

*Higginson*

POEMS.



P O E M S

BY

WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING.



BOSTON:

CHARLES C. LITTLE AND JAMES BROWN.

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## POEMS.

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### EDWARD AND MARGARET.

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NOR rudely built that ancient hall, whose doors  
Held widely open by the unsparing hand  
Of active charity, gave amplest welcome ;  
Nor unadorned around with graceful trees,  
Whose music all the seasons through was heard  
Within the cheerful mansion. This abode,  
Framed for the occupation of content,  
Looked down upon a valley, where one lake  
Received into its depths some circling hills,  
Green in the summer, with majestic growth  
Of lofty cedars, and time-hallowed oaks,  
And the gay foliage of the birch and ash.

The sudden storms, nursed in the mountain's arms,  
Visited that tranquil landscape in brief kind,  
Coming with mighty speed, scarce touching there,  
As if that valley were too fair for violence.

In this calm spot dwelt the sweet Margaret,  
A maid of ruddy cheek and meaning eye,  
Gentle, and good, and eloquently fair.  
From earliest childhood, she had trod the paths  
Leading among those wild precipitous hills,  
Delight to trace the mountain-brook's descent,  
Through shelving rocks, and deep, embowered linns,  
Where, when the first warm beams of spring had come,  
The fearless birds sang with the dashing spray.  
Nor less in winter, mid the glittering banks  
Heaped of unspotted snow, the maiden roved,  
Charmed by the neat severity of frost.

And Margaret dwelt within the ancient hall,  
The sunlight of her home, her parents' joy ;  
So framed for social converse, that the hut,  
Or poorest shed of sorry cottager,

Had laughed with pleasure in her gladsome smile.  
Her mind had harbored only virtuous thoughts,  
Good wisdom that the Book of Life had taught,  
Unceasing love for man, respect for worth,  
And such calm judgment as a happy life,  
Spent with industrious aims and filial pride,  
Confers upon an innocent maiden's heart.  
Sixteen fair summers bloomed upon her cheek,  
That cheek unchannelled by an angry tear,  
And dimpled with the modesty of youth.  
But, from that clear, free air in which she lived,  
The breath of mountain independence, she  
Had caught a purpose firm and resolute,  
Exacting honesty of speech, and something  
Masculine almost, though softly carved in grace.

A stranger to the hamlet, Edward came,  
From cities built afar, a nervous voyager,  
To whom the streets crowded with anxious toil  
Were weariness of life. But twenty years  
Had marked his thoughtful brow, and this small space  
Filled with irregular days, and nights as sad,

Sufficed to bruise a sympathetic heart,  
Asking for love, — receiving careless words.  
A narrow bridge across life's arrowy foam,  
Is all that shrinking poverty controls,  
And yields this straitened path to forward wealth.

To Edward's mind, the outward world supplied  
The decorative gauds of pomp and show ;  
The liberal sky blazed freely forth for him,  
The countless worlds of space, the landscape smiled,  
And days among the hills were days of gold.  
To him, this calm, secluded hamlet seemed  
A tranquil island in the ocean's storm.  
He did forget what he had lately shared, —  
To follow mutely after empty state,  
Supply by thought the indolence of wealth,  
And frame for others that they could not shape.  
The influences of this serene isle  
Composed his turbulent fancies into dream.  
Couched on the grass, beneath the monarch trees,  
He drew fine pictures on the swimming air.  
No longer careworn with his daily needs,

He revelled in a future, shining gay.  
Thus might his life have passed in gentle thoughts,  
If only silent trees, and purling brooks  
Had varied that small hamlet's seeming calm.

But he had seen upon those lonely hills  
A maiden's form, one mellow evening, stand,  
Gazing in mute surprise upon the clouds  
That piled their snowy summits in the west.  
Lost as in trance, he dwelt upon the lines  
Rounding her vermeil cheek, her stately brow,  
Until her image, stamped upon his heart,  
Defied the golden sunset, the bright clouds,  
And broke that soft tranquillity in twain,  
In one swift instant, never more to form.

On the next Sabbath, to the village church  
Edward and Margaret came, how different !  
She cast a modest glance upon the youth,  
His stranger mien demanding some respect,  
Then studious bent her soul on pious quest,  
The youth forgotten, as he had not been.

How should she mark that wild and eager eye,  
How should she read the secrets of his heart !  
The week went by, and still another came,  
And Edward sought the prints of Margaret's foot,  
Along the streamlet's bank, and up the dell,  
Even to the midst of that deep solitude  
Where she was seated, braiding a green wreath,  
Of the broad ferns that seek the utmost shade.  
Yet even here a sunbeam wandered down,  
And touched a golden curl of Margaret's hair,  
And as she turned at Edward's soft approach,  
That thread of light caught in her sparkling eye,  
As if to pierce the rash intruder through.

Then first, she listened to dread passion's voice,  
Toned with rich melody, but echoing  
A dark and awful fate, if unreturned.  
In gentle accents, with unheeded pace,  
The youth thus poured his inmost thoughts for her :  
Nay ! look not on me with surprised air.  
Have I not marked thy wanderings even here,  
Where but the wind has entrance ? Am I not,

One of thy lineage, though less beautiful ?  
Do not these shapely trees associate near,  
To listen with glad ears to those sweet songs,  
Which the wild birds pour in united notes,  
And speeding on the way, the headlong brook  
Conceals not its clear charms from any eye.  
O ! if these forms thus picture forth my heart,  
How much more thou, twin image of my soul,  
Myself, concealed in a diviner shape.  
I do remember thee, as first I saw  
Thy sweet, proud figure, where the setting sun  
Vainly contrived to render thee more bright,  
And dressed with splendor mosses at thy feet,  
And built sublimest palaces within  
The sky ; yet only thee I saw, and now  
And ever thou art in my eyes the same.  
I wander through where never man hath trod,  
I seek most desolate regions, and dim caves,  
Where only reptiles crawl and hiss at me,  
I stand below the precipice, and ask  
The mighty rocks to fall and bury me,  
So that I may shut out thy speechless beauty,

That compels me on, through wood, and fell, and moor,  
Alone, yet in the breath of thy own being.  
This gale, beneath which all my powers have bent,  
Has borne me to thy feet, and now I seek  
The shelter of thy love, my only hope. —

Its own wild music, by this wilder tale  
Was hushed, the brook no longer foamed, the wind  
Among the trees was stilled asleep, at least  
To Margaret and Edward in their trance.  
By different ways they left that lonely spot,  
And Margaret mused upon her blessed home.

Next morn some peasants passing by the lake,  
Saw the fresh morning gild a floating corpse,  
Outstretched in placid slumber. On the face  
A tender smile was lingering, as to say, —  
This place of sepulture is girded round  
With an enchanting beauty, once like thine. —

When Margaret heard the tale of Edward's death,  
More solemn seemed the duties of her home,



And to her mother, who had heard the tale  
Of helpless love, and Edward's frenzied looks,  
She said : — How sad a fate was this, so young,  
So fragrant was this flower, so soon cut off  
By this strange mystery. — Then she replied : —  
O Margaret, let us still more learn from this,  
How the small bounds of home embrace the whole,  
And never leave these sweet and sheltered spots.  
As I have taught you, cheerful industry,  
And regular tasks pursued with patient thought,  
And the loved fireside of domestic peace,  
With reverence for man, and charity,  
Will strengthen, and preserve us from the dark,  
Impenetrable agonies of life.

## MEMORY.



### I.

I saw the pine trees on the shore  
Stand solemn in their dark green shroud,  
I heard the winds thy loss deplore,  
Whose beauty worlds had fleetly bowed.

Thy beauty ! God's own hand did press  
Thy rich curls round thy Grecian brow,  
And wound thee in lithe loveliness ;—  
I see thee standing by me now.

I hear thy solemn anthem fall  
Of richest song upon my ear,  
That clothes thee in thy golden pall,  
As this wide sun flows on the mere.

Away — 't is Autumn in the land,  
Though Summer decks the green pine's bough,  
Its spires are plucked by thy white hand, —  
I see thee standing by me now.

## II.

I dress thee in the withered leaves,  
Like forests when their day is done,  
I bear thee as the wain its sheaves,  
Which crisply rustle in the sun.

Thou trackest me, as bloodhounds scent  
The wanderer's feet, all down the glen ;  
Thy memory is the monument  
That dies not out my heart again.

So swift the circling years run round  
Their dizzy course, I hope to hide ;  
But till they lay me 'neath the ground,  
My resting-day shall be denied.

Thou, summer sun, wilt pity me,  
Thy beams once gladly sought my brow,  
My love, I wandered then with thee, —  
I see thee standing by me now.

## III.

A thousand flowers enchant the gale  
With perfume sweet as love's first kiss,  
And odors in the landscape sail,  
And charm the sense with sudden bliss.

But fate, who metes a different way  
To me, since I was falsely sold,  
Hath gray-haired turned the sunny day,  
Bent its high form, and made it old.

Age freezes me on every side,  
Since thy sweet beauty died to me,  
And I had better youthful died,  
Than broke such loving troth to thee.

I see the hills where heaven stoops  
To seize the shadows off their brow,  
But there my nature downward droops, —  
I see thee standing by me now.

## IV.

Come Time — come Death, and blot my doom  
With feller woes, if they be thine,  
Clang back thy gates, sepulchral tomb,  
And match thy barrenness with mine.

O moaning wind along the shore,  
How faint thy sobbing accents come !  
Strike on my heart with maddest roar,  
Thou meet'st no discord in this home.

Sear, blistering sun, these temple veins ;  
Blind, icy moon, these coldest eyes ;  
And drench me through, ye winter rains, —  
Swell, if ye can, my miseries.

Those dark, deep orbs are meeting mine,  
That white hand presses on my brow,  
That soft, sweet smile I know, 't is thine, —  
I see thee standing by me now.

## DREAMING.

TO ———.



Now may I thee describe a Paradise,  
That in the olden day I chanced to see,  
And plainly in my inward mirror lies  
The shape of that divine festivity ;  
So, brief may I interpret it to thee,  
Return for graceful prose of such a measure  
As in no rhyme will e'er pertain to me ;  
For I have not of life abounding leisure,  
I live not in gay rhyme, though that would be my  
pleasure.



There was a plain beneath a summer sky,  
Stretching away to mountains like blue air,  
Whose points, though surely not to heaven nigh,  
Did ever a most azure vestment wear,

On whose pure heights man's life became more rare ;  
So when we meet a soul of great design,  
Its noble presence is a weight to bear,  
Capped with pure snows, on which the few rays shine  
Of this world's gratitude, now in a swift decline.

