the lost vessel's name, ashore,
Tells who they were that live no more.

When thus the heart is in a vein
Of tender thought, the simplest strain
Can touch it with peculiar power —
As when the air is warm, the scent
Of the most wild and rustic flower
Can fill the whole rich element —
And, in such moods, the homeliest tone
That's link'd with feelings, once our own —
With friends or joys gone by — will be
Worth choirs of loftiest harmony!

But some there were, among the group
Of damsels there, too light of heart
To let their spirits longer droop,
Ev'n under music's melting art;
And one upspringing, with a bound,
From a low bank of flowers, look'd round
With eyes that, though so full of light,
Had still a trembling tear within;
And, while her fingers, in swift flight,
Flew o'er a fairy mandolin,
Thus sung the song her lover late
Had sung to her — the eve before
That joyous night, when, as of yore,
All Zea met, to celebrate
The Feast of May, on the sea-shore.
SONG.

When the Balai*ka *
   Is heard o'er the sea,
I'll dance the Romaika
   By moonlight with thee.
If waves then, advancing,
   Should steal on our play,
Thy white feet, in dancing,
   Shall chase them away."†
When the Balai*ka
   Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou'lt dance the Romaika,
   My own love with me.

Then, at the closing
   Of each merry lay,
How sweet 'tis, reposing,
   Beneath the night ray!
Or if, declining,
   The moon leave the skies,
We'll talk by the shining
   Of each other's eyes.

Oh then, how featly
   The dance we'll renew,

* This word is defrauded here, I suspect, of a syllable; Dr. Clarke, if I recollect right, makes it "Balalaika."†
† "I saw above thirty parties engaged in dancing the Romaika upon the sand; in some of those groups, the girl who led them chased the retreating wave." — Douglas on the Modern Greeks.
Treading so fleetly
   Its light mazes through: *
Till stars, looking o'er us
   From heaven's high bow'rs,
Would change their bright bow'rs
   For one dance of ours!
When the Balaika
   Is heard o'er the sea,
Thou'llt dance the Romaika,
   My own love, with me.

How changingly for ever veers
The heart of youth, 'twixt smiles and tears!
Ev'n as in April, the light vane
Now points to sunshine, now to rain.
Instant this lively lay dispell'd
   The shadow from each blooming brow,
And Dancing, joyous Dancing, held
   Full empire o'er each fancy now.

* "In dancing the Romaika (says Mr. Douglas) they begin in slow and solemn step till they have gained the time, but by degrees the air becomes more sprightly; the conductress of the dance sometimes setting to her partner, sometimes darting before the rest, and leading them through the most rapid revolutions; sometimes crossing under the hands, which are held up to let her pass, and giving as much liveliness and intricacy as she can to the figures, into which she conducts her companions, while their business is to follow her in all her movements, without breaking the chain, or losing the measure."
But say—what shall the measure be?

"Shall we the old Romaika tread,"

(Some eager ask'd) "as anciently

"'Twas by the maids of Delos led,

"When, slow at first, then circling fast,

"As the gay spirits rose—at last,

"With hand in hand, like links, enlock'd,

"Through the light air they seem'd to flit

"In labyrinthine maze, that mock'd

"The dazzled eye that follow'd it?"

Some call'd aloud "the Fountain Dance!"—

While one young, dark-ey'd Amazon,

Whose step was air-like, and whose glance

Flash'd, like a sabre in the sun,

Sportively said, "Shame on these soft

"And languid strains we hear so oft.

"Daughters of Freedom! have not we

"Learn'd from our lovers and our sires

"The Dance of Greece, while Greece was free—

"That Dance, where neither flutes nor lyres,

"But sword and shield clash on the ear

"A music tyrants quake to hear?*

"Heroines of Zea, arm with me,

"And dance the dance of Victory!"

Thus saying, she, with playful grace,

Loosed the wide hat, that o'er her face

* For a description of the Pyrrhic Dance see De Guys, etc.—

It appears from Apuleius (lib. x.) that this war-dance was, among

the ancients, sometimes performed by females.
(From Anatolia * came the maid)

Hung, shadowing each sunny charm;
And, with a fair young armourer's aid,
Fixing it on her rounded arm,
A mimic shield with pride display'd;
Then, springing tow'rd a grove that spread
Its canopy of foliage near,
Pluck'd off a lance-like twig, and said,
"To arms, to arms!" while o'er her head
She waved the light branch, as a spear.

Promptly the laughing maidens all
Obey'd their Chief's heroic call;—
Round the shield-arm of each was tied
Hat, turban, shawl, as chance might be;
The grove, their verdant armoury,
Falchion and lance † alike supplied;
And as their glossy locks, let free,
Fell down their shoulders carelessly,
You might have dream'd you saw a throng
Of youthful Thyads, by the beam
Of a May moon, bounding along
Peneus' silver-eddied ‡ stream!

And now they stepp'd, with measured tread,
Martially, o'er the shining field;

* See the costume of the Greek women of Natolia in Castellian's 
  Mœurs des Otomans.
† The sword was the weapon chiefly used in this dance.
‡ Homer, I. 2, 753.
FIRST EVENING.

Now, to the mimic combat led
(A heroine at each squadron's head),
Struck lance to lance and sword to shield:
While still, through every varying feat,
Their voices, heard in contrast sweet
With some, of deep but soften'd sound,
From lips of aged sires around,
Who smiling watch'd their children's play—
Thus sung the ancient Pyrrhic lay:—

SONG.

"Raise the buckler—poise the lance—
"Now here—now there—retreat—advance!"

Such were the sounds, to which the warrior boy
Danced in those happy days, when Greece was free;
When Sparta's youth, ev'n in the hour of joy,
Thus train'd their steps to war and victory.
"Raise the buckler—poise the lance—
"Now here—now there—retreat—advance!"
Such was the Spartan warriors' dance.

"Grasp the falchion—gird the shield—
"Attack—defend—do all, but yield."

Thus did thy sons, oh Greece, one glorious night,
Dance by a moon like this, till o'er the sea

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That morning dawn'd by whose immortal light
They nobly died for thee and liberty!*
"Raise the buckler — poise the lance —
"Now here — now there — retreat — advance!"
Such was the Spartan heroes' dance.

Scarce had they closed this martial lay
When, flinging their light spears away,
The combatants, in broken ranks,
All breathless from the war-field fly;
And down, upon the velvet banks
And flowery slopes, exhausted lie,
Like rosy huntresses of Thrace,
Resting at sunset from the chase.

"Fond girls!" an aged Zean said —
One who, himself, had fought and bled,
And now, with feelings, half delight,
Half sadness, watch'd their mimic fight —
"Fond maids! who thus with War can jest —
"Like Love, in Mars's helmet drest,
"When, in his childish innocence,
"Pleased with the shade that helmet flings,
"He thinks not of the blood, that thence
"Is dropping o'er his snowy wings.

* It is said that Leonidas and his companions employed themselves, on the eve of the battle, in music and the gymnastic exercises of their country.
"Ay — true it is, young patriot maids,
If Honour's arm still won the fray,
If luck but shone on righteous blades,
War were a game for gods to play!
But, no, alas! — hear one, who well
Hath track'd the fortunes of the brave —
Hear me, in mournful ditty, tell
What glory waits the patriot's grave:"

SONG.

As by the shore, at break of day,
A vanquish'd Chief expiring lay,
Upon the sands, with broken sword,
He traced his farewell to the Free;
And, there, the last unfinish'd word
He dying wrote was "Liberty!"

At night a Sea-bird shriek'd the knell
Of him who thus for Freedom fell;
The words he wrote, ere evening came,
Were cover'd by the sounding sea; —
So pass away the cause and name
Of him who dies for Liberty!

That tribute of subdued applause
A charm'd, but timid, audience pays,
That murmur, which a minstrel draws
From hearts, that feel, but fear to praise,
Follow'd this song, and left a pause
Of silence after it, that hung
Like a fix'd spell on every tongue.

At length, a low and tremulous sound
Was heard from midst a group, that round
A bashful maiden stood, to hide
Her blushes, while the lute she tried —
Like roses, gathering round to veil
The song of some young nightingale,
Whose trembling notes steal out between
The cluster'd leaves, herself unseen.
And, while that voice, in tones that more
Through feeling than through weakness err'd,
Came, with a stronger sweetness, o'er
Th' attentive ear, this strain was heard: —

SONG.

I saw, from yonder silent cave,*
Two Fountains running, side by side,
The one was Mem'ry's limpid wave,
The other cold Oblivion's tide.
"Oh Love!" said I, in thoughtless mood,
As deep I drank of Lethe's stream,
"Be all my sorrows in this flood
"Forgotten like a vanish'd dream!"

* "This morning we paid our visit to the Cave of Trophonius, and the Fountains of Memory and Oblivion, just upon the water of Hercyna, which flows through stupendous rocks." — Williams's Travels in Greece.
FIRST EVENING.

But who could bear that gloomy blank,
Where joy was lost as well as pain?
Quickly of Mem’ry’s fount I drank,
And brought the past all back again;
And said, “Oh Love! whate’er my lot,
“Still let this soul to thee be true—
“Rather than have one bliss forgot,
“Be all my pains remember’d too!”

The group that stood around, to shade
The blushes of that bashful maid,
Had, by degrees, as came the lay
More strongly forth, retired away,
Like a fair shell, whose valves divide,
To show the fairer pearl inside:
For such she was—a creature, bright
And delicate as those day-flow’rs,
Which, while they last, make up, in light
And sweetness, what they want in hours.

So rich upon the ear had grown
Her voice’s melody—its tone
Gathering new courage, as it found
An echo in each bosom round—
That, ere the nymph, with downcast eye
Still on the chords, her lute laid by,
“Another Song,” all lips exclaim’d,
And each some matchless favourite named;
While blushing, as her fingers ran
O’er the sweet chords, she thus began:—
SONG.

Oh, Memory, how coldly
Thou paintest joy gone by:
Like rainbows, thy pictures
But mournfully shine and die.
Or, if some tints thou keepest,
That former days recall,
As o'er each line thou weepest,
Thy tears efface them all.

But, Memory, too truly
Thou paintest grief that's past;
Joy's colours are fleeting,
But those of Sorrow last.
And, while thou bring'st before us
Dark pictures of past ill,
Life's evening, closing o'er us,
But makes them darker still.

So went the moonlight hours along,
In this sweet glade; and so, with song
And witching sounds — not such as they,
    The cymbalists of Ossa, play'd,
To chase the moon's eclipse away,*
    But soft and holy — did each maid
Lighten her heart's eclipse awhile,
And win back Sorrow to a smile.

* This superstitious custom of the Thessalians exists also, as Pietro della Valle tells us, among the Persians.
Not far from this secluded place,
   On the sea-shore a ruin stood;—
A relic of th' extinguish'd race,
   Who once look'd o'er that foamy flood,
When fair Ioulis,* by the light
Of golden sunset, on the sight
Of mariners who sail'd that sea,

Rose, like a city of chrysolite,
   Call'd from the wave by witchery.
This ruin — now by barbarous hands
   Debased into a motley shed,
Where the once splendid column stands
   Inverted on its leafy head—
Form'd, as they tell, in times of old,
   The dwelling of that bard, whose lay
Could melt to tears the stern and cold,
   And sadden, mid their mirth, the gay—
Simonides,† whose fame, through years
And ages past, still bright appears—
Like Hesperus, a star of tears!

'Twas hither now — to catch a view
   'Of the white waters, as they play'd
Silently in the light — a few
   Of the more restless damsels stray'd;

* An ancient city of Zea, the walls of which were of marble. Its remains (says Clarke) "extend from the shore, quite into a valley watered by the streams of a fountain, whence Ioulis received its name."

† Zea was the birthplace of this poet, whose verses are by Catullus called "tears."
And some would linger 'mid the scent
Of hanging foliage, that perfumed
The ruin'd walls; while others went,
Culling whatever floweret bloom'd
In the lone leafy space between
Where gilded chambers once had been;
Or, turning sadly to the sea,
Sent o'er the wave a sigh unblest
To some brave champion of the Free —
Thinking, alas, how cold might be,
At that still hour, his place of rest!

Meanwhile there came a sound of song
From the dark ruins — a faint strain,
As if some echo, that among
Those minstrel halls had slumbered long;
Were murmuring into life again.

But, no — the nymphs knew well the tone —
A maiden of their train, who loved,
Like the night-bird, to sing alone,
Had deep into those ruins roved,
And there, all other thoughts forgot,
Was warbling o'er, in lone delight,
A lay that, on that very spot,
Her lover sung one moonlight night: —
SONG.

Ah! where are they, who heard, in former hours,
The voice of Song in these neglected bow'rs?
They are gone—all gone!

The youth, who told his pain in such sweet tone,
That all, who heard him, wish'd his pain their own—
He is gone—he is gone!

And she, who, while he sung, sat listening by,
And thought, to strains like these 'twere sweet to die—
She is gone—she too is gone!

'Tis thus, in future hours, some bard will say
Of her, who hears, and him, who sings this lay—
They are gone—they both are gone!

The moon was now, from heaven's steep,
Bending to dip her silvery urn
Into the bright and silent deep—
And the young nymphs, on their return
From those romantic ruins, found
Their other playmates, ranged around
The sacred Spring, prepared to tune
Their parting hymn,* ere sunk the moon,

* These "Songs of the Well," as they were called among the ancients, still exist in Greece. De Gys tells us that he has seen
To that fair Fountain, by whose stream  
Their hearts had form'd so many a dream.

Who has not read the tales, that tell  
Of old Eleusis' sacred Well,  
Or heard what legend-songs recount  
Of Syra, and its holy Fount,*  
Gushing, at once, from the hard rock  
Into the laps of living flowers —  
Where village maidens loved to flock,  
On summer-nights, and, like the Hours,  
Link'd in harmonious dance and song,  
Charm'd the unconscious night along;  
While holy pilgrims, on their way  
To Delos' isle, stood looking on,  
Enchanted with a scene so gay,  
Nor sought their boats, till morning shone.

Such was the scene this lovely glade  
And its fair inmates now display'd,

"the young women in Prince's Island, assembled in the evening  
at a public well, suddenly strike up a dance, while others sung  
in concert to them."

* "The inhabitants of Syra, both ancient and modern, may  
be considered as the worshippers of water. The old fountain, at  
which the nymphs of the island assembled in the earliest ages,  
exists in its original state; the same rendezvous as it was for-  
ermerly, whether of love and gallantry, or of gossiping and tale-tell-  
ing. It is near to the town, and the most limpid water gushes  
continually from the solid rock. It is regarded by the inhabi-  
tants with a degree of religious veneration; and they preserve  
a tradition, that the pilgrims of old time, in their way to Delos,  
resorted hither for purification."—Clarke.
As round the Fount, in linked ring,
    They went, in cadence slow and light,
And thus to that enchanted Spring
Warbled their Farewell for the night:

SONG.

Here, while the moonlight dim
Falls on that mossy brim,
Sing we our Fountain Hymn,
    Maidens of Zea!
Nothing but Music's strain,
When Lovers part in pain,
Soothes, till they meet again,
    Oh, Maids of Zea!

Bright Fount, so clear and cold,
Round which the nymphs of old
Stood, with their locks of gold,
    Fountain of Zea!
Not even Castaly,
Famed though its streamlet be,
Murmurs or shines like thee,
    Oh, Fount of Zea!

Thou, while our hymn we sing,
Thy silver voice shalt bring,
Answering, answering,
    Sweet Fount of Zea!
For, of all rills that run,
Sparkling by moon or sun,
Thou art the fairest one,
Bright Fount of Zea!

Now, by those stars that glance
Over heaven’s still expanse,
Weave we our mirthful dance,
Daughters of Zea!
Such as, in former days,
Danced they, by Diana’s rays,
Where the Erota strays,*
Oh, Maids of Zea!

But when to merry feet
Hearts with no echo beat,
Say, can the dance be sweet?
Maidens of Zea!
No, nought but Music’s strain,
When lovers part in pain,
Soothes, till they meet again,
Oh, Maids of Zea!

* "Qualis in Eruotae ripis, aut per juga Cynthi
Exerceat Diana choros."—Virgil.
SECOND EVENING.

SONG.

WHEN evening shades are falling
O'er Ocean's sunny sleep,
To pilgrims' hearts recalling
Their home beyond the deep;
When, rest o'er all descending,
The shores with gladness smile,
And lutes, their echoes blending,
Are heard from isle to isle,
Then, Mary, Star of the Sea*
We pray, we pray, to thee!

The noon-day tempest over,
Now Ocean toils no more,
And wings of halcyons hover,
Where all was strife before.
Oh thus may life, in closing
Its short tempestuous day,
Beneath heaven's smile reposing,
Shine all its storms away:
Thus, Mary, Star of the Sea,
We pray, we pray, to thee!

* One of the titles of the Virgin: — "Maria illuminatrix, sive Stella Maris." — Isidor.
On Helle's sea the light grew dim,
As the last sounds of that sweet hymn
    Floated along its azure tide —
Floated in light, as if the lay
Had mix'd with sunset's fading ray,
    And light and song together died.
So soft through evening's air had breath'd
That choir of youthful voices, wreath'd
In many-linked harmony,
That boats, then hurrying o'er the sea,
Paused, when they reach'd this fairy shore,
And linger'd till the strain was o'er.

Of those young maids who've met to fleet
    In song and dance this evening's hours,
Far happier now the bosoms beat,
    Than when they last adorn'd these bowers;
For tidings of glad sound had come,
    At break of day, from the far isles —
Tidings like breath of life to some —
That Zea's sons would soon wing home,
    Crown'd with the light of Victory's smiles
To meet that brightest of all needs
That wait on high, heroic deeds,
When gentle eyes that scarce, for tears,
    Could trace the warrior's parting track,
Shall, like a misty morn that clears,
When the long-absent sun appears,
    Shine out, all bliss, to hail him back.
How fickle still the youthful breast!—
More fond of change than a young moon,
No joy so new was e'er possesst
But Youth would leave for newer soon.
These Zean nymphs, though bright the spot,
Where first they held their evening play,
As ever fell to fairy's lot
To wanton o'er by midnight's ray,
Had now exchanged that shelter'd scene
For a wide glade beside the sea—
A lawn, whose soft expanse of green
Turn'd to the west sun smilingly,
As though, in conscious beauty bright,
It joy'd to give him light for light.

And ne'er did evening more serene
Look down from heaven on lovelier scene.
Calm lay the flood around, while fleet,
O'er the blue shining element,
Light barks, as if with fairy feet
That stirr'd not the hush'd waters, went;
Some that, ere rosy eve fell o'er
The blushing wave, with mainsail free,
Had put forth from the Attic shore,
On the near Isle of Ebony;—
Some, Hydriot barks, that deep in caves
Beneath Colonna's pillar'd cliffs,
Had all day lurk'd, and o'er the waves
Now shot their long and dart-like skiffs.
Woe to the craft, however fleet,
These sea-hawks in their course shall meet,
Laden with juice of Lesbian vines,
Or rich from Naxos' emery mines;
For not more sure, when owlets flee
O'er the dark crags of Pendellee,
Doth the night-falcon mark his prey,
Or pounce on it more fleet than they.

And what a moon now lights the glade
Where these young island nymphs are met!
Full-orb'd, yet pure, as if no shade
Had touch'd its virgin lustre yet;
And freshly bright, as if just made
By Love's own hands, of new-born light
Stol'n from his mother's star to-night.

On a bold rock, that o'er the flood
Jutted from that soft glade, there stood
A Chapel, fronting towards the sea,—
Built in some by-gone century,—
Where, nightly, as the seaman's mark,
When waves rose high or clouds were dark,
A lamp, bequeath'd by some kind Saint,
Shed o'er the wave its glimmer faint,
Waking in way-worn men a sigh
And prayer to heaven, as they went by.
"T was there, around that rock-built shrine,
A group of maidens and their sires
Had stood to watch the day's decline.
And, as the light fell o'er their lyres,
Sung to the Queen-Star of the Sea
That soft and holy melody.
SECOND EVENING.

But lighter thoughts and lighter song
Now woo the coming hours along.
For, mark, where smooth the herbage lies,
   Yon gay pavilion, curtain'd deep
With silken folds, through which, bright eyes,
   From time to time, are seen to peep;
While twinkling lights that, to and fro,
Beneath those veils, like meteors, go,
   Tell of some spells at work, and keep
Young fancies chain'd in mute suspense,
Watching what next may shine from thence.
Nor long the pause, ere hands unseen
   That mystic curtain backward drew
And all, that late but shone between,
   In half caught gleams, now burst to view.
A picture 't was of the early days
Of glorious Greece, ere yet those rays
Of rich immortal Mind were hers
That made mankind her worshippers;
While, yet unsung, her landscapes shone
With glory lent by heaven alone;
Nor temples crown'd her nameless hills,
Nor Muse immortalized her rills;
Nor aught but the mute poesy
Of sun, and stars, and shining sea
Illumed that land of bards to be.
While, prescient of the gifted race
   That yet would realm so blest adorn,
Nature took pains to deck the place
   Where glorious Art was to be born.

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Such was the scene that mimic stage
Of Athens and her hills portray'd;
Athens, in her first, youthful age,
Ere yet the simple violet braid,*
Which then adorn'd her, had shone down
The glory of earth's loftiest crown.
While yet undream'd, her seeds of Art
Lay sleeping in the marble mine—
Sleeping till Genius bade them start
To all but life, in shapes divine;
Till deified the quarry shone
And all Olympus stood in stone!

There, in the foreground of that scene,
On a soft bank of living green,
Sate a young nymph, with her lap full
Of newly gather'd flowers, o'er which
She graceful lean'd, intent to cull
All that was there of hue most rich,
To form a wreath, such as the eye
Of her young lover, who stood by,
With pallet mingled fresh, might choose
To fix by Painting's rainbow hues.

The wreath was form'd; the maiden raised
Her speaking eyes to his, while he—
Oh not upon the flowers now gaz'd,
But on that bright look's witchery.

* "Violet-crowned Athens." — Pindar.
While, quick as if but then the thought,
Like light, had reach'd his soul, he caught
His pencil up, and, warm and true
As life itself, that love-look drew:
And, as his raptured task went on,
And forth each kindling feature shone,
Sweet voices, through the moonlight air,
From lips as moonlight fresh and pure,
Thus hail'd the bright dream passing there,
And sung the Birth of Portraiture.*

SONG.
As once a Grecian maiden wove
Her garland mid the summer bowers,
There stood a youth, with eyes of love,
To watch her while she wreath'd the flowers.
The youth was skill'd in Painting's art,
But ne'er had studied woman's brow,
Nor knew what magic hues the heart
Can shed o'er Nature's charms, till now.

CHORUS.
Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that's fair and bright below.

His hand had pictured many a rose,
And sketch'd the rays that light the brook;

* The whole of this scene was suggested by Pliny's account of the artist Pausias and his mistress Glyeera, Lib. 35, c. 40.
But what were these, or what were those,
To woman's blush, to woman's look?
"Oh, if such magic pow'r there be,
"This, this," he cried, "is all my prayer,
"To paint that living light I see,
"And fix the soul that sparkles there."

His prayer, as soon as breath'd, was heard;
His pallet, touch'd by Love, grew warm,
And Painting saw her hues transferr'd
From lifeless flowers to woman's form.
Still as from tint to tint he stole,
The fair design shone out the more,
And there was now a life, a soul,
Where only colours glow'd before.

Then first carnations learn'd to speak,
And lilies into life were brought;
While, mantling on the maiden's cheek,
Young roses kindled into thought.
Then hyacinths their darkest dyes
Upon the locks of Beauty threw;
And violets, transform'd to eyes,
Inshrin'd a soul within their blue.

CHORUS.
Blest be Love, to whom we owe
All that's fair and bright below.
Song was cold and Painting dim
Till song and Painting learn'd from him.
Soon as the scene had closed, a cheer
Of gentle voices, old and young,
Rose from the groups that stood to hear
This tale of yore so aptly sung;
And while some nymphs, in haste to tell
The workers of that fairy spell
How crown'd with praise their task had been,
Stole in behind the curtain'd scene,
The rest, in happy converse stray'd—
Talking that ancient love-tale o'er—
Some, to the groves that skirt the glade,
Some, to the chapel by the shore,
To look what lights were on the sea,
And think of the absent silently.

But soon that summons, known so well
Through bower and hall, in Eastern lands,
Whose sound, more sure than gong or bell,
Lovers and slaves alike commands,—
The clapping of young female hands,
Calls back the groups from rock and field
To see some new-form'd scene reveal'd;—
And fleet and eager, down the slopes
Of the green glade, like antelopes,
When, in their thirst, they hear the sound
Of distant rills, the light nympha bound.

Far different now the scene—a waste
Of Libyan sands, by moonlight's ray;
An ancient well, whereon were traced,
   The warning words, for such as stray
     Unarmed there, "Drink and away!" *
While, near it, from the night-ray screen'd,
   And like his bells, in hush'd repose,
A camel slept — young as if wean'd
   When last the star, Canopus, rose.†

Such was the back-ground's silent scene; —
   While nearer lay, fast slumbering too,
In a rude tent, with brow serene,
   A youth whose checks of way-worn hue
And pilgrim-bonnet, told the tale
That he had been to Mecca's Vale:
Haply in pleasant dreams, ev'n now
   Thinking the long wish'd hour is come
When, o'er the well-known porch at home,
His hand shall hang the aloe bough —
Trophy of his accomplish'd vow.‡

* The traveller Shaw mentions a beautiful rill in Barbary, which is received into a large bason called Shrub wee krub, "Drink and away" — there being great danger of meeting with thieves and assassins, in such places.
† The Arabian shepherd has a peculiar ceremony in weaning the young camel: when the proper time arrives, he turns the Camel towards the rising star, Canopus, and says, "Do you see Canopus? from this moment you taste not another drop of milk."
— Richardson.
‡ "Whoever returns from a pilgrimage to Mecca hangs this plant (the mitre-shaped Aloe) over his street door, as a token of his having performed this holy journey." — Hasselquist.
SECOND EVENING.

But brief his dream — for now the call
Of the camp-chiefs from rear to van,
"Bind on your burdens,*"* wakes up all
The widely slumbering caravan;
And thus meanwhile, to greet the ear
Of the young pilgrim as he wakes,
The song of one who, lingering near,
Had watch'd his slumber, cheerly breaks.

SONG.

Up and march! the timbrel's sound
Wakes the slumb'ring camp around;
Fleet thy hour of rest hath gone,
Armed sleeper, up, and on!
Long and weary is our way
O'er the burning sands to-day;
But to pilgrim's homeward feet
Ev'n the desert's path is sweet.

When we lie at dead of night,
Looking up to heaven's light,
Hearing but the watchman's tone
Faintly chaunting "God is one,"
Oh what thoughts then o'er us come
Of our distant village home,

* This form of notice to the caravans to prepare for marching
was applied by Hafiz to the necessity of relinquishing the plea-
sures of this world, and preparing for death: — "For me what
room is there for pleasure in the bower of Beauty, when every
moment the bell makes proclamation, 'Bind on your burdens?'"

† The watchmen, in the camp of the caravans, go their rounds,
crying one after another, "God is one," etc. etc.
Where that chaunt, when evening sets,
Sounds from all the minarets.

Cheer thee! — soon shall signal lights,
Kindling o'er the Red-Sea heights,
Kindling quick from man to man,
Hail our coming caravan:

Think what bliss that hour will be!
Looks of home again to see,
And our names again to hear
Murmur'd out by voices dear.

So pass'd the desert dream away,
Fleeting as his who heard this lay.
Nor long the pause between, nor moved
The spell-bound audience from that spot;
While still, as usual, Fancy roved
On to the joy that yet was not; —
Fancy, who hath no present home,
But builds her bower in scenes to come,
Walking for'ever in a light
That flows from regions out of sight.

But see, by gradual dawn descried,
A mountain realm — rugged as e'er
Upraised to heav'n its summits bare,

* "It was customary," says Irwin, "to light up fires on the mountains, within view of Cosseir, to give notice of the approach of the caravans that came from the Nile."
Or told to earth, with frown of pride,
That Freedom's falcon nest was there,
Too high for hand of lord or king
To hood her brow, or chain her wing.

'Tis Maina's land — her ancient hills,
The abode of nymphs* — her countless rills
And torrents, in their downward dash,
    Shining, like silver, through the shade
Of the sea-pine and flowering ash —
    All with a truth so fresh pourtray'd
As wants but touch of life to be
A world of warm reality.

And now, light bounding forth, a band
    Of mountaineers, all smiles, advance —
Nymphs with their lovers, hand in hand,
    Link'd in the Ariadne dance; †
And while, apart from that gay throng,
A minstrel youth, in varied song,
Tells of the loves, the joys, the ills
Of these wild children of the hills,
The rest by turns, or fierce or gay,
    As war or sport inspires the lay,
Follow each change that wakes the strings,
And act what thus the lyrist sings:—

—— virginitus bacchata Laconis
Taygeta.  

† See, for an account of this dance, De Guy's Travels.
SONG.

No life is like the mountaineer's,
   His home is near the sky,
Where, throned above this world, he hears
   Its strife at distance die.
Or, should the sound of hostile drum
Proclaim below, "We come — we come,"
Each crag that towers in air
Gives answer, "Come who dare!"
While, like bees, from dell and dingle,
Swift the swarming warriors mingle,
And their cry "Hurra!" will be,
"Hurra, to victory!"

Then, when battle's hour is over,
See the happy mountain lover,
With the nymph, who'll soon be bride,
Seated blushing by his side,—
Every shadow of his lot
In her sunny smile forgot.
Oh, no life is like the mountaineer's,
   His home is near the sky,
Where, throned above this world, he hears
   Its strife at distance die.
Nor only thus through summer suns
His blithe existence cheerly runs —
Ev'n winter, bleak and dim,
Brings joyous hours to him;
SECOND EVENING.

When, his rifle behind him flinging,
He watches the roe-buck springing,
And away, o'er the hills away
Reéchoes his glad "hurra."

Then how blest, when night is closing,
By the kindled hearth reposing,
To his rebeck's drowsy song,
He beguiles the hour along;
Or, provoked by merry glances,
To a brisker movement dances,
Till, weary at last, in slumber's chain,
He dreams o'er chase and dance again,
Dreams, dreams them o'er again.

As slow that minstrel, at the close,
Sunk, while he sung, to feign'd repose,
Aptly did they, whose mimic art
Follow'd the changes of his lay,
Pourtray the lull, the nod, the start,
Through which, as faintly died away
His lute and voice, the minstrel pass'd,
'Till voice and lute lay hush'd at last.

But now far other song came o'er
Their startled ears — song that, at first,
As solemnly the night-wind bore
Across the wave its mournful burst,
Seem'd to the fancy, like a dirge
Of some lone Spirit of the Sea,
Singing o'er Helle's ancient surge
The requiem of her Brave and Free.

Sudden, amid their pastime, pause
The wondering nymphs; and, as the sound
Of that strange music nearer draws,
With mute inquiring eye look round,
Asking each other what can be
The source of this sad minstrelsy?
Nor longer can they doubt, the song
Comes from some island-bark, which now
Courses the bright wave swift along,
And soon, perhaps, beneath the brow
Of the Saint's Rock will shoot its prow.

Instantly all, with hearts that sigh'd
'Twixt fear's and fancy's influence,
Flew to the rock, and saw from thence
A red-sail'd pinnace tow'rd's them glide,
Whose shadow, as it swept the spray,
Scatter'd the moonlight's smiles away.
Soon as the mariners saw that throng
From the cliff gazing, young and old,
Sudden they slack'd their sail and song,
And, while their pinnace idly roll'd
On the light surge, these tidings told:—

'Twas from an isle of mournful name,
From Missolonghi, last they came—
Sad Missoloughi, sorrowing yet
O'er him, the noblest Star of Fame
That e'er in life's young glory set! —
And now were on their mournful way,
Waiting the news through Helle's isles; —
News that would cloud ev'n Freedom's ray,
And sadden Victory 'mid her smiles.

Their tale thus told, and heard, with pain,
Out spread the galliot's wings again;
And, as she sped her swift career,
Again that Hymn rose on the ear —
"Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!"
As oft 'twas sung, in ages flown,
Of him, the Athenian, who, to shed
A tyrant's blood, pour'd out his own.

SONG.

Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!*
No, dearest Harmodius, no.
Thy soul, to realms above us fled,
Though, like a star, it dwells o'er head,
Still lights this world below.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Through isles of light, where heroes tread
And flowers ethereal blow,

* Φιλιταθ' Αρμοδι' οὐ τι ποιν τελευκας.
Thy god-like Spirit now is led,
Thy lip with life ambrosial fed,
Forgets all taste of woe.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

The myrtle, round that falchion spread
Which struck the immortal blow,
Throughout all time, with leaves unshed —
The patriot's hope, the tyrant's dread —
Round Freedom's shrine shall grow.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Where hearts like thine have broke or bled,
Though quench'd the vital glow,
Their memory lights a flame, instead,
Which, ev'n from out the narrow bed
Of death its beams shall throw.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.

Thy name, by myriads sung and said,
From age to age shall go,
Long as the oak and ivy wed,
As bees shall haunt Hymettus' head,
Or Helle's waters flow.
Thou art not dead — thou art not dead!
No, dearest Harmodius, no.
'Mong those who linger'd listening there,—
Listening, with ear and eye, as long
As breath of night could tow'rd's them bear
A murmur of that mournful song,—
A few there were, in whom the lay
Had call'd up feelings far too sad
To pass with the brief strain away,
Or turn at once to theme more glad;
And who, in mood untuned to meet
The light laugh of the happier train,
Wander'd to seek some moonlight seat
Where they might rest, in converse sweet,
Till vanish'd smiles should come again.

And seldom e'er hath noon of night
To sadness lent more soothing light.
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, was the eye
Of Jove himself, while, on the other,
'Mong tiny stars that round her gleam'd,
The young moon, like the Roman mother
Among her living "jewels," beamed.

Touch'd by the lovely scenes around,
A pensive maid — one who, though young,
Had known what 't was to see unwound
The ties by which her heart had clung—
Waken'd her soft tamboura's sound,
And to its faint accords thus sung: —
SONG.

Calm as, beneath its mother's eyes,
In sleep the smiling infant lies,
So, watch'd by all the stars of night,
You landscape sleeps in light.
And while the night-breeze dies away,
    Like relics of some faded strain,
Loved voices, lost for many a day,
    Seem whispering round again.
Oh youth! oh love! ye dreams, that shed
Such glory once — where are ye fled?

Pure ray of light that, down the sky,
    Art pointing, like an angel's wand,
As if to guide to realms that lie
    In that bright sea beyond:
Who knows but, in some brighter deep
    Than even that tranquil, moon-lit main,
Some land may lie, where those who weep
    Shall wake to smile again!

With cheeks that had regain'd their power
    And play of smiles, — and each bright eye,
Like violets after morning's shower,
    The brighter for the tears gone by,
Back to the scene such smiles should grace
These wandering nymphs their path retrace,
SECOND EVENING.

And reach the spot, with rapture new,
Just as the veils asunder flew,
And a fresh vision burst to view.

There, by her own bright Attic flood,
The blue-ey'd Queen of Wisdom stood;—
Not as she haunts the sage's dreams,
With brow unveil'd, divine, severe;
But soften'd, as on bards she beams,
When fresh from Poesy's high sphere,
A music, not her own, she brings,
And, through the veil which Fancy flings
O'er her stern features, gently sings.

But who is he — that urchin nigh,
With quiver on the rose-trees hung,
Who seems just dropp'd from yonder sky,
And stands to watch that maid, with eye
So full of thought, for one so young? —
That child — but, silence! lend thine ear,
And thus in song the tale thou'lt hear: —

SONG.

As Love, one summer eve, was straying,
Who should he see, at that soft hour,
But young Minerva, gravely playing
Her flute within an olive bower.
I need not say, 'tis Love's opinion
That, grave or merry, good or ill,
The sex all bow to his dominion,
   As woman will be woman still.

Though seldom yet the boy hath given
   To learned dames his smiles or sighs,
So handsome Pallas look'd, that even,
   Love quite forgot the maid was wise.
Besides, a youth of his discerning
   Knew well that, by a shady rill,
At sunset hour, whate'er her learning,
   A woman will be woman still.

Her flute he praised in terms extatic,—
   Wishing it dumb, nor cared how soon;—
For Wisdom's notes, howe'er chromatic,
   To Love seem always out of tune.
But long as he found face to flatter,
   The nymph found breath to shake and thrill;
As, weak or wise — it doesn't matter—
   Woman, at heart, is woman still.

Love changed his plan, with warmth exclaiming,
   "How rosy was her lips' soft dye!"
And much that flute, the flatterer, blaming,
   For twisting lips so sweet awry.
The nymph look'd down, beheld her features
   Reflected in the passing rill,
And started, shock'd — for, ah, ye creatures!
   Ev'n when divine, you're women still.
Quick from the lips it made so odious,
That graceless flute the Goddess took,
And, while yet fill'd with breath melodious,
Flung it into the glassy brook;
Where, as its vocal life was fleeting
Adown the current, faint and shrill,
"Twas heard in plaintive tone repeating,
"Woman, alas, vain woman still!"

