Maud, and Other Poems

by Alfred, Lord Tennyson

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MAUD, AND OTHER POEMS.

By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate.

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MAUD

I. 1. I hate the dreadful hollow behind the little wood, Its lips in the field above are dabbled with blood-red heath, The red-ribb'd ledges drip with a silent horror of blood, And Echo there, whatever is ask'd her, answers 'Death.' 2. For there in the ghastly pit long since a body was found, His who had given me life—O father! O God! was it well?— Mangled, and flatten'd, and crush'd, and dinted into the ground: There yet lies the rock that fell with him when he fell. 3. Did he fling himself down? who knows? for a vast speculation had fail'd, And ever he mutter'd and madden'd, and ever wann'd with despair, And out he walk'd when the wind like a broken worldling wail'd, And the flying gold of the ruin'd woodlands drove thro' the air. 4. I remember the time, for the roots of my hair were stirr'd By a shuffled step, by a dead weight trail'd, by a whisper'd fright, And my pulses closed their gates with a shock on my heart as I heard The shrill-edged shriek of a mother divide the shuddering night. 5. Villainy somewhere! whose? One says, we are villains all. Not he: his honest fame should at least by me be maintained: But that old man, now lord of the

broad estate and the Hall, Dropt off gorged from a scheme that had left us flaccid and drain'd. 6. Why do they prate of the blessings of Peace? we have made them a curse, Pickpockets, each hand lusting for all that is not its own; And lust of gain, in the spirit of Cain, is it better or worse Than the heart of the citizen hissing in war on his own hearthstone? 7. But these are the days of advance, the works of the men of mind, When who but a fool would have faith in a tradesman's ware or his word? Is it peace or war? Civil war, as I think, and that of a kind The viler, as underhand, not openly bearing the sword. 8. Sooner or later I too may passively take the print Of the golden age— why not? I have neither hope nor trust; May make my heart as a millstone, set my face as a flint, Cheat and be cheated, and die: who knows? we are ashes and dust. 9. Peace sitting under her olive, and slurring the days gone by, When the poor are hovell'd and hustled together, each sex, like swine, When only the ledger lives, and when only not all men lie; Peace in her vineyard—yes!—but a company forges the wine. 10. And the vitriol madness flushes up in the ruffian's head, Till the filthy by-lane rings to the yell of the trampled wife, While chalk and alum and plaster are sold to the poor for bread, And the spirit of murder works in the very means of life. 11. And Sleep must lie down arm'd, for the villainous centre-bits Grind on the wakeful ear in the hush of the moonless nights, While another is cheating the sick of a few last gasps, as he sits To pestle a poison'd poison behind his crimson lights. 12. When a Mammonite mother kills her babe for a burial fee, And Timour-Mammon grins on a pile of children's bones, Is it peace or war? better, war! loud war by land and by sea, War with a thousand battles, and shaking a hundred thrones. 13. For I trust if an enemy's fleet came yonder round by the hill, And the rushing battle-bolt sang from the three-decker out of the foam, That the smoothfaced snubnosed rogue would leap from his counter and till, And strike, if he could, were it but with his cheating yardwand, home.——— 14. What! am I raging alone as my father raged in his mood? Must I too creep to the hollow and dash myself down and die Rather than hold by the law that I made, nevermore to brood On a horror of

shatter'd limbs and a wretched swindler's lie? 15. Would there be sorrow for me? there was love in the passionate shriek, Love for the silent thing that had made false haste to the grave— Wrapt in a cloak, as I saw him, and thought he would rise and speak And rave at the lie and the liar, ah God, as he used to rave. 16. I am sick of the Hall and the hill, I am sick of the moor and the main. Why should I stay? can a sweeter chance ever come to me here? O, having the nerves of motion as well as the nerves of pain, Were it not wise if I fled from the place and the pit and the fear? 17. There are workmen up at the Hall: they are coming back from abroad; The dark old place will be gilt by the touch of a millionnaire: I have heard, I know not whence, of the singular beauty of Maud; I play*d with the girl when a child; she promised then to be fair. 18. Maud with her venturous climbings and tumbles and childish escapes, Maud the delight of the village, the ringing joy of the Hall, Maud with her sweet purse-mouth when my father dangled the grapes, Maud the beloved of my mother, the moon-faced darling of all,— 19. What is she now? My dreams are bad. She may bring me a curse. No, there is fatter game on the moor; she will let me alone. Thanks, for the fiend best knows whether woman or man be the worse. I will bury myself in my books, and the Devil may pipe to his own.

II. Long have I sigh'd for a calm: God grant I may find it at last! It will never be broken by Maud, she has neither savour nor salt, But a cold and clear-cut face, as I found when her carriage past, Perfectly beautiful: let it be granted her: where is the fault? All that I saw (for her eyes were downcast, not to be seen) Faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null, Dead perfection, no more; nothing more, if it had not been For a chance of travel, a paleness, an hour's defect of the rose, Or an underlip, you may call it a little too ripe, too full, Or the least little delicate aquiline curve in a sensitive nose, From which I escaped heart-free, with the least little touch of spleen.

III. Cold and clear-cut face, why come you so cruelly meek, Breaking a slumber in which all spleenful folly was drown'd, Pale with the golden beam of an eyelash dead on the cheek, Passionless, pale, cold face, star-sweet on a gloom profound;

Womanlike, taking revenge too deep for a transient wrong Done but in thought to your beauty, and ever as pale as before Growing and fading and growing upon me without a sound. Luminous, gemlike, ghostlike, deathlike, half the night long Growing and fading and growing, till I could bear it no more. But arose, and all by myself in my own dark garden ground, Listening now to the tide in its broad-flung shipwrecking roar, Now to the scream of a madden'd beach dragg'd down by the wave, Walk'd in a wintry wind by a ghastly glimmer, and found The shining daffodil dead, and Orion low in his grave.

IV. 1. A million emeralds break from the ruby-budded lime In the little grove where I sit—ah, wherefore cannot I be Like things of the season gay, like the bountiful season bland, When the far-off sail is blown by the breeze of a softer clime, Half-lost in the liquid azure bloom of a crescent of sea. The silent sapphire-spangled marriage ring of the land? 2. Below me, there, is the village, and looks how quiet and small! And yet bubbles o'er like a city, with gossip, scandal, and spite; And Jack on his ale-house bench has as many lies as a Czar; And here on the landward side, by a red rock, glimmers the Hall; And up in the high Hall-garden I see her pass like a light; But sorrow seize me if ever that light be my leading star! 3. When have I bow'd to her father, the wrinkled head of the race? I met her to-day with her brother, but not to her brother I bow'd; I bow'd to his lady-sister as she rode by on the moor; But the fire of a foolish pride flash'd over her beautiful face. O child, you wrong your beauty, believe it, in being so proud; Your father has wealth well-gotten, and I am nameless and poor. 4. I keep but a man and a maid, ever ready to slander and steal; I know it, and smile a hard-set smile, like a stoic, or like A wiser epicurean, and let the world have its way: For nature is one with rapine, a harm no preacher can heal; The Mayfly is torn by the swallow, the sparrow spear'd by the shrike, And the whole little wood where I sit is a world of plunder and prey. 5. We are puppets, Man in his pride, and Beauty fair in her flower; Do we move ourselves, or are moved by an unseen hand at a game That pushes us off from the board, and others ever

succeed? Ah yet, we cannot be kind to each other here for an hour; We whisper, and hint, and chuckle, and grin at a brother's shame; However we brave it out, we men are a little breed. 6. A monstrous eft was of old the Lord and Master of Earth, For him did his high sun flame, and his river billowing ran, And he felt himself in his force to be Nature's crowning race. As nine months go to the shaping an infant ripe for his birth, So many a million of ages have gone to the making of man: He now is first, but is he the last? is he not too base? 7. The man of science himself is fonder of glory, and vain, An eye well-practised in nature, a spirit bounded and poor; The passionate heart of the poet is whirl'd into folly and vice. I would not marvel at either, but keep a temperate brain; For not to desire or admire, if a man could learn it, were more Than to walk all day like the sultan of old in a garden of spice. 8. For the drift of the Maker is dark, an Isis hid by the veil. Who knows the ways of the world, how God will bring them about? Our planet is one, the suns are many, the world is wide. Shall I weep if a Poland fall? shall I shriek if a Hungary fail? Or an infant civilisation be ruled with rod or with knout? I have not made the world, and He that made it will guide. 9. Be mine a philosopher's life in the quiet woodland ways, Where if I cannot be gay let a passionless peace be my lot, Far-off from the clamour of liars belied in the hubbub of lies; From the long-neck'd geese of the world that are ever hissing dispraise Because their natures are little, and, whether he heed it or not, Where each man walks with his head in a cloud of poisonous flies. 10. And most of all would I flee from the cruel madness of love, The honey of poison-flowers and all the measureless ill. Ah Maud, you milkwhite fawn, you are all unmeet for a wife. Your mother is mute in her grave as her image in marble above; Your father is ever in London, you wander about at your will; You have but fed on the roses, and lain in the lilies of life.