Scattered upon the plain were holy trees,  
Those moving, yet immovable ideas ;  
They trembled for the little western breeze,  
So full of thought, so subdued to bright fears,  
While they o'erlast the number of our years.  
Birds reared their young in them, fearing no harm,  
For then upon the plain were shed no tears,  
But all were swelling in the sunlight calm,  
There was most perfect peace, that never felt alarm.

On a clear stream, o'er pebbles tinkling shrill, —  
In the embraces of a varied mass  
Of very sumptuous trees, whose mouths could fill  
Its roof with music from the winds that pass,  
Mixed with some whispers from the bright green  
grass,



A temple stood, — its roof enchased all  
With artists' history. What tale it was  
I cannot think ; a solemn funeral  
It may perchance have been, teaching from that gray  
wall.

This temple was a font of the best art,  
A juvenescent shape of pleasant thought,  
Such as would steal within thy inmost heart ;  
Oh, with what precious hands, ~~its~~ figures wrought,  
By learning from a life of love, 't was brought :  
The pillars rose with fine proportioned air,  
To them the entire world was plainly nought,  
They such complete self-grace did always wear,  
And in the radiant light their pious roof upbear.

And underneath this solemn, stately roof,  
Two dwelt, save when they wandered near the  
plain,  
Who from each other never kept aloof,  
But sometimes from the beach would hear the  
main,

Or see the early stars, a mild, sweet train,  
Come out to bury the diurnal sun.

There was such steadfast union in the twain  
They both each day of life at once begun,  
With them each day of life at the same time was done.

One's hair was brown and soft, and liked to play  
Around a neck whose meaning was quite clear,  
It fell about her face, — an early day,  
So she did in a kind of mist appear ;  
Her eye was liquid with a gentle fear,  
She felt a joy in her timidity :  
The other did her imitate most near,  
But not so mild nor eloquent was he,  
And both at morn and eve he bent the willing knee.

I leave thee — the maid spoke to the true youth —  
This is the day I promised to return ;  
But soon I come to you again, in truth  
To tend the fire perpetual of our urn,  
Of our delightful plain again to learn

Rich lessons. — The sun lay upon the line  
Of the last height ; the stars were soon to burn,  
The youth his front in silence could decline,  
In a most pure belief his every thought resign.

Long time had passed ; the maid was drest in state,  
Wild flared the odorous lamps, church music rung,  
The hour was of the darkest midnight late,  
As tolled the heavy bell with iron tongue ;  
Meantime in dewy woods brisk crickets sung,  
And shrieked from nodding towers the sharp-toned  
owl,  
Sitting upon his throne with ivy hung :  
And miserable priest drew tight his cowl,  
And in the city's depths the murderous deeds broke foul.

With the fair maid a youth of beauty stood,  
Whose countenance was touched with withering  
scorn ;  
Of no content and reverential mood,  
But a poor wanderer of the world forlorn,  
In whom the bad array was ever born

Of discord, hate, and forms I will not name,  
A sun uprising in a cloudy dawn, —  
The maid was loving this enamored same,  
For burned within her breast a most disastrous flame.

\* \* \* \* \*

Lying on fragrant leaves the youth was seen,  
In the sweet temple on the plain so wide.  
What perfect picture had his short life been !  
His ways had joyous nature ne'er belied, —  
But then, how was it he so soon had died ?  
For a few bones were in the temple fair,  
The graceful pillars round it did abide ;  
Fanned them the softly entering, singing air,  
The same mild aspect rose, was all devoid of care.

A meek old man was reading from a page,  
Reclined not far from the sweet temple's door ;  
He must have been a man of longest age,  
And promised now to last of years a store.  
The sunlight painted him all freshly o'er ;

With quiet face and soft entrancing eye  
He sate, as silent as a rocky shore,  
That listens to the ocean's lullaby,  
Nor moves its placid front though waves roar fright-  
fully.

Presently came along the unworn road  
A troop of people, and their mules, whose bells  
Merrily jingled o'er oppressive load.  
They stopped to breathe at one of the clear wells  
Of that old country, which forever swells  
From a most curious, ancient, carved stone ;  
And musical a tale it always tells,  
Ever a thinking song it sings alone,  
Coming from middest earth, and of the blessed Un-  
known.

They quickly passed away ; the sage sate still,  
And twilight melted down on stream and vale ;  
Nor did he move from his repose until  
The moon was gleaming like torn silver mail,  
And through ethereal deeps went gently pale ;

Then closing up his book, he silently  
Removed, saying in thought,— Shall not avail  
This summer rest, O lovely one ! To thee,  
Who ere thy real time put on that sanctity.

---

To thee should these few simple lines convey  
A pleasurable sense of my own mind,  
Which from my earliest youth, the frailest lay  
Has to me shadowed out in no great kind, —  
In that I shall a perfect pleasure find ;  
And in a future day may thee present  
With thoughts as permanent as shifting wind.  
Yet now believe that these are kindly meant,  
Though with no real life is this small story blent.

## AUTUMN ODE.

---

By the waterfall, and the lone road side  
Flowers of an hundred hues have died ;  
For the lonely gale is sighing deep,  
Over the valley and over the steep,  
And the soul of Autumn is haunting the day,  
And nothing but sorrow, for nothing is gay.

The leaves of the forest are changing their hue,  
They are yellow and red like a carpeted pew,  
They moan in the wind like an orphan child  
Whose mother lies dead on the moorland wild.

Not so in the Spring

When the green leaves cling  
To the truthful trees, like a lover's heart  
To her whom he loves, and who cannot part.

Then sang the Spring like a hymn of joy,  
In the sunny sheen of the glossy bough,  
Whilst her breath with the wavy grass did toy, —  
The grass which is withered so yellow now, —  
Notes of the breeze, of the sweet breeze warm,  
A thousand leagues off from a thought of storm.

Then, on the banks of the rushing stream,  
The tall polished stalks of the flowers rose up,  
Then must one lie and sweetly dream,  
While happiness glowed in his full life's cup, —  
It is over now.

Chill and cold comes the autumn wind,  
Snow and ice it is hiding behind,  
And its hands are full of unnumbered blights,  
To stand in the room of the sunny lights,  
Which wove the gold fruits on the orchard's breast,  
And lined the soft wall of the wood-bird's nest.

The song of the Summer has faded away,  
Her life she gave up in the last warm day.



No more are her steps on the flowery hills,  
No more the soul of the wood she fills  
With those snatches of joy, and that rustling light  
That sparkled like gems in the sun so bright.

## THE EARTH SPIRIT.



\* \* \* \* \*

THEN spoke the Spirit of the Earth,  
Her gentle voice like a soft water's song ; —  
None from my loins have ever birth,  
But what to joy and love belong ;  
I faithful am, and give to thee  
Blessings great, and give them free.  
I have woven shrouds of air  
In a loom of hurrying light,  
For the trees which blossoms bear,  
And gilded them with sheets of bright ;

I fall upon the grass like love's first kiss,  
I make the golden flies and their fine bliss.  
I paint the hedge-rows in the lane,  
And clover white and red the pathways bear,  
I laugh aloud in sudden gusts of rain,  
To see the ocean lash himself in air ;  
I throw smooth shells and weeds along the beach,  
And pour the curling waves far o'er the glassy reach ;  
Swing birds' nests in the elms, and shake cool moss  
Along the aged beams and hide their loss.  
The véry broad rough stones I gladden too ;  
Some willing seeds I drop along their sides,  
Nourish the generous plant with freshening dew,  
Till there, where all was waste, true joy abides.  
The peaks of aged mountains, with my care  
Smile in the red of glowing morn elate ;  
I bind the caverns of the sea with hair,  
Glossy, and long, and rich as king's estate ;  
I polish the green ice, and gleam the wall  
With the white frost, and leaf the brown trees tall.

\* \* \* \* \*

'T was so, — t' was thine. Earth ! thou wast true :  
I kneel, thy grateful child, I kneel,  
Thy full forgiveness for my sins I sue,  
My mother ! learn thy child can think and feel.  
Mother dear ! wilt pardon ~~me~~,  
Who loved not the generous sun,  
Nor thy seasons loved to hear  
Singing to the busy year ; —  
Thee neglected, — shut his heart,  
In thy being had no part ?  
Mother dear ! I list thy song  
In the autumn eve along ;  
Now thy chill airs round the day  
And leave me my time to pray.  
Mother dear ! the day must come,  
When I, thy child, shall make my home,  
My long, last home amid the grass,  
Over which thy warm hands pass.  
Ah me ! do let me lie  
Gently on thy breast to die ;  
I know my prayers will reach thy ear,

Thou art with me while I ask,  
Nor a child refuse to hear,  
Who would learn his little task.  
Let me take my part with thee  
In the gray clouds, or thy light,  
Laugh with thee upon the sea,  
Or idle on the land by night.  
In the trees I will with thee,  
In the flowers, like any bee.

I feel it shall be so. We were not born  
To sink our finer feelings in the dust ;  
And better to the grave with feelings torn,  
So in our-step strides truth and honest trust  
In the great love of things, than to be slaves  
To forms, whose ringing sides each stroke we give  
Stamps with a hollower want. Yes, to our graves  
Hurry, before we in the heavens' look live,  
Strangers to our best thoughts, and fearing men,  
And fearing death, and to be born again.

TO A FRIEND ON HIS MARRIAGE.

S. G. Ward

A LIGHT is in thine eyes,—an endless day  
Has risen, and an eterne sun now paints  
The dim and drear cold regions of this world.  
She whom thy love did honor, now hath pledged  
Obedience, faithful care, and life to thee.  
Now the stern winter, with his snowy hair,  
Droops thy fine fantasy with no vile frost,  
And disappointment with a keen-edged knife  
Cuts never more the cable of thy joys.  
Down to the inlet's shores, wherein thy bark  
Rides at its anchor, the sweet flowers are edged ;  
Violets and roses bloom, and the green grass.  
Whatever scents the air, like hidden notes

Of some rare instrument, or charms the gaze,  
This lives for thee. — I also honor thee.  
Though outward cold, and wanting show of love,  
My memory haunts the gladness of old days ;  
And in the sunny nooks of those warm thoughts  
Which are the pictures of *our* former years,  
I, like a tired child, still love to lie.

By the dark river ; — in the magic tents  
Of the rich trees, with sunlight creeping through,  
I wander yet, and see thee stand amazed  
At all the prodigal beauty. And beyond,  
Where level fields, their distance marked by elms,  
Stretch to the azure river, I yet roam ;  
Or on the mountains stand, as in those days ;  
So fair, so glad are those past years to me.  
Those are my jewels ; for these later times  
Are drawn in other figures. Not friendless,  
While thou yet hauntest here, the truest friend,  
Whom idlesse, distance, form and show of love  
Cannot dissever. Thanks for all to thee.