An interval of dark repose —
Such as the summer lightning knows,
"Twixt flash and flash, as still more bright
The quick revealment comes and goes,
Opening each time the veils of night,
To show, within, a world of light —
Such pause, so brief, now pass'd between
This last gay vision and the scene,
Which now its depth of light disclosed.
A bower it seem'd, an Indian bower,
Within whose shade a nymph reposed,
Sleeping away noon's sunny hour —
Lovely as she, the Sprite, who weaves
Her mansion of sweet Durva leaves,
And there, as Indian legends say,
Dreams the long summer hours away.
And mark, how charm'd this sleeper seems
With some hid fancy — she, too, dreams!
Oh for a wizard's art to tell
The wonders that now bless her sight!
'Tis done—a truer, holier spell
Than e'er from wizard's lip yet fell
Thus brings her vision all to light:

SONG.

"Who comes so gracefully
"Gliding along,
"While the blue rivulet
"Sleeps to her song;
"Song, richly vying
"With the faint sighing
"Which swans, in dying,
"Sweetly prolong?"

So sung the shepherd-boy
By the stream's side,
Watching that fairy boat
Down the flood glide,
Like a bird winging,
Through the waves bringing
That Syren, singing
To the hush'd tide.

"Stay," said the shepherd-boy,
"Fairy-boat, stay,
"Linger, sweet minstrelsy,
"Linger, a day."
SECOND EVENING.

But vain his pleading,
Past him, unheeding,
Song and boat, speeding,
Glided away.

So to our youthful eyes
Joy and hope shone;
So, while we gazed on them,
Fast they flew on;—
Like flowers, declining
Ev'n in the twining,
One moment shining,
And, the next, gone!

Soon as the imagined dream went by,
Uprose the nymph, with anxious eye
Turn'd to the clouds, as though some boon
She waited from that sun-bright dome,
And marvell'd that it came not soon
As her young thoughts would have it come.
But joy is in her glance!—the wing
Of a white bird is seen above;
And oh, if round his neck he bring
The long-wish'd tidings from her love,
Not half so precious in her eyes
Ev'n that high-omen'd bird * would be,
Who dooms the brow o'er which he flies
To wear a crown of Royalty.

* The Huma.
EVENINGS IN GREECE.

She had herself, last evening, sent
   A winged messenger, whose flight
Through the clear, roseate element,
   She watch'd till, lessening out of sight,
Far to the golden West it went,
Waiting to him, her distant love,
   A missive in that language wrought
Which flowers can speak, when aptly wove,
   Each hue a word, each leaf a thought.

And now — oh speed of pinion, known
To Love's light messengers alone! —
Ere yet another evening takes
Its farewell of the golden lakes,
She sees another envoy fly,
With the wish'd answer, through the sky.

SONG.

Welcome, sweet bird, through the sunny air winging,
   Swift hast thou come o'er the far-shining sea,
Like Seba's dove, on thy snowy neck bringing
   Love's written vows from my lover to me.
Oh, in thy absence, what hours did I number! —
   Saying oft, "Idle bird, how could he rest?"
But thou art come at last, take now thy slumber,
   And lull thee in dreams of all thou lov'st best.

Yet dost thou droop — even now while I utter
   Love's happy welcome, thy pulse dies away;
Cheer thee, my bird—were it life's ebbing flutter,
This fondling bosom should woo it to stay.

But no—thou'rt dying—thy last task is over—
Farewell, sweet martyr to Love and to me!
The smiles thou hast waken'd by news from my lover,
Will now all be turn'd into weeping for thee.

While thus this scene of song (their last
For the sweet summer season) pass'd,
A few presiding nymphs, whose care
Watch'd over all, invisibly,
As do those guardian sprites of air,
Whose watch we feel, but cannot see,
Had from the circle—scarcely missed,
Ere they were sparkling there again—
Glided, like fairies, to assist
Their handmaids on the moonlight plain,
Where, hid by intercepting shade
From the stray glance of curious eyes,
A feast of fruits and wines was laid—
Soon to shine out, a glad surprise!

And now the moon, her ark of light
Steering through Heav'n, as tho' she bore
In safety through that deep of night,
Spirits of earth, the good, the bright,
To some remote immortal shore,
Had half-way sped her glorious way.
When, round reclined on hillocks green,
In groups, beneath that tranquil ray.
The Zeans at their feast were seen.
Gay was the picture — every maid
Whom late the lighted scene display'd.
Still in her fancy garb array'd;
The Arabian pilgrim, smiling here
Beside the nymph of India's sky;
While there the Mainiote mountaineer
Whisper'd in young Minerva's ear.
And urchin Love stood laughing by.

Meantime the elders round the board.
By mirth and wit themselves made young,
High cups of juice Zacynthian pour'd.
And, while the flask went round, thus sung:

**SONG.**

Up with the sparkling brimmer,
Up to the crystal rim;
Let not a moon-beam glimmer
'Twixt the flood and brim.
When hath the world set eyes on
Aught to match this light,
Which, o'er our cup's horizon.
Dawns in bumpers bright?

Truth in a deep well lieth —
So the wise aver:
SECOND EVENING.

But Truth the fact denieth —
   Water suits not her.
No, her abode's in brimmers.
   Like this mighty cup —
Waiting till we, good swimmers,
   Dive to bring her up.

Thus circled round the song of glee,
   And all was tuneful mirth the while.
Save on the cheeks of some, whose smile,
   As fix'd they gaze upon the sea,
Turns into paleness suddenly!
What see they there? a bright blue light
   That, like a meteor, gliding o'er
The distant wave, grows on the sight,
   As though 't were wing'd to Zea's shore.

To some, 'mong those who came to gaze,
   It seem'd the night-light, far away,
Of some lone fisher, by the blaze
   Of pine torch, luring on his prey;
While others, as, 'twixt awe and mirth,
   They breath'd the bless'd Panaya's * name,
Vow'd that such light was not of earth,
   But of that drear, ill-omen'd flame,
Which mariners see on sail or mast.
When Death is coming in the blast.

* The name which the Greeks give to the Virgin Mary.
While marvelling thus they stood, a maid,
    Who sate apart, with downcast eye,
Nor yet had, like the rest, surveyed
    That coming light which now was nigh,
Soon as it met her sight, with cry
    Of pain-like joy, "'Tis he! 'tis he!"
Loud she exclaim'd, and, hurrying by
    The assembled throng, rush'd towards the sea.
At burst so wild, alarm'd, amazed,
All stood, like statues, mute, and gazed
Into each other's eyes, to seek
What meant such mood, in maid so meek?

Till now, the tale was known to few,
But now from lip to lip it flew:—
A youth, the flower of all the band,
    Who late had left this sunny shore,
When last he kiss'd that maiden's hand,
    Lingering, to kiss it o'er and o'er,
By his sad brow too plainly told
    The' ill-omen'd thought which cross'd him then,
That once those hands should lose their hold,
    They ne'er would meet on earth again!
In vain his mistress, sad as he,
But with a heart from Self as free
As generous woman's only is,
    Veil'd her own fears to banish his:—
With frank rebuke, but still more vain,
    Did a rough warrior, who stood by,
Call to his mind this martial strain,
His favourite once, ere Beauty's eye
Had taught his soldier-heart to sigh:—

SONG.

March! nor heed those arms that hold thee,
Though so fondly close they come;
Closer still will they enfold thee,
When thou bring'st fresh laurels home.
Dost thou dote on woman's brow?
Dost thou live but in her breath?
March!—one hour of victory now
Wins thee woman's smile till death.

Oh what bliss, when war is over,
Beauty's long-miss'd smile to meet,
And, when wreaths our temples cover,
Lay them shining at her feet.
Who would not, that hour to reach,
Breathe out life's expiring sigh,—
Proud as waves that on the beach
Lay their war-crests down, and die.

There! I see thy soul is burning—
She herself, who clasps thee so.
Paints, ev'n now, thy glad returning,
And, while clasping, bids thee go.
One deep sigh, to passion given,
One last glowing tear and then—
March!—nor rest thy sword, till Heaven
Brings thee to those arms again.
Even then, e'er loth their hands could part,
A promise the youth gave, which bore
Some balm unto the maiden's heart,
That, soon as the fierce fight was o'er,
To home he'd speed, if safe and free—
Nay, ev'n if dying, still would come,
So the blest word of "Victory!"
Might be the last he'd breathe at home.
"By day," he cried, "thou'lt know my bark;
"But, should I come through midnight dark,
"A blue light on the prow shall tell
"That Greece hath won, and all is well!"

Fondly the maiden, every night,
Had stolen to seek that promised light;
Nor long her eyes had now been turn'd
From watching, when the signal burn'd.
Signal of joy—for her, for all—
Fleely the boat now nears the land,
While voices, from the shore-edge, call
For tidings of the long-wish'd band.

Oh the blest hour, when those who've been
Through peril's paths by land or sea,
Lock'd in our arms again are seen
Smiling in glad security;
When heart to heart we fondly strain,
Questioning quickly o'er and o'er—
Then hold them off, to gaze again,
SECOND EVENING.

And ask, though answer'd oft before,
If they, indeed, are ours once more?

Such is the scene, so full of joy,
Which welcomes now this warrior-boy,
As fathers, sisters, friends all run
Bounding to meet him — all but one,
Who, slowest on his neck to fall,
Is yet the happiest of them all.

And now behold him, circled round
   With beaming faces, at that board,
While cups, with laurel foliage crown'd,
   Are to the coming warriors pour'd —
Coming, as he, their herald, told,
With blades from victory scarce yet cold,
With hearts untouch'd by Moslem steel,
And wounds that home's sweet breath will heal.

"Ere morn," said he, — and, while he spoke,
   Turn'd to the east, where, clear, and pale,
The star of dawn already broke —
   "We'll greet, on yonder wave, their sail!"
Then, wherefore part? all, all agree
   To wait them here, beneath this bower;
And thus, while even amidst their glee,
Each eye is turn'd to watch the sea,
   With song they cheer the anxious hour.
SONG.

"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" said the cup-loving boy,
As he saw it spring bright from the earth,
And call'd the young Genii of Wit, Love, and Joy,
To witness and hallow its birth.
The fruit was full grown, like a ruby it flamed
Till the sun-beam that kiss'd it look'd pale:
"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" ev'ry Spirit exclaim'd,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

First, fleet as a bird, to the summons Wit flew,
While a light on the vine-leaves there broke,
In flashes so quick and so brilliant, all knew
'Twas the light from his lips as he spoke.
"Bright tree! let thy nectar but cheer me," he cried,
"And the fount of Wit never can fail:"
"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" hills and valleys reply,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

Next, Love, as he lean'd o'er the plant to admire
Each tendril and cluster it wore,
'From his rosy mouth sent such a breath of desire,
As made the tree tremble all o'er.
Oh, never did flower of the earth, sea, or sky,
Such a soul-giving odour inhale:
"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" all reécho the cry,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"

Last, Joy, without whom even Love and Wit die,
Came to crown the bright hour with his ray;
And scarce had that mirth-waking tree met his eye,
When a laugh spoke what Joy could not say;—
A laugh of the heart, which was echoed around
Till, like music, it swell'd on the gale;
"'Tis the Vine! 'tis the Vine!" laughing myriads resound,
"Hail, hail to the Wine-tree, all hail!"
LEGENDARY BALLADS.

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TO

THE MISS FEILDINGS,

THIS VOLUME

IS INSCRIBED,

BY

THEIR FAITHFUL FRIEND AND SERVANT,

THOMAS MOORE.
LEGENDARY BALLADS.

THE VOICE.

It came o'er her sleep, like a voice of those days,
When love, only love, was the light of her ways;
And, soft as in moments of bliss long ago,
It whisper'd her name from the garden below.

"Alas," sigh'd the maiden, "how fancy can cheat!
"The world once had lips that could whisper thus sweet;
"But cold now they slumber in yon fatal deep,
"Where, oh that beside them this heart too could sleep!"

She sunk on her pillow — but no, 't was in vain
To chase the illusion, that Voice came again!
She flew to the casement — but, hush'd as the grave,
In moonlight lay slumbering woodland and wave.

"Oh sleep, come and shield me," in anguish, she said,
"From that call of the buried, that cry of the Dead!"
And sleep came around her — but, starting, she woke,
For still from the garden that spirit Voice spoke!

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"I come," she exclaimed, "be thy home where it may,
"On earth or in heaven, that call I obey;"
Then forth through the moonlight, with heart beating fast.
And loud as a death-watch, the pale maiden past.

Still round her the scene all in loneliness shone;
And still, in the distance, that Voice led her on;
But whither she wander'd, by wave or by shore,
None ever could tell, for she came back no more.

No, ne'er came she back,—but the watchman who stood,
That night, in the tower which o'ershadows the flood,
Saw dimly, 'tis said, o'er the moon-lighted spray,
A youth on a steed bear the maiden away.

---

CUPID AND PSYCHE.

They told her that he, to whose vows she had listen'd
Through night's fleeting hours, was a Spirit un-blest;
Unholy the eyes, that beside her had glisten'd,
And evil the lips she in darkness had prest.
"When next in thy chamber the bridegroom reclineth,
"Bring near him thy lamp, when in slumber he lies;
"And there, as the light o'er his dark features shineth,
"Thou'lt see what a demon hath won all thy sighs!"

Too fond to believe them, yet doubting, yet fearing,
When calm lay the sleeper she stole with her light;
And saw — such a vision! — no image, appearing
To bards in their day-dreams, was ever so bright.

A youth but just passing from childhood's sweet morning,
While round him still linger'd its innocent ray;
Though gleams, from beneath his shut eyelids gave warning
Of summer-noon lightnungs that under them lay.

His brow had a grace more than mortal around it,
While, glossy as gold from a fairy-land mine,
His sunny hair hung, and the flowers that crown'd it
Seem'd fresh from the breeze of some garden divine.

Entranced stood the bride, on that miracle gazing,
What late was but love is idolatry now;
But, ah, — in her tremor the fatal lamp raising —
A sparkle flew from it and dropp'd on his brow.
All's lost— with a start from his rosy sleep waking,
The Spirit flash'd o'er his glances of fire;
Then, slow from the clasp of her snowy arms break- ing,
Thus said, in a voice more of sorrow than ire:

"Farewell—what a dream thy suspicion hath bro- ken!
"Thus ever Affection's fond vision is crost;
"Dissolved are her spells when a doubt is but spo- ken,
"And love, once distrusted, for ever is lost!"

HERO AND LEANDER.

"The night-wind is moaning with mournful sigh,
"There gleameth no moon in the misty sky,
  "No star over Helle's sea;
"Yet, yet, there is shining one holy light,
"One love-kindled star through the deep of night,
  "To lead me, sweet Hero, to thee!"

Thus saying, he plunged in the foamy stream,
Still fixing his gaze on that distant beam
  "No eye but a lover's could see;
And still, as the surge swept over his head,
  "To-night," he said tenderly, "living or dead,
  "Sweet Hero, I'll rest with thee!"
But fiercer around him the wild waves speed;
Oh, Love! in that hour of thy votary's need,
  Where, where could thy Spirit be?
He struggles—he sinks—while the hurricane's breath
Bears rudely away his last farewell in death—
  "Sweet Hero, I die for thee!"

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THE LEAF AND THE FOUNTAIN.

"Tell me, kind Seer, I pray thee,
"So may the stars obey thee,
  "So may each airy
  "Moon-elf and fairy
"Nightly their homage pay thee!
"Say, by what spell, above, below,
"In stars that wink or flowers that blow,
  "I may discover,
  "Ere night is over,
"Whether my love loves me, or no,
"Whether my love loves me."

"Maiden, the dark tree nigh thee
"Hath charms no gold could buy thee:
  "Its stem enchanted,
  "By moon-elves planted,
"Will all thou seek'st supply thee.
"Climb to yon boughs that highest grow,
"Bring thence their fairest leaf below;
"And thou'lt discover,
"Ere night is over,
"Whether thy love loves thee or no,
"Whether thy love loves thee."

"See, up the dark tree going,
"With blossoms round me blowing,
"From thence, oh Father,
"This leaf I gather,
"Fairest that there is growing.
"Say, by what sign I now shall know
"If in this leaf lie bliss or woe
"And thus discover
"Ere night is over,
"Whether my love loves me or no,
"Whether my love loves me."

"Fly to yon fount that's welling
"Where moonbeam ne'er had dwelling,
"Dip in its water
"That leaf, oh Daughter,
"And mark the tale 'tis telling; *
"Watch thou if pale or bright it grow,
"List thou, the while, that fountain's flow,
"And thou'lt discover
"Whether thy lover,

* The ancients had a mode of divination somewhat similar to this; and we find the Emperor Adrian, when he went to consult the Fountain of Castalia, plucking a bay-leaf and dipping it into the sacred water.
"Loved as he is, loves thee or no,
"Loved as he is, loves thee."

Forth flew the nymph, delighted,
To seek that fount benighted;
But, scarce a minute
The leaf lay in it,
When, lo, its bloom was blighted!
And as she ask'd, with voice of woe—
Listening, the while, that fountain's flow—
"Shall I recover
"My truant lover?"
The fountain seem'd to answer, "No;"
The fountain answered, "No."

CEPHALUS AND PROCRIS.

A hunter once in that grove reclined,
To shun the noon's bright eye,
And oft he wooed the wandering wind,
To cool his brow with its sigh.
While mute lay even the wild bee's hum,
Nor breath could stir the aspen's hair,
His song was still "Sweet air, oh come!"
While Echo answered, "Come, sweet Air!"

But, hark, what sounds from the thicket rise!
What meaneth that rustling spray?
"'Tis the white-horn'd doe," the Hunter cries,
"I have sought since break of day."
Quick o'er the sunny glade he springs,
The arrow flies from his sounding bow,
"Hilliho — hilliho!" he gaily sings,
While Echo sighs forth "Hilliho!"

Alas, 'twas not the white-horn'd doe
He saw in the rustling grove,
But the bridal veil, as pure as snow,
Of his own young wedded love.
And, ah, too sure that arrow sped,
For pale at his feet he sees her lie; —
"I die, I die," was all she said,
While echo murmur'd, "I die, I die!"

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YOUTH AND AGE.*

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth, one day,
To drooping Age, who crost his way. —
"It is a sunny hour of play,
"For which repentance dear doth pay;
"Repentance! Repentance!
"And this is Love, as wise men say."

* The air, to which I have adapted these words, was composed by Mrs. Arkwright to some old verses, "Tell me what's love, kind shepherd, pray?" and it has been my object to retain as much of the structure and phraseology of the original words as possible.
"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth once more, Fearful, yet fond, of Age's lore.—
"Soft as a passing summer's wind,
"Would'st know the blight it leaves behind?
   "Repentance! Repentance!
"And this is Love — when love is o'er."

"Tell me, what's Love?" said Youth again, Trusting the bliss, but not the pain.
"Sweet as a May tree's scented air —
"Mark ye what bitter fruit 'twill bear,
   "Repentance! Repentance!
"This, this is Love — sweet Youth, beware."

Just then, young Love himself came by, And cast on Youth a smiling eye; Who could resist that glance's ray? In vain did Age his warning say, "Repentance! Repentance!" Youth laughing went with Love away.

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THE DYING WARRIOR.

A wounded Chieftain, lying By the Danube's leafy side, Thus faintly said, in dying, "Oh! bear, thou foaming tide, "This gift to my lady-bride."
'Twas then in life's last quiver,  
He flung the scarf he wore  
Into the foaming river,  
Which, ah too quickly, bore  
That pledge of one no more!

With fond impatience burning,  
The Chieftain's lady stood,  
To watch her love returning  
In triumph down the flood,  
From that day's field of blood.

But, field, alas, ill-fated!  
The lady saw, instead  
Of the bark whose speed she waited,  
Her hero's scarf, all red  
With the drops his heart had shed.

One shriek — and all was over —  
Her life-pulse ceased to beat;  
The gloomy waves now cover  
That bridal-flower so sweet,  
And the scarf is her winding sheet!

THE MAGIC MIRROR.

"Come, if thy magic Glass have power  
"To call up forms we sigh to see;  
"Show me my love, in that rosy bower,  
"Where last she pledged her truth to me."
The Wizard show'd him his Lady bright,
  Where lone and pale in her bow'r she lay;
"True-hearted maid," said the happy Knight,
  "She's thinking of one, who is far away."

But, lo! a page, with looks of joy,
  Brings tidings to the Lady's ear;
"'Tis," said the Knight, "the same bright boy,
  "Who used to guide me to my dear."

The Lady now, from her fav'rite tree,
  Hath, smiling, pluck'd a rosy flower;
"Such," he exclaim'd, "was the gift that she
  "Each morning sent me from that bower!"

She gives her page the blooming rose,
  With looks that say, "Like lightning, fly!"
"Thus," thought the Knight, "she soothes her woes,
  "By fancying, still, her true-love nigh."

But the page returns, and — oh, what a sight,
  For trusting lover's eyes to see! —
Leads to that bower another Knight,
  As young and, alas, as loved as he!

"Such," quoth the Youth, "is Woman's love!"
  Then, darting forth, with furious bound,
Dash'd at the Mirror his iron glove,
  And strew'd it all in fragments round.
MORAL.

Such ills would never have come to pass,
Had he ne'er sought that fatal view;
The Wizard would still have kept his Glass,
And the Knight still thought his Lady true.

THE PILGRIM.

Still thus, when twilight gleam’d,
Far off his Castle seem’d,
Traced on the sky;
And still, as fancy bore him
To those dim towers before him,
He gazed, with wishful eye,
And thought his home was nigh.

"Hall of my Sires!" he said,
"How long, with weary tread,
"Must I toil on?
"Each eve, as thus I wander,
"Thy towers seem rising yonder,
"But, scarce hath daylight shone,
"When, like a dream, thou’rt gone!"

So went the Pilgrim still,
Down dale and over hill,
Day after day;
That glimpse of home, so cheering,
At twilight still appearing,
But still, with morning's ray,
    Melting, like mist, away!

Where rests the Pilgrim now?
Here, by this cypress bough,
    Closed his career;
That dream, of fancy's weaving,
No more his steps deceiving,
Alike past hope and fear,
    The Pilgrim's home is here.

THE HIGH-BORN LADYE.

In vain all the Knights of the Underwald wooed her,
    Tho' brightest of maidens, the proudest was she;
Brave chieftains they sought, and young minstrels
    they sued her,
But worthy were none of the high-born Ladye.

"Whomsoever I wed," said this maid, so excelling,
    "That Knight must the conqu'ror of conquerors be;
"He must place me in halls fit for monarchs to dwell in;—
    "None else shall be Lord of the high-born Ladye!"
Thus spoke the proud damsels, with scorn looking round her
On Knights and on Nobles of highest degree;
Who humbly and hopelessly left as they found her,
And worshipp'd at distance the high-born Ladye.

At length came a Knight, from a far land to woo her,
With plumes on his helm like the foam of the sea;
His vizor was down—but, with voice that thrill'd through her,
He whisper'd his vows to the high-born Ladye.

"Proud maiden! I come with high sponsals to grace thee,
"In me the great conqu'ror of conquerors see;
"Enthron'd in a hall fit for monarchs I'll place thee,
"And mine thou'rt for ever, thou high-born Ladye!"

The maiden she smiled, and in jewels array'd her,
Of thrones and tiaras already dreamt she;
And proud was the step, as her bridegroom convey'd her
In pomp to his home, of that high-born Ladye.

"But whither," she, starting, exclaims, "have you led me?"
"Here's nought but a tomb and a dark cypress
"Is this the bright palace in which thou wouldst wed me?"

With scorn in her glance said the high-born Ladye.

"'Tis the home," he replied, "of earth's loftiest creatures"

Then lifted his helm for the fair one to see;
But she sunk on the ground—'twas a skeleton's features,
And Death was the Lord of the high-born Ladye!

THE INDIAN BOAT.

'Twas midnight dark,
The seaman's bark,
Swift o'er the waters bore him,
When, through the night,
He spied a light
Shoot o'er the wave before him.
"A sail! a sail!" he cries;
"She comes from the Indian shore,
And to-night shall be our prize,
"With her freight of golden ore:
"Sail on! sail on!"
When morning shone
He saw the gold still clearer;
But, though so fast
The waves he pass'd,
That boat seem'd never the nearer.

Bright daylight came,
And still the same
Rich bark before him floated;
While on the prize
His wishful eyes
Like any young lover's doated:
"More sail! more sail!" he cries,
While the waves o'ertop the mast;
And his bounding galley flies,
Like an arrow before the blast.
Thus on, and on,
Till day was gone,
And the moon through heaven did hie her,
He swept the main,
But all in vain,
That boat seem'd never the nigher.

And many a day
To night gave way,
And many a morn succeeded:
While still his flight,
Through day and night,
That restless mariner speeded.
Who knows — who knows what seas
He is now careering o'er?
Behind, the eternal breeze,
And that mocking bark, before!
   For, oh, till sky
   And earth shall die,
And their death leave none to rue it,
   That boat must flee
   O'er the boundless sea,
And that ship in vain pursue it.

THE STRANGER.

Come list, while I tell of the heart-wounded Stranger
   Who sleeps her last slumber in this haunted ground;
Where often, at midnight, the lonely wood-ranger
   Hears soft fairy music reëcho around.

None e'er knew the name of that heart-stricken lady,
   Her language, though sweet, none could e'er understand;
But her features so sunn'd, and her eyelash so shady,
   Bespoke her a child of some far Eastern land.

'Twas one summer night, when the village lay sleeping,
   A soft strain of melody came o'er our ears;
So sweet, but so mournful, half song and half weeping,
   Like music that Sorrow had steep'd in her tears.
We thought 't was an anthem some angel had sung us;—
But, soon as the day-beams had gush'd from on high,
With wonder we saw this bright stranger among us,
All lovely and lone, as if stray'd from the sky.

Nor long did her life for this sphere seem intended,
For pale was her cheek, with that spirit-like hue,
Which comes when the day of this world is nigh ended,
And light from another already shines through.

Then her eyes, when she sung—oh, but once to have seen them—
Left thoughts in the soul that can never depart;
While her looks and her voice made a language between them,
That spoke more than holiest words to the heart.

But she pass'd like a day-dream, no skill could restore her—
Whate'er was her sorrow, its ruin came fast;
She died with the same spell of mystery o'er her,
That song of past days on her lips to the last.

Nor ev'n in the grave is her sad heart reposing—
Still hovers the spirit of grief round her tomb;
For oft, when the shadows of midnight are closing,
The same strain of music is heard through the gloom.
A MELOLOGUE

UPON

NATIONAL MUSIC.

(103)
ADVERTISEMENTS.

These verses were written for a Benefit at the Dublin Theatre, and were spoken by Miss Smith, with a degree of success, which they owed solely to her admirable manner of reciting them. I wrote them in haste; and it very rarely happens that poetry, which has cost but little labour to the writer, is productive of any great pleasure to the reader. Under this impression, I certainly should not have published them if they had not found their way into some of the newspapers, with such an addition of errors to their own original stock, that I thought it but fair to limit their responsibility to those faults alone which really belong to them.

With respect to the title which I have invented for this Poem, I feel even more than the scruples of the Emperor Tiberius, when he humbly asked pardon of the Roman Senate for using "the outlandish term, monopoly." But the truth is, having written the Poem with the sole view of serving a Benefit, I thought that an unintelligible word of this kind would not be without its attraction for the multitude, with whom, "If 'tis not sense, at least, 'tis Greek."
To some of my readers, however, it may not be superfluous to say, that by "Melologue," I mean that mixture of recitation and music, which is frequently adopted in the performance of Collins's Ode on the Passions, and of which the most striking example I can remember is the prophetic speech of Joad in the Athalie of Racine.

T. M.
MELOLOGUE.

A SHORT STRAIN OF MUSIC FROM THE ORCHESTRA.

There breathes a language, known and felt
   Far as the pure air spreads its living zone;
Wherever rage can rouse, or pity melt,
   That language of the soul is felt and known.

     From those meridian plains,

         Where oft, of old, on some high tower,
The soft Peruvian pour'd his midnight strains,
And call'd his distant love with such sweet power,

     That, when she heard, the lonely lay,

Not worlds could keep her from his arms away,*
   To the bleak climes of polar night,
Where blithe, beneath a sunless sky,
The Lapland lover bids his rein-deer fly,

* "A certain Spaniard, one night late, met an Indian woman in the streets of Cozco, and would have taken her to his home, but she cried out, 'For God's sake, Sir, let me go; for that pipe, which you hear in yonder tower, calls me with great passion, and I cannot refuse the summons; for love constrains me to go, that I may be his wife, and he my husband.'" — Garcilasso de la Véga, in Sir Paul Rycaut's translation.
And sings along the lengthening waste of snow,
Gaily as if the blessed light
Of vernal Phoebus burn'd upon his brow;
Oh Music! thy celestial claim
Is still resistless, still the same;
And, faithful as the mighty sea
To the pale star that o'er its realm presides,
The spell-bound tides
Of human passion rise and fall for thee!

GREEK AIR.

List! 'tis a Grecian maid that sings,
While, from Ilissus' silvery springs,
She draws the cool lymph in her graceful urn;
And by her side, in Music's charm dissolving,
Some patriot youth, the glorious past revolving,
Dreams of bright days that never can return;
When Athens nursed her olive bough,
With hands by tyrant power unchain'd;
And braided for the muse's brow
A wreath by tyrant touch unstain'd.
When heroes trod each classic field
Where coward feet now faintly falter;
When every arm was Freedom's shield,
And every heart was Freedom's altar!

FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS.

Hark, 'tis the sound that charms
The war-steed's wakening ears! —
Oh! many a mother folds her arms
Round her boy-soldier when that call she hears;
And, though her fond heart sink with fears,
Is proud to feel his young pulse bound
With valour's fever at the sound.
See, from his native hills afar
The rude Helvetian flies to war;
Careless for what, for whom he fights,
For slave or despot, wrongs or rights;
A conqueror oft—a hero never—
Yet lavish of his life-blood still,
As if 'twere like his mountain rill,
And gush'd for ever!

Yes, Music, here, even here,
Amid this thoughtless, vague career,
Thy soul-felt charm asserts its wondrous power.—
There's a wild air which oft, among the rocks
Of his own loved land, at evening hour,
Is heard, when shepherds homeward pipe their flocks,
Whose every note hath power to thrill his mind
With tenderest thoughts; to bring around his knees
The rosy children whom he left behind,
And fill each little angel eye
With speaking tears, that ask him why
He wander'd from his hut for scenes like these.
Vain, vain is then the trumpet's brazen roar;
Sweet notes of home, of love, are all he hears;
And the stern eyes, that look'd for blood before,
Now melting, mournful, lose themselves in tears.

**SWISS AIR. — “RANZ DES VACHES.”**

But, wake the trumpet's blast again,
And rouse the ranks of warrior-men!
Oh War, when Truth thy arm employs,
And Freedom's spirit guides the labouring storm,
'Tis then thy vengeance takes a hallow'd form,
And, like Heaven's lightning, sacredly destroys.

Nor, Music, through thy breathing sphere,
Lives there a sound more grateful to the ear
Of Him who made all harmony,
Than the bless'd sound of fetters breaking,
And the first hymn that man, awaking
From Slavery's slumber, breathes to Liberty.

**SPANISH CHORUS.**

Hark! from Spain, indignant Spain,
Bursts the bold, enthusiast strain,
Like morning's music on the air;
And seems, in every note, to swear
By Saragossa's ruin'd streets,
By brave Gerona's deathful story,
That while one Spaniard's life-blood beats,
That blood shall stain the conqueror's glory.
SPANISH AIR. — "YA DESPERTO."

But ah! if vain the patriot's zeal,
If neither valour's force nor wisdom's light
Can break or melt that blood-cemented seal,
Which shuts so close the book of Europe's right—
    What song shall then in sadness tell
    Of broken pride, of prospects shaded,
Of buried hopes, remember'd well,
    Of ardour quench'd, and honour faded?
What muse shall mourn the breathless brave,
    In sweetest dirge at Memory's shrine?
What harp shall sigh o'er Freedom's grave?
         Oh Erin, Thine!
TO THE HONORABLE

MRS. NORTON.

For the groundwork of the following Poem I am indebted to a memorable Fête, given some years since, at Boyle Farm, the seat of the late Lord Henry Fitzgerald. In commemoration of that evening—of which the lady to whom these pages are inscribed was, I well recollect, one of the most distinguished ornaments—I was induced at the time to write some verses, which were afterwards, however, thrown aside unfinished, on my discovering that the same task had been undertaken by a noble poet,* whose playful and happy jeu-d'esprit on the subject has since been published. It was but lately, that, on finding the fragments of my own sketch among my papers, I thought of founding on them such a description of an imaginary Fête as might furnish me with situations for the introduction of music.

* Lord Francis Egerton.
Such is the origin and object of the following Poem, and to Mrs. Norton it is, with every feeling of admiration and regard, inscribed by her father's warmly attached friend,

THOMAS MOORE.

Sloperton Cottage,
Nov. 1831.
THE SUMMER FÊTE.

"Where are ye now, ye summer days,
That once inspired the poet's lays?
Blest time! ere England's nymphs and swains,
For lack of sunbeams, took to coals—
Summers of light, undimm'd by rains,
Whose only mocking trace remains
In watering-pots and parasols."

Thus spoke a young Patrician maid,
As, on the morning of that Fête
Which bards unborn shall celebrate,
She backward drew her curtain's shade,
And, closing one half-dazzled eye,
Peep'd with the other at the sky—
Th' important sky, whose light or gloom
Was to decide, this day, the doom
Of some few hundred beauties, wits,
Blues, Dandies, Swains, and Exquisites.

Faint were her hopes; for June had now
Set in with all his usual rigour!

(117)
Young Zephyr yet scarce knowing how
To nurse a bud, or fan a bough,
   But Eurus in perpetual vigour;
And, such the biting summer air,
That she, the nymph now nestling there—
Snug as her own bright gems recline,
At night, within their cotton shrine—
Had, more than once, been caught of late
Kneeling before her blazing grate,
Like a young worshipper of fire,
   With hands uplifted to the flame,
Whose glow as if to woo them nigher,
   Through the white fingers flushing came.

But oh! the light, the unhoped-for light,
   That now illumed this morning's heaven!
Up sprung Ianthe at the sight,
   Though—hark!—the clocks but strike eleven,
And rarely did the nymph surprise
Mankind so early with her eyes.

Who now will say that England's sun
   (Like England's self, these spendthrift days)
His stock of wealth hath near outrun,
   And must retrench his golden rays—
Pay for the pride of sunbeams past,
And to mere moonshine come at last?

"Calumnious thought!" Ianthe cries,
   While coming mirth lit up each glance,
And, prescient of the ball, her eyes
Already had begun to dance:
For brighter sun than that which now
Sparkled o'er London's spires and towers,
Had never bent from heaven his brow
To kiss Firenze's City of Flowers.

What must it be — if thus so fair
Mid the smoked groves of Grosvenor Square —
What must it be where Thames is seen
Gliding between his banks of green,
While rival villas, on each side,
Peep from their bowers to woo his tide,
And, like a Turk between two rows
Of Harem beauties, on he goes —
A lover, loved for ev'n the grace
With which he slides from their embrace.

In one of those enchanted domes,
One, the most flowery, cool, and bright
Of all by which that river roams,
The Fête is to be held to-night —
That Fête already link'd to fame,
Whose cards, in many a fair one's sight
(When look'd for long, at last they came,)
Seem'd circled with a fairy light; —
That Fête to which the cull, the flower
Of England's beauty, rank and power,
From the young spinster, just come out,
To the old Premier, too long in —
From legs of far descended gout,
To the last new-mustachio'd chin —
All were convoked by Fashion's spells
To the small circle where she dwells,
Collecting nightly, to allure us,
Live atoms, which, together hurl'd,
She, like another Epicurus,
Sets dancing thus, and calls "the World."

Behold how busy in those bowers
(Like May-flies, in and out of flowers,)
The countless menials swarming run,
To furnish forth, ere set of sun,
The banquet-table richly laid
Beneath yon awning's lengthen'd shade,
Where fruits shall tempt, and wines entice,
    And Luxury's self, at Gunter's call,
Breathe from her summer-throne of ice,
    A spirit of coolness over all.

And now the important hour drew nigh,
When, 'neath the flush of evening's sky,
The west-end "world" for mirth let loose,
And moved, as he of Syracuse
Ne'er dreamt of moving worlds, by force
    Of four-horse power, had all combined
Through Grosvenor Gate to speed their course,
    Leaving that portion of mankind,
Whom they call "Nobody," behind; —
No star for London's feasts to-day,
No moon of beauty, new this May,
To lend the night her crescent ray; —
Nothing, in short, for ear or eye,
But veteran belles, and wits gone by,
The relics of a past beau-monde,
A world, like Cuvier's, long dethroned!
Ev'n Parliament this evening nods
Beneath th' harangues of minor gods,
   On half its usual opiate's share;
The great dispensers of repose,
The first-rate furnishers of prose
   Being all call'd to — prose elsewhere.

