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AN
ANTHOLOGY OF POETRY
FROM
SPENSER TO ARNOLD

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

PREFACE

THE primary object of this anthology is to provide in a convenient and compact form those poems which are included in the General English Literature syllabus for the School Certificate Examination of the University of Cambridge.

The poems here collected may fairly be said to represent the best work of twelve outstanding poets from Spenser to Arnold and to give the young student the opportunity of comparing the poetry of different periods and of following the gradual process of development in thought and style during three centuries. The selected poems are those which most clearly demonstrate the characteristics of each author ; a very wide range as regards subject, form and style of poetry is thus provided among which the young reader may browse, thereby cultivating, and perhaps achieving, the ultimate end of all literary study—a sound judgment, an enlightened critical faculty and some sense of literary taste.

It may be felt that the literary food here set before the pupil is so rich in quality and consists of so many courses, that the result may be an unpleasant form of indigestion caused by incomplete assimilation. It is hoped, however, that both teacher and pupil will choose from this selection those poems which appeal most strongly to their personal inclinations—the literary repast is of the nature of a buffet rather than of a banquet. Whatever may be their ultimate choice, they cannot err since each poem has an indisputable right to be considered a classic of its kind.

CHAP.
IV.
Constitu-
tion of, and
services.

therefore, was to extricate Salabut Khan from the degrading state of thralldom into which he had been betrayed, and to secure him and his family against the imminent danger with which they were threatened.

The execution of the necessary measures was confided to Captain Seyer, through whose admirable address, unaided by military force, though troops were placed at his disposal, Salabut Khan's affairs, together with the general political arrangements of Ellichpoor, were brought to a satisfactory conclusion; Futteh Jung Khan being removed from Ellichpoor, and Salabut Khan restored ultimately to his legitimate authority.

An opportunity was now taken of extending our interference to Salabut Khan's contingent, and placing the troops of which it was composed under our more immediate control.

In January 1820 the Ellichpoor Brigade was accordingly constituted a portion of the Berar division under Major Pitman, to whom Captain Seyer was directed to address his reports and returns on all points connected with his brigade. But on subjects not military he was to correspond, as heretofore, direct with the Eesident.

The whole of Salabut Khan's troops, according to Captain Beyer's representation, were in such an inefficient state as to render it necessary to remodel the whole establishment. European officers were accordingly appointed, and parties of volunteers from the six infantry corps were transferred to the brigade for promotion in the newly organised battalions. A small party was at the same time sent from the reformed horse to serve as a basis for the formation of the new risalak.

The infantry were formed into two battalions of 650 rank and file each. The pay of the private soldier was

increased, and fixed at from seven to eight rupees per mensem when first entertained, and nine rupees after four years' service. Clothing and knapsacks were to be furnished by Salabut Khan. The benefit of rice money and of the invalid and pension establishments were in like manner extended to the brigade, in order to place them on the same footing as the regular troops.

CHAP.
IV.
Constitution of, and services.

In regard to the cavalry of the Ellichpoor contingent, an arrangement was made by which Salabut Khan was to maintain a new risalah of 600 men, at forty Hyderabad rupees for each man and horse per mensem — in consideration of which a tacit acknowledgment would appear to have, been conveyed, that in resigning to us the brigade as newly constituted, all interference on our part was to cease over the remainder of his quota, which was to be left solely under his own personal control, without so much as inquiry being made as to the mode in which it was maintained.

A reduction of useless establishments in the Nizam's own army was effected during this year to the annual extent, it was stated, of between twenty-two and twenty-three lakhs of rupees. Among these reductions were included 305 horse and 500 foot on Raja Chundoo Lall's own personal establishment, and 237 horse and 250 foot on that of his brother, Raja Govind Buksh. AD. recruiting was suspended, except in the regular and reformed troops, which were to be kept up at their full strength. The annual charge of the contingent was at that time computed at thirty-six lakhs, not including the establishment of Salabut Khan, which was maintained by a jagheer estimated at fourteen lakhs of rupees.

This year was productive of numerous benefits to the officers of the service. A table allowance of 500 Bydera-

The approach to English Literature which an anthology of this character affords is in direct contrast to that in which the student is called upon to read two or three set texts in detail. Intensive study of this nature has its very real advantages, together with equally real dangers. When the bounds of a pupil's reading are confined to one or two authors, he may fail to realize the wide extent and infinite variety of his literary heritage. There is also the danger, of which every experienced teacher is only too well aware, that, not infrequently, the young pupil becomes so sated with the "set" book that he secretly resolves that, the examination over, he will never look at the abhorred text again. He has read it a thousand times, he comments glibly upon any difficulty, he can "spot" contexts with consummate facility, he can "utter by great swarths" the whole gamut of purple passages, but—the thing of beauty can never more be a joy to him. He may truly and reasonably say with Byron :

Yet such the fix't inveteracy wrought
By the impatience of my early thought,
That, with the freshness wearing out before
My mind could relish what it might have sought,
If free to choose, I cannot now restore
Its health ; but what it then detested, still abhor.

We must be on our guard lest the fear of Tennyson be realized when he said, " They use me as a lesson-book at schools : and they will call me 'that horrible Tennyson.' "

In *The Teaching of English in England* the Departmental Committee states : " It is, we think, a real misfortune when examinations dictate the whole of the syllabus for a school, or part of a school, and we should like to see opportunities given to candidates at the School Certificate stage for showing their acquaintance with, and appreciation of, literature outside the range of prescribed books or a prescribed period." It is hoped that this anthology will meet such a need and will, apart from any examination syllabus, supply the means whereby the student may breathe the pure serene of our English realms of gold

and inspire him to exclaim as he tells of his literary adventures :

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken.

The Editor has incorporated with the text certain adjuncts which he feels may enable the student to read the poems intelligently and with understanding. A short biographical and literary notice serves to introduce the work of each author. The notes have been reduced to that minimum which will ensure adequate explanation of difficult passages and references such as the average pupil cannot be expected to understand without help; critical and appreciative comments have been omitted, partly owing to the need of compression and partly in the hope that each poet will make his own appeal. A bibliography is included to encourage and stimulate further reading of the works of each poet and of the comments and criticism made thereon by scholars of unimpeachable taste. The comparative table of historical and literary events serves to show the relationship between the authors and the particular period during which each was writing and will demonstrate an important fact which young students so often overlook, i.e. that the political and social events of history have frequently influenced profoundly, and have been influenced by, the writers of the period. They must realize that the music-makers of the world may justly claim that:

A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation—
A wondrous thing of our dreaming,
Unearthly, impossible seeming,
The soldier, the king, and the peasant
Are working together in one,
Till our dreams shall become their present,
And their work in the world be done.

The series of questions and exercises which, as a rule, require definite acquaintance with the text should prove useful, if only to compel the pupil to become articulate and to set down in black and white not only the extent

of his knowledge of the poetry, but of his personal reactions thereto.

In conclusion, the Editor wishes to acknowledge the valuable help of his wife in the compilation of the Glossary to Spenser and, in all stages of the preparation of the book, he has been indebted to the unfailing and expert assistance of his friend and colleague, Mr. E. R. Wood.

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EDMUND SPENSER

The Faerie Queene

BOOK I

I

Lo ! J, the man whose Muse whylome did maske,
As time her taught, in lowly Shephards weeds,
Am now enforst, a farre unhitter taske,
For trumpets sterne to chaungc mine Oaten reeds,
And sing of Knights and Ladies gentle deeds ;
Whose praises having slept in silence long,
Me, all too meane, the sacred Muse arceds
To blazon broade cmongst her learned throng :
Fierce warrcs and faithful loves shall moralize my song.

II

Helpe then, O holy virgin ! chiefe of nyne, 10
Thy weaker Novice to performe thy will ;
Lay forth out of thine everlasting scryne
The antique rolles, which there lye hidden still,
Of Faerie knights, and fayrest Tanaquill, 15
Whom that most noble Briton Prince so long
Sought through the world, and suffered so much ill,
That I must rue his undeserved wrong :
O, helpe thou my weake wit, and sharpen my dull tong !

III

And thou, most dreaded impe of highest Jove,
Faire Venus sonne, that with thy cruell dart 20
At that good knight so cunningly didst rove,

That glorious fire it kindled in his hart;
 Lay now thy deadly Heben bowe apart,
 And with thy mother"" my lde come to mine ay de ;
 Come, both ; and with you bring triumphant Mart,
 In loves and gentle jollities ar raid,
 After his murderous spoyles and bloudie rage allayd.

IV

And with them eke, O Goddess heavenly bright!
 Mirrour of grace and Majestie divine,
 Great Ladie of the greatest Isle, whose light 30
 Like Phcebus lampe throughout the world doth shine,
 Shed thy faire beames into my feeble eyne,
 And raise my thoughtes, too humble and too vile,
 To thinke of that true glorious type of thine,
 The argument of mine afflicted stile :
 The which to heare vouchsafe, O dearest dread, a-while.

CANTO I

The Patrone of true Holinesse
 Foule Errour doth defeate :
 Hypocrisie, him to entrappe,
 Doth to his home entreate.

I

A GENTLE Knight was pricking on the plaine,
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
 Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,
 The cruell markes of many a bloody fielde ;
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield.
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
 As much disdainyng to the curbe to yield :
 Full jolly knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
 As one for knightly giusts and fierce encounters fitt.

II

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore, 10
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,

And dead, as living, ever him ador'd :
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
 For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had.
 Right faithfull true he was in deede and word,
 But of his cheere did seeme too solemne sad;
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

III

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave, - 20
 (That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery lond)
 To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave :
 And ever as he rode his hart did earne
 To prove his puissance in battell brave
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learne,
 Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne,

IV

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
 Upon a lowly Asse more white then snow,
 Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide 30
 Under a vele, that wimpled was full low ;
 And over all a blacke stole shee did throw :
 As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
 And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow ;
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
 And by her, in a line, a milkewhite lambe she lad.

V

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
 She was in life and every vertuous lore ;
 And by descent from Royall lynage came
 Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of yore 40
 Their scepters stretcht from East to Western shore,
 And all the world in their subjection held ;
 Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
 Forwasted all their land, and them expeld ;
 Whom to avenge she had this Knight from far compeld.

VI

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
 That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe. Thus as they past,
 The day with cloudes was suddeine overcast, 50
 And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
 Did poure into his Lemans lap so fast,
 That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain;
 And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

VII

Enforst to seeke some covert nigh at hand,
 A shadie grove not farr away they spide,
 That promist ayde the tempest to withstand;
 Whose loftie trees, yclad with sommers pride,
 Did spred so broad, that heavens light did hide,
 Not perceable with power of any starr : 60
 And all within were pathes and alleies wide,
 With footing worne, and leading inward farre.
 Faire harbour that them seems, so in they entred **arre.**

VIII

And fourth they passe, with pleasure forward led,
 Joying to heare the birdes sweete harmony,
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dred,
 Seemd in their song to scorne the cruell sky.
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and hy,
 The sayling Pine; the Cedar proud and tall;
 The vine-propp Elme; the Poplar never dry; 70
 The builder Oake, sole king of forrests all;
 The Aspine good for staves; the Cypresse funerall;

IX

The Laurell, mexd of mightie Conquerours
 And Poets sage; the Firre that weepeth still;.
 The Willow, worne of forlorne Paramours;
 The Eugh, obedient to the benders will;
 The Birch. for shaftes; the Sallow for the mill;

The Mirrhe sweete-bleeding in the bitter wound;
 The warlike Beech; the Ash for nothing ill;
 The fruitfull Olive; and the Platane round; 80
 The carver Holme; the Maple seeldom inward sound.

X

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Untill the blustering storme is overblowne;
 When, weening to returne whence they did stray,
 They cannot finde that path, which first was showne,
 But wander too and fro in waies unknowne,
 Furthest from end then, when they nearest weene,
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their owne :
 So many pathes, so many turnings seene,
 That which of them to take in diverse doubt they been. 90

xi

At last resolving forward still to fare,
 Till that some end they finde, or in or out,
 That path they take that beaten seemd most bare,
 And like to lead the labyrinth about;
 Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
 At length it brought them to a hollowe cave
 Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout
 Eftsoones dismounted from his courser brave,
 And to the Dwarfe a while his needlesse spere he gave.

XII

" Be well aware," quoth then that Ladie milde, 100
 " Least suddaine mischiefe ye too rash provoke :
 The danger hid, the place unknowne and wilde,
 Breedes dreadfull doubts. Oft fire is without smoke,
 And perill without show : therefore your stroke,
 Sir Knight, with-hold, till further tryall made."
 " Ah Ladie," (sayd he) " shame were to revoke
 The forward footing for an hidden shade :
 Vertue gives her selfe light through darknesse for to
 wade."

XIII

" Yea but " (quoth she) " the perill of this place
 I better wot then you: though no we too late 110
 To wish you backe returne with foule disgrace,
 Yet wisdomes warnes, whilest foot is in the gate,
 To stay the steppe, ere forced to retrate.
 This is the wandring wood, this *Errours* den,
 A monster vile, whom God and man does hate:
 Therefore I read beware." " Fly, fly ! " (quoth then
 The fearefull Dwarfe) " this is no place for living men."

XIV

But, full of fire and greedy hardiment,
 The youthfull Knight could not for ought be staide ;
 But forth unto the darksom hole he went, 120
 And looked in : his glistring armor made
 A litle glooming light, much like a shade ;
 By which he saw the ugly monster plaine,
 Halfe like a serpent horribly displaide,
 But th'other halfe did womans shape retaine,
 Most lothsom, filthie, foule, and full of vile disdaine.

XV

And, as she lay upon the durtie ground,
 Her huge long taile her den all overspred,
 Yet was in knots and many boughtes upwound,
 Pointed with mortall sting. Of her there bred 130
 A thousand yong ones, which she dayly fed,
 Sucking upon her poisonous dugs ; each one
 Of sundrie shapes, yet all ill-favored :
 Soone as that uncouth light upon them shone,
 Into her mouth they crept, and suddain all were **gone**.

xvi

Their dam upstart out of her den effraide,
 And rushed forth, hurling her hideous taile
 About her cursed head ; whose folds displaid
 Were stretcht now forth at length without entraile.
 She lookt about, and seeing one in mayle, 140

Armed to point, sought backe to turne againe ;
For light she hated as the deadly bale,
Ay wont in desert darknes to remaine,
Where plain none might her see, nor she see any plaine.

XVII

Which when the valiant Elfe perceiv'd, he leapt
As Lyon fierce upon the flying pray,
And with his trenchand blade her boldly kept
From turning backe, and forced her to stay :
Therewith enrag'd she loudly gan to bray,
And turning fierce her speckled taile advaunst, 150
Threatning her angrie sting, him to dismay;
Who, nought aghast, his mightie hand enhaunst:
The stroke down from her head unto her shoulder
glaunst.

XVIII

Much daunted with that dint her sence was dazd;
Yet kindling rage her selfe she gathered round,
And all attonce her beastly bodie raizd
With doubled forces high above the ground :
Tho, wrapping up her wrethed sterne arownd,
Lept fierce upon his shield, and her huge traine
All suddenly about his body wound, 160
That hand or foot to stirr he strove in vaine.
God helpe the man so wrapt in Errours endlesse traine!

XIX

His Lady, sad to see his sore constraint,
Cride out, " Now, now, Sir knight, shew what ye bee;
Add faith unto your force, and be not faint;
Strangle her, els she sure will strangle thee."
That when he heard, in great perplexitie,
His gall did grate for grieve and high disdaine;
And, knitting all his force, got one hand free,
Wherewith he grypt her gorge with so great paine, 170
That soone to loose her wicked bands did her constraine.

XX

Therewith she spewd out of her filthie maw
 A floud of poyson horrible and blacke,
 Full of great lumps of flesh and gobbets raw,
 Which stunck so vildly, that it forst him slacke
 His grasping hold, and from her turne him backe,
 Her vomit full of bookes and papers was,
 With loathly frogs and toades, which eyes did lacked
 And creeping sought way in the weedy gras :
 Her filthie parbreake all the place defiled has. 180

XXI

As when old father Nilus gins to swell
 With timely pride above the Aegyptian vale
 His fattie waves doe fertile slime outwell,
 And overflow each plaine and lowly dale :
 But, when his later spring gins to avale,
 Huge heapes of mudd he leaves, wherin there breed
 Ten thousand kindes of creatures, partly male
 And partly femall, of his fruitful seed ;
 Such ugly monstrous shapes elswher may no man reed.

XXII

The same so sore annoyed has the knight, 190
 That, welnigh choked with the deadly stinke,
 His forces faile, ne can no lenger fight:
 Whose corage when the feend perceivd to shrinke,
 She poured forth out of her hellish sinke
 Her fruitfull cursed spawne of serpents small,
 Deformed monsters, fowle, and blacke as inke,
 Which swarming all about his legs did crall,
 And him encombred sore, but could not hurt at all.

XXIII

As gentle shepheard in sweete eventide,
 When ruddy Phebus gins to welke in west, 200
 High on an hill, his flocke to vewen wide,
 Markes which doe byte their hasty supper best;
 A cloud of cumbrous gnattes doe him molest,

All striving to infixe their feeble stinges,
That from their noyance he no where can rest;
But with his clownish hands their tender wings
He brusheth oft, and oft doth mar their murmurings.

xxiv

Thus ill bestedd, and fearefull more of shame
Then of the certeine perill he stood in,
Halfe furious unto his foe he came, 210
Resolvd in minde all suddenly to win,
Or soone to lose, before he once would lin;
And stroke at her with more then manly force,
That from her body, full of filthie sin,
He raft her hatefull heade without remorse:
A streame of cole-black blood forth gushed from her
corse.

XXV

Her scattered brood, soone as their Parent deare
They saw so rudely falling to the ground,
Groning full deadly, all with troublous feare
Gathred themselves about her body round, 220
Weening their wonted entrance to have found
At her wide mouth; but being there withstood,
They flocked all about her bleeding wound,
And sucked up their dying mothers bloud,
Making her death their life, and eke her hurt their good.

XXVI

That detestable sight him much amazde,
To see th' unkindly Impes, of heaven accurst,
Devoure their dam; on whom while so he gazd,
Having all satisfide their bloody thirst,
Their bellies swolne he saw with fulnesse burst, 230
And bowels gushing forth: well worthy end
Of such as drunke her life the which them nurst!
Now needeth him no lenger labour spend,
His foes have slaine themselves, with whom he should
contend.

XXVII

His Lady, seeing all that chaunst from farre,
 Approacht in hast to greet his victorie;
 And saide, " Faire knight, borne under happie starre,
 Who see your vanquisht foes before you lye,
 Well worthie be you of that Armory,
 Wherein ye have great glory wonne this day, 240
 And proov'd your strength on a strong enimie,
 Your first adventure : many such I pray,
 And henceforth ever wish that like succeed it may ! "

XXVIII

Then mounted he upon his Steede againe,
 And with the Lady backward sought to wend.
 That path he kept which beaten was most plaine,
 Ne ever would to any byway bend,
 But still did follow one unto the end,
 The which at last out of the wood them brought.
 So forward on his way (with God to frend) 250
 He passed forth, and new adventure sought:
 Long way he travelled before he heard of ought.

XXIX

At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
 An aged Sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
 His feete all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
 And by his belt his booke he hanging had :
 Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
 And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
 Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad ;
 And all the way he prayed as he went, 260
 And often knockt his brest, as one that did repent.

XXX

He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
 Who faire him quited, as that courteous was;
 And after asked him, if he did know
 Of straunge adventures, which abroad did pas.
 " Ah ! my flear sonne," (quoth he) " how should, alas !

Silly old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tydings of warre and worldly trouble tell ?
With holy father sits not with such thinges to mell. 270

XXXI

" But if of daunger, which hereby doth dwell,
And homebredd evil ye desire to heare,
Of a straunge man I can you tidings tell,
That wasteth all this countrie, farre and neare."
" Of such," (saide he,) " I chiefly doe inquire,
And shall thee well rewarde to shew the place,
In which that wicked wight his dayes doth weare ;
For to all knighthood it is foule disgrace,
That such a cursed creature lives so long a space."

XXXII

"Far hence" (quoth he) " in wastfull wilderness 280
His dwelling is, by which no living wight
May ever passe, but thorough great distresse."
" Now," (saide the Ladie,) " draweth toward night,
And well I wote, that of your later fight
Ye all forwearied be ; for what so strong,
But, wanting rest, will also want of might ?
The Sunne, that measures heaven all day long,
At night doth baite his steedes the Ocean waves emong.

XXXIII

" Then with the Sunne take, Sir, your timely rest,
And with new day new worke at once begin : 290
Untroubled night, they say, gives counsell best."
" Right well, Sir knight, ye have advised bin,"
Quoth then that aged man : " the way to win
Is wisely to advise ; now day is spent:
Therefore with me ye may take up your In
For this same night." The knight was well content;
So with that godly father to his home they went.

XXXIV

A litle lowly Hermitage it was,
 Downe in a dale, hard by a forests side,
 Far from resort of people that did pas 300
 In traveill to and froe : a litle wyde
 There was an holy chappell edifyde,
 Wherein the Hermite dewly wont to say
 His holy thinges each morne and eventyde :
 Thereby a christall streame did gently play,
 Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

XXXV

Arrived there, the litle house they fill,
 Ne looke for entertainment where none was ;
 Rest is their feast, and all thinges at their will:
 The noblest mind the best contentment has. 310
 With faire discourse the evening so they pas ;
 For that olde man of pleasing wordes had store,
 And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas :
 He told of Saintes and Popes, and evermore
 He strowd an *Ave-Mary* after and before.

xxxvi

The drouping night thus creepeth on them fast;
 And the sad humor loading their eyeliddes,
 As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
 Sweet slombring dēaw, the which to sleep them biddes.
 Unto their lodgings then his guestes he riddes : 320
 Where when all drownd in deadly sleepe he findes,
 He to his studie goes ; and there amiddes
 His magick bookes, and artes of sundrie kin des,
 He seekes out mighty charmes to trouble sleepy minds.

XXXVII

Then choosing out few words most horrible,
 (Let none them read) thereof did verses frame ;
 With which, and other spellles like terrible,
 He bad awake blacke Plutoes griesly Dame;
 And cursed heven; and spake rēprochful shame

Of highest God, the Lord of life and light: 330
A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night;
At which Cocythus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

XXXVIII

And forth he cald out of deepe darknes dredd
Legions of Sprights, the which, like litle flies
Fluttring about his ever-damned hedd,
Awake whereto their service he applyes,
To aide his friendes, or fray his enimies.
Of those he chose out two, the falsest twoo,
And fittest for to forge true-seeming lyes : 340
The one of them he gave a message too,
The other by him selfe staide, other worke to doo.

XXXIX

He, making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe
His dwelling is ; there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe o'
In silver deaw his evcr-drouping hed, 350
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spread.

XL

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one faire fram'd of burnisht Yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enemy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleepe.
By them the Sprite doth passe in-qufeffy,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes : of nothing he takes keepe. 360

XLI

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
 And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
 Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
 Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne.
 No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
 As still are wont t'annoy the walled towne,
 Might there be heard ; but carelesse Quiet lyes
 Wrapt in eternall silence farre from enemyes.

XLII

The Messenger approching to him spake ; 370
 But his waste wordes retournd to him in vaine :
 So sound he slept, that nought mought him awake.
 Then rudely he him thrust, and pusht with paine,
 Whereat he gan to stretch ; but he againe
 Shooke him so hard, that forced him to speake.
 As one then in a dreame, whose dryer braine
 Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weake,
 He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence breake.

XLIII

The Sprite then gan more boldly him to wake,
 And threatned unto him the dreaded name 380
 Of Hecate : whereat he gan to quake,
 And, lifting up his lompish head, with blame
 Halfe angrie asked him, for what he came.
 " Hether " (quoth he,) " me Archimago sent,
 He that the stubborne Sprites can wisely tame,
 He bids thee to him send for his intent
 A fit false dreame, that can delude the sleepers sent.

XLIV

The God obayde ; and, calling forth straight way
 A diverse Dreame out of his prison darke,
 Delivered it to him, and downe did lay 390
 His heavie head, devoide of careful carke ;
 Whose sençes all were straight benumbd and starke.

He, backe returning by the Yvorie dore,
Remounted up as light as chearefull Larke ;
And on his litle winges the dreame he bore
In hast unto his Lord, where he him left afore.

XLV

Who all this while, with charmes and hidden artes,
Had made a Lady of that other Spright,
And fram'd of liquid ayre her tender partes,
So lively and so like in all mens sight, 400
That weaker sence it could have ravisht quight:
The maker selfe, for all his wondrous witt,
Was nigh beguiled with so goodly sight.
Her all in white he clad, and over it
Cast a black stole, most like to seeme for Una fit.

XLVI

Now, when that ydle dreame was to him brought,
Unto that Elfin knight he bad him fly,
Where he slept soundly void of evil thought,
And with false shcwes abuse his fantasy,
In sort as he him schooled privily : 410
And that new creature, borne without her dew,
Full of the makers guyle, with usage sly
He taught to imitate that Lady trew,
Whose semblance she did carrie under feigned hew.

XLVII

Thus, well instructed, to their worke they haste ;
And, comming where the knight in slomber lay,
The one upon his hardie head him plaste,
And made him dreame of loves and lustfull play,
That nigh his manly hart did melt away,
Bathed in wanton blis and wicked joy. 420
Then seemed him his Lady by him lay,
And to him playned, how that false winged boy
Her chaste hart had subdewd to learne Dame Pleasures
toy.

XLVIII

And she her. selfe, of beautie soveraigne Queene,
 Fayre Venus, seemde unto his bed to bring
 Her, whom he, waking, evermore did weene
 To bee the chastest flowre that aye did spring
 On earthly braunch, the daughter of a king,
 Now a loose Leman to vile service bound:
 And eke the Graces seemed all to sing, 430
Hymen Io Hymen ! dauncing all around ;
 Whylst freshest Flora her with Yvie girlond crownd.

XLIX

In this great passion of unwonted lust,
 Or wonted feare of doing ought amis,
 He starteth up, as seeming to mistrust
 Some secret ill, or hidden foe of his.
 Lo ! there before his face his Ladie is,
 Under blacke stole hyding her bayted hooke ;
 And as halfe blushing offred him to kis,
 With gentle blandishment and lovely looke, 440
 Most like that virgin true which for her knight him took.

L

All cleane dismayd to see so uncouth sight,
 And half enraged at her shamelesse guise,
 He thought have slaine her in his fierce despight;
 But hastie heat tempring with sufferance wise,
 He stayde his hand ; and gan himselfe advise
 To prove his sense, and tempt her faigned truth.
 Wringing her hands, in wemens pitteous wise,
 Tho can she weepe, to stirre up gentle ruth
 Both for her noble blood, and for her tender youth. 450

LI

And sayd, " A h Sir, my liege Lord, and my love,
 Shall I accuse the hidden cruell fate,
 And mightie causes wrought in heaven above,
 Or the blind God that doth me thus amate,
 For hoped love to winne me certaine hate ?

Yet thus perforce he bids me do, or die.
Die is my dew ; yet rew my wretched state,
You, whom my hard avenging destinie
Hath made judge of my life or death indifferently.

LII

" Your owne deare sake forst me at first to leave 460
My fathers kingdom "—There she stopt with teares ;
Her swollen hart her speech seemd to bereave,
And then againe begonne ; " My weaker yeares,
Captiv'd to fortune and frayle worldly feares,
Fly to your fayth for succour and sure ay de :
Let me not die in languor and long teares."
" Why, Dame," (quoth he,) " what hath ye thus dismayd ?
What frayes ye, that were wont to comfort me affrayd ? "

LIII

" Love of your selfe," she saide, " and deare constraint,
Lets me not sleepe, but waste the wearie night 470
In secret anguish and unpittied plaint,
Whiles you in carelesse sleepe are drowned quight."
Her doubtfull words made that redoubted knight
Suspect her truth : yet since no' untruth he knew,
Her fawning love with foule disdainfull spight
He would not shend ; but said, " Deare dame, I rew,
That for my sake unknowne such grieve unto you grew.

LIV

" Assure your selfe, it fell not all to ground ;
For all so deare as life is to my hart,
I deeme your love, and hold me to you bound : 480
Ne let vaine feares procure your needlesse smart,
Where cause is none ; but to your rest depart."
Not all content, yet seemd she to appease
Her mournfull plaintes, beguiled of her art,
And fed with words that could not chose but please:
So, slyding softly forth, she turnd as to her ease.

LV

Long after lay he musing at her mood,
 Much griev'd to thinke that gentle Dame so light,
 For whose defence he was to shed his blood.
 At last, dull wearines of former fight 490
 Having yrockt asleepe his irkesome spright,
 That troublous dreame gan freshly tosse his braine
 With bowres, and beds, and ladies deare delight:
 But, when he saw his labour all was vaine,
 With that misformed spright he backe returnd againe.

CANTO II

The guilefull great Enchaunter parts
 The Redcrosse Knight from Truth :
 Into whose stead faire falshood steps,
 And workes him woefull ruth.

BY this the Northerne wagoner had set
 His sevenfold teme beEnd the stedfast starre
 That was in Ocean waves yet never wet,
 But firme is fixt, and sendeth light from farre
 To al that in the wide deepe wandring arre ;
 And chearefull Chaunticlere with his note shrill
 Had warned once, that Phoebus fiery carre
 In hast was climbing up the Easterne hill,
 Full envious that night so long his roome did fill :

II

When those accursed messengers of hell, 10
 That feigning dreame, and that faire-forged Spright,
 Came to their wicked maister, and gan tel
 Their bootelesse paines, and ill succeeding night:
 Who, all in rage to see his skilfull might
 Deluded so, gan threaten hellish paine,
 And sad Proserpines wrath, them to affright:
 But, when he saw his threatning was but vaine,
 He cast about, and searcht his baleful bokes againe.

III

Eftsoones he tooke that miscreated faire,
And that false other Spright, on whom he spred 20
A seeming body of the subtile aire,
Like a young Squire, in loves and lusty-hed
His wanton daies that ever loosely led,
Without regard of armes and dreaded fight:
Those twoo he tooke, and in a secrete bed,
Covered with darkenes and misdeeming night,
Them both together laid to joy in vaine delight.

IV

Forthwith he runnes with feigned faithfull hast
Unto his guest, who, after troublous sights
And dreames, gan now to take more sound repast; 30
Whom suddenly he wakes with fearful frights,
As one aghast with feends or damned sprights,
And to him cals : " Rise, rise ! unhappy Swaine,
That here wex old in sleepe, whiles wicked wights
Have knit themselves in Venus shameful chaine :
Come, see where your false Lady doth her honor staine."

V

All in amaze he suddenly up start
With sword in hand, and with the old man went ;
Who soone him brought into a secret part,
Where that false couple were full closely ment 40
In wanton lust and leud embracement:
Which when he saw, he burnt with gealous fire ;
The eie of reason was with rage yblent,
And would have slaine them *in* his furious ire,
But hardly was restrained of that aged sire.

VI

Retourning to his bed in torment great,
And bitter anguish of his guilty sight,
He could not rest; but did his stout heart eat,
And wast his inward gall with deepe despight,
Yrkesome of life, and too long lingring night. 50

At last faire Hesperus in highest skie
 Had spent his lampe, and brought forth dawning light ;
 Then up he rose, and clad him hastily :
 The dwarfe him brought his steed ; so both away do fly.

VII

Now when the rosy fingred Morning faire,
 Weary of aged Tithones saffron bed,
 Had spred her purple robe through deawy aire,
 And the high hils Titan discovered,
 The royall virgin shooke off drousy-hed ;
 And, rising forth out of her baser bowre, 60
 Lookt for her knight, who far away was fled,
 And for her dwarfe, that wont to wait each howre :
 Then gan she wail and weepe to see that woeful stowre.

VIII

And after him she rode, with so much speede
 As her slowe beast could make ; but all in vaine,
 For him so far had borne his light-foot steede,
 Pricked with wrath and fiery fierce disdaine,
 That him to follow was but fruitlesse paine :
 Yet she her weary limbes would never rest;
 But every hil and dale, each wood and plaine, 70
 Did search, sore grieved in her gentle brest,
 He so ungently left her, whome she loved best.

IX

But subtill Archimago, when his guests
 He saw divided into double parts,
 And Una wandring in woods and forrests,
 Th' end of his drift, he praised his divelish arts,
 That had such might over true meaning harts :
 Yet rests not so, but other meanes doth make,
 How he may worke unto her further smarts ;
 For her he hated as the hissing snake, 80
 And in her many troubles did most pleasure take.

X

He then devisde himselfe how to disguise ;
 For by his mighty science he could take
 As many formes and shapes in seeming wise,
 As ever Proteus to himselfe could make :
 Sometime a fowle, sometime a fish in lake,
 Now like a foxe, now like a dragon fell;
 That of himselfe he ofte for feare would quake,
 And oft would fiie away. O ! who can tell
 The hidden powre of herbes, and might of Magick spel ?

XI

But now seemde best the person to put on 91
 Of that good knight, his late beguiled guest:
 In mighty armes he was yclad anon,
 And silver shield ; upon his coward brest
 A bloody crosse, and on his craven crest
 A bounch of heares discoloured diversly.
 Full jolly knight he seemde, and wel address;
 And when he sate upon his courser free,
 Saint George himselfe ye would have deemed him to be.

XII

But he, the knight whose semblaunt he did beare, 100
 The true Saint George, was wandred far away,
 Still flying from his thoughts and gealous feare :
 Will was his guide, and grieve led him astray.
 At last him chaunst to meete upon the way
 A faithlesse Sarazin, all armde to point,
 In whose great shield was writ with letters gay
Sans Joy ; full large of limbe and every joint
 He was, and cared not for God or man a point.

XIII

Hee had a faire companion of his way,
 A goodly Lady clad in scarlot red, no
 Purfléd with gold and pearle of rich assay ;
 And like a Persian mitre on her hed
 Shee wore, with crowns and owches garnished,

The which her lavish lovers to her gave.
Her wanton palfrey all was overspred
With tinsell trappings, woven like a wave,
Whose bridle rung with golden bells and bosses brave.

XIV

With faire disport, and courting dalliaunce,
She intertaine her lover all the way ;
But, when she saw the knight his speare advaunce, 120
She soone left off her mirth and wanton play,
And bad her knight addresse him to the fray,
His foe was nigh at hand. He, pricke with pride
And hope to winne his Ladies heart that day,
Forth spurred fast: adowne his coursers side
The red blood trickling staid the way, as he did ride.

XV

The knight of the Redcrosse, when him he spide
Spurring so hote with rage dispiteous,
Gan fairely couch his speare, and towards ride.
Soone meete they both, both fell and furious, 130
That, daunted with theyr forces hideous,
Their steeds doe stagger, and amazed stand ;
And eke themselves, too rudely rigorous,
Astonied with the stroke of their owne hand,
Doe backe rebuttc, and ech to other yealdeth land.

xvi

As when two rams, stird with ambitious pride,
Fight for the rule of the rich fleeced flocke,
Their horned fronts so fierce on either side
Doe meete, that, with the terror of the shooke,
Astonied, both stand sencelesse as a blocke, 140
Forgetfull of the hanging victory:
So stood these twaine, unmoved as a rocke,
Both staring fierce, and holding idly
The broken reliques of their former cruelty.

XVII

The Sarazin, sore daunted with the buffe,
Snatcheth his sword, and fiercely to him flies ;
Who well it wards, and quyteth cuff with cuff:
Each others equall puissance envies,
And through their iron sides with cruell spies
Does seeke to perce ; repining courage yields 150
No foote to foe : the flashing fier flies,
As from a forge, out of their burning shields ;
And streams of purple bloud new die the verdant fields.

XVIII

" Curse on that Cross," (quoth then the Sarazin),
" That keepes thy body from the bitter fitt!
Dead long ygoe, I wote, thou haddest bin,
Had not that charme from thee forwarned itt:
But yet I warne thee now assured sitt,
And hide thy head." Therewith upon his crest
With rigor so outrageous he smitt, 160
That a large share it hewd out of the rest,
And glauncing downe his shield from blame him fairly blest.