A shade is on my life. No more to me  
The green trees and blue skies yield up their joy ;  
A fatal, fatal shade is on my days,  
And though I smile, and seem to be as light,  
As merry, and as humorsome as most,  
The past, dear friend, casts darkness upon me.  
No more,— no more of this. Joy to thee, friend,  
Long life, and always glad ; like a green tree,  
Whose branches sing a summer melody.  
And now farewell ! The moon is riding up  
The serene azure. The keen stars are now  
Dressed in their whitest garments. Thro' the mask  
Of that consuming beauty which burns out  
In song, in picture, most of all in love,  
I see how Heaven hath blessed thee. Now  
farewell.  
It is a word, — sometime a thought of joy,  
Sometime of sorrow. Joy to thy future.



## THE HARBOR.



No more I seek, the prize is found,  
I furl my sails, my voyage is o'er ;  
The treacherous waves no longer sound  
But sing thy praise along the shore.

I steal from all I hoped of old,  
To throw more beauty round thy way ;  
The dross I part, and melt the gold,  
And stamp it with thy every-day.

I did not dream to welcome thee ;  
Like all I have thou camest unknown,  
An island in a misty sea,  
With stars, and flowers, and harvests strown.

A well is in the desert sand  
With purest water cold and clear,  
Where overjoyed at rest I stand,  
And drink the sound I hoped to hear.

## THE NIAGARA FALL.



'Tis the boom of the fall with a heavy pour,  
Solemn and slow as a thunder cloud,  
Majestic as the vast ocean's roar,  
Though the green trees round its singing crowd ;  
And the light is as green as the emerald grass,  
Or the wide leaved plants in the wet morass.

It sounds over all, and the rushing storm  
Cannot wrinkle its temples, or wave its hair.  
It dwells alone in the pride of its form,  
A lonely thing in the populous air.  
From the hanging cliffs it whirls away,  
All seasons through, all the livelong day.

## THOUGHTS.



### I.

THE Bible is a book worthy to read,  
The life of those great Prophets is the life we need,  
From all delusive seeming ever freed.

Be not afraid to utter what thou art,  
'Tis no disgrace to keep an open heart ;  
A soul free, frank, and loving friends to aid,  
Not even does this harm a gentle maid.

Strive as thou canst, thou wilt not value o'er  
Thy life ; — thou standest on a lighted shore,  
And from the depths of an unfathom'd sea  
The noblest impulses flow tenderly to thee ;  
Feel them as they arise, and take them free.

Better live unknown,  
No heart but thy own  
Beating ever near,  
To no mortal dear  
In thy hemisphere,  
Poor and wanting bread,  
Steeped in poverty,  
Than to be in dread,  
Than to be afraid  
From thyself to flee.  
For it is not living,  
To a soul believing,  
To change each noble joy  
Which our strength employs,  
For a state half rotten,  
And a life of toys ;  
Better be forgotten  
Than lose equipoise.

How shall I live ? In earnestness.  
What shall I do ? Work earnestly.

What shall I give ? A willingness.  
 What shall I gain ? Tranquillity.  
 But do you mean a quietness  
 In which I act, and no man bless ?  
 Flash out in action, infinite and free,  
 Action conjoined with deep tranquillity,  
 Resting upon the soul's true utterance,  
 And life shall flow as merry as a dance.

Being, — not seeming,  
 Thinking, — not dreaming,  
 Heavenward tending,  
 To all nature bending,  
 In transport unending ;  
 Then shalt thou follow  
 The flight of the swallow ; —  
 In a green flowery spring  
 Thy life's on the wing.

## II.

Life is too good to waste, enough to prize ;  
 Keep looking round with clear unhooded eyes ;

Love all thy brothers, and for them endure  
Many privations, the reward is sure.

A little thing! There is no little thing;  
Through all a joyful song is murmuring,  
Each leaf, each stem, each sound in winter drear  
Hath deepest meanings for an anxious ear.

Thou seest life is sad; the father mourns his wife and  
child;  
Keep in the midst of sorrows a fair aspect mild.

A howling fox, a shrieking owl,  
A violent distracting Ghoul,  
Forms of the most infuriate madness,—  
These may not move thy soul to gladness,  
But look within the dark outside,  
Nought shalt thou hate, and nought deride.

Thou meetest a common man,  
With a delusive show of *can*;

His acts are petty forgeries of natural greatness,  
That show a dreadful lateness  
Of this world's mighty impulses; a want of truthful  
earnestness :

He seems, not does, and in that shows  
No true nobility,  
A poor ductility  
That no proper office knows,  
Not even estimation small of human woes.

Be not afraid ;  
His understanding aid  
With thy own pure content,  
On highest purpose bent.

Leave him not lonely,  
For that his admiration  
Fastens on self and seeming only.  
Make a right dedication  
Of all thy strength to keep  
From swelling, that so ample heap



Of lives abused and virtue given for nought.  
And thus it shall appear for all in nature hast thou  
wrought.

If thou unconsciously perform what 's good  
Like nature's self thy proper mood.

A life well spent is like a flower  
That had bright sunshine its brief hour ;  
It flourished in pure willingness,  
Discovered strongest earnestness,  
Was fragrant for each lightest wind,  
Was of its own particular kind,  
Nor knew a tone of discord sharp ;  
Breathed alway like a silver harp,  
And went to immortality,  
A very proper thing to die.

## A POET'S LOVE.



I CAN remember well  
My very early youth,  
My sumptuous Isabel,  
Who was a girl of truth ;  
Of golden truth ; — we do not often see  
Those whose whole lives have only known to be.

So sunlight, very warm,  
On harvest fields and trees,  
Could not more sweetly form  
Rejoicing melodies  
For these deep things, than Isabel for me ;  
I lay beneath her soul as a lit tree.

That cottage where she dwelt  
Was all o'er mosses green ;  
I still forever felt  
How nothing stands between  
The soul and truth ; why starving poverty  
Was nothing — nothing, Isabel, to thee.

Grass beneath her faint tread  
Bent pleasantly away ;  
From her ne'er small birds fled,  
But kept at their bright play,  
Not fearing her ; it was her endless motion,  
Just a true swell upon a summer ocean.

They who conveyed her home, —  
I mean who led her where  
The spirit does not roam, —  
Had such small weight to bear,  
They scarcely felt. How softly was thy knell  
Rung for thee that soft day, girl Isabel !

I am no more below,  
My life is raised on high ;  
My fantasy was slow  
Ere Isabel could die,  
It pressed me down ; but now I sail away  
Into the regions of exceeding day.

And Isabel and I  
Float on the red-brown clouds,  
That amply multiply  
The very constant crowds  
Of serene shapes. Play on mortality !  
Thy happiest hour is that when thou may'st die.

The running winds are not more fleet  
That pace along the blue sea's floor,  
Than are thy tender childhood's feet,  
O girl, the best that nature bore.

## GIFTS.

---

A DROPPING shower of spray,  
Filled with a beam of light, —  
The breath of some soft day, —  
The groves by wan moonlight, —  
Some rivers flow,  
Some falling snow,  
Some bird's swift flight ; —

A summer field o'erstrawn  
With gay and laughing flowers,  
And shepherd's clocks half blown,  
That tell the merry hours, —  
The waving grain,  
The spring soft rain, —  
Are these things *ours* ?

## THE STARS.

---

SILENT companions of the blinded earth,  
Day's recollection, enemies of time, —  
How like an angel troop with folded hopes  
Ye stand, each separate in the azure.  
Hear! 'Tis the rushing of the midnight wind,  
Falling with his resistless scimitar  
Upon the mournful memories of the wood :  
Whirling before it to the South they flee,  
In sad confusion, to the sheltering South.  
The yellow grass moans in the chilling air,  
Each living thing runs to its in-door home ;  
But ye, clear stars, look with untrembling eyes  
On the fierce blast, far in your upper sphere.

Where the wild battle rages, and the streams  
Run crimson to the sea, and frightened death  
Falls shuddering at the slaughter, pressing hard  
His icy palms upon his saddened eyes,  
Your soft and dewy light floats gently o'er  
Sweet as a mother's thoughts by sleeping babe.

In your deep light I look and see the abode  
Of greater spirits than our life sends forth  
To wander in the paths of the green earth.  
I see a wisdom which this noisy day,  
That jars our phantom forms with rude uproar,  
Shall never emulate.   Unsleeping Stars!  
Who can distrust the love that reigns the world,  
Or think, though unheard, that your sphere is dumb.

## THE LOVER'S SONG.



BEE in the deep flower bells,  
Brook in the cavern dim,  
Fawn in the woodland dells  
Hideth him.

I hide in thy deep flower eyes,  
In the well of thy dark cold eye ;  
In thy heart my feelings rise,  
There they lie.

Sing love, sing, for thy song  
Filleth the life of my mind ;  
Thou bendest my woes along  
Like a wind.



Green of the spring and flower,  
Fruit of the summer day,  
Midnight and moon-lit hour —  
What say they?

Centre of them thou art,  
Building that points on high ;  
Sun, — for it is in thy heart,  
Will not die.

## SEA SONG.



OUR boat to the waves go free,  
By the bending tide, where the curled wave breaks,  
Like the track of the wind on the white snow flakes;  
Away! — away! 'Tis a path o'er the sea.

Blasts may rave, — spread the sail,  
For our spirits can wrest the power from the wind,  
And the gray clouds yield to the sunny mind,  
Fear not we the whirl of the gale.



Waves on the beach, and the wild sea-foam,  
With a leap, and a dash, and a sudden cheer,  
Where the sea-weed makes its bending home,  
And the sea birds swim on the crests so clear,  
Wave after wave, they are curling o'er  
While the white sand dazzles along the shore.

## BOAT SONG.



THE River calmly flows  
Through shining banks, through lonely glen,  
Where the owl shrieks, though ne'er the cheer of men  
Has stirred its mute repose ;  
Still if you should walk there, you would go there again.

The stream is well alive ;  
Another passive world you see,  
Where downward grows the form of every tree,  
Like soft light clouds they thrive ;  
Like them let us in our pure loves reflected be.

A yellow gleam is thrown  
 Into the secrets of that maze  
 Of tangled trees, that late shut out our gaze,  
 Refusing to be known ;  
 It must its privacy unclose, — its glories blaze.

Sweet falls the summer air *Caroline*  
 Over her form who sails with me, *Stanzas*  
 Her way like it is beautifully free,  
 Her nature far more rare,  
 And is her constant heart of virgin purity.

A quivering star is seen  
 Keeping its watch above the hill ;  
 Though from the sun's retreat small light is still  
 Poured on earth's saddening mien :  
 We all are tranquilly obeying Evening's will.

Thus ever love the Power ;  
To simplest thoughts dispose the mind ;  
In each obscure event a worship find  
Like that of this dim hour, —  
In lights, and airs, and trees, and in all human kind.