V. 1. A voice by the cedar tree, In the meadow under the Hall! She is singing an air that is known to me, A passionate ballad gallant and gay, A martial song like a trumpet's call! Singing alone in the morning of life, In the happy morning of life and

of May, Singing of men that in battle array, Ready in heart and ready in hand, March with banner and bugle and fife To the death, for their native land. 2. Maud with her exquisite face. And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky, And feet like sunny gems on an English green, Maud in the light of her youth and her grace, Singing of Death, and of Honour that cannot die, Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean, And myself so languid and base. 3. Silence, beautiful voice! Be still, for you only trouble the mind With a joy in which I cannot rejoice, A glory I shall not find. Still! I will hear you no more, For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice But to move to the meadow and fall before Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore, Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind, Not her, not her, but a voice.

VI. 1. Morning arises stormy and pale, No sun, but a wannish glare In fold upon fold of hueless cloud, And the budded peaks of the wood are bow'd Caught and cuff'd by the gale: I had fancied it would be fair. 2. Whom but Maud should I meet Last night, when the sunset burn'd On the blossom'd gable-ends At the head of the village street, Whom but Maud should I meet? And she touch'd my hand with a smile so sweet She made me divine amends For a courtesy not return'd. 3. And thus a delicate spark Of glowing and growing light Thro' the livelong hours of the dark Kept itself warm in the heart of my dreams, Ready to burst in a colour'd flame; Till at last when the morning came In a cloud, it faded, and seems But an ashen-gray delight. 4. What if with her sunny hair, And smile as sunny as cold, She meant to weave me a snare Of some coquettish deceit, Cleopatra-like as of old To entangle me when we met, To have her lion roll in a silken net And fawn at a victor's feet. 5. Ah, what shall I be at fifty Should Nature keep me alive, If I find the world so bitter When I am but twenty-five? Yet, if she were not a cheat, If Maud were all that she seem'd, And her smile were all that I dream'd, Then the world were not so bitter But a smile could make it sweet. 6. What if tho' her eye seem'd full Of a kind intent to me, What if that dandy-despot, he, That jewell'd mass of millinery, That oil'd and curl'd Assyrian Bull Smelling of musk and of insolence, Her brother, from whom I keep aloof, Who

wants the finer politic sense To mask, tho' but in his own behoof, With a glassy smile his brutal scorn— What if he had told her yestermorn How prettily for his own sweet sake A face of tenderness might be feign'd, And a moist mirage in desert eyes, That so, when the rotten hustings shake In another month to his brazen lies, A wretched vote may be gain'd. 7. For a raven ever croaks, at my side, Keep watch and ward, keep watch and ward, Or thou wilt prove their tool. Yea too, myself from myself I guard, For often a man's own angry pride Is cap and bells for a fool. 8. Perhaps the smile and tender tone Came out of her pitying womanhood, For am I not, am I not, here alone So many a summer since she died, My mother, who was so gentle and good? Living alone in an empty house, Here half-hid in the gleaming wood, Where I hear the dead at midday moan, And the shrieking rush of the wainscot mouse, And my own sad name in corners cried, When the shiver of dancing leaves is thrown About its echoing chambers wide, Till a morbid hate and horror have grown Of a world in which I have hardly mixt, And a morbid eating lichen fixt On a heart half-turn'd to stone. 9. O heart of stone, are you flesh, and caught By that you swore to withstand? For what was it else within me wrought But, I fear, the new strong wine of love, That made my tongue so stammer and trip When I saw the treasured splendour, her hand, Come sliding out of her sacred glove, And the sunlight broke from her lip? 10. I have play'd with her when a child; She remembers it now we meet. Ah well, well, well, I may be beguiled By some coquettish deceit. Yet, if she were not a cheat, If Maud were all that she seem'd, And her smile had all that I dream'd, Then the world were not so bitter But a smile could make it sweet.

VII. 1. Did I hear it half in a doze Long since, I know not where? Did I dream it an hour ago, When asleep in this arm-chair? 2. Men were drinking together, Drinking and talking of me; 'Well, if it prove a girl, the boy Will have plenty: so let it be.' 3. Is it an echo of something Read with a boy's delight, Viziers nodding together In some Arabian night? 4. Strange, that I hear two men, Somewhere, talking of me; 'Well, if

it prove a girl, my boy Will have plenty: so let it be.'

VIII. She came to the village church, And sat by a pillar alone; An angel watching an urn Wept over her, carved in stone; And once, but once, she lifted her eyes, And suddenly, sweetly, strangely blush'd To find they were met by my own; And suddenly, sweetly, my heart beat stronger And thicker, until I heard no longer The snowy-banded, dilettante, Delicate-handed priest intone; And thought, is it pride, and mused and sigh'd 'No surely, now it cannot be pride.'

IX. I was walking a mile, More than a mile from the shore, The sun look'd out with a smile Betwixt the cloud and the moor, And riding at set of day Over the dark moor land, Rapidly riding far away, She waved to me with her hand. There were two at her side, Something flash' d in the sun, Down by the hill I saw them ride, In a moment they were gone: Like a sudden spark Struck vainly in the night, And back returns the dark With no more hope of light.

X. 1. Sick, am I sick of a jealous dread? Was not one of the two at her side This new-made lord, whose splendour plucks The slavish hat from the villager's head? Whose old grand-father has lately died, Gone to a blacker pit, for whom Grimy nakedness dragging his trucks And laying his trams in a poison'd gloom Wrought, till he crept from a gutted mine Master of half a servile shire, And left his coal all turn'd into gold To a grandson, first of his noble line, Rich in the grace all women desire, Strong in the power that all men adore, And simper and set their voices lower, And soften as if to a girl, and hold Awe-stricken breaths at a work divine, Seeing his gewgaw castle shine, New as his title, built last year, There amid perky larches and pine, And over the sullen-purple moor (Look at it) pricking a cockney ear. 2. What, has he found my jewel out? For one of the two that rode at her side Bound for the Hall, I am sure was he: Bound for the Hall, and I think for a bride. Blithe would her brother's acceptance be. Maud could be gracious too, no doubt, To a lord, a captain, a padded shape, A bought commission, a waxen face, A rabbit

mouth that is ever agape— Bought? what is it he cannot buy? And therefore splenetic, personal, base, A wounded thing with a rancourous cry, At war with myself and a wretched race, Sick, sick to the heart of life, am I. 3. Last week came one to the county town, To preach our poor little army down, And play the game of the despot kings, Tho' the state has done it and thrice as well: This broad-brim'd hawker of holy things, Whose ear is cramm'd with his cotton, and rings Even in dreams to the chink of his pence, This huckster put down war! can he tell Whether war be a cause or a consequence? Put down the passions that make earth Hell! Down with ambition, avarice, pride, Jealousy, down! cut off from the mind The bitter springs of anger and fear; Down too, down at your own fireside, With the evil tongue and the evil ear, For each is at war with mankind. 4. I wish I could hear again The chivalrous battle-song That she warbled alone in her joy! I might persuade myself then She would not do herself this great wrong To take a wanton dissolute boy For a man and leader of men. 5. Ah God, for a man with heart, head, hand, Like some of the simple great ones gone For ever and ever by, One still strong man in a blatant land, Whatever they call him, what care I, Aristocrat, democrat, autocrat—one Who can rule and dare not lie. 6. And ah for a man to arise in me, That the man I am may cease to be!

XI. 1. O let the solid ground Not fail beneath my feet Before my life has found What some have found so sweet; Then let come what come may, What matter if I go mad, I shall have had my day. 2. Let the sweet heavens endure, Not close and darken above me Before I am quite quite sure That there is one to love me; Then let come what come may To a life that has been so sad, I shall have had my day.

XII. 1. Birds in the high Hall-garden When twilight was falling, Maud, Maud, Maud, Maud, They were crying and calling. 2. Where was Maud? in our wood; And I, who else, was with her, Gathering woodland lilies, Myriads blow together. 3. Birds in our wood sang Ringing thro' the vallies, Maud is here, here, here In among the lilies. 4. I kiss'd her slender hand, She took the kiss sedately; Maud is not

seventeen, But she is tall and stately. 5. I to cry out on pride Who have won her favour! Maud were sure of Heaven If lowliness could save her. 6. I know the way she went Home with her maiden posy, For her feet have touch'd the meadows And left the daisies rosy. 7. Birds in the high Hall-garden Were crying and calling to her, Where is Maud, Maud, Maud, One is come to woo her. 8. Look, a horse at the door, And little King Charles is snarling, Go back, my lord, across the moor, You are not her darling.