Soon as through Grosvenor's lordly square — *
   That last impregnable redoubt,
Where, guarded with Patrician care,
   Primeval Error still holds out —
Where never gleam of gas must dare
   'Gainst ancient Darkness to revolt,
Nor smooth Macadam hope to spare
   The dowagers one single jolt; —
Where, far too stately and sublime
To profit by the lights of time,
Let Intellect march how it will,
They stick to oil and watchmen still: —
Soon as through that illustrious square
   The first epistolary bell,

* I am not certain whether the Dowagers of this Square have yet yielded to the innovations of Gas and Police, but at the time when the above lines were written they still obstinately persevered in their old régime; and would not suffer themselves to be either well guarded or well lighted.
Sounding by fits upon the air,
   Of parting pennies rung the knell;
Warn'd by that tell-tale of the hours,
   And by the day-light's westering beam,
The young Ianthe, who, with flowers
   Half crown'd, had sat in idle dream
Before her glass, scarce knowing where
Her fingers roved through that bright hair,
   While, all capriciously, she now
Dislodged some curl from her white brow,
And now again replaced it there; —
As though her task was meant to be
One endless change of ministry —
A routing-up of Loves and Graces,
But to plant others in their places.

Meanwhile — what strain is that which floats
Through the small boudoir near — like notes
Of some young bird, its task repeating
For the next linnet music-meeting?
A voice it was, whose gentle sounds
Still kept a modest octave's bounds,
Nor yet had ventured to exalt
Its rash ambition to $Balt$,
That point towards which when ladies rise,
The wise man takes his hat and — flies.
Tones of a harp, too, gently played,
   Came with this youthful voice communing;
Tones true, for once, without the aid
   Of that inflictive process, tuning —
A process which must oft have given
Poor Milton's ears a deadly wound;
So pleased, among the joys of Heaven,
He specifies "harps ever tuned." *
She who now sung this gentle strain
Was our young nymph's still younger sister—
Scarce ready yet for Fashion's train
In their light legions to enlist her,
But counted on, as sure to bring
Her force into the field next spring.

The song she thus, like Jubal's shell,
Gave forth "so sweetly and so well,"
Was one in Morning Post much famed,
From a divine collection, named,
"Songs of the Toilet"—every Lay
Taking for subject of its Muse,
Some branch of feminine array,
Some item, with full scope, to choose,
From diamonds down to dancing shoes;
From the last hat that Herbault's hands
Bequeath'd to an admiring world,
Down to the latest flounce that stands
Like Jacob's Ladder—or expands
Far forth, tempestuously unfurl'd.

Speaking of one of these new Lays,
The Morning Post thus sweetly says:

*—— their golden harps they took——
Harps ever tuned.  Paradise Lost, book iii.
"Not all that breathes from Bishop's lyre,
"That Barnett dreams, or Cooke conceives,
"Can match for sweetness, strength, or fire,
"This fine Cantata upon Sleeves.
"The very notes themselves reveal
"The cut of each new sleeve so well;
"A flat betrays the Imbécilles,*
"Light fugues the flying lappets tell;
"While rich cathedral chords awake
"Our homage for the Manches d'Evêque."

'Twas the first opening song — the Lay
Of all least deep in toilet-lore,
That the young nymph, to while away
The tiring-hour, thus warbled o'er:

---

**SONG.**

Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all thy best array thee;
The sun's below — the moon's above —
And Night and Bliss obey thee.
Put on thee all that's bright and rare,
The zone, the wreath, the gem,
Not so much gracing charms so fair,
As borrowing grace from them.

* The name given to those large sleeves that hang loosely.
Array thee, love, array thee, love,
In all that's bright array thee;
The sun's below — the moon's above —
And Night and Bliss obey thee.

Put on the plumes thy lover gave,
The plumes, that, proudly dancing,
Proclaim to all, where'er they wave,
Victorious eyes advancing.
Bring forth the robe, whose hue of heaven
From thee derives such light,
That Iris would give all her seven
To boast but one so bright.
Array thee, love, array thee, love.
Etc. etc. etc.

Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
Will beat, when they come nigh thee.
Thy every word shall be a spell,
Thy every look a ray,
And tracks of wondering eyes shall tell
The glory of thy way!
Now hie thee, love, now hie thee, love,
Through Pleasure's circles hie thee,
And hearts, where'er thy footsteps move,
Shall beat when they come nigh thee.
Now in his Palace of the West,
Sink to slumber, the bright Day,
Like a tired monarch fam'd to rest,
Mid the cool airs of Evening lay;
While round his couch's golden rim
The gaudy clouds, like courtiers, crept —
Struggling each other's light to dim,
And catch his last smile e'er he slept.
How gay, as o'er the gliding Thames
The golden eve its lustre pour'd,
Shone out the high-born knights and dames
Now grouped around that festal board;
A living mass of plumes and flowers,
As though they'd robb'd both birds and bowers —
A peopled rainbow, swarming through
With habitants of every hue;
While, as the sparkling juice of France
High in the crystal brimmers flow'd,
Each sunset ray that mixed by chance
With the wine's sparkles, showed
How sunbeams may be taught to dance.

If not in written form express,
'Twas known, at least, to every guest,
That, though not bidden to parade
Their scenic powers in masquerade,
(A pastime little found to thrive
In the bleak fog of England's skies,
Where wit's the thing we best contrive,
   As masqueraders, to disguise.)
It yet was hoped—and well that hope
   Was answered by the young and gay—
   That, in the toilet's task to-day,
Fancy should take her wildest scope;—
   That the rapt milliner should be
Let loose through fields of poesy,
The tailor, in inventive trance,
   Up to the heights of Epic clamber,
And all the regions of Romance
   Be ransacked by the femme de chambre.

Accordingly, with gay Sultanas,
Rebeccas, Sapphos, Roxalanas—
Circassian slaves whom Love would pay
   Half his maternal realms to ransom;—
Young nuns, whose chief religion lay.
   In looking most profanely handsome;—
Muses in muslin—pastoral maids
With hats from the Arcade-ian shades,
And fortune-tellers, rich, 't was plain,
As fortune-hunters form'd their train.

With these, and more such female groups,
Were mixed no less fantastic troops
Of male exhibitors—all willing
To look, even more than usual, killing;—
Beau tyrants, smock-faced braggadocios,
And brigands, charmingly ferocious;—
M. P.s turned Turks, good Moslems then,
   Who, last night, voted for the Greeks;
And Friars, staunch No-Popery men,
   In close confab with Whig Caciques.

But where is she — the nymph, whom late
   We left before her glass delaying,
Like Eve, when by the lake she sate,
   In the clear wave her charms surveying,
And saw in that first glassy mirror
   The first fair face that lured to error.
“Where is she,” ask’st thou? — watch all looks
   As cent’ring to one point they bear,
Like sun-flowers by the sides of brooks,
   Turn’d to the sun — and she is there.
Ev’n in disguise, oh never doubt
   By her own light you’d track her out:
As when the moon, close shawl’d in fog,
   Steals as she thinks, through heaven incog.,
Though hid herself, some sidelong ray,
   At every step, detects her way.

But not in dark disguise to-night
Hath our young heroine veil’d her light; —
   For see, she walks the earth, Love’s own,
   His wedded bride, by holiest vow
Pledg’d in Olympus, and made known
   To mortals by the type which now
Hangs glittering on her snowy brow,
That butterfly, mysterious trinket,
Which means the Soul (tho’ few would think it),
And sparkling thus on brow so white,
Tells us we've Psyche here to-night!

But hark! some song hath caught her ears—
   And, lo, how pleased, as though she'd ne'er
Heard the Grand Opera of the Spheres,
   Her goddess-ship approves the air;
And to a mere terrestrial strain,
Inspired by nought but pink champagne,
   Her butterfly as gaily nods
As though she sate with all her train
   At some great Concert of the Gods,
With Phoebus, leader—Jove director,
And half the audience drunk with nectar.

From a male group the carol came—
   A few gay youths, whom round the board
The last-tried flask's superior fame
   Had lured to taste the tide it pour'd;
And one, who, from his youth and lyre,
Seem'd grandson to the Teian sire,
Thus gaily sung, while, to his song,
Replied in chorus the gay throng:—

_Song._

Some mortals there may be, so wise, or so fine,
   As in evenings like this no enjoyment to see;
(vol. v. 9)
The Summer Fete.

But, as I'm not particular — wit, love, and wine,
Are for one night's amusement sufficient for me.
Nay — humble and strange as my tastes may appear —
If driv'n to the worst, I could manage, thank Heaven,
To put up with eyes such as beam round me here,
And such wine as we're sipping, six days out of seven.
So pledge me a bumper — your sages profound
May be blest if they will, on their own patent plan:
But as we are not sages, why — send the cup round —
We must only be happy the best way we can.

A reward by some king was once offer'd, we're told,
To who'er could invent a new bliss for mankind;
But talk of new pleasures! — give me but the old,
And I'll leave your inventors all new ones they find.
Or should I, in quest of fresh realms of bliss,
Set sail in the pinnace of Fancy some day,
Let the rich rosy sea I embark on be this,
And such eyes as we've here be the stars of my way!
In the mean time, a bumper — your Angels, on high,
May have pleasures unknown to life's limited span;
But, as we are not Angels, why — let the flask fly —
We must only be happy all ways that we can.
THE SUMMER FETE.

Now nearly fled was sunset's light,
Leaving but so much of its beam
As gave to objects, late so bright,
The colouring of a shadowy dream;
And there was still where Day had set
A flush that spoke him loth to die —
A last link of his glory yet,
Binding together earth and sky.

Say, why is it that twilight best
Becomes even brows the loveliest?
That dimness, with its softening touch,
Can bring out grace, unfelt before,
And charms we ne'er can see too much,
When seen but half enchant the more?

Alas, it is that every joy
In fulness finds its worst alloy,
And half a bliss, but hoped or guess'd,
Is sweeter than the whole possess'd; —
That Beauty, when least shone upon,
A creature most ideal grows;
And there's no light from moon or sun
Like that Imagination throws; —
It is, alas, that Fancy shrinks
Even from a bright reality,
And turning inly, feels and thinks
Far heavenlier things than e'er will be.

Such was th' effect of twilight's hour
On the fair groups that, round and round,
From glade to grot, from bank to bower,
Now wander’d through this fairy ground;
And thus did Fancy — and champagne —
Work on the sight their dazzling spells,
Till nymphs that look’d, at noon-day, plain,
Now brighten’d, in the gloom, to belles;
And the brief interval of time,
'Twixt after dinner and before,
To dowagers brought back their prime,
And shed a halo round two-score.

Meanwhile, new pastimes for the eye,
The ear, the fancy, quick succeed;
And now along the waters fly
Light gondoles, of Venetian breed,
With knights and dames, who, calm reclined,
Lisp out love-sonnets as they glide —
Astonishing old Thames to find
Such doings on his moral tide.

So bright was still that tranquil river,
With the last shaft from Daylight’s quiver,
That many a group, in turn, were seen
Embarking on its wave serene;
And, ’mong the rest, in chorus gay,
A band of mariners, from th’ isles
Of sunny Greece, all song and smiles,
As smooth they floated, to the play
Of their oar’s cadence, sung this lay:
THE SUMMER FETE.

TRIO.

Our home is on the sea, boy,
Our home is on the sea;
When Nature gave
The ocean-wave,
She mark'd it for the Free.

Whatever storms befall, boy,
Whatever storms befall,
The island bark
Is Freedom's ark,
And floats her safe through all.

Behold yon sea of isles, boy,
Behold yon sea of isles,
Where every shore
Is sparkling o'er
With Beauty's richest smiles.

For us hath Freedom claim'd, boy,
For us hath Freedom claim'd
Those ocean-nests
Where Valour rests
His eagle wing untamed.

And shall the Moslem dare, boy,
And shall the Moslem dare,
While Grecian hand
Can wield a brand,
To plant his Crescent there?
No—by our fathers, no, boy,
No, by the Cross we show—
From Maina’s rills
To Thracia’s hills
All Greece reëchoes “No!”

Like pleasant thoughts that o’er the mind
A minute come, and go again,
Ev’n so, by snatches, in the wind,
Was caught and lost that choral strain,
Now full, now faint upon the ear,
As the bark floated far or near.
At length when, lost, the closing note
Had down the waters died along,
Forth from another fairy boat,
Freighted with music, came this song:

**SONG.**

Smoothly flowing through verdant vales,
Gentle river, thy current runs,
Shelter’d safe from winter gales,
Shaded cool from summer suns.
Thus our Youth’s sweet moments glide,
Fenced with flow’ry shelter round;
No rude tempest wakes the tide,
All its path is fairy ground.
But, fair river, the day will come,
When, woo'd by whisp'ring groves in vain,
Thou'lt leave those banks, thy shaded home,
To mingle with the stormy main.

And thou, sweet Youth, too soon wilt pass
Into the world's unshelter'd sea,
Where, once thy wave hath mix'd, alas,
All hope of peace is lost for thee.

Next turn we to the gay saloon,
Resplendent as a summer noon,
Where, 'neath a pendent wreath of lights,
A Zodiac of flowers and tapers —
(Such as in Russian ball-rooms sheds
Its glory o'er young dancers' heads) —
Quadrille performs her mazy rites,
And reigns supreme o'er slides and capers; —
Working to death each opera strain,
As, with a foot that ne'er reposes,
She jigs through sacred and profane,
From "Maid and Magpie" up to "Moses;" — *
Wearing out tunes as fast as shoes,
Till fagg'd Rossini scarce respires;
Till Mayerbeer for mercy sues,
And Weber at her feet expires.

* In England the partition of this opera of Rossini was transferred to the story of Peter the Hermit; by which means the indecorum of giving such names as "Moïse," "Pharaon," etc. to the dances selected from it (as was done in Paris), has been avoided.
And now the set hath ceased — the bows
Of fiddlers taste a brief repose,
While light along the painted floor,
      Arm within arm, the couples stray,
Talking their stock of nothings o'er,
      Till — nothing's left, at last, to say.
When, lo! — most opportunely sent —
      Two Exquisites, a he and she,
Just brought from Dandyland, and meant
For fashion's grand Menagerie,
Enter'd the room — and scarce were there
When all flock'd round them, glad to stare
At any monsters, any where.

Some thought them perfect, to their tastes;
While others hinted that the waists
(That in particular of the he thing)
Left far too ample room for breathing:
Whereas, to meet these critics' wishes,
The isthmus there should be so small,
That Exquisites, at last, like fishes,
      Must manage not to breathe at all.
The female (these same critics said,)
      Though orthodox from toe to chin,
Yet lack'd that spacious width of head
      To hat of toadstool much akin—
That build of bonnet, whose extent
Should, like a doctrine of dissent,
      Puzzle church-doors to let it in.
However — sad as 't was, no doubt,  
That nymph so smart should go about,  
With head unconscious of the place  
It ought to fill in Infinite Space —  
Yet all allow'd that, of her kind,  
A prettier show 'twas hard to find;  
While of that doubtful genus, "dressy men,"  
The male was thought a first-rate specimen.  
Such Savans, too, as wish'd to trace  
The manners, habits, of this race —  
To know what rank (if rank at all)  
'Mong reas'ning things to them should fall —  
What sort of notions heaven imparts  
To high-built heads and tight-laced hearts,  
And how far Soul, which, Plato says,  
Abhors restraint, can act in stays —  
Might now, if gifted with discerning,  
Find opportunities of learning:  
As these two creatures — from their pout  
And frown, 't was plain — had just fall'n out;  
And all their little thoughts, of course,  
Were stirring in full fret and force; —  
Like mites, through microscope espied,  
A world of nothings magnified.

But mild the vent such beings seek,  
The tempest of their souls to speak:  
As Opera swains to fiddles sigh,  
To fiddles fight, to fiddles die,  
Even so this tender couple set  
Their well-bred woes to a Duet.
WALTZ DUET.*

HE.

Long as I waltz'd with only thee,
   Each blissful Wednesday that went by,
Nor stylish Stultz, nor neat Nugee
Adorn'd a youth so blest as I.
   Oh! ah! ah! oh!
Those happy days are gone — heighho!

SHE.

Long as with thee I skimm'd the ground,
   Nor yet was scorn'd for Lady Jane,
No blither nymph tetotum'd round
To Collinet's immortal strain.
   Oh! ah! etc.
Those happy days are gone — heighho!

HE.

With Lady Jane now whirl'd about,
   I know no bounds of time or breath;
And, should the charmer's head hold out,
My heart and heels are hers till death.
   Oh! ah! etc.
Still round and round through life we'll go.

* It is hardly necessary to remind the reader that this Duet is a parody of the often-translated and parodied ode of Horace, "Donee gratus eram tibi," etc.
SHE.

To Lord Fitznoodle's eldest son,
A youth renown'd for waistcoats smart,
I now have given (excuse the pun)
A vested interest in my heart.
    Oh! ah! etc.
    Still round and round with him I'll go.

HE.

What if, by fond remembrance led
    Again to wear our mutual chain,
For me thou cut'st Fitznoodle dead,
    And I levant from Lady Jane.
          Oh! ah! etc.
          Still round and round again we'll go.

SHE.

Though he the Noodle honours give,
    And thine, dear youth, are not so high,
With thee in endless waltz I'd live,
    With thee to Weber's Stop-Waltz, die!
          Oh! ah! etc.
          Thus round and round through life we'll go.
          Exeunt waltzing.

While thus, like motes that dance away
Existence in a summer ray,
These gay things, born but to quadrille,
The circle of their doom fulfil—
(That dancing doom, whose law decrees
That they should live, on the alert toe,
A life of ups-and-downs, like keys
Of Broadwood's in a long concerto:—)
While thus the fiddle's spell, within,
Calls up its realm of restless sprites,
Without, as if some Mandarin
Were holding there his Feast of Lights,
Lamps of all hues, from walks and bowers,
Broke on the eye, like kindling flowers,
Till, budding into light, each tree
Bore its full fruit of brilliancy.

Here shone a garden—lamps all o'er,
As though the Spirits of the Air
Had tak'n it in their heads to pour
A shower of summer meteors there;—
While here a lighted shrubbery led
To a small lake that sleeping lay,
Cradled in foliage, but o'er-head,
Open to heaven's sweet breath and ray;
While round its rim there burning stood
Lamps, with young flowers beside them bedded,
That shrunk from such warm neighbourhood;
And looking bashful in the flood,
Blush'd to behold themselves so wedded.

Hither, to this embower'd retreat,
Fit but for nights so still and sweet;
Nights, such as Eden's calm recall
In its first lonely hour, when all
So silent is, below, on high,
That if a star falls down the sky,
You almost think you hear it fall —
Hither to this recess, a few,
To shun the dancers' wildering noise,
And give an hour, ere night-time flew,
To music's more ethereal joys,
Came, with their voices — ready all
As Echo, waiting for a call —
In hymn or ballad, dirge or glee,
To weave their mingling minstrelsy.

And, first, a dark-ey'd nymph, array'd —
Like her, whom Art hath deathless made,
Bright Mona Lisa* — with that braid
Of hair across the brow, and one
Small gem that in the centre shone —
With face, too, in its form resembling
Da Vinci's Beauties — the dark eyes,
Now lucid, as through crystal trembling,
Now soft, as if suffused with sighs —
Her lute, that hung beside her, took,
And, bending o'er it with shy look,
More beautiful, in shadow thus,
Than when with life most luminous,
Pass'd her light finger o'er the chords,
And sung to them these mournful words:

* The celebrated portrait by Lionardo da Vinci, which he is said to have occupied four years in painting. — Vasari, vol. vii.
SONG.

Bring hither, bring thy lute, while day is dying—
Here will I lay me, and list to thy song;
Should tones of other days mix with its sighing,
Tones of a light heart, now banish'd so long,
Chase them away—they bring but pain,
And let thy theme be woe again.

Sing on, thou mournful lute—day is fast going,
Soon will its light from thy chords die away;
One little gleam in the west is still glowing,
When that hath vanish'd, farewell to thy lay.
Mark, how it fades!—see, it is fled!
Now, sweet lute, be thou, too, dead.

The group, that late, in garb of Greeks,
Sung their light chorus o'er the tide—
Forms, such as up the wooded creeks
Of Helle's shore at noon-day glide,
Or, nightly, on her glistening sea,
Woo the bright waves with melody—
Now link'd their triple league again
Of voices sweet, and sung a strain,
Such as, had Sappho's tuneful ear
But caught it, on the fatal steep,
She would have paused, entranced, to hear,
And, for that day, deferr'd her leap.
SONG AND TRIO.

On one of those sweet nights that oft
   Their lustre o'er th' Ægean fling,
Beneath my casement, low and soft,
   I heard a Lesbian lover sing;
And, listening both with ear and thought,
These sounds upon the night-breeze caught—
   "Oh, happy as the gods is he,
   "Who gazes at this hour on thee!"

The song was one by Sappho sung,
   In the first love-dreams of her lyre,
When words of passion from her tongue
   Fell like a shower of living fire.
And still, at close of every strain,
I heard these burning words again—
   "Oh, happy as the gods is he,
   "Who listens at this hour to thee!"

Once more to Mona Lisa turn'd
   Each asking eye — nor turn'd in vain;
Though the quick, transient blush that burn'd
   Bright o'er her cheek, and died again,
Show'd with what inly shame and fear
Was utter'd what all loved to hear.
Yet not to sorrow's languid lay
   Did she her lute-song now devote;
But thus, with voice that, like a ray
THE SUMMER FETE.

Of southern sunshine, seem'd to float —
So rich with climate was each note —
Call'd up in every heart a dream
Of Italy with this soft theme, —

SONG.

Oh, where art thou dreaming,
On land, or on sea?
In my lattice is gleaming
The watch-light for thee;
And this fond heart is glowing,
To welcome thee home,
And the night is fast going,
But thou art not come:
   No, thou com'st not!

'Tis the time when night-flowers
Should wake from their rest;
'Tis the hour of all hours,
When the lute singeth best.
But the flowers are half sleeping
Till thy glance they see;
And the hush'd lute is keeping
   Its music for thee.
   Yet, thou com'st not!

Scarce had the last word left her lip,
When a light, boyish form, with trip
Fantastic, up the green walk came,  
Prank'd in gay vest, to which the flame  
Of every lamp he pass'd, or blue,  
Or green, or crimson, lent its hue;  
As though a live cameleon's skin  
He had despoil'd, to robe him in.  
A zone he wore of clattering shells,  
And from his lofty cap, where shone  
A peacock's plume, there dangled bells  
That rung as he came dancing on.  
Close after him, a page—in dress  
And shape, his miniature express—  
An ample basket, fill'd with store  
Of toys and trinkets, laughing bore;  
Till, having reach'd this verdant seat,  
He laid it at his master's feet,  
Who half in speech and half in song,  
Chaunted this invoice to the throng:—

---

**SONG.**

Who'll buy?—'t is Folly's shop, who'll buy?—  
We've toys to suit all ranks and ages;  
Besides our usual fools' supply,  
We've lots of playthings, too, for sages.  
For reasoners, here's a juggler's cup,  
That fullest seems when nothing's in it;  
And nine-pins set, like systems, up,  
To be knock'd down the following minute.  
Who'll buy?—'t is Folly's shop, who'll buy?
Gay caps we here of foolseap make,
    For bards to wear in dog-day weather;
Or bards the bells alone may take,
    And leave to wits the cap and feather.
Tetotums we've for patriots got,
    Who court the mob with antics humble;
Like theirs the patriot's dizzy lot,
    A glorious spin, and then—a tumble.
    Who'll buy, etc. etc.

Here, wealthy misers to inter,
    We've shrouds of neat post-obit paper;
While, for their heirs, we've quicksilver,
    That, fast as they can wish, will caper.
For aldermen we've dials true,
    That tell no hour but that of dinner;
For courtly parsons sermons new,
    That suit alike both saint and sinner.
    Who'll buy, etc. etc.

No time we've now to name our terms,
    But, whatso'er the whims that seize you,
This oldest of all mortal firms,
    Folly and Co., will try to please you.
Or, should you wish a darker hue
    Of goods than we can recommend you,
Why then (as we with lawyers do)
    To Knavery's shop next door we'll send you.
    Who'll buy, etc. etc.
While thus the blissful moments roll'd,
   Moments of rare and fleeting light,
That show themselves, like grains of gold
   In the mine's refuse, few and bright;
Behold where, opening far away,
   The long Conservatory's range,
Stripp'd of the flowers it wore all day,
   But gaining lovelier in exchange,
Presents, on Dresden's costliest ware,
A supper such as Gods might share.

Ah much-lov'd Supper! — blithe repast
Of other times, now dwindling fast,
Since Dinner far into the night
Advanced the march of appetite;
Deployed his never-ending forces
Of various vintage and three courses,
And, like those Goths who play'd the dickens
With Rome and all her sacred chickens,
Put Supper and her fowls so white,
Legs, wings, and drumsticks, all to flight.

Now waked once more by wine — whose tide
Is the true Hippocrene, where glide
The Muse's swans with happiest wing,
Dipping their bills, before they sing —
The minstrels of the table greet
The listening ear with desecant sweet:
SONG AND TRIO.

THE LEVEE AND COUCHEE.

Call the Loves around,
Let the whisp'ring sound
Of their wings be heard alone,
Till soft to rest
My Lady blest
At this bright hour hath gone.
Let Fancy's beams
Play o'er her dreams,
Till, touch'd with light all through,
Her spirit be
Like a summer sea,
Shining and slumbering too.
And, while thus slumber'd she lies,
Let the whisper'd chorus rise —
"Good evening, good evening, to our Lady's bright eyes."

But the day-beam breaks,
See, our Lady wakes!
Call the Loves around once more,
Like stars that wait
At Morning's gate,
Her first steps to adore.
Let the veil of night
From her dawning sight
All gently pass away,
Like mists that flee
   From a summer sea,
Leaving it full of day.
And, while her last dream flies,
Let the whisper'd chorus rise —
"Good morning, good morning, to our Lady's bright eyes."

SONG.

If to see thee be to love thee,
   If to love thee be to prize
Nought of earth or heav'n above thee,
   Nor to live but for those eyes:
If such love to mortal given,
Be wrong to earth, be wrong to heaven,
'Tis not for thee the fault to blame,
For from those eyes the madness came.
Forgive but thou the crime of loving,
   In this heart more pride 'twill raise
To be thus wrong, with thee approving,
    Than right, with all a world to praise!

But say, while light these songs resound,
What means that buzz of whispering round,
From lip to lip — as if the Power
Of Mystery, in this gay hour,
Had thrown some secret (as we fling
Nuts among children) to that ring
Of rosy, restless lips, to be
Thus scrambled for so wantonly?
And, mark ye, still as each reveals
The mystic news, her hearer steals
A look tow’rds yon enchanted chair,
Where, like the Lady of the Masque,
A nymph, as exquisitely fair
As Love himself for bride could ask,
Sits blushing deep, as if aware
Of the wing’d secret circling there.
Who is this nymph? and what, oh Muse,
What, in the name of all odd things
That woman’s restless brain pursues,
What mean these mystic whisperings?

Thus runs the tale: — yon blushing maid,
Who sits in beauty’s light array’d,
While o’er her leans a tall young Dervise,
(Who from her eyes, as all observe, is
Learning by heart the Marriage Service,)
Is the bright heroine of our song,—
The Love-wed Psyche, whom so long
We’ve miss’d among this mortal train,
We thought her wing’d to heaven again.

But no — earth still demands her smile;
Her friends, the Gods, must wait awhile.
And if, for maid of heavenly birth,
A young Duke's profser'd heart and hand
Be things worth waiting for on earth,
Both are, this hour, at her command.
To-night, in yonder half-lit shade,
For love concerns expressly meant,
The fond proposal first was made,
And love and silence blush'd consent.
Parents and friends (all here, as Jews,
Enchanters, house-maids, Turks, Hindoos,)
Have heard, approved, and blest the tie;
And now, hadst thou a poet's eye,
Thou might'st behold, in th' air, above
That brilliant brow, triumphant Love,
Holding, as if to drop it down
Gently upon her curls, a crown
Of Ducal shape— but, oh, such gems!
Pilfer'd from Peri diadems,
And set in gold like that which shines
To deck the Fairy of the Mines:
In short, a crown all glorious— such as
Love orders when he makes a Duchess.

But see, 'tis morn in heaven; the Sun
Up the bright orient hath begun
To canter his immortal team;
And, though not yet arrived in sight,
His leaders' nostrils send a steam
Of radiance forth, so rosy bright
As makes their onward path all light.
What's to be done? if Sol will be
So dined early, so must we;
And when the day thus shines outright,
Ev'n dearest friends must bid good night.
So, farewell, scene of mirth and masking

Now almost a by-gone tale;
Beauties, late in lamp-light baskmg,

Now, by daylight, dim and pale;
Harpers, yawnmg o'er your harps,
Scarcely knowing flats from sharps;
Mothers who, while bored you keep
Time by nodding, nod to sleep;
Heads of hair, that stood last night
Crépé, crispy, and upright,
But have now, alas, one sees, a
Leaning like the tower of Pisa;
Fare ye well—thus sinks away

All that's mighty, all that's bright;
Tyre and Sidon had their day,

And even a Ball—has but its night!
SONGS

FROM

M. P.; OR, THE BLUE STOCKING.

(153)
SONGS

FROM

M.P.; OR, THE BLUE STOCKING.

SONG.

SUSAN.

Young Love liv'd once in an humble shed,
   Where roses breathing,
   And woodbines wreathing
Around the lattice their tendrils spread,
As wild and sweet as the life he led.
   His garden flourish'd,
   For young Hope nourish'd
The infant buds with beams and showers;
But lips, though blooming, must still be fed,
   And not even Love can live on flowers.

Alas! that Poverty's evil eye
   Should e'er come hither,
   Such sweets to wither!
The flowers laid down their heads to die,
And Hope fell sick as the witch drew nigh.

(155)
She came one morning,
Ere Love had warning,
And rais'd the latch, where the young god lay;
"Oh ho!" said Love — is it you? good-by;"
So he oped the window, and flew away!

To sigh, yet feel no pain,
To weep, yet scarce know why;
To sport an hour with Beauty's chain,
Then throw it idly by.

To kneel at many a shrine,
Yet lay the heart on none;
To think all other charms divine,
But those we just have won.

This is love, faithless love,
Such as kindleth hearts that rove.

To keep one sacred flame,
Through life unchill'd, unmov'd,
To love, in wintry age, the same
As first in youth we lov'd;
To feel that we adore,
Ev'n to such fond excess,
That, though the heart would break, with more,
It could not live with less.

This is love, faithful love,
Such as saints might feel above.
Spirit of Joy, thy altar lies
In youthful hearts that hope like mine;
And 'tis the light of laughing eyes,
That leads us to thy fairy shrine.
There if we find the sigh, the tear,
They are not those to Sorrow known;
But breath so soft, and drops so clear,
That Bliss may claim them for her own.
Then give me, give me, while I weep,
The sanguine hope that brightens woe,
And teaches ev'n our tears to keep
The tinge of pleasure as they flow.

The child, who sees the dew of night
Upon the spangled hedge at morn,
Attempts to catch the drops of light,
But wounds his finger with the thorn.
Thus oft the brightest joys we seek,
Are lost, when touch'd, and turn to pain;
The flush they kindled leaves the cheek,
The tears they waken long remain.
But give me, give me, etc. etc.

When Leila touch'd the lute,
Not then alone 'twas felt,
But when the sounds were mute,
In memory still they dwelt.
SONGS FROM M. P.;

Sweet lute! in nightly slumbers
Still we heard thy morning numbers.

Ah, how could she, who stole
Such breath from simple wire,
Be led, in pride of soul,
To string with gold her lyre?
Sweet lute! thy chords she breaketh;
Golden now the strings she waketh!

But where are all the tales?
Her lute so sweetly told?
In lofty themes she fails,
And soft ones suit not gold.
Rich lute! we see thee glisten,
But, alas! no more we listen!

BOAT GLEE.

The song that lightens our languid way
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing,
Is like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.
The beams that flash on the oar awhile,
As we row along through waves so clear,
Ilumne its spray, like the fleeting smile
That shines o'er Sorrow's tear.
Nothing is lost on him who sees
With an eye that Feeling gave;—
For him there's a story in every breeze,
And a picture in every wave.
Then sing to lighten the languid way;—
When brows are glowing,
And faint with rowing:
'Tis like the spell of Hope's airy lay,
To whose sound through life we stray.

Oh think, when a hero is sighing,
What danger in such an adorer!
What woman could dream of denying
The hand that lays laurels before her.
No heart is so guarded around,
But the smile of a victor would take it;
No bosom can slumber so sound,
But the trumpet of Glory will wake it.

Love sometimes is given to sleeping,
And woe to the heart that allows him;
For soon neither smiling or weeping
Will e'er from such slumber arouse him.
But though he were sleeping so fast,
That the life almost seem'd to forsake him,
Ev'n then, one soul-thrilling blast
From the trumpet of Glory would wake him.
CUPID'S LOTTERY.

A Lottery, a Lottery,
In Cupid's Court there used to be;
   Two roguish eyes
   The highest prize,
In Cupid's scheming Lottery;
   And kisses, too,
   As good as new,
Which weren't very hard to win,
   For he, who won
   The eyes of him,
Was sure to have the kisses in.
   A Lottery, a Lottery, etc.

This Lottery, this Lottery,
In Cupid's Court went merrily,
   And Cupid play'd
   A Jewish trade
In this his scheming Lottery;
   For hearts, we're told,
   In shares he sold
To many a fond believing drone,
   And cut the hearts
   So well in parts,
That each believ'd the whole his own.
OR, THE BLUE STOCKING.

Chor. — A Lottery, a Lottery,
    In Cupid's Court there used to be;
        Two roguish eyes
            The highest prize
    In Cupid's scheming Lottery.

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SONG.*

Though sacred the tie that our country entwineth,
    And dear to the heart her remembrance remains,
Yet dark are the ties where no liberty shineth,
    And sad the remembrance that slavery stains.
Oh Liberty, born in the cot of the peasant,
    But dying of languor in luxury's dome,
Our vision, when absent — our glory when present —
        Where thou art, O Liberty! there is my home.

Farewell to the land where in childhood I wander'd!
    In vain is she mighty, in vain is she brave;
Unbless'd is the blood that for tyrants is squander'd,
    And Fame has no wreaths for the brow of the slave.
But hail to thee, Albion! who meet'st the commotion
    Of Europe, as calm as thy cliffs meet the foam;
With no bonds but the law, and no slave but the ocean,
    Hail, Temple of Liberty! thou art my home.

* Sung in the character of a Frenchman.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

AT NIGHT.*

At night, when all is still around,
How sweet to hear the distant sound
    Of footstep, coming soft and light!
What pleasure in the anxious beat,
With which the bosom flies to meet
    That foot that comes so soft at night!

And then, at night, how sweet to say
"'Tis late, my love!" and chide delay,
    Though still the western clouds are bright;
Oh! happy, too, the silent press,
The eloquence of mute caress,
    With those we love exchang'd at night!

* These lines allude to a curious lamp, which has for its device a Cupid, with the words "at night" written over him.

(165)
TO LADY HOLLAND.

ON NAPOLEON'S LEGACY OF A SNUFF-BOX.

Gift of the Hero, on his dying day,
To her, whose pity watch'd, for ever nigh;
Oh! could he see the proud, the happy ray,
This relic lights up in her generous eye,
Sighing, he'd feel how easy 'tis to pay
A friendship all his kingdoms could not buy.

Paris, July, 1821.

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EPILOGUE.

WRITTEN FOR LADY DACRE'S TRAGEDY OF INA.

Last night, as lonely o'er my fire I sat,
Thinking of cues, starts, exits, and—all that,
And wondering much what little knavish sprite
Had put it first in women's heads to write:
Sudden I saw—as in some witching dream—
A bright-blue glory round my book-case beam,
From whose quick-opening folds of azure light
Out flew a tiny form, as small and bright
As Puck the Fairy, when he pops his head,
Some sunny morning from a violet bed.
"Bless me!" I starting cried, "what imp are you?"
"A small he-devil, Ma'am—my name Bas Bleu—
"A bookish sprite, much given to routs and reading;
'Tis I who teach your spinsters of good breeding,
The reigning taste in chemistry and caps,
The last new bounds of tuckers and of maps,
And, when the waltz has twirl'd her giddy brain,
With metaphysics twirl it back again!"

I view'd him, as he spoke — his hose were blue,
His wings — the covers of the last Review —
Cerulean, border'd with a jaundice hue,
And tinsell'd gaily o'er, for evening wear,
Till the next quarter brings a new-fledg'd pair.
"Inspir'd by me — (pursued this waggish Fairy) —
That best of wives and Sapphos, Lady Mary,
Votary alike of Crispin and the Muse,
Makes her own splay-foot epigrams and shoes.
For me the eyes of young Camilla shine,
And mingle Love's blue brilliances with mine;
For me she sits apart, from coxcombs shrinking,
Looks wise — the pretty soul! — and thinks she's thinking.
"By my advice Miss Indigo attends
Lectures on Memory, and, assures her friends,
"'Pon honour! — (mimics) — nothing can surpass the plan
"'Of that professor — (trying to recollect) — psha! that memory-man —
"'That — what's his name? — him I attended lately —
"'Pon honour, he improv'd my memory greatly."
Here, curtseying low, I ask'd the blue-legg'd sprite,
What share he had in this our play to-night.