We smoothly glide below  
The faintly glimmering worlds of light :  
Day has a charm, and this deceptive night  
Brings a mysterious show ;  
He shadows our dear earth, but his cool stars are white.

## REVERENCE.



— As an ancestral heritage revere  
All learning, and all thought. The painter's fame  
Is thine, whate'er thy lot, who honorest grace.  
And need enough in this low time, when they,  
Who seek to captivate the fleeting notes  
Of heaven's sweet beauty, must despair almost,  
So heavy and obdurate show the hearts  
Of their companions. Honor kindly then  
Those who bear up in their so generous arms  
The beautiful ideas of matchless forms ;  
For were these not portrayed, our human fate, —  
Which is to be all high, majestic,  
To grow to goodness with each coming age,  
Till virtue leap and sing for joy to see

So noble, virtuous men, — would brief decay ;  
And the green, festering slime, oblivious, haunt  
About our common fate. Oh honor them !

But what to all true eyes has chiefest charm,  
And what to every breast where beats a heart  
Framed to one beautiful emotion, — to  
One sweet and natural feeling, lends a grace  
To all the tedious walks of common life,  
This is fair woman, — woman, whose applause  
Each poet sings, — woman the beautiful.  
Not that her fairest brow, or gentlest form  
Charm us to tears ; not that the smoothest cheek,  
Where ever rosy tints have made their home,  
So rivet us on her ; but that she is  
The subtle, delicate grace, — the inward grace,  
For words too excellent ; the noble, true,  
The majesty of earth ; the summer queen :  
In whose conceptions nothing but what's great  
Has any right. And, O ! her love for him,  
Who does but his small part in honoring her ;  
Discharging a sweet office, sweeter none,

Mother and child, friend, counsel and repose ; —  
Nought matches with her, nought has leave with her  
To highest human praise. Farewell to him  
Who reverences not with an excess  
Of faith the beauteous sex ; all barren he  
Shall live a living death of mockery.

Ah ! had but words the power, what could we say  
Of woman ! We, rude men, of violent phrase,  
Harsh action, even in repose inwardly harsh ;  
Whose lives walk blustering on high stilts, removed  
From all the purely gracious influence  
Of mother earth. To single from the host  
Of angel forms one only, and to her  
Devote our deepest heart and deepest mind  
Seems almost contradiction. Unto her  
We owe our greatest blessings, hours of cheer,  
Gay smiles, and sudden tears, and more than these  
A sure perpetual love. Regard her as  
She walks along the vast still earth ; and see !  
Before her flies a laughing troop of joys,  
And by her side treads old experience,



With never-failing voice admonitory ;  
The gentle, though infallible, kind advice,  
The watchful care, the fine regardfulness,  
Whatever mates with what we hope to find,  
All consummate in her — the summer queen.

To call past ages better than what now  
Man is enacting on life's crowded stage,  
Cannot improve our worth ; and for the world  
Blue is the sky as ever, and the stars  
Kindle their crystal flames at soft-fallen eve  
With the same purest lustre that the east  
Worshipped. The river gently flows through fields  
Where the broad-leaved corn spreads out, and loads  
Its ear as when the Indian tilled the soil.  
The dark green pine, — green in the winter's cold,  
Still whispers meaning emblems, as of old ;  
The cricket chirps, and the sweet, eager birds  
In the sad woods crowd their thick melodies ;  
But yet, to common eyes, life's poetry  
Something has faded, and the cause of this  
May be that man, no longer at the shrine.

Of woman, kneeling with true reverence,  
In spite of field, wood, river, stars and sea  
Goes most disconsolate. A babble now,  
A huge and wind-swelled babble, fills the place  
Of that great adoration which of old  
Man had for woman. In these days no more  
Is love the pith and marrow of man's fate.

Thou who in early years feelest awake  
To finest impulses from nature's breath,  
And in thy walk hearest such sounds of truth  
As on the common ear strike without heed,  
Beware of men around thee. Men are foul,  
With avarice, ambition and deceit ;  
The worst of all, ambition. This is life  
Spent in a feverish chase for selfish ends,  
Which has no virtue to redeem its toil  
But one long, stagnant hope to raise the self.  
The miser's life to this seems sweet and fair ;  
Better to pile the glittering coin, than seek  
To overtop our brothers and our loves.  
Merit in this? Where lies it, though thy name

Ring over distant lands, meeting the wind  
Even on the extremest verge of the wide world.  
Merit in this? Better be hurled abroad  
On the vast whirling tide, than in thyself  
Concentred, feed upon thy own applause.  
Thee shall the good man yield no reverence;  
But, while the idle, dissolute crowd are loud  
In voice to send thee flattery, shall rejoice  
That he has scaped thy fatal doom, and known  
How humble faith in the good soul of things  
Provides amplest enjoyment. O my brother,  
If the Past's counsel any honour claim  
From thee, go read the history of those  
Who a like path have trod, and see a fate  
Wretched with fears, changing like leaves at noon,  
When the new wind sings in the white birch wood.  
Learn from the simple child the rule of life,  
And from the movements of the unconscious tribes  
Of animal nature, those that bend the wing  
Or cleave the azure tide, content to be,  
What the great frame provides, — freedom and grace.  
Thee, simple child, do the swift winds obey,

And the white waterfalls with their bold leaps  
Follow thy movements. Tenderly the light  
Thee watches, girding with a zone of radiance,  
And all the swinging herbs love thy soft steps.

Sambon says this was published by  
Park Benjamin in the U.S. Magazine  
in 1835 before W.S.A. was by

## THE SPIDER.



HABITANT of castle gray,  
Creeping thing in sober way,  
Visible sage mechanician,  
Skilfullest arithmetician,  
Aged animal at birth,  
Wanting joy and idle mirth ;  
Clothed in famous tunic old,  
Vestments black, of many a fold,  
Spotted mightily with gold ;  
Weaving, spinning in the sun  
Since the world its course has run ;  
Creation beautiful in art,  
Of God's providence a part,—  
What if none will look at thee,  
Sighing for the humming bee,

Or great moth with heavenly wings,  
Or the nightingale who sings? —  
Curious spider, thou 'rt to me  
Of a mighty family.

Tender of a mystic loom,  
Weaving in my silent room  
Canopy, that haply vies  
With the mortal fabric wise ;  
Everlasting procreator,  
Ne'er was such a generator.  
Adam wondered at thy skill,  
And thy persevering will,  
That continueth to spin,  
Caring not a yellow pin  
For the mortals' dire confusion ;  
Sager in profound conclusion  
Than astronomer at night,  
When he brings new worlds to light.  
Heaven has furnished thee with tools,  
Such as ne'er a heap of fools

Have by dint of sweat and pain  
Made for use, and made in vain.

When mild breeze is hither straying,  
Sweetest music kindly playing,  
Raising high the whispering leaves  
And the covering of the sheaves,  
Thou art rocking, airy thing,  
Like a proud exalted king ;  
Conqueror thou surely art,  
And majestic of heart.  
There are times of loneliness  
When a living thing we bless ;  
Times of miserable sin,  
Cold without, and dark within ;  
Then, old spider, haply I  
Seek thy busy factory ;  
Always finding thee at home,  
Too forecasting e'er to roam ;  
So we sit and spin together  
In the gayest, gloomiest weather.

## THE PICTURE.



My mind obeys the power  
That through all persons breathes,  
And woods are murmuring,  
And fields begin to sing,  
And in me nature wreathes.

Thou too art with me here, —  
The best of all design ;  
Of that strong purity  
Which makes it joy to be  
A distant thought of thine.



## A SONG OF SPRING.



LEAVES on the trees,  
And buds in the breeze,  
And tall grass waving on the meadows' side,  
And a showerlet sweet,  
While the soft clouds meet  
Again in their golden robes when day has died.

The scholar his pen  
Hath mended again,  
For the new life runs in his wearied veins ;  
While the wild child flies  
Mid the flowers' fresh dyes,  
And the happy bird gushes with sudden strains.

## WINTER SONG.



COLD blows the blast,  
And the snow falls fast  
On meadow and moor, and the deep blue lake ;  
And the wind it is keen  
In the snow-white sheen,  
As the glances which the Envies make.

Merrily by the hearthstone we  
Sit with a song of social glee,  
While the blaze of the red fire glows,  
Painting the sides of the rafters old,  
Till they shine in the roof like melted gold,  
Right under the piled up, chilling snows.

Now the brooks are bound,  
And make no sound,  
Still as a corpse in its coffin drear ;  
While the icicles shine  
As stately and fine  
As the lamps of the church o'er the death-cold bier.

But it troubleth not us,  
There are joys for us,  
And thine eye is as warm as in summer time ;  
Thy kiss is as sweet,  
And thy loving arms meet  
As were ringing abroad the soft winds' chime.

## H O M E .

---

'T is far away, dear friend, 't is far away  
Where we were born and nurtured, and grew up.  
'Thither to-day, as this new gate of time  
Swings on its noiseless hinges slowly back,  
Through the far vista of our boyish years,  
Look with a saddened eye, ay! once more look,  
Ere through these portals we pass idly on,  
To see the coming painted on the wall.

I see a grand procession of fine hopes,  
Each with his face wrapped in a sable stole,  
And turned away from me their once bright eyes,  
All mutely gazing on the snowy ground.

Then one, — still farther down, — this mournful troop  
They carry on a bier hung round with frost.  
The light is like a dying person's eye ;  
For O ! our passèd years shall make us weep,  
Nor shall our boyish years live but in dreams.

They say our home is in a better land ;  
That we are pilgrims here, and on this march  
We shall stop never, but with soiled feet  
Track the hard pavement with our dusty prints.  
But yet to journey homeward were most fair,  
And, no one knowing, burst upon their sight ; —  
Thou art come ! — Indeed is 't thou, from the far land ? —  
That joy was in their hearts. And as the lake's  
Calm surface is at once waked into life  
By one slight move, so should my sudden sight  
Arouse their peaceful feelings. So will 't be  
When some pure man makes of this world a home,  
All home, — both on new-years and birth-days home,  
And all the people laugh within their hearts,  
That this is city of God, both then and now.

## ON RECEIVING SOME DRAWINGS.

---

SWEET are these drawings, and though wanting that  
Great finish and pretence, which modern art  
Dresses its being in, to me they are  
A finer exposition of the mind  
From which they issued, than more labored skill,  
These first faint streaks of that consuming light  
Which thou shalt shed on art, and all fair things.  
For thou wert made for beauty, dwell'st in it.  
No other home is thine, than wheré the world  
Winds her green tresses o'er the golden bank,  
Under whose edge the wild brook leaps along,  
Like a mad courser running to the sea.