XIII. 1. Scorn'd, to be scorn'd by one that I scorn, Is that a matter to make me fret? That a calamity hard to be borne? Well, he may live to hate me yet. Fool that I am to be vext with his pride! I past him, I was crossing his lands; He stood on the path a little aside; His face, as I grant, in spite of spite, Has a broad-blown comeliness, red and white, And six feet two, as I think, he stands; But his essences turn'd the live air sick, And barbarous opulence jewel-thick Sunn'd itself on his breast and his hands. 2. Who shall call me ungentle, unfair, I long'd so heartily then and there To give him the grasp of fellowship; But while I past he was humming an air, Stopt, and then with a riding whip Leisurely tapping a glossy boot, And curving a contumelious lip, Gorgonised me from head to foot With a stony British stare. 3. Why sits he here in his father's chair? That old man never comes to his place: Shall I believe him ashamed to be seen? For only once, in the village street, Last year, I caught a glimpse of his face, A gray old wolf and a lean. Scarcely, now, would I call him a cheat; For then, perhaps, as a child of deceit, She might by a true descent be untrue; And Maud is as true as Maud is sweet: Tho' I fancy her sweetness only due To the sweeter blood by the other side; Her mother has been a thing complete, However she came to be so allied. And fair without, faithful within, Maud to him is nothing akin: Some peculiar mystic grace Made her only the child of her mother, And heap'd the whole inherited sin On that huge scapegoat of the race, All, all upon the brother. 4. Peace, angry spirit, and let him be! Has not his sister smiled on me?

XIV. 1. Maud has a garden of roses And lilies fair on a lawn: There she walks in her

state And tends upon bed and bower And thither I climb'd at dawn And stood by her garden-gate; A lion ramps at the top, He is claspt by a passion-flower. 2. Maud's own little oak-room (Which Maud, like a precious stone Set in the heart of the carven gloom, Lights with herself, when alone She sits by her music and books, And her brother lingers late With a roystering company) looks Upon Maud's own garden gate: And I thought as I stood, if a hand, as white As ocean-foam in the moon, were laid On the hasp of the window, and my Delight Had a sudden desire, like a glorious ghost, to glide, Like a beam of the seventh Heaven, down to my side, There were but a step to be made. 3. The fancy flatter'd my mind, And again seem'd overbold; Now I thought that she cared for me, Now I thought she was kind Only because she was cold. 4. I heard no sound where I stood But the rivulet on from the lawn Running down to my own dark wood; Or the voice of the long sea-wave as it swell'd Now and then in the dim-gray dawn; But I look'd, and round, all round the house I beheld The death-white curtain drawn; Felt a horror over me creep, Prickle my skin and catch my breath, Knew that the death-white curtain meant but sleep, Yet I shudder'd and thought like a fool of the sleep of death.

XV. So dark a mind within me dwells, And I make myself such evil cheer, That if I be dear to some one else, Then some one else may have much to fear; But if I be dear to some one else, Then I should be to myself more dear. Shall I not take care of all that I think, Yea ev'n of wretched meat and drink, If I be dear, If I be dear to some one else.

XVI. 1. This lump of earth has left his estate The lighter by the loss of his weight; And so that he find what he went to seek, And fulsome Pleasure clog him, and drown His heart in the gross mud-honey of town, He may stay for a year who has gone for a week: But this is the day when I must speak, And I see my Oread coming down, O this is the day! O beautiful creature, what am I That I dare to look her way; Think I may hold dominion sweet, Lord of the pulse that is lord of her breast, And dream of her beauty with tender dread, From the delicate Arab arch of her feet To

the grace that, bright and light as the crest Of a peacock, sits on her shining head, And she knows it not: O, if she knew it, To know her beauty might half undo it. I know it the one bright thing to save My yet young life in the wilds of Time, Perhaps from madness, perhaps from crime, Perhaps from a selfish grave. 2. What, if she be fasten'd to this fool lord, Dare I bid her abide by her word? Should I love her so well if she Had given her word to a thing so low? Shall I love her as well if she Can break her word were it even for me? I trust that it is not so. 3. Catch not my breath, O clamorous heart, Let not my tongue be a thrall to my eye, For I must tell her before we part, I must tell her, or die.

XVII. Go not, happy day, From the shining fields, Go not, happy day. Till the maiden yields. Rosy is the West, Rosy is the South, Roses are her cheeks, And a rose her mouth. When the happy Yes Falters from her lips, Pass and blush the news O'er the blowing ships. Over blowing seas, Over seas at rest, Pass the happy news, Blush it thro' the West; Till the red man dance By his red cedar tree, And the red man's babe Leap, beyond the sea. Blush from West to East, Blush from East to West, Till the West is East, Blush it thro' the West. Rosy is the West, Rosy is the South, Roses are her cheeks. And a rose her mouth.

XVIII. 1. I have led her home, my love, my only friend. There is none like her, none. And never yet so warmly ran my blood And sweetly, on and on Calming itself to the long-wish'd-for end, Full to the banks, close on the promised good. 2. None like her, none. Just now the dry-tongued laurels' pattering talk Seem'd her light foot along the garden walk, And shook my heart to think she comes once more; But even then I heard her close the door, The gates of Heaven are closed, and she is gone. 3. There is none like her, none. Nor will be when our summers have deceased. O, art thou sighing for Lebanon In the long breeze that streams to thy delicious East, Sighing for Lebanon, Dark cedar, tho' thy limbs have here increased, Upon a pastoral slope as fair, And looking to the South, and fed With honey'd rain and delicate air, And haunted by the starry head Of her whose gentle will has changed my fate, And made

my life a perfumed altar-flame; And over whom thy darkness must have spread With such delight as theirs of old, thy great Forefathers of the thornless garden, there Shadowing the snow-limb'd Eve from whom she came. 4. Here will I lie, while these long branches sway, And you fair stars that crown a happy day Go in and out as if at merry play, Who am no more so all forlorn, As when it seem'd far better to be born To labour and the mattock-harden'd hand, Than nursed at ease and brought to understand A sad astrology, the boundless plan That makes you tyrants in your iron skies, Innumerable, pitiless, passionless eyes, Cold fires, yet with power to burn and brand His nothingness into man. 5. But now shine on, and what care I, Who in this stormy gulf have found a pearl The countercharm of space and hollow sky, And do accept my madness, and would die To save from some slight shame one simple girl. 6. Would die; for sullen-seeming Death may give More life to Love than is or ever was In our low world, where yet 'tis sweet to live. Let no one ask me how it came to pass; It seems that I am happy, that to me A livelier emerald twinkles in the grass, A purer sapphire melts into the sea. 7. Not die; but live a life of truest breath, And teach true life to fight with mortal wrongs. O, why should Love, like men in drinking-songs, Spice his fair banquet with the dust of death? Make answer, Maud my bliss, Maud made my Maud by that long lover's kiss, Life of my life, wilt thou not answer this? 'The dusky strand of Death inwoven here With dear Love's tie, makes Love himself more dear.' 8. Is that enchanted moan only the swell Of the long waves that roll in yonder bay? And hark the clock within, the silver knell Of twelve sweet hours that past in bridal white, And died to live, long as my pulses play; But now by this my love has closed her sight And given false death her hand, and stol'n away To dreamful wastes where footless fancies dwell Among the fragments of the golden day. May nothing there her maiden grace affright! Dear heart, I feel with thee the drowsy spell. My bride to be, my evermore delight, My own heart's heart and ownest own farewell; It is but for a little space I go: And ye meanwhile far over moor and fell Beat to the noiseless music of the night! Has our whole earth gone

nearer to the glow Of your soft splendours that you look so bright? I have climb'd nearer out of lonely Hell. Beat, happy stars, timing with things below, Beat with my heart more blest than heart can tell, Blest, but for some dark undercurrent woe That seems to draw—but it shall not be so: Let all be well, be well.