"Nay, there— (he cried) — there I am guiltless quite —

"What! choose a heroine from that Gothic time,
"When no one waltz'd, and none but monks could rhyme;

"When lovely woman, all unschool'd and wild,
"Blush'd without art, and without culture smil'd —
"Simple as flowers, while yet unclass'd they shone,
"Ere science call'd their brilliant world her own,
"Rang'd the wild, rosy things in learned orders,
"And fill'd with Greek the garden's blushing borders! —

"No, no — your gentle Inas will not do —
"To-morrow evening, when the lights burn blue,
"I'll come — (pointing downwards) — you understand — till then adieu!"

And has the sprite been here? No — jests apart —
Howe'er man rules in science and in art,
The sphere of woman's glories is the heart.
And, if our Muse have sketch'd with pencil true
The wife — the mother — firm, yet gentle too —
Whose soul, wrapt up in ties itself hath spun,
Trembles, if touch'd in the remotest one;
Who loves — yet dares even Love himself disown,
When Honour's broken shaft supports his throne:
If such our Ina, she may scorn the evils,
Dire as they are, of Critics and — Blue Devils.
THE DAY-DREAM.*

They both were hush'd, the voice, the chords,—
I heard but once that witching lay;
And few the notes, and few the words,
My spell-bound memory brought away;

Traces, remember'd here and there,
Like echoes of some broken strain;—
Links of a sweetness lost in air,
That nothing now could join again.

Ev'n these, too, ere the morning, fled;
And, though the charm still linger'd on,
That o'er each sense her song had shed,
The song itself was faded, gone;—

Gone, like the thoughts that once were ours,
On summer days, ere youth had set;
Thoughts bright, we know, as summer flowers,
Though what they were, we now forget.

In vain, with hints from other strains,
I woo'd this truant air to come —
As birds are taught, on eastern plains,
To lure their wilder kindred home.

* In these stanzas I have done little more than relate a fact in verse; and the lady, whose singing gave rise to this curious instance of the power of memory in sleep, is Mrs. Robert Arkwright.
In vain: — the song that Sappho gave,
    In dying, to the mournful sea,
Not muter slept beneath the wave,
    Than this within my memory.

At length, one morning, as I lay
    In that half-waking mood, when dreams
Unwillingly at last give way
    To the full truth of daylight's beams,

A face — the very face, methought,
    From which had breath'd, as from a shrine
Of song and soul, the notes I sought —
    Came with its music close to mine;

And sung the long-lost measure o'er, —
    Each note and word, with every tone
And look, that lent it life before. —
    All perfect, all again my own!

Like parted souls, when, mid the Blest
    They meet again, each widow'd sound
Through memory's realm had wing'd in quest
    Of its sweet mate, till all were found.

Nor ev'n in waking did the clue.
    Thus strangely caught, escape again;
For never lark its matins knew
    So well as now I knew this strain.
And oft, when memory's wondrous spell
Is talk'd of in our tranquil bower,
I sing this lady's song, and tell
The vision of that morning hour.

SONG.

Where is the heart that would not give
Years of drowsy days and nights,
One little hour, like this, to live —
Full, to the brim, of life's delights?
Look, look around,
This fairy ground,
With love-lights glittering o'er;
While cups that shine
With freight divine
Go coasting round its shore.

Hope is the dupe of future hours,
Memory lives in those gone by;
Neither can see the moment's flowers
Springing up fresh beneath the eye.
Wouldst thou, or thou,
Forego what's now,
For all that Hope may say?
No — Joy's reply,
From every eye.
Is, "Live we while we may."
SONG OF THE POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY.

Hand curat Hippoclides.

Erasm. Adag.

To those we love we've drunk to-night;
But now attend, and stare not,
While I the ampler list recite
Of those for whom We care not.

For royal men, howe'er they frown,
If on their fronts they bear not
That noblest gem that decks a crown,
The People's Love — We care not.

For slavish men, who bend beneath
A despot yoke, yet dare not
Pronounce the will, whose very breath
Would rend its links — We care not.

For priestly men, who covet sway
And wealth, though they declare not;
Who point, like finger-post, the way
They never go — We care not.

For martial men, who on their sword,
Howe'er it conquers, wear not
The pledges of a soldier's word,
Redeem'd and pure — We care not.
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

For legal men, who plead for wrong,
    And, though to lies they swear not,
Are hardly better than the throng
    Of those who do — We care not.

For courtly men, who feed upon
    The land, like grubs, and spare not
The smallest leaf, where they can sun
    Their crawling limbs — We care not.

For wealthy men, who keep their mines
    In darkness hid, and share not
The paltry ore with him who pines
    In honest want — We care not.

For prudent men, who hold the power
    Of Love aloof, and bare not
Their hearts in any guardless hour
    To Beauty's shaft — We care not.

For all, in short, on land or sea,
    In camp or court, who are not,
Who never were, or e'er will be
    Good men and true — We care not.
ANNE BOLEYN.

TRANSLATION FROM THE METRICAL "HISTOIRE D'ANNE BOLEYN."

"S'elle estoit belle et de taille élégante,
Estoit des yeuxx encor plus attirante,
Lesquelz scavoit bien conduyre à propos
En les tenant quelquefois en repos;
Aucunesfois envoyant en message
Porter du cuer le secret tesmoignage."

Much as her form seduc'd the sight,
Her eyes could ev'n more surely woo;
And when, and how to shoot their light
Into men's hearts full well she knew.
For sometimes, in repose, she hid
Their rays beneath a downcast lid;
And then again, with wakening air.
Would send their sunny glances out,
Like heralds of delight, to bear
Her heart's sweet messages about.

THE DREAM OF THE TWO SISTERS.

FROM DANTE.

Nell ora, credo, che dell' oriente
Prima raggio nel monte Citerea,
Che di fuoco d'amor par sempre ardente,
Giovane e bella in sogno mi parea
Donna vedere andar per una landa
Cogliendo fiori; e cantando dicea: —
'Twas eve's soft hour, and bright, above,
    The star of Beauty beam'd,
While lull'd by light so full of love,
    In slumber thus I dream'd —
Methought, at that sweet hour,
    A nymph came o'er the lea,
Who, gath'ring many a flow'r,
    Thus said and sung to me:—
"Should any ask what Leila loves,
    Say thou, To wreath the hair
"With flow'rets cull'd from glens and groves,
    Is Leila's only care.

"While thus in quest of flow'rets rare,
    O'er hill and dale I roam,
"My sister, Rachel, far more fair,
    Sits lone and mute at home.
"Before her glass untiring,
    With thoughts that never stray,
"Her own bright eyes admiring,
    She sits the live-long day;
“While I!—oh, seldom ev'n a look
Of self salutes my eye;—
My only glass, the limpid brook,
That shines and passes by.”

SOVEREIGN WOMAN.
A BALLAD.

The dance was o'er, yet still in dreams,
That fairy scene went on;
Like clouds still flush'd with daylight gleams
Though day itself is gone.
And gracefully to music's sound,
The same bright nymphs went gliding round;
While thou, the Queen of all, wert there—
The Fairest still, where all were fair.

The dream then chang'd—in halls of state,
I saw thee high enthron'd;
While, rang'd around, the wise, the great
In thee their mistress own'd:
And still the same, thy gentle sway
O'er willing subjects won its way—
'Till all confess'd the Right Divine
To rule o'er man was only thine!

But, lo, the scene now chang'd again—
And borne on plumed steed,
I saw thee o'er the battle-plain
   Our land's defenders lead:
And stronger in thy beauty's charms,
Than man, with countless hosts in arms,
Thy voice, like music, cheer'd the Free,
Thy very smile was victory!

Nor reign such queens on thrones alone —
   In cot and court the same,
Wherever woman's smile is known,
   Victoria's still her name.
For though she almost blush to reign,
Though Love's own flow'rets wreath the chain,
Disguise our bondage as we will,
'T is woman, woman, rules us still.

COME, PLAY ME THAT SIMPLE AIR AGAIN.

A BALLAD.

Come, play me that simple air again,
   I us'd so to love, in life's young day,
And bring, if thou canst, the dreams that then
Were waken'd by that sweet lay.
   The tender gloom its strain
Shed o'er the heart and brow,
Grief's shadow, without its pain —
   Say where, where is it now?

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But play me the well-known air once more,
For thoughts of youth still haunt its strain,
Like dreams of some far, fairy shore
We never shall see again.

Sweet air, how every note brings back
Some sunny hope, some day-dream bright,
That shining o'er life's early track,
Fill'd ev'n its tears with light.
   The new found life that came
      With love's first echo'd vow; —
   The fear, the bliss, the shame —
      Ah — where, where are they now?
But, still the same lov'd notes prolong,
   For sweet 't were thus, to that old lay,
In dreams of youth and love and song,
   To breathe life's hour away.

SCEPTICISM.

Ere Psyche drank the cup, that shed
   Immortal Life into her soul,
Some evil spirit pour'd, 't is said,
   One drop of Doubt into the bowl —

Which, mingling darkly with the stream,
   To Psyche's lips — she knew not why —
Made ev'n that blessed nectar seem
   As though its sweetness soon would die.
Oft, in the very arms of Love,
    A chill came o'er her heart—a fear
That Death might, even yet, remove
    Her spirit from that happy sphere.

"Those sunny ringlets," she exclam'd,
    "Twining them round her snowy fingers;
"That forehead, where a light, unnam'd,
    "Unknown on earth, for ever lingers;

"Those lips, through which I feel the breath
    "Of Heav'n itself, whene'er they sever—
"Say, are they mine, beyond all death,
    "My own, hereafter, and for ever?

"Smile not—I know that starry brow,
    "Those ringlets, and bright lips of thine,
"Will always shine, as they do now—
    "But shall I live to see them shine?"

In vain did Love say, "Turn thine eyes
    "On all that sparkles round thee here—
"Thou'rt now in heaven, where nothing dies.
    "And in these arms—what canst thou fear?"

In vain—the fatal drop, that stole
    Into that cup's immortal treasure,
Had lodg'd its bitter near her soul,
    And gave a tinge to every pleasure.
And, though there ne'er was transport given
Like Psyche's with that radiant boy,
Hers is the only face in heaven,
That wears a cloud amid its joy.

A JOKE VERSIFIED.
"Come, come," said Tom's father, "at your time of life,
"There's no longer excuse for thus playing the rake—
"It is time you should think, boy, of taking a wife"—
"Why, so it is, father—whose wife shall I take?"

ON THE DEATH OF A FRIEND.

Pure as the mantle, which, o'er him who stood
By Jordan's stream, descended from the sky,
Is that remembrance, which the wise and good
Leave in the hearts that love them, when they die.
So pure, so precious shall the memory be,
Bequeath'd, in dying, to our souls by thee—
So shall the love we bore thee, cherish'd warm
Within our souls through grief, and pain, and strife,
Be, like Elisha's cruise, a holy charm,
Wherewith to "heal the waters" of this life!
TO JAMES CORRY, ESQ.

ON HIS MAKING ME A PRESENT OF A WINE STRAINER.

Brighton, June, 1825.

This life, dear Corry, who can doubt? —
Resembles much friend Ewart’s * wine,
When first the rosy drops come out,
How beautiful, how clear they shine!

And thus awhile they keep their tint,
So free from even a shade with some,
That they would smile, did you but hint,
That darker drops would ever come.

But soon the ruby tide runs short,
Each minute makes the sad truth plainer,
Till life, like old and crusty port,
When near its close, requires a strainer.

This friendship can alone confer,
Alone can teach the drops to pass,
If not as bright as once they were,
At least unclouded, through the glass.

Nor, Corry, could a boon be mine,
Of which this heart were fonder, vainer,
Than thus, if life grow like old wine,
To have thy friendship for its strainer.

* A-wine-merchant.
FRAGMENT OF A CHARACTER.

Here lies Factotum Ned at last;
Long as he breath'd the vital air,
Nothing throughout all Europe pass'd,
In which Ned hadn't some small share.

Whoe'er was in, whoe'er was out,
Whatever statesmen did or said,
If not exactly brought about,
'Twas all, at least, contriv'd by Ned.

With Nap, if Russia went to war,
'Twas owing, under Providence,
To certain hints Ned gave the Czar—
( Vide his pamphlet — price, sixpence.)

If France was beat at Waterloo —
As all but Frenchmen think she was —
To Ned, as Wellington well knew,
Was owing half that day's applause.

Then for his news — no envoy's bag
E'er pass'd so many secrets through it;
Scarcely a telegraph could wag
Its wooden finger, but Ned knew it.

Such tales he had of foreign plots,
With foreign names, one's ear to buzz in!
From Russia, *chefs* and *ofs* in lots,
From Poland, *owski*s by the dozen.

When George, alarm'd for England's creed,
Turn'd out the last Whig ministry,
And men ask'd — who advis'd the deed?
Ned modestly confess'd 't was he.

For though by some unlucky miss,
He had not downright seen the King,
He sent such hints through Viscount *This*,
To Marquis *That*, as clench'd the thing.

The same it was in science, arts,
The Drama, Books, MS. and printed —
Kean learn'd from Ned his cleverest parts,
And Scott's last work by him was hinted.

Childe Harold in the proofs he read,
And, here and there, infused some soul in 't —
Nay, Davy's Lamp, till seen by Ned,
Had — odd enough — an awkward hole in 't.

'Twas thus, all-doing and all-knowing,
Wit, statesman, boxer, chymist, singer,
Whatever was the best pye going,
In *that* Ned — trust him — had his finger.
WHAT SHALL I SING THEE?

to——

What shall I sing thee? Shall I tell
Of that bright hour, remember'd well
As tho' it shone but yesterday,
When, loitering idly in the ray
Of a spring sun, I heard, o'er-head,
My name as by some spirit said,
And, looking up, saw two bright eyes
   Above me from a casement shine,
Dazzling my mind with such surprise
   As they, who sail beyond the Line,
Feel when new stars above them rise;—
And it was thine, the voice that spoke,
   Like Ariel's, in the mid-air then;
And thine the eye, whose lustre broke —
   Never to be forgot again!

What shall I sing thee? Shall I weave
A song of that sweet summer-eve,
   (Summer, of which the sunniest part
Was that we, each, had in the heart,)
When thou and I, and one like thee,
   In life and beauty, to the sound
Of our own breathless minstrelsy,
   Danc'd till the sunlight faded round,
Ourselves the whole ideal Ball,
Lights, music, company, and all!
Oh, 'tis not in the languid strain
   Of lute like mine, whose day is past,
To call up ev'n a dream again
   Of the fresh light those moments cast.

COUNTRY DANCE AND QUADRILLE.

One night the nymph call'd Country Dance —
   (Whom folks, of late, have used so ill,
Preferring a coquette from France,
   That mincing thing, Mamselle Quadrille) —

Having been chased from London down
   To that most humble haunt of all
She used to grace — a Country Town —
   Went smiling to the New-Year's Ball.

"Here, here, at least," she cried, "though driv'n
   "From London's gay and shining tracks —
"Though, like a Peri cast from heaven,
   "I've lost, for ever lost, Almack's —

"Though not a London Miss alive
   "Would now for her acquaintance own me ;
"And spinsters, ev'n, of forty-five,
   "Upon their honours ne'er have known me ;

"Here, here, at least, I triumph still,
   "And — spite of some few dandy Lancers,
"Who vainly try to preach Quadrille —
"See nought but true-blue Country Dancers.

"Here still I reign, and, fresh in charms,
"My throne, like Magna Charta, raise
"'Mong sturdy, free-born legs and arms,
"That scorn the threaten'd chaine Anglaise."

'Twas thus she said, as 'mid the din
Of footmen, and the town sedan,
She lighted at the King's Head Inn,
And up the stairs triumphant ran.

The Squires and their Squiresses all,
With young Squirinas, just come out,
And my Lord's daughters from the Hall,
(Quadrillers, in their hearts, no doubt,)—

All these, as light she tripp'd up stairs,
Were in the cloak-room seen assembling—
When, hark! some new, outlandish airs,
From the First Fiddle, set her trembling.

She stops — she listens — can it be?
Alas, in vain her ears would 'scape it—
It is "Di tanti palpiti"
As plain as English bow can scrape it.

"Courage!" however — in she goes,
With her best sweeping country grace;
When, ah too true, her worst of foes,
Quadrille, there meets her, face to face.

Oh for the lyre, or violin,
Or kit of that gay Muse, Terpsichore,
To sing the rage these nymphs were in,
Their looks and language, airs and trickery.

There stood Quadrille, with cat-like face
(The beau-ideal of French beauty,)
A band-box thing, all art and lace
Down from her nose-tip to her shoe-tye.

Her flounces, fresh from Victorine —
From Hippolyte, her rouge and hair —
Her poetry, from Lamartine —
Her morals, from — the Lord knows where.

And, when she dane'd — so slidingly,
So near the ground she plied her art,
You'd swear her mother-earth and she
Had made a compact ne'er to part.

Her face too, all the while, sedate,
No signs of life or motion showing,
Like a bright pendule's dial-plate —
So still, you'd hardly think 't was going.

Full fronting her stood Country Dance —
A fresh, frank nymph, whom you would know
For English, at a single glance —
   English all o'er, from top to toe.

A little gauche, 'tis fair to own,
And rather given to skips and bounces;
Endangering thereby many a gown,
And playing, oft, the dev'l with flounces.

Unlike Mamselle — who would prefer
   (As morally a lesser ill)
A thousand flaws of character,
   To one vile rumple of a frill.

No rouge did She of Albion wear;
   Let her but run that two-heat race
She calls a Set, not Dian e'er
   Came rosier from the woodland chase.

Such was the nymph, whose soul had in't
   Such anger now — whose eyes of blue
(Eyes of that bright, victorious tint,
   Which English maids call "Waterloo") —

Like summer lightnings, in the dusk
   Of a warm evening, flashing broke,
While — to the tune of "Money Musk,"* 
   Which struck up now — she proudly spoke —

"Heard you that strain — that joyous strain?
"'T was such as England lov'd to hear,

* An old English Country Dance.
"Ere thou, and all thy frippery train,
" Corrupted both her foot and ear —

"Ere Waltz, that rake from foreign lands,
" Presum'd, in sight of all beholders,
" To lay his rude, licentious hands
" On virtuous English backs and shoulders —

"Ere times and morals both grew bad,
" And, yet unfiled'd by funding blockheads,
" Happy John Bull not only had,
" But danc'd to, 'Money in both pockets.'

"Alas, the change! — Oh, Londonderry,
Where is the land could 'scape disasters,
" With such a Foreign Secretary,
" Aided by Foreign Dancing Masters?

"Woe to ye, men of ships and shops!
" Rulers of day-books and of waves!
" Quadrill'd, on one side, into fops,
" And drill'd, on t'other, into slaves!

"Ye, too, ye lovely victims, seen,
" Like pigeons, truss'd for exhibition,
" With elbows, à la crapaudine,
" And feet, in — God knows what position;

"Hemm'd in by watchful chaperons,
" Inspectors of your airs and graces,
"Who intercept all whisper'd tones,
"And read your telegraphic faces;

"Unable with the youth ador'd,
"In that grim cordon of Mamas,
"To interchange one tender word,
"Though whisper'd but in queue-de-chats.

"Ah did you know how blest we rang'd,
"Ere vile Quadrille usurp'd the fiddle——
"What looks in setting were exchang'd,
"What tender words in down the middle; 

"How many a couple, like the wind,
"Which nothing in its course controls,
"Left time and chaperons far behind,
"And gave a loose to legs and souls;

"How matrimony throve — ere stopp'd
"By this cold, silent, foot-coquetting——
"How charmingly one's partner popp'd
"The' important question in poussette-ing.

"While now, alas — no sly advances——
"No marriage hints — all goes on badly——
"Twixt Parson Malthus and French Dances,
"We, girls, are at a discount sadly.

"Sir William Scott (now Baron Stowell)
"Declares not half so much is made
"By Licences — and he must know well —
"Since vile Quadrilling spoil'd the trade."

She ceas'd — tears fell from every Miss —
She now had touch'd the true pathetic: —
One such authentic fact as this,
Is worth whole volumes theoretic.

Instant the cry was "Country Dance!"
And the maid saw, with brightening face,
The Steward of the night advance,
And lead her to her birthright place.

The fiddles, which awhile had ceas'd,
Now tun'd again their summons sweet,
And, for one happy night, at least,
Old England's triumph was complete.

GAZEL.

Haste, Maami, the spring is nigh;
Already, in the' unopen'd flowers
That sleep around us, Fancy's eye
Can see the blush of future bowers;
And joy it brings to thee and me,
My own beloved Maami!

The streamlet frozen on its way,
To feed the marble Founts of Kings,
Now, loosen'd by the vernal ray,
   Upon its path exulting springs —
As doth this bounding heart to thee,
My ever blissful Maami!

Such bright hours were not made to stay;
   Enough if they a while remain,
Like Irem's bowers, that fade away,
   From time to time, and come again.
And life shall all one Irem be
For us, my gentle Maami.

O haste, for this impatient heart,
   Is like the rose in Yemen's vale,
That rends its inmost leaves apart
   With passion for the nightingale;
So languishes this soul for thee,
My bright and blushing Maami!

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LINES ON THE DEATH OF JOSEPH ATKINSON, ESQ. OF DUBLIN.

If ever life was prosperously cast,
   If ever life was like the lengthen'd flow
Of some sweet music, sweetness to the last,
   'Twas his who, mourn'd by many, sleeps below.

The sunny temper, bright where all is strife,
   The simple heart above all worldly wiles;
Light wit that plays along the calm of life,
And stirs its languid surface into smiles;

Pure charity, that comes not in a shower,
Sudden and loud, oppressing what it feeds,
But, like the dew, with gradual silent power,
Felt in the bloom it leaves along the meads;

The happy grateful spirit, that improves
And brightens every gift by fortune given;
That, wander where it will with those it loves,
Makes every place a home, and home a heaven:

All these were his. — Oh, thou who read'st this stone,
When for thyself, thy children, to the sky
Thou humbly prayest, ask this boon alone,
That ye like him may live, like him may die!

GENIUS AND CRITICISM.

Scripsit quidem fata, sed sequitur. — Seneca.

Of old, the Sultan Genius reign'd,
As nature meant, supreme, alone;
With mind uncheck'd, and hands unchain'd,
His views, his conquests were his own.

But power like his, that digs its grave
With its own sceptre, could not last;
So Genius' self became the slave
Of laws that Genius' self had pass'd.
As Jove, who forg’d the chain of Fate,
   Was, ever after, doom’d to wear it;
His nods, his struggles all too late —
   "Qui semel jussit, semper paret."

To check young Genius’ proud career,
The slaves, who now his throne invaded
Made Criticism his prime Vizir,
   And from that hour his glories faded.

Tied down in Legislation’s school,
   Afraid of even his own ambition,
His very victories were by rule,
   And he was great but by permission.

His most heroic deeds — the same,
   That dazzled, when spontaneous actions —
Now, done by law, seem’d cold and tame,
   And shorn of all their first attractions.

If he but stirr’d to take the air,
   Instant, the Vizir’s Council sat —
"Good Lord, your Highness can’t go there —
   "Bless me, your Highness can’t do that."

If, loving pomp, he chose to buy
   Rich jewels for his diadem,
"The taste was bad, the price was high —
   "A flower were simpler than a gem."

To please them if he took to flowers —
   "What trifling, what unmeaning things!"
"Fit for a woman's toilet hours,
"But not at all the style for Kings."

If, fond of his domestic sphere,
He play'd no more the rambling comet —
"A dull, good sort of man, 't was clear,
"But, as for great or brave, far from it."

Did he then look o'er distant oceans,
For realms more worthy to enthrone him? —
"Saint Aristotle, what wild notions!
"Serve a 'ne exeat regno' on him."

At length, their last and worst to do,
They round him plac'd a guard of watchmen,
Reviewers, knaves in brown, or blue
Turn'd up with yellow — chiefly Scotchmen;

To dog his footsteps all about,
Like those in Longwood's prison grounds,
Who at Napoleon's heels rode out,
For fear the Conqueror should break bounds.

Oh for some champion of his power,
Some Ultra spirit, to set free,
As erst in Shakspeare's sovereign hour,
The thunders of his Royalty! —

To vindicate his ancient line,
The first, the true, the only one,
Of Right eternal and divine,
That rules beneath the blessed sun.
TO LADY J*R**Y,
ON BEING ASKED TO WRITE SOMETHING IN HER ALBUM.

Written at Middleton.

Oh albums, albums, how I dread
Your everlasting scrap and scrawl!
How often wish that from the dead,
Old Omar would pop forth his head,
And make a bonfire of you all!

So might I 'scape the spinster band,
The blushless blues, who, day and night,
Like duns in doorways, take their stand,
To waylay bards, with book in hand,
Crying for ever, "Write, sir, write!"

So might I shun the shame and pain,
That o'er me at this instant come,
When Beauty, seeking Wit in vain,
Knocks at the portal of my brain,
And gets, for answer, "Not at home!"

November, 1828.

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TO THE SAME.

ON LOOKING THROUGH HER ALBUM.

No wonder bards, both high and low,
From Byron down to **** and me
MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

Should seek the fame, which all bestow
On him whose task is praising thee.

Let but the theme be J * r * * y's eyes,
At once all errors are forgiven;
As even old Sternhold still we prize,
Because, though dull, he sings of heaven.

OCCASIONAL EPILOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. CORRY, IN THE CHARACTER OF VAPID, AFTER
THE PLAY OF THE DRAMATIST, AT THE KILKENNY THEATRE.

(Entering as if to announce the play.)

Ladies and Gentlemen, on Monday night,
For the ninth time — oh accents of delight
To the poor author's ear, when three times three
With a full bumper crowns his Comedy!
When, long by money, and the muse, forsaken,
He finds at length his jokes and boxes taken,
And sees his play-bill circulate — alas,
The only bill on which his name will pass!
Thus, Vapid, thus shall Thespian scrolls of fame
Through box and gallery waft your well-known name,
While critic eyes the happy cast shall con,
And learned ladies spell your Dram. Person.
'Tis said our worthy Manager * intends
To help my night, and he, you know, has friends.
Friends, did I say? for fixing friends, or parts,
Engaging actors, or engaging hearts,
There's nothing like him! wits, at his request,
Are turn'd to fools, and dull dogs learn to jest;
Soldiers, for him, good "trembling cowards" make,
And beaus, turn'd clowns, look ugly for his sake;
For him ev'n lawyers talk without a fee,
For him (oh friendship!) I act tragedy!
In short, like Orpheus, his persuasive tricks
Make boars amusing, and put life in sticks.

With such a manager we can't but please,
Tho' London sent us all her loud O. P.'s,†
Let them come on, like snakes, all hiss and rattle,
Arm'd with a thousand fans, we'd give them battle;
You, on our side, R. P.‡ upon our banners,
Soon should we teach the saucy O. P.'s manners:
And show that, here — howc'er John Bull may doubt —
In all our plays, the Riot-Act's cut out;
And, while we skim the cream of many a jest,
Your well-timed thunder never sours its zest.

* The late Mr. Richard Power.
† The brief appellation by which those persons were distinguished who, at the opening of the new theatre of Covent Garden, clamoured for the continuance of the old prices of admission.
‡ The initials of our manager's name.
Oh gently thus, when three short weeks are past,
At Shakspeare's altar,* shall we breathe our last;
And, ere this long-lov'd dome to ruin nods,
Die all, die nobly, die like demigods!

EXTRACT

FROM A PROLOGUE WRITTEN AND SPOKEN BY THE AUTHOR,
at the opening of the Kilkenny Theatre, October, 1809.

Yet, even here, though Fiction rules the hour,
There shine some genuine smiles, beyond her power;
And there are tears, too — tears that Memory sheds
Ev'n o'er the feast that mimic fancy spreads,
When her heart misses one lamented guest,†
Whose eye so long threw light o'er all the rest!
There, there, indeed, the Muse forgets her task,
And drooping weeps behind Thalia's mask.

Forgive this gloom — forgive this joyless strain,
Too sad to welcome pleasure's smiling train.
But, meeting thus, our hearts will part the lighter,
As mist at dawn but makes the setting brighter;
Gay Epilogue will shine where Prologue fails —
As glow-worms keep their splendour for their tails.

* This alludes to a scenic representation then preparing for
the last night of the performances.
† The late Mr. John Lister, one of the oldest members and
best actors of the Kilkenny Theatrical Society.
I know not why — but time, methinks, hath pass'd
More fleet than usual since we parted last.
It seems but like a dream of yester-night,
Whose charm still hangs, with fond, delaying light;
And, c'er the memory lose one glowing hue
Of former joy, we come to kindle new.
Thus ever may the flying moments haste
With trackless foot along life's vulgar waste,
But deeply print and lingeringly move,
When thus they reach'd the sunny spots we love.
Oh yes, whatever be our gay career,
Let this be still the solstice of the year,
Where Pleasure's sun shall at its height remain,
And slowly sink to level life again.

THE SYLPH'S BALL.

A Sylph, as bright as ever sported
Her figure through the fields of air,
By an old swarthy Gnome was courted,
And, strange to say, he won the fair.

The annals of the oldest witch
A pair so sorted could not show;
But how refuse? — the Gnome was rich,
The Rothschild of the world below;

And Sylphs, like other pretty creatures,
Are told, betimes, they must consider
Love as an auctioneer of features,
Who knocks them down to the best bidder.

Home she was taken to his Mine —
A Palace, paved with diamonds all —
And, proud as Lady Gnome to shine,
Sent out her tickets for a Ball.

The lower world, of course, was there,
And all the best; but of the upper
The sprinkling was but shy and rare,—
A few old Sylphids, who lov'd supper.

As none yet knew the wondrous Lamp
Of Davy, that renown'd Aladdin,
And the Gnome's Halls exhal'd a damp,
Which accidents from fire were bad in;

The chambers were supplied with light
By many strange but safe devices;
Large fire-flies, such as shine at night
Among the Orient's flowers and spices; —

Musical flint-mills — swiftly play'd
By elfin hands — that, flashing round,
Like certain fire-eyed minstrel maids,
Gave out, at once, both light and sound.

Bologna stones, that drink the sun;
And water from that Indian sea,
Whose waves at night like wild-fire run—
Cork'd up in crystal carefully.

Glow-worms, that round the tiny dishes,
Like little light-houses, were set up;
And pretty phosphorescent fishes,
That by their own gay light were eat up.

'Mong the few guests from Ether, came
That wicked Sylph, whom Love we call—
My Lady knew him but by name,
My Lord, her husband, not at all.

Some prudent Gnomes, 'tis said, appris'd
That he was coming, and, no doubt,
Alarm'd about his torch, advis'd
He should, by all means, be kept out.

But others disapprov'd this plan,
And, by his flame though somewhat frightened,
Thought Love too much a gentleman,
In such a dangerous place to light it.

However, there he was—and dancing
With the fair Sylph, light as a feather;
They look'd like two fresh sunbeams, glancing,
At daybreak, down to earth together.

And all had gone off safe and well,
But for that plaguy torch, whose light,
Though not yet kindled—who could tell
How soon, how devilishly, it might?

And so it chanced—which, in those dark
And fireless halls was quite amazing;
Did we not know how small a spark
Can set the torch of Love a-blazing.

Whether it came (when close entangled
In the gay waltz) from her bright eyes,
Or from the *lucciole*, that spangled
Her locks of jet—is all surmise;

But certain 'tis the ethereal girl
*Did* drop a spark, at some odd turning,
Which, by the waltz’s windy whirl
Was fann’d up into actual burning.

Oh for that Lamp’s metallic gauze,
That curtain of protecting wire,
Which *Davy* delicately draws
Around illicit, dangerous fire!—

The wall he sets ’twixt Flame and Air,
(Like that, which barr’d young Thisbe’s bliss,)
Through whose small holes this dangerous pair
May see each other, but not kiss.*

*——Partique dedère
Oscula quique suæ, non pervenientia contrâ.

*Ovid.*
At first the torch look'd rather bluely, —  
A sign, they say, that no good boded —  
Then quick the gas became unruly,  
And, crack! the ball-room all exploded.

Sylphs, gnomes, and fiddlers mix'd together,  
With all their aunts, sons, cousins, nieces,  
Like butterflies in stormy weather,  
Were blown — legs, wings, and tails — to pieces!

While, 'mid these victims of the torch,  
The Sylph, alas, too, bore her part —  
Found lying, with a livid scorch  
As if from lightning, o'er her heart!

"Well done" — a laughing Goblin said —  
Escaping from this gaseous strife —  
"Tis not the first time Love has made  
"A blow-up in connubial life!"

REMONSTRANCE.

After a conversation with Lord John Russell, in which he had intimated some idea of giving up all political pursuits.

What! thou, with thy genius, thy youth, and thy name —  
Thou, born of a Russell — whose instinct to run
The accustom'd career of thy sires, is the same
   As the eaglet's, to soar with his eyes on the sun!

Whose nobility comes to thee, stamp'd with a seal,
   Far, far more ennobling than monarch e'er set;
With the blood of thy race, offer'd up for the weal
   Of a nation, that swears by that martyrdom yet!

Shalt thou be faint-hearted and turn from the strife,
   From the mighty arena, where all that is grand,
And devoted, and pure, and adorning in life,
   'Tis for high-thoughted spirits like thine to command?

Oh no, never dream it—while good men despair
   Between tyrants and traitors, and timid men bow,
Never think, for an instant, thy country can spare
   Such a light from her darkening horizon as thou.

With a spirit, as meek as the gentlest of those
   Who in life's sunny valley lie shelter'd and warm;
Yet bold and heroic as ever yet rose
   To the top cliffs of Fortune, and breasted her storm;

With an ardour for liberty, fresh as, in youth,
   It first kindles the bard and gives life to his lyre;
Yet mellow'd, ev'n now, by that mildness of truth,
   Which tempers, but chills not, the patriot fire;
With an eloquence—not like those rills from a height,
    Which sparkle, and foam, and in vapour are o'er;
But a current, that works out its way into light
    Through the filtering recesses of thought and of lore.

Thus gifted, thou never canst sleep in the shade;
    If the stirrings of Genius, the music of fame,
And the charms of thy cause have not power to persuade,
    Yet think how to Freedom thou'rt pledg'd by thy Name.

Like the boughs of that laurel, by Delphi's decree,
    Set apart for the Fane and its service divine,
So the branches, that spring from the old Russell tree,
    Are by Liberty claim'd for the use of her Shrine.

**MY BIRTH-DAY.**

"My birth-day"—what a different sound
    That word had in my youthful ears!
And how, each time the day comes round,
    Less and less white its mark appears!

When first our scanty years are told,
    It seems like pastime to grow old;
And, as Youth counts the shining links,
    That Time around him binds so fast,
Pleased with the task, he little thinks
How hard that chain will press at last.
Vain was the man, and false as vain,
Who said *— "were he ordain'd to run
"His long career of life again,
"He would do all that he had done." —
Ah, 'tis not thus the voice, that dwells
In sober birth-days, speaks to me;
Far otherwise — of time it tells,
Lavish'd unwisely, carelessly;
Of counsel mock'd; of talents, made
Haply for high and pure designs,
But oft, like Israel's incense, laid
Upon unholy, earthly shrines;
Of nursing many a wrong desire;
Of wandering after Love too far,
And taking every meteor fire,
That cross'd my pathway, for a star. —
All this it tells, and, could I trace
The' imperfect picture o'er again,
With pow'r to add, retouch, efface
The lights and shades, the joy and pain,
How little of the past would stay!
How quickly all should melt away —
All — but that Freedom of the Mind,
Which hath been more than wealth to me;
Those friendships, in my boyhood twin'd,
And kept till now unchangingly;

* Fontenelle. — "Si je recommençais ma carrière, je ferais tout ce que j'ai fait."
And that dear home, that saving ark,
    Where Love's true light at last I've found,
Cheering within, when all grows dark,
    And comfortless, and stormy round!

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FANCY.

The more I've view'd this world, the more I've found,
    That, fill'd as 'tis with scenes and creatures rare,
Fancy commands, within her own bright round,
    A world of scenes and creatures far more fair.
Nor is it that her power can call up there
    A single charm, that's not from Nature won, —
No more than rainbows, in their pride, can wear
    A single tint unborrow'd from the sun;
But 'tis the mental medium it shines through,
    That lends to Beauty all its charm and hue;
As the same light, that o'er the level lake
    One dull monotony of lustre flings,
Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop, make
    Colours as gay as those on angels' wings!
SONG.

FANNY, DEAREST!

Yes! had I leisure to sigh and mourn,
     Fanny dearest, for thee I'd sigh;
And every smile on my cheek should turn
     To tears when thou art nigh.
But between love, and wine, and sleep,
     So busy a life I live,
That even the time it would take to weep
     Is more than my heart can give.
Then wish me not to despair and pine,
     Fanny, dearest of all the dears!
The Love that's order'd to bathe in wine,
     Would be sure to take cold in tears.