Thee shall the azure fill with countless hopes,  
And the soft wind of Summer in thy ear  
Speak with a voice of pleasure. But thy way  
Not thus for ever. There shall be a day  
When perchance sorrow, with her icy smile  
Shall visit thee. Then shall thy wondrous art,  
With most consoling influence, beckon thee  
To sweet thoughts ; — then thy pencil guide the way  
Into a region of keen memories ;  
And many a form spring into graceful life,  
Airy and light, dispellers of thy gloom.  
Ah glorious fancy, who with shaping skill  
Hast visited us here, else how obscure,  
And with thy splendid charms and graceful mien  
Re-clothed the sere and tearful, drooping world,  
So that now going onward to the tomb,  
Alone and halt, beggars in love and joy,  
We from thy presence catch a glance of heaven,  
And on the face of nature read the life  
Which we did wish to live, as though 't were so.

## OUR BIRTH DAYS.



THESE are the solemnest days of our bright lives,  
When memory and hope within exert  
Delightful reign ; when sympathy revives,  
And that which late was in the soul inert  
Grows warm and living ; and to us, alone  
Are these a knowledge, nowise may they hurt,  
Or cry aloud, or frighten out the tone  
Which we will strive to wear, and as calm nature own.

Whatever scenes our eyes once gratified,  
Those landscapes couched around our early homes,  
To which our tender, peaceful hearts replied,  
To those our present happy feeling roams ;



And takes a mightier joy than from the tomes  
Of the pure scholar ; those ten thousand sights  
Of constant nature flow in us, as foams  
The bubbling spring ; these are the true delights  
Wherewith this solemn world the sorrowful requites.

v. l. a. l.

WRITTEN IN THE EVENING OF A  
NOVEMBER DAY.

---

THEE, mild autumnal day,  
I felt, not for myself ; the winds may steal  
From any point, and seem to me alike  
Reviving, soothing powers.

Like thee the contrast is  
Of a new mood in a decaying man,  
Whose idle mind is suddenly revived  
With many pleasant thoughts.

Our earth was gratified ;  
Fresh grass, a stranger in this frosty clime,  
Peeped from the crumbling mould, as welcome as  
An unexpected friend.

How glowed the evening star,  
As it delights to glow in summer's midst,  
When out of ruddy boughs the twilight birds  
Sing flowing harmony.

Peace was the will to-day ;  
Love in bewildering growth our joyous minds  
Swelled to their widest bounds ; the worldly left  
All hearts to sympathize.

I felt for thee, — for thee,  
Whose inward, outward life completely moves,  
Surrendered to the beauty of the soul  
Of this creative day.

## INSCRIPTION FOR A GARDEN.



THE spirit builds his house in the least flowers, —  
A beautiful mansion ; how the colors live,  
Intricately delicate. Every night  
An angel, for this purpose, from the heavens  
With his small urn of ivory-like hue drops  
A globular world of the purest element  
In the flower's midst, feeding its tender soul  
With lively inspiration. Wonder 't is  
That man will still want knowledge ; is not here,  
Spread in amazing wealth, a form too rare,  
A soul so inward, that with open heart  
Tremulous and tender, we must ever fear  
Not to see near enough, of these deep things ?

## THE LOVER'S FEAR.

---

THERE is a grace upon the waving trees,  
A beauty in the wide and heaving sea,  
A glory is there in the rushing breeze,  
Yet what are all these fairy things to me ?  
What by the side of such an one as thee ?  
They weigh as dust against the purest gold ;  
And all the words of fine society  
And all the famous thoughts great men have told,  
By side of thee seem dull, — dull, heavy and most cold.

If thou art lost to me, farewell my heart !  
There is one jewel for thy prizing here,  
But how companionless and chilled thou art,  
If this great lustre, unto thee so dear  
Fall, like an autumn leaf, withered and sere,  
And leave thee on the shore of time, alone ;  
So shall this living earth be thy true bier,  
Its every sound a wretched, mournful tone,  
And all thy passions' tears turned into hardest stone.

## TO CLIO.



PLANETS bear thee in their hands,  
Azure skies have folded o'er thee,  
Thou art sung by angel bands,  
And the deep, cold, throbbing sea ;  
Whispered in each sighing tree,  
In each meadow's melody.

Where the sprites outwatch the moon,  
And the ghostly night breeze swells,  
And the brook prolongs a tune  
Through the shimmering, shadowed dells ;  
There thou weavest unknown spells  
To the ringing fairy bells.

In thy folded trance there hide  
Ceaseless measures of content,  
And thou art of form the bride,  
Shapely picture's element.

## THE BENIGHTED TRAVELLER.



HE journeys on, slow moving o'er the moor.  
The treacherous dark has razed his homeward path,  
And like a spirit from the heavens sent,  
Dances before him his old kitchen hearth,  
His children round, and antique serving maid.  
The pale stars glimmer through a flickering mist,  
While chill the night-breeze creeps about his heart.  
His unfamiliar step crushes the herb  
That withered long ago, untouched before.  
He stumbles o'er rude stones, and climbs the hill,  
To see the waning moon with pity look  
On marshes spread beneath, and endless glades  
Where never fell his eye until this hour.



## THE RIVER.



THERE is an inward voice, that in the stream  
Sends forth its spirit to the listening ear,  
And in a calm content it floweth on,  
Like wisdom, welcome with its own respect.  
Clear in its breast lie all these beauteous thoughts.  
It doth receive the green and graceful trees,  
And the gray rocks smile in its peaceful arms,  
And over all floats a serenest blue,  
Which the mild heaven sheds down on it like rain.  
O fair, sweet stream, thy undisturbed repose  
Me beckons to thy front, and thou vexed world,  
Thou other turbulent sphere where I have dwelt,  
Diminished into distance touch'st no more

My feelings here, than does the swaying soft,  
(Made by the delicate wave parted in front,  
As through the gentle element we move  
Like shadows gliding through untroubled realms,  
Disturb these lily circles, these white bells.  
And yet on thee shall wind come fiercely down,  
Hail pelt thee with dull words, ice bind thee up ;  
And yet again when the fierce rage is o'er,  
O smiling river, shalt thou smile once more,  
And, as it were, even in thy depths revere  
The sage security thy nature wears.

## THE POOR MAN.



LIKE a lion at bay,  
Like a cold still day,  
Stands the poor man here,  
Few friends has he,  
And fewer they be  
With the turn of each year ;

Who can buy him no house,  
Who cannot carouse,  
Nor his neighbors delight ;  
Whose cabin is cold,  
Whose vestment is old,  
Whose heart only shineth bright.

They eye him askance  
With a feeble glance,  
Half shake him by the hand, —  
’T is the poor man, he  
Hath no gold to give to me ;  
There are richer in the land. —

But the sun shineth fair  
’Through the blue-woven air,  
To the poor man’s mind ;  
His ears are all ready,  
And his hearing is steady,  
As rushes the wind.

The seed he puts in earth,  
Of its fruit hath the birth ;  
Tall waves the fragrant flower ;  
He hath carved a broad stone  
That the time may be known ;  
The dial telleth him the hour.

The birds over his head  
Their broad wings spread,  
Their songs to him they sing ;  
The brook runs him to meet,  
And washeth gently his feet,  
While the meadows their joys bring.

## STILLWATER.



THOU lazy river flowing neither way  
Me figurest, and yet thy banks seem gay.  
I flow between the shores of this large life,  
My banks are fair as thine, with joy as rife ;  
Thy tides will swell when the next moon comes round,  
But mine far higher in their rise be found.

## FAREWELL.



THE time is told when we must part  
For this present, and for long ;  
Yet I hear thee in my heart  
Sing sweet strains of childhood's song.

What I might have proved to thee,  
Must the azure future say ;  
And my brightest memory  
Paint with gold thy distant way.

## MOONLIGHT.



HE came and waved a little silver wand,  
He dropped the veil that hid a statue fair,  
He drew a circle with that pearly hand,  
His grace confined that beauty in the air ;—  
Those limbs so gentle, now at rest from flight,  
Those quiet eyes now musing on the night.



TO ANNA.



Thou golden figure of the shaded sun,  
Thou stately streamlet singing on thy way,  
Thou harp, that beauty plays its notes upon,  
Thou silver image of departing day!

Thou summer charm, how shall the winter glow,  
That thou serenely shinest through the air,  
Clothing with rosy tints the once pale snow,  
Until the frosts rich crimson flowers upbear!

## THE SIBYL TO HER LOVER.

---

Roam, — the wide world before thee,  
O'er mount, o'er vale, o'er stream, o'er sea,  
Roam, — outspread before the gale,  
Even if it rend thy swelling sail.  
Beware of the sunny isles !  
Trust not their rosy smiles.

I, — what am I to thee ?  
A speck on thy life's morning sea, —  
Soon shalt thou forget me,  
Thou honey-gathering bee ;  
With thy laden freight shalt pass  
Over all the earth to day,  
Sweeping, as the bending grass  
Lives beneath the wild air's play.

Set thy canvass to the wind,  
Thy rudder man for ocean war,  
And cleaving, leave the land behind,  
Thy rushing course pursuing far.  
Beware of the sunny isles !  
Trust not their rosy smiles.

Look not on beauty for thy mate,  
Nor sparkling wine, nor fantasy ;  
But drink the perfect desolate  
Of some wild, lofty misery.  
Beware of the sunny isles !  
Trust not their rosy smiles.

Thy goblet will not hold a draught.  
What lips can drain from half a rim ?  
Nor canst thou mould it whole by craft,  
Though fused its ore in starlight dim.  
Away ! Thou sail'st the misty sea,  
A nervèd hand, and sparkling free.

Away! away! delay no more,  
I see thy cavern's thunder cloud ;  
Put off! put off! and hate the shore,  
Before thy life with storm is bowed.  
Beware the sounds of single-hearted time,  
For they will chill thee like the hoar frost's rime.

Weave but one circlet for thy hair,  
Twine but one chaplet for thy brow ;  
A wreath of floating, azure air,  
And into it the sunlight throw,  
Let gold hide 'neath the twisted braid  
Heart's blood, as it is sometimes said.

Thy robe shall stream like crimson bars,  
That fleck the sunset banner wide,  
And float above thy ruby wars,  
As it in gore were richly dyed.  
And warm and sweet thy life shall be  
Across the fathoms of the sea.

Wait but the hour, — thy course is run ;  
Life's carpentry will build no more ;  
Thou shalt sit silenced in the dun,  
Perpetual tempests' sluggish roar ;  
Those velvet tresses soft and free,  
Slimed and disfigured then shall be.

Bide not thy time, heed not thy fate,  
Believe no truth, respect no law,  
Fling to the winds foul custom's state,  
And play with every antique saw ;  
For in thee hides a matchless light,  
That splendors all the dreaming night.