XIX. 1. Her brother is coming back to-night, Breaking up my dream of delight. 2. My dream? do I dream of bliss? I have walk'd awake with Truth. O when did a morning shine So rich in atonement as this For my dark-dawning youth, Darkened watching a mother decline And that dead man at her heart and mine For who was left to watch her but I? Yet so did I let my freshness die. 3. I trust that I did not talk To gentle Maud in our walk (For often in lonely wanderings I have cursed him even to lifeless things) But I trust that I did not talk, Not touch on her father's sin: I am sure I did but speak Of my mother's faded cheek When it slowly grew so thin, That I felt she was slowly dying Vext with lawyers and harass'd with debt: For how often I caught her with eyes all wet, Shaking her head at her son and sighing A world of trouble within! 4. And Maud too, Maud was moved To speak of the mother she loved As one scarce less forlorn, Dying abroad and it seems apart From him who had ceased to share her heart, And ever mourning over the feud, The household Fury sprinkled with blood By which our houses are torn: How strange was what she said, When only Maud and the brother Hung over her dying bed— That Maud's dark father and mine Had bound us one to the other, Betrothed us over their wine, On the day when Maud was born; Seal'd her mine from her first sweet breath. Mine, mine by a right, from birth till death, Mine, mine—our fathers have sworn. 5. But the true blood spilt had in it a heat To dissolve the precious seal on a bond, That, if left uncancell'd, had been so sweet: And none of us thought of a something beyond, A desire that awoke in the heart of the child, As it were a duty done to the tomb, To be friends for her sake, to be reconciled; And I was cursing them and my doom, And letting a dangerous thought run wild While often abroad in the fragrant gloom Of foreign churches—I see her there, Bright English lily, breathing a prayer To be

friends, to be reconciled! 6. But then what a flint is he! Abroad, at Florence, at Rome, I find whenever she touch'd on me This brother had laugh'd her down, And at last, when each came home, He had darken'd into a frown, Chid her, and forbid her to speak To me, her friend of the years before; And this was what had reddened her cheek When I bow'd to her on the moor. 7. Yet Maud, altho' not blind To the faults of his heart and mind, I see she cannot but love him, And says he is rough but kind, And wishes me to approve him, And tells me, when she lay Sick once, with a fear of worse, That he left his wine and horses and play, Sat with her, read to her, night and day, And tended her like a nurse. 8. Kind? but the deathbed desire Spurn'd by this heir of the liar— Rough but kind? yet I know He has plotted against me in this, That he plots against me still. Kind to Maud? that were not amiss. Well, rough but kind; why, let it be so: For shall not Maud have her will? 9. For, Maud, so tender and true. As long as my life endures I feel I shall owe you a debt, That I never can hope to pay; And if ever I should forget That I owe this debt to you And for your sweet sake to yours; O then, what then shall I say?— If ever I should forget. May God make me more wretched Than ever I have been yet! 10. So now I have sworn to bury All this dead body of hate, I feel so free and so clear By the loss of that dead weight, That I should grow light-headed, I fear. Fantastically merry; But that her brother comes, like a blight On my fresh hope, to the Hall to-night.

XX. 1. Strange, that I felt so gay, Strange, that I tried to-day To beguile her melancholy; The Sultan, as we name him,— She did not wish to blame him— But he vext her and perplext her With his worldly talk and folly: Was it gentle to reprove her For stealing out of view From a little lazy lover Who but claims her as his due? Or for chilling his caresses By the coldness of her manners, Nay, the plainness of her dresses? Now I know her but in two, Nor can pronounce upon it If one should ask me whether The habit, hat, and feather. Or the frock and gipsy bonnet Be the neater and completer; For nothing can be sweeter Than maiden Maud in either. 2. But to morrow, if we live, Our ponderous squire will give A grand political dinner

To half the squirelings near; And Maud will wear her jewels, And the bird of prey will hover, And the titmouse hope to win her With his chirrup at her ear. 3. A grand political dinner To the men of many acres, A gathering of the Tory, A dinner and then a dance For the maids and marriage-makers, And every eye but mine will glance At Maud in all her glory. 4. For I am not invited, But, with the Sultan's pardon, I am all as well delighted, For I know her own rose-garden, And mean to linger in it Till the dancing will be over; And then, oh then, come out to me For a minute, but for a minute, Come out to your own true lover. That your true lover may see Your glory also, and render All homage to his own darling, Queen Maud in all her splendour.

XXI. Rivulet crossing my ground, And bringing me down from the Hall This garden-rose that I found, Forgetful of Maud and me, And lost in trouble and moving round Here at the head of a tinkling fall, And trying to pass to the sea; Rivulet, born at the Hall, My Maud has sent it by thee (If I read her sweet will right) On a blushing mission to me, Saying in odour and colour, 'Ah, be Among the roses to-night.'

XXII. 1. Come into the garden, Maud, For the black bat, night, has flown, Come into the garden, Maud, I am here at the gate alone; And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad, And the musk of the roses blown. 2. For a breeze of morning moves, And the planet of Love is on high, Beginning to faint in the light that she loves On a bed of daffodil sky, To faint in the light of the sun she loves. To faint in his light, and to die. 3. All night have the roses heard The flute, violin, bassoon; All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd To the dangers dancing in tune; Till a silence fell with the waking bird, And a hush with the setting moon. 4. I said to the lily, 'There is but one With whom she has heart to be gay. When will the dancers leave her alone? She is weary of dance and play.' Now half to the setting moon are gone, And half to the rising day; Low on the sand and loud on the stone The last wheel echoes away. 5. I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes In babble and revel and wine. young

lord-lover, what sighs are those, For one that will never be thine? But mine, but mine,' so I sware to the rose, 'For ever and ever, mine.' 6. And the soul of the rose went into my blood, As the music clash'd in the hall; And long by the garden lake I stood. For I heard your rivulet fall From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood, Our wood, that is dearer than all; 7. From the meadow your walks have left so sweet That whenever a March-wind sighs He sets the jewel-print of your feet In violets blue as your eyes, To the woody hollows in which we meet And the valleys of Paradise. 8. The slender acacia would not shake One long milk-bloom on the tree; The white lake-blossom fell into the lake, As the pimpernel dozed on the lea; But the rose was awake all night for your sake, Knowing your promise to me; The lilies and roses were all awake. They sigh'd for the dawn and thee. 9. Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls, Come hither, the dances are done, In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls, Queen lily and rose in one; Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls, To the flowers, and be their sun. 10. There has fallen a splendid tear From the passion-flower at the gate. She is coming, my dove, my dear; She is coming, my life, my fate; The red rose cries, *She is near, she is near;' And the white rose weeps, 'She is late;' The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear;' And the lily whispers, 'I wait.' 11. She is coming, my own, my sweet; Were it ever so airy a tread. My heart would hear her and beat, Were it earth in an earthy bed; My dust would hear her and beat, Had I lain for a century dead; Would start and tremble under her feet, And blossom in purple and red.

MAUD PART II. I. 1. 'The fault was mine, the fault was mine'— Why am I sitting here so stunn'd and still, Plucking the harmless wild-flower on the hill?— It is this guilty hand!— And there rises ever a passionate cry From underneath in the darkening land— What is it, that has been done? O dawn of Eden bright over earth and sky, The fires of Hell brake out of thy rising sun, The fires of Hell and of Hate; For she, sweet soul, had hardly spoken a word, When her brother ran in his rage to the gate, He came with the babe-faced lord; Heap'd on her terms of disgrace, And

while she wept, and I strove to be cool, He fiercely gave me the lie, Till I with as fierce an anger spoke, And he struck me, madman, over the face, Struck me before the languid fool, Who was gaping and grinning by: Struck for himself an evil stroke; Wrought for his house an irredeemable woe; For front to front in an hour we stood, And a million horrible bellowing echoes broke From the red-ribb'd hollow behind the wood, And thunder'd up into Heaven the Christless code, That must have life for a blow. Ever and ever afresh they seem'd to grow. Was it he lay there with a fading eye? 'The fault was mine,' he whisper'd, 'fly!' Then glided out of the joyous wood The ghastly Wraith of one that I know; And there rang on a sudden a passionate cry, A cry for a brother's blood: It will ring in my heart and my ears, till I die, till I die. 2. Is it gone? my pulses beat— What was it? a lying trick of the brain? Yet I thought I saw her stand, A shadow there at my feet, High over the shadowy land. It is gone; and the heavens fall in a gentle rain, When they should burst and drown with deluging storms The feeble vassals of wine and anger and lust, The little hearts that know not how to forgive: Arise, my God, and strike, for we hold Thee just, Strike dead the whole weak race of venomous worms, That sting each other here in the dust; We are not worthy to live.

II. 1. See what a lovely shell, Small and pure as a pearl, Lying close to my foot, Frail, but a work divine, Made so fairily well With delicate spire and whorl, How exquisitely minute, A miracle of design! 2. What is it? a learned man Could give it a clumsy name. Let him name it who can, The beauty would be the same. 3. The tiny cell is forlorn, Void of the little living will That made it stir on the shore. Did he stand at the diamond door Of his house in a rainbow frill? Did he push, when he was uncurl'd, A golden foot or a fairy horn Thro' his dim water-world? 4. Slight, to be crush' d with a tap Of my finger-nail on the sand, Small, but a work divine, Frail, but of force to withstand, Year upon year, the shock Of cataract seas that snap The three-decker's oaken spine Athwart the ledges of rock, Here on the Breton strand! 5. Breton, not Briton; here Like a shipwreck'd man on a coast Of ancient fable and

fear— Plagued with a flitting to and fro, A disease, a hard mechanic ghost That never came from on high Nor ever arose from below, But only moves with the moving eye, Flying along the land and the main— Why should it look like Maud? Am I to be overawed By what I cannot but know Is a juggle born of the brain? 6. Back from the Breton coast, Sick of a nameless fear, Back to the dark sea-line Looking, thinking of all I have lost; An old song vexes my ear; But that of Lamech is mine. 7. For years, a measureless ill, For years, for ever, to part— But she, she would love me still; And as long, God, as she Have a grain of love for me, So long, no doubt, no doubt, Shall I nurse in my dark heart, However weary, a spark of will Not to be trampled out. 8. Strange, that the mind, when fraught With a passion so intense One would think that it well Might drown all life in the eye,— That it should, by being so overwrought, Suddenly strike on a sharper sense For a shell, or a flower, little things Which else would have been past by! And now I remember, I, When he lay dying there, I noticed one of his many rings (For he had many, poor worm) and thought It is his mother's hair. 9. Who knows if he be dead? Whether I need have fled? Am I guilty of blood? However this may be, Comfort her, comfort her, all things good, While I am over the sea! Let me and my passionate love go by, But speak to her all things holy and high, Whatever happen to me! Me and my harmful love, go by; But come to her waking, find her asleep, Powers of the height. Powers of the deep, And comfort her tho' I die.