Reflected bright in this heart of mine,
     Fanny dearest, thy image lies;
But, ah! the mirror would cease to shine,
     If dimm'd too often with sighs.
They lose the half of beauty's light,
     Who view it through sorrow's tear;
And 'tis but to see thee truly bright
     That I keep my eye-beams clear.
Then wait no longer till tears shall flow —
     Fanny, dearest! the hope is vain;
If sunshine cannot dissolve thy snow,
     I shall never attempt it with rain.
TRANSLATIONS FROM CATULLUS.

CARM. 70.

Dicebas quondam, etc.

TO LESBIA.

Thou told'st me, in our days of love,
That, I had all that heart of thine;
That, ev'n to share the couch of Jove,
Thou would'st not, Lesbia, part from mine.

How purely wert thou worshipp'd then!
Not with the vague and vulgar fires
Which Beauty wakes in soulless men,—
But lov'd, as children by their sires.

That flattering dream, alas, is o'er;—
I know thee now— and though these eyes
Doat on thee wildly as before,
Yet, even in doating, I despise.

Yes, sorceress — mad as it may seem —
With all thy craft, such spells adorn thee,
That passion even outlives esteem,
And I, at once, adore — and scorn thee.
Carm. 11.

Pauca nunciate mea puella.

Comrades and friends! with whom, where'er
The fates have will'd through life I've rov'd,
Now speed ye home, and with you bear
These bitter words to her I've lov'd.

Tell her from fool to fool to run,
Where'er her vain caprice may call;
Of all her dupes not loving one,
But ruining and maddening all.

Bid her forget — what now is past —
Our once dear love, whose ruin lies
Like a fair flower, the meadow's last,
Which feels the ploughsharc's edge, and dies!

Carm. 29.

Peninsularum Sirmio, insularumque
Ocelle.

Sweet Sirmio! thou, the very eye
Of all peninsulas and isles,
That in our lakes of silver lie,
Or sleep, enwreath'd by Neptune's smiles—
How gladly back to thee I fly!
Still doubting, asking—can it be
That I have left Bithynia's sky,
And gaze in safety upon thee?

Oh! what is happier than to find
Our hearts at ease, our perils past;
When, anxious long, the lighten'd mind
Lays down its load of care at last:

When, tired with toil o'er land and deep,
Again we tread the welcome floor
Of our own home, and sink to sleep
On the long-wish'd-for bed once more.*

This, this it is, that pays alone
The ills of all life's former track.—
Shine out, my beautiful, my own
Sweet Sirmio, greet thy master back.

And thou, fair Lake, whose water quaffs
The light of heav'n like Lydia's sea,
Rejoice, rejoice—let all that laughs
Abroad, at home, laugh out for me!

* O quid solutis est beatius curis,
Cum mens onus reponit, ac peregrino
Labore fessi venimus larem ad nostrum,
Disideratoque acquiescimus lecto.
TIBULLUS TO SULPICIA.

Nulla tuum nobis subducet femina lectum, etc. etc.

"Never shall woman's smile have power
To win me from those gentle charms!"
Thus swore I, in that happy hour,
When love first gave thee to my arms.

And still alone thou charm'st my sight —
Still, though our city proudly shine
With forms and faces, fair and bright,
I see none fair or bright but thine.

Would thou wert fair for only me,
And could'st no heart but mine allure! —
To all men else unpleasing be,
So shall I feel my prize secure.*

Oh, love like mine ne'er wants the zest
Of others' envy, others' praise;
But, in its silence safely blest,
Broods o'er a bliss it ne'er betrays.

Charm of my life! by whose sweet power
All cares are hush'd, all ills subdued —

* Dissembleas aliis, sic ego tutus ero.
My light, in even the darkest hour,
My crowd, in deepest solitude!*

No, not though heaven itself sent down
Some maid, of more than heavenly charms,
With bliss undreamt thy bard to crown,
Would he for her forsake those arms!

IMITATION.
FROM THE FRENCH.

With women and apples both Paris and Adam
Made mischief enough in their day:—
God be prais’d that the fate of mankind, my dear Madam,
Depends not on us, the same way.
For, weak as I am with temptation to grapple,
The world would have doubly to rue thee;
Like Adam, I’d gladly take from thee the apple,
Like Paris, at once give it to thee.

* Tu mihi curarum requies, tu nocte vel atrâ
Lumen, et in solis tu mihi turba locis.
INVITATION TO DINNER,

ADDRESSSED TO LORD LANSDOWNE.

September, 1818.

Some think we bards have nothing real;
That poets live among the stars so,
Their very dinners are ideal,—
(And, heaven knows, too oft they are so,)—
For instance, that we have, instead
Of vulgar chops, and stews, and hashes,
First course — a Phœnix, at the head,
Done in its own celestial ashes;
At foot, a cygnet, which kept singing
All the time its neck was wringing.
Side dishes, thus — Minerva’s owl,
Or any such like learned fowl:
Doves, such as heav’n’s poulterer gets,
When Cupid shoots his mother’s pets.
Larks, stew’d in Morning’s roseate breath,
Or roasted by a sunbeam’s splendour;
And nightingales, berhymed to death—
Like young pigs whipp’d to make them tender.

Such fare may suit those bards, who’re able
To banquet at Duke Humphrey’s table;
But as for me, who’ve long been taught
To eat and drink like other people;
And can put up with mutton, bought —
Where Bromham* rears its ancient steeple —
If Lansdowne will consent to share
My humble feast, though rude the fare,
Yet season'd by that salt he brings
From Attica's salinest springs,
'Twill turn to dainties; — while the cup,
Beneath his influence brightening up,
Like that of Baucis, touch'd by Jove,
Will sparkle fit for gods above!

VERSES TO THE POET CRABBE'S INKSTAND.†

WRITTEN MAY, 1832.

All, as he left it! — even the pen,
So lately at that mind's command,
Carelessly lying, as if then
Just fallen from his gifted hand.

Have we then lost him? scarce an hour,
A little hour, seems to have past,
Since Life and Inspiration's power
Around that relic breath'd their last.

* A picturesque village in sight of my cottage, and from which it is separated but by a small verdant valley.
† Soon after Mr. Crabbe's death, the sons of that gentleman did me the honor of presenting to me the inkstand, pencil, etc., which their distinguished father had long been in the habit of using.
Ah, powerless now — like talisman,
   Found in some vanish'd wizard's halls,
Whose mighty charm with him began,
   Whose charm with him extinguish'd falls.

Yet though, alas! the gifts that shone
   Around that pen's exploring track,
Be now, with its great master, gone,
   Nor living hand can call them back;

Who does not feel, while thus his eyes
   Rest on the enchanter's broken wand,
Each earth-born spell it work'd arise
   Before him in succession grand? —

Grand, from the Truth that reigns o'er all;
   The unshrinking Truth, that lets her light
Through Life's low, dark, interior fall,
   Opening the whole, severely bright:

Yet softening, as she frowns along,
   O'er scenes which angels weep to see —
Where Truth herself half veils the Wrong,
   In pity of the Misery.

True bard? — and simple, as the race
   Of true-born poets ever are,
When, stooping from their starry place,
   They're children, near, though gods, afar.
How freshly doth my mind recall,
'Mong the few days I've known with thee,
One that, most buoyantly of all,
Floats in the wake of memory; *

When he, the poet, doubly graced,
In life, as in his perfect strain,
With that pure, mellowing power of Taste,
Without which Fancy shines in vain;

Who in his page will leave behind,
Pregnant with genius though it be,
But half the treasures of a mind,
Where Sense o'er all holds mastery: —

Friend of long years! of friendship tried
Through many a bright and dark event;
In doubts, my judge — in taste, my guide —
In all, my stay and ornament!

He, too, was of our feast that day,
And all were guests of one, whose hand
Hath shed a new and deathless ray
Around the lyre of this great land;

* The lines that follow allude to a day passed in company with Mr. Crabbe, many years since, when a party, consisting only of Mr. Rogers, Mr. Crabbe, and the author of these verses, had the pleasure of dining with Mr. Thomas Campbell, at his house at Sydenham.
In whose sea-odes — as in those shells
Where Ocean's voice of majesty
Seems still to sound — immortal dwells
Old Albion's Spirit of the Sea.

Such was our host; and though, since then,
Slight clouds have ris'n 'twixt him and me,
Who would not grasp such hand again,
Stretch'd forth again in amity?

Who can, in this short life, afford
To let such mists a moment stay,
When thus one frank, atoning word,
Like sunshine, melts them all away?

Bright was our board that day — though one
Urworthy brother there had place;
As 'mong the horses of the Sun,
One was, they say, of earthly race.

Yet, next to Genius is the power
Of feeling where true Genius lies;
And there was light around that hour
Such as, in memory, never dies;

Light which comes o'er me, as I gaze,
Thou Relic of the Dead, on thee,
Like all such dreams of vanish'd days,
Brightly, indeed — but mournfully!
TO CAROLINE, VISCONTRESS VALLETORT.

WRITTEN AT LACOCK ABBEY, JANUARY, 1832.

When I would sing thy beauty's light,
Such various forms, and all so bright,
I've seen thee, from thy childhood, wear,
I know not which to call most fair,
Nor 'mong the countless charms that spring
For ever round thee, which to sing.

When I would paint thee, as thou art,
Then all thou wert comes o'er my heart —
The graceful child, in beauty's dawn,
Within the nursery's shade withdrawn,
Or peeping out — like a young moon
Upon a world 'twill brighten soon.
Then next, in girlhood's blushing hour,
As from thy own lov'd Abbey-tower
I've seen thee look, all radiant, down,
With smiles that to the hoary frown
Of centuries round thee lent a ray,
Chasing even Age's gloom away; —
Or, in the world's resplendent throng,
As I have mark'd thee glide along,
Among the crowds of fair and great
A spirit, pure and separate,
To which even Admiration's eye
Was fearful to approach too nigh; —
A creature, circled by a spell
Within which nothing wrong could dwell;
And fresh and clear as from the source,
Holding through life her limpid course,
Like Arethusa through the sea,
Stealing in fountain purity.

Now, too, another change of light!
As noble bride, still meekly bright,
Thou bring'st thy Lord a dower above
All earthly price, pure woman's love;
And show'st what lustre Rank receives,
When with his proud Corinthian leaves
Her rose thus high-bred Beauty weaves.

Wonder not if, where all's so fair,
To choose were more than bard can dare;
Wonder not if, while every scene
I've watch'd thee through so bright hath been,
The' enamour'd Muse should, in her quest
Of beauty, know not where to rest,
But, dazzled, at thy feet thus fall,
Hailing thee beautiful in all!
A SPECULATION.

Of all speculations the market holds forth,
   The best that I know for a lover of pelf,
Is to buy Marcus up, at the price he is worth,
   And then sell him at that which he sets on himself.

TO MY MOTHER.

WRITTEN IN A POCKET BOOK, 1822.

They tell us of an Indian tree,
   Which, howsoe’er the sun and sky
May tempt its boughs to wander free,
   And shoot, and blossom, wide and high,
Far better loves to bend its arms
   Downward again to that dear earth,
From which the life, that fills and warms
   Its grateful being, first had birth.

’Tis thus, though woo’d by flattering friends,
   And fed with fame (if fame it be)
This heart, my own dear mother, bends,
   With love’s true instinct, back to thee!
LOVE AND HYMEN.

Love had a fever — ne'er could close
His little eyes till day was breaking;
And wild and strange enough, Heav'n knows,
The things he rav'd about while waking.

To let him pine so were a sin; —
One, to whom all the world's a debtor —
So Doctor Hymen was call'd in,
And Love that night slept rather better.

Next day the case gave further hope yet,
Though still some ugly fever latent; —
"Dose, as before" — a gentle opiate,
For which old Hymen has a patent.

After a month of daily call,
So fast the dose went on restoring,
That Love, who first ne'er slept at all,
Now took, the rogue! to downright snoring.
LINES ON THE ENTRY OF THE AUSTRIANS INTO NAPLES, 1821.

Carbone notati.

Ay — down to the dust with them, slaves as they are,
   From this hour, let the blood in their dastardly veins,
That shrunk at the first touch of Liberty's war,
   Be wasted for tyrants, or stagnate in chains.

On, on like a cloud, through their beautiful vales,
   Ye locusts of tyranny, blasting them o'er —
Fill, fill up their wide sunny waters, ye sails
   From each slave-mart of Europe, and shadow their shore!

Let their fate be a mock-word — let men of all lands
   Laugh out, with a scorn that shall ring to the poles,
When each sword, that the cowards let fall from their hands,
   Shall be forg'd into fetters to enter their souls.

And deep, and more deep, as the iron is driv'n,
   Base slaves! let the whet of their agony be,
To think — as the Doom'd often think of that heav'n
   They had once within reach — that they might have been free.
Oh shame! when there was not a bosom, whose heat
Ever rose 'bove the zero of Castlereagh's heart,
That did not, like echo, your war-hymn repeat,
   And send all its prayers with your Liberty's start;

When the world stood in hope — when a spirit, that
   breath'd
   The fresh air of the olden time, whisper'd about;
And the swords of all Italy, half-way unsheath'd,
   But waited one conquering cry, to flash out!

When around you the shades of your Mighty in fame,
   Filicajás and Petrarchis, seemed bursting to view,
And their words, and their warnings, like tongues
   of bright flame
   Over Freedom's apostles, fell kindling on you!

Oh shame! that, in such a proud moment of life,
   Worth the hist'ry of ages, when, had you but hurl'd
One bolt at your tyrant invader, that strife
   Between freemen and tyrants had spread through the world —

That then — oh! disgrace upon manhood — ev'n then,
   You should falter, should cling to your pitiful breath;
Cow'r down into beasts, when you might have stood
   men,
   And prefer the slave's life of prostration to death.
It is strange, it is dreadful:—shout, Tyranny, shout
Through your dungeons and palaces, "Freedom is o'er;"—
If there lingers one spark of her light, tread it out,
And return to your empire of darkness once more.

For, if such are the braggarts that claim to be free,
Come, Despot of Russia, thy feet let me kiss;
Far nobler to live the brute bondman of thee,
Than to sully ev'n chains by a struggle like this!
SONGS

FROM

THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.
SONGS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

HERE AT THY TOMB.*

BY MELEAGER.

Here, at thy tomb, these tears I shed,
Tears, which though vainly now they roll,
Are all love hath to give the dead,
And wept o'er thee with all love's soul;—

Wept in remembrance of that light,
Which nought on earth, without thee, gives,
Hope of my heart! now quench'd in night,
But dearer, dead, than aught that lives.

Where is she? where the blooming bough
That once my life's sole lustre made?
Torn off by death, 'tis with'ring now,
And all its flowers in dust are laid.

Oh earth! that to thy matron breast
Hast taken all those angel charms,
Gently, I pray thee, let her rest,—
Gently, as in a mother's arms.

* Δακρυα σοι και νερόν δια χθονος, Ημιοδωρα.
SALE OF CUPID.*

BY MELEAGER.

Who'll buy a little boy? Look, yonder is he,
Fast asleep, sly rogue, on his mother's knee;
So bold a young imp 'tisn't safe to keep,
So I'll part with him now while he's sound asleep.
See his arch little nose, how sharp 'tis curled,
His wings, too, even in sleep unfurl'd;
And those fingers, which still ever ready are found
For mirth or for mischief, to tickle, or wound.

He'll try with his tears your heart to beguile,
But never you mind — he's laughing all the while;
For little he cares, so he has his own whim,
And weeping or laughing are all one to him.
His eye is as keen as the lightning's flash,
His tongue like the red bolt quick and rash;
And so savage is he, that his own dear mother
Is scarce more safe in his hands than another.

In short, to sum up this darling's praise,
He's a downright pest in all sorts of ways;
And if any one wants such an imp to employ,
He shall have a dead bargain of this little boy.

* Πώλεισθω, και ματρος ετ' εν κολποισι καδευδων'.
But see, the boy wakes — his bright tears flow —
His eyes seem to ask could I sell him? oh no,
Sweet child no, no — though so naughty you be,
You shall live evermore with my Lesbia and me.

TO WEAVE A GARLAND FOR THE ROSE.*

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

To weave a garland for the rose,
And think thus crown'd 't would lovelier be,
Were far less vain than to suppose
That silks and gems add grace to thee.
Where is the pearl whose orient lustre
Would not, beside thee, look less bright?
What gold could match the glossy cluster
Of those young ringlets full of light?

Bring from the land, where fresh it gleams,
The bright blue gem of India's mine,
And see how soon, though bright its beams,
'Twill pale before one glance of thine:
Those lips, too, when their sounds have blest us
With some divine mellifluous air,
Who would not say that Beauty's cestus
Had let loose all its witch'ries there? †

* Oυτε βροδων στεφανων επιδευσαι, ουτε συ πεπλων.

† — και ἡ μελιφύρτος εκείνη
    Ηθεος ἁρμονιη, κεστος εφι Παφιης.
SONGS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY.

Here, to this conq’ring host of charms
I now give up my spell-bound heart,
Nor blush to yield ev’n Reason’s arms,
When thou her bright-eye’d conq’ror art.
Thus to the wind all fears are given;
Henceforth those eyes alone I see,
Where Hope, as in her own blue heaven,
Sits beck’ning me to bliss and thee!

WHY DOES SHE SO LONG DELAY?*

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

Why does she so long delay?
Night is waning fast away;
Thrice have I my lamp renew’d,
Watching here in solitude.
Where can she so long delay?
Where, so long delay?

Vainly now have two lamps shone;
See the third is nearly gone:†
Oh that Love would, like the ray
Of that weary lamp, decay!
But no, alas, it burns still on,
Still, still, burns on.

* Δηθυνει Κλεοφαντις.
† ὁ δὲ τρίτος αρχετάς ηδὲ
Αὐχρος ὑποκλαζεῖν.
Gods, how oft the traitress dear
Swore, by Venus, she'd be here!
But to one so false as she
What is man or deity?
Neither doth this proud one fear,—
   No, neither doth she fear.

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TWIN’ST THOU WITH LOFTY WREATH THY BROW? *

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

Twin'st thou with lofty wreath thy brow?
   Such glory then thy beauty sheds,
I almost think, while awed I bow,
   'Tis Rhea's self before me treads.
Be what thou wilt,—this heart
Adores whate'er thou art!

Dost thou thy loosen'd ringlets leave,
   Like sunny waves to wander free?
Then, such a chain of charms they weave,
   As draws my inmost soul from me.
Do what thou wilt,—I must
Be charm'd by all thou dost!

Ev'n when, enwrapped in silvery veils,†
   Those sunny locks elude the sight,—

* Κεκρυφαλοι σφιγγουσι τευν τριχα;
   Αρ. Βρυνκκ. xxxiv.
† Αργενναῖς οἴνωνης κατηνορα βοστρυχα κενύεις.
Oh, not ev'n then their glory fails
To haunt me with its unseen light.
Change as thy beauty may,
It charms in every way.

For, thee the Graeees still attend,
Presiding o'er each new attire,
And lending every dart they send
Some new, peculiar touch of fire.
Be what thou wilt,—this heart
Adores whate'er thou art!

WHEN THE SAD WORD.*

BY PAUL, THE SILENTIARY.

When the sad word, "Adieu," from my lip is nigh falling,
And with it, Hope passes away,
Ere the tongue hath half breathed it, my fond heart recalling
That fatal farewell, bids me stay.
For oh! 'tis a penance so weary
One hour from thy presence to be,
That death to this soul were less dreary,
Less dark than long absence from thee.

* Σωζω σοι μελλων ενεπειν.
SONGS FROM THE GREEK ANTHOLOGY. 235

Thy beauty, like Day, o'er the dull world breaking,
Brings life to the heart it shines o'er,
And, in mine, a new feeling of happiness waking,
Made light what was darkness before.
But mute is the Day's sunny glory,
While thine hath a voice,* on whose breath,
More sweet than the Syren's sweet story,†
My hopes hang, through life and through death!

---

MY MOPSA IS LITTLE.‡

BY PHILODEMUS.

My Mopsy is little, my Mopsy is brown,
But her cheek is as smooth as the peach's soft down,
   And, for blushing, no rose can come near her;
In short, she has woven such nets round my heart,
That I ne'er from my dear little Mopsy can part,—
   Unless I can find one that's dearer.

Her voice hath a music that dwells on the ear,
And her eye from its orb gives a daylight so clear,
   That I'm dazzled whenever I meet her;

* Ηματι γαρ σεο φεγγος όμουν. αλλα το μεν τον Αφθογγον.
† Σε δερων και το λαλημα φερεις
   Κεινο, το Σειρηνων γλυκυνερτον.
‡ Μικη και μελανευσα Φιλυννον.

Her ringlets, so curly, are Cupid's own net,
And her lips, oh their sweetness I ne'er shall forget—
Till I light upon lips that are sweeter.

But 'tis not her beauty that charms me alone,
'Tis her mind, 'tis that language whose eloquent tone
From the depths of the grave could revive one:
In short, here I swear, that if death were her doom,
I would instantly join my dead love in the tomb—
Unless I could meet with a live one.

STILL, LIKE DEW IN SILENCE FALLING.*

BY MELEAGER.

Still, like dew in silence falling,
Drops for thee the nightly tear;
Still that voice the past recalling,
Dwells, like echo, on my ear,
Still, still!

Day and night the spell hangs o'er me,
Here for ever fix'd thou art;
As thy form first shone before me,
So 'tis graven on this heart,
Deep, deep!

* Αυτοὶ μοι δωδεκα μεν εις ουασιν ηχος Ερωτος.
Love, oh Love, whose bitter sweetness,
Dooms me to this lasting pain,
Thou who cam'st with so much fleetness,
Why so slow to go again? *
Why? why?

UP, SAILOR BOY, 'TIS DAY.

Up, sailor boy, 'tis day!
The west wind blowing,
The spring tide flowing,
Summon thee hence away.
Didst thou not hear yon soaring swallow sing?
Chirp, chirp,—in every note he seem'd to say
'Tis Spring, 'tis Spring.
Up boy, away,—
Who'd stay on land to-day?
The very flowers
Would from their bowers
Delight to wing away!

Leave languid youths to pine
On silken pillows;
But be the billows
Of the great deep thine.

* Ω πτανοι, μη και ποτ’ εφιτπασαι μεν, Ερωτες,
Οδαρ’, αποτηναι θ’ ουδ’ όσον ισχυετε.
Hark, to the sail the breeze sings, "Let us fly;"
While soft the sail, replying to the breeze,
Says, with a yielding sigh,
"Yes, where you please."
Up, boy! the wind, the ray,
   The blue sky o'er thee,
   The deep before thee,
All cry aloud, "Away!"

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IN MYRTLE WREATHS.

BY ALCEUS.

In myrtle wreaths my votive sword I'll cover,
   Like them of old whose one immortal blow
Struck off the galling fetters that hung over
   Their own bright land, and laid her tyrant low.
Yes, lov'd Harmodius, thou'rt undying;
   Still midst the brave and free,
In isles, o'er ocean lying,
   Thy home shall ever be.

In myrtle leaves my sword shall hide its lightning,
   Like his, the youth, whose ever-glorious blade
Leap'd forth like flame, the midnight banquet bright'ning,
   And in the dust a despot victim laid.
Blest youths, how bright in Freedom's story
   Your wedded names shall be;
A tyrant's death your glory,
   Your meed, a nation free!
UNPUBLISHED SONGS, ETC.

ASK NOT IF STILL I LOVE.

Ask not if still I love,
    Too plain these eyes have told thee;
Too well their tears must prove
    How near and dear I hold thee.
If, where the brightest shine,
To see no form but thine,
To feel that earth can show
    No bliss above thee,—
If this be love, then know
    That thus, that thus, I love thee.

'T is not in pleasure's idle hour
    That thou can'st know affection's pow'r.
No, try its strength in grief or pain;
    Attempt, as now, its bonds to sever,
Thou 'lt find true love's a chain
    That binds for ever!
DEAR? YES.

DEAR? yes, tho' mine no more,
Ev'n this but makes thee dearer;
And love, since hope is o'er,
But draws thee nearer.

Change as thou wilt to me,
The same thy charm must be;
New loves may come to weave
Their witchery o'er thee,
Yet still, though false, believe
That I adore thee, yes, still adore thee.
Think'st thou that aught but death could end
A tie not falsehood's self can rend?
No, when alone, far off I die,
No more to see, no more caress thee,
Ev'n then, my life's last sigh
Shall be to bless thee, yes, still to bless thee.

UNBIND THEE, LOVE.

UNBIND thee, love, unbind thee, love,
From those dark ties unbind thee;
Though fairest hand the chain hath wove,
Too long its links have twined thee.
Away from earth!—thy wings were made
In yon mid-sky to hover,
With earth beneath their dove-like shade,  
   And heav’n all radiant over.

Awake thee, boy, awake thee, boy,  
   Too long thy soul is sleeping;  
And thou may’st from this minute’s joy  
   Wake to eternal weeping.

Oh, think, this world is not for thee;  
   Though hard its links to sever;  
Though sweet and bright and dear they be,  
   Break, or thou’rt lost for ever.

---

THERE’S SOMETHING STRANGE.

(A Buffo Song.)

There’s something strange, I know not what,  
   Come o’er me,  
Some phantom I’ve for ever got  
   Before me.

I look on high, and in the sky  
   ’Tis shining;  
On earth, its light with all things bright  
   Seems twining.

In vain I try this goblin’s spells  
   To sever;  
Go where I will, it round me dwells  
   For ever.
And then what tricks by day and night
   It plays me,
In ev'ry shape the wicked sprite
   Waylays me.
Sometimes like two bright eyes of blue
   'Tis glancing;
Sometimes like feet, in slippers neat,
   Comes dancing.
By whispers round of every sort
   I'm taunted.
Never was mortal man, in short,
   So haunted.

---

NOT FROM THEE.

Not from thee the wound should come,
   No, not from thee!
I care not what or whence my doom,
   So not from thee!
Cold triumph! first to make
   This heart thy own;
And then the mirror break
Where fix'd thou shin'st alone.
Not from thee the wound should come,
   Oh, not from thee.
I care not what, or whence, my doom,
   So not from thee.
Yet no — my lips that wish recall;
From thee, from thee —
If ruin o' er this head must fall,
'Twill welcome be.
Here to the blade I bare
This faithful heart;
Wound deep — thou'lt find that there,
In every pulse thou art.
Yes from thee I'll bear it all:
If ruin be
The doom that o'er this heart must fall,
'Twere sweet from thee.

---

GUESS, GUESS.

I love a maid, a mystic maid,
Whose form no eyes but mine can see;
She comes in light, she comes in shade,
And beautiful in both is she,
Her shape in dreams I oft behold,
And oft she whispers in my ear
Such words as when to others told,
Awake the sigh, or wring the tear;
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

I find the lustre of her brow,
Come o'er me in my darkest ways;
And feel as if her voice, ev’n now,
   Were echoing far off my lays.
There is no scene of joy or woe
   But she doth gild with influence bright;
And shed o’er all so rich a glow
   As makes ev’n tears seem full of light:
Then guess, guess, who she,
The lady of my love, may be.

WHEN LOVE, WHO RULED.

When Love, who ruled as Admiral o’er
   His rosy mother’s isles of light,
Was cruising off the Paphian shore,
   A sail at sunset hove in sight.
“A chase, a chase! my Cupids all,”
   Said Love, the little Admiral.

Aloft the winged sailors sprung,
   And, swarming up the mast like bees,
The snow-white sails expanding flung,
   Like broad magnolias to the breeze.
“Yo ho, yo ho, my Cupids all!”
   Said Love, the little Admiral.

The chase was o’er — the bark was caught,
   The winged crew her freight explored;
And found ’twas just as Love had thought,
   For all was contraband aboard.
"A prize, a prize, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Safe stow'd in many a package there,
   And labell'd slyly o'er, as "Glass,"
Were lots of all th' illegal ware,
   Love's Custom-house forbids to pass.
"O'erhaul, o'erhaul, my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

False curls they found, of every hue,
   With rosy blushes ready made;
And teeth of ivory, good as new,
   For veterans in the smiling trade.
"Ho ho, ho ho, my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Mock sighs, too,—kept in bags for use,
   Like breezes bought of Lapland seers,—
Lay ready here to be let loose,
   When wanted, in young spinsters' ears.
"Ha ha, ha ha, my Cupids all,"
Said Love, the little Admiral.

False papers next on board were found,
   Sham invoices of flames and darts,
Professedly for Paphos bound,
   But meant for Hymen's golden marts.
"For shame, for shame, my Cupids all!"
Said Love, the little Admiral.
Nay, still to every fraud awake,
Those pirates all Love’s signals knew,
And hoisted oft his flag, to make
Rich wards and heiresses bring-to.*
“ A foe, a foe, my Cupids all!”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

“This must not be,” the boy exclaims,
“In vain I rule the Paphian seas,
If Love’s and Beauty’s sovereign names
Are lent to cover frauds like these.
“Prepare, prepare, my Cupids all!”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

Each Cupid stood with lighted match —
A broadside struck the smuggling foe,
And swept the whole unhallow’d batch
Of Falshood to the depths below.
“Huzza, huzza! my Cupids all!”
Said Love, the little Admiral.

STILL THOU FLIEST.

Still thou fiest, and still I woo thee,
Lovely phantom, — all in vain;
Restless ever, my thoughts pursue thee,
Fleeting ever, thou mock’st their pain.

• To Bring-to, to check the course of a ship.” — Falconer.
Such doom, of old, that youth betided,
   Who wooed, he thought, some angel's charms,
But found a cloud that from him glided,—
   As thou dost from these out-stretched arms.

Scarce I've said, "How fair thou shinest,"
   Ere thy light hath vanish'd by;
And 'tis when thou look'st divinest
   Thou art still most sure to fly.
Ev'n as the lightning, that, dividing
   The clouds of night, saith, "Look on me,"
Then flits again, its splendour hiding,—
   Ev'n such the glimpse I catch of thee.

---

THEN FIRST FROM LOVE.

Then first from Love, in nature's bow'rs,
   Did Painting learn her fairy skill,
And cull the hues of loveliest flow'rs,
   To picture woman lovelier still.
For vain was ev'ry radiant hue,
   Till Passion lent a soul to art,
And taught the painter, ere he drew,
   To fix the model in his heart.

Thus smooth his toil awhile went on,
   Till, lo, one touch his art defies;
The brow, the lip, the blushes shone,
But who could dare to paint those eyes?
'Twas all in vain the painter strove;
So turning to that boy divine,
"Here take," he said, "the pencil, Love,
"No hand should paint such eyes, but thine."

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**HUSH, SWEET LUTE.**

Hush, sweet Lute, thy songs remind me
Of past joys, now turn'd to pain;
Of ties that long have ceased to bind me,
But whose burning marks remain.
In each tone, some echo falleth
On my ear of joys gone by;
Ev'ry note some dream recalleth
Of bright hopes but born to die.

Yet, sweet Lute, though pain it bring me,
Once more let thy numbers thrill;
Though death were in the strain they sing me,
I must woo its anguish still.
Since no time can e'er recover
Love's sweet light when once 'tis set,—
Better to weep such pleasures over,
Than smile o'er any left us yet.
BRIGHT MOON.

Bright moon, that high in heav’n art shining,
    All smiles, as if within thy bower to-night
Thy own Endymion lay reclining,
    And thou would’st wake him with a kiss of light!—
By all the bliss thy beam discovers,
    By all those visions far too bright for day,
Which dreaming bards and waking lovers
    Behold, this night, beneath thy ling’ring ray,—

I pray thee, queen of that bright heaven,
    Quench not to-night thy love-lamp in the sea,
Till Anthe, in this bower, hath given
    Beneath thy beam, her long-vow’d kiss to me.
Guide hither, guide her steps benighted,
    Ere thou, sweet moon, thy bashful crescent hide;
Let Love but in this bow’r be lighted,
    Then shroud in darkness all the world beside.

LONG YEARS HAVE PASS’D.

Long years have pass’d, old friend, since we
    First met in life’s young day;
And friends long loved by thee and me,
    Since then have dropp’d away;—
But enough remain to cheer us on,
   And sweeten, when thus we’re met,
The glass we fill to the many gone,
   And the few who’re left us yet.

Our locks, old friend, now thinly grow,
   And some hang white and chill;
While some, like flow’rs ’mid Autumn’s snow,
   Retain youth’s colour still.
And so, in our hearts, though one by one,
   Youth’s sunny hopes have set,
Thank heav’n, not all their light is gone,—
   We’ve some to cheer us yet.

Then here’s to thee, old friend, and long
   May thou and I thus meet,
To brighten still with wine and song
   This short life, ere it fleet.
And still as death comes stealing on,
   Let’s never, old friend, forget,
Ev’n while we sigh o’er blessings gone,
   How many are left us yet.

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DREAMING FOR EVER.

Dreaming for ever, vainly dreaming,
   Life to the last pursues its flight;
Day hath its visions fairly beaming,
   But false as those of night.
The one illusion, the other real,
But both the same brief dreams at last;
And when we grasp the bliss ideal,
Soon as it shines, 'tis past.

Here, then, by this dim lake reposing,
Calmly I'll watch, while light and gloom
Flit o'er its face till night is closing—
Emblem of life's short doom!
But though, by turns, thus dark and shining,
'Tis still unlike man's changeful day,
Whose light returns not, once declining,
Whose cloud, once come, will stay.

THOUGH LIGHTLY SOUNDS THE SONG I SING.

A SONG OF THE ALPS.

Though lightly sounds the song I sing to thee,
Though like the lark's its soaring music be,
Thou'lt find ev'n here some mournful note that tells
How near such April joy to weeping dwells.
'Tis 'mong the gayest scenes that oft'nest steal
Those saddening thoughts we fear, yet love to feel;
And music never half so sweet appears,
As when her mirth forgets itself in tears.

Then say not thou this Alpine song is gay—
It comes from hearts that, like their mountain-lay,
Mix joy with pain, and oft when pleasure's breath
Most warms the surface, feel most sad beneath.
The very beam in which the snow-wreath wears
Its gayest smile is that which wins its tears,—
And passion's pow'r can never lend the glow
Which wakens bliss, without some touch of woe.

THE RUSSIAN LOVER.

Fleetly o'er the moonlight snows
Speed we to my lady's bow'ru;
Swift our sledge as lightning goes,
Nor shall stop till morning's hour.
Bright, my steed, the northern star
Lights us from yon jewell'd skies;
But, to greet us, brighter far,
Morn shall bring my lady's eyes.

Lovers, lull'd in sunny bow'rs,
Sleeping out their dream of time,
Know not half the bliss that's ours,
In this snowy, icy clime.
Like yon star that livelier gleams
From the frosty heavens around,
Love himself the keener beams
When with snows of coyness crown'd.

Fleet then on, my merry steed,
Bound, my sledge, o'er hill and dale;—
What can match a lover's speed?
   See, 'tis daylight, breaking pale!
Brightly hath the northern star
   Lit us from yon radiant skies;
But, behold, how brighter far
   Yonder shine my lady's eyes!
RHYMES ON THE ROAD,

EXTRACTED FROM

THE JOURNAL OF A TRAVELING MEMBER

OF THE

POCO-CURANTE SOCIETY,

1819.
PREFACE

TO RHYMES ON THE ROAD.

The series of trifles contained in this volume, entitled "Rhymes on the Road," were written partly as their title implies, and partly at a subsequent period from memorandums made on the spot. This will account for so many of those pieces being little better, I fear, than "prose fringed with rhyme." The journey to a part of which those Rhymes owed their existence was commenced in company with Lord John Russell in the autumn of the year 1819. After a week or two passed at Paris, to enable Lord John to refer to Barillon's Letters for a new edition of his life of Lord Russell then preparing, we set out together for the Simplon. At Milan, the agreeable society of the late Lord Kinnaird detained us for a few days; and then my companion took the route to Genoa, while I proceeded on a visit to Lord Byron, at Venice.

It was during the journey thus briefly described, I addressed the well-known Remonstrance to my
noble friend,* which has of late been frequently coupled with my prophetic verses on the Duke of Wellington,† from the prescient spirit with which it so confidently looked forward to all that Lord John has since become in the eyes of the world.

Of my visit to Lord Byron,—an event, to me so memorable,—I have already detailed all the most interesting particulars in my published Life of the poet; and shall here only cite, from that work, one passage, as having some reference to a picture mentioned in the following pages. "As we were conversing after dinner about the various collections of paintings I had seen that morning, on my saying that, fearful as I was of ever praising any picture, lest I should draw on myself the connoisseur's sneer, for my pains, I would yet, to him, venture to own that I had seen a picture at Milan, which —— 'The Hagar!'‡ he exclaimed, eagerly interrupting me; and it was, in fact, that very picture I was about to mention to him as having awakened in me, by the truth of its expression, more real emotion than any I had yet seen among the chefs d'œuvre of Venice."