Thy bark shall be a precious stone,  
In whose red veins deep magic hides ;  
Thy ecstasies be known to none,  
Except those vast perpetual tides  
Which circulate the world's wide round,  
But whisper not the lightest sound.

Away! away! thou starlit breath,  
On bended knees I pray thee, go!  
O bind thy temples not with death,  
Nor let thy shadow fall on snow.  
Beware of the sunny isles!  
Trust not their rosy smiles.

See how the morning gilds the main,  
See how the sun sets splendidly,  
And mark thy graceful vessel's gain  
When thou art flashing through the sea,  
While crested cliffs hiss madly near,  
Or the long reach sheds seaweeds' tear.

No sunken rock shall shatter thee,  
No blasting wind thy bark pursue,  
But thou shalt sail as comes to me  
The forest's anthem, just and true;  
Spread thy green canvass to the breeze,  
Thy bows surrender to the seas.

Thy music shall the sunset star  
Tune spherally in liquid light,  
Thy jewelled couch the south inbar  
Within the curtains of the night,  
And fold thee in those clustering arms,  
To sing thee deep in dreamiest charms.

## A POET'S HOPE.

---

FLYING, — flying beyond all lower regions,  
Beyond the light called day, and night's repose,  
Where the untrammelled soul, on her wind-pinions  
Fearlessly sweeping, defies my earthly woes ; —  
There, — there, upon that infinitest sea,  
Lady, thy hope, — so fair a hope, summons me.

Fall off, ye garments of my misty weather,  
Drop from my eyes, ye scales of time's applying ;  
Am I not godlike ? meet not here together  
A past and future infinite, defying,  
The cold, still, callous moment of to-day ?  
Am I not master of the calm always ?



Would I could summon from the deep, deep mine,  
Glutted with shapely jewels, glittering bright,  
One echo of that splendor, call it thine,  
And weave it in the strands of living light ;  
For it is in me, and the sea smiles fair,  
And thitherward I rage, on whirling air.

Unloose me, demons of dull care and want,  
I will not stand your slave, I am your king ;  
Think not within your meshes vile I pant  
For the wild liberty of an unclipt wing ;  
My empire is myself, and I defy  
The external ; yes ! I rule the whole, or die.

All music that the fullest breeze can play  
In its melodious whisperings in the wood,  
All modulations which entrance the day  
And deify a sunlight solitude ;  
All anthems that the waves sing to the ocean  
Are mine for song, and yield to my devotion.

And mine the soft glaze of a loving eye,  
And mine the pure shapes of the human form,  
And mine the bitterest sorrow's witchery,  
And spells enough to make a snow-king warm ;  
For an undying hope thou breathest me, —  
Hope which can ride the tossing, foaming sea.

Lady, there is a hope that all men have,  
Some mercy for their faults, a grassy place  
To rest in, and a flower-strown, gentle grave ;  
Another hope which purifies our race,  
That when that fearful bourne forever past,  
They may find rest, — and rest so long to last.

I seek it not, I ask no rest for ever,  
My path is onward to the farthest shores, —  
Upbear me in your arms, unceasing river,  
That from the soul's clear fountain swiftly pours,  
Motionless not, until the end is won,  
Which now I feel hath scarcely felt the sun.

To feel, to know, to soar unlimited,  
Mid throngs of light-winged angels sweeping far,  
And pore upon the realms unvisited,  
That tessellate the unseen unthought star,  
To be the thing that now I feebly dream  
Flashing within my faintest, deepest gleam.

Ah! caverns of my soul! how thick your shade,  
Where flows that life by which I faintly see, —  
Wave your bright torches, for I need your aid,  
Golden-eyed demons of my ancestry! *i. e.*  
Your son though blinded hath a light within,  
A heavenly fire which ye from suns did win.

And, lady, in thy hope my life will rise  
Like the air-voyager, till I upbear  
These heavy curtains of my filmy eyes,  
Into a lighter, more celestial air;  
A mortal's hope shall bear me safely on,  
Till I the higher region shall have won.

O Time ! O death ! I clasp you in my arms,  
For I can soothe an infinite cold sorrow,  
And gaze contented on your icy charms,  
And that wild snow-pile, which we call to-morrow ;  
Sweep on, O soft, and azure-lidded sky,  
Earth's waters to your gentle gaze reply.

I am not earth-born, though I here delay ;  
Hope's child, I summon infiniter powers,  
And laugh to see the mild and sunny day  
Smile on the shrunk and thin autumnal hours ;  
I laugh, for hope hath happy place with me,  
If my bark sinks, 't is to another sea.

## THE TEMPLE.



“SEEST thou yon azure dome  
Where the thoughtful stars have home,  
This floor of earth, those pillars tall,  
The green wreathed mountain’s steadfast wall?”

A moody man, he stands apart,  
Nor listens to the pleasing charm,  
And yet he has a human heart,  
A heart with human feelings warm.

## OCTOBER.



DRY leaves with yellow ferns, they are  
Fit wreath of Autumn, while a star  
Still, bright, and pure, our frosty air  
    Shivers in twinkling points  
    Of thin, celestial hair,  
And thus one side of heaven anoints.

I am beneath the moon's calm look,  
Most quiet in this sheltered nook,  
From trouble of the frosty wind  
    That curls the yellow blade ;  
    Though in my covered mind  
A grateful sense of change is made.

To wandering men how dear this sight,  
Of a cold, tranquil autumn night,  
    In its majestic, deep repose.  
    Thus shall their genius be,  
    Not buried in high snows,  
Though of as mute tranquillity.

An anxious life they will not pass,  
Nor, as the shadow on the grass,  
Leave no impression there to stay ;  
    To them all things are thought ;  
    The blushing morn's decay,  
Our death, our life, by this is taught.

O find in every haze that shines  
A brief appearance without lines,  
A single word, — no finite joy ;  
    For present is a Power  
    Which we may not annoy,  
Yet love him stronger every hour.

I would not put this sense from me,  
If I could some great sovereign be ;  
Yet will not task a fellow man  
    To feel the same glad sense ;  
    For no one living can  
Feel, save his given influence.



## THE POOR.

---

I do not mourn my friends are false,  
I dare not grieve for sins of mine,  
I weep for those who pine to death,  
Great God! in this rich world of thine.

So many trees there are to see,  
And fields go waving broad with grain,  
And yet, — what utter misery! —  
Our very brothers lie in pain.

These by their darkened hearth-stones sit,  
Their children shivering idly round,  
As true as liveth God, 't were fit  
For these poor men to curse the ground.

And those who daily bread have none,  
Half starved the long, long winter's day,  
Fond parents gazing on their young,  
Too wholly sad one word to say.

To them it seems, their God has cursed  
This race of ours since they were born ;  
Willing to toil, and yet deprived  
Of common wood, or store of corn.

I do not weep for my own woes,  
They are as nothing in my eye ;  
I weep for them who, starved and froze,  
Do curse their God, and long to die.

## FADING AWAY.



Sunny day !

Sunny day !

Why are shorn thy golden beams ?

Mortal, tell me, are thy dreams

Fading away ?

Summer flowers !

Summer flowers !

Fall your leaves forever lost ?

Mortal, has no sudden frost

Crisped thine hours ?

Shrine of clay !

Shrine of clay !

Shall thy fine pulsations cease ?

Mortal, 't is a blest release,

Fading away.

## FOR A WOOD SCENE IN WINTER.



AROUND this spot the trees have fallen, — the path  
Leads its rude way o'er the decaying trunks  
Of prostrate pines. Above, against the sky,  
A massy wall of splintered rock soars up,  
Once gay with those green plants that smile in shade,  
The broad-leaved ferns. How still it is, — how lone.  
You seem to hear the silence whispering — hush !  
But in the spring I heard, as here I stood,  
A loud and hissing stream, and in the fall  
The wind plies its wild fingers, and plucks off  
The sere and crimson foliage of the ash.

Life's winter, like the silent season, mute,  
Crowned by a wreath of snow as white as this,  
That hangs so loosely on the leafless trees,  
Like this calm place still brightens in the sun ;  
And winter should be dear to man, as he  
In his most venerable aspect, this  
Does imitate.

U N A .



WE are centred deeper far  
Than the eye of any star,  
Nor can rays of long sunlight  
Thread a pace of our delight.  
In thy form I see the day  
Burning, of a kingdom higher,  
In thy silver net-work play  
Thoughts that to the Gods aspire ;  
In thy cheek I see the flame  
Of the studious taper burn,  
And thy Grecian eye might tame  
Nature's ashed in antique urn ;

Yet with this lofty element  
Flows a pure stream of gentle kindness,  
And thou to life thy strength hast lent,  
And borne profoundest tenderness  
In thy Promethean fearless arm,  
With mercy's love that would all angels charm.

So trembling meek, so proudly strong,  
Thou dost to higher worlds belong,  
Than where I sing this empty song :  
Yet I, a thing of mortal kind,  
Can kneel before thy pathless mind,  
And see in thee what my mates say  
Sank o'er Judea's hills one crimson day.  
Yet flames on high the keen Greek fire,  
And later ages rarefies,  
And even on my tuneless lyre  
A faint, wan beam of radiance dies.

And might I say what I have thought  
Of thee, and those I love to-day,  
Then had the world an echo caught  
Of that intense, impassioned lay,  
Which sung in those thy being sings,  
And from the deepest ages rings.



P A S T .



I would I were at home again,  
My days are running fast away,  
And bring me nothing true but pain,  
Though I may look so glad and gay.

My friend, this world is more to thee,  
Than to thy old companion here,  
For I must always turn and flee,  
While thou advancest without fear.

The blue skies greet me without joy,  
The earth is fearful, cold and dull,  
I wish I were once more a boy,  
It then all seemed so beautiful.

I cling to what I loved before,  
I joy in what I used to do,—  
I cannot learn to love you more,  
But O! I long to fly to you.

Yes! I shall come and be a child  
Where I was childish, and grow glad  
To hear your gentle voice so mild,  
And play again where I was sad.

For I was sad in days past by,  
But now am sad that they are past,  
And all my joys in memory,  
Are perfectly and finely glassed.

## THE FRIENDS.

---

OUR village churchyard, — would I could relate  
To you all that I think of it, its trees,  
Its trailing grass, the hanging stones, that say,  
This watch o'er human bones fatigues not us ;  
My boyhood's fear unsatisfied, for then  
I thought a wandering wind some ghostly father,  
While the sweet rustle of the locust leaves  
Shot a thin crystal web of icy dread  
O'er the swift current of my wild heart's blood.  
One night the pastor's form among the tombs  
Chased the big drops across my unseamed brow.  
You smile, — believe me, lesser things than these  
Can win a boy's emotions.