III. Courage, poor heart of stone! I will not ask thee why Thou canst not understand That thou art left for ever alone: Courage, poor stupid heart of stone.— Or if I ask thee why, Care not thou to reply: She is but dead, and the time is at hand When thou shalt more than die.

IV. 1. O that 'twere possible After long grief and pain To find the arms of my true love Round me once again! 2. When I was wont to meet her In the silent woody places By the home that gave me birth, We stood tranced in long embraces Mixt with kisses sweeter sweeter Than any thing on earth. 3. A shadow flits before me,

Not thou, but like to thee; Ah Christ, that it were possible For one short hour to see The souls we loved, that they might tell us What and where they be. 4. It leads me forth at evening, It lightly winds and steals In a cold white robe before me, When all my spirit reels At the shouts, the leagues of lights, And the roaring of the wheels. 5. Half the night I waste in sighs, Half in dreams I sorrow after The delight of early skies; In a wakeful doze I sorrow For the hand, the lips, the eyes, For the meeting of the morrow, The delight of happy laughter, The delight of low replies. 6. 'Tis a morning pure and sweet, And a dewy splendour falls On the little flower that clings To the turrets and the walls; 'Tis a morning pure and sweet, And the light and shadow fleet; She is walking in the meadow, And the woodland echo rings; In a moment we shall meet; She is singing in the meadow, And the rivulet at her feet Ripples on in light and shadow To the ballad that she sings. 7. Do I hear her sing as of old, My bird with the shining head, My own dove with the tender eye? But there rings on a sudden a passionate cry, There is some one dying or dead, And a sullen thunder is roll'd; For a tumult shakes the city, And I wake, my dream is fled; In the shuddering dawn, behold, Without knowledge, without pity, By the curtains of my bed That abiding phantom cold. 8. Get thee hence, nor come again, Mix not memory with doubt, Pass, thou deathlike type of pain, Pass and cease to move about, 'Tis the blot upon the brain That will show itself without. 9. Then I rise, the eavedrops fall, And the yellow vapours choke The great city sounding wide; The day comes, a dull red ball Wrapt in drifts of lurid smoke On the misty river-tide. 10. Thro' the hubbub of the market I steal, a wasted frame, It crosses here, it crosses there, Thro' all that crowd confused and loud, The shadow still the same; And on my heavy eyelids My anguish hangs like shame. 11. Alas for her that met me, That heard me softly call, Came glimmering thro' the laurels At the quiet evenfall, In the garden by the turrets Of the old manorial hall. 12. Would the happy spirit descend, From the realms of light and song, In the chamber or the street, As she looks among the blest, Should I fear to greet my friend Or to say 'forgive the wrong,' Or to ask her, 'take me, sweet,

To the regions of thy rest? ' 13. But the broad light glares and beats, And the shadow flits and fleets And will not let me be; And I loathe the squares and streets, And the faces that one meets, Hearts with no love for me: Always I long to creep Into some still cavern deep, There to weep, and weep, and weep My whole soul out to thee.

V. 1. Dead, long dead, Long dead! And my heart is a handful of dust, And the wheels go over my head, And my bones are shaken with pain, For into a shallow grave they are thrust, Only a yard beneath the street, And the hoofs of the horses beat, beat, The hoofs of the horses beat, Beat into my scalp and my brain, With never an end to the stream of passing feet, Driving, hurrying, marrying, burying, Clamour and rumble, and ringing and clatter, And here beneath it is all as bad, For I thought the dead had peace, but it is not so; To have no peace in the grave, is that not sad? But up and down and to and fro, Ever about me the dead men go; And then to hear a dead man chatter Is enough to drive one mad. 2. Wretchedest age, since Time began, They cannot even bury a man; And tho' we paid our tithes in the days that are gone, Not a bell was rung, not a prayer was read; It is that which makes us loud in the world of the dead; There is none that does his work, not one; A touch of their office might have sufficed, But the churchmen fain would kill their church, As the churches have kill'd their Christ. 3. See, there is one of us sobbing, No limit to his distress; And another, a lord of all things, praying To his own great self, as I guess; And another, a statesman there, betraying His party-secret, fool, to the press; And yonder a vile physician, blabbing The case of his patient— all for what? To tickle the maggot born in an empty head, And wheedle a world that loves him not. For it is but a world of the dead. 4. Nothing but idiot gabble! For the prophecy given of old And then not understood, Has come to pass as foretold; Not let any man think for the public good, But babble, merely for babble. For I never whisper'd a private affair Within the hearing of cat or mouse, No, not to myself in the closet alone, But I heard it shouted at once from the top of the house; Everything came to be known: Who told him we were there? 5. Not that gray old wolf, for he came not back From

the wilderness, full of wolves, where he used to lie; He has gather'd the bones for his o'ergrown whelp to crack; Crack them now for yourself, and howl, and die. 6. Prophet, curse me the blabbing lip, And curse me the British vermin, the rat; I know not whether he came in the Hanover ship, But I know that he lies and listens mute In an ancient mansion's crannies and holes: Arsenic, arsenic, sure, would do it. Except that now we poison our babes, poor souls! It is all used up for that. 7. Tell him now: she is standing here at my head; Not beautiful now, not even kind; He may take her now; for she never speaks her mind, But is ever the one thing silent here. She is not of us, as I divine; She comes from another stiller world of the dead, Stiller, not fairer than mine. 8. But I know where a garden grows, Fairer than aught in the world beside, All made up of the lily and rose That blow by night, when the season is good, To the sound of dancing music and flutes: It is only flowers, they had no fruits, And I almost fear they are not roses, but blood; For the keeper was one, so full of pride, He linkt a dead man there to a spectral bride; For he, if he had not been a Sultan of brutes, Would he have that hole in his side? 9. But what will the old man say? He laid a cruel snare in a pit To catch a friend of mine one stormy day; Yet now I could even weep to think of it; For what will the old man say When he comes to the second corpse in the pit? 10. Friend, to be struck by the public foe, Then to strike him and lay him low, That were a public merit, far, Whatever the Quaker holds, from sin; But the red life spilt for a private blow— I swear to you, lawful and lawless war Are scarcely even akin. 11. O me, why have they not buried me deep enough? Is it kind to have made me a grave so rough, Me, that was never a quiet sleeper? Maybe still I am but half-dead; Then I cannot be wholly dumb; I will cry to the steps above my head, And somebody, surely, some kind heart will come To bury me, bury me Deeper, ever so little deeper.

VI. 1. My life has crept so long on a broken wing Thro' cells of madness, haunts of horror and fear, That I come to be grateful at last for a little thing: My mood is changed, for it fell at a time of year When the face of night is fair on the dewy

downs, And the shining daffodil dies, and the Charioteer And starry Gemini hang like glorious crowns Over Orion's grave low down in the west, That like a silent lightning under the stars She seem'd to divide in a dream from a band of the blest, And spoke of a hope for the world in the coming wars— 'And in that hope, dear soul, let trouble have rest. Knowing I tarry for thee,' and pointed to Mars As he glow'd like a ruddy shield on the Lion's breast. 2. And it was but a dream, yet it yielded a dear delight To have look'd, tho' but in a dream, upon eyes so fair, That had been in a weary world my one thing bright; And it was but a dream, yet it lightened my despair When I thought that a war would arise in defence of the right, That an iron tyranny now should bend or cease, The, glory of manhood stand on his ancient height, Nor Britain's one sole God be the millionnaire: No more shall commerce be all in all, and Peace Pipe on her pastoral hillock a languid note, And watch her harvest ripen, her herd increase, Nor the cannon-bullet rust on a slothful shore, And the cobweb woven across the cannon's throat Shall shake its threaded tears in the wind no more. 3. And as months ran on and rumour of battle grew, 'It is time, it is time, O passionate heart,' said I (For I cleaved to a cause that I felt to be pure and true), 'It is time, O passionate heart and morbid eye, That old hysterical mock-disease should die.' And I stood on a giant deck and mix'd my breath With a loyal people shouting a battle cry, Till I saw the dreary phantom arise and fly Far into the North, and battle, and seas of death. 4. Let it go or stay, so I wake to the higher aims Of a land that has lost for a little her lust of gold, And love of a peace that was full of wrongs and shames, Horrible, hateful, monstrous, not to be told; And hail once more to the banner of battle unroll'd! Tho' many a light shall darken, and many shall weep For those that are crush'd in the clash of jarring claims, Yet God's just wrath shall be wreak'd on a giant liar; And many a darkness into the light shall leap, And shine in the sudden making of splendid names, And noble thought be freer under the sun, And the heart of a people beat with one desire; For the peace, that I deem'd no peace, is over and done, And now by the side of the Black and the Baltic

deep, And deathful-grinning mouths of the fortress, flames The blood-red blossom of war with a heart of fire. 5. Let it flame or fade, and the war roll down like a wind, We have proved we have hearts in a cause, we are noble still, And myself have awaked, as it seems, to the better mind; It is better to fight for the good, than to rail at the ill; I have felt with my native land, I am one with my kind, I embrace the purpose of God, and the doom assign'd.