XIX

Who, thereat wondrous wroth, the sleeping spark
Of native vertue gan eftsoones revive ;
And at his haughty helmet making mark,
So hugely stroke, that it the Steele did rive,
And cleft his head. He, tumbling downe alive,
With bloody mouth his mother earth did kis,
Greeting his grave : his grudging ghost did strive
With the fraile flesh ; at last it flitted is, 170
Whither the soules doe fly of men that live amis.

XX

The Lady, when she saw her champion fall
Like the old ruines of a broken towre,
Staid not to waile his woefull funerall,
But from him fled away with all her powre ;
Who after her as hastily gan scowre,

Bidding the dwarfe with him to bring away
 The Sarazins shield, signe of the conqueroure.
 Her soone he overtooke, and bad to stay ;
 For present cause was none of dread her to dismay. 180

XXI

Shee turning backe, with ruefull countenaunce,
 Cride, " Mercy, mercy, Sir, vouchsafe to show
 On silly Dame, subject to hard mischaunce,
 And to your mighty wil! " Her humblesse low,
 In so ritch weedes, and seeming glorious show,
 Did much emmove his stout heroïcke heart;
 And said, " Deare dame, your suddein overthrow
 Much rueth me ; but now put feare apart,
 And tel both who ye be, and who that tooke your part."

xxii

Melting in teares, then gan shee thus lament. 190
 " The wretched woman, whom unhappy howre
 Hath now made thrall to your commandement,
 Before that angry heavens list to lowre,
 And fortune false betraide me to thy powre,
 Was (O ! what now availeth that I was ?)
 Borne the sole daughter of an Emperour,
 He that the wide West under his rule has,
 And high hath set his throne where Tiberis doth pas.

XXIII

" He, in the first flowre of my freshest age,
 Betrothed me unto the onely haire 200
 Of a most mighty king, most rich and sage :
 Was never Prince so faithfull and so faire,
 Was never Prince so meeke and debonaire ;
 But ere my hoped day of spousall shone,
 My dearest Lord fell from high honors staire
 Into the hands of hys accursed fone,
 And cruelly was slaine; that shall I ever mone.

XXIV

" His blessed body, spoild of lively breath,
Was afterward, I know not how, convoid,
And fro me hid : of whose most innocent death 210
When tidings came to mee, unhappy maid,
O, how great sorrow my sad soule assaid !
Then forth I went his woefull corse to find,
And many yeares throughout the world I straid,
A virgin widow, whose deepe wounded mind
With love long time did languish, as the stricken hind.

XXV

" At last it chaunced this proud Sarazin
To meete me wandring ; who perforce me led
With him away, but yet could never win
The Fort, that Ladies hold in soveraigne dread. 220
There lies he now with foule dishonor dead,
Who, whiles he livde, was called proud Sans foy,
The eldest of three brethren ; all three bred
Of one bad sire, whose youngest is Sans joy ;
And twixt them both was born the bloudy bold Sans loy.

XXVI

" In this sad plight, friendlesse, unfortunate,
Now miserable I, Fidessa, dwell,
Craving of you, in pittie of my state,
To doe none ill, if please ye not doe well."
He in great passion al this while did dwell, 230
More busying his quicke eies her face to view,
Then his dull eares to heare what shee did tell;
And said, "Faire lady, hart of flint would rew
The undeserved woes and sorrowes, which ye shew.

XXVII

" Henceforth in safe assuraunce may ye rest,
Having both found a new friend you to aid,
And lost an old foe that did you molest;
Better new friend then an old foe is said."
With chaunge of chear the seeming simple maid

Let fal her eien, as shamefast, to the earth, 240
And yeelding soft, in that she nought gainsaid,
So forth they rode, he feining seemely merth,
And shee coy lookes : so dainty, they say, maketh derth.

XXVIII

Long time they thus together travelled ;
Til, weary of their way, they came at last
Where grew two goodly trees, that faire did spread
Their armes abroad, with gray mosse overcast;
And their greene leaves, trembling with every blast,
Made a calme shadowe far in compasse round :
The fearefull shepheard, often there aghast, 250
Under them never sat, ne wont there sound
His mery oaten pipe, but shund th' unlucky ground.

XXIX

But this good knight, soone as he them can spie,
For the coole shade him thither hastily got:
For golden Phoebus, now ymounted hie,
From fiery wheelles of his faire chariot
Hurled his beame so scorching cruell hot,
That living creature mote it not abide ;
And his new Lady it endured not.
There they alight, in hope themselves to hide 260
From the fierce heat, and rest their weary limbs a tide.

XXX

Faire seemely pleasaunce each to other makes,
With goodly purposes, there as they sit;
And in his falsed fancy he her takes
To be the fairest wight that lived yit;
Which to expresse he bends his gentle wit:
And, thinking of those braunches greene to frame
A girlond for her dainty forehead fit,
He pluckt a bough; out of whose rifte there came
Smal drops of gory bloud, that trickled down the same.

XXXI

Therewith a piteous yelling voice was heard, 271
 Crying, " O ! spare with guilty hands to teare
 My tender sides in this rough rynd embard;
 But fly, ah ! fly far hence away, for feare
 Least to you hap that happened to me heare,
 And to this wretched Lady, my deare love ;
 O, too deare love, love bought with death too deare ! "
 Astond he stood, and up his heare did hove ;
 And with that suddein horror could no member move.

XXXII

At last whenas the dreadfull passion 280
 Was overpast, and manhood well awake,
 Yet musing at the straunge occasion,
 And doubting much his sence, he thus bespake :
 " What voice of damned Ghost from Limbo lake,
 Or guilefull spright wandring *in* empty aire,
 Both which fraile men doe oftentimes mistake,
 Sends to my doubtful eares these speeches rare,
 And ruefull plaints, me bidding guiltlesse blood to spare ? "

XXXIII

Then, groning deep ; " Nor damned Ghost," (quoth he,)
 " Nor guileful sprite to thee these words doth speake ;
 But once a man, Fradubio, now a tree ; 291
 Wretched man, wretched tree ! whose nature weake
 A cruell witch, her cursed will to wreake,
 Hath thus transformd, and plast in open plaines,
 Where Boreas doth blow full bitter bleake,
 And scorching Sunne does dry my secret vaines ;
 For though a tree I seme, yet cold and heat me paines."

XXXIV

" Say on, Fradubio, then, or man or tree,"
 Quoth then the Knight; " by whose mischievous arts
 Art thou misshaped thus, as now I see ? 300
 He oft finds med'cine who his grieffe imparts,
 But double griefs afflict concealing harts,

As raging flames who striveth to suppress."
 "The author then," (said he), "of all my smarts,
 Is one Duessa, a false sorceresse,
 That many errant knights hath brought to wretchednesse.

XXXV

"In prime of youthly yeares, when corage hott
 The fire of love, and joy of chevalree,
 First kindled in my brest, it was my lott
 To love this gentle Lady, whome ye see 310
 Now not a Lady, but a seeming tree ;
 With whome, as once I rode accompanye,
 Me chaunced of a knight encountred bee,
 That had a like faire Lady by his syde ;
 Lyke a faire Lady, but did fowle Duessa hyde.

XXXVI

"Whose forged beauty he did take in hand
 All other Dames to have exceeded farre :
 I in defence of mine did likewise stand,
 Mine, that did then shine as the Morning starre.
 So both to batteill fierce arraunged arre, 320
 In which his harder fortune was to fall
 Under my speare : such is the dye of warre.
 His Lady, left as a prise martiall,
 Did yield her comely person to be at my call.

XXXVII

"So doubly lov'd of ladies, unlike faire,
 Th' one seeming such, the other such indeede,
 One day in doubt I cast for to compare
 Whether in beauties glorie did exceede :
 A Rosy girlond was the victors meede.
 Both seemde to win, and both seemde won to bee, 330
 So hard the discord was to be agreede.
 Fraelissa was as faire as faire mote bee,
 And ever false Duessa seemde as faire as shee.

XXXVIII

"The wicked witch, now seeing all this while
The doubtfull ballaunce equally to sway,
What not by right she cast to win by guile ;
And by her hellish science raisd streight way
A foggy mist that overcast the day,
And a dull blast, that breathing on her face
Dimmed her former beauties shining ray, 340
And with foule ugly forme did her disgrace :
Then was she fayre alone, when none was faire in place.

XXXIX

" Then cride she out, ' Fye, fye ! deformed wight,
Whose borrowed beautie now appeareth plaine
To have before bewitched all mens sight :
O ! leave her soone, or let her soone be slaine.'
Her loathly visage viewing with disdaine,
Eftsoones I thought her such as she me told,
And would have kild her ; but with faigned paine
The false witch did my wrathfull hand withhold : 350
So left her, where she now is turnd to treen mould.

XL

" Thensforth I tooke Duessa for my Dame,
And in the witch unweeting joyd long time,
Ne ever wist but that she was the same ;
Till on a day (that day is everie Prime,
When Witches wont do penance for their crime,)
I chaunst to see her in her proper hew,
Bathing her selfe in origane and thyme :
A filthy foule old woman I did vew,
That ever to have toucht her I did deadly rew. 360

XLI

" Her neather partes misshapen, monstrous,
Were hidd in water, that I could not see ;
But they did seeme more foule and hideous,
Then womans shape man would beleewe to bee.
Thensforth from her most beastly companie

I gan refraine, in minde to slipp away,
 Soone as appeard safe opportunitie :
 For danger great, if not assur'd decay,
 I saw before mine eyes, if I were knowne to stray.

XLII

"The divelish hag by chaunges of my cheare 370
 Perceiv'd my thought; and, drownd in sleepe night,
 With wicked herbes and oyntments did besmeare
 My body all, through charmes and magicke might,
 That all my senses were bereaved quight :
 Then brought she me into this desert waste,
 And by my wretched lovers side me pight;
 Where now, enclosd in wooden wals full faste,
 Banisht from living wights, our wearie daies we waste."

XLIII

" But how long time," said then the Elfin knight,
 " Are you in this misformed hous to dwell ? " 380
 " We may not chaunge," (quoth he,) " this *evill* plight,
 Till we be bathed in a living well :
 That is the terme prescribed by the spell."
 " O ! how," sayd he, " mote I that well out find,
 That may restore you to your wonted well ? "
 " Time and suffised fates to former kynd
 Shall us restore ; none else from hence may us unbynd."

XLIV

The false Duessa, now Fidessa hight,
 Heard how in vaine Fradubio did lament,
 And knew well all wastrue. But the good knight, 390
 Full of sad feare and ghastly dreriment,
 When all this speech the living tree had spent,
 The bleeding bough did thrust into the ground,
 That from the blood he might be innocent,
 And with fresh clay did close the wooden wound :
 Then, turning to his Lady, dead with feare her fownd.

XLV

Her seeming dead he fownd with feigned feare,
 As all unweeting of that well she knew ;
 And paynd himselfe with busie care to reare
 Her out of carelesse swowne. Her eyelids blew, 400
 And dimmed sight, with pale and deadly hew,
 At last she up gan lift: with trembling cheare
 Her up he tooke, (too simple and too trew)
 And oft her kist. At length, all passed feare,
 He set her on her steede, and forward forth did beare.

CANTO III

Forsaken Truth long seekes her love,
 And makes the Lyon mylde ;
 Marres blind Devotions mart, and fals
 In hand of leachour vylde.

I

NOUGHT is there under heav'ns wide hollownesse,
 That moves more deare compassion of mind,
 Then beautie brought t'unworthie wretchednesse
 Through envies snares, or fortunes freakes unkind.
 I, whether lately through her brightnes blynd,
 Or through alleageance, and fast fealty,
 Which I do owe unto all womankynd,
 Feele my hart perst with so great agony,
 When such I see, that all for pittie I could dy.

II

And now it is empassioned so deepe, 10
 For fairest Unaes sake, of whom I sing,
 That my frayle eies these lines with teares do steepe,
 To thinke how she through guyleful handeling,
 Though true as touch, though daughter of a king,
 Though faire as ever living wight was fayre,
 Though nor in word nor deede ill meriting,
 Is from her knight divorced in despayre,
 And her dew loves deryv'd to that vile witches shayre.

III

Yet she, most faithfull Ladie, all this while
Forsaken, wofull, solitarie mayd, 20
Far from all peoples preace, as in exile,
In wilderness and wastfull deserts strayd,
To seeke her knight; who, subtilly betrayd
Through that late vision which th'Enchaunter wrought,
Had her abandond. She, of nought affrayd,
Through woods and wastnes wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tydings none of him unto her brought.

IV

One day, nigh wearie of the yrkesome way,
From her unhastie beast she did alight;
And on the grasse her dainty limbs did lay 30
In secrete shadow, far from all mens sight:
From her fayre head her fillet she undight,
And layd her stole aside. Her angels face,
As the great eye of heaven, shyned bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place ;
Did never mortall eye behold such heavenly grace.

V

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping Lyon rushed suddeinly,
Hunting full greedy after salvage blood.
Soone as the royall virgin he did spy, 40
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have attonce devourd her tender corse ;
But to the pray when as he drew more ny,
His bloody rage aswaged with remorse,
And, with the sight amazd, forgot his furious forse.

VI

In stead thereof he kist her wearie feet,
And lickt her lilly hands with fawning tong,
As he her wronged innocence did weat.
O, how can beautie maister the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong ! 50

Whose yielded pryde and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her hart gan melt in great compassion ;
And drizling teares did shed for pure affection.

VII

" The Lyon, Lord of everie beast in field,"
Quoth she, " his princely puissance doth abate,
And mightie proud to humble weake does yield,
Forgetfull of the hungry rage, which late
Him prickt, in pittie of my sad estate :
But he, my Lyon, and my noble Lord, 60
How does he find in cruell hart to hate
Her, that him lov'd, and ever most adord
As the God of my life ? why hath he me abhord ? "

VIII

Redounding teares did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly ecchoed from the neighbour wood ;
And, sad to see her sorrowfull constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood :
With pittie calmd downe fell his angry mood.
At last, in close hart shutting up her payne,
Arose the virgin, borne of heavenly brood, 70
And to her snowy Palfrey got agayne,
To seeke her strayed Champion if she might attayne.

IX

The Lyon would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong gard
Of her chast person, and a faythfull mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :
Still, when she slept, he kept both watch and ward ;
And, when she wakt, he wayted diligent,
With humble service to her will prepard :
From her fayre eyes he tooke commandement, 80
And ever by her lookes conceived her intent,

X

Long she thus traveled through deserts wyde,
 By which she thought her wandering knight shold pas,
 Yet never shew *of living* wight espyde ;
 Till that at length she found the troden gras,
 In which the tract of peoples footing was,
 Under the steepe foot of a mountaine hore :
 The same she followes, till at last she has
 A damzel spyde, slow footing her before,
 That on her shoulders sad a pot of water bore. 90

XI

To whom approaching she to her gan call,
 To weet if dwelling place were nigh at hand ;
 But the rude wench her answerd nought at all :
 She could not heare, nor speake, nor understand ;
 Till, seeing by her side the Lyon stand,
 With suddeine feare her pitcher downe she threw,
 And fled away : for never in that land
 Face of fayre Lady she before did vew,
 And that dredd Lyons looke her cast in deadly hew.

XII

Full fast she fled, ne ever lookt behynd, 100
 As if her life upon the wager lay ;
 And home she came, whereas her mother blynd
 Sate in eternall night: nought could she say;
 But, suddeine catching hold, did her dismay
 With quaking hands, and other signes of feare :
 Who, full of ghastly fright and cold affray,
 Gan shut the dore. By this arrived there
 Dame Una, weary Dame, and entrance did requere :

XIII

Which when none yielded, her unruly Page
 With his rude clawes the wicket open rent, no
 And let her in ; where, of his cruell rage
 Nigh dead with feare, and faint astonishment,
 Shee found them both in darksome corner pent;

Where that old woman day and night did pray
 Upon her beads, devoutly penitent :
 Nine hundred *Paternosters* every day,
 And thrise *nine* hundred *Aies* she was wont to say.

XIV

And to augment her painefull penaunce more,
 Thrise every weeke in ashes shee did sitt,
 And next her wrinkled skin rough sackcloth wore, 120
 And thrise three times did fast from any bitt;
 But now, for feare her beads she did forgett :
 Whose needlesse dread for to remove away,
 Faire Una framed words and count'naunce fitt;
 Which hardly doen, at length she gan them pray,
 That in their cotage small that night she rest her may.

XV

The day is spent; and commeth drowsie night,
 When every creature shrowded is in sleepe.
 Sad Una downe her laies in weary plight,
 And at her feete the Lyon watch doth keepe : 130
 In stead of rest she does lament and weepe,
 For the late losse of her deare loved knight,
 And sighes, and grones, and evermore does steepe
 Her tender brest in bitter teares all night;
 All night she thinks too long, and often lookes for light.

xvi

Now when Ayebotan was mounted hye
 Above the shinle Cássiopeias chaire,
 And all in deadly sleepe did drowned lye,
 One knocked at the dore, and in would fare :
 He knocked fast, and often curst, and sware, 140
 That ready entraunce was not at his call;
 For on his backe a heavy load he bare
 Of nightly stelths, and pillage severall,
 Which he had got abroad by purchas criminall.

XVII

He was, to weete, a stout and sturdy thiefe,
Wont to robbe churches of their ornaments,
And poore mens boxes of their due reliefe,
Which given was to them for good intents :
The holy Saints of their rich vestiments
He did disrobe, when all men carelesse slept, 150
And spoild the Priests of their habiliments ;
Whiles none the holy things in safety kept,
Then he by conning sleights in at the window crept.

XVIII

And all that he by right or wrong could find,
Unto this house he brought, and did bestow
Upon the daughter of this woman blind,
Abessa, daughter of Corceca slow,
With whom he whorédome usd, that few did know,
And fed her fatt with feast of offerings,
And plenty, which in all the land did grow : 160
Ne spared he to give her gold and rings ;
And now he to her brought part of his stolen things.

XIX

Thus, long the dore with rage and threats he bett,
Yet of those fearfull women none durst rize.
The Lyon frayed them, him in to lett.
He would no lenger stay him to advize,
But open breakes the dore in furious wize,
And entring is, when that disdainfull beast,
Encountring fierce, him suddein doth surprize ;
And, seizing cruell clawes on trembling brest, 170
Under his Lordly foot him proudly hath suppress.

XX

Him booteth not resist, nor succour call,
His bleeding hart is in the vengers hand ;
Who streight him rent in thousand peeces small,
And quite dismembred hath : the thirsty land
Dronke up his life; his corse left on the strand.

His fearefull freends weare out the wofull night,
 Ne dare to weepe, nor seeme to understand
 The heaue hap which on them is alight;
 Aifraid least to themselves the like mishappen might. 180

XXI

Now when broad day the world discovered has,
 Up Una rose, up rose the lyon eke ;
 And on their former journey forward pas,
 In waies unknowne, her wandring knight to seeke,
 With paines far passing that long wandring Greeke,
 That for his love refused deiteye.
 Such were the labours of this Lady meeke,
 Still seeking him, that from her still did flye ;
 Then furthest from her hope, when most she weened nye.

XXII

Soone as she parted thence, the fearfull twayne, 190
 That blind old woman, and her daughter dear,
 Came forth ; and, finding Kirkrapine there slayne,
 For anguish great they gan to rend their heare,
 And beat their brests, and naked flesh to teare :
 And when they both had wept and wayld their fill,
 Then forth they ran, like two amazed deare,
 Halfe mad through malice and revenging will,
 To follow her that was the causer of their ill.

XXIII

Whome overtaking, they gan loudly bray,
 With hollow houlung, and lamenting cry; 200
 Shamefully at her rayling all the way,
 And her accusing of dishonesty,
 That was the flowre of faith and chastity :
 And still, amidst her rayling, she did pray
 That plagues, and mischiefes, and long misery,
 Might fall on her, and follow all the way,
 And that in endlesse error she might ever stray,

XXIV

But, when she saw her prayers nought prevaile,
 Shee backe retourned with some labour lost;
 And in the way, as shee did weepe and waile, 210
 A knight her mett in mighty armes embost,
 Yet knight was not for all his bragging bost ;
 But subtill Archimag, that Una sought
 By traynes into new troubles to have toste :
 Of that old woman tidings he besought,
 If that of such a Lady shee could tellen ought.

XXV

Therewith she gan her passion to renew,
 And cry, and curse, and raile, and rend her heare,
 Saying, that harlott she too lately knew,
 That causd her shed so many a bitter teare ; 220
 And so forth told the story of her feare.
 Much seemed he to mone her haplesse chaunce,
 And after for that Lady did inquere ;
 Which being taught, he forward gan advaunce
 His fair enchaunted steed, and eke his charmed launce.

XXVI

Ere long he came where Una traveild slow,
 And that wilde champion way ting her besyde ;
 Whome seeing such, for dread hee durst not show
 Him selfe too nigh at hand, but turned wyde
 Unto an hil; from whence when she him spyde, 230
 By his like seeming shield her knight by name
 She weend it was, and towards him gan ride :
 Approaching nigh she wist it was the same ;
 And with faire fearefull humblesse towards him shee came :

XXVII

And weeping said, " Ah, my long lacked Lord,
 Where have ye bene thus long out of my sight ?
 Much feared I to have bene quite abhord,
 Or ought have done, that ye displeasen might,
 That should as death unto my deare heart light:

For since mine eie your joyous sight did mis, 240
My chearefull day is turnd to chearelesse night,
And eke my night of death the shadow is ;
But welcome now, my light, and shining lampe of blis ! "

XXVIII

He thereto meeting said, " My dearest Dame,
Far be it from your thought, and fro my wil,
To thinke that knighthood I so much should shame,
As you to leave that have me loved stil,
And chose in Faery court, of meere goodwill,
Where noblest knights were to be found on earth.
The earth shall sooner leave her kindly skil 250
To bring forth fruit, and make eternal derth,
Then I leave you, my lief, yborn of hevenly berth.

XXIX

" And sooth to say, why I lefte you so long,
Was for to seeke adventure in straunge place ;
Where, Archimago said, a felon strong
To many knights did daily worke disgrace ;
But knight he now shall never more deface :
Good cause of mine excuse, that mote ye please
Well to accept, and evermore embrace
My faithfull service, that by land and seas 260
Have vowd you to defend. Now then, your plaint
appease."

XXX

His lovely words her seemd due recompence
Of all her passed paines : one loving howre
For many yeares of sorrow can dispence ;
A dram of sweete is worth a pound of sowre.
Shee has forgott how many a woeful stowre
For him she late endurd ; she speakes no more
Of past: true is, that true love hath no powre
To looken backe ; his eies be *fixt* before.
Before her stands her knight, for whom she toyld so sore.

XXXI

Much like, as when the beaten marinere, 271
 That long hath wandred in the Ocean wide,
 Ofte soust in swelling Tethys saltish teare ;
 And long time having tand his tawney hide
 With blustering breath of Heaven, that none can bide,
 And scorching flames of fierce Orions hound ;
 Soone as the port from far he has espide,
 His chearfull whistle merily doth sound,
 And Nereus crownes with cups ; his mates him pledg
 around.

XXXII

Such joy made Una, when her knight she found ; 280
 And eke th' enchaunter joyous seemde no lesse
 Then the glad marchant, that does vew from ground
 His ship far come from watrie wilderness ;
 He hurles out vows, and Neptune oft doth blesse.
 So forth they past; and all the way they spent
 Discoursing of her dreadful late distresse,
 In which he askt her, what the Lyon ment;
 Who told her all that fell, in journey as she went.

XXXIII

They had not ridden far, when they might see
 One pricking towards them with has tie heat, 290
 Full strongly armd, and on a courser free
 That through his fiersnesse fomed all with sweat,
 And the sharpe yron did for anger eat,
 When his hot ryder spurd his chauffed side :
 His looke was sterne, and seemed still to threat
 Cruell revenge, which he in hart did hyde ;
 And on his shield *Sansloy* in bloody lines was dyde.

XXXIV

When nigh he drew unto this gentle payre,
 And saw the Red-crosse which the knight did beare,
 He burnt in fire; and gan eftsoones prepare 300
 Himselfe to batteill with his couched speare.
 Loth was that other, and did faint through feare,

To taste th' untryed dint of deadly Steele :
 But yet his Lady did so well him cheare,
 That hope of new good hap he gan to feelee ;
 So bent his speare, and spurd his horse with yron heele.

XXXV

But that proud Paynim forward came so ferce
 And full of wrath, that, with his sharthead speare,
 Through vainly crossed shield he quite did perce ;
 And, had his staggering steed not shronke for feare, 310
 Through shield and body eke he should him beare :
 Yet, so great was the puissance of his push,
 That from his sadle quite he did him beare.
 He, tombling rudely downe, to ground did rush,
 And from his gored wound a well of bloud did gush.

xxxvi

Dismounting lightly from his loftie steed,
 He to him leapt, in minde to reave his life,
 And proudly said : " Lo ! there the worthie meed
 Of him that slew Sansfoy with bloody knife :
 Henceforth his ghost, freed from repining strife, 320
 In peace may passen over Lethe lake ;
 When mourning altars, purgd with enimies life,
 The black infernall Furies doen aslake :
 Life from Sansfoy thou tookst, Sansloy shall from thee
 take."

XXXVII

Therewith in haste his helmet gan unlace,
 Till Una cride, " O ! hold that heavie hand,
 Deare Sir, what ever that thou be in place :
 Enough is, that thy foe doth vanquisht stand
 Now at thy mercy : Mercy not withstand ;
 For he is one the truest knight alive, 330
 Though conquered now he lye on lowly land ;
 And, whilst him fortune favourd, fayre did thrive
 In bloody field; therefore, of life him not deprive."

XXXVIII

Her piteous wordes might not abate his rage,
 But, rudely rending up his helmet, would
 Have slayne him streight; but when he sees his age,
 And hoarie head of Archimago old,
 His hasty hand he doth amased hold,
 And halfe ashamed wondred at the sight:
 For the old man well knew he, though untold, 340
 In charmes and magick to have wondrous might,
 Ne ever wont in field, ne in round lists, to fight:

XXXIX

And said, " Why Archimago, lucklesse syre,
 What doe I see ? what hard mishap is this,
 That hath thee hether brought to taste mine yre ?
 Or thine the fault, or mine the error is,
 In stead of foe to wound my friend amis ? "
 He answered nought, but in a traunce still lay,
 And on those guilefull dazed eyes of his
 The cloude of death did sit. Which doen away, 350
 He left him lying so, ne would no lenger stay :

XL

But to the virgin comes ; who all this while
 Amased stands, her selfe so mockt to see
 By him, who has the guerdon of his guile,
 For so misfeigning her true knight to bee :
 Yet is she now in more perplexitie,
 Left in the hand of that same Paynim bold,
 From whom her booteth not at all to flie :
 Who, by her cleanly garment catching hold,
 Her from her Palfrey pluckt, her visage to behold. 360

XLI

But her fiers servant, full of kingly aw
 And high disdaine, whenas his souveraine Dame
 So rudely handled by her foe he saw,
 With gaping jawes full greedy at him came,
 And, ramping on his shield, did weene the same

Have reft away with his sharp rending clawes :
But he was stout, and lust did now inflame
His corage more, that from his griping pawes
He hath his shield redeemd, and forth his swerd he drawes.

XLII

O ! then, too weake and feeble was the forse 370
Of salvage beast his puissance to withstand ;
For he was strong, and of so mightie corse,
As ever wielded speare in warlike hand,
And feates of armes did wisely understand.
Eft soones he perced through his chaufed chest
With thrilling point of deadly yron brand,
And launcht his Lordly hart: with death opprest
He ror'd aloud, whiles life forsooke his stubborne
brest.

XLIII

Who now is left to keepe the forlorne maid
From raging spoile of lawlesse victors will?
Her faithful! gard remov'd, her hope dismaid,
Her selfe a yielded pray to save or spill:
He now, Lord of the field, his pride to fill,
With foule reproches and disdaineeful spight
Her vildly entertaines ; and, will or nill,
Beares her away upon his courser light:
Her prayers nought prevaile, his rage is more of might.

XLIV

And all the way, with great lamenting paine,
And piteous plaintes, she filieth his dull eares,
That stony hart could riven have in twaine ; 390
And all the way she wetts with flowing teares ;
But he, enrag'd with rancor, nothing heares.
Her servile beast yet would not leave her so,
But followes her far off, ne ought he feares
To be partaker of her wandring woe ;
More mild in beastly kind then that her beastly foe.

CANTO IV

. To sinfull hous of Pryde Duessa
 Guydes the faithfull knight;
 Where, brothers death to wreak, Sans joy
 Doth challeng him to fight.

I

YOUNG knight whatever, that dost armes professe,
 And through long labours hunttest after fame,
 Beware of fraud, beware of ficklenesse,
 In choice, and chaunge of thy deare-loved Dame ;
 Least thou of her believe too lightly blame,
 And rash misweening doe thy hart remove :
 For unto knight there is no greater shame
 Then lightnesse and inconstancie in love :
 That doth this Redcrosse knights ensample plainly prove.

II

Who, after that he had faire Una lorne, 10
 Through light misdeeming of her loialtie ;
 And false Duessa in her sted had borne,
 Called Fidess', and so supposd to be,
 Long with her traveild; till at last they see
 A goodly building bravely garnished ;
 The house of mightie Prince it seemd to be,
 And towards it a broad high way that led,
 All bare through peoples feet which thether traveiled.

III

Great troupes of people traveild thetherward
 Both day and night, of each degree and place; 20
 But few returned, having scaped hard,
 With balefull beggery, or fouie disgrace;
 Which ever after in most wretched case,
 Like loathsome lazars, by the hedges lay.
 Thether Duessa badd him bend his pace,
 For she is wearie of the toilsom way,
 And also nigh consumed is the lingring day.

IV

A stately Pallace built of squared bricke,
Which cunningly was without mortar laid,
Whose wals were high, but nothing strong nor thick, 30
And golden foile all over them displaid,
That purest skye with brightnesse they dismaid :
High lifted up were many loftie towres,
And goodly galleries far over laid,
Full of faire windowes and delightful bowres :
And on the top a Diall told the timely howres.

V

It was a goodly heape for to behould,
And spake the praises of the workmans witt;
But full great pittie, that so faire a mould
Did on so weake foundation ever sitt: 40
For on a sandie hill, that still did flitt
And fall away, it mounted was full hie,
That every breath of heaven shook itt :
And all the hinder partes, that few could spie,
Were ruinous and old, but painted cunningly.

VI

Arrived there, they passed in forth right;
For still to all the gates stood open wide :
Yet charge of them was to a Porter hight,
Cald Malvenu, who entrance none denide :
Thence to the hall, which was on every side 50
With rich array and costly arras dight.
Infinite sortes of people did abide
There waiting long, to win the wished sight
Of her, that was the Lady of that Pallace bright.

VII

By them they passe, all gazing on them round,
And to the Presence mount; whose glorious vew
Their frayle amazed senses did confound :
In living Princes court none ever knew
Such endlesse riches, and so sumptuous shew ;

Ne Persia selfe, the nourse of pompous pride, 6c
 Like ever saw. And there a noble crew
 Of Lords and Ladies stood on every side,
 Which with their presence fayre the place much beautifide.

VIII

High above all a cloth of State was spred,
 And a rich throne, as bright as sunny day ;
 On which there sate, most brave embellished
 With royall robes and gorgeous array,
 A mayden Queene that shone as Titans ray,
 In glistring gold and perelesse pretious stone ;
 Yet her bright blazing beautie did assay 70
 To dim the brightnesse of her glorious throne,
 As envying her selfe, that too exceeding shone :

IX

Exceeding shone, like Phœbus fayrest childe,
 That did presume his fathers fyrie wayne,
 And flaming mouthes of steedes, unwonted wilde,
 Through highest heaven with weaker hand to rayne :
 Proud of such glory and advancement vayne,
 While flashing beames do daze his feeble eyen,-
 He leaves the welkin way most beaten playne,
 And, rapt with whirling wheelles, inflames the skyen 80
 With fire not made to burne, but fayrely for to shyne.

X

So proud she shyned in her princely state,
 Looking to heaven, for earth she did disdayne,
 And sitting high, for lowly she did hate :
 Lo ! underneath her scornefull feete was layne
 A dreadfull Dragon with an hideous trayne ;
 And in her hand she held a mirrhour bright,
 Wherein her face she often vewed fayne,
 And in her selfe-lov'd semblance took delight;
 For she was wondrous faire, as any living wight. 90

XI

Of griesly Pluto she the daughter was,
And sad Proserpina, the Queene of hell;
Yet did she thinke her pearelesse worth to pas
That parentage, with pride so did she swell;
And thundring Jove, that high in heaven doth dwell
And wield the world, she claymed for her syre,
Or if that any else did Jove excell;
For to the highest she did still aspyre,
Or, if ought higher were than that, did it desyre.

XII

And proud Lucifera men did her call, 100
That made her selfe a Queene, and crownd to be ;
Yet rightfull kingdome she had none at all,
Ne heritage of native soveraintie ;
But did usurpe with wrong and tyrannie
Upon the scepter which she now did hold :
Ne ruld her Realme with lawes, but pollicie,
And strong advizement of "six wisards old,"
That, with their counsels bad, her kingdome did uphold.

XIII

Soone as the Elfin knight in presence came,
And false Duessa, seeming Lady fayre, no
A gentle Husher, Vanitie by name,
Made rowme, and passage for them did prepare :
So goodly brought them to the lowest stayre
Of her high throne ; where they, on humble knee
Making obeysaunce, did the cause declare,
Why they were come her roiall state to see,
To prove the wide report of her great Majestee.

XIV

With loftie eyes, halfe loth to looke so lowe,
She thancked them in her disdainefull wise ;
Ne other grace vouchsafed them to shoue 120
Of Princesse worthy ; scarce them bad arise.
Her Lordes and Ladies all this while devise

Themselves to setten forth to straungers sight:
 Some frounce their curled heare in courtly guise ;
 Some prancke their ruffes ; and others trimly dight
 Their gay attyre; each others greater pride does spight.

xv

Goodly they all that knight doe entertayne,
 Right glad with him to have increast their crew ;
 But to Duess' each one himselfe did payne
 All kindnesse and faire courtesie to shew, 130
 For in that court whylome her well they knew :
 Yet the stout Faery mongst the middest crowd
 Thought all their glorie vaine in knightly vew,
 And that great Princesse too exceeding prowde,
 That to strange knight no better countenance allowd.

xvi

Suddein upriseth from her stately place
 The roiall Dame, and for her coche doth call:
 All hurtlen forth ; and she, with princely pace,
 As faire Aurora in her purple pall
 Out of the East the dawning day doth call. 140
 So forth she comes ; her brightnes brode doth blaze.
 The heapes of people, thronging in the hall,
 Doe ride each other upon her to gaze :
 Her glorious glitterand light doth all mens eies amaze.

xvii

So forth she comes, and to her coche does clyme,
 Adorned all with gold and girlonds gay,
 That seemd as fresh as Flora in her prime;
 And strove to match, in rolall rich array,
 Great Junoes golden chayre; the which, they say;
 The gods stand gazing on, when she does ride 150
 To Joves high hous through heavens bras-paved way,
 Drawne of fayre Pecoocks, that excell in pride,
 And full of Argus eyes their tayles dispredden wide.

XVIII

But this was drawne of six unequall beasts,
 On which her six sage Counsellours did ryde,
 Taught to obay their bestiall beheasts,
 With like conditions to their kindes applyde :
 Of which the first, that all the rest did guyde,
 Was sluggish Idkaesse, the nourse of sin ;
 Upon a slouthfull Asse he chose to ryde, 160
 Arayd in habit blacke, and amis thin,
 Like to an holy Monck, the service to begin.

XIX

And in his hand his Portesse still he bare,
 That much was worne, "But" therein little redd;
 For of devotion he had little care,
 Still drownd in sleepe, and most of his daies dedd :
 Scarse could he once uphold his heavie hedd,
 To looken whether it were night or day.
 May seeme the wayne was very evill ledd,
 When such an one had guiding of the way, 170
 That knew not whether right he went, or else astray.

xx

From worldly cares himselfe he did esloyne,
 And greatly shunned manly exercise ;
 From everie worke he chalenged essayne,
 For contemplation sake : yet otherwise
 His life he led in lawlesse riotise,
 By which he grew to grievous malady ;
 For in his lustlesse limbs, through evill guise,
 A shaking fever raignd continually.
 Such one was Idlenesse, first of this company. 180

XXI

And by his side rode loathsome Gluttoay,
 Deformed creature, on a filthie swyne
 His belly was upblowne with luxury,
 And eke with fatnesse swollen were his eyne ;
 And like a Crane his necke was long and fyne

With which he swallowed up excessive feast,
 For want whereof poore people oft did pyne :
 And all the way, most like a brutish beast,
 He spued up his gorge, that all did him deteate.