In the society I chiefly lived with, while at Rome, I considered myself singularly fortunate; though but a blind worshipper of those powers of Art of which my companions were all high-priests. Canova himself, Chantrey, Lawrence, Jackson, Turner,

* See p. 204 of this volume.  † See vol. iv. p. 120.  ‡ Abraham dismissing Hagar, by Guercino.
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Eastlake,—such were the men of whose presence and guidance I enjoyed the advantage in visiting all that unrivalled Rome can boast of beautiful and grand. That I derived from this course of initiation any thing more than a very humbling consciousness of my own ignorance and want of taste, in matters of art, I will not be so dishonest as to pretend. But, to the stranger in Rome every step forms an epoch; and, in addition to all its own countless appeals to memory and imagination, the agreeable auspices under which I first visited all its memorable places could not but render every impression I received more vivid and permanent. Thus, with my recollection of the Sepulchre of St. Peter, and its ever burning lamps, for which splendid spot Canova was then meditating a statue,* there is always connected in my mind the exclamation which I heard break from Chantrey after gazing, for a few moments, in silence, upon that glorious site,—"What a place to work for!"

In one of the poems contained in this volume† allusion is made to an evening not easily forgotten, when Chantrey and myself were taken by Canova to the Borghese Palace, for the purpose of showing us by the light of a taper—his favourite mode of exhibiting that work—his beautiful statue of the Princess Borghese, called the Venere Vincitrice. In Chantrey's eagerness to point out some grace or

* A statue, I believe, of Pius VI.
† See page 320.
effect that peculiarly struck him, he snatched the light out of Canova’s hand; and to this circumstance the following passage of the poem referred to was meant to allude:

When he, thy peer in art and fame,
Hung o’er the marble with delight;
And while his ling’ring hand would steal
O’er every grace the taper’s rays,
Gave thee, with all the gen’rous zeal
Such master-spirits only feel,
That best of fame—a rival’s praise.

One of the days that still linger most pleasantly in my memory, and which, I trust, neither Lady Calcott nor Mr. Eastlake have quite forgotten, was that of our visit together to the Palatine Mount, when, as we sauntered about that picturesque spot, enjoying the varied views of Rome which it commands, they made me, for the first time, acquainted with Guidi’s spirited Ode on the Arcadians, in which there is poetry enough to make amends for all the nonsense of his rhyming brethren. Truly and grandly does he exclaim,

“Indomita e superba ancór è Roma
Benchè si veggia col gran busto a terra;
Son piene di splendor le sue ruine,
E il gran cenere suo si mostra eterno.”

With Canova, while sitting to Jackson for a portrait ordered by Chantrey, I had more than once

* A slight alteration here has rendered these verses more true to the actual fact than they were in their original form.
some interesting conversation,—or, rather, listened while he spoke,—respecting the political state of Europe at that period, and those "bricconi," as he styled them, the sovereigns of the Holy Alliance; and before I left Rome, he kindly presented to me a set of engravings from some of his finest statues, together with a copy of the beautifully printed collection of Poems, which a Roman poet named Missirini had written in praise of his different "Marmi."

When Lord John Russell and myself parted, at Milan, it was agreed between us, that after a short visit to Rome, and (if practicable within the allowed time) to Naples, I was to rejoin him at Genoa, and from thence accompany him to England. But the early period for which Parliament was summoned, that year, owing to the violent proceedings at Manchester, rendered it necessary for Lord John to hasten his return to England. I was, therefore, most fortunate, under such circumstances, in being permitted by my friends Chantrey and Jackson to join in their journey homeward; through which lucky arrangement, the same precious privilege I had enjoyed, at Rome, of hearing the opinions of such practised judges, on all the great works of art I saw in their company, was afterwards continued to me through the various collections we visited together, at Florence, Bologna, Modena, Parma, Milan, and Turin.

To some of those pictures and statues that most took my fancy, during my tour, allusions will be
found in a few of the poems contained in this volume. But the great pleasure I derived from these and many other such works arose far more from the poetical nature of their subjects than from any judgment I had learned to form of their real merit as works of art,—a line of lore in which, notwithstanding my course of schooling, I remained, I fear, unenlightened to the last. For all that was lost upon me, however, in the halls of Art, I was more than consoled in the cheap picture-gallery of Nature; and a glorious sunset I witnessed in ascending the Simplon is still remembered by me with a depth and freshness of feeling which no one work of art I saw in the galleries of Italy has left behind.

I have now a few words to devote to a somewhat kindred subject with which a poem or two contained in the following pages are closely connected.* In my Preface to the First Volume of this collection, I briefly noticed the taste for Private Theatrical Performances which prevailed during the latter half of the last century among the higher ranks in Ireland. This taste continued for nearly twenty years to survive the epoch of the Union, and in the performances of the Private Theatre of Kilkenny gave forth its last, as well as, perhaps, brightest flashes. The life and soul of this institution was our manager, the late Mr. Richard Power, a gentleman who could boast a larger circle of attached friends, and through

* See pages 197, 199.
a life more free from shadow or alloy, than any individual it has ever been my lot to know. No livelier proof, indeed, could be required of the sort of feeling entertained towards him than was once shown in the reception given to the two following homely lines which occurred in a Prologue I wrote to be spoken by Mr. Corry in the character of Vapid.

'T is said our worthy manager intends
To help my night, and he, you know, has friends.*

These few simple words I wrote with the assured conviction that they would produce more effect from the homely truism they contained than could be effected by the most laboured burst of eloquence; and the result was just what I had anticipated, for the house rung, for a considerable time, with the heartiest plaudits.

The chief comic, or rather farcical, force of the company lay in my friend Mr. Corry, and "longo intervallo," myself; and though, as usual, with low comedians, we were much looked down upon by the lofty lords of the buskin, many was the sly joke we used to indulge together, at the expense of our heroic brethren. Some wagging critic, indeed, is said to have declared that of all the personages of our theatre he most admired the prompter, — "because he was least seen and best heard." But this joke was, of course, a mere good-humoured slander. There

* See page 198.
were two, at least, of our dramatic corps, Sir Wrixon Becher and Mr. Rothe, whose powers, as tragic actors, few amateurs have ever equalled; and Mr. Corry — perhaps alone of all our company — would have been sure of winning laurels on the public stage.

As to my own share in these representations, the following list of my most successful characters will show how remote from the line of the Heroic was the small orbit through which I ranged; my chief parts having been Sam, in "Raising the Wind," Robin Roughhead, Mungo, Sadi, in the "Mountain-eers," Spado, and Peeping Tom. In the part of Spado, there occur several allusions to that gay rogue's shortness of stature which never failed to be welcomed by my auditors with laughter and cheers; and the words "Even Sanguino allows I am a clever little fellow" was always a signal for this sort of friendly explosion. One of the songs, indeed, written by O'Keefe for the character of Spado so much abounds with points thus personally applicable, that many supposed, with no great compliment either to my poetry or my modesty, that the song had been written, expressly for the occasion, by myself. The following is the verse to which I allude, and for the poetry of which I was thus made responsible:

"Though born to be little 's my fate,
   Yet so was the great Alexander;
And, when I walk under a gate,
   I've no need to stoop like a gander."
I'm no lanky, long hoddy-doddy,
Whose paper-kite sails in the sky;
Though wanting two feet, in my body,
In soul, I am thirty feet high."

Some further account of the Kilkenny Theatre, as well as the history of Private Theatricals in general, will be found in an article I wrote on the subject for the Edinburgh Review, vol. xlvi. No. 92, p. 368.
The greater part of the following Rhymes were written or composed in an old calèche, for the purpose of beguiling the ennui of solitary travelling; and as verses, made by a gentleman in his sleep, have been lately called "a psychological curiosity," it is to be hoped that verses, composed by a gentleman to keep himself awake, may be honoured with some appellation equally Greek.
Different Attitudes in which Authors compose.—Bayes, Henry Stephens, Herodotus, &c.—Writing in Bed—in the Fields.—Plato and Sir Richard Blackmore.—Fiddling with Gloves and Twigs.—Madame de Staël.—Rhyming on the Road, in an old Calèche.

What various attitudes, and ways,
And tricks, we authors have in writing!
While some write sitting, some, like Bayes,
Usually stand, while they're inditing.
Poets there are who wear the floor out,
Measuring a line at every stride;
While some, like Henry Stephens, pour out
Rhymes by the dozen, while they ride.*
Herodotus wrote most in bed;
And Richerand, a French physician,
Declares the clock-work of the head
Goes best in that reclin'd position.

* Pleraque sua carmina equitans composit. — Paravicin Singular.
If you consult Montaigne* and Pliny on
The subject, 'tis their joint opinion
That Thought its richest harvest yields
Abroad, among the woods and fields;
That bards, who deal in small retail,
At home may, at their counters, stop;
But that the grove, the hill, the vale,
Are Poesy's true wholesale shop.
And, verily, I think they're right —
For, many a time, on summer eves,
Just at that closing hour of light,
When, like an Eastern Prince, who leaves
For distant war his Haram bowers,
The Sun bids farewell to the flowers,
Whose heads are sunk, whose tears are flowing
Mid all the glory of his going! —
Ev'n I have felt, beneath those beams,
When wand'ring through the fields alone,
Thoughts, fancies, intellectual gleams,
Which, far too bright to be my own,
Seem'd lent me by the Sunny Power,
That was abroad at that still hour.

If thus I've felt, how must they feel,
The few, whom genuine Genius warms;
Upon whose souls he stamps his seal,
Graven with Beauty's countless forms; —

The few upon this earth, who seem
Born to give truth to Plato's dream,
Since in their thoughts, as in a glass,
    Shadows of heavenly things appear,
Reflections of bright shapes that pass
    Through other worlds, above our sphere!

But this reminds me I digress; —
    For Plato, too, produc'd, 'tis said,
(As one, indeed, might almost guess,)
    His glorious visions all in bed.*
'Twas in his carriage the sublime
Sir Richard Blackmore used to rhyme;
    And (if the wits don't do him wrong)
'Twixt death † and epics pass'd his time,
    Scribbling and killing all day long —
Like Phæbus in his car, at ease,
    Now warbling forth a lofty song,
Now murdering the young Niobes.

There was a hero 'mong the Danes,
Who wrote, we're told, 'mid all the pains

* The only authority I know for imputing this practice to Plato and Herodotus, is a Latin poem by M. de Valois on his Bed, in which he says: —

    Lucifer Herodotum vidit Vesperque cubantem,
    Desedit totos heic Plato sæpe dies.

† Sir Richard Blackmore was a physician, as well as a bad poet.
And horrors of exenteration,
Nine charming odes, which, if you'll look,
You'll find preserv'd, with a translation,
By Bartholinus in his book.*

In short, 't were endless to recite
The various modes in which men write.
Some wits are only in the mind,
    When beaus and belles are round them prating;
Some, when they dress for dinner, find
    Their muse and valet both in waiting;
And manage, at the self-same time,
    To' adjust a neckcloth and a rhyme.

Some bards there are who cannot scribble
Without a glove, to tear or nibble;
Or a small twig to whisk about—
    As if the hidden founts of Fancy,
Like wells of old, were thus found out
    By mystic tricks of rhabdomancy.
Such was the little feathery wand,†
That, held for ever in the hand
Of her,‡ who won and wore the crown
    Of female genius in this age,

* Eadem cura nec minores inter cruciatus animam infelicem agenti fuit Asbiorno Prudæ Danico heroi, cum Bruso ipsum, intestina extrahens, immaniter torqueret, tunc enim novem carmina cecinit, etc. — Bartholin. de Causis Contempt. Mort.
† Made of paper, twisted up like a fan or feather.
‡ Madame de Staël.
Seem'd the conductor, that drew down
Those words of lightning to her page.

As for myself — to come, at last,
To the odd way in which I write —
Having employ'd these few months past
Chiefly in travelling, day and night,
I've got into the easy mode,
Of rhyming thus along the road —
Making a way-bill of my pages,
Counting my stanzas by my stages —
'Twixt lays and re-lays no time lost —
In short, in two words, writing post.

EXTRACT I.

Geneva.

View of the Lake of Geneva from the Jura.* — Anxious to reach it before the Sun went down. — Obliged to proceed on Foot. — Alps. — Mont Blanc. — Effect of the Scene.

'Twas late — the sun had almost shone
His last and best, when I ran on,
Anxious to reach that splendid view,
Before the day-beams quite withdrew;
And feeling as all feel, on first
Approaching scenes, where, they are told,
Such glories on their eyes will burst,
As youthful bards in dreams behold.

* Between Vattay and Gex.
'Twas distant yet, and, as I ran,
    Full often was my wistful gaze
Turn'd to the sun, who now began
    To call in all his out-post rays,
And form a denser march of light,
Such as beseems a hero's flight.
Oh, how I wish'd for Joshua's power,
To stay the brightness of that hour!
But no — the sun still less became,
    Diminish'd to a speck, as splendid
And small as were those tongues of flame,
    That on th' Apostles' heads descended!

'Twas at this instant — while there glow'd
    This last, intenselyst gleam of light —
Suddenly, through the opening road,
    The valley burst upon my sight!
That glorious valley, with its Lake,
    And Alps on Alps in clusters swelling,
Mighty, and pure, and fit to make
    The ramparts of a Godhead's dwelling.

I stood entranc'd — as Rabbins say
    This whole assembled, gazing world
Will stand, upon that awful day,
    When the Ark's Light, aloft unfurl'd,
Among the opening clouds shall shine,
    Divinity's own radiant sign!
Mighty Mont Blanc, thou wert to me,
    That minute, with thy brow in heaven,
As sure a sign of Deity
As e'er to mortal gaze was given.
Nor ever, were I destined yet
To live my life twice o'er again,
Can I the deep-felt awe forget,
The dream, the trance that rapt me then!

'Twas all that consciousness of power
And life, beyond this mortal hour;—
Those mountings of the soul within
At thoughts of Heav'n—as birds begin
By instinct in the cage to rise,
When near their time for change of skies;—
That proud assurance of our claim
To rank among the Sons of Light,
Mingled with shame—oh bitter shame!—
At having risk'd that splendid right,
For aught that earth through all its range
Of glories, offers in exchange!
'Twas all this, at that instant brought,
Like breaking sunshine, o'er my thought—
'Twas all this, kindled to a glow
Of sacred zeal, which, could it shine
Thus purely ever, man might grow,
Ev'n upon earth a thing divine,
And be, once more, the creature made
To walk unstain'd th' Elysian shade!

No, never shall I lose the trace
Of what I've felt in this bright place.
And, should my spirit's hope grow weak,
Should I, oh God, e'er doubt thy power,
This mighty scene again I'll seek,
At the same calm and glowing hour,
And here, at the sublimest shrine
That Nature ever rear'd to Thee,
Rekindle all that hope divine,
And feel my immortality!

EXTRACT II.

Geneva.

FATE OF GENEVA IN THE YEAR 1782.

A FRAGMENT.

Yes — if there yet live some of those,
Who, when this small Republic rose,
Quick as a startled hive of bees,
Against her leaguering enemies — *
When, as the Royal Satrap shook
His well-known fetters at her gates,
Ev'n wives and mothers arm'd, and took
Their stations by their sons and mates;

* In the year 1782, when the forces of Berne, Sardinia, and France laid siege to Geneva, and when, after a demonstration of heroism and self-devotion, which promised to rival the feats of their ancestors in 1602 against Savoy, the Genevans, either panic-struck or betrayed, to the surprise of all Europe, opened their gates to the besiegers, and submitted without a struggle to the extinction of their liberties. — See an account of this Revolution in Coxe's Switzerland.
And on these walls there stood — yet, no,
Shame to the traitors — would have stood
As firm a band as e'er let flow
At Freedom's base their sacred blood;
If those yet live, who, on that night,
When all were watching, girt for fight,
Stole, like the creeping of a pest,
From rank to rank, from breast to breast,
Filling the weak, the old with fears,
Turning the heroine's zeal to tears,—
Betraying Honour to that brink,
Where, one step more, and he must sink —
And quenching hopes, which, though the last,
Like meteors on a drowning mast,
Would yet have led to death more bright,
Than life e'er look'd, in all its light!
Till soon, too soon, distrust, alarms
Throughout th' embattled thousands ran,
And the high spirit, late in arms,
The zeal, that might have work'd such charms,
Fell, like a broken talisman —
Their gates, that they had sworn should be
The gates of Death, that very dawn,
Gave passage widely, bloodlessly,
To the proud foe — nor sword was drawn,
Nor ev'n one martyr'd body cast
To stain their footsteps, as they pass'd;
But, of the many sworn at night
To do or die, some fled the sight,
Some stood to look, with sullen frown,
  While some, in impotent despair,
Broke their bright armour and lay down,
  Weeping, upon the fragments there!—
If those, I say, who brought that shame,
That blast upon Geneva’s name,
Be living still — though crime so dark
  Shall hang up, fix’d and unforgiven,
In History’s page, th’ eternal mark
For Scorn to pierce — so help me, Heaven,
I wish the traitorous slaves no worse,
  No deeper, deadlier disaster,
From all earth’s ills no fouler curse
  Than to have *********** their master!

EXTRACT III.

Fancy and Truth. — Hippomenes and Atalanta. — Mont Blanc. —
Clouds.

Even here, in this region of wonders, I find
That light-footed Fancy leaves Truth far behind;
Or, at least, like Hippomenes, turns her astray
By the golden illusions he flings in her way.

What a glory it seem’d the first evening I gaz’d!
Mont Blanc, like a vision, then suddenly rais’d
On the wreck of the sunset — and all his array
  Of high-towering Alps, touch’d still with a light
Far holier, purer than that of the Day,
As if nearness to Heaven had made them so bright!
Then the dying, at last, of these splendours away
From peak after peak, till they left but a ray,
One roseate ray, that, too precious to fly,
O'er the Mighty of Mountains still glowingly hung,
Like the last sunny step of Astræa, when high
From the summit of earth to Elysium she sprang!
And those infinite Alps, stretching out from the sight
Till they mingled with Heaven, now shorn of their light,
Stood lofty, and lifeless, and pale in the sky,
Like the ghosts of a Giant Creation gone by!

That scene — I have view'd it this evening again,
By the same brilliant light that hung over it then —
The valley, the lake in their tenderest charms —
Mont Blanc in his awfulest pomp — and the whole
A bright picture of Beauty, reclin'd in the arms
Of Sublimity, bridegroom elect of her soul!
But where are the mountains, that round me at first,
One dazzling horizon of miracles, burst?
Those Alps beyond Alps, without end swelling on
Like the waves of eternity — where are they gone?
Clouds — clouds — they were nothing but clouds after all!
That chain of Mont Blancs, which my fancy
With a wonder that nought on this earth can recall,
Were but clouds of the evening, and now are no more.

What a picture of Life's young illusions! Oh, Night,
Drop thy curtain, at once, and hide all from my sight.

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EXTRACT IV.

Milan.


Went to the Brera — saw a Dance of Loves
By smooth Albano; * him, whose pencil teems
With Cupids, numerous as in summer groves
The leaflets are, or motes in summer beams.

'Tis for the theft of Enna's flower from earth,
These urchins celebrate their dance of mirth
Round the green tree, like fays upon a heath —
Those, that are nearest, link'd in order bright,
Cheek after cheek, like rose-buds in a wreath;
And those, more distant, showing from beneath
The others' wings their little eyes of light.

* This picture, the Agar of Guercino, and the Apostles of Guido (the two latter of which are now the chief ornaments of the Brera), were formerly in the Palazzo Zampieri at Bologna.
While see, among the clouds, their eldest brother,  
But just flown up, tells with a smile of bliss  
This prank of Pluto to his charmed mother,  
Who turns to greet the tidings with a kiss!

Well might the Loves rejoice—and well did they,  
Who wove these fables, picture, in their weaving,  
That blessed truth, (which, in a darker day,  
Origèn lost his saintship for believing,) — *  
That Love, eternal Love, whose fadeless ray  
Nor time, nor death, nor sin can overcast,  
Ev'n to the depths of hell will find his way,  
And soothe, and heal, and triumph there at last!

Guercino's Agar—where the bond-maid hears  
From Abram's lips that he and she must part;  
And looks at him with eyes all full of tears,  
That seem the very last drops from her heart.  
Exquisite picture!—let me not be told  
Of minor faults, of colouring tame and cold—  
If thus to conjure up a face so fair,†  
So full of sorrow; with the story there  
Of all that woman suffers, when the stay  
Her trusting heart hath lean'd on falls away—

* The extension of the Divine Love ultimately even to the regions of the damned.  
† It is probable that this fine head is a portrait, as we find it repeated in a picture by Guercino, which is in the possession of Signor Camuccini, the brother of the celebrated painter at Rome.
If thus to touch the bosom's tenderest spring,
By calling into life such eyes, as bring
Back to our sad remembrance some of those
We've smil'd and wept with, in their joys and woes,
Thus filling them with tears, like tears we've known,
Till all the pictur'd grief becomes our own —
If this be deem'd the victory of Art —
If thus, by pen or pencil, to lay bare
The deep, fresh, living fountains of the heart
Before all eyes, be Genius — it is there!

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EXTRACT V.

Padua.

— Where to place the Scene of it. — In some unknown Region. —
Psalmmanazar's Imposture with respect to the Island of Formosa.

The more I've view'd this world, the more I've found,
That, fill'd as 'tis with scenes and creatures rare,
Fancy commands, within her own bright round,
A world of scenes and creatures far more fair
Nor is it that her power can call up there
A single charm, that's not from Nature won,
No more than rainbows, in their pride, can wear
A single hue unborrow'd from the sun —
But 'tis the mental medium it shines through,
That lends to Beauty all its charm and hue;
As the same light, that o'er the level lake
One dull monotony of lustre flings,
Will, entering in the rounded rain-drop, make
Colours as gay as those on Peris' wings!

And such, I deem, the diff'rence between real,
Existing Beauty and that form ideal,
Which she assumes, when seen by poets' eyes,
Like sunshine in the drop — with all those dyes,
Which Fancy's variegating prism supplies.

I have a story of two lovers, fill'd
With all the pure romance, the blissful sadness,
And the sad, doubtful bliss, that ever thrill'd
Two young and longing hearts in that sweet madness.
But where to choose the region of my vision
In this wide, vulgar world — what real spot
Can be found out sufficiently Elysian
For two such perfect lovers, I know not.
Oh for some fair Formosa, such as he,
The young Jew fabled of, in the' Indian Sea,
By nothing, but its name of Beauty, known.
And which Queen Fancy might make all her own,
Her fairy kingdom — take its people, lands,
And tenements into her own bright hands,
And make, at least, one earthly corner fit
For Love to live in, pure and exquisite!
EXTRACT VI.

Venice.

The Fall of Venice not to be lamented.—Former Glory.—Expedition against Constantinople.—Giustinianis.—Republic.—Characteristics of the old Government.—Golden Book.—Brazen Moutis.—Spies.—Dungeons.—Present Desolation.

Mourn not for Venice,—let her rest
In ruin, 'mong those States unblest,
Beneath whose gilded hoofs of pride,
Where'er they trampled, Freedom died.
No,—let us keep our tears for them,
Where'er they pine, whose fall hath been
Not from a blood-stain'd diadem,
Like that which deck'd this ocean-queen,
But from high daring in the cause
Of human Rights,—the only good
And blessed strife, in which man draws
His mighty sword on land or flood.

Mourn not for Venice; though her fall
Be awful, as if Ocean's wave
Swept o'er her, she deserves it all,
And Justice triumphs o'er her grave.
Thus perish ev'ry King and State,
That run the guilty race she ran,
Strong but in ill, and only great
By outrage against God and man!
True, her high spirit is at rest,
And all those days of glory gone,
When the world's waters, east and west,
Beneath her white-wing'd commerce shone;
When, with her countless barks she went
To meet the Orient Empire's might,*
And her Giustinianis sent
Their hundred heroes to that fight.†

Vanish'd are all her pomps, 'tis true,
But mourn them not — for vanish'd, too,
(Thanks to that Power, who, soon or late,
Hurls to the dust the guilty Great,)
Are all the outrage, falsehood, fraud,
The chains, the rapine, and the blood,
That fill'd each spot, at home, abroad,
Where the Republic's standard stood.

Desolate Venice! when I track
Thy haughty course through centuries back;
Thy ruthless power, obey'd but curst —
The stern machinery of thy State,
Which hatred would, like steam, have burst,
Had stronger fear not chill'd ev'n hate; —
Thy perfidy, still worse than aught
Thy own unblushing Sarpi ‡ taught; —

* Under the Doge Michaeli, in 1171.
† "La famille entière des Justinianii, l'une des plus illustres de Venise, voulut marcher toute entière dans cette expédition; elle fournit cent combattans; c'était renouveler l'exemple d'une illustre famille de Rome; le même malheur les attendait." — Histoire de Venise, par Dari.
‡ The celebrated Fra Paolo. The collection of Maxims which
Thy friendship, which, o'er all beneath
Its shadow, rain'd down dews of death; — *
Thy Oligarchy's Book of Gold,
Clos'd against humble Virtue's name,†
But open'd wide for slaves who sold
Their native land to thee and shame; — ‡
Thy all-pervading host of spies,
Watching o'er every glance and breath,
Till men look'd in each others' eyes,
To read their chance of life or death; —
Thy laws, that made a mart of blood,
And legaliz'd the assassin's knife; — §

this bold monk drew up at the request of the Venetian Government, for the guidance of the Secret Inquisition of State, are so atrocious as to seem rather an over-charged satire upon despotism, than a system of policy, seriously inculcated, and but too readily and constantly pursued.

* Conduct of Venice towards her allies and dependencies, particularly to unfortunate Padua. — Fate of Francesco Carrara, for which see Daru, vol. ii. p. 141.

† "A l'exception des trente citadins admis au grand conseil pendant la guerre de Chiozzi, il n'est pas arrivé une seule fois que les talents ou les services aient paru à cette noblesse orgueilleuse des titres suffisans pour s'asseoir avec elle." — Daru.

‡ Among those admitted to the honour of being inscribed in the Libro d'oro were some families of Brescia, Treviso, and other places, whose only claim to that distinction was the zeal with which they prostrated themselves and their country at the feet of the republic.

§ By the infamous statutes of the State Inquisition, not only was assassination recognized as a regular mode of punishment, but this secret power over life was delegated to their minions at a distance, with nearly as much facility as a license is given under the game laws of England. The only restriction seems to
Thy sunless cells beneath the flood,
   And racks, and Leads,* that burnt out life; —

When I review all this, and see
The doom that now hath fall’n on thee;
Thy nobles, towering once so proud,
Themselves beneath the yoke now bow’d, —
A yoke, by no one grace redeem’d,
Such as, of old, around thee beam’d,
But mean and base as e’er yet gall’d
Earth’s tyrants, when, themselves, enthrall’d, —
I feel the moral vengeance sweet,
And, smiling o’er the wreck, repeat
“Thus perish every King and State,
   “That tread the steps which Venice trod,
   “Strong but in ill, and only great,
   “By outrage against man and God!”

—

EXTRACT VII.

Lord Byron’s Memoirs, written by himself: — Reflections, when about to read them.

Let me, a moment, — ere with fear and hope
Of gloomy, glorious things, these leaves I ope —

have been the necessity of applying for a new certificate, after every individual exercise of the power.

* “Les prisons des plombs; c’est-à-dire ces fournaises arden-
tes qu’on avait distribuées en petites cellules sous les terrasses qui couvrent le palais.”

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As one, in fairy tale, to whom the key
Of some enchanter's secret halls is given,
Doubts, while he enters, slowly, tremblingly,
If he shall meet with shapes from hell or heaven—
Let me, a moment, think what thousands live
O'er the wide earth this instant, who would give,
Gladly, whole sleepless nights to bend the brow
Over these precious leaves, as I do now.
How all who know — and where is he unknown?
To what far region have his songs not flown,
Like Psaphon's birds,* speaking their master's name,
In ev'ry language, syllabled by Fame? —
How all, who've felt the various spells combin'd
Within the circle of that master-mind, —
Like spells, deriv'd from many a star, and met
Together in some wond'rous amulet, —
Would burn to know when first the Light awoke
In his young soul, — and if the gleams that broke
From that Aurora of his genius, rais'd
Most pain or bliss in those on whom they blaz'd;
Would love to trace th' unfolding of that power,
Which hath grown ampler, grander, every hour;
And feel, in watching o'er his first advance,
As did th' Egyptian traveller,† when he stood
By the young Nile, and fathom'd with his lance
The first small fountains of that mighty flood.

* Psaphon, in order to attract the attention of the world, taught multitudes of birds to speak his name, and then let them fly away in various directions; whence the proverb, "Psaphonis ares."
† Bruce.
They, too, who, mid the scornful thoughts that dwell
In his rich fancy, tinging all its streams,—
As if the Star of Bitterness, which fell
On earth of old,* had touch'd them with its beams.—
Can track a spirit, which, though driven to hate,
From Nature's hands came kind, affectionate;
And which, ev'n now, struck as it is with blight,
Comes out, at times, in love's own native light;—
How gladly all, who've watch'd these struggling rays
Of a bright, ruin'd spirit through his lays,
Would here inquire, as from his own frank lips,
What desolating grief, what wrongs had driven
That noble nature into cold eclipse;
Like some fair orb that, once a sun in heaven,
And born, not only to surprise, but cheer
With warmth and lustre all within its sphere,
Is now so quench'd, that of its grandeur lasts
Nought, but the wide, cold shadow which it casts!

Eventful volume! whatsoe'er the change
Of scene and clime—th' adventures, bold and strange—
The griefs— the frailties, but too frankly told—
The loves, the feuds thy pages may unfold,
If Truth with half so prompt a hand unlocks
His virtues as his failings, we shall find
The record there of friendships, held like rocks,
And enmities, like sun-touch'd snow, resign'd;

* "And the name of the star is called Wormwood, and the third part of the waters became wormwood." — Rev. viii.
Of fealty, cherish'd without change or chill,
In those who serv'd him, young, and serve him still;
Of generous aid, giv'n with that noiseless art
Which wakes not pride, to many a wounded heart;
Of the bright features of his life be sought.
While they, who court the world, like Milton's cloud,
"Turn forth their silver lining" on the crowd,
This gifted Being wraps himself in night;
And, keeping all that softens, and adorns,
And gilds his social nature hid from sight,
Turns but its darkness on a world he scorns.

EXTRACT VIII.

Female Beauty at Venice. — No longer what it was in the Time of Titian. — His Mistress. — Various forms in which he has painted her. — Venus. — Divine and profane Love. — La Fragilità d'Amore. — Paul Veronese. — His women. — Marriage of Cana. — Character of Italian Beauty. — Raphael Fornarina. — Modesty.

Thy brave, thy learn'd have past away:
Thy beautiful! — ah, where are they?
The forms, the faces, that once shone,
Models of grace, in Titian's eye,
Where are they now? while flowers live on
In ruin'd places, why, oh why
Must Beauty thus with Glory die?
That maid, whose lips would still have mov'd,
   Could art have breath'd a spirit through them;
Whose varying charms her artist lov'd
   More fondly every time he drew them,
(So oft beneath his touch they pass'd,
Each semblance fairer than the last);
Wearing each shape that Fancy's range
   Offers to Love—yet still the one
Fair idol, seen through every change,
   Like facets of some orient stone,—
In each the same bright image shown.
Sometimes a Venus, unarray'd
   But in her beauty*—sometimes deck'd
In costly raiment, as a maid
That kings might for a throne select.†
Now high and proud, like one who thought
The world should at her feet be brought;
Now, with a look reproachful, sad,—‡
Unwonted look from brow so glad;—
And telling of a pain too deep
For tongue to speak or eyes to weep.
Sometimes, through allegory's veil,
   In double semblance seem to shine,

* In the Tribune at Florence.
† In the Palazzo Pitti.
‡ Alludes particularly to the portrait of her in the Sciarra collection at Rome, where the look of mournful reproach in those full, shadowy eyes, as if she had been unjustly accused of something wrong, is exquisite.
Telling a strange and mystic tale  
Of Love Profane and Love Divine — *
Akin in features, but in heart  
As far as earth and heav’n apart.  
Or else (by quaint device to prove  
The frailty of all worldly love)  
Holding a globe of glass, as thin  
As air-blown bubbles, in her hand,  
With a young Love confin’d therein,  
Whose wings seem waiting to expand —  
And telling, by her anxious eyes,  
That, if that frail orb breaks, he flies! †

Thou, too, with touch magnificent,  
Paul of Verona! — where are they,  
The oriental forms, that lent  
Thy canvas such a bright array?  
Noble and gorgeous dames, whose dress  
Seems part of their own loveliness;  
Like the sun’s drapery, which, at eve,  
The floating clouds around him weave  
Of light they from himself receive!

* The fine picture in the Palazzo Borghese, called (it is not easy to say why) "Sacred and Profane Love," in which the two figures, sitting on the edge of the fountain, are evidently portraits of the same person.
† This fanciful allegory is the subject of a picture by Titian in the possession of the Marquis Cambian at Turin, whose collection, though small, contains some beautiful specimens of all the great masters.
Where is there now the living face
   Like those that, in thy nuptial throng,*
By their superb, voluptuous grace,
Make us forget the time, the place,
   The holy guests they smile among,—
Till, in that feast of heaven-sent wine,
We see no miracles but thine.

If e'er, except in Painting's dream,
   There bloom'd such beauty here, 'tis gone,—
Gone, like the face that in the stream
   Of Ocean for an instant shone,
When Venus at that mirror gave
A last look, ere she left the wave.
And though, among the crowded ways,
We oft are startled by the blaze
Of eyes that pass, with fitful light,
Like fire-flies on the wing at night,†
'Tis not that nobler beauty, given
To show how angels look in heaven.
Ev'en in its shape most pure and fair,
   'Tis Beauty, with but half her zone,—
All that can warm the Sense is there,
   But the Soul's deeper charm is flown:—
'Tis RAPHAEL's Fornarina, — warm,
   Luxuriant, arch, but unrefin'd;

* The Marriage of Cana.
† "Certain it is (as Arthur Young truly and feelingly says) one
now and then meets with terrible eyes in Italy."
A flower, round which the noontide swarm
Of young Desires may buzz and wind,
But where true Love no treasure meets,
Worth hoarding in his hive of sweets.

Ah no,—for this, and for the hue
Upon the rounded cheek, which tells
How fresh, within the heart, this dew
Of Love's unrifled sweetness dwells,
We must go back to our own Isles,
Where Modesty, which here but gives
A rare and transient grace to smiles,
In the heart's holy centre lives;
And thence, as from her throne diffuses
O'er thoughts and looks so bland a reign,
That not a thought or feeling loses
Its freshness in that gentle chain.

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EXTRACT IX.

Venice.

The English to be met with everywhere.—Alps and Threadneedle Street.—The Simplon and the Stocks.—Rage for travelling.—Blue Stockings among the Wahabees.—Parasols and Pyramids.—Mrs. Hopkins and the Wall of China.

And is there then no earthly place,
Where we can rest, in dream Elysian,
Without some curst, round English face,
Popping up near, to break the vision?
'Mid northern lakes, 'mid southern vines,  
Unholy cits were doom'd to meet;  
Nor highest Alps nor Apennines  
Are sacred from Threadneedle Street!  

If up the Simplon's path we wind,  
Fancying we leave this world behind,  
Such pleasant sounds salute one's ear  
As—"Baddish news from 'Change, my dear—  
"The Funds—(phew, curse this ugly hill)—  
"Are lowering fast—(what, higher still?)—  
"And—(zooks, we're mounting up to heaven!)—  
"Will soon be down to sixty-seven."

Go where we may—rest where we will,  
Eternal London haunts us still.  
The trash of Almack's or Fleet Ditch—  
And scarce a pin's head difference which—  
Mixes, though ev'n to Greece we run,  
With every rill from Helicon!  
And, if this rage for travelling lasts,  
If Cockneys, of all sects and castes,  
Old maidens, aldermen, and squires,  
Will leave their puddings and coal fires,  
To gape at things in foreign lands,  
No soul among them understands;  
If Blues desert their coteries,  
To show off 'mong the Wahabees;  
If neither sex nor age controls,  
Nor fear of Mamelukes forbids
Young ladies with pink parasols,
   To glide among the Pyramids — *
Why, then, farewell all hope to find
A spot, that's free from London-kind!
Who knows, if to the West we roam,
But we may find some Blue "at home"
   Among the Blacks of Carolina —
Or, flying to the Eastward, see
Some Mrs. Hopkins, taking tea
   And toast upon the Wall of China!

**EXTRACT X.**

Verses of Hippolyta to her Husband.

They tell me thou'rt the favour'd guest
   Of every fair and brilliant throng;
No wit, like thine, to wake the jest,
   No voice like thine, to breathe the song.
And none could guess, so gay thou art,
   That thou and I are far apart.
Alas, alas, how different flows,
   With thee and me the time away.
Not that I wish thee sad, heaven knows —
   Still, if thou canst, be light and gay;
I only know that without thee
   The sun himself is dark for me.

* It was pink spencers, I believe, that the imagination of the French traveller conjured up.
Do I put on the jewels rare
Thou'lt always lov'd to see me wear?
Do I perfume the locks that thou
So oft hast braided o'er my brow,
Thus deck'd, through festive crowds to run,
And all th' assembled world to see,—
All but the one, the absent one,
Worth more than present worlds to me!
No, nothing cheers this widow'd heart—
My only joy, from thee apart,
From thee thyself, is sitting hours
And days, before thy pictur'd form—
That dream of thee, which Raphael's powers
Have made with all but life-breath warm!
And as I smile to it, and say
The words I speak to thee in play,
I fancy from their silent frame,
Those eyes and lips give back the same;
And still I gaze, and still they keep
Smiling thus on me—till I weep!
Our little boy, too, knows it well,
For there I lead him every day,
And teach his lisping lips to tell
The name of one that's far away.
Forgive me, love, but thus alone
My time is cheer'd, while thou art gone.
EXTRACT XI.