THE BROOK; AN IDYL.

'Here, by this brook, we parted; I to the East And he for Italy—too late—too late: One whom the strong sons of the world despise; For lucky rhymes to him were scrip and share, And mellow metres more than cent for cent; Nor could he understand how money breeds, Thought it a dead thing; yet himself could make The thing that is not as the thing that is. O had he lived! In our schoolbooks we say, Of those that held their heads above the crowd, They flourish'd then or then; but life in him Could scarce be said to flourish, only touched On such a time as goes before the leaf, When all the wood stands in a mist of green, And nothing perfect: yet the brook he loved, For which, in branding summers of Bengal, Or ev'n the sweet half-English Neilgherry air, I panted, seems, as I re-listen to it, Prattling the primrose fancies of the boy, To me that loved him; for "O brook," he says, "O babbling brook," says Edmund in his rhyme, "Whence come you?" and the brook, why not? replies. I come from haunts of coot and hern, I make a sudden sally And sparkle out among the fern, To bicker down a valley. By thirty hills I hurry down, Or slip between the ridges, By twenty thorps, a little town, And half a hundred bridges. Till last by Philip's farm I flow To join the brimming river, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever. 'Poor lad, he died at Florence, quite worn out, Travelling to Naples. There is Darnley bridge. It has more ivy; there the river; and there Stands Philip's farm where brook and river meet. I chatter over stony ways, In little sharps and trebles, I

bubble into eddying bays, I babble on the pebbles. With many a curve my banks I fret By many a field and fallow. And many a fairy foreland set With willow-weed and mallow. I chatter, chatter, as I flow To join the brimming river, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever. 'But Philip chatter'd more than brook or bird; Old Philip; all about the fields you caught His weary daylong chirping, like the dry High-elbow'd grigs that leap in summer grass. I wind about, and in and out, With here a blossom sailing, And here and there a lusty trout, And here and there a grayling, And here and there a foamy flake Upon me, as I travel With many a silvery waterbreak Above the golden gravel, And draw them all along, and flow To join the brimming river, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever. 'O darling Katie Willows, his one child! A maiden of our century, yet most meek; A daughter of our meadows, yet not coarse; Straight, but as lissome as a hazel wand; Her eyes a bashful azure, and her hair In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell Divides threefold to show the fruit within. 'Sweet Katie, once I did her a good turn, Her and her far-off cousin and betrothed, James Willows, of one name and heart with her. For here I came, twenty years back—the week Before I parted with poor Edmund; crost By that old bridge which, half in ruins then, Still makes a hoary eyebrow for the gleam Beyond it, where the waters marry—crost, Whistling a random bar of Bonny Doon, And push'd at Philip's garden-gate. The gate, Half-parted from a weak and scolding hinge, Stuck; and he clamour'd from a casement, "run" To Katie somewhere in the walks below, "Run, Katie!" Katie never ran: she moved To meet me, winding under woodbine bowers, A little fluttered, with her eyelids down, Fresh apple-blossom, blushing for a boon. 'What was it? less of sentiment than sense Had Katie; not illiterate; nor of those Who dabbling in the fount of fictive tears, And nursed by mealy-mouth'd philanthropies, Divorce the Feeling from her mate the Deed. 'She told me. She and James had quarrell'd. Why? What cause of quarrel? None, she said, no cause; James had no cause: but when I prest the cause, I learnt that James had flickering jealousies Which anger'd her. Who

anger'd James? I said. But Katie snatch'd her eyes at once from mine, And sketching with her slender pointed foot Some figure like a wizard's pentagram On garden gravel, let my query pass Unclaim'd, in flushing silence, till I ask'd If James were coming. "Coming every day," She answered, "ever longing to explain, But evermore her father came across With some long-winded tale, and broke him short; And James departed vext with him and her." How could I help her? "Would I—was it wrong?" (Claspt hands and that petitionary grace Of sweet seventeen subdued me ere she spoke) "O would I take her father for one hour, For one half-hour, and let him talk to me!" And even while she spoke, I saw where James Made toward us, like a wader in the surf, Beyond the brook, waist-deep in meadow-sweet. 'O Katie, what I suffered for your sake! For in I went, and call'd old Philip out To show the farm: full willingly he rose: He led me thro' the short sweet-smelling lanes Of his wheat-suburb, babbling as he went. He praised his land, his horses, his machines; He praised his ploughs, his cows, his hogs, his dogs; He praised his hens, his geese, his guinea-hens; His pigeons, who in session on their roofs Approved him, bowing at their own deserts: Then from the plaintive mother's teat he took Her blind and shuddering puppies, naming each. And naming those, his friends, for whom they were: Then crost the common into Darnley chase To show Sir Arthur's deer. In copse and fern Twinkled the innumerable ear and tail. Then, seated on a serpent-rooted beech, He pointed out a pasturing colt, and said: 'That was the four-year-old I sold the Squire.' And there he told a long long-winded tale Of how the Squire had seen the colt at grass, And how it was the thing his daughter wish'd, And how he sent the bailiff to the farm To learn the price, and what the price he ask'd, And how the bailiff swore that he was mad, But he stood firm; and so the matter hung; He gave them line: and five days after that He met the bailiff at the Golden Fleece, Who then and there had offer'd something more, But he stood firm; and so the matter hung; He knew the man; the colt would fetch its price; He gave them line: and how by chance at last (It might be May or April, he forgot, The last of

April or the first of May) He found the bailiff riding by the farm, And, talking from the point, he drew him in, And there he mellow'd all his heart with ale, Until they closed a bargain, hand in hand. 'Then, while I breathed in sight of haven, he, Poor fellow, could he help it? Recommenced, And ran thro' all the coltish chronicle, Wild Will, Black Bess, Tantivy, Tallyho, Reform, White Rose, Bellerophon, the Jilt, Arbaces, and Phenomenon, and the rest, Till, not to die a listener, I arose, And with me Philip, talking still; and so We turn'd our foreheads from the falling sun, And following our own shadows thrice as long As when they follow'd us from Philip's door, Arrived, and found the sun of sweet content Re-risen in Katie's eyes, and all things well. I steal by lawns and grassy plots, I slide by hazel covers; I move the sweet forget-me-nots That grow for happy lovers. I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance. Among my skimming swallows; I make the netted sunbeam dance Against my sandy shallows. I murmur under moon and stars In brambly wildernesses; I linger by my shingly bars; I loiter round my cresses; And out again I curve and flow To join the brimming river, For men may come and men may go, But I go on for ever. Yes, men may come and go; and these are gone, All gone. My dearest brother, Edmund, sleeps, Not by the well-known stream and rustic spire, But unfamiliar Arno, and the dome Of Brunelleschi; sleeps in peace: and he, Poor Philip, of all his lavish waste of words Remains the lean P. W. on his tomb: I scraped the lichen from it: Katie walks By the long wash of Australasian seas Far off, and holds her head to other stars, And breathes in converse seasons. All are gone.' So Lawrence Aylmer, seated on a style In the long hedge, and rolling in his mind Old waifs of rhyme, and bowing o'er the brook A tonsured head in middle age forlorn, Mused, and was mute. On a sudden a low breath Of tender air made tremble in the hedge The fragile bindweed-bells and briony rings; And he look'd up. There stood a maiden near, Waiting to pass. In much amaze he stared On eyes a bashful azure, and on hair In gloss and hue the chestnut, when the shell Divides threefold to show the fruit within: Then, wondering, ask'd her 'Are you from the farm?' 'Yes' answer'd she. 'Pray stay a little: pardon me; What

do they call you?' 'Katie.' 'That were strange. What surname? 'Willows.' 'No!' 'That is my name.' 'Indeed!' and here he look'd so self-perplext, That Katie laugh'd, and laughing blush'd, till he Laugh'd also, but as one before he wakes, Who feels a glimmering strangeness in his dream. Then looking at her; 'Too happy, fresh and fair, Too fresh and fair in our sad world's best bloom, To be the ghost of one who bore your name About these meadows, twenty years ago.' 'Have you not heard?' said Katie, 'we came back. We bought the farm we tenanted before. Am I so like her? so they said on board. Sir, if you knew her in her English days, My mother, as it seems you did, the days That most she loves to talk of, come with me. My brother James is in the harvest-field: But she—you will be welcome—O, come in!'