XXII

In greene vine leaves he was right fitly clad, 190
 For other clothes he could not weare for heate ;
 And on his head an yvie girland had,
 From under which fast trickled downe the sweat.
 Still as he rode he somewhat still did eat,
 And in his hand did beare a bouzing can,
 Of which he supt so oft, that on his seat
 His drunken corse he scarce upholden can :
 In shape and life more like a monster then a man.

XXIII

Unfit he was for any worldly thing,
 And eke unhable once to stirre or go ; 200
 Not meet to be of counsell to a king,
 Whose mind in meat and drinke was drowned so,
 That from his frend he seeldome knew his fo.
 Full of diseases was his carcas blew,
 And a dry dropsie through his flesh did flow,
 Which by mis diet daily greater grew.
 Such one was Gluttony, the second of that crew.

XXIV

And next to him rode lustfull Lechery
 Upon a bearded Gote," whose rugged heare,
 And whally eies (the signe of gelosy), 210
 Was like the person selfe whom he did beare :
 Who rough, and blacke, and filthy, did appeare,
 Unseemely man to please faire Ladies eye ;
 Yet he of Ladies oft was loved deare,
 When fairer faces were bid standen by:
 O ! who does know the bent of womens fantasy ?

XXV

In a greene gowne he clothed was full faire,
Which underneath did hide his filthinesse ;
And in his hand a burning hart he bare,
Full of vaine follies and new fanglenesse : 220
For he was false, and fraught with ficklenesse,
And learned had to love with secret lookes ;
And well could daunce, and sing with ruefulness ;
And fortunes tell, and read in loving bookes,
And thousand other waies to bait his fleshly hookes.

XXVI

Inconstant man, that loved all he saw,
And lusted after all that he did love ;
Ne would his looser life be tide to law,
But joyd weake wemens hearts to tempt, and prove,
If from their loyall loves he might them move : 230
Which lewdnes fild him with reprochfull pain
Of that foule evill, which all men reprove,
That rotts the marrow, and consumes the brainc.
Such one was Lechery, the third of all this traine.

XXVII

And greedy Avarice by him did ride,
Uppon a Carriell loaden all with gold ;
Two iron coffers hong on either side,
With precious metall full as they might hold ;
And in his lap an heap of coine he told ;
For of his wicked pelfe his God he made,
And unto hell him selfe for money sold :
Accursed usury was all his trade,
And right and wrong ylike in equall ballaunce waiae.

XXVIII

His life was nigh unto deaths dore yplaste ;
And thred-bare cote, and cobled shoes, hee ware ;
Ne scarce good morsell all his life did taste,
But both from backe and belly still did spare,
To fill his bags, and richesse to compare :

Yet childe ne kinsman living had he none
 To leave them to ; but thorough daily care 250
 To get, and nightly feare to lose his owne,
 He led a wretched life, unto himselfe unknowne.

XXIX

Most wretched wight, whom nothing might suffice ;
 Whose greedy lust did lacke in greatest store ;
 Whose need had end, but no end covetise ;
 Whose welth was want, whose plenty made him pore ;
 Who had enough, yett wished ever more ;
 A vile disease : and eke in foote and hand
 A grievous gout tormented him full sore,
 That well he could not touch, nor goe, nor stand. 260
 Such one was Avarice, the fourth of this faire band.

XXX

And next to him malicious Envy rode
 Upon a ravenous wolfe, and still did chaw
 Between his cankred teeth a venemous tode,
 That all the poison ran about his chaw ;
 But inwardly he chawed his owne maw
 At neighbours welth, that made him ever sad,
 For death it was, when any good he saw ;
 And wept, that cause of weeping none he had ;
 But when he heard of harme he waxed wondrous glad.

XXXI

All in a kirtle of discolour'd say 271
 He clothed was, ypaynted full of eies ;
 And in his bosome secretly there lay
 An hatefull Snake, the which his taile uptyes
 In many folds, and mortall sting implies.
 Still as he rode he gnasht his teeth to see
 Those heapes of gold with griple Covetyse ;
 And grudged at the great felicitie
 Of proud Lucifera, and his owne companee.

XXXII

He hated all good workes and vertuous deeds, 280
 And him no lesse, that any like did use;
 And who with gracious bread the hungry feeds,
 His almes for want of faith he doth accuse.
 So every good to bad he doth abuse;
 And eke the verse of famous Poets witt
 He does backebite, and spightfull poison spues
 From leprous mouth on all that ever writt.
 Such one vile Envy was, that fifte in row did sitt.

XXXIII

And him beside rides fierce revenging Wrath,
 Upon a Liojij loth for to be led; 290
 And in his hand a burning brond he hath,
 The which he brandisheth about his hed:
 His eies did hurle forth sparcles fiery red,
 And stared sterne on all that him beheld;
 As aahes pale of hew, and seeming ded;
 And on his dagger still his hand he held,
 Trembling through hasty rage when choler in him sweld.

XXXIV

His ruffin raiment all was staind with blood
 Which he had spilt, and all to rags yrent,
 Through unadvized rashnes woxen wood; 300
 For of his hands he had no government,
 Ne car'd for blood in his avengement:
 But, when the furious fitt was overpast,
 His cruel facts he often would repent;
 Yet, wilfull man, he never would forecast
 How many mischieves should ensue his heedlesse hast.

XXXV

Full many mischiefes follow cruell Wrath:
 Abhorred bloodshed, and tumultuous strife,
 Unmanly murder, and unthrifty scath,
 Bitter despight, with rancours rusty knife, 316
 And fretting griefe, the enemy of life:

All these, and many evils moe haunt ire,
 The swelling Splene, and Frenzy raging rife,
 The shaking Palsey, and Saint Fraunces fire.
 Such one was Wrath, the last of this ungodly tire.

xxxvi

And, after all, upon the wagon beame,
 Rode Sathan with a smarting whip in hand,
 With which he forward lasht the laesy teme,
 So oft as Slowth still in the mire did stand.
 Huge routs of people did about them band, 320
 Showting for joy ; and still before their way
 A foggy mist had covered all the land;
 And, underneath their feet, all scattered lay
 Dead sculls and bones of men whose life had gone astray.

XXXVII

So forth they marchen in this goodly sort,
 To take the solace of the open aire,
 And in fresh flowring fields themselves to sport:
 Emongst the rest rode that false Lady faire,
 The foule Duessa, next unto the chaire
 Of proud Lucifer', as one of the traine : 330
 But that good knight would not so nigh repaire,
 Him selfe estraunging from their joyaunce vaine,
 Whose fellowship seemd far unfitt for warlike swaine.

XXXVIII

So, having solaced themselves a space
 With pleasaunce of the breathing fields yfed,
 They backe retourned to the princely Place ;
 Whereas an errant knight in armes yclod,
 And heathnish shield, wherein with letters red,
 Was writt *Sansjoy*, they new arrived find :
 Enflam'd with fury and fiers hardy hed, 340
 He seemd in hart to harbour thoughts unkind,
 And nourish bloody vengeance in his bitter mind.

XXXIX

Who, when the shamed shield of slaine Sansfoy
 He spide with that same Faery champions page,
 Bewraying him that did of late destroy
 His eldest brother ; burning all with rage,
 He to him lept, and that same envious gage
 Of victors glory from him snacht away :
 But th' Elfin knight, which ought that, wjarlikejwage,
 Disdained to loose the meed he wonne in fray ; 350
 And, him rencountring fierce, reskewd the noble pray

XL

Therewith they gan to hurtlen greedily,
 Redoubted battaile ready to darrayne,
 And clash their shields, and shake their swerds on hy,
 That with their sturre they troubled all the traine ;
 Till that great Queene, upon eternall paine
 Of high displeasure that ensewen might,
 Commaunded them their fury to refraine ;
 And, if that either to that shield had right,
 In equall lists they should the morrow next it fight. 360

XLI

" Ah dearest Dame," quoth then the Paynim bold,
 " Pardon the error of enraged wight,
 Whome great griefe made forgett the raines to hold
 Of reasons rule, to see this recreaunt knight,
 No knight, but treachour full of false despight
 And shameful treason, who through guile hath slayn
 The prowest knight that ever field did fight,
 Even stout Sansfoy, (O who can then refrayn ?)
 Whose shield he beares renverst, the more to heap dis-
 dayn.

XLII

" And, to augment the glorie of his guile, 370
 His dearest love, the faire Fidessa, loe !
 Is there possessed of the traytour vile ;
 Who reapes the harvest sown by his foe,
 Sown in bloodie field, and bought with woe;

That brothers hand shall dearely well requight,
 So be, O Queene ! you equall favour showe."
 Him litle answerd th' angry Elfin knight;
 He never meant with words, but swords, to plead his
 right:

XLIII

But threw his gauntlet, as a sacred pledge
 His cause in combat the next day to try : 380
 So been they parted both, with harts on edge
 To be aveng'd each on his enemy.
 That night they pas in joy and jollity,
 Feasting and courting both in bowre and hall;
 For Steward was excessive Gluttony,
 That of his plenty poured forth to all:
 Which doen, the Chamberlain, Slowth, did to rest them
 call.

XLIV

Now whenas darkesome night had all displayd
 Her coleblacke curtein over brightest skye ;
 The warlike youthes, on dayntie couches layd, 390
 Did chace away sweet sleepe from sluggish eye,
 To muse on meanes of hoped victory.
 But whenas Morpheus had with leaden mace
 Arrested all that courtly company,
 Uprose Duessa from her resting place,
 And to the Paynims lodging comes with silent pace.

XLV

Whom broad awake she findes, in troublous fitt,
 Fore-casting how his foe he might annoy ;
 And him amoves with speaches seeming fitt:
 " Ah deare Sans joy, next dearest to Sansfoy, 400
 Cause of my new grieve, cause of my new joy;
 Joyous to see his ymage in mine eye,
 And greevd to thinke how foe did him destroy,
 That was the flowre of grace and chevalrye;
 Lo ! his Fidessa, to thy secret faith I flye."

XLVI

With gentle wordes he can her fayrely greet,
And bad say on the secrete of her hart:
Then, sighing soft; "I learne that litle sweet
Oft tempred is," (quoth she,) "with muchell smart:
For since my brest was launcht with lovely dart 410
Of deare Sansfoy, I never joyed howre,
But in eternall woes my weaker hart
Have wasted, loving him with all my powre,
And for his sake have felt full many an heauey stowre.

XLVII

"At last, when perils all I weened past,
And hop'd to reape the crop of all my care,
Into new woes unweeting I was cast
By this false faytor, who unworthie ware
His worthie shield, whom he with guilefull snare
Entrapped slew, and brought to shamefull grave : 420
Me, silly maid, away with him he bare,
And ever since hath kept in darksom cave,
For that I would not yeeld that to Sansfoy I gave.

XLVIII

"But since faire Sunne hath sperst that lowring clowd,
And to my loathed life now shewes some light,
Under your beames I will me safely shrowd
From dreaded storme of his disdainfull spight :
To you th' inheritance belongs by right
Of brothers prayse, to you eke longes his love.
Let not his love, let not his restlesse spright, 430
Be unreveng'd, that calles to you above
From wandring Stygian shores, where it doth endlesse
move."

XLIX

Thereto said he, "Faire Dame, be nought dismaid
For sorrowes past; their grieve is with them gone :
Ne yet of present perill be affraid,
For needlesse feare did never vantage none;

And helplesse hap it booteth not to mone.
 Dead is Sansfoy, his vitall paines are past,
 Though greeved ghost for vengeance deep do grone :
 He lives that shall him pay his dewties last, 440
 And guiltie Elfin blood shall sacrifice in hast."

L

" O ! but I feare the fickle freakes," (quoth shee)
 " Of fortune false, and oddes of armes in field."
 " Why, dame," (quoth he) " what oddes can ever bee,
 Where both doe fight alike, to win or yield ? "
 " Yea, but," (quoth she) " he beares a charmed shield,
 And eke enchaunted armes, that none can perce;
 Ne none can wound the man that does them wield."
 " Charmd or enchaunted," answerd he then ferce,
 " I no whitt reck; ne you the like need to reherce. 450

LI

" But, faire Fidessa, sithens fortunes guile,
 Or enimies powre, hath now captived you,
 Returne from whence ye came, and rest a while,
 Till morrow next that I the Elfe subdew,
 And with Sansfoyes dead dowry you endew."
 " Ah me ! that is a double death," (she said)
 " With proud foes sight my sorrow to renew,
 Where ever yet I be, my secret aide
 Shall follow you." So, passing forth, she him obaid.

CANTO V

The faithfull knight in equall field
 Subdewes his faithlesse foe ;
 Whom false Duessa saves, and for
 His cure to hell does goe.

I

THE noble hart that harbours vertuous thought,
 And is with childe of glorious great intent,
 Can never rest, untill it forth have brought
 Th'eternajl brood of glorie excellent:

Such restlesse passion did all night torment
The flaming corage of that Faery knight,
Devizing how that doughtie turnament
With greatest honour he atchieven might :
Still did he wake, and still did watch for dawning light.

II

At last, the golden Orientall gate 10
Of greatest heaven gan to open fayre ;
And Phoebus, fresh as brydegrome to his mate,
Came dauncing forth, shaking his deawie hayre,
And hurld his glistring beams through gloomy ayre.
Which when the wakeful Elfe perceiv'd, streight way,
He started up, and did him selfe prepayre
In sunbright armes, and battailous array ;
For with that Pagan proud he combatt will that day.

III

And forth he comes into the commune hall;
Where earely waite him many a gazing eye, 20
To weet what end to straunger knights may fall.
There many Minstrales maken melody,
To drive away the dull melancholy ;
And many Bar des, that to the trembling chord
Can tune their timely voices cunningly ;
And many Chroniclers, that can record
Old loves, and warres for Ladies doen by many a Lord.

IV

Soone after comes the cruell Sarazin,
In woven maile all armed warily ;
And sternly lookes at him, who not a pin 30
Does care for looke of living creatures eye.
They bring them wines of Greece and Araby,
And daintie spices fetch from furthest Ynd,
To kindle heat of corage privily ;
And in the wine a solemne oth they bynd
T'observe the sacred lawes of armes that are assynd.

V

At last forth comes that far renowned Queene:
With royall pomp and princely majestie
She is ybrought unto a paled greene,
And placed under stately canapee, 40
The warlike feates of both those knights to see.
On th' other side in all mens open vew
Duessa placed is, and on a tree
Sansfoy his shield is hangd with bloody hew;
Both those the lawrell girlonds to the victor dew.

VI

A shrilling trompett sownded from on hye,
And unto battaill bad them selves addresse:
Their shining shieldes about their wrestes they tye,
And burning blades about their heades doe blesse, 50
The instruments of wrath and heavinesse.
With greedy force each other doth as sayle,
And strike so fiercely, that they do impresse
Deepe dinted furrowes in the battred mayle:
The yron walles to ward their blowes are weak and fraile.

VII

The Sarasin was stout and wondrous strong,
And heaped blowes like yron hammers great;
For after blood and vengeance he did long:
The knight was fiers, and full of youthly heat,
And doubled strokes, like dreaded thunders threat;
For all for praise and honour he did fight. 60
Both stricken stryke, and beaten both doe beat,
That from their shields forth flyeth firie light,
And hewen helmets deepe shew marks of eithers might.

VIII

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right.
As when a Gryfon, seized of his pray,
A Dragon fiers encountreth in his flight,
Through widest ayre making his ydle way,
That would his rightfull ravine rend away:

With hideous horror both together smight,
 And souce so sore that they the heavens affray ; 70
 The wise Southsayer, seeing so sad sight,
 Th' amazed vulgar telles of warres and mortall fight.

IX

So th' one for wrong, the other strives for right,
 And each to deadly shame would drive his foe :
 The cruell Steele so greedily doth bight
 In tender flesh, that streames of blood down flow ;
 With which the armes, that earst so bright did show,
 Into a pure vermillion now are dyde.
 Great ruth in all the gazers harts did grow,
 Seeing the gored woundes to gape so wyde, 80
 That victory they dare not wish to either side.

X

At last the Paynim chaunst to cast his eye,
 His suddein eye flaming with wrathfull fyre,
 Upon his brothers shield, which hong thereby :
 Therewith redoubled was his raging yre,
 And said : " Ah I wretched sonne of wofull syre,
 Doest thou sit wayling by blacke Stygian lake,
 Whylest here thy shield is hangd for victors hyre ?
 And, sluggish german, doest thy forces slake
 To after-send his foe, that him may overtake ? 90

XI

" Goe, caytive Elfe, him quickly overtake,
 And soone redeeme from his long-wand ring woe :
 Goe, guiltie ghost, to him my message make,
 That I his shield have quit from dying foe."
 Therewith upon his crest he stroke him so,
 That twice he reeled, readie twice to fall:
 End of the doubtfull battaile deemed tho
 The lookers on ; and lowd to him gan call
 The false Duessa, " Thine the shield, and I, and all! "

XII

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake, 100
 Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake ;
 And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
 The creeping deadly cold away did shake :
 Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,
 Of all attonce he cast avengd to be,
 And with so exceeding furie at him strake,
 That forced him to stoupe upon his knee :
 Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

XIII

And to him said : " Goe now, proud Miscreant,
 Thyselfe thy message do to german deare; 110
 Alone he, wandring, thee too long doth want:
 Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare."
 Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
 Him to have slaine ; when lo ! a darkesome clowd
 Upon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
 But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
 But answer none receives ; the darknes him does shrowd.

XIV

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
 And to him running said : " O ! prowest knight,
 That ever Ladie to her love did chose, 120
 Let now abate the terrour of your might,
 And quench the flame of furious despight,
 And bloodie vengeance : lo ! th' infernall powres,
 Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
 Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres :
 The conquest yours ; I yours ; the shield, and glory
 yours."

XV

Not all so satisfide, with greedy eye
 He sought all round about, his thristy blade
 To bathe in blood of faithlesse enemy;
 Who all that while lay hid in secret shade. 130

He standes amazed how he thence should fade:
 At last the trumpets Triumph sound on hie;
 And running Heralds humble homage made,
 Greeting him goodly with new victorie,
 And to him brought the shield, the cause of [^]nmitie.

XVI

Wherewith he goeth to that soveraine Queene ;
 And falling her before on lowly knee,
 To her makes present of his service seene :
 Which she accepts with thankses and goodly gree,
 Greatly advauncing his gay chevalree : 140
 So marcheth home, and by her takes the knight,
 Whom all the people followe with great glee,
 Shouting, and clapping all their hands on hight,
 That all the ayre it fills, and flyes to heaven bright.

XVII

Home is he brought, and layd in sumptuous bed,
 Where many skilfull leaches him abide
 To salve his hurts, that yet still freshly bled.
 In wine and oyle they wash his woundes wide,
 And softly gan embalme on everie side :
 And all the while most heavenly melody 150
 About the bed sweet musicke did divide,
 Him to beguile of ^gf^gi^ge^gF^ge and agony;
 And all the while Duessa wept full bitterly.

XVIII

As when a wearie traveller, that strays
 By muddy shore of broad seven-mouthed Nile,
 Unweeting of the perillous wandring wayes,
 Doth meete a cruell craftie Crocodile,
 Which, in false grieve hyding his harmefull guile,
 Doth weepe full sore, and sheddeth tender teares ;
 The foolish man, that pities all this while 160
 His mournefull plight, is swallowed up unwares,
 Forgetfull of his owne that mindes an others cares.

XII

Soone as the Faerie heard his Ladie speake, 100
 Out of his swowning dreame he gan awake;
 And quickning faith, that earst was woxen weake,
 The creeping deadly cold away did shake :
 Tho mov'd with wrath, and shame, and Ladies sake,
 Of all attonce he cast avengd to be,
 And with so exceeding furie at him strake,
 That forced him to stoupe upon his knee :
 Had he not stouped so, he should have cloven bee.

XIII

And to him said : " Goe now, proud Miscreant,
 Thyselfe thy message do to german deare; 110
 Alone he, wandring, thee too long doth want:
 Goe say, his foe thy shield with his doth beare."
 Therewith his heavie hand he high gan reare,
 Him to have slaine ; when lo ! a darkesome clowd
 Upon him fell: he no where doth appeare,
 But vanisht is. The Elfe him calls alowd,
 But answer none receives ; the darknes him does shrowd.

XIV

In haste Duessa from her place arose,
 And to him running said : " O I pro west knight,
 That ever Ladie to her love did chose, 120
 Let now abate the terrour of your might,
 And quench the flame of furious despight,
 And bloodie vengeance : lo ! th' infernall powres,
 Covering your foe with cloud of deadly night,
 Have borne him hence to Plutoes balefull bowres :
 The conquest yours ; I yours ; the shield, and glory
 yours."

xv

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 He sought all round about, his thristy blade
 To bathe in blood of faithlesse enemy;
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Forgetfull of his owne that mindes an others cares.

XIX

So wept Duessa untill eventyde,
That shyning lampes in Joves high house were light;
Then forth she rose, ne lenger would abide,
But comes unto the place where th' Hethen knight,
In slombring swownd, nigh voyd of vitall spright,
Lay cover'd with inchaunted cloud all day :
Whom when she found, as she him left in plight,
To wayle his wofull case she would not stay, 170
But to the Easterne coast of heaven makes speedy way:

XX

Where griesly Night, with visage deadly sad,
That Phoebus chearefull face durst never vew,
And in a foule blacke pitchy mantle clad,
She findes forth comming from her darksome mew,
Where she all day did hide her hated hew.
Before the dore her yron charet stood,
Already harnessed for journey new,
And cole blacke steedes yborne of hellish brood,
That on their rusty bits did champ as they were wood.

XXI

Who when she saw Duessa, sunny bright, 181
Adornd with gold and jewels shining deare,
She greatly grew amazed at the sight,
And th' unacquainted light began to feare,
For never did such brightnes there appeare;
And would have backe retyred to her cave,
Untill the witches speach she gan to heare,
Saying : " Yet, O thou dreaded Dame ! I crave
Abyde, till I have told the message which I have."

XXII

She stayd ; and fourth Duessa gan proceede: 190
" O ! thou most auncient Grandmother of all,
More old then Jove, whom thou at first didst breede,
Or that great house of Gods cadestiall,
Which wast begot in Dsemogorgons hall,

And sawst the secrets of the world unmade,
Why suffredst thou thy Nephewes deare to fall,
With Elfin sword most shamefully betrade?
Lo I where the stout Sans joy doth sleepe in deadly
shade.

XXIII

" And him before, I saw with bitter eyes
The bold Sansfoy shrinck underneath his speare : 200
And now the pray of fowles in field he lyes,
Nor wayld of friends, nor layd on groning beare,
That whylome was to me too dearely deare.
O I what of gods then boots it to be borne,
If old Aveugles sonnes so evill heare ?
Or who shall not great Nightes children scorne,
When two of three her Nephewes are so fowle forlorne ?

XXIV

" Up, then ! up, dreary Dame, of darknes Queene !
Go, gather up the reliques of thy race;
Or else goe them avenge, and let be seene 210
That dreaded Night in brightest day hath place,
And can the children of fayre light deface."
Her feeling speaches some compassion mov'd
In hart, and chaunge in that great mothers face :
Yet pittie in her hart was never prov'd
Till then, for evermore she hated, never lov'd :

XXV

And said, " Deare daughter, rightly may I rew
The fall of famous children borne of mee,
And good successes which their foes ensew :
But who can turne the stream of destinee, 220
Or breake the chayne of strong necessitee,
Which fast is tyde to Joves eternall seat ?
The sonnes of Day he favoureth, I see,
And by my ruines thinkes to make them great:
To make one great by others losse is bad excheat.

XXXIII

They pas the bitter waves of Acheron,
 Where many soules sit wailing woefully, 290
 And come to fiery flood of Phlegeton,
 Whereas the damned ghosts in torments fry,
 And with sharp shrilling shriekes doe bootlesse cry,
 Cursing high Jove, the which them thither sent.
 The house of endlesse paine is built thereby,
 In which ten thousand sorts of punishment
 The cursed creatures doe eternally torment.

XXXIV

Before the threshold dreadfull Cerberus
 His three deformed heads did lay along,
 Curled with thousand adders venemous, 300
 And lilled forth his bloody flaming tong :
 At them he gan to reare his bristles strong,
 And felly gnarre, untill Dayes enemy
 Did him appease; then downe his taile he hong,
 And suffered them to passen quietly;
 For she in hell and heaven had power equally.

XXXV

There was Ixion turned on a wheele,
 For daring tempt the Queene of heaven to sin;
 And Sisyphus an huge round stone did reele
 Against an hill, ne might from labour lin; 310
 There thristy Tantalus hong by the chin;
 And Tityus fed a vultur on his maw;
Typhceus joynts were stretched on a gin;
Theseus condemned to endlesse slouth by law;
 And fifty sisters water in leke vessels draw.

xxxvi

They all, beholding worldly wights in place,
 Leave off their worke, unmindfull of their smart,
 To gaze on them; who forth by them doe pace,
 Till they be come unto the furthest part;
 Where was a Cave ywrought by wondrous art, 320

Deepe, darke, uneasy, dolefull, comfortlesse,
 In which sad Aesculapius far apart
 Emprisond was in chaines remedillesse;
 For that Hippolytus rent corse he did redresse.

XXXVII

Hippolytus a jolly huntsman was,
 That wont in charett chace the foming bore :
 He all his Peeres in beauty did surpas,
 But Ladies love as losse of time forbore :
 His wanton stepdame loved him the more ;
 But, when she saw her offred sweets refusd, 330
 Her love she turnd to hate, and him before
 His father fierce of treason false accusd,
 And with her gealous termes his open eares abusd :

XXXVIII

Who, all *in* rage, his Sea-god syre besought
 Some cursed vengeaunce on his sonne to cast.
 From surging gulf two Monsters streight were brought,
 With dread whereof his chacing steedes aghast
 Both charett swifte and huntsman overcast:
 His goodly corps, on ragged cliffs yrent,
 Was quite dismembred, and his members chast 340
 Scattered on every mountaine as he went,
 That of Hippolytus was lefte no moniment.

XXXIX

His cruell step-dame, seeing what was donne,
 Her wicked daies with wretched knife did end,
 In death avowing th' innocence of her sonne.
 Which hearing, his rash syre began to rend
 His heare, and hasty tong that did offend :
 Tho, gathering up the reliques of his smart,
 By Dianas meanes, who was Hippolyts frend,
 Them brought to Aesculape, that by his art 350
 Did heale them all againe, and joyned every part.

XL

Such wondrous science in mans witt to rain
 When Jove' avizd, that could the dead revive,
 And fates expired could renew again,
 Of endlesse life he might him not deprive,
 But unto hell did thrust him downe alive,
 With flashing thunderbolt ywounded sore :
 Where, long remaining, he did alwaies strive
 Himselfe with salves to health for to restore,
 And slake the heavenly fire that raged evermore. 360

XLI

There auncient Night arriving did alight
 From her nigh weary wayne, and in her armes
 To Aesculapius brought the wounded knight:
 Whome having softly disaraid of armes,
 Tho gan to him discover all his harmes,
 Beseeching him with prayer and with praise,
 If either salves, or oyles, or herbes, or charmes,
 A fordonne wight from dore of death mote raise,
 He would at her request prolong her nephews daies.

XLII

" Ah Dame," (quoth he) " thou temptest me in vaine,
 To dare the thing, which daily yet. I rew, 371
 And the old cause of my continued paine
 With like attempt to like end to renew.
 Is not enough, that, thrust from heaven dew,
 Here endlesse penance for one fault I pay,
 But that redoubled crime with vengeance new
 Thou biddest me to eeke? Can Night defray
 The wrath of thundring Jove, that rules both night and
 day ? "

XLIII

" Not so," (quoth she) " but, sith that heavens king
 From hope of heaven hath thee excluded quight, 380
 Why fearest thou, that canst not hope for thing ;
 And fearest not that more thee hurten might,
 Now in the powre of everlasting Night ?

Goe to then, O thou far renowned sonne
 Of great Apollo I shew thy famous might
 In medicine, that els hath to thee wonne
 Great pains, and greater praise, both never to be donne."

XLIV

Her words prevaild : And then the learned leach
 His cunning hand gan to his wounds to lay,
 And all things els the which his art did teach: 390
 Which having seene, from thence arose away
 The mother of dredd darknesse, and let stay
 Aveugles sonne there in the leaches cure :
 And, backe retourning, took her wonted way
 To ronne her timely race, whilst Phoebus pure
 In westerne waves his weary wagon did recure.

XLV

The false Duessa, leaving ngypus Night,
 Returnd to stately pallace of Dame Pryde :
 Where when she came, she found the Faery knight
 Departed thence ; albee his woundes wyde 400
 Not throughly heald unready were to ryde.
 Good cause he had to hasten thence away ;
 For on a day his wary Dwarfe had spyde
 Where in a dungeon deepe huge numbers lay
 Of caytive wretched thralls, that wayled night and day :

XLVI

A ruefull sight as could be seene with eie,
 Of whom he learned had in secret wise
 The hidden cause of their captivitie ;
 How mortgaging their lives to Covetise,
 Through wastfull Pride and wanton Riotise, 410
 They were by law of that proud Tyrannesse,
 Provokt with Wrath and Envyes false surmise,
 Condemned to that Dongeon mercillesse,
 Where they should live in wo, and dye in wretched-
 nesse.

XLVII

There was that great proud king of Babylon,
 That would compell all nations to adore,
 And him as onely God to call upon ;
 Till, through celestiall doome thrown out of dore,
 Into an Oxe he was transformd of yore.
 There also was king Crceſjus, that enhaunst 420
 His hart too high through his great richesse store;
 And proud Antiochus, the which advaunst
 His cursed hand gainst God, and on his altares daunst.

XLVIII

And them long time before, great Nimrod was,
 That first the world with sword and fire warrayd ;
 And after him old Ninus far did pas
 In princely pomp, of all the world obayd.
 There also was that mightie Monarch layd
 Low under all, yet abovē'all in pride,
 That name of native syre did fowle upbrayd, 430
 And would as Ammons sonne be magnifide,
 Till, scornd of God and man, a shamefuU death he dide.

XLIX

All these together in one heape were throwne,
 Like carkases of beastes in butchers stall.
 And in another corner wide were strowne
 The Antique ruins of the Romanes fall:
 Great Romulus, the Grandsyre of them all;
 Proud Tarquin, and too lordly Lentulus ;
 StoufScipio, and stubborne Hanniball;
 Ambitious Sylla, and sterne Marius;
 High Caesar, great Pompey, and fiers Antonius.

L

Amongst these mightie men were wemen mixt,
 Proud wemen, vaine, forgetfull of their yoke:
 The bold Semiramis, whose sides transfixt
 With sonnes own blade her fowle reproches spoke :
 Fayre Sthenobcea, that her selfe did choke

With wilfull chord for wanting of her will;
High minded Cleopatra, that with stroke
Of Aspes sting her selfe did stoutly kill;
And thousands moe the like that did that dongeon fill.

LI

Besides the endlesse routes of wretched thralles, 451
Which thither were assembled day by day
From all the world, after their wofull falles,
Through wicked pride and wasted welthes decay.
But most of all, which in that dongeon lay,
Fell from high Princes courtes, or Ladies bowres,
Where they in ydle pomp, or wanton play,
Consumed had their goods and thriftlesse howres,
And lastly thrown themselves into these heavy stowres.

LII

Whose case whenas the careful Dwarfe had tould, 460
And made ensample of their mournfull sight
Unto his Maister, he no lenger would
There dwell in perill of like painefull plight,
But earely rose; and, ere that dawning light
Discovered had the world to heaven wyde,
He by a privy Posterne tooke his flight,
That of no envious eyes he mote be spyde;
For, doubtlesse, death ensewd if any him descryde.

LIII

Scarse could he footing find in that fowle way,
For many corses, like a great Lay-stall, 470
Of mured men, which therein strowed lay
Without remorse or decent funerall;
Which al through that great Princesse pride did fall,
And came to shamefull end. And them besyde,
Forth ryding underneath the castell wall,
A Donghill of dead carcasses he spyde;
The dreadfull spectacle of that sad house of Pryde.

CANTO VI

From lawlesse lust by wondrous grace
 Fayre Una is releast:
 Whom salvage nation does adore,
 And leames her wise beheast.

I

As when a ship, that flyes fayre under sayle,
 An hidden rocke escaped hath unwares,
 That lay in wake her wrack for to bewaile,
 The Marriner yet Halfe amazed stares,
 At perill past, and yet in doubt ne dares
 To joy at his foolhappie oversight:
 So doubly is distrest twixt joy and cares
 The dreadlesse corage of this Elfin knight,
 Having escapt so sad ensamples in his sight.

II

Yet sad he was, that his too hastie speed 10
 The fayre Duess' had forst him leave behind;
 And yet more sad, that Una, his deare dreed,
 Her truth had staynd with treason so unkind:
 Yet cryme in her could never creature find;
 But for his love, and for her own selfe sake.
 She wandred had from one to other_ynd,
 Him for to seeke, ne ever would forsake,
 Till her unwares the fiers Sansloy did overtake:

III

Who, after Archimagoes fowle defeat,
 Led her away into a forest wilde; 20
 And, turning wrathfull fyre to lustfull heat,
 With beastly sin thought her to have defilde,
 And made the vassall of his pleasures vilde.
 Yet first he cast by treatie, and by traynes
 Her to persuade that stubborne fort to yilde:
 For greater conquest of hard love he gaynes,
 That workes it to his will, then he that it constraines.

IV

With fawning wordes he courted her a while ;
And, looking lovely and oft sighing sore,
Her constant hart did tempt with diverse guile: 30
But wordes, and lookes, and sighes she did abhore;
As rock of Diamond stedfast evermore.
Yet for to feed his fyrie lustfull eye,
He snatcht the vele that hong her face before :
Then gan her beautie shyne as brightest skye,
And burnt his beastly hart t'efforce her chastitye.

V

So when he saw his flatt'ring artes to fayle,
And subtile engines bett from batteree;
With greedy force he gan the fort assayle,
Whereof he weend possessed soone to bee, 40
And win rich spoile of ransackt chastitee.
Ah heavens ! that doe this hideous act behold,
And heavenly virgin thus outraged see,
How can ye vengeance just so long withhold,
And hurle not flashing flames upon that Paynim bold?

VI

The pitteous mayden, carefull, comfortlesse,
Does throw out thrilling shriekes, and shrieking cryes,
The last vaine helpe of wemens great distresse,
And with loud plaintes importuneth the skyes,
That molten starres doe drop like weeping eyes ; 50
And Phoebus, flying so most shamefull sight,
His blushing face in foggy cloud implyes,
And hydes for shame. What witt of mortal wight
Can now devise to quitt a thrall from such a plight ?

VII

Eternall providence, exceeding thought,
Where none; appeares can make her selfe-a way.
A wondrous way it for this Lady wrought,
From Lyons clawes to pluck the gyped pray.
Her shrill outcryes and shrieks so loud did bray,

That all the woodes and forestes did resownd : 60
 A troupe of Faunes and Satyres far away
 Within the wood were dauncing in a rownd,
 Whiles old Sylyanius slept in shady arber sownd :

VIII

Who, when they heard that pitteous strained voice,
 In haste forsooke their rurall meriment,
 And ran towardes the far rebownded noyce,
 To weet what wight so loudly did lament.
 Unto the place they come incontinent:
 Whom when the raging Sarazin espy de,
 A rude, mishapen, monstrous rablement, 70
 Whose like he never saw, he durst not byde,
 But got his ready steed, and fast away gan ryde.

IX

The wyld woodgods, arrived in the place,
 There find the virgin, doolfull, desolate,
 With ruffled rayments, and fayre blubbred face,
 As her outrageous foe had left her late ;
 And trembling yet through feare of former hate.
 All stand amazed at so uncouth sight,
 And gin to pittie her unhappie state :
 All stand astonied at her beau tie bright, 80
 In their rude eyes unworthie of so wofull plight.