Florence.

No — 'tis not the region where Love's to be found —
    They have bosoms that sigh, they have glances
    that rove,
They have language a Sappho's own lip might re-
sound,
    When she warbled her best — but they've nothing
    like Love.

Nor is't that pure sentiment only they want,
    Which Heav'n for the mild and the tranquil hath
    made —
Calm, wedded affection; that home-rooted plant,
    Which sweetens seclusion, and smiles in the shade;

That feeling, which, after long years have gone by,
    Remains, like a portrait we've sat for in youth,
Where, ev'n though the flush of the colours may fly,
    The features still live, in their first smiling truth;

That union, where all that in Woman is kind,
    With all that in Man most ennoblingly towers,
Grow wreath'd into one — like the column, combin'd
    Of the strength of the shaft and the capital's flowers.

Of this — bear ye witness, ye wives, everywhere,
    By the Arno, the Po, by all Italy's streams —
Of this heart-wedded love, so delicious to share,
   Not a husband hath even one glimpse in his dreams.

But it is not this, only;—born full of the light
   Of a sun, from whose fount the luxuriant festoons
Of these beautiful valleys drink lustre so bright,
   That, beside him, our suns of the north are but moons,—

We might fancy, at least, like their climate they burn’d;
   And that Love, though unus’d, in this region of spring,
To be thus to a tame Household Deity turn’d,
   Would yet be all soul, when abroad on the wing.

And there may be, there are those explosions of heart,
   Which burst, when the senses have first caught the flame;
Such fits of the blood as those climates impart,
   Where Love is a sunstroke, that maddens the frame.

But that Passion, which springs in the depth of the soul;
   Whose beginnings are virginaly pure as the source
Of some small mountain rivulet, destin’d to roll
   As a torrent, ere long, losing peace in its course—

A course, to which Modesty’s struggle but lends
   A more headlong descent, without chance of recall;
But which Modesty ev'n to the last edge attends,
And, then, throws a halo of tears round its fall!

This exquisite Passion — ay, exquisite, even
Mid the ruin its madness too often hath made,
As it keeps, even then, a bright trace of the heaven,
That heaven of Virtue from which it has stray'd —

This entireness of love, which can only be found,
Where Woman, like something that's holy, watch'd
And fenc'd, from her childhood, with purity round,
Comes, body and soul, fresh as Spring, to a lover!

Where not an eye answers, where not a hand presses,
Till spirit with spirit in sympathy move;
And the Senses, asleep in their sacred recesses,
Can only be reach'd through the temple of Love! —

This perfection of Passion — how can it be found,
Where the mystery nature hath hung round the tie
By which souls are together attracted and bound,
Is laid open, for ever, to heart, ear, and eye; —

Where nought of that innocent doubt can exist,
That ignorance, even than knowledge more bright,
Which circles the young, like the morn's sunny mist,
And curtains them round in their own native light; —
Rhymes on the Road.

Where Experience leaves nothing for Love to reveal,
Or for Fancy, in visions, to glean o'er the thought;
But the truths which, alone, we would die to conceal
From the maiden's young heart, are the only ones taught.

No, no, 'tis not here, howsoever we sigh,
Whether pearly to Hymen's one planet we pray,
Or adore, like Sabæans, each light of Love's sky,
Here is not the region, to fix or to stray.

For faithless in wedlock, in gallantry gross,
Without honour to guard, or reserve to restrain,
What have they, a husband can mourn as a loss?
What have they, a lover can prize as a gain?

Extract XII.

Florence.


If it be true that Music reigns,
Supreme, in Italy's soft shades,
'Tis like that Harmony, so famous,
Among the spheres, which, He of Samos Declar'd, had such transcendent merit,
That not a soul on earth could hear it;
For, far as I have come — from Lakes,
Whose sleep the Tramontana breaks,
Through Milan, and that land, which gave
The Hero of the rainbow vest — *
By Mincio’s banks, and by that wave,†
Which made Verona’s bard so blest —
Places, that (like the Attic shore,
Which rung back music, when the sea
Struck on its marge) should be, all o’er,
Thrilling alive with melody —
I’ve heard no music — not a note
Of such sweet native airs as float,
In my own land, among the throng,
And speak our nation’s soul for song.

Nay, ev’n in higher walks, where Art
Performs, as ’twere, the gardener’s part,
And richer, if not sweeter, makes
The flow’rs she from the wild-hedge takes —
Ev’n there, no voice hath charm’d my ear,
No taste hath won my perfect praise,
Like thine, dear friend ‡ — long, truly dear —
Thine, and thy lov’d Olivia’s lays.
She, always beautiful, and growing
Still more so every note she sings —
Like an inspir’d young Sibyl, glowing
With her own bright imaginings!

* Bergamo — the birthplace, it is said, of Harlequin.
† The Lago di Garda.
‡ Edward Tuite Dalton, the first husband of Sir John Steven-
son’s daughter, the late Marchioness of Headfort.
And thou, most worthy to be tied
In music to her, as in love,
Breathing that language by her side,
All other language far above,
Eloquent Song—whose tones and words
In every heart find answering chords!

How happy once the hours we past,
Singing or listening all day long,
Till Time itself seem’d chang’d, at last,
To music, and we liv’d in song!
Turning the leaves of Haydn o’er,
As quick, beneath her master hand,
They open’d all their brilliant store,
Like chambers, touch’d by fairy wand;
Or o’er the page of Mozart bending,
Now by his airy warblings cheer’d,
Now in his mournful Requiem blending
Voices, through which the heart was heard.

And still, to lead our evening choir,
Was He invok’d, by thy lov’d-one’s Sire—*
He, who, if aught of grace there be
In the wild notes I write or sing,
First smooth’d their links of harmony,
And lent them charms they did not bring;—
He, of the gentlest, simplest heart,
With whom, employ’d in his sweet art,

* Sir John Stevenson.
(That art, which gives this world of ours
   A notion how they speak in heaven,)
I've pass'd more bright and charmed hours
   Than all earth's wisdom could have given.
Oh happy days, oh early friends,
   How Life, since then, hath lost its flowers!
But yet — though Time some foliage rends,
   The stem, the Friendship, still is ours;
And long may it endure, as green,
   And fresh as it hath always been!

How I have wander'd from my theme!
   But where is he, that could return
To such cold subjects from a dream,
   Through which these best of feelings burn? —
Not all the works of Science, Art,
   Or Genius in this world are worth
One genuine sigh, that from the heart
   Friendship or Love draws freshly forth.

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EXTRACT XIII.

Rome.

Reflections on reading De Cerceau's Account of the Conspiracy of Rienzi, in 1347. — The Meeting of the Conspirators on the Night of the 19th of May. — Their Procession in the Morning to the Capitol. — Rienzi's Speech.

'Twas a proud moment — ev'n to hear the words
   Of Truth and Freedom 'mid these temples breath'd,
And see, once more, the Forum shine with swords,
In the Republic's sacred name unsheathed —
That glimpse, that vision of a brighter day
For his dear Rome, must to a Roman be,
Short as it was, worth ages past away
In the dull lapse of hopeless slavery.

'Twas on a night of May, beneath that moon,
Which had, through many an age, seen Time untune
The strings of this Great Empire, till it fell
From his rude hands, a broken, silent shell —
The sound of the church clock, near Adrian's
Tomb,
Summon'd the warriors, who had risen for Rome,
To meet unarm'd, — with none to watch them there,
But God's own eye, — and pass the night in prayer.
Holy beginning of a holy cause,
When heroes, girt for Freedom's combat, pause
Before high Heav'n, and, humble in their might,
Call down its blessing on that coming fight.

At dawn, in arms, went forth the patriot band;
And, as the breeze, fresh from the Tiber, fann'd
Their gilded gonfalons, all eyes could see
The palm-tree there, the sword, the keys of Heaven — *

* "Les gentilshommes conjurés portaient devant lui trois étendarts. Nicolas Guallato, surnommé le bon diseur, portait le premier, qui était de couleur rouge, et plus grand que les autres. On y voyait des caractères d'or avec une femme assise sur deux
Types of the justice, peace, and liberty,
That were to bless them, when their chains were riven.
On to the Capitol the pageant mov'd,
While many a Shade of other times, that still
Around that grave of grandeur sighing rov'd,
Hung o'er their footsteps up the Sacred Hill,
And heard its mournful echoes, as the last
High-minded heirs of the Republic pass'd.
'Twas then that thou, their Tribune,* (name, which brought
Dreams of lost glory to each patriot's thought,)
Didst, with a spirit Rome in vain shall seek
To wake up in her sons again, thus speak: —

"Romans, look round you — on this sacred place
"There once stood shrines, and gods, and godlike men.
"What see you now? what solitary trace
"Is left of all, that made Rome's glory then?
"The shrines are sunk, the Sacred Mount bereft
"Ev'n of its name — and nothing now remains
* Rienzi.
"But the deep memory of that glory, left
"To whet our pangs and aggravate our chains!
"But shall this be?—our sun and sky the same,—
"Treading the very soil our fathers trode,—
"What withering curse hath fall'n on soul and frame,
"What visitation hath there come from God,
"To blast our strength, and rot us into slaves,
"Here, on our great forefathers' glorious graves?
"It cannot be—rise up, ye Mighty Dead,—
"If we, the living, are too weak to crush
"These tyrant priests, that o'er your empire tread,
"Till all but Romans at Rome's tameness blush!

"Happy, Palmyra, in thy desert domes,
"Where only date-trees sigh and serpents hiss;
"And thou, whose pillars are but silent homes
"For the stork's brood, superb Persepolis!
"Thrice happy both, that your extinguish'd race
"Have left no embers—no half-living trace—
"No slaves, to crawl around the once proud spot,
"Till past renown in present shame's forgot.
"While Rome, the Queen of all, whose very wrecks,
"If lone and lifeless through a desert hurl'd,
"Would wear more true magnificence than decks
"The' assembled thrones of all the' existing world—
"Rome, Rome alone, is haunted, stain'd, and eurnst,
"Through every spot her princely Tiber laves,
"By living human things—the deadliest, worst,
"This earth engenders—tyrants and their slaves!
"And we—oh shame!—we, who have ponder'd o'er
"The patriot's lesson and the poet's lay;*
"Have mounted up the streams of ancient lore,
"Tracking our country's glories all the way—
"Ev'n we have tamely, basely kiss'd the ground
"Before that Papal Power,—that Ghost of Her,
"The World's Imperial Mistress—sitting, crown'd
"And ghastly, on her mouldering sepulchre!†

"But this is past:—too long have lordly priests
"And priestly lords led us, with all our pride
"Withering about us—like devoted beasts,
"Dragg'd to the shrine, with faded garlands tied.
"'Tis o'er—the dawn of our deliverance breaks!
"Up from his sleep of centuries awakes
"The Genius of the old Republic, free
"As first he stood, in chainless majesty,
"And sends his voice through ages yet to come,
"Proclaiming Rome, Rome, Rome, Eternal Rome!"

* The fine Canzone of Petrarch, beginning "Spirto gentil," is supposed by Voltaire and others, to have been addressed to Rienzi; but there is much more evidence of its having been written, as Ginguene asserts, to the young Stephen Colonna, on his being created a Senator of Rome.

† This image is borrowed from Hobbes, whose words are, as near as I can recollect:—"For what is the Papacy, but the Ghost of the old Roman Empire, sitting crowned on the grave thercof?"
EXTRACT XIV.

Rome.

Fragment of a Dream. — The great Painters supposed to be Magicians. — The Beginnings of the Art. — Gildings on the Glories and Draperies. — Improvements under Giotto, etc. — The first Dawn of the true Style in Masaccio. — Studied by all the great Artists who followed him. — Leonardo da Vinci, with whom commenced the Golden Age of Painting. — His Knowledge of Mathematics and of Music. — His female Heads all like each other. — Triangular Faces. — Portraits of Mona Lisa, etc. — Picture of Vanity and Modesty. — His chef-d'œuvre, the Last Supper. — Faded and almost effaced.

Fill'd with the wonders I had seen,

In Rome's stupendous shrines and halls,
I felt the veil of sleep, serene,
Come o'er the memory of each scene,

As twilight o'er the landscape falls.
Nor was it slumber, sound and deep,

But such as suits a poet's rest —
That sort of thin, transparent sleep,

Through which his day-dreams shine the best.
Methought upon a plain I stood,

Where certain wondrous men, 'twas said, With strange, miraculous power endued,

Were coming, each in turn, to shed His arts' illusions o'er the sight,

And call up miracles of light.
The sky above this lonely place,

Was of that cold, uncertain hue,
The canvas wears, ere, warm'd apace,
Its bright creation dawns to view.

But soon a glimmer from the east
Proclaim'd the first enchantments nigh; *
And as the feeble light increas'd,
Strange figures mov'd across the sky,
With golden glories deck'd, and streaks
Of gold among their garments' dyes;
And life's resemblance ting'd their cheeks,
But nought of life was in their eyes;—
Like the fresh-painted Dead one meets,
Borne slow along Rome's mournful streets.

But soon these figures pass'd away;
And forms succeeded to their place,
With less of gold, in their array,
But shining with more natural grace,
And all could see the charming wands
Had pass'd into more gifted hands.†

Among these visions there was one,‡
Surpassing fair, on which the sun,
That instant risen, a beam let fall,
Which through the dusky twilight trembled,
And reach'd at length, the spot where all
Those great magicians stood assembled.

* The paintings of those artists who were introduced into Venice and Florence from Greece.
† Cimabue, Giotto, etc.
‡ The works of Masaccio.
And as they turn'd their heads, to view
The shining lustre, I could trace
The bright varieties it threw
On each uplifted studying face; *
While many a voice with loud acclaim,
Call'd forth, "Masaccio" as the name
Of him, the' Enchanter, who had rais'd
This miracle, on which all gaz'd.

'Twas daylight now — the sun had risen,
   From out the dungeon of old Night, —
Like the Apostle, from his prison
   Led by the Angel's hand of light;
And— as the fetters, when that ray
Of glory reach'd them, dropp'd away,
So fled the clouds at touch of day!
Just then, a bearded sage came forth,
   Who oft in thoughtful dream would stand,
To trace upon the dusky earth
Strange learned figures with his wand;
And oft he took the silver lute †
   His little page behind him bore,
And wak'd such music as, when mute,
   Left in the soul a thirst for more!

* All the great artists studied, and many of them borrowed from Masaccio. Several figures in the Cartoons of Raphael are taken, with but little alteration, from his frescos.
† On dit que Léonard parut pour la première fois à la cour de Milan, dans un espèce de concours ouvert entre les meilleurs joueurs de lyre d'Italie. Il se présenta avec une lyre de sa façon, construit en argent. — Histoire de la Peinture en Italie.
Meanwhile, his potent spells went on,
   And forms and faces, that from out
A depth of shadow mildly shone,
   Were in the soft air seen about.
Though thick as midnight stars they beam'd,
Yet all like living sisters seem'd,
So close, in every point, resembling
   Each other's beauties — from the eyes
Lucid as if through crystal trembling,
   Yet soft as if suffused with sighs,
To the long, fawn-like mouth, and chin,
   Lovelily tapering, less and less,
   Till, by this very charm's excess,
Like virtue on the verge of sin,
   It touch'd the bounds of ugliness.

Here look'd as when they liv'd the shades
Of some of Arno's dark-ey'd maids —
Such maids as should alone live on,
In dreams thus, when their charms are gone:
Some Mona Lisa, on whose eyes
   A painter for whole years might gaze,*
Nor find in all his pallet's dyes,
   One that could even approach their blaze!

Here float two spirit shapes,† the one,
With her white fingers to the sun

* He is said to have been four years employed upon the portrait of this fair Florentine, without being able after all, to come up to his idea of her beauty.
† Vanity and Modesty in the collection of Cardinal Fesch, at Rome.
Outspread, as if to ask his ray
Whether it e'er had chanc'd to play
On lilies half so fair as they!
This self-pleas'd nymph, was Vanity —
And by her side another smil'd,
   In form as beautiful as she,
But with that air, subdu'd and mild,
   That still reserve of purity,
Which is to beauty like the haze
   Of evening to some sunny view,
Softening such charms as it displays,
   And veiling others in that hue,
Which fancy only can see through!
This phantom nymph, who could she be,
But the bright Spirit, Modesty?

Long did the learn'd enchanter stay
   To weave his spells, and still there pass'd,
As in the lantern's shifting play,
Group after group in close array,
   Each fairer, grander, than the last.
But the great triumph of his power
   Was yet to come: — gradual and slow,
(As all that is ordain'd to tower
   Among the works of man must grow,)
The sacred vision stole to view,
   In that half light, half shadow shown,
Which gives to ev'n the gayest hue,
   A sober'd, melancholy tone.
It was a vision of that last,  
Sorrowful night which Jesus pass'd  
With his disciples when he said  
Mournfully to them — "I shall be  
"Betray'd by one, who here hath fed  
"This night at the same board with me."

And though the Saviour, in the dream  
Spoke not these words, we saw them beam  
Legibly in his eyes (so well  
The great magician work'd his spell),  
And read in every thoughtful line  
Imprinted on that brow divine,  
The meek, the tender nature, griev'd,  
Not anger'd, to be thus deceit 'd —  
Celestial love requited ill  
For all its care, yet loving still —  
Deep, deep regret that there should fall  
From man's deceit so foul a blight  
Upon that parting hour — and all  
His Spirit must have felt that night,  
Who, soon to die for human-kind,  
Thought only, 'mid his mortal pain,  
How many a soul was left behind  
For whom he died that death in vain!

Such was the heavenly scene — alas  
That scene so bright so soon should pass!  
But pictur'd on the humid air,  
Its tints, ere long, grew languid there;
And storms came on, that, cold and rough,
Seatter'd its gentlest glories all —
As when the baffling winds blow off
The hues that hang o'er Terni's fall, —
Till, one by one, the vision's beams
Faded away, and soon it fled,
To join those other vanish'd dreams
That now flit palely 'mong the dead, —
The shadows of those shades, that go,
Around Oblivion's lake, below!

EXTRACT XV.

No wonder, Mary, that thy story
    Touches all hearts — for there we see
The soul's corruption, and its glory,
    Its death and life comb'nd in thee.

From the first moment, when we find
    Thy spirit haunted by a swarm
Of dark desires, — like demons shrin'd
    Unholily in that fair form, —
Till when, by touch of Heav'n set free,
    Thou cam'st, with those bright locks of gold
(So oft the gaze of Bethany),
And, covering in their precious fold
Thy Saviour's feet, didst shed such tears
As paid, each drop, the sins of years! —
Thence on, through all thy course of love
To Him, thy Heavenly Master, — Him,
Whose bitter death-cup from above
Had yet this cordial round the brim,
That woman's faith and love stood fast
And fearless by Him to the last: —
Till, oh, blest boon for truth like thine!
Thou wert, of all, the chosen one,
Before whose eyes that Face Divine,
When risen from the dead, first shone;
That thou might'st see how, like a cloud,
Had pass'd away its mortal shroud,
And make that bright revealment known
To hearts, less trusting than thy own.
All is affecting, cheering, grand;
The kindliest record ever given,
Ev'n under God's own kindly hand,
Of what Repentance wins from Heaven!

No wonder, Mary, that thy face,
In all its touching light of tears,
Should meet us in each holy place,
Where Man before his God appears,
Hopeless — were he not taught to see
All hope in Him, who pardon'd thee!
No wonder that the painter's skill
Should oft have triumph'd in the power
Of keeping thee all lovely still
Ev'n in thy sorrow's bitterest hour;
That soft Correggio should diffuse
His melting shadows round thy form;
That Guido's pale, unearthly hues
Should, in portraying thee, grow warm;
That all—from the ideal, grand,
Inimitable Roman hand,
Down to the small, enamelling touch
Of smooth Carlino—should delight
In picturing her, who "lov'd so much,"
And was, in spite of sin, so bright!

But, Mary, 'mong these bold essays
Of Genius and of Art to raise
A semblance of those weeping eyes—
A vision, worthy of the sphere
Thy faith has earn'd thee in the skies,
And in the hearts of all men here,—
None e'er hath match'd, in grief or grace,
Canova's day-dream of thy face,
In those bright sculptur'd forms, more bright
With true expression's breathing light,
Than ever yet, beneath the stroke
Of chisel, into life awoke.
The one,* portraying what thou wert
In thy first grief,—while yet the flower

* This statue is one of the last works of Canova, and was not yet in marble when I left Rome. The other, which seems to
Of those young beauties was unhurt
    By sorrow's slow, consuming power;
And mingling earth's seductive grace
    With heav'n's subliming thoughts so well,
We doubt, while gazing, in which place
    Such beauty was most form'd to dwell! —
The other, as thou look'dst, when years
Of fasting, penitence, and tears
Had worn thy frame; — and ne'er did Art
    With half such speaking power express
The ruin which a breaking heart
    Spreads, by degrees, o'er loveliness.
Those wasting arms, that keep the trace,
Ev'n still, of all their youthful grace,
That loosen'd hair, of which thy brow
Was once so proud, — neglected now! —
Those features, ev'n in fading worth
    The freshest bloom to others given,
And those sunk eyes, now lost to earth,
    But, to the last, still full of heaven!

Wonderful artist! praise, like mine —
    Though springing from a soul, that feels
Deep worship of those works divine,
    Where Genius all his light reveals —
How weak 'tis to the words that came
From him, thy peer in art and fame,*

prove, in contradiction to very high authority, that expression, of the intensest kind, is fully within the sphere of sculpture, was executed many years ago, and is in the possession of the Count Somariva, at Paris.

* Chantrey.
Whom I have known, by day, by night,
Hang o'er thy marble with delight;
And, while his lingering hand would steal
O'er every grace the taper's rays,*
Give thee, with all the generous zeal
Such master spirits only feel,
That best of fame, a rival's praise!

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EXTRACT XVI.

Les Charmettes.

A Visit to the House where Rousseau lived with Madame de Warrets. — Their Ménage. — Its Grossness. — Claude Anet. — Reverence with which the Spot is now visited. — Absurdity of this blind Devotion to Fame. — Feelings excited by the Beauty and Seclusion of the Scene. — Disturbed by its Associations with Rousseau's History. — Impostures of Men of Genius. — Their Power of mimicking all the best Feelings, Love, Independence, etc.

Strange power of Genius, that can throw
Round all that's vicious, weak, and low,
Such magic lights, such rainbow dyes
As dazzle ev'n the steadiest eyes.

'Tis worse than weak — ’tis wrong, ’tis shame,
This mean prostration before Fame;

† Canova always shows his fine statue, the Venere Vincitrice by the light of a small candle.

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This casting down, beneath the car
Of Idols, whatsoe'er they are,
Life's purest, holiest decencies,
To be career'd o'er, as they please.
No — give triumphant Genius all
For which his loftiest wish can call:
If he be worshipp'd, let it be
For attributes, his noblest, first;
Not with that base idolatry,
Which sanctifies his last and worst.

I may be cold; — may want that glow
Of high romance, which bards should know;
That holy homage, which is felt
In treading where the great have dwelt;
This reverence, whatsoe'er it be,
I fear, I feel, I have it not: —
For here, at this still hour, to me
The charms of this delightful spot;
Its calm seclusion from the throng,
From all the heart would fain forget;
This narrow valley, and the song
Of its small murmuring rivulet;
The flitting, to and fro, of birds,
Tranquil and tame, as they were once
In Eden, ere the startling words
Of Man disturb'd their orisons;
Those little, shadowy paths, that wind
Up the hill-side, with fruit-trees lin'd,
And lighted only by the breaks
The gay wind in the foliage makes,
Or vistas, here and there, that ope
  Through weeping willows, like the snatches
Of far-off scenes of light, which Hope
  Ev'n through the shade of sadness catches! —
All this, which — could I once but lose
  The memory of those vulgar ties,
Whose grossness all the heavenliest hues
  Of Genius can no more disguise,
Than the sun's beams can do away
The filth of fens o'er which they play —
This scene, which would have fill'd my heart
  With thoughts of all that happiest is; —
Of Love, where self hath only part,
  As echoing back another's bliss;
Of solitude, secure and sweet,
Beneath whose shade the Virtues meet;
Which, while it shelters, never chills
  Our sympathies with human woe,
But keeps them, like sequester'd rills,
  Purer and fresher in their flow;
Of happy days, that share their beams
  'Twixt quiet mirth and wise employ;
Of tranquil nights, that give, in dreams,
  The moonlight of the morning's joy! —
All this my heart could dwell on here,
But for those gross mementos near;
Those sullying truths, that cross the track
Of each sweet thought, and drive them back
Full into all the mire, and strife,
And vanities of that man's life,
Who, more than all that e'er have glow'd
With Fancy's flame (and it was his.
In fullest warmth and radiance) show'd
What an impostor Genius is;
How, with that strong, mimetic art,
Which forms its life and soul, it takes
All shapes of thought, all hues of heart,
Nor feels, itself, one throb it wakes;
How like a gem its light may smile
O'er the dark path, by mortals trod,
Itself as mean a worm, the while,
As crawls at midnight o'er the sod;
What gentle words and thoughts may fall
From its false lip, what zeal to bless,
While home, friends, kindred, country, all,
Lie waste beneath its selfishness;
How, with the pencil hardly dry
From colouring up such scenes of love
And beauty, as make young hearts sigh,
And dream, and think through heav'n they rove;
They, who can thus describe and move,
The very workers of these charms,
Nor seek, nor know a joy, above
Some Maman's or Theresa's arms!

How all, in short, that makes the boast
Of their false tongues they want the most;
And, while with freedom on their lips,
   Sounding their timbrels, to set free
This bright world, labouring in the' eclipse
   Of priestcraft, and of slavery,—
They may, themselves, be slaves as low
   As ever Lord or Patron made
To blossom in his smile, or grow,
   Like stunted brushwood, in his shade.
Out on the craft! — I'd rather be
One of those hinds, that round me tread,
With just enough of sense to see
   The noonday sun that's o'er his head,
Than thus, with high-built genius curst,
   That hath no heart for its foundation,
Be all, at once, that's brightest, worst,
   Sublimest, meanest in creation!
ALCIHRON:

A FRAGMENT.
ALCIPHRON.

LETTER I.

FROM ALCIPHRON AT ALEXANDRIA TO CLEON AT ATHENS.

Well may you wonder at my flight
From those fair Gardens, in whose bowers
Lingers whate'er of wise and bright,
Of Beauty's smile or Wisdom's light,
Is left to grace this world of ours.
Well may my comrades, as they roam,
On such sweet eves as this, inquire
Why I have left that happy home
Where all is found that all desire,
And Time hath wings that never tire;
Where bliss, in all the countless shapes
That Fancy's self to bliss hath given,
Comes clustering round, like road-side grapes
That woo the traveller's lip, at even;
Where Wisdom flings not joy away—
As Pallas in the stream, they say,
Once flung her flute — but smiling owns
That woman's lip can send forth tones
Worth all the music of those spheres
So many dream of, but none hears;
Where Virtue's self puts on so well
    Her sister Pleasure's smile that, loth
From either nymph apart to dwell,
    We finish by embracing both.

Yes, such the place of bliss, I own,
From all whose charms I just have flown;
And ev'n while thus to thee I write,
    And by the Nile's dark flood recline,
Fondly, in thought, I wing my flight
Back to those groves and gardens bright,
And often think, by this sweet light,
    How lovelily they all must shine;
Can see that graceful temple throw
    Down the green slope its lengthen'd shade,
While, on the marble steps below,
    There sits some fair Athenian maid,
Over some favourite volume bending;
    And, by her side, a youthful sage
Holds back the ringlets that, descending,
    Would else o'ershadow all the page.
But hence such thoughts! — nor let me grieve
O'er scenes of joy that I but leave,
As the bird quits awhile its nest
To come again with livelier zest.

And now to tell thee — what I fear
Thou'lt gravely smile at — why I'm here.
Though through my life's short, sunny dream,
    I've floated without pain or care,
Like a light leaf, down pleasure's stream,
    Caught in each sparkling eddy there;
Though never Mirth awaked a strain
That my heart echoed not again;
Yet have I felt, when ev'n most gay,
    Sad thoughts — I knew not whence or why —
    Suddenly o'er my spirit fly,
Like clouds, that, ere we've time to say
   "How bright the sky is!" shade the sky.
Sometimes so vague, so undefin'd
Were these strange dark'nings of my mind —
While nought but joy around me beam'd
    So causelessly they've come and flown,
That not of life or earth they seem'd,
    But shadows from some world unknown.
More oft, however, 't was the thought
    How soon that scene, with all its play
Of life and gladness must decay —
Those lips I prest, the hands I caught —
Myself — the crowd that mirth had brought
    Around me — swept like weeds away!

This thought it was that came to shed
    O'er rapture's hour its worst alloys;
And, close as shade with sunshine, wed
    Its sadness with my happiest joys.
Oh, but for this disheart'ning voice
    Stealing amid our mirth to say
That all, in which we most rejoice,
Ere night may be the earth-worm's prey—
But for this bitter — only this —
Full as the world is brimm'd with bliss,
And capable as feels my soul
Of draining to its dregs the whole,
I should turn earth to heav'n, and be,
If bliss made Gods, a Deity!

Thou know'st that night — the very last
That 'mong my Garden friends I pass'd —
When the School held its feast of mirth
To celebrate our founder's birth.
And all that He in dreams but saw
When he set Pleasure on the throne
Of this bright world, and wrote her law
In human hearts, was felt and known —
Not in unreal dreams, but true,
Substantial joy as pulse e'er knew —
By hearts and bosoms that each felt
Itself the realm where Pleasure dwelt.

That night, when all our mirth was o'er,
The minstrels silent, and the feet
Of the young maidens heard no more —
So stilly was the time, so sweet,
And such a calm came o'er that scene,
Where life and revel late had been —
Lone as the quiet of some bay,
From which the sea hath ebb'd away —
That still I linger'd, lost in thought,
   Gazing upon the stars of night,
Sad and intent, as if I sought
   Some mournful secret in their light;
And ask'd them, mid that silence, why
Man, glorious man, alone must die,
While they, less wonderful than he,
Shine on through all eternity.

That night — thou haply may'st forget
   Its loveliness — but 't was a night
To make earth's meanest slave regret
   Leaving a world so soft and bright.
On one side, in the dark blue sky,
Lonely and radiant, was the eye
Of Jove himself, while, on the other,
'Nong stars that came out one by one,
The young moon — like the Roman mother
   Among her living jewels — shone.
"Oh that from yonder orbs," I thought,
   "Pure and eternal as they are,
"There could to earth some power be brought,
"Some charm, with their own essence fraught,
   "To make man deathless as a star,
"And open to his vast desires
   "A course, as boundless and sublime
"As that which waits those comet-fires,
   "That burn and roam throughout all time!"
While thoughts like those absorb’d my mind,
That weariness which earthly bliss,
However sweet, still leaves behind,
As if to show how earthly ’tis,
Came lulling o’er me, and I laid
My limbs at that fair statue’s base —
That miracle, which Art hath made
Of all the choice of Nature’s grace —
To which so oft I’ve knelt and sworn,
That, could a living maid like her
Unto this wondering world be born,
I would, myself, turn worshipper.

Sleep came then o’er me — and I seem’d
To be transported far away
To a bleak desert plain, where gleam’d
One single, melancholy ray,
Throughout that darkness dimly shed
From a small taper in the hand
Of one, who, pale as are the dead,
Before me took his spectral stand,
And said, while, awfully a smile
Came o’er the wanness of his cheek —
“Go, and, beside the sacred Nile,
“You’ll find th’ Eternal Life you seek.”

Soon as he spoke these words, the hue
Of death o’er all his features grew
Like the pale morning, when o’er night
She gains the victory, full of light;
While the small torch he held became
A glory in his hand, whose flame
Brighten'd the desert suddenly,
   Ev'n to the far horizon's line —
Along whose level I could see
    Gardens and groves, that seem'd to shine,
As if then o'er them freshly play'd
A vernal rainbow's rich cascade ;
And music floated every where,
Circling, as 't were itself the air,
And spirits, on whose wings the hue
Of heaven still linger'd, round me flew,
Till from all sides such splendours broke,
That with the excess of light, I woke !

Such was my dream ; — and, I confess,
    Though none of all our creedless school
E'er conn'd, believ'd, or reverenc'd less
    The fables of the priest-led fool,
Who tells us of a soul, a mind,
Separate and pure, within us shrin'd,
Which is to live — ah, hope too bright ! —
For ever in yon fields of light ;
Who fondly thinks the guardian eyes
    Of Gods are on him — as if, blest
And blooming in their own blue skies,
Th' eternal Gods were not too wise
    To let weak man disturb their rest ! —
Though thinking of such creeds as thou
    And all our Garden sages think,
Yet is there something, I allow,
In dreams like this—a sort of link
With worlds unseen, which, from the hour
I first could lisp my thoughts till now,
Hath master'd me with spell-like power.
And who can tell, as we're combin'd
Of various atoms—some refin'd,
Like those that scintillate and play
In the fix'd stars—some, gross as they
That frown in clouds or sleep in clay—
Who can be sure, but 'tis the best
And brightest atoms of our frame,
Those most akin to stellar flame,
That shine out thus, when we're at rest;—
Ev'n as the stars themselves, whose light
Comes out but in the silent night.
Or is it that there lurks, indeed,
Some truth in Man's prevailing creed,
And that our Guardians, from on high,
Come, in that pause from toil and sin,
To put the senses' curtain by,
And on the wakeful soul look in!

Vain thought!—but yet, howe'er it be,
Dreams, more than once, hath prov'd to me
Oracles, truer far than Oak,
Or Dove, or Tripod ever spoke.
And 'twas the words—thou'lt hear and smile—
The words that phantom seem'd to speak—
"Go, and beside the sacred Nile
"You'll find the Eternal Life you seek"—
That, haunting me by night, by day,
At length, as with the unseen hand
Of Fate itself, urg'd me away
From Athens to this Holy Land;
Where, 'mong the secrets, still untaught,
The myst'ries that, as yet, nor sun
Nor eye hath reach'd — oh, blessed thought! —
May sleep this everlasting one.

Farewell — when to our Garden friends
Thou talk'st of the wild dream that sends
The gayest of their school thus far,
Wandering beneath Canopus' star,
Tell them that, wander where he will,
Or, howsoe'er they now condemn
His vague and vain pursuit, he still
Is worthy of the School and them; —
Still, all their own — nor e'er forgets,
Ev'n while his heart and soul pursue
Th' Eternal Light which never sets,
The many meteor joys that do,
But seeks them, hails them with delight
Where'er they meet his longing sight.
And, if his life must wane away,
Like other lives, at least the day,
The hour it lasts shall, like a fire
With incense fed, in sweets expire.

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LETTER II.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Memphis.

'Tis true, alas — the mysteries and the lore
I came to study on this wondrous shore,
Are all forgotten in the new delights,
The strange, wild joys that fill my days and nights.
Instead of dark, dull oracles that speak
From subterranean temples, those I seek
Come from the breathing shrines where Beauty lives,
And Love, her priest, the soft responses gives.
Instead of honouring Isis in those rites
At Coptos held, I hail her, when she lights
Her first young crescent on the holy stream —
When wandering youths and maidens watch her beam
And number o'er the nights she hath to run,
Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.
While o'er some mystic leaf, that dimly lends
A clue into past times, the student bends,
And by its glimmering guidance learns to tread
Back through the shadowy knowledge of the dead —
The only skill, alas, I yet can claim
Lies in deciphering some new lov'd-one's name —
Some gentle missive, hinting time and place,
In language, soft as Memphian reed can trace.
And where — oh where's the heart that could withstand
Th' unnumber'd witcheries of this sun-born land,
Where first young Pleasure's banner was unfurl'd,
And Love hath temples ancient as the world!
Where mystery, like the veil by Beauty worn,
Hides but to win, and shades but to adorn;
Where that luxurious melancholy, born
Of passion and of genius, sheds a gloom
Making joy holy; — where the bower and tomb
Stand side by side, and Pleasure learns from Death
The instant value of each moment's breath.

Couldst thou but see how like a poet's dream
This lovely land now looks! — the glorious stream,
That late, between its banks, was seen to glide
'Mong shrines and marble cities, on each side
Glittering like jewels strung along a chain,
Hath now sent forth its waters, and o'er plain
And valley, like a giant from his bed
Rising with outstretch'd limbs, hath grandly spread.
While far as sight can reach, beneath as clear
And blue a heav'n as ever bless'd our sphere,
Gardens, and pillar'd streets, and porphyry domes,
And high-built temples, fit to be the homes
Of mighty Gods, and pyramids, whose hour
Outlasts all time, above the waters tower!