THE LETTERS.

1. Still on the tower stood the vane, A black yew gloom'd the stagnant air, I peer'd athwart the chancel pane And saw the altar cold and bare. A clog of lead was round my feet, A band of pain across my brow; 'Cold altar, Heaven and earth shall meet Before you hear my marriage vow.' 2. I turn'd and humm'd a bitter song That mock'd the wholesome human heart, And then we met in wrath and wrong, We met, but only meant to part. Full cold my greeting was and dry; She faintly smiled, she hardly moved; I saw with half-unconscious eye She wore the colours I approved. 3. She took the little ivory chest, With half a sigh she turn'd the key, Then raised her head with lips comprest, And gave my letters back to me. And gave the trinkets and the rings, My gifts, when gifts of mine could please; As looks a father on the things Of his dead son, I look'd on these. 4. She told me all her friends had said; I raged against the public liar; She talk'd as if her love were dead, But in my words were seeds of fire. 'No more of love; your sex is known: I never will be twice deceived. Henceforth I trust the man alone, The woman cannot be believed. 5. 'Thro' slander, meanest spawn of Hell (And women's slander is the worst), And you, whom once I

loved so well, Thro' you, my life will be accurst.' I spoke with heart, and heat and force, I shook her breast with vague alarms— Like torrents from a mountain source We rush'd into each other's arms. 6. We parted: sweetly gleam'd the stars, And sweet the vapour-braided blue, Low breezes fann'd the belfry bars, As homeward by the church I drew. The very graves appear'd to smile, So fresh they rose in shadow'd swells; 'Dark porch,' I said, 'and silent aisle There comes a sound of marriage bells.'

ODE ON THE DEATH OF THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

1. Bury the Great Duke With an empire's lamentation, Let us bury the Great Duke To the noise of the mourning of a mighty nation, Mourning when their leaders fall, Warriors carry the warrior's pall, And sorrow darkens hamlet and hall. 2. Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore? Here, in streaming London's central roar. Let the sound of those he wrought for, And the feet of those he fought for, Echo round his bones for evermore. 3. Lead out the pageant: sad and slow, As fits an universal woe, Let the long long procession go, And let the sorrowing crowd about it grow, And let the mournful martial music blow; The last great Englishman is low. 4. Mourn, for to us he seems the last. Remembering all his greatness in the Past. No more in soldier fashion will he greet With lifted hand the gazer in the street. O friends, our chief state-oracle is mute: Mourn for the man of long-enduring blood, The statesman-warrior, moderate, resolute, Whole in himself, a common good. Mourn for the man of amplest influence, Yet clearest of ambitious crime, Our greatest yet with least pretence, Great in council and great in war, Foremost captain of his time, Rich in saving common-sense, And, as the greatest only are, In his simplicity sublime. O good gray head which all men knew, O voice from which their omens all men drew, O iron nerve to true occasion true, O fall'n at length that tower of strength Which stood four-square to all the winds that blew! Such was he whom

we deplore. The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er. The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more. 5. All is over and done: Render thanks to the Giver, England, for thy son. Let the bell be toll'd. Render thanks to the Giver, And render him to the mould. Under the cross of gold That shines over city and river, There he shall rest for ever Among the wise and the bold. Let the bell be toll'd: And a reverent people behold The towering car, the sable steeds: Bright let it be with its blazon'd deeds, Dark in its funeral fold. Let the bell be toll'd: And a deeper knell in the heart be knoll'd; And the sound of the sorrowing anthem roll'd Thro' the dome of the golden cross; And the volleying cannon thunder his loss; He knew their voices of old. For many a time in many a clime His captain's-ear has heard them boom Bellowing victory, bellowing doom; When he with those deep voices wrought, Guarding realms and kings from shame; With those deep voices our dead captain taught The tyrant, and asserts his claim In that dread sound to the great name, Which he has won so pure of blame, In praise and in dispraise the same, A man of well-attemper'd frame, O civic muse, to such a name, To such a name for ages long, To such a name, Preserve a broad approach of fame, And ever-ringing avenues of song. 6. Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest, With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest, With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest? Mighty seaman, this is he Was great by land as thou by sea. Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man, The greatest sailor since our world began. Now, to the roll of muffled drums, To thee the greatest soldier comes; For this is he Was great by land as thou by sea; His foes were thine; he kept us free; O give him welcome, this is he, Worthy of our gorgeous rites, And worthy to be laid by thee; For this is England's greatest son, He that gain'd a hundred fights, Nor ever lost an English gun; This is he that far away Against the myriads of Assaye Clash'd with his fiery few and won; And underneath another sun, Warring on a later day, Round affrighted Lisbon drew The treble works, the vast designs Of his labour'd rampart-lines, Where he greatly stood at bay, Whence he issued forth anew, And ever great and greater grew, Beating from the

wasted vines Back to France her banded swarms, Back to France with countless blows, Till o'er the hills her eagles flew Past the Pyrenean pines, Follow'd up in valley and glen With blare of bugle, clamour of men, Roll of cannon and dash of arms, And England pouring on her foes. Such a war had such a close. Again their ravening eagle rose In anger, wheel'd on Europe-shadowing wings, And barking for the thrones of kings; Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down; A day of onsets of despair! Dash'd on every rocky square Their surging charges foam'd themselves away; Last, the Prussian trumpet blew; Thro' the long-tormented air Heaven flash'd a sudden jubilant ray, And down we swept and charged and overthrew. So great a soldier taught us there, What long-enduring hearts could do In that world's-earthquake, Waterloo! Mighty seaman, tender and true, And pure as he from taint of craven guile, O saviour of the silver-coasted isle, O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile, If aught of things that here befall Touch a spirit among things divine, If love of country move thee there at all, Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine! And thro' the centuries let a people's voice In full acclaim, A people's voice, The proof and echo of all human fame, A people's voice, when they rejoice At civic revel and pomp and game, Attest their great commander's claim With honour, honour, honour, honour to him, Eternal honour to his name. 7. A people's voice! we are a people yet. Tho' all men else their nobler dreams forget Confused by brainless mobs and lawless Powers; Thank Him who isled us here, and roughly set His Saxon in blown seas and storming showers, We have a voice, with which to pay the debt Of boundless love and reverence and regret To those great men who fought, and kept it ours. And keep it ours, O God, from brute control; O Statesmen, guard us, guard the eye, the soul Of Europe, keep our noble England whole, And save the one true seed of freedom sown Betwixt a people and their ancient throne, That sober freedom out of which there springs Our loyal passion for our temperate kings; For, saving that, ye help to save mankind Till public wrong be crumbled into dust, And drill the raw world for the march of mind,

Till crowds at length be sane and crowns be just. But wink no more in slothful overtrust. Remember him who led your hosts; He bad you guard the sacred coasts. Your cannons moulder on the seaward wall; His voice is silent in your council-hall For ever; and whatever tempests lour For ever silent; even if they broke In thunder, silent; yet remember all He spoke among you, and the Man who spoke; Who never sold the truth to serve the hour, Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power; Who let the turbid streams of rumour flow Thro' either babbling world of high and low; Whose life was work, whose language rife With rugged maxims hewn from life; Who never spoke against a foe; Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke All great self-seekers trampling on the right: Truth-teller was our England's Alfred named; Truth-lover was our English Duke; Whatever record leap to light He never shall be shamed. 8. Lo, the leader in these glorious wars Now to glorious burial slowly borne, Followed by the brave of other lands, He, on whom from both her open hands Lavish Honour showered all her stars, And affluent Fortune emptied all her horn. Yea, let all good things await Him who cares not to be great, But as he saves or serves the state. Not once or twice in our rough island-story, The path of duty was the way to glory: He that walks it, only thirsting For the right, and learns to deaden Love of self, before his journey closes, He shall find the stubborn thistle bursting Into glossy purples, which outredden All voluptuous garden-roses. Not once or twice in our fair island-story, The path of duty was the way to glory: He, that ever following her commands, On with toil of heart and knees and hands, Thro' the long gorge to the far light has won His path upward, and prevail'd, Shall find the toppling crags of Duty scaled Are close upon the shining table-lands To which our God Himself is moon and sun. Such was he: his work is done. But while the races of mankind endure, Let his great example stand Colossal, seen of every land, And keep the soldier firm, the statesman pure; Till in all lands and thro' all human story The path of duty be the way to glory: And let the land whose hearths he saved from shame For many and many an age proclaim At civic revel and pomp and game, And