X

She, more amazd, in double dread doth dwell;
 And every tender part for feare does shake.
 As when a greedy Wolfe, through hunger fell,
 A seely Lamb far from the flock does take,
 Of whom he meanes his bloody feast to make,
 A Lyon spyes fast running towards him,
 The innocent pray in hast he does forsake ;
 Which, quitt from death, yet quakes in every lim
 With chaunge of feare, to see the Lyon looke so
 grim.

XI

Such fearefull fitt assaid her trembling hart, 91
 Ne word to speake, ne joynt to move, she had;
 The salvage nation feele her secret smart,
 And read her sorrow in her count'nance sad;
 Their frowning forheades, with rough homes yclad,
 Ahd rustick horror, all asyde doe lay;
 And, gently grenning, shew a semblance glad
 To comfort her; and, feare to put away,
 Their backward bent knees teach her humbly to obay.

XII

The doubtfull Damzell dare not yet committ 100
 Her single person to their barbarous truth;
 But still twixt feare and hope amazd does sitt,
 Late learnd what harme to hasty trust ensu'th.
 They, in compassion of her tender youth,
 And wonder of her beautie soverayne,
 Are wonne with pittie and unwonted ruth;
 And, all prostrate upon the lowly playne,
 Doe kisse her feete, and fawne on her with count'nance
 fayne.

XIII

Their harts she ghesseth by their humble guise,
 And yieldees her to extremitie of time: 110
 So from the ground she fearelesse doth arise,
 And walketh forth without suspect of crime.
 They, all as glad as birdes of joyous Pryme,
 Thence lead her forth, about her dauncing round,
 Shouting, and singing all a shepheards ryme;
 And with greene braunches strowing all the ground,
 Do worship her as Queene with olive girlond croud.

XIV

And all the way their merry pipes they sound,
 That all the woods with doubled Eccho ring;
 And with their horned feet doe weare the ground, 120
 Leaping like wanton kids in pleasant Spring.
 So towards old Sylvanus they her bring;

Who, with the noyse awaked, commeth out
 To weete the cause, his weake steps governing
 And aged limbs on cypresse stadle stout,
 And with an yvie twyne his waste is girt about.

xv

Far off he wonders what them makes so glad
 -Or, Bacchus merry fruit they did invent,
 Orjpybeles franticke rites have made them mad :
 They, drawing nigh, unto their God present 130
 That flowre of fayth and beautie excellent.
 The God himselfe, vewing that mirrhour rare,
 Stood long amazd, and burnt in his intent:
 His owne fayre Drycpe now he thinkes not faire}
 And Pholoe fowlē, when her to this he doth compaire.

xvi

The woodborne people fall before her flat,
 And worship her as Goddesses of the wood;
 And old Sylvanus selfe bethinckes not what
 To thinke of wight so fayre, but gazing stood
 In doubt to deeme her borne of earthly brood : 140
 Sometimes dame Venus selfe he seemes to see;
 But Venus never had so sober mood :
 Sometimes Diana he her takes to be,
 But misseth bow and shaftes, and buskins to her **knee.**

xvii

By vew of her he ginneth to revive
 His ancient love, and dearest Cyparisse;
 And calles to mind his pourtratture alive,
 How fayre he was, and yet not fayre to this ;
 And how he slew with glauncing dart amisse
 A gentle Hynd, the which the lovely boy 150
 Did love as life, above all worldly blisse;
 For grieve whereof the lad n'ould after joy,
 But pynd away in anguish and selfe-wild annoy.

XVIII

The wooddy nymphes, faire Hamadryades,
 Her to behold do thither runnē āpace;
 And all the troupe of light-foot Naiades
 Flocke all about to see her lovely face;
 But, when they vewed have her heavenly grace,
 They envy her in their malicious mind,
 And fly away for feare of fowle disgrace: 160
 But all the Satyres scorne their woody kind,
 And henceforth nothing faire but her on earth they find.

XIX

Glad of such lucke, the luckelesse lucky mayd
 Did her content to please their feeble eyes,
 And long time with that salvage people stayd,
 To gather breath in many miseryes.
 During which time her gentle wit she plyes
 To teach them truth, which worshipt her in vaine,
 And made her th' Image of Idolatryes;
 But when their bootlesse zeale she did restryne 170
 From her own worship, they her Asse would worship
 fayn.

XX

It fortunēd, a noble warlike knight
 By just occasion^m to that fōr rest came
 To seeke his kindred, and the lignage right
 From whence he tooke his weldeserved name:
 He had in armes abroad wonne muchell fame,
 And fild far landes with glorie of his might:
 Plaine, faithfull, true, and enimy of shame,
 And ever lov'd to fight for Ladies right;
 But in vaine glorious frayes he litle did delight. 180

XXI

A Satyres sonne, yborne in forrest wyld,
 By straunge adventure as it did betyde,
 And there begotten of a Lady myld,
 Fayre Thyamis, the daughter of Labryde;

That was in sacred bandes of wedlocke tyde
 To Therion, a loose unruly swayne,
 Who had more joy to raunge the forrest wyde,
 And chase the salvage beast with busie payne,
 Then serve his Ladies love, and waste in pleasures vayne.

XXII

The forlorne mayd did with loves longing burne 190
 And could not lacke her lovers company;
 But to the wood she goes, to serve her turne,
 And seeke her spouse that from her still does fly,
 And followes other game and venery :
 A Satyre chaunst her wandring for to finde;
 And, kindling coles of lust in brutish eye,
 The loyall linkes of wedlocke did unbinde,
 And made her person thrall unto his beastly kind.

XXIII

So long in secret cabin there he held
 Her captive to his sensuall desyre, 200
 Till that with timely fruit her belly sweld,
 And bore a boy unto that salvage syre :
 Then home he suffred her for to retyre,
 For ransome leaving him the late-borne childe ;
 Whom, till to ryper yeares he gan aspyre,
 He nousled up in life and manners wilde,
 Emongst wild beastes and woods, from lawes of men
 exilde.

XXIV

For all he taught the tender ymp was but
 To banish cowardize and bastard feare :
 His trembling hand he would him force to put 210
 Upon the Lyon and the rugged Beare;
 And from the she Beares teats her whelps to teare;
 And eke wyld roring Buls he would him make
 To tame, and ryde their backes, not made to beare;
 And the Robuckes in flight to overtake,
 That everie beast for feare of him did fly, and quake.

XXV

Thereby so fearlesse and so fell he grew,
That his own syre, and maister of his guise,
Did often tremble at his horrid vew;
And oft, for dread of hurt, would him advise 220
The angry beastes not rashly to despise,
Nor too much to provoke; for he would learne
The Lyon stoup to him in lowly wise,
(A lesson hard) and make the Libbard sterne
Leave roaring, when in rage he for revenge did earne.

XXVI

And for to make his powre approved more,
Wyld beastes in yron yokes he would compell;
The spotted Panther, and the tusked Bore,
The Pardale swift, and the Tigre cruell,
The Antelope, and Wolfe both fiers and fell; 250
And them constraine in equali teme to draw.
Such joy he had their stubborne harts to quell,
And sturdie courage tame with dreadfull aw,
That his beheast they feared as a tyrans law.

XXVII

His loving mother came upon a day
Unto the woodes, to see her little sonne;
And chaunst unwares to meet him in the way,
After his sportes and cruell pastime donne;
When after him a Lyonesse did runne,
That roaring all with rage did lowd requere 240
Her children deare, whom he away had wonne :
The Lyon whelpes she saw how he did beare,
And lull in rugged armes withouten childish feare.

XXVIII

The fearefull Dame all quaked at the sight,
And turning backe gan fast to fly away;
Untill, with love revokt from vaine affright,
She hardly yet perswaded was to stay,
And then to him these womanish words gan say:

" Ah Satyrane, my dearling and my joy,
For love of me leave off this dreadfull play; 250
To dally thus with death is no fit toy :
Go, find some other play-fellowes, mine own sweet boy."

XXIX

In these and like delightes of bloody game
He trayned was, till ryper years he raught;
And there abode, whylst any beast of name
Walkt in that forrest, whom he had not taught
To feare his force : and then his courage haught
Desyrd of forreine foemen to be knowne,
And far abroad for straunge adventures sought;
In which his might was never overthrowne ; 260
But through al Faery lond his famous worth was blown.

XXX

Yet evermore it was his maner faire,
After long labours and adventures spent,
Unto those native woods for to repaire,
To see his syre and of spring auncient.
And now he thither came for like intent;
Where he unwares the fairest Una found,
Straunge Lady in so straunge habiliment,
Teaching the Sa tyres, which her sat around,
Trew sacred lore, which from her sweet lips did redound.

XXXI

He wondred at her wisdoms hevenly rare, 271
Whose like in womens witt he never knew ;
And, when her curteous deeds he did compare,
Gan her admire, and her sad sorrowes rew,
Blaming of Fortune, which such troubles threw,
And joyd to make prooffe of her cruelty
On gentle Dame, so hurtlesse and so trew :
Thenceforth he kept her goodly company,
And learnd her discipline of faith and verity.

XXXII

But she, all vowd unto the Redcrosse Knight, 280
 His wandring perill closely did lament,
 Ne in this new acquaintaunce could delight;
 But her deare heart with anguish did torment,
 And all her witt in secret counsels spent,
 How to escape. At last in privy wise
 To Satyrane she shewed her intent;
 Who, glad to gain such favour, gan devise,
 How with that pensive Maid he best might thence arise.

XXXIII

So on a day, when Satyres all were gone
 To do their service to Sylvanus old, 290
 The gentle virgin, left behinde alone,
 He led away with corage stout and bold.
 Too late it was to Satyres to be told,
 Or ever hope recover her againe :
 In vaine he seekes that having cannot hold.
 So fast he carried her with carefull paine,
 That they the woods are past, and come now to the
 plaine.

xxxiv

The better part now of the lingring day
 They traveild had, whenas they far espide
 A weary wight forwandring by the way; 300
 And towards him they gan in haste to ride,
 To weete of newes that did abroad betide,
 Or tidings of her knight of the Redcrosse;
 But he them spyng gan to turne aside
 For feare, as seemd, or for some feigned losse:
 More greedy they of newes fast towards him do crosse.

xxxv

A silly man, in simple weeds forworne,
 And soild with dust of the long dried way;
 His sandales were with toilsome travell torne,
 And face all tand with scorching sunny ray, 310

As he had traveild many a sommers day
 Through boyling sands of Arabie and Ynde,
 And in his hand a Jacobs staffe, to stay
 His weary limbs upon; and eke behind
 His scrip did hang, in which his needments he did bind.

xxxvi

The knight, approching nigh, of him inquerd
 Tidings of warre, and of adventures new;
 But warres, nor new adventures, none he herd.
 Then Una gan to aske, if ought he knew,
 Or heard abroad of that her champion trew, 320
 That in his armour bare a croslet red?
 "Ay me ! Deare dame," (quoth he) "well may I rew
 To tell the sad sight which mine eies have red;
 These eies did see that knight both living and eke ded."

xxxvii

That cruell word her tender hart so thrild,
 That suddein cold did ronne through every vaine,
 And stony horror all her sences fild
 With dying fitt, that downe she fell for paine.
 The knight her lightly reared up againe,
 And comforted with curteous kind reliefe : 330
 Then, wonne from death, she bad him tellen plaine
 The further processe of her hidden grieve :
 The lesser pangs can beare who hath endur'd the chief.

xxxviii

Then gan the Pilgrim thus : "I chaunst this day,
 This fatall day that shall I ever rew,
 To see two knights, in travell on my way,
 (A sory sight) arraung'd in batteill new,
 Both breathing vengeance, both of wrathfull hew.
 My feareful flesh did tremble at their strife,
 To see their blades so greedily imbrew, 340
 That, dronke with blood, yet thirsted after life:
 What more ? the Redcrosse knight was slain with Paynim
 knife."

XXXIX

" Ah ! dearest Lord," (quoth she) " how might that bee,
And he the stoutest knight that ever wonne ? "
" Ah ! dearest dame," (quoth hee) " how might I see
The thing that might not be, and yet was donne ? "
" Where is," (said Satyrane) " that Paynims sonne,
That him of life, and us of joy, hath refte ? "
" Not far away," (quoth he) " he hence doth wonne,
Foreby a fountaine, where I late him lefte 350
Washing his bloody wounds, that through the Steele were
cleft."

XL

Therewith the knight thence marched forth in hast,
Whiles Una, with huge heavinesse opprest,
Could not for sorrow follow him so fast;
And soone he came, as he the place had ghest,
Whereas that Pagan proud him selfe did rest
In secret shadow by a fountaine side :
Even he it was, that earst would have suppress
Faire Una; whom when Satyrane espide,
With foule reprochfull words he boldly him defide. 360

XLI

And said : " Arise, thou cursed Miscreaunt,
Thou hast with knightlesse guile, and trecherous train,
Faire knighthood fowly shamed, and doest vaunt
That good knight of the Redcrosse to have slain :
Arise, and with like treason now maintain
Thy guilty wrong, or els thee guilty yield."
The Sarazin, this hearing, rose amain,
And, catching up in hast his three square shield
And shining helmet, soone him buckled to the field.

XLII

And, drawing nigh him, said : " Ah ! misborn Elfe, 370
In evill houre thy foes thee hither sent
Anothers wrongs to wreak upon thy selfe:
Yet ill thou blamest me for having blent
My name with guile and traiterous intent:

That Redcrosse knight, perdie, I never slew ;
But had he beene where earst his armes were lent,
Th' enchaunter vaine his errour should not rew :
But thou his errour shalt, I hope, now proven trew."

XLIII

Therewith they gan, both furious and fell,
To thunder blowes, and fiersly to assaile 380
Each other, bent his enemy to quell,
That with their force they perst both plate and maile,
And made wide furrowes in their fleshs fraile,
That it would pittie any living eie.
Large floods of blood adowne their sides did raile,
But floods of blood could not them satisfie :
Both hongred after death ; both chose to win, or die.

XLIV

So long they fight, and full revenge pursue,
That, fainting, each themselves to breathen lett,
And, ofte refreshed, battell oft renue. 390
As when two Bores, with rancling malice mett,
Their gory sides fresh bleeding fiercely frett;
Till breathlesse both themselves aside retire,
Where foming wrath their cruell tuskes they whett,
And trample th' earth, the whiles they may respire,
Then backe to fight againe, new breathed and entire.

XLV

So fiersly, when these knights had breathed once,
They gan to fight retourne, increasing more
Their puissant force, and cruell rage attonce,
With heaped strokes more hugely then before ; 400
That with their drery wounds, and bloody gore,
They both, deformed, scarsely could bee known.
By this, sad Una fraught with anguish sore,
Led with their noise which through the aire was thrown,
Arriv'd wher they in erth their fruitles blood had sown.

XLVI

Whom all so soone as that proud Sarazin
Espide, he gan revive the memory
Of his leud lusts, and late attempted sin,
And lefte the doubtfull battell hastily,
To catch her, newly offred to his eie; 410
But Satyrane, with strokes him turning, staid,
And sternely bad him other businesse plie
Then hunt the steps of pure unspotted Maid :
Wherewith he al enrag'd these bitter speeches said:

XLVII

" O foolish faeries sonne ! what fury mad
Hath thee incenst to hast thy dolefull fate ?
Were it not better I that Lady had
Then that thou hadst repented it too late ?
Most sencelesse man he, that himselfe doth hate,
To love another: Lo ! then, for thine ayd, 420
Here take thy lovers token on thy pate.
So they to fight ;the whiles the royall Mayd
Fledd farre away, of that proud Paynim sore afrayd.

XLVIII

But that false Pilgrim, which that leasing told,
Being in deed old Archimage, did stay
In secret shadow all this to behold ;
And much rejoyced in their bloody fray:
But, when he saw the Damsell passe away,
He left his stond, and her pursewd apace,
In hope to bring her to her last decay. 430
But for to tell her lamentable cace,
And eke this battels end, will need another place.

CANTO VII

The Redcrosse knight is captive made
 By Gyaunt proud opprest:
 Prince Arthure meets with Una greatly
 with those newes distrest.

I

WHAT man so wise, what earthly witt so ware,
 As to discry the crafty cunning traine,
 By which deceit doth maske in visour faire,
 And cast her coulours, died deepe in graine,
 To seeme like truth, whose shape she well can faine,
 And fitting gestures to her purpose frame,
 The guiltlesse man with guile to entertaine?
 Great maistresse of her art was that false Dame,
 The false Duessa, cloked with Fidessaes name.

II

Who when, returning from the drery Night, 10
 She fownd not in that perilous hous of Pryde,
 Where she had left the noble Redcrosse knight,
 Her hoped pray, she would no lenger byde,
 But forth she went to seeke him far and wide.
 Ere long she fownd, whereas he wearie sate
 To reeste him selfe foreby a fountaine syde,
 Disarmed all of yron-coted Plate;
 And by his side his steed the grassy forage ate.

III

Hee feedes upon the cooling shade, and bayes
 His sweatie forehead in the breathing wynd, 20
 Which through the trembling leaves full gently playes,
 Wherein the chearefull birds of sundry kynd
 Doe chaunt sweet musick to delight his mynd.
 The witch approaching gan him fayrely greet,
 And with reproch of carelesnes unkynd
 Upbrayd, for leaving her in place unmeet,
 With fowle words tempring faire, soure gall with hony
 sweet.

IV

Unkindnesse past, they gan of solace treat,
And bathe in pleasaunce of the joyous shade,
Which shielded them against the boyling heat, 30
And with greene boughes decking a gloomy glade,
About the fountaine like a girlond made;
Whose bubbling wave did ever freshly well,
Ne ever would through fervent sommer fade:
The sacred Nymph, which therein wont to dwell,
Was out of Dianes favor, as it then befell.

V

The cause was this : one day, when Phoebe fayre
With all her band was following the chase,
This nymph, quite tyr'd with heat of scorching ayre,
Satt downe to rest in midst of the race : 40
The goddesse wroth gan fowly her disgrace,
And badd the waters, which from her did flow,
Be such as she her selfe was then in place.
Thenceforth her waters waxed dull and slow,
And all that drinke thereof do faint and feeble grow,

VI

Hereof this gentle knight unweeting was ;
And lying downe upon the sandie graile,
Dronke of the streame, as deare as christall glas :
Eftsoones his manly forces gan to fayle,
And mightie strong was turnd to feeble frayle. 50
His chaunged powres at first them selves not felt;
Till cruddled cold his corage gan assayle,
And cheareful blood in fayntnes chill did melt,
Which like a fever fit through all his bodie swelt.

VII

Yet goodly court he made still to his Dame,
Poured out in loosnesse on the grassy grownd,
Both carelesse of his health, and of his fame;
Till at the last he heard a dreadfull sownd,

Which through the wood loud bellowing did rebownd,
 That all the earth for terror seemd to shake, 60
 And trees did tremble. Th' Elfe, therewith astownd,
 Upstartd lightly from his looser make,
 And his unready weapons gan in hand to take.

VIII

But ere he could his armour on him dight,
 Or gett his shield, his monstrous enemy
 With sturdie steps came stalking in his sight,
 An hideous Geaunt, horrible and hye,
 That with his tallnesse seemd to threat the skye ;
 The ground eke groned under him for dreed :
 His living like saw never living eye, 70
 Ne durst behold : his stature did exceed
 The hight of three the tallest Sonnes of mortall seed.

IX

The greatest Earth his uncouth mother was,
 And blustering Æolus his boasted syre ;
 Who with his breath, which through the world doth pas,
 Her hollow womb did secretly inspyre,
 And fild her hidden caves with stormie yre,
 That she conceiv'd ; and trebling the dew time
 In which the wombes of women doe expyre,
 Brought forth this monstrous masse of earthly slyme, 80
 Puft up with emptie wynd, and fild with sinfull cryme.

x

So growen great, through arrogant delight
 Of th' high descent whereof he was yborne,
 And through presumption of his matchlesse might,
 All other powres and knighthood he did scorne.
 Such now he marcheth to this man forlorne,
 And left to losse; his stalking steps are stayde
 Upon a snaggy Oke, which he had torne
 Out of his mothers bowelles, and it made
 His mortall mace, wherewith his foemen he dismayde. 90

XI

That, when the knight he spyde, he gan aduaunce
With huge force and insupportable mayne,
And towarde him with dreadfull fury prauce;
Who haplesse, and eke hopelesse, all in vaine
Did to him pace sad battaile to darrayne,
Disarmd, disgraste, and inwardly dismayde;
And eke so faint in every joynt and vayne,
Through that fraile fountain which him feeble made,
That scarcely could he weeld his bootlesse single blade.

XII

The Geaunt strooke so maynly mercilesse, 100
That could have overthrowne a stony towre;
And, were not hevenly grace that did him blesse,
He had beene pouldred all as thin as flowre :
But he was wary of that deadly stowre,
And lightly lept from underneath the blow :
Yet so exceeding was the villeins powre,
That with the winde it did him overthrow,
And all his sences stound that still he lay full low.

XIII

As when that divelish yron Engin, wrought
In deepest Hell, and framd by Furies skill, no
With windy Nitre and quick Sulphur fraught,
And ramd with bollet rownd, ordaind to kill,
Conceiveth fyre, the heavens it doth fill
With thundring noyse, and all the ayre doth choke,
That none can breath, nor see, nor heare at will,
Through smouldry cloud of duskish stincking smoke;
That th' only breath him daunts, who hath escapt the
stroke.

XIV

So daunted when the Geaunt saw the knight,
His heaue hand he heaved up on hye,
And him to dust thought to have battred quight, 120
Untill Duessa loud to him gan crye,

" O great Orgoglio I greatest under skye,
 O! hold thy mortall hand for Ladies sake;
 Hold for my sake, and doe him not to dye,
 But vanquisht thine eternall bondslave make,
 And me, thy worthy meed, unto thy Leman take."

XV

He hearkned, and did stay from further harmes,
 To gayne so goodly guerdon as she spake :
 So willingly she came into his armes,
 Who her as willingly to grace did take, 130
 And was possessed of his newfound make.
 Then up he tooke the slombred sencelesse corse,
 And, ere he could out of his swowne awake,
 Him to his castle brought with hastie forse,
 And in a Dongeon deepe him threw without remorse.

XVI

From that day forth Duessa was his deare,
 And highly honourd in his haughtie eye :
 He gave her gold and purple pall to weare,
 And triple crowne set on her head full hie,
 And her endowd with royall majesty. 140
 Then, for to make her dreaded more of men,
 And peoples hartes with awfull terror tye,
 A monstrous beast ybredd in filthy fen
 He chose, which he had kept long time in darksom den.

XVII

Such one it was, as that renowmed Snake
 Which great Alcides in Stremona slew,
 Long fostred in the filth of Lerna lake :
 Whose many heades, out budding ever new,
 Did breed him endlesse labor to subdew.
 But this same Monster much more ugly was, 150
 For seven great heads out of his body grew,
An yron brest, and back of scaly bras,
And all embrewd in blood his eyes did shine as glas.

XVIII

His taylor was stretched out in wondrous length,
 That to the hous of heavenly gods it raught;
 And with extorted powre, and borrow'd strength,
 The everburning lamps from thence it braught,
 And prowdly threw to ground, as things of naught;
 And underneath his filthy feet did tread
 The sacred thinges, and holy heastes foretaught. 160
 Upon this dreadfull Beast with sevenfold head
 He sett the false Duessa, for more aw and dread.

XIX

The wofull Dwarfe, which saw his maisters fall
 Whiles he had keeping of his grasing steed,
 And valiant knight become a caytive thrall,
 When all was past, tooke up his forlorne weed;
 His mightie Armour, missing most at need;
 His silver shield, now idle, maisterlesse;
 His poynant speare that many made to bleed,
 The rueful moniments of heavynesse; 170
 And with them all departes to tell his great distresse.

xx

He had not travaild long, when on the way
 He wofull Lady, wofull Una, met,
 Fast flying from that Paynims greedy pray,
 Whilest Satyrane him from pursuit did let.
 Who when her eyes she on the Dwarf had set,
 And saw the signes that deadly tydinges spake,
 She fell to ground for sorrowfull regret,
 And lively breath her sad brest did forsake;
 Yet might her pitteous hart be seene to pant and quake.

xxi

The messenger of so unhappie newes 181
 Would faine have dyde: dead was his hart within,
 Yet outwardly some little comfort shewes.
 At last, recovering hart, he does begin
 To rubb her temples, and to chaufe her chin,

And everie tender part does tosse and turne:
 So hardly he the flitted life does win
 Unto her native prison to retourne ;
 Then gins her grieved ghost thus to lament and mourne :

XXII

" Ye dreary instruments of dolefull sight, 190
 That doe this- deadly spectacle behold,
 Why doe ye lenger feed on loathed light,
 Or liking find to gaze on earthly mould,
 Sith cruell fates the carefull threds unfould,
 T'rie which my life and love together tyde ?
 Now let the stony dart of sencelesse cold
 Perce to my hart, and pas through everie side,
 And let eternall night so sad sight fro me hyde.

XXIII

" O lightsome day! the lampe of highest Jove,
 First made by him mens wandring wayes to guyde, 200
 When darknesse he in deepest dongeon drove,
 Henceforth thy hated face for ever hyde,
 And shut up heavens windowes shyning wyde ;
 For earthly sight can nought but sorrow breed,
 And late repentance which shall long abyde :
 Mine eyes no more on vahitie shall feed,
 But seeled up with death shall have their deadly meed."

XXIV

Then downe againe she fell unto the ground,
 But he her quickly reared up againe :
 Thrise did she sinke adowne in deadly swownd, 210
 And thrise he her reviv'd with busie paine.
 At last when life recover'd had the raine,
 And over-wrestled his strong enemy,
 With foltring tong, and trembling everie vaine,
 " Tell on," (quoth she) " the wofull Tragedy,
 The which these reliques sad present unto mine eye.

XXV

"Tempestuous fortune hath spent all her spight,
 And thrilling sorrow throwne his utmost dart:
 Thy sad tong cannot tell more heavy plight
 Then that I feele, and harbour in mine hart: 220
 Who hath endur'd the whole can beare ech part.
 If death it be, it is not the first wound
 That launched hath my brest with bleeding smart.
 Begin, and end the bitter balefull stound;
 If lesse then that I feare, more favour I have found."

xxvi

Then gan the Dwarfe the whole discourse declare;
 The subtile traines of Archimago old;
 The wanton loves of false Fidessa fayre,
 Bought with the blood of vanquisht Paynim bold;
 The wretched payre transformd to treēh mould; 230
 The house of Pryde, and perilles round about;
 The combat which he with Sans joy did hould;
 The lucklesse conflict with the Gyaunt stout,
 Wherein captiv'd, of life or death he stood in doubt.

XXVII

She heard with patience all unto the end,
 And strove to maister sorrowfull assay,
 Which greater grew the more she did contend,
 And almost rent her tender hart in tway;
 And love fresh coles unto her fire did lay;
 For greater love, the greater is the losse. 240
 Was never Lady loved dearer day
 Then she did love the knight of the Redcrosse,
 For whose deare sake so many troubles her did tosse.

XXVIII

At last when fervent sorrow slaked was,
 She up arose, resolving him to find
 Alive or dead; and forward forth doth pas,
 All as the Dwarfe the way to her assynd;
 And evermore, in constant carefull mind,

She fedd her wound with fresh renewed bale.
 Long tost with stormes, and bet with bitter wind, . 250
 High over hills, and lowe adowne the dale,
 She wandred many a wood, and measurd many a vale.

XXIX

At last she chaunced by good hap to meet
 A goodly knight, faire marching by the way,
 Together with his Squyre, arayed meet:
 His glitterand armour shined far away,
 Like glauncing light of Phoebus brightest ray;
 From top to toe no place appeared bare,
 That deadly dint of Steele endanger may.
 Athwart his brest a bauldrick brave he ware, 260
 That shind, like twinkling stars, with stones most pre-
 tious rare.

XXX

And in the midst thereof one pretious stone
 Of wondrous worth, and eke of wondrous mights,
 Shapt like a Ladies head, exceeding shone,
 Like jfcjesperus emongst the lesser lights,
 And strove for to amaze the weaker sights:
 Thereby his mortall blade full comely hong
 In yvory sheath, ycarv'd with curious slights,
 Whose hilts were burnisht gold, and handle strong
 Of mother perle; and buckled with a golden tong. 270

XXXI

His haughtie Helmet, horrid all with gold,
 Both glorious brightnesse and great terrour bredd:
 For all the crest a Dragon did enfold
 With greedie pawes, and over all did spredd
 His golden winges: his dreadfull hideous hedd,
 Close couched on the bever, seemd to throw
 From flaming mouth bright sparckles fiery redd,
 That suddeine horror to faint hartes did show;
 And scaly tayle was stretcht adowne his back full low.

XXXII

Upon the top of all his loftie crest, 280
A bounch of heares discolour'd diversly,
With sprinkled pearle and gold full richly drest,
Did shake, and seemd to daunce for jollity,
Like to an almond tree ymounted hye
On top of greene Selinis all alone,
With blossoms brave bedecked daintily ;
Whose tender locks do tremble every one
At everie little breath that under heaven is blowne.

XXXIII

His warlike shield all closely cover'd was,
Ne might of mortall eye be ever seene; 290
Not made of Steele, nor of enduring bras,
Such earthly mettals soon consumed beene,
But all of Diamond perfect pure and cleene
It framed was, one massy entire mould,
Hewen out of Adamant rocke with engines keene,
That point of speare it never percen could,
Ne dint of direfuli sword divide the substance would.

XXXIV

The same to wight he never wont disclose,
But whenas monsters huge he would dismay,
Or daunt unequall armies of his foes, 300
Or when the flying heavens he would affray ;
For so exceeding shone his glistring ray,
That Phcebus golden face it did attaint,
As when a cloud his beames doth over-lay;
And silver Cynthia waxed pale and faynt,
As when her face is staynd with magicke arts constraint.

XXXV

No magicke arts hereof had any might,
Nor bloody wordes of bold Enchaunters call;
But all that was not such as seemd in sight
Before that shield did fade, and suddeine fall: 310
And when him list the raskall routes appall,

Men into stones therewith he could transmew,
 And stones to dust, and dust to nought at all;
 And, when him list the prouder lookes subdew,
 He would them gazing blind, or turne to other hew.

xxxvi

Ne let it seeme that credence this exceeds ;
 For he that made the same was knowne right well
 To have done much more admirable deedes.
 It Merlin was, which whylome did excell
 All living wightes in might of magicke spell: 320
 Both shield and sword, and armour all he wrought
 For this young Prince, when first to armes he fell;
 But, when he dyde, the Faery Queene it brought
 To Faerie lond, where yet it may be seene, if sought:

xxxvii

A gentle youth, his dearely loved Squire,
 His speare of heben wood behind him bare,
 Whose harmful head, thrise heated in the fire,
 Had riven many a brest with pikehead square :
 A goodly person, and could menage faire
 His stubborne steed with curbed canon bitt, 330
 Who under him did trample as the aire,
 And chaufft that any on his backe should sitt:
 The yron rowels into frothy fome he bitt.

xxxviii

Whenas this knight nigh to the Lady drew,
 With lovely court he gan her entertaine;
 But, when he heard her answers loth, he knew
 Some secret sorrow did her heart distraine;
 Which to allay, and calme her storming paine,
 Faire feeling words he wisely gan display,
 And for her humor fitting purpose faine, 340
 To tempt the cause it selfe for to bewray,
 Wherewith enmovd, these bleeding words she gan to
 say:

XXXIX

" What worlds delight, or j'oy of living speach,
 Can hart, so plungd in sea of sorrowes deep,
 And heaped with so huge misfortunes, reach ?
 The carefull cold beginneth for to creep,
 And in my heart his yron arrow steep,
 Soone as I thinke upon my bitter bale.
 Such helplesse harmes yts better hidden keep,
 Then rip up grieve where it may not availle : 350
 My last left comfort is my woes to weepe and waile."

XL

" Ah Lady deare," quoth then the gentle knight,
 " Well may I ween your grieve is wondrous great;
 For wondrous great grieve groneth in my spright,
 Whiles thus I heare you of your sorrowes treat.
 But, woefull Lady, let me you intrete,
 For to unfold the anguish of your hart:
 Mishaps are maistred by advice discrete,
 And counsell mitigates the greatest smart:
 Found never help who never would his hurts impart." 360

XLI

" O, but," (quoth she) " great grieve will not be tould,
 And can more easily be thought then said."
 " Right so," (quoth he) " but he that never would
 Could never : will to might gives greatest aid."
 " But grieve," (quoth she) " does greater grow displaid,
 If then it find not helpe, and breeds despaire."
 " Despaire breeds not," (quoth he) " where faith is staid."
 " No faith so fast," (quoth she) " but flesh does paire."
 " Ffesh may emDaire." (quoth he) " but reason can re-
 paire."

XLII

His goodly reason, and well-guided speach, 370
 So deepe did settle in her gracious thought,
 That her perswaded to disclose the breach
 Which love and fortune in her heart had wrought;

And said : " Faire Sir, I hope good hap hath brought
 You to inquere the secrets of my grieve,
 Or that your wisdom will direct my thought,
 Or that your prowess can me yield reliefe :
 Then, heare the story sad, which I shall tell you brieve.

XLIII

" The forlorne Maiden, whom your eies have seene
 The laughing stocke of fortunes mockeries, 380
 Am th' onely daughter of a King and Queene,
 Whose parents deare, whiles equal destinies
 Did ronne about, and their felicities
 The favourable heavens did not envy,
 Did spred their rule through all the territories,
 Which Phison and Euphrates floweth by,
 And Gehons golden waves doe wash continually :

XLIV

" Till that their cruell cursed enemy,
 An huge great Dragon, horrible in sight,
 Bred in the loathly lakes of Tartary, 390
 With murtherous ravine, and devouring might,
 Their kingdome spoild, and countrey wasted quight:
 Themselves, for feare into his jawes to fall,
 He forst to castle strong to take their flight;
 Where, fast embard in mighty brasen wall,
 He has them now fowr years hesiegd to make them thrall.

XLV

" Full many knights, adventurous and stout,
 Have enterpriz'd that Monster to subdew.
 From every coast that heaven walks about
 Have thither come the noble Martial crew 400
 That famous harde atchievements still pursew ;
 Yet never any could that girlond win,
 But all still shronke, and still he greater grew :
 All they, for want of faith, or guilt of sin,
 The pitteous pray of his fiers cruelty have bin.

XLVI

" At last, yled with far reported praise,
Which flying fame throughout the world had spred,
Of doughty knights, whom Faery land did raise,
That noble order hight of maidenhed,
Forthwith to court of Gloriane I sped, 410
Of Gloriane, great Qũene of glory bright,
Whose kingdomes seat Cleopolis is red ;
There to obtaine some sũch redoubted knight,
That Parents deare from tyrants powre deliver might.

XLVII

" Yt was my chaunce (my chaunce was faire and good)
There for to find a fresh unproved knight;
Whose manly hands imbrewd in guilty blood
Had never beene, ne ever by his might
Had throwne to ground the unregarded right :
Yet of his prowesse prooffe he since hath made 420
(I witnes am) in many a cruell fight;
The groning ghosts of many one dismaide
Have felt the bitter dint of his avenging blade.

XLVIII

" And ye, the forlorne reliques of his powre,
His biting sword, and his devouring speare,
Which have endured many a dreadfull stowre,
Can speake his prowesse that did earst you beare,
And well could rule ; now he hath left you heare
To be the record of his ruefull losse,
And of my dolefull disaventurous deare. 430
O ! heavie record of the good Redcrosse,
Where have yee left your lord that could so well you
tosse ?

XLIX

" Well hoped I, and faire beginnings had,
That he my captive languor should redeeme :
Till, all unweeting, an Enchaunter bad
His sence abusd, and made him to misdeeme

My loyalty, not such as it did seeme,
 That rather death desire then such despight.
 Be judge, ye heavens, that all things right esteeme,
 How I him lov'd, and love with all my might. 440
 So thought I eke of him, and think I thought aright.