Then, too, the scenes of pomp and joy, that make
One theatre of this vast, peopled lake,
Where all that Love, Religion, Commerce gives
Of life and motion, ever moves and lives.
Here, up the steps of temples from the wave
Ascending, in procession slow and grave,
Priests in white garments go, with sacred wands
And silver cymbals gleaming in their hands;
While there, rich barks—fresh from those sunny
tracts
Far off, beyond the sounding cataracts—
Glide, with their precious lading to the sea,
Plumes of bright birds, rhinoceros ivory,
Gems from the Isle of Meroe, and those grains
Of gold, wash'd down by Abyssinian rains.
Here, where the waters wind into a bay
Shadowy and cool, some pilgrims, on their way
To Saïs or Bubastus, among beds
Of lotus flowers, that close above their heads,
Push their light barks, and there, as in a bower,
Sing, talk, or sleep away the sultry hour;
Oft dipping in the Nile, when faint with heat,
That leaf, from which its waters drink most sweet.—
While haply, not far off, beneath a bank
Of blossoming acacias, many a prank
Is played in the cool current by a train
Of laughing nymphs, lovely as she,* whose chain
Around two conquerors of the world was cast,
But, for a third too feeble, broke at last.

For oh, believe not them, who dare to brand
As poor in charms, the women of this land.

* Cleopatra.
Though darken'd by that sun, whose spirit flows
Through every vein, and tinges as it goes,
'Tis but th' embrowning of the fruit that tells
How rich within the soul of ripeness dwells —
The hue their own dark sanctuaries wear,
Announcing heav'n in half-caught glimpses there.
And never yet did tell-tale looks set free
The secret of young hearts more tenderly.
Such eyes!—long, shadowy, with that languid fall
Of the fring'd lids, which may be seen in all
Who live beneath the sun's too ardent rays —
Lending such looks as, on their marriage days
Young maids cast down before a bridegroom's gaze!
Then for their grace—mark but the nymph-like shapes
Of the young village girls, when carrying grapes
From green Anthylla, or light urns of flowers —
Not our own Sculpture, in her happiest hours,
E'er imag'd forth, even at the touch of him.*
Whose touch was life, more luxury of limb!
Then, canst thou wonder if, mid scenes like these,
I should forget all graver mysteries,
All lore but Love's, all secrets but that best
In heav'n or earth, the art of being blest!

Yet are there times — though brief, I own, their stay,
Like summer-clouds that shine themselves away —
Moments of gloom, when ev'n these pleasures pall
Upon my sadd'ning heart, and I recall

* Apelles.
That Garden dream— that promise of a power, 
Oh, were there such!— to lengthen out life's hour, 
On, on, as through a vista, far away 
Opening before us into endless day!
And chiefly o'er my spirit did this thought
Come on that evening— bright as ever brought
Light's golden farewell to the world— when first
Th' eternal pyramids of Memphis burst
Awfully on my sight— standing sublime
' Twixt earth and heav'n, the watch-towers of Time,
From whose lone summit, when his reign hath past
From earth for ever, he will look his last!

There hung a calm and solemn sunshine round
Those mighty monuments, a hushing sound
In the still air that circled them, which stole
Like music of past times into my soul.
I thought what myriads of the wise and brave
And beautiful had sunk into the grave,
Since earth first saw these wonders— and I said
" Are things eternal only for the Dead?"
" Hath Man no loftier hope than this, which dooms"
" His only lasting trophies to be tombs?"
" But 'tis not so— earth, heaven, all nature shows"
" He may become immortal— may unclose"
" The wings within him wrapt, and proudly rise"
" Redeem'd from earth, a creature of the skies!"

" And who can say, among the written spells"
" From Hermes' hand, that, in these shrines and cells
"Have, from the Flood, lay hid, there may not be
"Some secret clue to immortality,
"Some amulet, whose spell can keep life's fire
"Awake within us, never to expire!
"'Tis known that, on the Emerald Table,* hid
"For ages in yon loftiest pyramid,
"The Thrice-Great † did himself, engrave, of old,
"The chymic mystery that gives endless gold.
"And why may not this mightier secret dwell
"Within the same dark chambers? who can tell
"But that those kings, who, by the written skill
"Of th' Emerald Table, call'd forth gold at will,
"And quarries upon quarries heap'd and hurl'd,
"To build them domes that might outstand the world —
"Who knows but that the heavenlier art, which shares
"The life of Gods with man, was also theirs —
"That they themselves, triumphant o'er the power
"Of fate and death, are living at this hour;
"And these, the giant homes they still possess,
"Not tombs, but everlasting palaces,
"Within whose depths, hid from the world above,
"Even now they wander, with the few they love,
"Through subterranean gardens, by a light
"Unknown on earth, which hath nor dawn nor night!
"Else, why those deathless structures? why the grand
"And hidden halls, that undermine this land?

* See Notes on the Epicurean.
† The Hermes Trismegistus.
"Why else hath none of earth e'er dared to go
"Through the dark windings of that realm below,
"Nor aught from heav'n itself, except the God
"Of Silence, through those endless labyrinths trod?"

Thus did I dream — wild, wandering dreams, I own,
But such as haunt me ever, if alone,
Or in that pause 'twixt joy and joy I be,
Like a ship hush'd between two waves at sea.
Then do these spirit whisperings, like the sound
Of the Dark Future, come appalling round;
Nor can I break the trance that holds me then,
Till high o'er Pleasure's surge I mount again!

Ev'n now for new adventure, new delight,
My heart is on the wing; — this very night,
The Temple on that island, half-way o'er
From Memphis' gardens to the eastern shore,
 Sends up its annual rite* to her, whose beams
Bring the sweet time of night-flowers and dreams;
The nymph, who dips her urn in silent lakes,
And turns to silvery dew each drop it takes; —
Oh, not our Dian of the North, who chains
In vestal ice the current of young veins,
But she who haunts the gay Bubastian † grove,
And owns she sees, from her bright heav'n above,
Nothing on earth to match that heav'n but Love.
Think, then, what bliss will be abroad to-night! —
Besides those sparkling nymphs, who meet the sight

* The great Festival of the Moon.
† Bubastis, or Isis, was the Diana of the Egyptian mythology.
Day after day, familiar as the sun,
Coy buds of beauty, yet unbreath'd upon,
And all the hidden loveliness, that lies,—
Shut up, as are the beams of sleeping eyes,
Within these twilight shrines — to-night shall be
Let loose, like birds, for this festivity!

And mark, 'tis nigh; already the sun bids
His evening farewell to the Pyramids,
As he hath done, age after age, till they
Alone on earth seem ancient as his ray;
While their great shadows, stretching from the light,
Look like the first colossal steps of Night,
Stretching across the valley, to invade
The distant hills of porphyry with their shade.
Around, as signals of the setting beam,
Gay, gilded flags on every house-top gleam:
While, hark! — from all the temples a rich swell
Of music to the Moon — farewell — farewell.
LETTER III.

FROM THE SAME TO THE SAME.

Memphis.

There is some star — or it may be
That moon we saw so near last night —
Which comes athwart my destiny
For ever, with misleading light.

If for a moment, pure and wise
And calm I feel, there quick doth fall
A spark from some disturbing eyes,
That through my heart, soul, being flies,
And makes a wildfire of it all.

I've seen — oh, Cleon, that this earth
Should e'er have given such beauty birth! —
That man — but, hold — hear all that pass'd
Since yester-night, from first to last.

The rising of the Moon, calm, slow,
And beautiful, as if she came
Fresh from the Elysian bowers below,
Was, with a loud and sweet acclaim,
Welcome'd from every breezy height,
Where crowds stood waiting for her light.
And well might they who view'd the scene
Then lit up all around them, say,
That never yet had Nature been
   Caught sleeping in a lovelier ray,
Or rivall'd her own noon-tide face,
With purer show of moonlight grace.

Memphis — still grand, though not the same
   Unrivall'd Memphis, that could seize
From ancient Thebes the crown of Fame,
   And wear it bright through centuries —
Now, in the moonshine, that came down
Like a last smile upon that crown,
Memphis, still grand, among her lakes,
   Her pyramids and shrines of fire,
Rose, like a vision, that half breaks
On one who, dreaming still, awakes
   To music from some midnight choir:
While to the west — where gradual sinks
In the red sands, from Libya roll'd,
Some mighty column, or fair sphynx
   That stood in kingly courts, of old —
It seem'd as, mid the pomps that shone
Thus gaily round him, Time look'd on,
Waiting till all, now bright and blest,
Should sink beneath him like the rest.

No sooner had the setting sun
Proclaim'd the festal rite begun,
And, mid their idol's fullest beams,
   The Egyptian world was all afloat,
Than I, who live upon these streams,
   Like a young Nile-bird, turn'd my boat
To the fair island, on whose shores,
Through leafy palms and sycamores,
Already shone the moving lights
Of pilgrims, hastening to the rites.
While, far around, like ruby sparks
Upon the water, lighted barks,
Of every form and kind — from those
That down Syene's cataract shoots,
To the grand, gilded barge, that rows
To tambour's beat and breath of flutes,
And wears at night, in words of flame,
On the rich prow, its master's name; —
All were alive, and made this sea
Of cities busy as a hill
Of summer ants, caught suddenly
In the overflowing of a rill.

Landed upon the isle, I soon
Through marble alleys and small groves
Of that mysterious palm she loves,
Reach'd the fair Temple of the Moon;
And there — as slowly through the last
Dim-lighted vestibule I pass'd —
Between the porphyry pillars, twin'd
With palm and ivy, I could see
A band of youthful maidens wind,
In measur'd walk, half dancingly,
Round a small shrine, on which was plac'd
That bird,* whose plumes of black and white

* The Ibis.
Wear in their hue, by Nature trac'd,
   A type of the moon's shadow'd light.

In drapery, like woven snow,
These nymphs were clad; and each, below
The rounded bosom, loosely wore
   A dark blue zone, or bandelet,
With little silver stars all o'er,
   As are the skies at midnight, set.
While in their tresses, braided through,
   Sparkled that flower of Egypt's lakes,
The silvery lotus, in whose hue
   As much delight the young Moon takes,
As doth the Day-God to behold
The lofty bean-flower's buds of gold.
And, as they gracefully went round
   The worshipp'd bird, some to the beat
Of castanets, some to the sound
   Of the shrill sistrum tim'd their feet;
While others, at each step they took,
   A tinkling chain of silver shook.

They seem'd all fair — but there was one
On whom the light had not yet shone,
Or shone but partly — so downcast
She held her brow, as slow she pass'd.
And yet to me, there seem'd to dwell
   A charm about that unseen face —
A something, in the shade that fell
   Over that brow's imagin'd grace,
Which won me more than all the best
Outshining beauties of the rest.
And her alone my eyes could see,
Enchain'd by this sweet mystery;
And her alone I watch'd, as round
She glided o'er that marble ground,
Stirring not more th' unconscious air
Than if a Spirit were moving there.
Till suddenly, wide open flew
The Temple's folding gates, and threw
A splendour from within, a flood
Of glory where these maidens stood.
While, with that light — as if the same
Rich source gave birth to both — there came
A swell of harmony, as grand
As e'er was born of voice and hand,
Filling the gorgeous aisles around
With luxury of light and sound.

Then was it, by the flash that blaz'd
Full o'er her features — oh 't was then,
As startlingly her eyes she rais'd,
But quick let fall their lids again,
I saw — not Psyche's self, when first
Upon the threshold of the skies
She paus'd, while heaven's glory burst
Newly upon her downcast eyes,
Could look more beautiful or blush
With holier shame than did this maid,
Whom now I saw, in all that gush
Of splendour from the aisles, display'd.
Never — tho' well thou know'st how much
    I've felt the sway of Beauty's star —
Never did her bright influence touch
    My soul into its depths so far;
And had that vision linger'd there
    One minute more, I should have flown,
Forgetful who I was and where,
    And, at her feet in worship thrown,
Proffer'd my soul through life her own.

But, scarcely had that burst of light
And music broke on ear and sight,
Than up the aisle the bird took wing,
    As if on heavenly mission sent,
While after him, with graceful spring,
    Like some unearthly creatures, meant
To live in that mix'd element
    Of light and song, the young maids went;
And she, who in my heart had thrown
A spark to burn for life, was flown.

In vain I tried to follow; — bands
    Of reverend chanters fill'd the aisle:
Where'er I sought to pass, their wands
    Motion'd me back, while many a file
Of sacred nymphs — but ah, not they
Whom my eyes look'd for — throng'd the way.
Perplex'd, impatient, mid this crowd
Of faces, lights — the o'erwhelming cloud
Of incense round me, and my blood
Full of its new-born fire—I stood,
Nor mov'd, nor breath'd, but when I caught
A glimpse of some blue, spangled zone,
Or wreath of lotus, which, I thought,
Like those she wore at distance shone.

But no, 't was vain—hour after hour,
Till my heart's throbbing turn'd to pain,
And my strain'd eyesight lost its power,
I sought her thus, but all in vain.
At length, hot—wilder'd—in despair,
I rush'd into the cool night-air,
And hurrying (though with many a look
Back to the busy Temple) took
My way along the moonlight shore,
And sprung into my boat once more.

There is a Lake, that to the north
Of Memphis stretches grandly forth,
Upon whose silent shore the Dead
Have a proud City of their own,*
With shrines and pyramids o'erspread—
Where many an ancient kingly head
Slumbers, immortaliz'd in stone;
And where, through marble grots beneath,
The lifeless, rang'd like sacred things,
Nor wanting aught of life but breath,
Lie in their painted coverings,

* Necropolis, or the City of the Dead, to the south of Memphis.
And on each new successive race,
    That visit their dim haunts below,
Look with the same unwithering face,
    They wore three thousand years ago.
There, Silence, thoughtful God, who loves
The neighbourhood of death, in groves
Of asphodel lies hid, and weaves
His hushing spell among the leaves—
Nor ever noise disturbs the air,
    Save the low, humming, mournful sound
Of priests, within their shrines, at prayer
    For the fresh Dead entomb'd around.

'Twas tow'rd this place of death — in mood
    Made up of thoughts, half bright, half dark —
I now across the shining flood
    Unconscious turn'd my light-wing'd bark.
The form of that young maid, in all
    Its beauty, was before me still;
And oft I thought, if thus to call
    Her image to my mind at will,
If but the memory of that one
Bright look of hers, for ever gone,
Was to my heart worth all the rest
Of woman-kind, beheld, possest —
What would it be, if wholly mine,
Within these arms, as in a shrine,
Hallow'd by Love, I saw her shine —
An idol, worshipp'd by the light
Of her own beauties, day and night —
If 't was a blessing but to see
And lose again, what would this be?

In thoughts like these — but often crost
By darker threads — my mind was lost,
Till, near that City of the Dead,
Wak'd from my trance, I saw o'erhead —
As if by some enchanter bid
   Suddenly from the wave to rise —
Pyramid over pyramid
   Tower in succession to the skies;
While one, aspiring, as if soon
   'Twould touch the heavens, rose o'er all:
And, on its summit, the white moon
   Rested, as on a pedestal!

The silence of the lonely tombs
   And temples round, where nought was heard
But the high pahm-tree's tufted plumes,
   Shaken, at times, by breeze or bird,
Form'd a deep contrast to the scene
   Of revel, where I late had been;
To those gay sounds, that still came o'er,
   Faintly, from many a distant shore,
And th' unnumbered lights, that shone
   Far o'er the flood, from Memphis on
To the Moon's Isle and Babylon.

My oars were lifted, and my boat
   Lay rock'd upon the rippling stream;
While my vague thoughts, alike afloat,
   Drifted through many an idle dream,
With all of which, wild and unfix'd
As was their aim, that vision mix'd,
That bright nymph of the Temple — now,
With the same innocence of brow
She wore within the lighted fane —
Now kindling, through each pulse and vein,
With passion of such deep-felt fire
As Gods might glory to inspire; —
And now — oh Darkness of the tomb,
   That must eclipse cv'n light like hers!
Cold, dead, and blackening mid the gloom
   Of those eternal sepulchres.

Scarce had I turn'd my eyes away
   From that dark death-place, at the thought,
When by the sound of dashing spray
   From a light oar my ear was caught,
While past me, through the moonlight, sail'd
   A little gilded bark, that bore
Two female figures, closely veil'd
   And mantled, towards that funeral shore.
They landed — and the boat again
Put off across the watery plain.

Shall I confess — to thee I may —
   That never yet hath come the chance
Of a new music, a new ray
   From woman's voice, from woman's glance,
Which — let it find me how it might,
   In joy or grief — I did not bless,
And wander after, as a light
   Leading to undreamt happiness.
And chiefly now, when hopes so vain
Were stirring in my heart and brain,
When Fancy had allur'd my soul
   Into a chase, as vague and far
As would be his, who fix'd his goal
   In the horizon, or some star —
Any bewilderment, that brought
More near to earth my high-flown thought —
The faintest glimpse of joy, less pure,
Less high and heavenly, but more sure,
Came welcome — and was then to me
What the first flowery isle must be
To vagrant birds, blown out to sea.

Quick to the shore I urg'd my bark,
   And, by the bursts of moonlight, shed
Between the lofty tombs, could mark
   Those figures, as with hasty tread
They glided on — till in the shade
   Of a small pyramid, which through
Some boughs of palm its peak display'd,
   They vanish'd instant from my view.

I hurried to the spot — no trace
Of life was in that lonely place;
And, had the creed I hold by taught
Of other worlds, I might have thought
Some mocking spirits had from thence
Come in this guise to cheat my sense.

At length, exploring darkly round
The Pyramid's smooth sides, I found
An iron portal — opening high
'Twixt peak and base — and, with a pray'r
To the bliss-loving Moon, whose eye
Alone beheld me, sprung in there.
Downward the narrow stairway led
Through many a duct obscure and dread,
A labyrinth for mystery made,
With wanderings onward, backward, round,
And gathering still, where'er it wound,
But deeper density of shade.

Scarce had I ask'd myself, "Can aught
That man delights in sojourn here?" —
When, suddenly, far off, I caught
A glimpse of light, remote, but clear —
Whose welcome glimmer seem'd to pour
From some alcove or cell, that ended
The long, steep, marble corridor;
Through which I now, all hope, descended.
Never did Spartan to his bride
With warier foot at midnight glide.
It seem'd as echo's self were dead
In this dark place, so mute my tread.
Reaching, at length, that light, I saw—
   Oh listen to the scene, now rais'd
Before my eyes—then guess the awe,
   The still, rapt awe with which I gaz'd.
'Twas a small chapel, lin'd around
With the fair, spangling marble, found
In many a ruin'd shrine that stands
Half seen above the Libyan sands.
The walls were richly sculptur'd o'er,
And character'd with that dark lore
Of times before the Flood, whose key
Was lost in th' "Universal Sea." —
While on the roof was pictur'd bright
   The Theban beetle, as he shines,
   When the Nile's mighty flow declines,
And forth the creature springs to light,
With life regenerate in his wings: —
Emblem of vain imaginings!
   Of a new world, when this is gone,
   In which the spirit still lives on!

Direct beneath this type, reclin'd
   On a black granite altar, lay
A female form, in crystal shrin'd,
   And looking fresh as if the ray
Of soul had fled but yesterday.
While in relief, of silv'ry hue,
   Grav'd on the altar's front were seen
A branch of lotus, brok'n in two,
   As that fair creature's life had been,
And a small bird that from its spray
Was winging, like her soul, away.

But brief the glimpse I now could spare
To the wild, mystic wonders round;
For there was yet one wonder there,
That held me as by witch'ry bound.
The lamp, that through the chamber shed
Its vivid beam, was at the head
Of her who on that altar slept;
And near it stood, when first I came—
Bending her brow, as if she kept
Sad watch upon its silent flame—
A female form, as yet so plac'd
Between the lamp's strong glow and me,
That I but saw, in outline trac'd,
The shadow of her symmetry.
Yet did my heart—I scarce knew why—
Ev'n at that shadow'd shape beat high.
Nor was it long, ere full in sight
The figure turn'd; and by the light
That touch'd her features, as she bent
Over the crystal monument,
I saw 't was she—the same—the same—
That lately stood before me, bright'ning
The holy spot, where she but came
And went again, like summer lightning!

Upon the crystal, o'er the breast
Of her who took that silent rest,
There was a cross of silver lying —
Another type of that blest home,
Which hope, and pride, and fear of dying
Build for us in a world to come:—
This silver cross the maiden rais'd
To her pure lips: — then, having gaz'd
Some minutes on that tranquil face,
Sleeping in all death's mournful grace,
Upward she turn'd her brow serene,
As if, intent on heav'n, those eyes
Saw then nor roof nor cloud between
Their own pure orbits and the skies,
And, though her lips no motion made,
And that fix'd look was all her speech,
I saw that the rapt spirit pray'd
Deeper within than words could reach.

Strange pow'r of Innocence, to turn
To its own hue whate'er comes near,
And make ev'n vagrant Passion burn
With purer warmth within its sphere!
She who, but one short hour before,
Had come, like sudden wild-fire, o'er
My heart and brain — whom gladly, even
From that bright Temple, in the face
Of those proud ministers of heav'n,
I would have borne, in wild embrace,
And risk'd all punishment, divine
And human, but to make her mine; —
She, she was now before me, thrown
By fate itself into my arms —
There standing, beautiful, alone,
    With nought to guard her, but her charms.
Yet did I, then — did ev'n a breath
    From my parch'd lips, too parch'd to move,
Disturb a scene where thus, beneath
    Earth's silent covering, Youth and Death
Held converse through undying love?
No — smile and taunt me as thou wilt —
    Though but to gaze thus was delight,
Yet seem'd it like a wrong, a guilt,
    To win by stealth so pure a sight:
And rather than a look profane
    Should then have met those thoughtful eyes,
Or voice, or whisper broke the chain
    That link'd her spirit with the skies,
I would have gladly, in that place,
From which I watch'd her heav'nward face,
Let my heart break, without one beat
That could disturb a prayer so sweet.

Gently, as if on every tread,
    My life, my more than life depended,
Back through the corridor that led
    To this blest scene I now ascended,
And with slow seeking, and some pain,
And many a winding tried in vain,
Emerg'd to upper air again.

The sun had freshly ris'n, and down
    The marble hills of Araby,
Scatter'd, as from a conqueror's crown,
    His beams into that living sea.
There seem'd a glory in his light,
    Newly put on — as if for pride
Of the high homage paid this night
    To his own Isis, his young bride,
Now fading feminine away
In her proud Lord's superior ray.

My mind's first impulse was to fly
    At once from this entangling net —
New scenes to range, new loves to try,
Or, in mirth, wine, and luxury
    Of every sense, that night forget.
But vain the effort — spell-bound still,
I linger'd, without power or will
    To turn my eyes from that dark door,
Which now inclos'd her 'mong the dead ;
    Oft fancying, through the boughs, that o'er
The sunny pile their flickering shed,
' T was her light form again I saw
    Starting to earth — still pure and bright,
But wakening, as I hop'd, less awe,
    Thus seen by morning's natural light,
    Than in that strange, dim cell at night.

But no, alas — she ne'er return'd:
    Nor yet — though still I watch — nor yet,
Though the red sun for hours hath burn'd,
    And now, in his mid course, hath met
The peak of that eternal pile
   He pauses still at noon to bless,
Standing beneath his downward smile,
   Like a great Spirit, shadowless! —
Nor yet she comes — while here, alone,
   Saunt'ring through this death-peopled place,
Where no heart beats except my own,
Or 'neath a palm-tree's shelter thrown,
   By turns I watch, and rest, and trace
These lines, that are to waft to thee
My last night's wondrous history.

Dost thou remember, in that Isle
   Of our own Sea, where thou and I
Linger'd so long, so happy a while,
   Till all the summer flowers went by —
How gay it was, when sunset brought
   To the cool Well our favourite maids —
Some we had won, and some we sought —
   To dance within the fragrant shades,
And, till the stars went down attune
Their Fountain Hymns* to the young moon?

That time, too — oh, 'tis like a dream —
   When from Scamander's holy tide
I sprung as Genius of the Stream,
   And bore away that blooming bride,

* These Songs of the Well, as they were called by the ancients, are still common in the Greek isles.
Who thither came, to yield her charms
(As Phrygian maids are wont, ere wed)
Into the cold Scamander's arms,

But met, and welcom'd mine, instead —
Wondering, as on my neck she fell,
How river-gods could love so well!
Who would have thought that he, who rov'd
Like the first bees of summer then,
Rifling each sweet, nor ever lov'd
But the free hearts, that lov'd again,
Readily as the reed replies,
To the least breath that round it sighs —
Is the same dreamer who, last night,
Stood aw'd and breathless at the sight
Of one Egyptian girl; and now
Wanders among these tombs, with brow
Pale, watchful, sad, as tho' he just,
Himself, had ris'n from out their dust!

Yet so it is — and the same thirst
For something high and pure, above
This withering world, which, from the first,
Made me drink deep of woman's love —
As the one joy, to heav'n most near
Of all our hearts can meet with here —
Still burns me up, still keeps awake
A fever nought but death can slake.

Farewell; whatever may befall —
Or bright, or dark — thou'lt know it all.
LETTER IV.

FROM ORCUS, HIGH-PRIEST OF MEMPHIS, TO DECIUS,
THE PRETORIAN PREFECT.

Rejoice, my friend, rejoice:—the youthful Chief
Of that light Sect which mocks at all belief,
And, gay and godless, makes the present hour
Its only heaven, is now within our power.
Smooth, impious school!—not all the weapons
aim'd,
At priestly creeds, since first a creed was fram'd,
E'er struck so deep as that sly dart they wield,
The Bacchant's pointed spear in laughing flowers
conceal'd.
And oh, 'twere victory to this heart, as sweet
As any thou canst boast—ev'n when the feet
Of thy proud war-steed wade through Christian
blood,
To wrap this scoffer in Faith's blinding hood,
And bring him, tam'd and prostrate, to implore
The vilest gods ev'n Egypt's saints adore.
What!—do these sages think, to them alone
The key of this world's happiness is known?
That none but they, who make such proud parade
Of Pleasure's smiling favours, win the maid,
Or that Religion keeps no secret place,
No niche, in her dark fanes, for Love to grace?
Fools!—did they know how keen the zest that's given
To earthly joy, when season'd well with heaven;
How Piety's grave mask improves the hue
Of Pleasure's laughing features, half seen through,
And how the Priest, set aptly within reach
Of two rich worlds, traffics for bliss with each,
Would they not, Decius—thou, whom th' ancient tie
'Twixt Sword and Altar makes our best ally—
Would they not change their creed, their craft, for ours?

Leave the gross daylight joys that, in their bower's,
Languish with too much sun, like o'er-blown flowers,
For the veil'd loves, the blisses undisplay'd
That sily lurk within the Temple's shade?
And, 'stead of haunting the trim Garden's school—
Where cold Philosophy usurps a rule,
Like the pale moon's, o'er passion's heaving tide,
Till Pleasure's self is chill'd by Wisdom's pride—
Be taught by us, quit shadows for the true,
Substantial joys we sager priests pursue,
Who, far too wise to theorize on bliss,
Or pleasure's substance for its shade to miss,
Preach other worlds, but live for only this:—
Thanks to the well-paid Mystery round us flung,
Which, like its type, the golden cloud that hung
O'er Jupiter's love-couch its shade benign,
Round human frailty wraps a veil divine.

Still less should they presume, weak wits, that they
Alone despise the craft of us who pray;—
Still less their creedless vanity deceive
With the fond thought, that we who pray believe.
Believe! — Apis forbid — forbid it, all
Ye monster Gods, before whose shrines we fall —
Deities, fram'd in jest, as if to try
How far gross man can vulgarize the sky;
How far the same low fancy that combines
Into a drove of brutes yon zodiac's signs,
And turns that Heaven itself into a place
Of sainted sin and deified disgrace,
Can bring Olympus ev'n to shame more deep,
Stock it with things that earth itself holds cheap,
Fish, flesh, and fowl, the kitchen's sacred brood,
Which Egypt keeps for worship, not for food —
All, worthy idols of a Faith that sees
In dogs, cats, owls, and apes, divinities!

Believe! — oh, Decius, thou, who feel'st no care
For things divine, beyond the soldier's share,
Who takes on trust the faith for which he bleeds,
A good, fierce God to swear by, all he needs —
Little canst thou, whose creed around thee hangs
Loose as thy summer war-cloak, guess the pangs
Of loathing and self-scorn with which a heart,
Stubborn as mine is, acts the zealot's part —
The deep and dire disgust with which I wade
Through the foul juggling of this holy trade —
This mud profound of mystery, where the feet,
At every step, sink deeper in deceit.
Oh! many a time, when, mid the Temple's blaze,
O'er prostrate fools the sacred cist I raise,
Did I not keep still proudly in my mind
The power this priestcraft gives me o'er mankind —
A lever, of more might, in skilful hand,
To move this world, than Archimede e'er plann'd —
I should, in vengeance of the shame I feel
At my own mockery, crush the slaves that kneel
Besotted round; and — like that kindred breed
Of reverend, well-drest crocodiles they feed,
At fam'd Arsinoë* — make my keepers bless,
With their last throb, my sharp-fang'd Holiness.

Say, is it to be borne, that scoffers, vain
Of their own freedom from the altar's chain,
Should mock thus all that thou thy blood hast sold,
And I my truth, pride, freedom, to uphold?
It must not be: — think'st thou that Christian sect,
Whose followers, quick as broken waves, erect
Their crests anew and swell into a tide,
That threats to sweep away our shrines of pride —
Think'st thou, with all their wondrous spells, ev'n they
Would triumph thus, had not the constant play
Of Wit's resistless archery cleared their way? —
That mocking spirit, worst of all the foes,
Our solemn fraud, our mystic mummery knows,

* For the trinkets with which the sacred Crocodiles were ornamented, see the Epicurean, chap. x.
Whose wounding flash thus ever 'mong the signs
Of a fast-falling creed, prelusive shines,
 Threat'ning such change as do the awful freaks
Of summer lightning, ere the tempest breaks.

But, to my point — a youth of this vain school,
But one, whom Doubt itself hath fail'd to cool
Down to that freezing point where Priests despair
Of any spark from th' altar catching there —
Hath, some nights since — it was, methinks, the night
That follow'd the full Moon's great annual rite —
Through the dark, winding duets, that downward stray
To these earth-hidden temples, track'd his way,
Just at that hour when, round the Shrine, and me,
The choir of blooming nymphs thou long'st to see,
Sing their last night-hymn in the Sanctuary.
The clangour of the marvellous Gate, that stands
At the Well's lowest depth — which none but hands
Of new, untaught adventurers, from above,
Who know not the safe path, e'er dare to move —
Gave signal that a foot profane was nigh:
'Twas the Greek youth, who, by that morning's sky,
Had been observ'd, curiously wand'ring round
The mighty fanes of our sepulchral ground.

Instant, th' Initiate's Trials were prepar'd,—
The Fire, Air, Water; all that Orpheus dar'd,
That Plato, that the bright-hair'd Samian * pass'd,
With trembling hope, to come to—what, at last?
Go, ask the dupes of Priestcraft; question him
Who, mid terrific sounds and spectres dim,
Walks at Eleusis; ask of those, who brave
The dazzling miracles of Mithra's Cave,
With its seven starry gates; ask all who keep
Those terrible night-myst'ries where they weep
And howl sad dirges to the answering breeze,
O'er their dead Gods, their mortal Deities—
Amphibious, hybrid things, that died as men,
Drown'd, hang'd, empal'd, to rise, as gods, again;—
Ask them, what mighty secret lurks below
This sev'n-fold myst'ry—can they tell thee? No;
Gravely they keep that only secret, well
And fairly kept—that they have none to tell;
And, dup'd themselves, console their humbled pride
By duping thenceforth all mankind beside.

And such th'advance in fraud since Orpheus' time—
That earliest master of our craft sublime—
So many minor Myst'ries, imps of fraud,
From the great Orphic Egg have wing'd abroad,
That, still to' uphold our Temple's ancient boast,
And seem most holy, we must cheat the most;
Work the best miracles, wrap nonsense round
In pomp and darkness, till it seems profound;
Play on the hopes, the terrors of mankind,
With changeful skill; and make the human mind

* Pythagoras.
Like our own Sanctuary, where no ray,
But by the Priest's permission, wins its way —
Where through the gloom as wave our wizard rods,
Monsters, at will, are conjured into Gods;
While Reason, like a grave-faced mummy, stands,
With her arms swathed in hieroglyphic bands.
But chiefly in that skill with which we use
Man's wildest passions for Religion's views,
Yoking them to her ear like fiery steeds,
Lies the main art in which our craft succeeds.
And oh be blest, ye men of yore, whose toil
Hath, for our use, scoop'd out from Egypt's soil
This hidden Paradise, this mine of fanes,
Gardens, and palaces, where Pleasure reigns
In a rich, sunless empire of her own,
With all earth's luxuries lighting up her throne; —
A realm for mystery made, which undermines
The Nile itself and, 'neath the Twelve Great Shrines
That keep Initiation's holy rite,
Spreads its long labyrinths of unearthly light,
A light that knows no change — its brooks that run
Too deep for day, its gardens without sun,
Where soul and sense, by turns, are charm'd, surpris'd,
And all that bard or prophet e'er devis'd
For man's Elysium, priests have realiz'd.

Here, at this moment — all his trials past,
And heart and nerve unshrinking to the last—
Our new Initiate roves — as yet left free
To wander through this realm of mystery;
Feeding on such illusions as prepare
The soul, like mist o'er waterfalls, to wear
All shapes and hues, at Fancy's varying will,
Through every shifting aspect, vapour still;—
Vague glimpses of the Future, vistas shown,
By scenic skill, into that world unknown,
Which saints and sinners claim alike their own;
And all those other witching, wildering arts,
Illusions, terrors, that make human hearts,
Ay, ev'n the wisest and the hardiest, quail
To any goblin thron'd behind a veil.

Yes — such the spells shall haunt his eye, his ear,
Mix with his night-dreams, form his atmosphere;
Till, if our Sage be not tam'd down, at length,
His wit, his wisdom, shorn of all their strength,
Like Phrygian priests, in honour of the shrine —
If he become not absolutely mine,
Body and soul, and, like the tame decoy
Which wary hunters of wild doves employ,
Draw converts also, lure his brother wits
To the dark cage where his own spirit flits,
And give us, if not, saints, good hypocrites —
If I effect not this, then be it said
The ancient spirit of our craft hath fled,
Gone with that serpent-god the Cross hath chas'd
To hiss its soul out in the Theban waste.

* * * * * * *
FRAGMENTS FROM THE EPICUREAN.

You, who would try
Yon terrible track,
To live, or to die,
But ne'er to look back. —

You who aspire
To be purified there,
By the terrors of Fire,
Of Water, and Air —

If danger, and pain,
And death you despise,
On — for again
Into light you shall rise;

Rise into light
With that Secret Divine,
Now shrouded from sight
By the Veils of the Shrine.
"Drink of this cup — Osiris sips
The same in his halls below;
And the same he gives, to cool the lips
Of the Dead who downward go.

"Drink of this cup — the water within
Is fresh from Lethe’s stream;
’T will make the past, with all its sin,
And all its pain and sorrows, seem
Like a long-forgotten dream!

"The pleasure, whose charms
Are steep’d in woe;
The knowledge, that harms
The soul to know;

"The hope, that, bright
As the lake of the waste,
Allures the sight,
But mocks the taste;

"The love that binds
Its innocent wreath,
Where the serpent winds,
In venom, beneath;—

"All that, of evil or false, by thee
Hath ever been known or seen,
Shall melt away in this cup, and be
Forgot, as it never had been!"
"Drink of this cup—when Isis led
Her boy, of old to the beaming sky,
She mingled a draught divine, and said—
'Drink of this cup, thou'lt never die!'

"Thus do I say and sing to thee,
Heir of that boundless heav'n on high,
Though frail, and fall'n, and lost thou be,
Drink of this cup, thou'lt never die!

"And Memory, too, with her dreams shall come,
Dreams of a former, happier day,
When Heaven was still the Spirit's home,
And her wings had not yet fallen away;

"Glimpses of glory, ne'er forgot,
That tell, like gleams on a sunset sea,
What once hath been, what now is not,
But, oh, what again shall brightly be."

"Oh! Abyssinian tree,
We pray, we pray to thee;
By the glow of thy golden fruit,
And the violet hue of thy flower,
And the greeting mute
Of thy bough's salute
To the stranger who seeks thy bower."
"Oh! Abyssinian tree,
How the traveller blesses thee,
When the night no moon allows,
And the sunset hour is near,
And thou bend'st thy boughs
To kiss his brows,
Saying, 'Come rest thee here.'
Oh! Abyssinian tree,
Thus bow thy head to me!"

—— on one of those sweet nights
When Isis, the pure star of lovers, lights
Her bridal crescent o'er the holy stream —
When wandering youths and maidens watch her beam,
And number o'er the nights she hath to run,
Ere she again embrace her bridegroom sun.

[THE NILE.]

—— the glorious stream,
That late between its banks was seen to glide —
With shrines and marble cities, on each side,
Glittering, like jewels strung along a chain —
Had now sent forth its waters, and o'er plain
And valley, like a giant from his bed
Rising with outstretched limbs, superbly spread.
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