These graves, — you mean ;  
Their history who knows better than I ?  
For in the busy street strikes on my ear  
Each sound, even inaudible voices  
Lengthen the long tale my memory tells.  
Now mark how reads the epitaph, — “ Here lie  
Two, who in life were parted, now together.”  
I should remember this brief record well.  
And yet these two, their lives were much the same  
With all who crowd the narrow bridge of life ;  
I see but little difference, truly ;  
The greatest yet, is he who still lives on.  
Alas ! the day seemed big with mighty pains  
That laid the first of these within this tomb.  
There was within the air a murmuring sound,  
For all the summer’s life was fluttering o’er,  
While the clear autumn conquered, and was glad.  
I bore a part of the coffin, and my feet  
Scattered the shrouds of the green foliage ;  
Yellow the flowers nature spread o’er the bier.  
You read no names upon this monument ;  
I could not have them graved ; why should we name

So patiently our friends ; enough we know them.  
Esther her name, and who so gay as she.  
Twelve years had gently smoothed the sunny hair  
That showered its golden mists adown her neck,  
Twelve years, — twelve little years laughed in those  
eyes

Where, when her mother spoke, the bright drops stood ;  
So glistened in the spring depths of her love  
That parent's image. Joyous was her face,  
But yet, below its joy, a larger import ;  
Even now I see her smile, deep within deep,  
And never thoughtless. What a spirited grace  
Danced in each bold emotion of her heart  
Unshadowed by a fear.

And who the next ? —

She came to this still tomb one summer's day ;  
New flowers were bursting from their unsunned bells  
Spring's choristers now fully grown sang loud,  
Sweet was the wind, the sky above as blue  
As that pure woman's eye we buried then.  
Some thirty years had she the footway trod,

Yet frail and delicate she wandered on,  
A violet amid the rude world's briars,  
Till dropped an icicle within the flower,  
That tenderness could not essay to melt.  
Her name, and it was Esther ;—  
This likeness you will trace between the two,  
The mother of the young yet sleeping fawn  
Was gathered to her side.

My hairs are gray,  
Yet those we buried then stood near to me.  
Their forms enchant these lonelier, elder years,  
And add due sacredness to human life.  
That I was father to so fair a child,  
And that her mother smiled on me so long,  
I think of now as passing gods' estate ;  
I am enraptured that such lot was mine,  
That mine is others. Sleep on, unspotted ones,  
Ye are immortal now ; your mirthsome hours  
Beat in my shrunken pulse, and in mine ears  
Sounds the rich music of your heavenly songs.

## CONTENT.



WITHIN the unpainted cottage dwell  
The spirits of serene content,  
As clear as from its moss-grown well  
Rises the crystal element.

Above, the elm, whose trunk is scarred  
With many a dint of stormy weather,  
Rises, a sumptuous screen, debarred  
Of nothing that links life together.

Our common life may gratify  
More feelings than the rarest art,  
For nothing can aspire so high  
As beatings of the human heart.

O ! value then thy daily cheer,  
    Poor pensioner on nature's store,  
And clasp the least, and hold most dear  
    What seemeth small, and add the more.



## WRITTEN AMONG THE LENOX HILLS.



DEAR friend, in this fair atmosphere again,  
Far from the noisy echoes of the main,  
Amid the world-old mountains, and the hills  
From whose strange grouping a fine power distils  
The soothing and the calm, I seek repose,  
The city's noise forgot, and hard, stern woes.  
As thou once said'st, the rarest sons of earth  
Have in the dust of cities shown their worth,  
Where long collision with the human curse  
Has of great glory been the frequent nurse,  
And only those who in sad cities dwell,  
Are of the green trees fully sensible.  
To them the silver bells of tinkling streams  
Seem brighter than an angel's laugh in dreams,

A clear and airy vision of the sky,  
The future's seed, companions when we die.  
The dawn, full noon, evening, and solemn night  
Weave all around their robes of changing light,  
And in the mighty forests, day's whole time  
Is shadowed with a portraiture sublime ;  
In the dark caves dwells midnight in her stole,  
While shady Even haunts a tranquil knoll.

S O N G .



My sweet girl is lying still  
In her lovely atmosphere,  
The gentle hopes her blue veins fill  
With pure silver, warm and clear.

O, see her hair, O, mark her breast,  
Would it not, O ! comfort thee,  
If thou could'st nightly go to rest  
By that virgin chastity.

TO BESSIE.

---

Be the blue skies thy fitting garniture,  
And the green woods be organs to thine ear,  
And all that is most sweet and fine and pure  
Attend upon thee while thou dwellest here ;

The stars upon thee shine their bright rays, clear  
As are the fancies of thy generous brain,  
All things be gentle to thee, and no fear  
Clothed in a darkened guise, in thy sweet heart  
appear !

## THE SEA.



Sound on, thou anthem of the breathless soul,  
Unneeding heat, unfathomed and alone,  
Thy waves in measured phalanx firmly roll,  
And toss the furious wind in steadfast tone.

Sweet smiles the day-god on thy green expanse,  
And purples thee with his sad, fading eve,  
Yet all the livelong night thy waters dance,  
While mariners the favoring harbors leave.

Thy sunken rocks are nigh th' inconstant shore,  
There thou hast tribute from the fisher's boat,  
Afar, thou art the play of him no more,  
But mighty ships on thy high mountains float.

## AUTUMN'S APPROACH.



SUMMER is going,  
Cold wind is blowing,  
Tale of the autumn — the autumn so drear,  
No sower is sowing,  
No mower is mowing,  
Seed is sown, harvest mown, time almost sere.

Flowers are fading,  
Autumn's wreath braiding,  
To deck the sad burial — sad burial lone,  
The bees have done lading  
And finished their trading,  
Honey made, cellars laid, hive almost grown.

Gray clouds are flying,  
Gray shades replying,  
Soon shall come mourning — mourning so pale,  
And the babe shall be crying,  
And the mother be sighing,  
Coldly lie, coldly die, in the arms of the gale.

## THE ISLAND.



### I.

#### THE POINT.

THE gray wind flies with speed along,  
Yet stand the clouds nor hurry by, —  
Alas ! 't is but a voice of song,  
To which they send no quick reply.

The sea sleeps on, — its waves' repose  
Defies the pathos of the gale,  
So in our hearts, the long years' woes  
Ride silent with a furled sail.



Life's wind speeds on, but we are bound  
By memory to our quiet state,  
And sleep in solitude profound,  
Within the caverns of our fate.

With patient arms enfolded, mute,  
We watch the clouds' unmoving day,  
And mourn above our stringless lute,  
Which still refuses us to play.

Yet many a bark drives gaily by,  
And cuts the white crest's curling foam,  
While over it, the azure sky  
Shines like a dear, domestic home.

Our anchored boat among the flowers,  
Is tufted with their yellow crests,  
In which a merry troop of hours  
Build with sweet song their circling nests.

Yet not our song, nor home, nor mate ;—  
    We smile upon them half resigned,  
And view them not made desolate,  
    By our dim days and sad gray wind.

---

## II.

## THE LITTLE BAY.

Thy waves are still this gentle day,  
    They sweep no more with angry voice,  
The wind lies sleeping far away,  
    And bids thee in repose, rejoice.

I love to skim thy peaceful breast,  
    My little skiff so gently tossed,  
For here I feel perpetual rest,  
    Where never wind my path has crossed.

I sweetly feel within thy arms,  
    Such peaceful life will dwell with me,

Day shed a rain of shining charms,  
And night glow golden passed with thee.

O little bay ! — O little bay !  
Why need I shun thy tranquil tide ?  
Why need I weep the gusty day,  
When I at sea shall fiercely ride ?

Alas ! my little skiff drifts down  
Thy peaceful current, but to be  
The victim of the ocean's frown,  
The plaything of the misty sea.

---

## III.

## THE LITTLE ISLANDS.

With what a dauntless, unconfined air  
They eye askant this other island scene,  
Now when the whole expanse is smiling fair,  
And with what bold and satisfied demean

They gaze for ever at the rolling sea, —  
Their glance interpreteth my destiny.

So I, an island in the cold world's tide,  
    Boldly stand looking at to-morrow's rise,  
To-day I feel no fear what comes beside,  
    Nor shade with trembling hand my weakened  
        eyes,  
Yet yonder ocean rolls with fearful might,  
    And has its clouds and unexpected night.

My good right hand is all I have for aid,  
    My soul's own armor makes my whole defence,  
Yet not a power I supplicate, afraid ;  
    They shine content, but very far from hence ;  
Nor any man can be my constant law,  
With all mankind I wage a secret war.

---

## IV.

## THE BRIDGES.

Lo ! how hastes the coming tide,  
Plying with main strength its task,  
Tossing weeds and shells aside,  
No assistance does it ask.

So may we our lives control,  
Cast aside what we desire,  
Feeling that the sweeping soul  
Has than earthly path, a higher.

Life has bridged our destiny,  
Walled our woes within its breast,  
Runs through us a troubled sea,  
Which perceiveth here no rest.

Death shall sweep the works away,  
Set our current flowing free,  
Leave us no more yesterday,  
And be the thing we feebly see.

Then by the bridge I dauntless swear  
I will rise higher than before,  
My head shall breathe a freer air  
Than any scattered on this shore.

## D E A T H .



BENEATH the endless surges of the deep,  
Whose green content o'erlaps them ever-more,  
A host of mariners perpetual sleep,  
Too hushed to heed the wild commotion's roar ;  
The emerald weeds glide softly o'er their bones,  
And wash them gently 'mid the rounded stones.  
No epitaph have they to tell their tale,  
Their birth-place, age, and story all are lost,  
Yet rest they deeply, as within the vale  
Those sheltered bodies by the smooth slates crest ;  
And countless tribes of men lie on the hills,  
And human blood runs in the crystal rills.

The air is full of men, who once enjoyed  
The healthy element, nor looked beyond ;  
Many, who all their mortal strength employed  
In human kindness, of their brothers fond,  
And many more who counteracted fate  
And battled in the strife of common hate.  
Profoundest sleep enwraps them all around,  
Sages and sire, the child, and manhood strong ;  
Shed not one tear ; expend no sorrowing sound,  
Tune thy clear voice to no funereal song ;  
For O death stands to welcome thee sure,  
And life hath in its breath a steeper mystery.

I hear a bell that tolls an empty note,  
The mourning anthem, and the sobbing prayer ;  
A grave fresh-opened, where the friends devote  
To mouldering darkness a still corpse, once fair  
And beautiful as morning's silver light,  
And stars which throw their clear fire on the night ;



She is not here who smiled within these eyes  
Warmer than spring's first sunbeam through the pale  
And tearful air, — resist these flatteries ; —  
O lay her silently alone, and in this vale  
Shall the sweet winds sing better dirge for her,  
And the fine early flowers her death-clothes minister.