L

" Thenceforth me desolate he quite forsooke,
 To wander where wilde fortune would me lead,
 And other bywaies he himselfe betooke,
 Where never foote of living wight did tread,
 That brought not backe the balefull body dead :
 In which him chaunced false Duessa meete,
 Mine onely foe, mine onely deadly dread;
 Who with her witchcraft, and misseeming sweete,
 Inveigled him to follow her desires unmeete, 450

LI

" At last, by subtile sleights she him betraid
 Unto his foe, a Gyaunt huge and tall;
 Who him disarmed, dissolute, dismaid,
 Unwares surprised, and with mighty mall
 The monster mercillesse him made to fall,
 Whose fall did never foe before behold :
 And now in darkesome dungeon, wretched thrall,
 Remedillesse for aie he doth him hold.
 This is my cause of grieve, more great then may be told."

LII

Ere she had ended all she gan to faint: 460
 But he her comforted, and faire bespake :
 " Certes, Madame, ye have great cause of plaint;
 That stoutest heart, I weene, could cause to quake :
 But be of cheare, and comfort to you take ;
 For till I have acquitt your captive knight,
 Assure your selfe I will you not forsake."
 His chearefull words reviv'd her chearelesse spright,
 So forth they went, the Dwarfe them guiding ever right.

CANTO VIII

Faire virgin, to redeeme her deare,
Brings Arthure to the fight:
Who slayes the Gyaunt, wounds the beast,
And strips Duessa quight.

I

AY me ! how many perils doe enfold
The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
And stedfast truth acquite him out of all.
Her love is firme, her care continuall,
So oft as he, through his own foolish pride
Or weaknes, is to sinfull bands made thrall:
Els should this Redcrosse knight in bands have dyde,
For whose deliverance she this Prince doth thither guyd.

II

They sadly traveild thus, untill they came 10
Nigh to a castle builded strong and hye:
Then cry de the Dwarfe, " Lo ! yonder is the same,
In which my Lord, my liege, doth lucklesse ly
Thrall to that Gyaunts hatefull tyranny :
Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay."
The noble knight alighted by and by
From loftie steed, and badd the Ladie stay,
To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

III

So with his Squire, th' admirer of his might,
He marched forth towardses that castle wall, 20
Whose gates he fownd fast shutt, ne living wight
To warde the same, nor answere commers call.
Then tooke that Squire an home of bugle small,
Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold
And tasselles gay. Wyde wonders over all
Of that same homes great vertues weren told,
Which had approved bene in uses manifold.

IV

Was never wight that heard that shrilling sownd,
But trembling feare did feel in every vaine :
Three miles it might be easy heard arownd, 30
And Ecchoes three aunswer'd it selfe againe :
No false enchauntment, nor deceptfull traine,
Might once abide the terror of that blast,
But presently was void and wholly vaine :
No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast.

V

The same before the Geaunts gate he blew,
That all the castle quaked from the grownd,
And every dore of freewill open flew.
The Gyaunt selfe, dismaied with that sownd, 40
Where he with his Duessa dalhaunce fownd,
In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
And staggering steps, to weet what suddein stowre
Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded
powre.

VI

And after him the proud Duessa came,
High mounted on her many headed beast,
And every head with fyrie tongue did flame,
And every head was crowned on his creast,
And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast. 50
That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
Upon his manly arme he soone adrest,
And at him fiersly flew, with corage fild,
And eger greedinesse through every member thrild.

VII

Therewith the Gyant buckled him to fight,
Inflamd with scornfull wrath and high disdaine,
And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
All armd with ragged snubbes and knottie graine,
Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.

But wise and wary was that noble Pere ; 60
And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
Did fayre avoide the violence him nere :
It bootéd nought to thinke such thunderbolts to beare.

VIII

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might:
The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,
Did fall to*ground, and with his heavy sway
So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw.
The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay, 70
Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,
And trembling with strange feare did like an erthquake
show.

IX

As when almightie Iove, in wrathfull mood,
To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food
Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
Through riven cloudes and molten firmament;
The flers threeforked engin, making way,
Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
And all that might his angry passage stay; 80
And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mount of clay.

X

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
He could not rearen up againe so light,
But that the Knight him at advantage fownd;
And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight
Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
He smott off his left arme, which like a block
Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might:
Large streames of blood out of the truncked stock
Forth gushed, like fresh water streame from riven rocke.

XI

Dismayed with so desperate deadly wound, 91
And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
He loudly brayd with beastly yelling sownd,
That all the fieldes rebellowed againe.
As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine
An heard of Bulles, whom kindly rage doth sting,
Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing :
The neighbor woods arownd with hollow murmur ring.

XII

That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw 100
The evil stownd that daungerd her estate,
Unto his aide she hastily did draw
Her dreadfull beast; who, swolne with blood of late,
Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,
And threatned all his heades like flaming brandes.
But him the Squire made quickly to retrate,
Encountring fiers with single sword in hand;
And twixt him and his Lord did like a bulwarke stand.

XIII

The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight,
And fiers disdaine to be affronted so, no
Enforst her purple beast with all her might,
That stop out of the way to overthrowe,
Scorning the let of so unequall foe :
But nathemore would that corageous swayne
To her yeeld passage gainst his Lord to goe,
But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

XIV

Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,
Which still she bore, replete with magick artes ;
Death and despayre did many thereof sup, 120
And secret poyson through their inner partes,

Th' eternall bale of heaue wounded harts :
Which, after charmes and some enchauntments said,
She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes :
Therewith his sturdie corage soon was quayed,
And all his sences were with suddein dread dismayd.

xv

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest:
No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize. 130
That when the carefull knight gan well avise,
He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
And to the beast gan turne his enterprise ;
For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
To see his loved Squyre into such thraldom brought:

xvi

And, high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,
Stroke one of those deformed heades so sore,
That of his puissaunce proud ensample made :
His monstrous scalpe downe to his teeth it tore,
And that misformed shape misshaped more. 140
A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wownd,
That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
And overflowed all the field arownd,
That over shoes in blood he waded on the grownd.

XVII

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,
That to have heard great horror would have bred;
And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long trayne,
Through great impatience of his grieved hed,
His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
Would have cast downe, and trodd in durty myre, 150
Had not the Gyaunt soone her succoured;
Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre,
Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the knight retyre.

XVIII

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
 In one alone left hand he now unites,
 Which is through rage more strong then both were erst;
 With which his hideous club aloft he dites,
 And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
 That strongest Oake might seeme to overthrow.
 The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites, 160
 That to the ground it doubleth him full low :
 What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow ?

XIX

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
 Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew ;
 The light whereof, that hevens light did pas,
 Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw,
 That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
 Which when the Gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
 He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
 His weapon huge, that heaved was on hye 170
 For to have slain the man, that on the ground did lye.

XX

And eke the fruitfull-headed beast, amazd
 At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
 Became stark blind, and all his senses dazd,
 That downe he tumbled on the durtye field,
 And seemd himselfe as conquered to yield.
 Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
 Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
 Unto the Gyaunt lowdly she gan call:
 " O ! helpe, Orgoglio ; helpe ! or els we perish all." 180

XXI

At her so pitteous cry was much amov'd
 Her champion stout; and for to ayde his frend,
 Againe his wonted angry weapon prov'd,
 But all in vaine, for he has redd his end

In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
Them selves in vaine : for, since that glauncing sight,
He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend.
As where th' Almightyes lightning brond does light,
It dimmes the dazed eyen, and daunts the sences quight.

XXII

Whom when the Prince, to batteill new addrest 190
And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did see,
His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
And smote off quite his right leg by the knee,
That downe he tumbled ; as an aged tree,
High growing on the top of rocky clift,
Whose hartstrings with keene Steele nigh hewen be ;
The mightie trunck, halfe rent with ragged rift,
Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift.

XXIII

Or as a Castle, reared high and round,
By subtile engins and malicious slight 200
Is undermined from the lowest ground,
And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
At last downe falles ; and with her heaped hight
Her has tie ruine does more heaueie make,
And yields it selfe unto the victours might.
Such was this Gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

XXIV

The knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,
With mortall Steele him smot againe so sore,
That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay, 210
All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
Which flowed from his wounds in wondrous store.
But, soone as breath out of his brest did pas,
That huge great body, which the Gyaunt bore,
Was vanisht quite ; and of that monstrous mas
Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader was.

XXV

Whose grievous fall when false Duessa spyde,
 Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
 And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde :
 Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did wound, 220
 That she could not endure that dolefull stound
 But leaving all behind her fled away:
 The light-foot Squyre her quickly turnd around,
 And, by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
 So brought unto his Lord as his deserved pray.

XXVI

The roiall Virgin which beheld from farre,
 In pensive plight and sad perplexitie,
 The whole atchievement of this doubtfull warre,
 Came running fast to greet his victorie,
 With sober gladnesse and myld modes tie ; 230
 And with sweet joyous cheare him thus bespake :
 " Fayre braunch of noblesse, flowre of chevalrie,
 That with your worth the world amazed make,
 How shall I quite the paynes ye suffer for my sake ?

XXVII

" And you, fresh budd of vertue springing fast,
 Whom these sad eyes saw nigh unto deaths dore,
 What hath poore Virgin for such perill past
 Wherewith you to reward ? Accept therefore
 My simple selfe, and service evermore :
 And he that high does sit, and all things see 240
 With equall eye, their merites to restore,
 Behold what ye this day have done for mee,
 And what I cannot quite requite with usuree.

XXVIII

" But sith the heavens, and your faire handeling,
 Have made you master of the field this day,
 Your fortune maister eke with governing,
 And, well begonne, end all so well, I pray !

Ne let that wicked woman scape away;
For she it is, that did my Lord bethrall,
My dearest Lord, and deepe in dongeon lay, 250
Where he his better dayes hath wasted all:
O heare, how piteous he to you for ayd does call I "

XXIX

Forthwith he gave in charge unto his Squyre,
That scarlot whore to keepen carefully ;
Whyles he himselfe with greedie great desyre
Into the Castle entred forcibly,
Where living creature none he did espye.
Then gan he lowdly through the house to call,
But no man car'd to answere to his crye :
There raignd a solemne silence over all; 260
Nor voice was heard, nor wight was seene in bowre or
hall.

XXX

At last, with creeping crooked pace forth came
An old old man, with beard as white as snow,
That:oh a. staffe his feeble steps did frame,
And guyde his wearie gate both too and fro,
For his eye sight him fayled long ygo ;
And on his arme a bounch of keyes he bore,
The which unused rust did overgrow:
Those were the keyes of every inner dore;
But he could not them use, but kept them still in store.

XXXI

But very uncouth sight was to behold, 271
How he did fashion his untoward pace ;
For as he forward moovd his footing old,
So backward still was turnd his wrinckled face :
Unlike to men, who ever, as they trace,
Both feet and face one way are wont to lead.
This was the auncient keeper of that place,
And foster father of the Gyaunt dead;
His name Ignaro did his nature right aread.

But all the floore (too filthy to be told)
With blood of guiltiesse babes, and innocents trew,
Which there were slaine as sheepe out of the fold,
Defiled was, that dreadfull was to vew;
And sacred ashes over it was strowed new.

xxxvi

And there beside of marble stone was built
An Altare, carv'd with cunning ymagery,
On which trew Christians blood was often spilt,
And holy Martyres often doen to dye
With cruell malice and strong tyranny : 320
Whose blessed sprites, from underneath the stone,
To God for vengeance cryde continually;
And with great grieve were often heard to grone,
That hardest heart would bleede to hear their piteous mone.

xxxvii

Through every rowme he sought, and everie bowr,
But no where could he find that wofull thrall:
At last he came unto an yron doore,
That fast was lockt, but key found not at all
Emongst that bounch to open it withall;
But in the same a little grate was pight, 330
Through which he sent his voyce, and lowd did call
With all his powre, to weet if living wight
Were housed therewithin, whom *he* enlargen might.

xxxviii

Therewith an hollow, dreary, murmuring voyce
These pitteous plaintes and dolours did resound :
" O ! who is that, which bringes me happy choyce
Of death, that here lye dying every stound,
Yet live perforce in balefull darkenesse bound ?
For now three Moones have changed thrice their hew,
And have been thrice hid underneath the ground, 340
Since I the heavens chearefull face did vew.
O I welcome thou, that doest of death bring tydings
trew."

XXXIX

Which when that Champion heard, with percing point
Of pittie deare his hart was thrilled sore;
And trembling horreur ran through every joynt,
For ruth of gentle knight so fowle forlore;
Which shaking off, he rent that yron dore
With furious force and indignation fell;
Where entred in, his foot could find no flore,
But all a deepe descent, as darke as hell, 350
That breathed ever forth a filthie banefull smell.

XL

But nether darkenesse fo'wle, nor filthy bands,
Nor noyous smell, his purpose could withhold,
(Entire affection hateth nicer hands)
But that with constant zeale and corage bold,
After long paines and labors manifold,
He found the meanes that Prisoner up to reare ;
Whose feeble thighes, unable to uphold
His pined corse, him scarce to light could beare;
A ruefull spectacle of death and ghastly dreere. 360

XLI

His sad dull eies, deepe sunck in hollow pits,
Could not endure th' unwonted sunne to view
His bare thin cheekes for want of better bits, ;
And empty sides deceived of their 3ew,
Could make a stony hart his hap to rew;
His rawbone armes, whose mighty brawned bowrs
Were wont to rive Steele plates, and helmets hew,
Were clene consumed ; and all his vitall powres
Decayd, and ai his flesh shronk up like withered flowres.

XLII

Whome when his Lady saw, to him she ran 370
With hasty joy : to see him made her glad,
And sad to view his visage pale and wan,
Who earst in flowres of freshest youth was clad.

Tho, when her well of teares she wasted had,
 She said ; " Ah dearest Lord I what evill starre
 On you hath frownd, and poud his influence bad,
 That of your selfe ye thus berobbed arre,
 And this misseeming hew your manly looks doth marre ?

XLIII

" But welcome now, my Lord in weie or woe,
 Whose presence I have lackt too long a day: 380
 And fie on Fortune, mine avowed foe,
 Whose wrathful wreakes them selves doe now alay ;
 And for these wronges shall treble penaunce pay
 Of treble good: good grbwes of evils priefe."
 The chearelesse man, whom sorrow did dismay,
 Had no delight to treaten of his griefe ;
 His long endured famine needed more reliefe.

XLIV

" Faire Lady," then said that victorious knight,
 " The things, that grievous were to doe, or beare,
 Them to renew, I wote, breeds no delight, 190
 Best musicke breeds delight in loathing eare;
 But th' only good that growes of passed feare
 Is to be wise, and ware of like agein.
 This daies ensample hath this lesson deare
 Deepe written in my heart with yron pen,
 That blisse may not abide in state of mortall men.

XLV

" Henceforth, Sir knight, take to you wonted strength,
 And maister these mishaps with patient might.
 Loe I where your foe lies strecht in monstrous length;
 And loe ! that wicked woman in your sight, 400
 The roote of all your care and wretched plight,
 Now in your powre, to let her live, or die."
 " To doe her die," (quoth Una) " were despight,
 And shame t'avenge so weake an enemy;
 But spoile her of her scarlot robe, and let her fly."

XLVI

So, as she bad, that witch they disaraid,
And robd of roiall robes, and purple pall,
And ornaments that richly were displaid;
Ne spared they to strip her naked all.
Then, when they had despoild her tire and call, 410
Such as she was their eies might her behold,
That her misshaped parts did them appall:
A loathly, wrinckled hag, ill favoured, old,
Whose secret filth good manners biddeth not be told.

XLVII

Her crafty head was altogether bald,
And, as in hate of honorable eld,
Was overgrowne with scurfe and filthy scald;
Her teeth out of her rotten gummes were feld,
And her sowre breath abhominably smeld;
Her dried dugs, lyke bladders lacking wind, 420
Hong downe, and filthy matter from them weld;
Her wrizled skin, as rough as maple rind,
So scabby was that would have loathd all womankind.

XLVIII

Her neather parts, the shame of all her kind;
My chaster Muse for shame doth blush to write;
But at her rompe she growing had behind
A foxes taile, with dong all fowly dight;
And eke her feete most monstrous were in sight;
For one of them was like an Eagles claw,
With griping talaunts armd to greedy fight; 430
The other like a beares uneven paw,
More ugly shape yet never living creature saw.

XLIX

Which when the knights beheld amazd they were,
And wondred at so fowle deformed wight.
"Such then," (said Una,) "as she seemeth here,
Such is the face of faishood: such the sight

Of fowle Duessa, when her borrowed light
Is laid away, and counterfesaunce knowne."
Thus when they had the witch disrobed quight,
And all her filthy feature open showne, 440
They let her goe at will, and wander waies unknowne.

L

Shee, flying fast from heavens hated face,
And from the world that her discovered wide,
Fled to the wastfull wildernessse apace,
From living eies her open shame to hide,
And lurkt in rocks and caves, long unespide.
But that faire crew of knights, and Una faire,
Did in that castle afterwards abide,
To rest them selves, and weary powres reaire ;
Where store they fownd of al that dainty was and rare. 450

CANTO IX

His loves and lignage Arthure tells:
The knights knitt friendly bands :
Sir Trevisan flies from Despeyre,
Whom Redcros knight withstands.

I

O GOODLY golden chayne, wherewith yfere
Thē vertues linkēd āre in lovely wize;
And noble mindes of yore allyed were,
In brave poursuitt of chevalrous emprize,
That none did others safety despize,
Nor aid envy to him in need that stands ;
But friendly each did others praise devise,
How to advaunce with favourable hands,
As this good Prince redeemd the Redcrosse knight from
bands.

II

Who when their powres, empayrd through labor long, 10
With dew repast they had recured well,
And that weake captive wight now waxed strong;
Them list no lenger there at leasure dwell,
But forward fare as their adventures fell:
But, ere they parted, Una faire besought
That straunger knight his name and nation tell;
Least so great good, as he for her had wrought,
Should die unknown, and buried be in thankles thought.

III

" Faire virgin," (said the Prince,) " yee me require
A thing without the compas of my witt; 20
For both the lignage, and the certein Sire,
From which I sprong, from mee are hidden yitt;
For all so soone as life did me admitt
Into this world, and shewed hevens light,
From mothers pap I taken was unfitt,
And streight deliver'd to a Faery knight,
To be upbrought in gentle thewes and martiall might.

IV

" Unto Old Timon he me brought bylive;
Old Timon, who in youthly yeares hath beene
In warlike feates th' expertest man alive, 30
And is the wisest now on earth I weene :
His dwelling is low in a valley greene,
Under the foot of Rauran mossy hore,
From whence the river Dee, as silver cleene,
His tombling billowes rolls with gentle rore;
There all my daies he traind mee up in vertuous lore.

V

" Thither the great magicien Merlin came,
As was his use, ofttimes to visitt mee,
For he had charge my discipline to frame,
And Tutors nouriture to oversee. 40
Him oft and oft I askt in privity,

Of what loines and what lignage I did spring;
Whose aunswere bad me still assured bee,
That I was sonne and heire unto a king,
As time in her just term the truth to light should bring."

VI

" Well worthy impe," said then the Lady gent,
" And Pupill fitt for such a Tutors hand !
But what adventure, or what high intent,
Hath brought you hither into Faery land,
Aread, Prince Arthure, crowne of Martiali band ? " 50
" Full hard it is," (quoth he) " to read aright
The course of heavenly cause, or understand
The secret meaning of th' eternall might,
That rules mens waies, and rules the thoughts of living
wight.

VII

" For whether he, through fatal deepe foresight,
Me hither sent for cause to me unghost;
Or that fresh bleeding wounds which day and nitfnt
Whilome doth rangle in my riven brest,
With forced fury following his behest,
Me hither brought by wayes yet never found,
You to have helpt I hold my selfe yet blest."
" Ah! courteous Knight," (quoth she) " what secret
wound
Could ever find to grieve the gentlest hart on ground ? "

VIII

" Dear Dame," (quoth he) " you sleeping sparkes awake,
Which, troubled once, into huge flames will grow;
Ne ever will their fervent fury slake,
Till living moysture into smoke do flow,
And wasted lite doe lye in ashes low :
Yet sithens silence lesseneth not my fire,
But, told, it flames; and, hidden, it does glow, 70
I will revele what ye so much desire.
Ah. Love ! lay down thy bow, the whiles I may respyre.

IX

" It was in freshest flowre of youthly yeares,
When corage first does creepe in manly chest,
Then first the cole of kindly heat appears
To kindle love in every living brest :
But me had warnd old Timons wise behest,
Those creeping flames by reason to subdew,
Before their rage grew to so great unrest,
As miserable lovers use to rew, 80
Which still wex old in woe, whiles wo stil wexeth new.

X

" That ydle name of love, and lovers life,
As losse of time, and vertues enemy,
I ever scornd, and joyd to stirre up strife,
In midst of their mournfull Tragedy ;
Ay wont to laugh when them I heard to cry,
And blow the fire which them to ashes brent:
Their God himselfe, grievd at my libertie,
Shott many a dart at me with fiers intent;
But I them warded all with wary government. 90

XI

" But all in vaine : no fort can be so strong,
Ne fleshly brest can armed be so sownd,
But will at last be wonne with battrie long,
Or unawares at disavantage fownd.
Nothing is sure that growes on earthly grownd ;
And who most trustes in arme of fleshly might,
And boasts in beauties chaine not to be bownd,
Doth soonest fall in disaventrous fight,
And yeeldes his caytive neck to victours most despight.

XII

" Ensamble make of him your haplesse joy, 100
And of my selfe now mated, as ye see;
Whose prouder vaunt that proud avenging boy
Did soone pluck downe, and curbd my libertee.

For on a day, prickt forth with jollitee
 Of looser life and heat of hardiment,
 Raunging the forest wide on courser free,
 The fields, the floods, the heavens, with one consent,
 Did seeme to laugh on me, and favour mine intent.

XIII

" Forwearied with my sportes, I did alight
 From loftie steed, and downe to sleepe me layd; no
 The verdant gras my couch did goodly dight,
 And pillow was my helmet fayre displayd;
 Whiles every sence the humour sweet embayd,
 And slombring soft my hart did steale away,
 Me seemed, by my side a royall Mayd
 Her daintie limbes full softly down did lay:
 So fayre a creature yet saw never sunny day.

xiv

" Most goodly glee and lovely blandishment
 She to me made, and badd me love her deare;
 For dearely sure her love was to me bent, 120
 As, when just time expired, should appeare.
 But whether dreames delude, or true it were,
 Was never hart so ravisht with delight,
 Ne living man like wordes did ever heare,
 As she to me delivered all that night;
 And at her parting said, She Queene of Faeries hight.

xv

" When I awoke, and found her place devoyd,
 And nought but pressed gras where she had lyen,
 I sorrowed all so much as earst I joyd,
 And washed all her place with watry eyen. 130
 From that day forth I lov'd that face divyne;
 From that day forth I cast in carefull mynd,
 To seek her out with labor and long tyne,
 And never vowd to rest till her I fynd:
 Nyne monethes I seek in vain, yet ni'll that vow unbynd."

XVI

Thus as he spake, his visage waxed pale,
And chaunge of hew great passion did bewray;
Yett still he strove to cloke his inward bale,
And hide the smoke that did his fire display,
Till gentle Una thus to him gan say: 140
" O happy Queene of Faeries ! that hast fownd,
Mongst many, one that with his prowesse may
Defend thine honour, and thy foes confownd.
True loves are often sown, but seldom grow on grownd."

XVII

" Thine, O ! then," said the gentle Redcrosse knight,
" Next to that Ladies love, shalbe the place,
O fayrest virgin ! full of heavenly light,
Whose wondrous faith, exceeding earthly race,
Was firmest fixt in myne extremest case.
And you, my Lord, the Patrone of my life, 150
Of that great Queene may well gaine worthie grace,
For onely worthie you through prowes priefe,
Yf living man mote worthie be to be her lief."

XVIII

So diversly discoursing of their loves,
The golden Sunne his glistring head gan shew,
And sad remembraunce now the Prince amoves
With fresh desire his voyage to pursew;
Als Una earnd her traveill to renew.
Then those two knights, fast friendship for to bynd,
And love establish each to other trew, 160
Gave goodly gifts, the signes 'of gratefull mynd,
And eke, as pledges firme, right hands together joynd.

XIX

Prince Arthur gave a boxe of Diamond sure,
Embowd with gold and gorgeous ornament,
Wherein were closd few drops of liquor pure,
Of wondrous worth, and vertue excellent,
That any wownd could heale incontinent.

Which to requite, the Redcrosse knight him gave
A hooke, wherein his Saviours testament
Was writt with golden letters rich and brave : 170
A worke of wondrous grace, and hable soules to save.

XX

Thus beene they parted ; Arthur on his way
To seeke his love, and th' other for to fight
With Unaes foe, that all her realme did pray.
But she, now weighing the decayed plight
And shrunken synewes of her chosen knight,
Would not a while her forward course pursew,
Ne bring him forth in face of dreadfull fight,
Till he recovered had his former hew ;
For him to be yet weake and wearie well she knew. 180

XXI

So as they traveild, lo I they gan espy
An armed knight towards them gallop fast,
That seemed from some feared foe to fly,
Or other griesly thing that him aghast.
Still as he fledd his eye was backward cast,
As if his feare still followed him behynd :
Als flew his steed as he his bandes had brast,
And with his winged heeles did tread the wynd,
As he had beene a fole of Pegasus his kynd.

XXII

Nigh as he drew, they might perceive his head 190
To bee unarmd, and curld uncombed heares
Upstaring stiffe, dismaid with uncouth dread :
Nor drop of blood in all his face appeares,
Nor life in limbe ; and, to increase his feares,
In fowle reproch of knighthoodes fayre degree,
About his neck an hempen rope he weares,
That with his glistring armes does ill agree;
But he of rope or armes has now no memoree.

XXIII

The Redcrosse knight toward him crossed fast,
 To weet what mister wight was so dismayd. 200
 There him he findes all sencelesse and aghast,
 That of him selfe he seemd to be afrayd;
 Whom hardly he from flying forward stayd,
 Till he these wordes to him deliver might:
 " Sir knight, aread who hath ye thus arayd,
 And eke from whom make ye this hasty flight ?
 For never knight I saw in such misseeming plight."

XXIV

He answerd nought at all; but adding new
 Feare to his first amazment, staring wyde
 With stony eyes and hartlesse hollow hew, 210
 Astonisht stood, as one that had aspyde
 Infernall furies with their chaines untyde.
 Him yett againe, and yett againe, bespake
 The gentle knight; who nought to him replyde ;
 But, trembling every joynt, did inly quake,
 And foltring tongue, at last, these words seemd forth to
 shake :

XXV .

" For Gods deare love, Sir knight, doe me not stay ;
 For loe ! he comes, he comes fast after mee."
 Eft looking back would faine have runne away ;
 But he him forst to stay, and tellen free 220
 The secrete cause of his perplexitie :
 Yet nathemore by his bold hartie speach
 Could his blood frozen hart emboldened bee,
 But through his boldnes rather feare did reach ;
 Yett, forst, at last he made through silence suddein breach.

XXVI

" And am I now in safetie sure," (quoth he)
 " From him that would have forced me to dye ?
 And is the point of death now turnd fro mee,
 That I may tell this haplesse history ? "

" Fear nought," (quoth he) " no daunger now is nye."
 " Then shall I you recount a ruefull cace," 231
 (Said he) " the which with this unlucky eye
 I late beheld ; and, had not greater grace
 Me reft from it, had bene partaker of the place.

XXVII

" I lately chaunst (Would I had never chaunst!)
 With a fayre knight to keepen companee,
 Sir Terwin hight, that well himselfe advaunst
 In all affayres, and was both bold and free,
 But not so happy as mote happy bee :
 He lov'd, as was his lot, a Lady gent, 240
 That him againe lov'd in the least degree;
 For she was proud, and of too high intent,
 And joyd to see her lover languish and lament :

XXVIII

" From whom retourning sad and comfortlesse,
 As on the way together we did fare,
 We met that villen, (God from him me blesse !)
 That cursed wight, from whom I scapt whyleare,
 A man of hell that calls himselfe Despayre :
 Who first us greets, and after fayre areedes
 Of tydinges straunge, and of adventures rare : 250
 So creeping close, as Snake in hidden weedes,
 Inquireth of our states, and of our knightly deedes.

XXIX

" Which when he knew, and felt our feeble harts
 Embost with bale, and bitter byting grieffe,
 Which love had launched with his deadly darts,
 With wounding words, and termes of foule rcpriefe,
 He pluckt from us all hope of dew reliefe,
 That earst us held in love of lingring life ;
 Then hopelesse, hartlesse, gan the cunning thiefe
 Perswade us dye, to stint all further strife : 260
 To me he lent this rope, to him a rusty knife.

XXX

" With which sad instrument of hasty death,
That wofull lover, loathing lenger light,
A wyde way made to let forth living breath :
But I, more fearefull or more lucky wight,
Dismayd with that deformed dismall sight,
Fledd fast away, halfe dead with dying feare;
Ne yet assur'd of life by you, Sir knight,
Whose like infirmity like chaunce may beare ;
But God you never let his charmed speaches heare ! " 270

XXXI

" How may a man," (said he) " with idle speach
Be wonne to spoyle the Castle of his health ? "
" I wote," (quoth he) " whom tryall late did teach,
That like would not for all this worldes wealth.
His subtile tong like dropping honny mealt'h
Into the heart, and searcheth every vaine;
That, ere one be aware, by secret stealth
His powre is reft, and weaknes doth remaine.
O ! never, Sir, desire to try his guilefull traine."

XXXII

" Certes," (sayd he) " hence shall I never rest, 280
Till I that treachours art have heard and tryde ;
And you, Sir knight, whose name mote I request,
Of grace do me unto his cabin guyde."
" I, that hight Trevisan," (quoth he) " will ryde
Against my liking backe to doe you grace :
But nor for gold nor glee will I abyde
By you, when ye arrive in that same place;
For lever had I die then see his deadly face."

XXXIII

Ere long they come where that same wicked wight
His dwelling has, low in an hollow cave, 290
Far underneath a craggy cliff ypyght,
Darke, dolefull, dreary, like a greedy grave,

That still for carrion carcases doth crave:
On top whereof ay dwelt the ghastly Owle,
Shrieking his balefull note, which ever drave
Far from that haunt all other chearefull fowle,
And all about it wandring ghostes did wayle and howle.

xxxiv

And all about old stockes and stubs of trees,
Whereon nor fruit nor leafe was ever seene,
Did hang upon the ragged rocky knees ; 300
On which had many wretches hanged beene,
Whose carcases were scattred on the greene,
And throwne about the cliffs. Arrived there,
That bare-head knight, for dread and dolefull teene,
Would faine have fled, ne durst approchen neare ;
But th' other forst him staye, and comforted in feare.

XXXV

That darkesome cave they enter, where they find
That cursed man, low sitting on the ground,
Musing full sadly in his sullein mind :
His griesie lockes, long growen and unbound, 310
Disordred hong about his shoulders round,
And hid his face, through which his hollow eyne
Lookt deadly dull, and stared as astound;
His raw-bone cheekes, through penurie and pine,
'Were shronke into his jawes, as he did never dyne.

xxxvi

His garment, nought but many ragged clouts,
With thornes together pind and patched was,
The which his naked sides he wrapt abouts;
And him beside there lay upon the gras
A dreary corse, whose life away did pas, 320
All wallowd in his own yet luke-warme blood,
That from his wound yet welled fresh, alas !
In which a rusty knife fast fixed stood,
And made an open passage for the gushing flood.

XXXVII

Which piteous spectacle, approving trew
 The wofull tale that Trevisan had told,
 Whenas the gentle Redcrosse knight did vew,
 With firie zeale he burnt in courage bold
 Him to avenge before his blood were cold,
 And to the villein sayd: "Thou damned wight, 330
 The authour of this fact we here behold,
 What justice can but judge against thee right,
 With thine owne blood to price his blood, here shed in
 sight?"

XXXVIII

"What franticke fit," (quoth he) "hath thus distraught
 Thee, foolish man, so rash a doome to give?
 What justice ever other judgement taught,
 But he should dye who merites not to live?
 None els to death this man despayring drive
 But his owne guiltie mind, deserving death.
 Is then unjust to each his dew to give? 340
 Or let him dye, that loatheth living breath,
 Or let him die at ease, that liveth here uneath?"

XXXIX

"Who travailes by the wearie wandring way,
 To come unto his wished home in haste,
 And meetes a flood that doth his passage stay,
 Is not great grace to helpe him over past,
 Or free his feet that in the myre sticke fast?
 Most envious man, that grieves at neighbours good;
 And fond, that joyest in the woe thou hast!
 Why wilt not let him passe, that long hath stood 350
 Upon the bancke, yet wilt thy selfe not pas the flood?"

XL

"He there does now enjoy eternall rest
 And happy ease, which thou doest want and crave,
 And further from it daily wanderest:
 What if some little payne the passage have,

That makes frayle flesh to feare the bitter wave,
Is not short payne well borne, that bringes long ease,
AAAd layes the soule to sleepe in quiet grave?
Sleepe after toyle, port after stormie seas,
Ease after warre, death after life, does greatly please." 360

XLI

The knight much wondred at his suddeine wit,
And sayd: "The terme of life is limited,
Ne may a man prolong, nor shorten, it:
The Souldier may not move from watchfull sted,
Nor leave his stand untill his Captaine bed."
"Who life did limit by almightie doome,"
(Quoth he) "knowes best the termes established;
And he, that points the Centonell his roome,
Doth license him depart at sound of morning droome."

XLII

"Is not his deed, what ever thing is donne 370
In heaven and earth? Did not he all create
To die againe? All ends that was begonne:
Their times in his eternall booke of fate
Are written sure, and have their certein date.
Who then can strive with strong necessitie,
That holds the world in his still chaunging state,
Or shunne the death ordaynd by destinie?
When houre of death is come, let none aske whence, nor
why.

XLIII

"The lenger life, I wote, the greater sin;
The greater sin, the greater punishment: 380
All those great battels, which thou boasts to win
Through strife, and blood-shed, and avengement,
Now praysd, hereafter deare thou shalt repent;
For life must life, and blood must blood, repay.
Is not enough thy evill life forespent?
For he that once hath missed the right way,
The further he doth goe, the further he doth stray.

XLIV

" Then doe no further goe, no further stray,
But here ly downe, and to thy rest betake,
Th' ill to prevent, that life ensewen may ; 390
For what hath life that may it loved make,
And gives not rather cause it to forsake ?
Feare, sicknesse, age, losse, labour, sorrow, strife,
Payne, hunger, cold that makes the hart to quake,
And ever fickle fortune rageth rife ;
All which, and thousands mo, do make a loathsome life.

XLV

" Thou, wretched man, of death hast greatest need,
If in true ballaunce thou wilt weigh thy state ;
For never knight, that dared warlike deed,
More luckless dissaventures did amate : 400
Witnes the dungeon deepe, wherein of late
Thy life shutt up for death so oft did call ;
And though good lucke prolonged hath thy date,
Yet death then would the like mishaps forestall,
Into the which hereafter thou maist happen fall.

XLVI

" Why then doest thou, O man of sin ! desire.
To draw thy dayes forth to their last degree ?
Is not the measure of thy sinfull hire
High heaped up with huge iniquitee,
Against the day of wrath to burden thee? 410
Is not enough, that to this Lady mild
Thou falsed hast thy faith with perjuree,
And sold thy selfe to serve Duessa vild,
With whom in al abuse thou hast thy selfe defild ?

XLVII

" Is not he just, that all this doth behold
From highest heven, and beares an equall eie ?
Shall he thy sins up in his knowledge fold,
And guilty be of thine impietie ?

Is not his lawe, Let every sinner die;
Die shall all flesh? What then must needs be donne, 420
Is it not better to doe willinglie,
Then linger till the glas be all out ronne?
Death is the end of woes: die soone, O faeries sonne!"

XLVIII

The knight was much enmoved with his speach,
That as a swords poynt through his hart did perse,
And in his conscience made a secrete breach,
Well knowing trew all that he did reherse,
And to his fresh remembraunce did reverse
The ugly vew of his deformed crimes;
That all his manly powres it did disperse, 430
As he were charmed with inchaunted rimes;
That oftentimes he quakt, and fainted oftentimes.

XLIX

In which amazement when the Miscreaunt
Perceived him to waver, weake and fraile,
Whiles trembling horror did his conscience daunt,
And hellish anguish did his soule assaile;
To drive him to despaire, and quite to quaille,
Hee shewd him, painted in a table plaine,
The damned ghosts that doe in torments waile,
And thousand feends that doe them endlesse paine 440
With fire and brimstone, which for ever shall remaine.