when the long-illumined cities flame, Their ever-loyal iron leader's fame, With honour, honour, honour, honour to him. Eternal honour to his name. 9. Peace, his triumph will be sung By some yet unmoulded tongue Far on in summers that we shall not see: Peace, it is a day of pain For one about whose patriarchal knee Late the little children clung: O peace, it is a day of pain For one, upon whose hand and heart and brain Once the weight and fate of Europe hung. Ours the pain, be his the gain! More than is of man's degree Must be with us, watching here At this, our great solemnity. Whom we see not we revere, We revere, and we refrain From talk of battles loud and vain, And brawling memories all too free For such a wise humility As befits a solemn fane: We revere, and while we hear The tides of Music's golden sea Setting toward eternity, Uplifted high in heart and hope are we, Until we doubt not that for one so true There must be other nobler work to do Than when he fought at Waterloo, And Victor he must ever be. For tho' the Giant Ages heave the hill And break the shore, and evermore Make and break, and work their will; Tho' world on world in myriad myriads roll Round us, each with different powers, And other forms of life than ours, What know we greater than the soul? On God and Godlike men we build our trust. Hush, the Dead March wails in the people's ears: The dark crowd moves, and there are sobs and tears: The black earth yawns: the mortal disappears; Ashes to ashes, dust to dust; He is gone who seem'd so great.— Gone; but nothing can bereave him Of the force he made his own Being here, and we believe him Something far advanced in State, And that he wears a truer crown Than any wreath that man can weave him. But speak no more of his renown, Lay your earthly fancies down, And in the vast cathedral leave him. God accept him, Christ receive him. 1862.

THE DAISY, WRITTEN AT EDINBURGH.

O LOVE, what hours were thine and mine, In lands of palm and southern pine; In

lands of palm, of orange-blossom, Of olive, aloe, and maize and vine. What Roman strength Turbia show'd In ruin, by the mountain road; How like a gem, beneath, the city Of little Monaco, basking, glow'd. How richly down the rocky dell The torrent vineyard streaming fell To meet the sun and sunny waters, That only heaved with a summer swell. What slender campanili grew By bays, the peacock's neck in hue; Where, here and there, on sandy beaches A milky-bell'd amaryllis blew. How young Columbus seem'd to rove, Yet present in his natal grove, Now watching high on mountain cornice, And steering, now, from a purple cove, Now pacing mute by ocean's rim; Till, in a narrow street and dim, I stay'd the wheels at Cogoletto, And drank, and loyally drank to him. Nor knew we well what pleased us most, Not the clipt palm of which they boast; But distant colour, happy hamlet, A moulder'd citadel on the coast, Or tower, or high hill-convent, seen A light amid its olives green; Or olive-hoary cape in ocean; Or rosy blossom in hot ravine, Where oleanders flush'd the bed Of silent torrents, gravel-spread; And, crossing, oft we saw the glisten Of ice, far up on a mountain head. We loved that hall, tho' white and cold, Those niched shapes of noble mould, A princely people's awful princes, The grave, severe Genovese of old. At Florence too what golden hours, In those long galleries, were ours; What drives about the fresh Cascin?, Or walks in Boboli's ducal bowers. In bright vignettes, and each complete, Of tower or duomo, sunny-sweet, Or palace, how the city glitter'd, Thro' cypress avenues, at our feet. But when we crost the Lombard plain Remember what a plague of rain; Of rain at Reggio, rain at Parma; At Lodi, rain, Piacenza, rain. And stern and sad (so rare the smiles Of sunlight) look'd the Lombard piles; Porch-pillars on the lion resting, And sombre, old, colonnaded aisles. O Milan, O the chanting quires, The giant windows' blazon'd fires, The height, the space, the gloom, the glory! A mount of marble, a hundred spires! I climb'd the roofs at break of day; Sun-smitten Alps before me lay. I stood among the silent statues, And statued pinnacles, mute as they. How faintly-flush'd, how phantom-fair, Was Monte Rosa, hanging there A thousand shadowy-pencill'd

valleys And snowy dells in a golden air. Remember how we came at last To Como; shower and storm and blast Had blown the lake beyond his limit, And all was flooded; and how we past From Como, when the light was gray, And in my head, for half the day, The rich Virgilian rustic measure Of Lari Maxume, all the way. Like ballad-burthen music, kept, As on The Lariano crept To that fair port below the castle Of Queen Theodolind, where we slept; Or hardly slept, but watch'd awake A cypress in the moonlight shake. The moonlight touching o'er a terrace One tall Agav? above the lake. What more? we took our last adieu, And up the snowy Splugen drew, But ere we reach'd the highest summit I pluck'd a daisy, I gave it you. It told of England then to me, And now it tells of Italy. O love, we two shall go no longer To lands of summer across the sea; So dear a life your arms enfold Whose crying is a cry for gold: Yet here to-night in this dark city, When ill and weary, alone and cold, I found, tho' crush'd to hard and dry, This nurseling of another sky Still in the little book you lent me. And where you tenderly laid it by: And I forgot the clouded Forth, The gloom that saddens Heaven and Earth, The bitter east, the misty summer And gray metropolis of the North. Perchance, to lull the throbs of pain, Perchance, to charm a vacant brain, Perchance, to dream you still beside me, My fancy fled to the South again.

TO THE REV. F. D. MAURICE.

Come, when no graver cares employ, God-father, come and see your boy: Your presence will be sun in winter, Making the little one leap for joy. For, being of that honest few, Who give the Fiend himself his due, Should eighty-thousand college-councils Thunder 'Anathema,' friend, at you; Should all our churchmen foam in spite At you, so careful of the right, Yet one lay-hearth would give you welcome (Take it and come) to the Isle of Wight; Where, far from noise and smoke of town, I watch the twilight falling brown All round a careless-order'd garden Close to the

ridge of a noble down. You'll have no scandal while you dine, But honest talk and wholesome wine. And only hear the magpie gossip Garrulous under a roof of pine: For groves of pine on either hand, To break the blast of winter, stand; And further on, the hoary Channel Tumbles a breaker on chalk and sand; Where, if below the milky steep Some ship of battle slowly creep, And on thro' zones of light and shadow Glimmer away to the lonely deep, We might discuss the Northern sin Which made a selfish war begin; Dispute the claims, arrange the chances; Emperor, Ottoman, which shall win: Or whether war's avenging rod Shall lash all Europe into blood; Till you should turn to dearer matters, Dear to the man that is dear to God; How best to help the slender store, How mend the dwellings, of the poor; How gain in life, as life advances, Valour and charity more and more. Come, Maurice, come: the lawn as yet Is hoar with rime, or spongy-wet; But when the wreath of March has blossom'd, Crocus, anemone, violet, Or later, pay one visit here, For those are few we hold as dear; Nor pay but one, but come for many, Many and many a happy year. January, 1854.

WILL.

1. O well for him whose will is strong! He suffers, but he will not suffer long; He suffers, but he cannot suffer wrong: For him nor moves the loud world's random mock, Nor all Calamity's hugest waves confound, Who seems a promontory of rock, That, compass'd round with turbulent sound, In middle ocean meets the surging shock, Tempest-buffeted, citadel-crown'd. 2. But ill for him who, bettering not with time, Corrupts the strength of heaven-descended Will, And ever weaker grows thro' acted crime, Or seeming-genial venial fault, Recurring and suggesting still! He seems as one whose footsteps halt, Toiling in immeasurable sand, And o'er a weary sultry land, Far beneath a blazing vault, Sown in a wrinkle of the monstrous hill, The city sparkles like a grain of salt.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

1. Half a league, half a league, Half a league onward, All in the valley of Death Rode the six hundred. "Forward, the Light Brigade! "Charge for the guns!" he said: Into the valley of Death Rode the six hundred. 2. "Forward, the Light Brigade!" Was there a man dismay'd? Not tho' the soldier knew Some one had blunder' d: Their's not to make reply, Their's not to reason why, Their's but to do and die, Into the valley of Death Rode the six hundred. 3. Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon in front of them Volley'd and thunder'd; Storm'd at with shot and shell, Boldly they rode and well, Into the jaws of Death, Into the mouth of Hell Rode the six hundred. 4. Flash'd all their sabres bare, Flash'd as they turn'd in air, Sabring the gunners there, Charging an army, while All the world wonder'd: Plunged in the battery-smoke Right thro' the line they broke; Cossack and Russian Reel'd from the sabre-stroke Shatter'd and sunder'd. Then they rode back, but not Not the six hundred. 5. Cannon to right of them, Cannon to left of them, Cannon behind them Volley'd and thunder'd; Storm'd at with shot and shell, While horse and hero fell, They that had fought so well Came thro' the jaws of Death Back from the mouth of Hell, All that was left of them, Left of six hundred. 6. When can their glory fade? O the wild charge they made! All the world wonder'd. Honour the charge they made! Honour the Light Brigade, Noble six hundred!

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