O Death ! thou art the palace of our hopes,  
The storehouse of our joys, great labor's end,  
Thou art the bronzed key which swiftly opes  
The coffers of the past ; and thou shalt send  
Such trophies to our hearts, as sunny days  
When life upon its golden harpstring plays.  
And when a nation mourns a silent voice,  
That long entranced its ear with melody,  
How must thou in thy inmost soul rejoice,  
To wrap such treasure in thy boundless sea ;  
And thou wert dignified if but one soul  
Had been enfolded in thy twilight stole.

Triumphal arches circle o'er thy deep,  
Dazzling with jewels, radiant with content ;  
In thy vast arms the sons of genius sleep,  
The carvings of thy spherul monument,  
Bearing no recollection of dim time,  
Within thy green, and most perennial prime.  
And might I sound a thought of thy decree,  
How lapsed the dreary earth in fragrant pleasure,  
And hummed along o'er life's contracted sea  
Like the swift petrel, mimicking the wave's measure ;  
But though I long, the sounds will never come,  
For in thy majesty my lesser voice is dumb.

Thou art not anxious of thy precious fame,  
But comest like the clouds soft stealing on ;  
Thou soundest in a careless key the name  
Of him, who to thy boundless treasury is won ;  
And yet he quickly cometh ; for to die  
Is ever gentlest to both low and high.

Thou therefore hast humanity's respect ;  
They build thee tombs upon the green hill side,  
And will not suffer thee the least neglect,  
And tend thee with a desolate sad pride ;  
For thou art strong O death ! though sweetly so,  
And in thy lovely gentleness sleeps woe.

O what are we, who swim upon this tide  
Which we call life, yet to thy kingdom come ?  
Look not upon us till we chasten pride,  
And preparation make for thy high home ;  
And, might we ask, make measurely approach,  
And not upon these few smooth hours encroach ; —  
I come, I come, think not I turn away !  
Fold round me thy gray robe ! I stand to feel  
The setting of my last frail earthly day ;  
I will not pluck it off, but calmly kneel ;  
For I am great as thou art, though not thou,  
And thought as with thee dwells upon my brow.

Ah ! might I ask thee, spirit, first to tend  
Upon those dear ones whom my heart has found,  
And supplicate thee, that I might them lend  
A light in their last hours, and to the ground  
Consign them still,— yet think me not too weak,—  
Come to me now, and thou shalt find me meek,  
Then let us live in fellowship with thee,  
And turn our ruddy cheeks thy kisses pale,  
And listen to thy song as minstrelsy,  
And still revere thee, till our hearts' throbs fail,  
Sinking within thy arms as sinks the sun  
Below the farthest hills, when his day's work is done.

## SONNETS.



### I.

#### TO AN IDEAL OBJECT.

THOUGH far away, I still shall see thee here,  
Shall see thy eyes so deep, thy modest mien,  
And hear that fairy laughter, which yestreen  
Fell like sweet music on my spell-bound ear.

Though far away, in truth thou dwell'st as near  
As wert thou daily, hourly to be seen,  
Nor of thy truthfulness have I a fear,  
What is with thee stands fast and shows serene.

Would thou wert real, creature of my brain !  
Thy voice and laughter, and those deep, still eyes,  
And I of loneliness might not complain ;

Then I should be inestimably wise,  
Nor end my days in this so bitter pain,  
Which far within my inmost being lies.

## II.

THOU art like that which is most sweet and fair,  
A gentle morning in the youth of spring,  
When the few early birds begin to sing  
Within the delicate depths of the fine air.

Yet shouldst thou these dear beauties much impair,  
Since thou art better than is every thing  
Which or the woods, or skies, or green fields bring,  
And finer thoughts hast thou than they can wear.

In the proud sweetness of thy grace I see,  
What lies within, a pure and steadfast mind,  
Which its own mistress is of sanctity,

And to all gentleness hath been refined ;  
So that thy least breath falleth upon me  
As the soft breathing of midsummer wind.

## III.

MEN change, that heaven above not more,  
Which now with white clouds is all beautiful,  
Soon is with gray mists a poor creature dull ;  
Thus, in this human theatre, actions pour

Like slight waves on a melancholy shore ;  
Nothing is fixed, the human heart is null,  
'T is taught by scholars, ' tis rehearsed in lore ;  
Methinks this human heart might well be o'er.

O precious pomp of eterne vanity !  
O false fool world ! whose actions are a race  
Of monstrous puppets ; I can't form one plea

Why any man should wear a smiling face.  
World ! thou art one green sepulchre to me,  
Through which, mid clouds of dust, slowly I pace.

X

## IV.

HEARTS of Eternity, — hearts of the deep !  
Proclaim from land to sea your mighty fate ;  
How that for you no living comes too late ;  
How ye cannot in Theban labyrinth creep ;

How ye great harvests from small surface reap ;  
Shout, excellent band, in grand primeval strain,  
Like midnight winds that foam along the main,  
And do all things rather than pause to weep.

A human heart knows nought of littleness,  
Suspects no man, compares with no one's ways,  
Hath in one hour most glorious length of days,

A recompense, a joy, a loveliness ;  
Like eaglet keen, shoots into azure far,  
And always dwelling nigh is the remotest star.

*W. B. Yeats*



## V.

THE brook is eddying in the forest dell  
All full of untaught merriment,— the joy  
Of breathing life is this green wood's employ,  
The wind is feeling through his gentle bell,

I and my flowers receive this music well.  
Why will not man his natural life enjoy ?  
Can he then with his ample spirit toy ?  
Are human thoughts, like wares, now baked to sell ?

All up, all round, all down, a thrilling deep,  
A holy infinite salutes the sense,  
And incommunicable praises leap,

Shooting the entire soul with love intense  
Throughout the all. Can man live on to weep,  
Submitting to such heavenly influence ?

## VI.

THERE never lived a man, who with a heart  
Resolved, bound up, concentered in the good,  
However low or high in rank he stood,  
But when from him yourself had chanced to start,

You felt how goodness always maketh art ;  
And that an ever venerable mood  
Of sanctity, like the deep worship of a wood,  
Of its unconsciousness makes you a part.

Let us live amply in the joyous all ;  
We surely were not meant to ride the sea  
Skimming the wave in that so prisoned small,

Reposing our infinite faculties utterly.  
Boom like a roaring sunlit waterfall  
Humming to infinite abysms ; speak loud, speak free.

*Wm. W. 1870.*

## VII.

## THE ETERNAL LANDSCAPE.

THERE weeps a landscape that some mortals see,  
Whose time slips on to noble purpose fair,  
And of an hour escaped from carking care  
That sight is star of their nativity.

Falls the warm, mellow light on field and tree,  
Almost it will their breathing overbear  
To find this world such holy robe does wear,  
And sinketh through them, privilege to be.

That time is dead, — so the swift crowd will say  
Of human beings creeping down in woe,  
Yet to the true, in that long-passed day

Is parent of the chief they really know ;  
And casting off external busy clay,  
A world of memory lies like glass below.

## VIII.

I MARK beneath thy life the virtue shine  
That deep within the star's eye opes its day ;  
I clutch those gorgeous thoughts thou throw'st away,  
From the profound unfathomable mine,

And with them this mean, common hour do twine,  
As glassy waters o'er the dry beach play,  
And I were rich as night, them to combine  
With my poor store, and warm me with thy ray.

From the fixed answer of those dateless eyes  
I meet bold hints of spirit's mystery  
As to what 's past, and hungry prophecies

Of deeds to-day, and things which are to be ;  
Of lofty life that with the eagle flies,  
And lowly love, that clasps humanity.

## IX.

IN those bright, laughing days that pierce the fall,  
With sunny spears forged from the summer's glow,  
The crimson leaves sail slowly on the pall  
Of the warm fitful air ; but there will blow

At sunset a cool breeze ; then the leaves flow  
In heaped-up multitudes beneath the wall ;  
Thus drifts of bodies to the graveyard go,  
And the pinched foliage in their times recall.

That fall's warm wind is first affection's tear,  
And near remembrance, with its fiery thought ;  
That frosty breeze is memory, all grown sere,

And consolation, curiously wrought ;  
That pile of sapless sheaths the hosts who died,  
And those we lately added to their side.

## X.

EARTH hath her meadows green, her brooklets bright ;  
She hath a million flowers which bloom aloft,  
O'ershade her peerless glances the clouds soft,  
And dances on her sward the capering light.

She hath a full glad day, a solemn night,  
And showers, and trees, and waterfallings oft.  
Meekly I love her, and in her delight ;  
I am as one who ministers in rite.

But so much soul hast thou within thy form,  
Than luscious summer days thou art the more,  
And far within thee there is that more warm

Than ever sunlight to the wild flowers bore,  
Thou great glad gentleness, and sweetly clear,  
Thou who art mine to love and to revere.

## XI.

I LOVE the universe, — I love the joy  
Of every living thing. Be mine the sure  
Felicity, which ever shall endure ;  
While passion whirls the madmen, as they toy,

To hate, I would my simple being warm  
In the calm pouring sun ; and in that pure  
And motionless silence, ever would employ  
My best true powers, without a thought's annoy.

See and be glad ! O high imperial race,  
Dwarfing the common altitude of strength,  
Learn that ye stand on an unshaken base ;

Your powers will carry you to any length.  
Up ! earnestly feel the gentle sunset beams ;  
Be glad in woods, o'er sands, — by marsh, or streams.

Life. by W.E.C.

It is a gay & glittering cloud  
Born in the early light of day  
It lies upon the gentle hills  
Rory & sweet & far away.

It knows a pain when noon is high  
Like molten gold tis clothed in light  
Tis beautiful & glad as love,  
A joyous, soul-enthancing sight.

But now tis fading in the west  
On the flaming beam a withered leaf  
As faint as shadow on the grass  
Thrown by a gleam of moonshine light.

So life is born, grows up, and dies  
Its cloud upon this world of light  
It comes in joy & merriment in love  
Then-gently fades away in night.

trial. Paris.  
1843.

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The Lark, by W.E.C.

My highway is unflattened air  
My comforts are the sleepless stars  
And then my front arms upraised  
My arms undimmed & free from scars



I rest for ever on my way  
Rolling across the happy land  
My children love the sunny day  
But soon I wish to be one.

My heart had puls'd like their own  
I was their mother, & my veins  
Thro' the hills of the Sadring Stone  
Thro' all its trees with godlike pains

The forests & the mountains high  
The foaming ocean & its springs  
The plains - oh pleasant company  
My voice thro' all your waters rings.

You are so cheerful in your mind  
Content to smile, content to share  
My being in your silence find  
The ache of my spherical air.

No leaf may fall, no pebble roll  
No drop of water lose the road  
The fishes of the general soul  
Are smother'd in their road abroad.

Real. July. 1849.