L

The sight whereof so throughly him dismayd,
That nought but death before his eies he saw,
And ever burning wrath before him laid,
By righteous sentence of th' Almightyes law.
Then gan the villein him to overcraw,
And brought unto him swords, ropes, poison, fire,
And all that might him to perdition draw;
And bad him choose what death he would desire;
For death was dew to him that had provokt Gods ire.

LI

But, whenas none of them he saw him take 451
He to him raught a dagger Sharpe and keene,
And gave it him in hand: his hand did quake
And tremble like a leafe of Aspin greene,
And troubled blood through his pale face was seene
To come and goe with tidings from the heart,
As it a ronning messenger had beene.
At last, resolv'd to work his finall smart,
He lifted up his hand, that backe againe did start.

LII

Which whenas Una saw, through every vaine 460
The crudled cold ran to her well of life,
As in a swowne: but, soone reliv'd againe,
Out of his hand she snatcht the cursed knife,
And threw it to the ground, enraged rife,
And to him said; " Fie, fie, faint hearted Knight!
What meanest thou by this reprochfull strife?
Is this the battaile which thou vauntst to fight
With that fire-mouthed Dragon, horrible and bright?

LIII

" Come; come away, fraile, feeble, fleshly wight,
Ne let vaine words bewitch thy manly hart, 470
Ne divelish thoughts dismay thy constant spright:
In heavenly mercies hast thou not a part?
Why shouldst thou then despeire, that chosen art?
Where justice growes, there grows eke greater grace,
The which doth quench the brond of hellish smart,
And that accurst hand-writing doth deface.
Arise, sir Knight; arise, and leave this cursed place."

LIV

So up he rose, and thence amounted streight.
Which when the carle beheld, and saw his guest
Would safe depart, for all his subtile sleight, 480
He chose an halter from among the rest,
And with it hong him selfe, unbid, unblest.

But death he could not worke himselfe thereby ;
 For thousand times he so him selfe had drest,
 Yet nathelesse it could not doe him die,
 Till he should die his last, that is, eternally.

CANTO X

Her faithfull knight faire Una brings
 To house of Holinesse;
 Where he is taught repentaunce, and
 The way to heavenly blesse.

I

WHAT man is he, that boasts of fleshly might
 And vaine assuraunce of mortality,
 Which, all so soone as it doth come to fight
 Against spirituall foes, yields by and by,
 Or from the fielde most cowardly doth fly !
 Ne let the man ascribe it to his skill,
 That thorough grace hath gained victory :
 If any strength we have, it is to ill,
 But all the good is Gods, both power and eke will.

II

By that which lately hapned Una saw 10
 That this her knight was feeble, and too faint ;
 And all his sinewes woxen weake and raw,
 Through long enprisonment, and hard constraint,
 Which he endured in his late restraint,
 That yet he was unfitt for bloody fight.
 Therefore, to cherish him with diets daint,
 She cast to bring him where he chearen might,
 Till he recovered had his late decayed plight.

III

There was an auncient house not far away,
 Renowmd throughout the world for sacred lore 20
 And pure unspotted life: so well, they say,
 It governd was, and guided evermore,

Through wisdom of a matrone grave and hore ;
 Whose onely joy was to relieve the needes
 Of wretched soules, and helpe the helpelesse pore :
 All night she spent in bidding of her bedes,
 And all the day in doing good and godly deedes.

IV

Dame Cxlia men did her call, as thought
 From hēaven to come, or thither to arise;
 The mother of three daughters, well upbrought 30
 In goodly thewes, and godly exercise :
 The eldest two, most sober, chaste, and wise,
 Fidelia and Speranza, virgins were ;
 Though spoused, yet wanting wedlocks solemnize ;
 But faire Charissa to a lovely fere
 Was lincked, and by him had many pledges dēre.

V

Arrived there, the dore they find fast lockt,
 For it was warely watched night and day,
 For feare of many foes ; but, when they knockt,
 The Porter opened unto them streight way. 40
 He was an aged syre, all hory gray,
 With lookes full lowly cast, and gate full slow,.
 Wont on a staffe his feeble steps to stay,
 Hight Humiltá. They passe in, stouping low ;
 For streight and narrow was the way which he did show.

VI

Each goodly thing is hardest to begin ;
 But, entred in, a spacious court they see,
 Both plaine and pleasaunt to be walked in ;
 Where them does meete a francklin faire and free,
 And entertaines with comely courteous glee ; 50
 His name was Zele, that him right well became :
 For in his speaches and behavours hee
 Did labour lively to expresse the same,
 And gladly did them guide, till to the Hall they came.

VII

There fayrely them receives a gentle Squyre,
Of myld demeanure and rare courtesee,
Right cleanly clad in comely sad attyre ;
In word and deede that shewd great modestee,
And knew his good to all of each degree,
Hight Reverence. He them with speaches meet 60
Does faire entreat; no courting nicetee,
But simple, trew, and eke unfained sweet,
As might become a Squyre so great persons to greet.

VIII

And afterwarde them to his Dame he leades,
That aged Dame, the Lady of the place,
Who all this while was busy at her beades ;
Which doen, she up arose with seemely grace,
And toward them full matronely did pace.
Where, when that fairest Una she beheld,
Whom well she knew to spring from heavenly race, 70
Her heart with joy unwonted inly sweld,
As feeling wondrous comfort in her weaker eld :

IX

And, her embracing, said : " O happy earth,
Whereon thy innocent feet doe ever tread 1
Most vertuous virgin, borne of heavenly berth,
That, to redeeme thy woefull parents head
From tyrans rage and ever-dying dread,
Hast wandred through the world now long a day,
Yett ceassest not thy weary soles to lead ;
What grace hath thee now hither brought this way ? 80
Or doen thy feeble feet unweeting hither stray ?

X

" Straunge thing it is an errant knight to see
Here in this place; or any other wight,
That hither turnes his steps. So few there bee,
That chose the narrow path, or seeke the right:

All keepe the broad high way, and take delight
 With many rather for to goe astray,
 And be partakers of their evill plight,
 Then with a few to walke the rightest way.
 O foolish men ! why hast ye to your own decay ? " 90

XI

" Thy selfe to see, and tyred limbes to rest,
 O matrone sage," (quoth she) " I hither came;
 And this good knight his way with me addrest,
 Ledd with thy prayses, and broad-blazed fame,
 That up to heaven is blowne." The auncient Dame
 Him goodly greeted in her modest guyse,
 And entertheynd them both, as best became,
 With all the court'sies that she could devyse,
 Ne wanted ought to shew her bounteous or wise.

XII

Thus as they gan of sondrie thinges devise, 100
 Loe ! two most goodly virgins came in place,
 Ylinked arme in arme in lovely wise :
 With countenance demure, and modest grace,
 They numbred even steps and equall pace ;
 Of which the eldest, that Fidelia hight,
 Like sunny beames threw from her Christall face
 That could have dazd the rash beholders sight,
 And round about her head did shine like hevens **light.**

XIII

She was araied all in lilly white,
 And in her right hand bore a cup of gold, 110
 With wine and water fild up to the hight,
 In which a Serpent did himselfe enfold,
 That horror made to all that did behold;
 But she no whitt did chaunge her constant mood :
 And in her other hand she fast did hold
 A booke, that was both signd and seald with blood;
 Wherein darke things were writt, hard to be understood.

XIV

Her younger sister, that Speranza hight,
Was clad in blew, that her beseemed well;
Not all so chearefull seemed she of sight, 120
As was her sister : whether dread did dwell
Or anguish in her hart, is hard to tell.
Upon her arme a silver anchor lay,
Whereon she leaned ever, as befell;
And ever up to heaven, as she did pray,
Her stedfast eyes were bent, ne swarved other way.

XV

They, seeing Una, towards her gan wend,
Who them encounters with like courtesee ;
Many kind speeches they betweene them spend,
And greatly joy each other for to see : 130
Then to the knight with shamefast modestie
They turne themselves, at Unaes meeke request,
And him salute with well beseeming glee ;
Who faire them quites, as him beseemed best,
And goodly gan discourse of many a noble gest.

XVI

Then Una thus : " But she, your sister deare,
The deare Charissa, where is she become ?
Or wants she health, or busie is elsewhere ? "
" Ah ! no," said they, " but forth she may not come ;
For she of late is lightned of her wombe, 140
And hath encreast the world with one sonne more,
That her to see should be but troublesome."
" Indeed," (quoth she) " that should her trouble sore;
But thankt be God, and her encrease so evermore ! "

XVII

Then said the aged Cælia, " Deare dame,
And you, good Sir, I wote that of youre toyle
And labors long, through which ye hither came,
Ye both forwearied be : therefore, a while
I read you rest, and to your bowres recoyle."

Then called she a Groome, that forth him ledd 150
 Into a goodly lodge, and gan despoile
 Of puissant armes, and laid in easie bedd.
 His name was meeke Obedience, rightfully aredd.

XVIII

Now when their wearie limbes with kindly rest,
 And bodies were refresht with dew repast,
 Fayre Una gan Fidelia fayre request,
 To have her knight into her schoolehous plaste,
 That of her heavenly learning he might taste,
 And heare the wisdom of her wordes divine.
 She graunted ; and that knight so much agraste, 160
 That she him taught celestiall discipline,
 And opened his dull eyes, that light mote in them shine.

XIX

And that her sacred Booke, with blood ywritt,
 That none could reade except she did them teach,
 She unto him disclosed every whitt;
 And heavenly documents thereout did preach,
 That weaker witt of man could never reach ;
 Of God ; of grace ; of justice ; of free-will ;
 That wonder was to heare her goodly speach :
 For she was hable with her wordes to kill, 170
 And rayse againe to life the hart that she did thrill.

XX

And, when she list poure out her larger spright,
 She would commaund the hasty Sunne to stay,
 Or backward turne his course from hevens hight:
 Sometimes great hostes of men she could dismay;
 Dry-shod to passe she parts the flouds in tway;
 And eke huge mountaines from their native seat
 She would commaund themselves to beare away,
 And throw in raging sea with roaring threat.
 Almightye God her gave such powre and puissaunce
 great. 180

XXI

The faithfull knight now grew in litle space,
By hearing her, and by her sisters lore,
To such perfection of all hevenly grace,
That wretched world he gan for to abhore,
And mortall life gan loath as thing forlore,
Greevd with remembrance of his wicked wayes,
And prickt with anguish of his sinnes so sore,
That he desirde to end his wretched dayes :
So much the dart of sinfull guilt the soule dismayes.

XXII

But wise Speranza gave him comfort sweet, 190
And taught him how to take assured hold
Upon her silver anchor, as was meet;
Els had his sinnes, so great and manifold,
Made him forget all that Fidelia told.
In this distressed doubtfull agony,
When him his dearest Una did behold
Disdeining life, desiring leave to dye,
She found her selfe assayld with great perplexity ;

XXIII

And came to Caelia to declare her smart;
Who, well acquainted with that commune plight, 200
Which sinfull horror workes in wounded hart,
Her wisely comforted all that she might,
With goodly counsell and advisement right;
And streightway sent with carefull diligence,
To fetch a Leach, the which had great insight
In that disease of grieved conscience,
And well could cure the same : His name was Patience.

XXIV

Who, comming to that sowle-diseased knight,
Could hardly him intreat to tell his grief:
Which knowne, and all that noyd his heavie spright 210
Well searcht, eftsoones he gan apply relief
Of salves and med'cines, which had passing prief;

And thereto added wordes of wondrous might.
By which to ease he him recured brief,
And much aswag'd the passion of his plight,
That he his paine endur'd, as seeming now more light.

XXV

But yet the cause and root of all his ill,
Inward corruption and infected sin,
Not purg'd nor heald, behind remained still,
And festring sore did ranckle yett within, 220
Close creeping twixt the marow and the skin :
Which to extirpe, he laid him privily
Downe in a darksome lowly place far in,
Whereas he meant his corrosives to apply,
And with streight diet tame his stubborne malady.

XXVI

In ashes and sackcloth he did array
His daintie corse, proud humors to abate;
And dieted with fasting every day,
The swelling of his woundes to mitigate;
And made him pray both earely and eke late : 230
And ever, as superfluous flesh did rott,
Amendment readie still at hand did wayt,
To pluck it out with pincers fyrie whott,
That soone in him was lefte no one corrupted jott.

XXVII

And bitter Penaunce, with an yron whip,
Was wont him once to disple every day :
And sharp Remorse his hart did prick and nip,
That drops of blood thence like a well did play :
And sad Repentance used to embay
His blamefull body in salt water sore, 240
The filthy blottes of sin to wash away.
So in short space they did to health restore
The man that would not live, but erst lay at deathes dore.

XXVIII

In which his torment often was so great,
That like a Lyon he would cry and rore,
And rend his flesh, and his owne synewes eat.
His owne deare Una, hearing evermore
His ruefull shriekes and gronings, often tore
Her guiltlesse garments and her golden heare,
For pittie of his payne and anguish sore : 250
Yet all with patience wisely she did beare,
For well she wist his cryme could els be never deare.

XXIX

Whom, thus recover'd by wise Patience
And trew Repentaunce, they to Una brought;
Who, joyous of his cured conscience,
Him dearely kist, and fayrely eke besought
Himselfe to chearish, and consuming thought
To put away out of his carefull brest.
By this Charissa, late in child-bed brought,
Was woxen strong, and left her fruit full nest: 260
To her fayre Una brought this unacquainted guest.

XXX

She was a woman in her freshest age,
Of wondrous beauty, and of bounty rare,
With goodly grace and comely personage,
That was on earth not easie to compare;
Full of great love, but Cupids wanton snare
As hell she hated; chaste in worke and will:
Her necke and brests were ever open bare,
That ay thereof her babes might sucke their fill;
The rest was all in yellow robes arayed still. 270

XXXI

A multitude of babes about her hong,
Playing their sportes, that joyd her to behold;
Whom still she fed whiles they were weake and young,
But thrust them forth still as they waxed old:

And on her head she wore a tyre of gold,
Adorn'd with gemmes and owches wondrous fayre,
Whose passing price uneath was to be told :
And by her syde there sate a gentle payre
Of turtle doves, she sitting in an yvory chayre.

XXXII

The knight and Una entring fayre her greet, 280
And bid her joy of that her happy brood;
Who them requites with court'sies seeming meet,
And entertaynes with friendly chearefull mood.
Then Una her besought, to be so good
As in her vertuous rules to schoole her knight,
Now after all his torment well withstood
In that sad house of Penance, where his spright
Had past the paines of hell and long-enduring night.

XXXIII

She was right joyous of her just request;
And taking by the hand that Faeries sonne, 290
Gan him instruct in everie good behest,
Of love, and righteousnes, and well to donne ;
And wrath and hatred warely to shonne,
That drew on men Gods hatred and his wrath, .
And many soules in dolours had fordonne :
In which when him she well instructed hath,
From thence to heaven she teacheth him the ready path.

XXXIV

Wherein his weaker wandering steps to guyde,
An auncient matrone she to her does call,
Whose sober lookes her wisdom well descryde: 300
Her name was Mercy; well knowne over-all
To be both gracious and eke liberall:
To whom the carefull charge of him she gave,
To leade aright, that he should never fall
In all his waies through this wide worldes wave;
That Mercy in the end his righteous soule might save.

XXXV

The godly Matrone by the hand him beares
Forth from her presence, by a narrow way,
Scattred with bushy thornes and ragged breares,
Which still before him she remov'd away, 310
That nothing might his ready passage stay :
And ever, when his feet encombred were,
Or gan to shrink, or from the right to stray,
She held him fast, and firmly did upbeare,
As carefull Nourse her child from falling oft does **reare**.

XXXVI

Eftsoones unto an holy Hospitall,
That was foreby the way, she did him bring;
In which seven Beadsmen, that had vowed all
Their life to service of high heavens King,
Did spend their daies in doing godly thing. 320
Their gates to all were open evermore,
That by the wearie way were travelling;
And one sate wayting ever them before,
To call in commers-by that needy were and pore.

XXXVII

The first of them, that eldest was and best,
Of all the house had charge and government,
As Guardian and Steward of the rest.
His office was to give entertainment
And lodging unto all that came and went;
Not unto such as could him feast againe, 330
And double quite for that he on them spent;
But such as want of harbour did constraine:
These for Gods sake his dewty was to entertaine.

XXXVIII

The second was as Almner of the place :
His office was the hungry for to feed,
And thirsty give to drinke; a worke of grace.
He feard not once himselfe to be in need,
Ne car'd to hoord for those whom he did breede:

The grace of God he layd up still in store,
Which as a stocke he left unto his seede. 340
He had enough; what need him care for more?
And had he lesse, yet some he would give td the pore.

XXXIX

The third had of their wardrobe custody,
In which were not rich tyres, nor garments gay,
The plumes of pride, and winges of vanity,
But clothes meet to keepe keene cold away,
And naked nature seemely to aray;
With which bare wretched wights he dayly clad,
The images of God in earthly clay;
And, if that no spare clothes to give he had, 350
His owne cote he would cut, and it distribute glad.

XL

The fourth appointed by his office was
Poore prisoners to relieve with gracious ayd,
And captives to redeeme with price of bras
From Turkes and Sarazins, which them had stayd:
And though they faulty were, yet well he wayd,
That God to us forgiveth every howre
Much more then that why they in bands were layd;
And he, that harrowd hell with heavie stowre,
The faulty soules from thence brought to his heavenly
bowre. 360

XLI

The fift had charge sick persons to attend,
And comfort those in point of death which lay;
For them most needeth comfort in the end,
When sin, and hell, and death, doe most dismay
The feeble soule departing hence away.
Ali is but lost, that living we bestow,
If not well ended at our dying day.
O man! have mind of that last bitter throw;
For as the tree does fall, so lyes it ever low.

XLII

The sixt had charge of them now being dead, 370
In seemely sort their corses to engrave,
And deck with dainty flowres their brydall bed,
That to their heavenly spouse both sweet and brave
They might appeare, when he their soules shall save.
The wondrous workmanship of Gods owne mould,
Whose face he made all beastes to feare, and gave
All in his hand, even dead we honour should.
Ah, dearest God, me graunt, I dead be not defould !

XLIII

The seventh, now after death and buriall done,
Had charge the tender Orphans of the dead 380
And wydowes ayd, least they should be undone :
In face of judgement he their right would plead,
Ne ought the powre of mighty men did dread
In their defence ; nor would for gold or fee
Be wonne their rightfull causes downe to tread ;
And, when they stood in most necessitee,
He did supply their want, and gave them ever free.

XLIV

There when the Elfin knight arrived was,
The first and chieftest of the seven, whose care
Was guests to welcome, towards him did pas ; 390
Where seeing Mercie, that his steps upbare
And alwaies led, to her with reverence rare
He humbly louted in meeke lowlinesse,
And seemely welcome for her did prepare :
For of their order she was Patronesse,
Albe Charissa were their chieftest founderesse.

XLV

There she awhile him stayes, himselfe to rest,
That to the rest more hable he might bee ;
During which time, in every good behest,
And godly worke of Almes and charitee, 400
Shee him instructed with great industree.

Shortly therein so perfect he became,
That, from the first unto the last degree,
His mortall life he learned had to frame
In holy righteousnesse, without rebuke or blame.

XLVI

Thence forward by that painfull way they pas
Forth to an hill that was both steepe and hy,
On top whereof a sacred chappell was,
And eke a litle Hermitage thereby,
Wherein an aged holy man did lie, 410
That day and night said his devotion,
Ne other worldly busines did apply :
His name was heavenly Contemplation ;
Of God and goodnes was his meditation.

XLVII

Great grace that old man to him given had ;
For God he often saw from heavens hight:
All were his earthly eien both blunt and bad,
And through great age had lost their kindly sight,
Yet wondrous quick and persaunt was his spright,
As Eagles eie that can behold the Sunne. 420
That hill they scale with all their powre and might,
That his fraile thighes, nigh weary and fordonne,
Gan faile; but by her helpe the top at last he wonne.

XLVIII

There they doe finde that godly aged Sire,
With snowy lockes adowne his shoulders shed ;
As hoary frost with spangles doth attire
The mossy braunches of an Oke halfe ded.
Each bone might through his body well be red,
And every sinew seene, through his long fast:
For nought he car'd his carcas long unfed ; 430
His mind was full of spiritual repast,
And pyn'd his flesh to keepe his body low and chast.

XLIX

Who, when these two approaching he aspide,
At their first presence grew agrieved sore,
That forst him lay his heavenly thoughts aside ;
And had he not that Dame respected more,
Whom highly he did reverence and adore,
He would not once have moved for the knight.
They him saluted, standing far afore,
Who, well them greeting, humbly did requight, 440
And asked to what end they clomb that tedious hight ?

L

" What end," (quoth she) " should cause us take such
paine,
But that same end, which every living wight
Should make his marke high heaven to attaine ?
Is not from hence the way, that leadeth right
To that most glorious house, that glistreth bright
With burning starres and everliving fire,
Whereof the keies are to thy hand behight
By wise Fidelia ? Shee doth thee require,
To shew it to this knight, according his desire." 450

LI

" Thrise happy man," said then the father grave,
" Whose staggering steps thy steady hand doth lead,
And shewes the way his sinfull soule to save !
Who better can the way to heaven aread
Then thou thyselfe, that was both borne and bred
In heavenly throne, where thousand Angels shine ?
Thou doest the praiers of the righteous sead
Present before the majesty divine,
And his avenging wrath to clemency incline.

LII

" Yet, since thou bidst, thy pleasure shalbe donne. 460
Then come, thou man of earth, and see the way,
That never yet was seene of Faeries sonne;
That' never leads the traveller astray,

But after labors long and sad delay,
Brings them to joyous rest and endlesse blis.
But first thou must a season fast and pray,
Till from her bands the spright assoiled is,
And have her strength recur'd from fraile infirmitis.'

LIII

That done, he leads him to the highest Mount,
Such one as that same mighty man of God, 470
That blood-red billowes, like a walled front,
On either side disparted with his rod,
Till that his army dry-foot through them yod,
Dwelt forty daies upon ; where, writt in stone
With bloody letters by the hand of God,
The bitter doome of death and balefull mone
He did receive, whiles flashing fire about him shone :

LIV

Or like that sacred hill, whose head full hie,
Adornd with fruitfull Olives all arownd,
Is, as it were for endlesse memory 480
Of that deare Lord who oft thereon was fownd,
For ever with a flowring girlond crownd :
Or like that pleasaunt Mount, that is for ay
fhrough famous Poets verse each where renownd,
On which the thrise three learned Ladies play
Their hevenly notes, and make full many a lovely lay.

LV

From thence, far off he unto him did shew
A little path that was both steepe and long,
Which to a goodly Citty led his vew,
Whose wals and towres were builded high and strong
Of perle and precious stone, that earthly tong 491
Cannot describe, nor wit of man can tell ;
Too high a ditty for my simple song.
The Citty of the greate king hight it well,
Wherein eternall peace and happinesse doth dwell.

LVI

As he thereon stood gazing, he might see
The blessed Angels to and fro descend
From highest heven in gladsome companee,
And with great joy into that Citty wend,
As commonly as frend does with his frend. 500
Whereat he wondred much, and gan enquire,
What stately building durst so high extend
Her lofty towres unto the starry sphere,
And what unknownen nation there empeopled were ?

LVII

" Faire Knight," (quoth he) " Hierusalem that is,
The new Hierusalem, that God has built
For those to dwell in that are chosen his,
His chosen people, purg'd from sinful guilt
With pretious blood, which cruelly was spilt
On cursed tree, of that unspotted lam, 510
That for the sinnes of al the world was kilt;
Now are they Saints all in that Citty sam,
More dear unto their God then younglings to their dam."

LVIII

" Till now," said then the knight, " I weened well,
That great Cleopolis, where I have beene,
In which that fairest Faery Queene doth dwell,
The fairest citty was that might be seene ;
And that bright towre, all built of christall clene,
Panthea, seemd the brightest thing that was ;
But now by prooffe all otherwise I weene, 520
For this great Citty that does far surpas,
And this bright Angels towre quite dims that towre of
glas."

LIX

" Most trew," then said the holy aged man;
" Yet is Cleopolis, for earthly frame,
The fairest peece that eie beholden can,
And well beseemes all knights of noble name,

That covett in th' immortall booke of fame
 To be eternized, that same to haunt,
 And doen their service to that soveraigne Dame,
 That glory does to them for guerdon graunt; 530
 For she is hevenly borne, and heaven may justly vaunt.

LX

" And thou, faire ymp, sprong out from English race,
 How ever now accompted Elfins sonne,
 Well worthy doest thy service for her grace,
 To aide a virgin desolate, foredonne ;
 But when thou famous victory hast wonne,
 And high emongst all knights hast hong thy shield,
 Thenceforth the suitt of earthly conquest shonne,
 And wash thy hands fr*om guilt of bloody field :
 For blood can nought but sin, and wars but sorrows
 yield. 540

LXI

" Then seek this path that I to thee presage,
 Which after all to heaven shall thee send ;
 Then peaceably thy painefull pilgrimage
 To yonder same Hierusalem doe bend,
 Where is for thee ordaind a blessed end :
 For thou, emongst those Saints whom thou doest see,
 Shalt be a Saint, and thine owne nations frend`
 And Patrone : thou *Saint George* shalt called bee,
Saint George of mery *England*, the signe of victoree."

LXII

" Unworthy wretch," (quoth he) " of so great grace, 550
 How dare I thinke such glory to attaine ? "
 " These, that have it attaynd, were in like cace,
 As wretched men, and lived in like paine."
 " But deeds of armes must I at last be faine
 And Ladies love to leave, so dearely bought ? "
 " What need of armes, where peace doth ay remaine,"
 (Said he) " and bitter batailles all are fought ?
 As for loose loves, they're vaine, and vanish into nought."

LXIII

" O ! let me not," (quoth he) " then turne againe
Backe to the world, whose joyes so fruitlesse are; 560
But let me heare for aie in peace remaine,
Or streightway on that last long voiage fare,
That nothing may my present hope empare."
" That may not be," (said he) " ne maist thou yitt
Forgoe that royal maides bequeathed care,
Who did her cause into thy hand committ,
Till from her cursed foe thou have her freely quitt."

LXIV

" Then shall I soone," (quoth he) " so God me grace,
Abett that virgins cause disconsolate,
And shortly back returne unto this place, 570
To walke this way in Pilgrims poore estate.
But now aread, old father, why of late
Didst thou behight me borne of English blood,
Whom all a Faeries sonne doen nominate ? "
" That word shall I , " (said he) " avouchen good,
Sith to thee is unknowne the cradle of thy brood.

LXV

" For, well I wote, thou springst from ancient race
Of Saxon kinges, that have with mightie hand,
And many bloody battailes fought in face,
High reard their royall throne in Britans land, 580
And vanquisht them, unable to withstand :
From thence a Faery thee unweeting reft,
There as thou slepst in tender swadling band,
And her base Elfin brood there for thee left :
Such, men do Chaungelings call, so chaung'd by Faeries
theft.

LXVI

" Thence she thee brought into this Faery lond,
And in an heaped furrow did thee hyde;
Where thee a Ploughman all unweeting fond,
As he his toylesome teme that way did guyde,

And brought thee up in ploughmans state to by de, 590
Whereof Georgos he thee gave to name;
Till prickt with courage, and thy forces pryde,
To Faery court thou earnest to seek for fame,
And prove thy puissant armes, as seemes thee best be-
came."

LXVII

" O holy Sire! " (quoth he) " how shall I quight
The many favours I with thee have fownd,
That hast my name and nation redd aright,
And taught the way that does to heaven bownd ! "
This saide, adowne he looked to the grownd
To have returnd; but dazed were his eyne 600
Through passing brightnes, which did quite confound
His feeble sence, and too exceeding shyne.
So darke are earthly thinges compar'd to things divine.

LXVIII

At last, whenas himselfe he gan to fynd,
To Una back he cast him to retyre,
Who him awaited still with pensive mynd.
Great thanks, and goodly meed, to that good syre
He thens departing gave for his paynes hyre
So came to Una, who him joyd to see; 610
And, after litle rest, gan him desyre
Of her adventure myndfull for to bee.
So leave they take of Gelia and her daughters three.

CANTO XI

The knight with that old Dragon fights
Two days incessantly:
The third him overthrowes, and gayns
Most glorious victory.

I

HIGH time now gan it wex for Una fayre
To thinke of those her captive Parents deare,
And their forwasted kingdom to repayre :
Whereto whenas they now approched neare,
With hartie wordes her knight she gan to cheare,
And in her modest maner thus bespake :
" Deare knight, as deare as ever knight was deare,
That all these sorrowes suffer for my sake,
High heven behold the tedious toyle ye for me take!

II

" Now are we come unto my native soyle, 10
And to the place where all our perilles dwell;
Here hauntes that feend, and does his dayly spoyle;
Therefore, henceforth, bee at your keeping well,
And ever ready for your foeman fell:
The sparke of noble corage now awake,
And strive your excellent selfe to excell:
That shall ye evermore renowned make
Above all knights on earth, that batteill undertake."

III

And pointing forth, " Lo ! yonder is," (said she)
" The brasen towre, in which my parents deare 20
For dread of that huge feend emprisond be;
Whom I from far see on the walles appeare,
Whose sight my feeble soule doth greatly cheare :
And on the top of all I do espye
The watchman wayting tydings glad to heare;
That, (O my Parents I) might I happily
Unto you bring, to ease you of your misery 1 "

IV

With that they heard a roaring hideous sownd,
 That all the ayre with terror filled wyde,
 And seemd uneath to shake the stedfast ground. 30
 Eftsoones that dreadful Dragon they espyde,
 Where stretcht he lay upon the sunny side
 Of a great hill, himselfe like a great hill:
 But, all so soone as he from far descryde
 Those glistring armes that heven with light did fill,
 He rousd himselfe full blyth, and hastned them untill.

V

Then badd the knight his Lady yede aloof,
 And to an hill herselfe withdraw asyde ;
 From whence she might behold that battailles proof,
 And eke be safe from daunger far descryde. 40
 She him obeyd, and turnd a little wyde.—
 Now, O thou sacred Muse 1 most learned Dame,
 Fayre ympe of Phoebus and his aged, bryde,
 The Noufse of time and everlasting fame,
 That warlike handes ennobles t with immortall name ;

VI

O ! gently come into my feeble brest;
 Come gently, but not with that mightie rage,
 Wherewith the martiall troupes thou doest infest,
 And hartes of great Heroës doest enrage,
 That nought their kindled corage may as wage : 50
 Soone as thy dreadfull trompe begins to sownd,
 The God of warre with his fiers equipage
 Thou doest awake, sleepe never he so sownd ;
 And scared nations doest with horror sterne astownd.

VII

Fayre Goddesse, lay that furious fitt asyde,
 Till I of warres and bloody Mars doe sing,
 And Brytqn fieldes with Sarazin blood bedyde,
 Twixt that great faery Queene and Paynim king,

That with their horror heven and earth did ring;
A worke of labour long, and endlesse prayse: 60
But now a while lett downe that haughtie string,
And to my tunes thy second tenor rayse,
That I this man of God his godly armes may blaze.

VIII

By this, the dreadful Beast drew nigh to hand,
Halfe flying and halfe footing in his haste,
That with his largenesse measured much land,
And made wide shadow under his huge waste,
As mountaine doth the valley overcaste.
Approching nigh, he reared high afore
His body monstrous, horrible, and vaste; 70
Which, to increase his wondrous greatnes more,
Was swoln with wrath and poyson, and with bloody gore;

IX

And over all with brasen scales was armd,
Like plated cote of Steele, so couched neare
That nought mote perce; ne might his corse bee harmd
With dint of swerd, nor push of pointed speare:
Which as an Eagle, seeing pray appeare,
His aery plumes doth rouze, full rudely dight;
So shaked he, that horror was to heare:
For as the clashing of an Armor bright, 80
Such noyse his routed scales did send unto the knight.

X

His flaggy winges, when forth he did display,
Were like two sayles, in which the hollow wynd
Is gathered full, and worketh speedy way:
And eke the pennes, that did his pineons bynd,
Were like mayne-yardes with flying canvas lynd;
With which whenas him list the ayre to beat,
And there by force unwonted passage fynd,
The cloudes before him fledd for terror great,
And all the hevens stood still amazed with his threat. 90

XI

His huge long tayle, wownd up in hundred foldes,
Does overspred his long bras-scaly back,
Whose wreathed boughtes when ever he unfolds,
And thick entangled knots adown does slack,
Bespotted as with shieldes of red and blacke,
It sweepeth all the land behind him farre,
And of three furlongs does but litle lacke ;
And at the point two stinges in fixed arre,
Both deadly sharp, that sharpest Steele exceeden farre.

XII

But stinges and sharpest Steele did far exceed 100
The sharpnesse of his cruel rending clawes :
Dead was it sure, as sure as death in deed,
What ever thing does touch his ravenous pawes,
Or what within his reach he ever drawes.
But his most hideous head my tongue to tell
Does tremble; for his deepe devouring jawes
Wyde gaped, like the griesly mouth of hell,
Through which into his darke abysses all ravin fell.

XIII

And, that more wondrous was, in either jaw .
Three ranckes of yron teeth enraunged were, 110
In which yett trickling blood, and gobbets raw,
Of late devoured bodies did appeare,
That sight thereof bredd cold congealed feare ;
Which to increase, and all atonce to kill,
A cloud of smothering smoke, and sulphure seare,
Out of his stinking gorge forth steemed still,
That all the ayre about with smoke and stench did fill.

xiv

His blazing eyes, like two bright shining shieldes,
Did burne with wrath, and sparkled living fyre :
As two broad Beacons, sett in open fieldes, 120
Send forth their flames far off to every shyre,

And warning give that enimies conspyre
With fire and sword the region to invade :
So flam'd his eyne with rage and rancorous yre ;
But far within, as in a hollow glade,
Those glaring lampes were sett that made a dreadfull
shade.

xv

So dreadfully he to war des him did pas,
Forelifting up a-loft his speckled brest,
And often bounding on the brused gras,
As for great joyance of his newcome guest. 130
Eftsoones he gan advance his haughty crest,
As chauffed Bore his bristles doth upreare ;
And shoke his scales to battaile ready drest,
That made the Redcrosse knight nigh quake for feare,
As bidding bold defyaunce to his foeman neare.

xvi

The knight gan fayrely couch his steady speare,
And fiersely ran at him with rigorous might :
The pointed Steele, arriving rudely theare,
His harder hyde would nether perce nor bight,
But, glauncing by, foorth passed forward right. 140
Yet sore amoved with so puissaunt push,
The wrathfull beast about him turned light,
And him so rudely, passing by, did brush
With his long tayle, that horse and man to ground did
rush.

XVII

Both horse and man up lightly rose againe,
And fresh encounter towards him addrest ;
But th' ydle stroke yet backe recoyld in vaine,
And found no place his deadly point to rest.
Exceeding rage enflam'd the furious Beast,
To be avenged of so great despight; 150
For never felt his imperceable brest
So wondrous force from hand of living wight;
Yet had he prov'd the powre of many a puissant knight.

XVIII

Then, with his waving wings displayed wyde,
 Himselfe up high he lifted from the ground,
 And with strong flight did forcibly divyde
 The yielding ayre, which nigh too feeble found
 Her flitting, parts, and element unsound,
 To beare so great a weight: he, cutting way
 With his broad sayles, about him soared round; 160
 At last, low stouping with unweldy sway,
 Snatcht up both horse and man, to beare them quite
 away.

XIX

Long he them bore above the subject plaine,
 So far as Ewghen bow a shaft may send,
 Till struggl^{ing} strong did him at last constra^{ine}
 To let them downe before his flightes end:
 As hagdard hauke, presuming to contend
 With hardy fowle above his hable might,
 His wearie pounces all in vaine doth spend
 To trusse the pray too heavy for his flight; 170
 Which, comming down to ground, does free it selfe by
 fight.

XX

He so disseized of his gryping grosse,
 The knight his thrillant speare againe assayd
 In his bras-plated body to embosse,
 And three mens strength unto the stroake he layd;
 Wherewith the stifle beame quaked as aflrayd,
 And glauncing from his scaly necke did glyde
 Close under his left wing, then broad displayd:
 The percing Steele there wrought a wound full wyde,
 That with the uncouth smart the Monster lowdly cryde.

XXI

He cryde, as raging seas are wont to rore 181
 When wintry storme his wrathful wreck does threat;
 The rolling billowes beate the ragged shore,
 As they the earth would shoulder froo^{ther} seat;

And greedy gulfe does gape, as he would eat
His neighbour element in his revenge:
Then gin the blustering brethren boldly threat
To move the world from off his stedfast henge,
And boystrous battaile make, each other to avenge.

XXII

The steely head stuck fast still in his flesh, 190
Till with his cruell clawes he snatcht the wood,
And quite a sunder broke. Forth flowed fresh
A gushing river of blacke gory blood,
That drowned all the land whereon he stood;
The streame thereof would drive a water-mill:
Treble augmented was his furious mood
With bitter sence of his deepe rooted ill,
That flames of fire he threw forth from his large nosetnm.

XXIII

His hideous tayle then hurled he about,
And therewith all enwrapt the nimble thyes 200
Of his froth-fomy steed, whose courage stout
Striving to loose the knott that fast him tyes,
Himselfe in streighter bandes too rash implies,
That to the ground he is perforce constraynd
To throw his ryder; who can quickly ryse
From off the earth, with durty blood distaynd,
For that reprochfull fall right fowly he disdaynd;

XXIV

And fercely tooke his trenchand blade in hand,
With which he stroke so furious and so fell,
That nothing seemd the puissaunce could withstand : 210
Upon his crest the hardned yron fell,
But his more hardned crest was armd so well,
That deeper dint therein it would not make;
Yet so extremely did the buffe him quell,
That from thenceforth he shund the like to take,
But when he saw them come he did them still forsake*

XXV

The knight was wroth to see his stroke beguyld,
 And smot againe with more outrageous might;
 But backe againe the sparcling Steele recoyld,
 And left not any marke where it did light, 220
 As if in Adamant rocke it had beene pight.
 The beast, impatient of his smarting wound
 And of so fierce and forcible despight,
 Thought with his winges to stye above the ground;
 But his late wounded wing unserviceable found.

xxvi

Then full of grieve and anguish vehement,
 He lowdly brayd, that like was never heard ;
 And from his wide devouring oven sent
 A flake of fire, that flashing in his beard
 Him all amasd, and almost made afeard : 230
 The scorching flame sore swinged all his face,
 And through his armour all his body seard,
 That he could not endure so cruell cace,
 But thought his armes to leave, and helmet to unlace.

XXVII

Not that great Champion of the antique world,
 Whom famous Poetes verse so much doth vaunt,
 And hath for twelve huge labours high extold,
 So many furies and sharpe fits did haunt,
 When him the poysoned garment did enchaunt,
 With Centaures blood and bloody verses charmd ; 240
 As did this knight twelve thousand dolours daunt,
 Whom fyrie Steele now burnt, that erst him armd;
 That erst him goodly armd, now most of all him harmd.

XXVIII

Faynt, wearie, sore, emboyled, grieved, brent,
 With heat, toyle, wounds, armes, smart, and inward fire,
 That never man such mischiefes did torment:
 Death better were; death did he oft desire,
 But death will never come when needes require.

Whom so dismayd when that his foe beheld,
He cast to suffer him no more respire, 250
But gan his sturdy sterne about to weld,
And him so strongly stroke, that to the ground him feld.

XXIX

It fortun'd, (as fayre it then befell)
Behynd his backe, unweeting, where he stood,
Of auncient time there was a springing well,
From which fast trickled forth a silver flood,
Full of great vertues, and for med'cine good :
Whylome, before that cursed Dragon got
That happy land, and all with innocent blood
Defyld those sacred waves, it rightly hot 260
The well of life, ne yet his vertues had forgot:

XXX

For unto life the dead it could restore,
And guilt of sinfull crimes cleane wash away ;
Those that with sicknesse were infected sore
It could recure ; and aged long decay
Renew, as one were borne that very day.
Both Silo this, and Jordan, did excell,
And th' English Bath, and eke the German Spau ;
Ne can Cephise, nor Hebrus, match this well :
Into the same the knight back overthrowen fell. 270

XXXI

Now gan the golden Phcebus for to steepe
His fierie face in billowes of the west,
And his faint steedes watred in Ocean deepe,
Whiles from their journall labours they did rest;
When that infernal! Monster, having kest
His wearie foe into that living well,
Gan high advaunce his broad discoloured brest
Above his wonted pitch, with countenance fell,
And clapt his yron wings as victor he did dwell.

XXXII

Which when his pensive Lady saw from farre, 280
 Great woe and sorrow did her soule assay,
 As weening that the sad end of the warre;
 And gan to highest God entirely pray
 That feared chaunce from her to turne away :
 With folded hands, and knees full lowly bent,
 All night shee watcht, ne once adowne would lay
 Her dainty limbs in her sad dreriment,
 But praying still did wake, and waking did lament.

XXXIII

The morrow next gan earely to appeare,
 That Titan rose to runne his daily race; 290
 But earely, ere the morrow next gan reare
 Out of the sea faire Titans deawy face,
 Up rose the gentle virgin from her place,
 And looked all about, if she might spy
 Her loved knight to move his manly pace :
 For she had great doubt of his safety,
 Since late she saw him fall before his enemy.

xxxiv

At last she saw where he upstarte brave
 Out of the well, wherein he drenched lay :
 As Eagle, fresh out of the ocean wave, 300
 Where he hath left his plumes all hory gray,
 And deckt himselfe with fethers youthly gay,
 Like Eyas hauke up mounts unto the skies,
 His newly-budded pineons to assay,
 And marveiles at himselfe stil as he flies :
 So new this new-borne knight to battell new did rise.

XXXV

Whom when the damned feend so fresh did spy,
 No wonder if he wondred at the sight,
 And doubted whether his late enemy
 It were, or other new supplied knight. 310

He now, to prove his late-renewed might,
High brandishing his bright deaw-burning blade,
Upon his crested scalp so sore did smite,
That to the scull a yawning wound it made :
The deadly dint his dulled sences all dismaid.

xxxvi

I wote not whether the revenging Steele
Were hardned with that holy water dew
Wherein he fell, or sharper edge did feele,
Or his baptized hands now greater grew,
Or other secret vertue did ensew ; 320
Els never could the force of fleshly arme,
Ne molten mettall, in his blood embrew ;
For till that stownd could never wight him harme
By subtilty, nor slight, nor might, nor mighty charme.

XXXVII

The cruell wound enraged him so sore,
That loud he yelled for exceeding paine ;
As hundred ramping Lions seemd to rore,
Whom ravenous hunger did thereto constraîne :
Then gan he tosse aloft his stretched traine,
And therewith scourge the buxome aire so sore, 330
That to his force to yelden it was faine ;
Ne ought his sturdy strokes might stand afore,
That high trees overthrew, and rocks in peeces tore.

XXXVIII

The same advauncing high above his head,
With sharpe intended sting so rude him smott,
That to the earth him drove, as stricken dead ;
Ne living wight would have him life behott :
The mortall sting his angry needle shott
Quite through his shield, and in his shoulder seasd,
Where fast it stucke, ne would thereout be gott : 340
The grieve thereof him wondrous sore diseasd,
Ne might his rancling paine with patience be appeasd.

XXXIX

But yet, more mindfull of his honour deare
 Then of the grievous smart which him did wring,
 From loathed soile he can him lightly reare,
 And strove to loose the far infixed sting :
 Which when in vaine he try de with struggeling,
 Inflam'd with wrath, his raging blade he hefte,
 And strooke so strongly, that the knotty string
 Of his huge taile he quite a sonder cleft ; 350
 Five joints thereof he hewd, and but the stump him lefte.

XL

Hart cannot thinke what outrage and what cries,
 With fowle enfouldred smoake and flashing fire,
 The hell-bred beast threw forth unto the skies,
 That all was covered with darknesse dire :
 Then, fraught with rancour and engorged yre,
 He cast at once him to avenge for all ;
 And, gathering up himselfe out of the mire
 With his uneven wings, did fiercely fall
 Upon his sunne-bright shield, and gtypt it fast withall.

XLI

Much was the man encombred with his hold, 361
 In feare to lose his weapon in his paw,
 Ne wist yett how his talaunts to unfold ;
 Nor harder was from Cerberus greedy jaw
 To plucke a bone, then from his cruell claw
 To reave by strength the griped gage away :
 Thrise he assayd it from his foote to draw,
 And thrise in vaine to draw it did assay ;
 It booted nought to thinke to robbe him of his pray.

XLII

Tho, when he saw no power might prevaile, 370
His trusty sword he cald to his last aid,
 Wherewith he fiersly did his foe assaile,
And double blowes about him stoutly laid,

That glauncing fire out of the yron plaid,
As sparkles from the Andvile use to fly,
When heavy hammers on the wedge are swaid :
Therewith at last he forst him to unty
One of his grasping feete, him to defend thereby.

XLIII

The other foote, fast fixed on his shield,
Whenas no strength nor stroks mote him constraine 380
To loose, ne yet the warlike pledge to yield,
He smott thereat with all his might and maine,
That nought so wondrous puissaunce might sustaine :
Upon the joint the lucky Steele did light,
And made such way that hewd it quite in twaine ;
The paw yett missed not his minisht might,
But hong still on the shield, as it at first was pight.

XLIV

For grieve thereof and divelish despight,
From his infernall founnace forth he threw
Huge flames that dimmed all the hevens light, 390
Enrold in duskish smoke and brimstone blew :
As burning Aetna from his boyling stew
Doth belch out flames, and rockes in peeces broke,
And ragged ribs of mountaines molten new,
Enwrapt in coleblacke clowds and filthy smoke,
That al the land with stench and heven with horror choke.

XLV

The heate whereof, and harmefull pestilence,
So sore him noyd, that forst him to retire
A little backward for his best defence,
To save his body from the scorching fire, 400
Which he from hellish entrailes did expire.
It chaunst, (eternall God that chaunce did guide)
As he recoiled backward, in the mire
His nigh foreweried feeble feet did slide,
And downe he fell, with dread of shame sore terrifide.

XLVI

There grew a goodly tree him faire beside,
 Loaden with fruit and apples rosy redd,
 As they in pure vermilion had been dide,
 Whereof great vertues over-all were redd;
 For happy life to "all wKcK'Thèrëöh "fëdd, 410
 And life eke everlasting did befall:
 Great God it planted in that blessed stedd
 With his Almighty hand, and did it call
 The tree of life, the crime of our first fathers fall.

XLVII

In all the world like was not to be fownd,
 Save in that soile, where all good things did grow,
 And freely sprong out of the fruitfull grownd,
 As incorrupted Nature did them sow,
 Till that dredd Dragon all did overthrow.
 Another like faire tree eke grew thereby, 420
 Whereof whoso did eat, eftsoones did know
 Both good and ill. O mournfull memory!
 That tree through one mans fault hath doen us all to dy.

XLVIII

From that first tree forth flowd, as from a well,
 A trickling streame of Balme, most souveraine
 And dainty deare, which on the ground still fell,
 And overflowed all the fertile plaine,
 As it had deawed bene with timely raine:
 Life and long health that gracious ointment gave,
 And deadly wounds could heale, and reare againe 430
 The sencelesse corse appointed for the grave:
 Into that same he fell, which did from death him save.

XLIX

For nigh thereto the ever damned Beast
 Durst not approach, for he was deadly made,
 And al that life preserved did detest;
 Yet he it oft adventur'd to invade.

By this the drouping day-light gan to fade,
And yield his rowme to sad succeeding night,
Who with her sable mantle gan to shade
The face of earth and wayes of living wight, 440
And high her burning torch set up in heaven bright.

L

When gentle Una saw the second fall
Of her deare knight, who, weary of long fight
And faint through losse of blood, moov'd not at all,
But lay, as in a dreame of deepe delight,
Besmeard with pretious Balme, whose vertuous might
Did heale his woundes, and scorching heat alay;
Againe she stricken was with sore affright,
And for his safetie gan devoutly pray,
And watch the noyous night, and wait for joyous day.

LI

The joyous day gan early to appeare; 451
And fayre Aurora from the dewy bed "
Of aged Tithone gan herselfe to reare
With rosy cheekes, for shame as blushing red :
Her golden locks for hast were loosely shed
About her eares, when Una her did marke
Clymbe to her charet, all with flowers spred,
From heven high to chace the chearelesse darke ;
With mery note her lowd salutes the mounting larke.

LII

Then freshly up arose the doughty knight, 460
All healed of his hurts and woundes wide,
And did himselfe to battaile ready dight;
Whose early foe awaiting him beside
To have devourd, so soone as day he spyde,
When now he saw himselfe so freshly reare,
As if late fight had nought him damnifyde,
He woxe dismaid, and gan his fate to feare :
Nathlesse with wonted rage he him advaunced neare.

LIII

And in his first encounter, gaping wyde,
He thought atonce him to have swallowd quight, 470
And rusht upon him with outrageous pryde ;
Who him rencountring fierce, as hauke in flight,
Perforce rebutted backe. The weapon bright,
Taking advantage of his open jaw,
Ran through his mouth with so importune might,
That deepe emperst his darksom hollow maw,
And, back retyrd, his life blood forth with all did draw.

LIV

So downe he fell, and forth his life did breath,
That vanisht into smoke and cloudes swift;
So downe he fell, that th' earth him underneath 480
Did grone, as feeble so great load to lift;
So downe he fell, as an huge rocky clift,
Whose false foundation waves have washt away,
With dreadfull poyse is from the mayneland rift,
And rolling downe great Neptune doth dismay :
So downe he fell, and like an heaped mountaine lay.

LV

The knight him selfe even trembled at his fall,
So huge and horrible a masse it seemd ;
And his deare Lady, that beheld it all,
Durst not approach for dread which she misdeemd ; 490
But yet at last, whenas the direfull feend
She saw not stirre, off-shaking vaine affright
She nigher drew, and saw that joyous end :
Then God she praysd, and thankt her faithfull knight,
That had atchievde so great a conquest by his might.

CANTO XII

Fayre Una to the Redcrosse Knight
Betrouthcd is with joy :
Though false Duessa, it to barre,
Her false sleighes doe imploy.

I

BEHOLD ! I see the haven nigh at hand
To which I meane my wearie course to bend ;
Vere the maine shete, and beare up with the land,
The which afore is fayrly to be kend,
And seemeth safe from storms that may offend;
There this fayre virgin wearie of her way
Must landed bee, now at her journeyes end ;
There eke my feeble barke a while may stay,
Till mery wynd and weather call her thence away.

II

Scarsely had Phoebus in the glooming East 10
Yett harnessed his fyrie-footed teeme,
Ne reard above the earth his flaming creast,
When the last deadly smoke aloft did steeme,
That signe of last outbreathed life did seeme
Unto the watchman on the castle-wall;
Who thereby dead that balefull Beast did deeme,
And to his Lord and Lady lowd gan call,
To tell how he had seene the Dragons fatall fall.

III

Uprose with hasty joy, and feeble speed,
That aged Syre, the Lord of all that land, 20
And looked forth, to weet if trew indeed
Those tydings were, as he did understand :
Which whenas trew by tryall he out fond,
He badd to open wyde his brasen gate,
Which long time had beene shut, and out of hond
Proclaymed joy and peace through all his state;
For dead now was their foe, which them forrayed late.

IV

Then gan triumphant Trompets sownd on hye,
That sent to heven the ecchoed report
Of their new joy, and happie victory 30
Gainst him, that had them long opprest with tort,
And fast imprisoned in sieged fort.
Then all the people, as in solemne feast,
To him assembled with one full consort,
Rejoycing at the fall of that great beast,
From whose eternall bondage now they were releast.

V

Forth came that auncient Lord, and aged Queene,
Arayd in antique robes downe to the grownd,
And sad habiliments right well beseene :
A noble crew about them waited rownd 40
Of sage and sober peres, all gravely gownd ;
Whom far before did march a goodly band
Of tall young men, all hable armes to sownd;
But now they laurell braunches bore in hand,
Glad signe of victory and peace in all their land.

VI

Unto that doughtie Conquerour they came,
And him before themselves prostrating low,
Their Lord and Patrone loud did him proclame,
And at his feet their lawrell boughes did throw.
Soone after them, all dauncing on a row, 50
The comely virgins came, with girlands dight,
As fresh as flowres in meadow greene doe grow
When morning deaw upon their leaves doth light;
And in their handes sweet Timbrels all upheld on hight.

VII

And them before the fry of children yong
Their wanton sportes and childish mirth did play,
And to the Maydens sownding tymbrels song
In well attuned notes a joyous lay,

And made delightfull musick all the way,
Untill they came where that faire virgin stood : 60
As fayre Diana in fresh sommers day
Beholdes her nymphes enraung'd in shady wood,
Some wrestle, some do run, some bathe in christall flood.

VIII

So she beheld those maydens meriment
With chearefull vew; who, when to her they came,
Themselves to ground with gracious humblesse bent,
And her ador'd by honorable name,
Lifting to heven her everlasting fame :
Then on her head they sett a girlond greene,
And crowned her twixt earnest and twixt game : 70
Who, in her self-resemblance well beseene,
Did seeme, such as she was, a goodly maiden Queene.

IX

And after all the raskall many ran,
Heaped together in rude rablement,
To see the face of that victorious man,
Whom all admired as from heaven sent,
And gazd upon with gaping wonderment;
But when they came where that dead Dragon lay,
Stretcht on the ground in monstrous large extent,
The sight with ydle feare did them dismay, 80
Ne durst approach him nigh to touch, or once assay.

X

Some feard, and fledd; some feard, and well it faynd;
One, that would wiser seeme then all the rest,
Warnd him not touch, for yet perhaps remaynd
Some lingring life within his hollow brest,
Or in his wombe might lurke some hidden nest
Of many Dragonettes, his fruitfull seede :
Another saide, that in his eyes did rest
Yet sparckling fyre, and badd thereof take heed;
Another said, he saw him move his eyes indeed. 90

One mother, whenas her foolehardy chyld
Did come too neare, and with his talants play,
Halfe dead through feare, her litle babe revyld,
And to her gossibs gan in counsell say:
"How can I tell, but that his talants may
Yet scratch my sonne, or rend his tender hand?"
So diversly them selves in vaine they fray;
Whiles some more bold to measure him nigh stand,
To prove how many acres he did spred of land.

Thus flocked all the folke him rownd about; 100
The whiles that hoarie king, with all his traine,
Being arrived where that champion stout
After his foes defeasaunce did remaine,
Him goodly greetes, and fayre does entertayne
With princely gifts of yvory and gold,
And thousand thanks him yeeldes for all his paine.
Then when his daughter deare he does behold,
Her dearely doth imbrace, and kisseth manifold.

And after to his Pallace he them bringes,
With shaumes, and trompets, and with Clarions sweet;
And all the way the joyous people singes, 111
And with their garments strowes the paved street;
Whence mounting up, they fynd purveyaunce meet
Of all, that royall Princes court became ;
And all the floore was underneath their feet
Bespredd with costly scarlott of great name,
On which they lowly sitt, and fitting purpose frame.

What needes me tell their feast and goodly guize,
In which was nothing riotous nor vaine?
What needes of dainty dishes to devise, 120
Of comely services, or courtly trayne?

My narrow leaves cannot in them contayne
 The large discourse of roiall Princes state.
 Yet was their manner then but bare and playne ;
 For th' antique world excesse and pryde did hate :
 Such proud luxurious pompe is swollen up but late.

XV

Then, when with meates and drinckes of every kinde
 Their fervent appetites they quenched had,
 That auncient Lord gan fit occasion finde,
 Of straunge adventures, and of perils sad 130
 Which in his travell him befallen had,
 For to demaund of his renowned guest:
 Who then with utt'rance grave, and count'nance sad,
 From poynt to poynt, as is before exprest,
 Discourst his voyage long, according his request.

xvi

Great pleasure, mixt with pittifull regard,
 That godly King and Queene did passionate,
 Whyles they his pittifull adventures heard ;
 That oft they did lament his lucklesse state,
 And often blame the too importune fate 140
 That heapd on him so many wrathfull wreakes ;
 For never gentle knight, as he of late,
 So tossed was in fortunes cruell freakes :
 And all the while salt teares bedewd the hearers cheaks.

XVII

Then sayd that royall Pere in sober wise :
 " Deare Sonne, great beene the evils which ye bore
 From first to last in your late enterprise,
 That I note whether praise or pittie more ;
 For never living man, I weene, so sore
 In sea of deadly daungers was distrest: 150
 But since now safe ye seised have the shore,
 And well arrived are, (high God be blest !)
 Let us devize of ease and everlasting rest."

XVIII

" Ah dearest Lord ! " said then that doughty knight,
 " Of ease or rest I may not yet devise ;
 For by the faith which I to armes have plight,
 I bownden am streight after this emprize,
 As that your daughter can ye well advize,
 Backe to retourne to that great Faery Queene,
 And her to serve sixe yeares in warlike wize, 160
 Gainst that proud Paynim king that works her teene :
 Therefore I ought crave pardon, till I there have beene."

XIX

" Unhappy falls that hard necessity/
 (Quoth he) " the troubler of my happy peace,
 And vowed foe of my felicity;
 Ne I against the same can justly preace :
 But since that band ye cannot now release,
 Nor doen undo, (for vowes may not be wayne)
 Soone as the terme of those six yeares shall cease,
 Ye then shall hither backe retourne agayne, 170
 The marriage to accomplish vovd betwixt you twayn."

XX

" Which, for my part, I covet to performe
 In sort as through the world I did proclame,
 That who-so kild that monster most deforme,
 And him in hardy battayle overcame,
 Should have mine onely daughter to his Dame,
 And of my kingdome heyre apparaunt bee :
 Therefore, since now to thee perteynes the same
 By dew desert of noble chevalree,
 Both daughter and eke kingdome lo ! I yield to thee."

XXI

Then forth he called that his daughter fayre, 181
 The fairest Un', his onely daughter deare,
 His onely daughter and his only hayre;
 Who forth proceeding with sad sober cheare,

As bright as doth the morning starre appeare
Out of the East, with flaming lockes bedight,
To tell that dawning day is drawing neare,
And to the world does bring long-wished light:
So faire and fresh that Lady shewd herselfe in sight.

XXII

So faire and fresh, as freshest flowre in May ; 190
For she had layd her mournefull stole aside,
And widow-like sad wimple throwne away,
Wherewith her heavenly beautie she did hide,
Whiles on her wearie journey she did ride ;
And on her now a garment she did weare
All lilly white, withoutten spot or pride,
That seemd like silke and silver woven neare ;
But neither silke nor silver therein did appeare.

XXIII

The blazing brightnesse of her beauties beame,
And glorious light of her sunshyny face, 200
To tell were as to strive against the streame :
My ragged rimes are all too rude and bace
Her heavenly lineaments for to enchace.
Ne wonder ; for her own deare loved knight,
All were she daily with himselfe in place,
Did wonder much at her celestial sight:
Oft had he seene her faire, but never so faire dight.

XXIV

So fairely dight when she in presence came,
She to her Syre made humble reverence,
And bowed low, that her right well became, 210
And added grace unto her excellence :
Who with great wisdome and grave eloquence
Thus gan to say—But, eare he thus had sayd,
With flying speede, and seeming great pretence,
Came running in, much like a man dismayd,
A Messenger with letters, which his message sayd.

XXV

All in the open hall amazed stood
 At suddeinnesse of that unwary sight,
 And wondred at his breathlesse hasty mood :
 But he for nought would stay his passage right, 220
 Till fast before the king he did alight;
 Where falling flat great humblesse he did make,
 And kist the ground whereon his foot was pight;
 Then to his handes that writt he did betake,
 Which he disclosing read thus, as the paper spake:

XXVI

" To thee, most mighty king of Eden fayre,
 Her greeting sends in these sad lines addrest
 The wofull daughter and forsaken heyre
 Of that great Emperour of all the West;
 And bids thee be advized for the best, 230
 Ere thou thy daughter linck, in holy band
 Of wedlocke, to that new unknownen guest:
 For he already plighted his right hand
 Unto another love, and to another land.

XXVII

" To me, sad mayd, or rather widow sad,
 He was affyaunced long time before,
 And sacred pledges he both gave, and had,
 False erraunt knight, infamous, and forswore !
 Witnesse the burning Altars, which he swore,
 And guilty heavens of his bold perjury; 240
 Which though he hath polluted oft of yore,
 Yet I to them for judgement just doe fly,
 And them conjure t' avenge this shamefull injury.

XXVIII

" Therefore, since mine he is, or free or bond,
 Or false or trew, or living or else dead,
 Withhold, O soverayne Prince ! your hasty hond
 From knitting league with him, I you aread;

Ne weene my right with strength adowne to tread,
 Through weaknesse of my widowed or woe;
 For truth is strong her rightfull cause to plead, 250
 And shall finde friends, if need requireth soe.
 So bids thee well to fare, Thy neither friend nor
 foe, *Fidessq"*

XXIX

When he these bitter byting wordes had red,
 The tydings straunge did him abashed make,
 That still he sate long time astonished,
 As in great muse, ne word to creature spake.
 At last his solemn silence thus he brake,
 With doubtfull eyes fast fixed on his guest:
 "Redoubted knight, that for myne only sake
 Thy life and honor late adventurst, 260
 Let nought be hid from me that ought to be exprest.

XXX

"What meane these bloody vowes and idle threats,
 Throwne out from womanish impatient mynd?
 What heavens? what altars? what enraged heates,
 Here heaped up with termes of love unkynd,
 My conscience deare with guilty bands would byn.
 High God be witnesse that I guiltlesse ame;
 But if yourselfe, Sir knight, ye faulty fynd,
 Or wrapped be in loves of former Dame,
 With cryme doe not it cover, but disclose the same." 270

XXXI

To whom the Redcrosse knight this answere sent:
 "My Lord, my king, be nought hereat dismayd,
 Till well ye wote by grave intendiment,
 What woman, and wherefore, doth me upbrayd
 With breach of love and loialty betrayd.
 It was in my mishaps, as hitherward
 I lately traveild, that unwares I strayd
 Out of my way, through perils straunge and hard,
 That day should faile me ere I had them all declard.

" There did I find, or rather I was fownd
Of this false woman that Fidessa hight,
Fidessa hight the falsest Dame on grownd,
Most false Duessa, royall richly dight,
That easy was t' inveigle weaker sight:
Who by her wicked arts and wylie skill,
Too false and strong for earthly skill or might,
Unwares me wrought unto her wicked will,
And to my foe betrayd when least I feared ill."

Then stepped forth the goodly royall Mayd,
And on the ground herselfe prostrating low,
With sober countenance thus to him sayd :
" O ! pardon me, my soveraine Lord, to sheow
The secret treasons, which of late I know
To have bene wrought by that false sorceresse :
Shée, onely she, it is, that earst did throw
This gentle knight into so great distresse,
That death him did awaite in daily wretchednesse.

" And now it seemes, that she suborned hath
This crafty messenger with letters vaine,
To worke new woe and improvided scath, 300
By breaking of the band betwixt us twaine;
Wherein she used hath the practicke paine
Of this false footman, clokt with simplenesse,
Whome if ye please for to discover plaine,
Ye shall him Archimago find, I ghesse,
The falsest man alive : who tries, shall find no lesse."

The king was greatly moved at her speech;
And, all with sudden indignation fraught,
Bad on that Messenger rude hands to reach.
Eftsoones the Gard, which on his state did wait, 310

Attacht that faytor false, and bound him strait;
Who seeming sorely chauffed at his band,
As chained beare whom cruell dogs doe bait,
With ydle force did faine them to withstand,
And often semblaunce made to scape out of their hand.

xxxvi

But they him layd full low in dungeon deepe,
And bound him hand and foote with yron chains;
And with continual watch did warely keepe.
Who then would thinke that by his subtile trains
He could escape fowle death or deadly pains ? 320
Thus, when that Princes wrath was pacifide,
He gan renew the late forbidden bains,
And to the knight his daughter deare he tyde
With sacred rites and vowes for ever to abyde.

XXXVII

His owne two hands the holy knotts did knitt,
That none but death for ever can divide;
His owne two hands, for such a turne most fitt,
The housling fire did kindle and provide,
And holy water thereon sprinkled wide;
At which the bushy Teade a groome did light, 330
And sacred lamp in secret chamber hide,
Where it should not be quenched day nor night,
For feare of evil fates, but burnen ever bright.

XXXVIII

Then gan they sprinckle all the posts with wine,
And made great feast to solemnize that day:
They all perfumde with frankincense divine,
And precious odours fetcht from far away,
That all the house did sweat with great aray:
And all the while sweete Musicke did apply
Her curious skill the warbling notes to play, 340
To drive away the dull Melancholy;
The whiles one sung a song of love and jollity.

XXXIX

During the which there was an heavenly noise
 Heard sownd through all the Pallace pleasantly,
 Like as it had bene many an Angels voice
 Singing before th' eternall majesty,
 In their trinall triplicities on hye :
 Yett wist no creature whence that heavenly sweet
 Proceeded, yet each one felt secretly
 Himselfe thereby refte of his sences meet, 350
 And ravished with rare impression in his sprite.

XL

Great joy was made that day of young and old,
 And solemne feast proclaymd throughout the land,
 That their exceeding merth may not be told :
 Suffice it heare by signes to understand
 The usuall joyes at knitting of loves band.
 Thrise happy man the knight himselfe did hold,
 Possessed of his Ladies hart and hand ;
 And ever, when his eie did her behold,
 His heart did seeme to melt in pleasures manifold. 360

XLI

Her joyous presence, and sweet company,
 In full content he there did long enjoy ;
 Ne wicked envy, ne vile gealosy,
 His deare delights were hable to annoy :
 Yet, swimming in that sea of blisfull joy,
 He nought forgott how he whilome had sworne,
 In case he could that monstrous beast destroy,
 Unto his Faery Queene backe to retourne ;
 The which he shortly did, and Una left to mourne.

XLII

Now, strike your sailes, yee jolly Mariners, 370
 For we be come unto a quiet rode,
 Where we must land some of our passengers,
 And light this weary vessell of her lode :

Here she a while may make her safe abode,
Till she repaired have her tackles spent,
And wants supplide ; And then againe abroad
On the long voiage whereto she is bent:
Well may she speede, and fairely finish her intent!

Epithalamion

YE learned sisters, which have oftentimes
Beene to me ayding, others to adorne,
Whom ye thought worthy of your gracefull rymes,
That even the greatest did not greatly scorne
To heare theyr names sung in your simple layes,
But joyed in theyr praise;
And when ye list your owne mishaps to mourne,
Which death, or love, or fortunes wreck did rayse,
Your string could soone to sadder tenor turne,
And teach the woods and waters to lament 10
Your dolefull dreriment:
Now lay those sorrowfull complaints aside ;
And, having all your heads with girlands crownd,
Helpe me mine owne loves prayses to resound;
Ne let the same of any be envide :
So Orpheus did for his owne bride I
So I unto my selfe alone will sing;
The woods shall to me answer, and my Eccho ring.

Early, before the worlds light-giving lampe
His golden beame upon the hils doth spred, 20
Having disperst the nights unchearefull dampe,
Doe ye awake; and, with fresh lusty-hed,
Go to the bowre of my beloved love,
My truest turtle dove;
Bid her awake; for Hymen is awake,
And long since ready forth his maske to move,
With his bright Tead that flames with many a flake,
And many a bachelor to waite on him.

In theyr fresh garments trim.
 Bid her awake therefore, and soone her dight, 30
 For lo ! the wished day is come at last,
 That shall, for all the paynes and sorrowes past,
 Pay to her usury of long delight:
 And, whylest she doth her dight,
 Doe ye to her of joy and solace sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Bring with you all the Nymphes that you can heare
 Both of the rivers and the forrests greene,
 And of the sea that neighbours to her neare :
 Al with gay girlands goodly wel beseene. 40
 And let them also with them bring in hand
 Another gay girland,
 For my fayre love, of lillyes and of roses,
 Bound truelove wize, with a blew silke riband.
 And let them make great store of bridale poses,
 And let them eeke bring store of other flowers,
 To deck the bridale bowers.
 And let the ground whereas her foot shall tread,
 For feare the stones her tender foot should wrong,
 Be strewed with fragrant flowers all along, 50
 And diapred lyke the discolored mead.
 Which done, doe at her chamber dore awayt,
 For she will waken strait;
 The whiles doe ye this song unto her sing,
 The woods shall to you answer, and your Eccho ring.

Ye Nymphes of Mulla, which with carefull heed
 The silver scaly trouts doe tend full well,
 And greedy pikes which use therein to feed;
 (Those trouts and pikes all others doo excell;)
 And ye likewise, which keepe the rushy lake, 60
 Where none doo fishes take;
 Bynd up the locks the which hang scatterd light,
 And in his waters, which your mirror make,
 Behold your faces as the christall bright,
 That when you come whereas my love doth lie,

No blemish she may spie.
 And eke, ye lightfoot mayds, which keepe the dore,
 That on the hoary mountayne use to towre;
 And the wylde wolves, which seeke them to devoure,
 With your Steele darts doo chace from comming neer; 70
 Be also present heere,
 To helpe to decke her, and to help to sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Wake now, my love, awake! for it is time;
 The Rosy Morne long since left Tithones bed,
 All ready to her silver coche to clyme;
 And Phoebus gins to shew his glorious hed.
 Hark! how the cheerefull birds do chaunt theyr laies
 And carroll of Loves praise.
 The merry Larke hir mattins sings aloft; 80
 The Thrush replyes; the Mayis descant playes:
 The Ouzell shrills; the Ruddock warbles soft;
 So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
 To this dayes merriment.
 Ah! my deere love, why doe ye sleepe thus long,
 When meeter were that ye should now awake,
 T' awayt the comming of your joyous make,
 And hearken to the birds love-learned song,
 The deawy leaves among!
 For they of joy and pleasance to you sing, 90
 That all the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

My love is now awake out of her dreames,
 And her fayre eyes, like stars that dimmed were
 With darksome cloud, now shew theyr goodly beams
 More bright then Hesperus his head doth rere.
 Come now, ye damzels, daughters of delight,
 Helpe quickly her to dight:
 But first come ye fayre houres, which were begot,
 In Joves sweet paradise of Day and Night;
 Which doe the seasons of the yeare allot, 100
 And al, that ever in this world is fayre,
 Doe make and still repayre:

And ye three handmayds of the Cyprian Queene,
 The which doe still adorne her beauties pride,
 Helpe to addorhe my beautifullest bride :
 And, as ye her array, still throw betweene
 Some graces to be seene;
 And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
 The whiles the woods shal answer, and your eccho ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come: 110
 Let all the virgins therefore well awayt:
 And ye fresh boyes, that tend upon her groome,
 Prepare your selves, for he is comming strayt,
 Set all your things in seemely good aray,
 Fit for so joyfull day:
 The joyfulst day that ever sunne did see.
 Faire Sun ! shew forth thy favourable ray,
 And let thy lifull heat not fervent be,
 For feare of burning her sunshyny face,
 Her beauty to disgrace. 120
 O fayrest Phcebus ! father of the Muse !
 If ever I did honour thee aright,
 Or sing the thing that mote thy mind delight,
 Doe not thy servants simple boone refuse ;
 But let this day, let this one day, be myne;
 Let all the rest be thine.
 Then I thy soverayne prayses loud wil sing,
 That all the woods shal answer, and their eccho ring.

Harke ! how the Minstrils gin to shrill aloud
 Their merry Musick that resounds from far, 130
 The pipe, the tabor, and the trembling Croud.
 That well agree withouten breach or jar.
 But, most of all, the Damsels doe delite
 When they their tymbrels smyte,
 And thereunto doe daunce and carrol sweet,
 That all the sences they doe ravish quite;
 The whyles the boyes run up and downe the street,
Crying aloud with strong confused noyce,
 As if it were one voyce,

Hymen, id Hymen, Hymen, they do shout; 140
That even to the heavens theyr shouting shrill
Doth reach, and all the firmament doth fill;
To which the people standing all about,
As in approvance, doe thereto applaud,
And loud advaunce her laud;
And evermore they Hymen, Hymen sing,
That al the woods them answer, and theyr eccho ring.

Loe ! where she comes along with portly pace,
Lyke Phoebe, from her chamber of the East,
Arysing forth to run her mighty race, 150
Clad all in white, that seemes a virgin best.
So well it her beseemes, that ye would weene
Some angell she had beene.
Her long loose yellow locks lyke golden wyre,
Sprinckled with perle, and perling flowres atweene,
Doe lyke a golden mantle her attyre ;
And, being crowned with a girland greene,
Seeme lyke some may den Queene,
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare, 160
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to heare her prayses sung so loud,
So farre from being proud.
Nathlesse doe ye still loud her prayses sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Tell me, ye merchants daughters, did ye see
So fayre a creature in your towne before;
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adornd with beautyes grace and vertues store? 170
Her goodly eyes lyke Saphyres shining bright,
Her forehead yvory white,
Her cheekes lyke apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips lyke cherries charming men to byte,
Her brest like to a bowle of creame uncrudded,
Her paps lyke lylies budded,

Her snowie necke lyke to a marble towre;
 And all her body like a pallace fayre,
 Ascending up, with many a stately stayre,
 To honors seat and chastities sweet bowre. 180
 Why stand ye still ye virgins in amaze,
 Upon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
 To which the woods did answer, and your eccho ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beauty of her lively spright,
 Garnisht with heavenly guifts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
 And stand astonisht lyke to those which red
 Medusaes mafeul hed. 190
 There dwels sweet love, and constant chastity,
 Unspotted fayth, and comely womanhood,
 Regard of honour, and mild modesty;
 There vertue raynes as Queene in royal throne,
 And giveth lawes alone,
 The which the base affections doe obay,
 And yeeld theyr services unto her will;
 Ne thought of thing uncomely ever may
 Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
 Had ye once seene these her celestial treasures, 200
 And unrevealed pleasures,
 Then would ye wonder, and her prayes sing,
 That al the woods should answere, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
 Open them wide that she may enter in,
 And all the postes adorne as doth behove,
 And all the pillours deck with girlands trim,
 For to receyve this Saynt with honour dew,
 That commeth in to you.
 With trembling steps, and humble reverence, 210
 She commeth in, before th' Almightyes view;
 Of her ye virgins learne obedience,
 When so ye come into those holy* places,

To humble your proud faces :
Bring her up to th' high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endlesse matrimony make,
And let the roring Organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
The whiles, with hollow throates, 220
The Choristers the joyous Antheme sing,
That al the woods may answere, and their eccho ring.

Behold, whiles she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speakes,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheekes,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermill stayne
Like crimsin dyde in grayne:
That even th' Angels, which continually 230
About the sacred Altare doe remaine,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Ofte peeping in her face, that seems more fayre,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not one looke to glaunce awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsownd.
Why blush ye, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band !
Sing, ye sweet Angels, Alleluya sing, 240
That all the woods may answere, and your eccho ring.

Now al is done : bring home the bride againe ;
Bring home the triumph of our victory :
Bring home with you the glory of her gaine
With joyance bring her and with jollity.
Never had man more joyfull day then this,
Whom heaven would heape with blis,
Make feast therefore now all this live-long day;
This day for ever to me holy is.
Poure out the wine without restraint or stay, 250

Poure not by cups, but by the belly full,
 Poure out to all that wull,
 And sprinkle all the postes and wals with wine,
 That they may sweat, and drunken be withall.
 Crowne ye God Bacchus with a coronall,
 And Hymen also crowne with wreathes of vine ;
 And let the Graces daunce unto the rest,
 For they can "doo it best:
 The whiles the maydens doe theyr carroll sing,
 To which the woods shall answer, and theyr eccho ring. 260

Ring ye the bells, ye yong men of the towne,
 And leave your wonted labors for this day :
 This day is holy ; doe ye write it downe,
 That ye for ever it remember may.
 This day the sunne is in his chiefest; hight,
 With Barnaby the bright,
 From whence declining daily by degrees,
 He somewhat loseth of his heat and light,
 When once the Crab behind his back he sees.
 But for this time it ill ordained was, 270
 To chose the longest day in all the yeare,
 And shortest night, when longest fitter weare:
 Yet never day so long, but late would passe.
 Ring ye the bells, to make it weare away,
 And bonefiers make all day;
 And daunce about them, and about them sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your eccho ring.

Ah! when will this long weary day have end,
 And lende me leave to come unto my love ?
 How slowly do the houres theyr numbers spend? 280
 How slowly does sad Time his feathers move ?
 Hast thee, O fayrest Planet, to thy home,
 Within the Westernne fome:
 Thy tyred steedes long since have need of rest.
 Long though it be, at last I see it gloome,
 And the bright evening-star with golden creast
 Appeare out of the East.

Fayre childe of beauty! glorious lampe of love!
 That all the host of heaven in rankes doost lead,
 And guydest lovers through the nights sad dread, 290
 How chearefully thou lookest from above,
 And seemst to laugh atweene thy twinkling light,
 As joying in the sight
 Of these glad many, which for joy doe sing,
 That all the woods them answer, and their echo ring !

Now cease, ye damsels, your delights fore-past;
 Enough it is that all the day was youres :
 Now day is doen, and night is nighing fast,
 Now bring the Bryde into the brydall boures.
 The night is come, now soon her disaray. 300
 And in her bed her lay ;
 Lay her in lillies and in violets,
 And silken courteins over her display,
 And odour'd sheetes, and Arras coverlets.
 Behold how goodly my faire love does ly,
 In proud humility !
 Like unto Maia, when as Jove her took
 In Tempe, lying on the Howry gras,
 Twixt sleepe and wake, after she weary was,
 With bathing in the Acidalian brooke. 310
 Now it is night, ye damsels may be gon,
 And leave my love alone,
 And leave likewise your former lay to sing :
 The woods no more shall answere, nor your echo ring.

Now welcome, night ! thou night so long expected,
 That long daies labour doest at last defray,
 And all my cares, which cruell Love collected,
 Hast sumd in one, and cancelled for aye:
 Spread thy broad wing over my love and me,
 That no man may us see ; 320
 And in thy sable mantle us enwrap,
 From feare of perrill and foule horror free.
 Let no false treason seeke us to entrap,
 Nor any dread disquiet once annoy

The safety of our joy;
But let the night be calme, and quietsome,
Without tempestuous storms or sad afay :
Lyke as when Jove with fayre Alcmena lay,
When he begot the great Tiryinthian groome:
Or lyke as when he with thy selfe did He 330
And begot Majesty.

And let the mayds and yongmen cease to sing;
Ne let the woods them answer nor theyr eccho ring.

Let no lamenting cryes, nor dolefull teares,
Be heard all night within, nor yet without:
Ne let false whispers, breeding hidden feares,
Breake gentle sleepe with misconceived dout.
Let no deluding dreames, nor dreadfull sights,
Make sudden sad affrights ;
Ne let house-fyres, nor lightnings helpelesse harmes, 340
Ne let the Pouke, nor other evill sprights,
Ne let mischivous witches with theyr charmes,
Ne let hob Goblins, names whose sence we see not,
Fray us with things that be not:
Let not the shrieck Oule nor the Storke be heard,
Nor the night Raven, that still deadly yels ;
Nor damned ghosts, cald up with mighty spels,
Nor griesly vultures, make us once affeard:
Ne let th' unpleasant Quyre of Frogs still croking
Make us to wish theyr choking. 350
Let none of these theyr drery accents sing;
Ne let the woods them answer, nor theyr eccho ring.

But let stil Silence trew night-watches keepe,
That sacred Peace may in assurance rayne,
And tymely Sleep, when it is tyme to sleepe,
May poure his limbs forth on your pleasant playne;
The whiles an hundred little winged loves,
Like divers-fethered doves,
Shall fly and flutter round about your bed,
And in the secret darke, that none reproves, 360
Their prety stealthes shal worke, and snares shal spread

To filch away sweet snatches of delight,
Conceald through covert night.
Ye Sonnes of Venus, play your sports at will!
For greedy pleasure, carelesse of your toyes,
Thinks more upon her paradise of joyes,
Then what ye do, albe it good or ill.
All night therefore attend your merry play,
For it will soone be day :
Now none doth hinder you, that say or sing; 370
Ne will the woods now answer, nor your Eccho ring.

Who is the same, which at my window peepes ?
Or whose is that faire face that shines so bright ?
Is it not Cinthia, she that never sleeps,
But walkes about high heaven al the night ?
O ! fayrest goddesse, do thou not envy
My love with me to spy :
For thou likewise didst love, though now unthought,
And for a fleece of wooll, which privily
The Latmiari shepherd once unto thee brought, 380
His pleasures with thee wrought.
Therefore to us be favorable now ;
And sith of wemens labours thou hast charge,
And generation goodly dost enlarge,
Encline thy will t'effect our wishfull vow,
And the chaste wombe informe with timely seed,
That may our comfort breed :
Till which we cease our hopefull hap to sing;
Ne let the woods us answere, nor our Eccho ring.

And thou, gteat Juno ! which with awful might 390
The lawes of 'wedlock still dost patronize;
And the religion of the faith first plight
With sacred rites hast taught to solemnize,
And eeke for comfort often called art
Of women in their smart;
Eternally bind thou this lovely band,
And all thy blessings unto us impart.
And thou, glad Genius! in whose gentle hand

The bridale bowre and geniall bed remaine,
Without blemish or staine : 400
And the sweet pleasures of theyr loves delight
With secret ayde doest succour and supply,
Till they bring forth the fruitfull progeny;
Send us the timely fruit of this same night.
And thou, fayre Hebe! and thou, Hymen free!
Grant that it may so be.
Til which we cease your further prayse to sing;
Ne any woods shall answer, nor your Eccho ring.

And ye high heavens, the temple of the gods,
In which a thousand torches flaming bright 410
Doe burne, that to us wretched earthly clods
In dreadful darknesse lend desired light;
And all ye powers which in the same remayne,
More then we men can fayne!
Poure out your blessing on us plentiously,
And happy influence upon us raine,
That we may raise a large posterity,
Which from the earth, which they may long possesse
With lasting happinesse,
Up to your haughty pallaces may. mount; 420
And, for the guerdon of theyr glorious merit,.
May heavenly tabernacles there inherit,
Of blessed Saints for to increase the count.
So let us rest, sweet love, in hope of this,
And cease till then our tymely joyes to sing;
The woods no more us answer, nor our eccho ring!

*Song! made in lieu of many ornaments,
With which my love should duly have been dect,
Which cutting off through hasty accidents,
Ye would not stay your dew time to expect, 430
But promist both to recompens ;
Be unto her a goodly ornament,
And for short time an endlesse moniment.*

Prothalamion
or
A Spousall Verse,

MADE BY

EDM. SPENSER,

IN HONOUR OF THE DOUBLE MARIAGE OF THE TWO HON-
 ORABLE AND VERTUOUS LADIES, THE LADIE ELIZABETH,
 AND THE LADIE KATHERINE SOMERSET, DAUGHTERS'
 TO THE RIGHT HONOURABLE THE EARLE OF WORCESTER,
 AND ESPOUSED TO THE TWO WORTHIE GENTLEMEN
 M. HENRY GILFORD, AND M. WILLIAM PETER, ESQUYERS.

CALME was the day, and through the trembling ayre
 Sweete-breathing Zephyrus did softly play
 A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
 Hot Titans beames, which then did glyster fayre;
 When I, (whom sullein care,
 Through discontent of my long fruitlesse stay
 In Princes Court, and expectation vayne
 Of idle hopes, which still doe fly away,
 Like empty shaddowes, did afflict my brayne,)
 Walkt forth to ease my payne 10
 Along the shoare of silver streaming Themmes ;
 Whose rutty Banckè, the which his River hemmes
 Was paynted all with variable flowers,
 And all the meades adornd with daintie gemmes
 Fit to decke may dens bowres,
 And crowne their Paramours
 Against the Brydale day, which is not long :
 Sweete Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my Song.

There, in a Meadow, by the Rivers side,
 A Flocke of Nymphes I chaunced to espy, 20
 All lovely Daughters of the Flood thereby,
 With goodly greenish locks, all loose untidy,

As each had bene a Bryde;
And each one had a little wicker basket,
Made of fine twigs, entrayled curiously,
In which they gathered flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine Fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalkes on hye.
Of every sort, which in that Meadow grew,
They gathered some; the Violet, pallid blew, 30
The little Dazie, that at evening closes,
The virgin Lillie, and the Primrose trew,
With store of vermeil Roses,
To decke their Bridegromes posies
Against the Brydale day, which was not long:
Sweete Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my Song.

With that I saw two Swannes of goodly hewe
Come softly swimming downe along the Lee;
Two fairer Birds I yet did never see;
The snow, which doth the top of Pindus strew 40
Did never whiter shew,
Nor Jove himselfe, when he a Swan would be,
For love of Leda, whiter did appeare;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing neare;
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle streame, the which them bare,
Seem'd foule to them, and bad his billowes spare
To wet their silken feathers, least they might
Soyle their fayre plumes with water not so fayre, 50
And marre their beauties bright,
That shone as heavens light,
Against their Brydale day, which was not long :
Sweete Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my Song.

Eftsoones the Nymphes, which now had Flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood,
As they came floating on the Christal Flood;
Whom when they sawe, they stood amazed still,
Their wondring eyes to fill;

Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fayre, 60
 Of Fowles, so lovely, that they sure did deeme
 Them heavenly borne, or to be that same payre
 Which through the Side draw Venus silver Teeme ;
 For sure they did not seeme
 To be begot of any earthly Seede,
 But rather Angels, or of Angels breede;
 Yet were they bred of Somers-heat, they say,
 In sweetest Season, when each Flower and weede
 The earth did fresh aray ;
 So fresh they seem'd as day, y*
 Even as their Brydale day, which was not long :
 Sweete Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my Song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
 Great store of Flowers, the honour of the field,
 That to the sense did fragrant odours yeild,
 All which upon those goodly Birds they threw
 And all the Waves did strew,
 That like old Peneus Waters they did seeme,
 When downe along by pleasant Tempes shore,
 Scattered with Flowres, through Thessaly they streeme, 80
 That they appeare, through Lillies plenteous store,
 Like a Brydes Chamber flore.
 Two of those Nymphes, meane while, two Garlands bound
 Of freshest Flowres which in that Mead they found,
 The which presenting all in trim Array,
 Their snowie Foreheads therewithall they crownd,
 Whil'st one did sing this Lay,
 Prepar'd against that Day,
 Against their Brydale day, which was not long :
 Sweete Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my Song. 90

" Ye gentle Birdes ! the worlds faire ornament,
 And heavens glorie, whom this happie hower
 Doth leade unto your lovers blisfull bower,
 Joy may you have, and gentle hearts content
 Of your loves couplement;
 And let faire Venus, that is Queene of love,

With her heart-quelling Sonne upon you smile,
 Whose smile, they say, hath vertue to remove
 All Loves dislike, and friendships faultie guile
 For ever to assoile. 100
 Let endlesse Peace your steadfast hearts accord,
 And blessed Plentie wait upon your bord;
 And let your bed with pleasures chast abound,
 That fruitfull issue may to you afford,
 Which may your foes confound,
 And make your joyes redound
 Upon your Brydale day, which is not long:
 Sweete Themmes! runne softlie, till I end my Song."

So ended she; and all the rest around
 To her redoubled that her undersong, no
 Which said their brydale daye should not be long:
 And gentle Eccho from the neighbour ground
 Their accents did resound.
 So forth those joyous Birdes did passe along,
 Adowne the Lee, that to them murmurde low,
 As he would speake, but that he lackt a tong,
 Yet did by signes his glad affection show,
 Making his streame run slow.
 And all the foule which in his flood did dwell
 Gan flock about these twaine, that did excell 120
 The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
 The lesser starres. So they, enrangecl well,
 Did on those two attend,
 And their best service lend
 Against their wedding day, which was not long:
 Sweete Themmes! run softly, till I end my Song.

At length they all to mery London came,
 To mery London, my most kyndly Nurse,
 That to me gave this Lifes first native sourse,
 Though from another place I take my name, 130
 An house of auncient fame:
 There when they came, whereas those bricky towres
 The which on Themmes brode aged backe doe ryde,

Where now the studious Lawyers have their bowers,
 There whylome wont the Templer Knights to byde,
 Till they decayd through pride ;
 Next whereunto there standes a stately place,
 Where oft I gayned giftes and goodly grace
 Of that great Lord, which therein wont to dwell,
 Whose want too well now feeses my freendles case ; 140
 But ah ! here fits not well
 Olde woes, but joyes, to tell

Against the bridale daye, which is not long :
 Sweete Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my Song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble Peer,
 Great Englands glory, and the Worlds wide wonder,
 Whose dreadfull name late through all Spaine did thunder,
 And Hercules two pillors standing neere
 Did make to quake and feare :
 Faire branch of Honor, flower of Chevalrie! 150
 That fillest England with thy triumphes fame,
 Joy have thou of thy noble victorie,
 And endlesse happinesse of thine owne name
 That promiseth the same ;
 That through thy prowesse, and victorious armes,
 Thy country may be freed from forraine harmes ;
 And great Elisaes glorious name may ring
 Through al the world, fil'd with thy wide Alarmes,
 Which some brave muse may sing
 To ages following. 160

Upon the Brydale day, which is not long :
 Sweete Themmes ! runne softly till I end my Song.

From those high Towers this noble Lord issuing,
 Like Radiant Hesper, when his golden hayre
 In th' Ocean billowes he hath bathed fayre,
 Descended to the Rivers open vewing,
 With a great traine ensuing.
 Above the rest were goodly to bee seene
 Two gentle Knights of lovely face and feature.
 Beseeming well the bower of anie Queene, 170

With gifts of wit, and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in sight,
Which decke the Bauldticke of the Heavens bright;
They two, forth pacing to the Rivers side
Received those two faire Brides, their Loves delight;
Which, at th' appointed tyde,
Each one did make his Bryde
Against their Brydale day, which is not long:
 Sweete Themmes ! runne softly, till I end my Song. 180

The Shepheards Calendar
To His Booke

*Goe, little hooke! they selfe present,
As child whose parent Is unkent,
To him that is the president
Of Noblesse and of chevalree :
And if that Envie barke at thee.
As sure it will, for succoure flee
Under the shadow of his wing;
And asked who thee forth did bring.
A shepheards swaine, saye, did thee sing
All as his straying flocke he fedde :
And, when his honor has thee redde,
Crave pardon for my hardyhedde.
But, if that any aske thy name,
Say, thou wert base-begot with blame;
For-thy thereof thou takest shame.
And, when thou art past jeoparddee,
Come tell me what was sayd of mee,
And I will send more after thee.*

The Generall Argument of the Whole Booke

LITTLE, I hope, needeth me at large to discourse the first Originall of *Æglogues*, having alreadye touched the same. But, for the word *Æglogues*, I know, is unknowne to most, and also mistaken of some of the best learned (as they think,) I wyll say somewhat thereof, being not at all impertinent to my present purpose.

They were first of the Creekes, the inventours of them, called *Mglogai*, as it were *αἰγών, ὅτι αἰγονόμων λόγοι*, that is, Goteheards tales. For although in Virgile and others the speakers be more Shepheards then Goatheards, yet Theocritus, in whom is more ground of authoritie then in Virgile, this specially from that deriving, as from the first head and welspring, the whole Invencion of these *Æglogues*, maketh Goteheards the persons and authors of his tales. This being, who seeth not the grossenesse of such as by colour of learning would make us beleieve that they are more rightly termed *Eclogai*, as they would say, extraordinary discourses of unnecessarie matter: which definition albe in substaunce and meaning it agree with the nature of the thing, yet no whit answereth with the ' and interpretation of the word. For they be not termed *Eclogues*, but *Æglogues*; which sentence this authour very well observing, upon good judgement, though indeede few Goteheards have to doe herein, nethelasse doubteth not to cal them by the used and best knowne name. Other curious discourses hereof I reserve to greater occasion.

These xij *Æglogues*, every where answering to the seasons of the twelve monthes, may be well divided into three formes or ranckes. For eyther they be Plaintive, as the first, the sixth, the eleventh, and the twelfth; or Recreative, such as al those be, which containe matter of love, or commendation of special personages; or Moral, which for the most part be mixed with some Satyrical bitternesse; namely, the second, of reverence dewe to old age; the fift, of coloured deceit; the

seventh and ninth, of dissolute shepheards and pastours ; the tenth, of contempt of Poetrie and pleasaunt wits. And to this division may every thing herein be reasonably applyed : a few onely except, whose speciall purpose and meaning I am not privie to. And thus much generally of these xij Æglogues. Now will we speake particularly of all, and first of the first, which he calleth by the first monethes name, Januarie : wherein to some he may seeme fowly to have faulted, in that he erroneously beginneth with that moneth, which beginneth not the yeare. For it is wel known, and stoutely mainteyned with stronge reasons of the learned, that the yeare beginneth in March ; for then the sonne reneweth his finished course, and the seasonable spring refresheth the earth, and the plesaunce thereof, being buried in the sadnesse of the dead winter now worne away, reliveth.

This opinion maynteine the olde Astrologers and Philosophers, namely, the reverend Andalo, and Macrobius in his holydayes of Saturne; which accoumpt also was generally observed both of Grecians and Romans. But, saving the leave of such learned heads, we maytaine a custome of coumpting the seasons from the moneth January, upon a more speciall cause then the heathen Philosophers ever coulde conceive, that is, for the incarnation of our mighty Saviour, and eternall redeemer the L. Christ, who, as then renewing the state of the decayed world, and returning the compasse of expired yeres to theyr former date and first commencement, left to us his heires a memoriall of his birth in the ende of the last yeere and beginning of the next. Which reckoning, beside that eternall monument of our salvation, leaneth also uppon good prooffe of special judgement.

For albeit that in elder tymes, when as yet the coumpt of the yere was not perfected, as afterwarde it was by Julius Caesar, they began to tel the monethes from Marches beginning, and according to the same God (as is sayd in Scripture) comaunded the people of the Jewes, to count the moneth Abib, that which we call March, for the first moneth, in remembraunce that in that moneth he brought

them out of the land of *Ægipt*; yet, according to tradition of latter times, it hath bene otherwise observed, both in government of the Church and rule of Mightiest Realmes. For from Julius Cesar who first observed the leape yeere, which he called *Bissextilem Annum*, and brought into a more certain course the odde wandring dayes which of the Greekes were called ~~intercalary~~ *intercalares*, of the Romanes *intercalares*, (for in such matter of learning I am forced to use the termes of the learned), the monethes have bene nombred xij, which in the first ordinance of Romulus were but tenne, counting but ccciiij dayes in every yeare, and beginning with March. But Numa Pompilius, who was the father of al the Romain ceremonies and religion, seeing that reckoning to agree neither with the course of the sonne nor of the moone, thereunto added two monethes, January and February; wherin it seemeth, that wise king minded, upon good reason, to begin the yeare at Januarie, of him therefore so called *tanquam Janua anni*, the gate and entraunce of the yere; or of the name of the god *Janus*, to which god for that the olde Paynims attributed the byrth and beginning of all creatures new comming into the worlde, it seemeth that he therfore to him assigned the beginning and first entraunce of the yeare. Which account for the most part hath hetherto continued: Notwithstanding that the *Ægiptians* beginne theyr yeare at September; for that, according to the opinion of the best Rabbins and very purpose of the Scripture itselfe, God made the worlde in that Moneth, that is called of them *Tisri*. And therefore he commaunded them to keepe the feast of Pavilions in the end of the yeare, in the xv. day of the seventh moneth, which before that time was the first.

But our Authour respecting nether the subtiltie of thone part, nor the antiquitie of thother, thinketh it fittest, according to the simplicitie of common understanding, to begin with Januarie; wening it perhaps no decorum that Shepherds should be seene in matter of so deepe insight, or canvase a case of so doubtful judgment. So therefore beginneth he, and so continueth he throughout.

Januarie

ÆGLOGA PRIMA. ARGUMENT.

In this fyrst Æglogue Colin Cloute, a shepheardes boy, complaineth him of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lasse called Rosalinde: with which strong affection being very sore traveled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winter-beaten flocke. And, lastlye, fynding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe inpeeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.

COLIN CLOUTE

A SHEPEHEARDS boye, (no better doe him call,)
 When Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
 All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
 Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent:
 So faynt they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
 That now unnethes their feete could them uphold.

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepheards looke,
 For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while!)
 May seeme he lov'd, or els some care he tooke;
 Well couth he tune his pipe and frame his stile: 10
 Tho to a hill his faynting flocke he ledde,
 And thus him playnd, the while his shepe there fedde.

" Ye Gods of love, that pitie lovers payne,
 (If any gods the paine of lovers pitie)
 Looke from above, where you in joyes remaine,
 And bowe your eares unto my dolefull dittie:
 And, Pan, thou shepheards God that once didst love,
 Pitie the paines that thou thy selfe didst prove.

" Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath wasted,
 Art made a myrrhour to behold my plight: 20

Whilome thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
 Thy sommer prowde, with Daffadillies dight;
 And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
 Thy mantle mard, wherein thou maskedst late.

" Such rage as winters reigneth in my heart,
 My life-bloud friesing with unkindly cold;
 Such stormy stoures do breede my balefull smart,
 As if my yeare were wast and woxen old;
 And yet, alas ! but now my spring begonne,
 And yet, alas ! yt is already donne. 30

" You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
 Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre,
 And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
 Instede of bloosmes, wherewith your buds did flowre ;
 I see your teares that from your boughes doe raine,
 Whose drops in drery ysicles remaine.

" All so my lustfull leafe is drye and sere,
 My timely buds with wayling all are wasted ;
 The blossome which my braunch of youth did beare
 With breathed sighes is blowne away and blasted ; 40
 And from mine eyes the drizling teares descend,
 As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

" Thou feeble flocke, whose fleece is rough and rent,
 Whose knees are weake through fast and evill fare,
 Mayst witnesse well, by thy ill government,
 Thy maysters mind is overcome with care :
 Thou weake, I wanne; thou leane, I quite forlorne :
 With mourning pyne I; you with pyning mourne.

" A thousand sithes I curse that carefull hower
 Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see, 50
 And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure
 Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight as shee :
 Yet all for naught: such sight hath bred my bane.
 Ah, God ! that love should breede both joy and payne !

" It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plaine,
 Albee my love he seeke with dayly suit;
 His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
 His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit.

Ah, foolish Hobbinol! thy gyfts bene vayne;
 Colin them gives to Rosalind againe. 60

" I love thilke lasse, (alas ! why doe I love ?)
 And am forlorne, (alas ! why am I lorne ?)
 Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,
 And of my rurall musicke holdeth scorne.
 Shepherds devise she hateth as the snake,
 And laughes the songs that Colin Clout doth make.

" Wherefore, my pype, albee rude Pan thou please,
 Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would :
 And thou, unlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
 My musing mynd, yet canst not when thou should ; 70
 Both pype and Muse shall sore the while abyne."
 So broke his oaten pype, and downe dyd lye.

By that, the welked Phoebus gan availe
 His weary waine; and nowe the frosty Night
 Her mantle black through heaven gan overhaile :
 Which seene, the pensife boy, halfe in despight,
 Arose, and homeward drove his sonned sheepe,
 Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to
 weepe.

Februarie

ÆGLOGA SECUNDA. ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is rather morall and generally then bent to any secrete or particular purpose. It specially conteyneth a discourse of old age, in the persone of Thenot, an olde Shepheard, who for his crookednesse and unlustinesse is scorned of Cuddie, an unhappy Heardmans boye. The matter very

well accordeth with the season of the moneths thejeare now drouping, and as it were drawing to his last age. For as in this time of ye are, so then in our bodies, there is a dry and withering cold, which congealeth the crudled blood, and frieseth the wetherheaten flesh with stormes of Fortune, and hoare frosts of Care. To which purpose the olde man telieth a tale of the Oake and the Bryer, so lively, and so feelingly, as, if the thing were set forth in some Picture before our eyes, tnore plainly could not appeare.

CUDDIE. THENOT.

CUDDIE

Ah for pittie ! wil rancke Winters rage
 These bitter blasts never ginne tasswage ?
 The kene cold blowes through my beaten hyde,
 All as I were through the body gryde :
 My ragged rontes all shiver and shake,
 As doen high Towers in an earthquake :
 They wont in the wind wagge their wrigle tayles,
 Perke as a Peacock; but now it auales.

THENOT

Lewdly complainest thou, laesie ladde,
 Of Winters wracke for making thee sadde. 10
 Must not the world wend in his commun course,
 From good to badd, and from badde to v/orse,
 From worse unto that is worst of all,
 And then retorne to his former fall?
 Who will not suffer the stormy time,
 Where will he live tyll the lusty prime ?
 Selfe have I worne out thrise threttie yeares,
 Some in much joy, many in many teares,
 Yet never complained of cold nor heate,
 Of Sommers flame, nor of Winters threat, 20
 Ne ever was to Fortune foeman,
 But gently tooke that ungently came;
 And ever my flocke was my chiefe care,
 Winter or Sommer they mought well fare.

CUDDIE

No marveile, Thenot, if thou can beare
Cherefully the Winters wrathful cheare ;
For Age and Winter accord full nie,
This chill, that cold; this crooked, that wrye ;
And as the lowring Wether lookes downe,
So semest thou like Good Fryday to frowne : 30
But my flowring youth is foe to frost,
My shippe unwont in stormes to be tost.

THENOT

The soveraigne of seas he blames in vaine,
That, once sea-beate, will to sea againe :
So loytring live you little heardgroomes,
Keeping your beastes in the budded broomes :
And, when the shining sunne laugheth once,
You deemen the Spring is come attonce ;
Tho gynne you, fond flyes ! the cold to scorne,
And, crowing in pypes made of greene corn, 40
You thinken to be Lords of the yeare;
But eft, when ye count you freed from feare,
Comes the breme Winter with chamfred browes,
Full of wrinckles and frostie furrowes,
Drerily shooting his stormy darte,
Which cruddles the blood and pricks the harte :
Then is your carelesse corage accoied, .
Your carefull heards with cold bene annoied :
Then paye you the price of your surquedrie,
With weeping, and wayling, and misery. 50

CUDDIE

Ah, foolish old man ! I scorne thy skill,
That wouldest me my springing youngth to spil:
I deeme thy braine emperished bee
Through rusty elde, that hath rotted thee :
Or sicker thy head veray tottie is,
So on thy corbe shoulder it leanes amisse.
Now thy selfe hast lost both lopp and topp,
Als my budding braunch thou wouldest cropp ;

But were thy yeares greene, as now bene myne,
 To other delights they would encline : 60
 Tho wouldest thou learne to caroll of Love,
 And hery with hymnes thy lasses glove;
 Tho wouldest thou pype of Phyllis prayse ;
 But Phyllis is myne for many dayes.
 I wonne her with a gyrdle of gelt,
 Embost with buegle about the belt:
 Such an one shepeheards would make full faine ;
 Such an one would make thee younge againe. .

THENOT

Thou art a fon of thy love to boste;
 All that is lent to love wyll be lost. 70

CUDDIE

Seest howe brag yond Bullocke beares,
 So smirke, so smoothe, his pricked eares ?
 His homes bene as broade as Rainebowe bent,
 His dewelap as lythe as lasse of Kent:
 See howe he venteth into the wynd;
 Weenest of love is not his mynd ?
 Seemeth thy flocke thy counsell can,
 So lustlesse bene they, so weake, so wan ;
 Clothed with cold, and hoary wyth frost,
 Thy flocks father his corage hath lost. 80
 Thy Ewes, that wont to have bio wen bags,
 Like wailefull widdowes hangen their crags ;
 The rather Lambes bene starved with cold,
 All for their Maister is lustlesse and old.

THENOT

Cuddie, I wote thou kenst little good,
 So vainely tadvance thy headlesse hood;
 For youngth is a bubble blown up with breath,
 Whose witt is weakenesse, whose wage is death,
 Whose way is wildernesse, whose ynne Penance,
 And stoope-gallaunt Age, the hoste of Greevaunce. 90
 But shall I tel thee a tale of truth,

Which I cond of Tityrus in my youth,
Keeping his sheepe on the hils of Kent?

CUDDIE

To nought more, Thenot, my mind is bent
Then to heare novells of his devise;
They bene so well-thewed, and so wise,
What ever that good old man bespake.

THENOT

Many meete tales of youth did he make,
And some of love, and some of chevalrie ;
But none fitter then this to applie. 100

Now listen a while and hearken the end.

There grewe an aged Tree on the greene,
A goodly Oake sometime had it bene,
With armes full strong and largely displayd,
But of their leaves they were disarayde :
The bodie bigge, and mightely pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wonderous hight;
Whilome had bene the King of the field,
And mochell mast to the husband did yelde,
And with his nuts larded many swine: 110
But now the gray mosse marred his rine;
His bared boughes were beaten with stormes,
His toppe was bald, and wasted with wormes,
His honor decayed, his braunches sere.

Hard by his side grewe a bragging Brere,
Which proudly thrust into Thelement,
And seemed to threat the Firmament:
It was embellisht with blossomes fayre,
And thereto aye wonned to repayre
The shepheards daughters to gather flowres, 120
To peinct their girlonds with his colowres;
And in his small bushes used to shrowde
The sweete Nightingale singing so lowde;
Which made this foolish Brere wexe so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold
And snebbe the good Oake, for he was old.

" Why standst there (quoth he) thou brutish blocke ?
 Nor for fruict nor for shadowe serves thy stocke;
 Seest how fresh my flowers bene spredde,
 Dyed in Lilly white and Cremsin redde, 130
 With Leaves engrained in lusty greene;
 Colours meete to clothe a mayden Queene ?
 Thy wast bignes but combers the grownd,
 And dirks the beauty of my blossomes rownd :
 The mouldie mosse, .which thee accloieth,
 My Sinamon smell too much annoieth:
 Wherefore soone I rede thee hence remove,
 Least thou the price of my displeasure prove."
 So spake this bold brere with great disdaine:
 Little him aunswered the Oake againe, 140
 But yeelled, with shame and greefe adawed,
 That of a weede he was overcrowed.

Yt chaunced after upon a day,
 The Hus-bandman selfe to come that way,
 Of custome for to survewe his grownd,
 And his trees of state in compasse rownd:
 Him when the spitefull brere had espyed,
 Causelesse complained, and lowdly cryed
 Unto his lord, stirring up sterne strife.

" O, my liege Lord! the God of my life! 150
 Pleaseth you ponder your Suppliants plaint,
 Caused of wrong and cruell constraint,
 Which I your poore Vassall dayly endure;
 And, but your goodnes the same recure,
 Am like for desperate doole to dye,
 Through felonous force of mine enemie."

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
 Him rested the goodman on the lea,
 And badde the Brere in his plaint proceede.
 With painted words tho gan this proude weede, 160
 (As most usen Ambitious folke :)
 His colowred crime with craft to cloke.

" Ah, my soveraigne! Lord of creatures all,
 Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
 Was not I planted of thine owne hand,

To be the primrose of all thy land ;
 With flowring blossomes to furnish the prime,
 And scarlot berries in Sommer time?
 How falls it then that this faded Oake,
 Whose bodie is sere, whose braunches broke, 170
 Whose naked Armes stretch unto the fyre,
 Unto such tyrannie doth aspire;
 Hindering with his shade my lovely light,
 And robbing me of the swete Sonnes sight ?
 So beate his old boughes my tender side,
 That oft the bloud springeth from woundes wyde ;
 Untimely my flowres forced to fall,
 That bene the honor of your Coronall:
 And oft he lets his cancker-wormes light
 Upon my braunches, to worke me more spight; 180
 And oft his hoarie locks downe doth cast,
 Where-with my fresh flowretts bene defast:
 For this, and many more such outrage,
 Craving your goodlihead to aswage
 The ranckorous rigour of his might,
 Nought aske I, but onely to hold my right;
 Submitting me to your good sufferance,
 And praying to be garded from greivance."
 To this the Oake cast him to replie
 Well as he couth ; but his enemye 190
 Had kindled such coles of displeasure, .
 That the good man noulde stay his leasure,
 But home him hasted with furious heate,
 Encreasing his wrath with many a threate ;
 His harmefull Hatchet he hent in hand,
 (Alas ! that it so ready should stand!)
 And to the field alone he speedeth,
 (Ay little helpe to harme there needeth!)
 Anger nould let him speake to the tree,
 Enaunter his rage mought cooled bee; 200
 But to the roote bent his sturdy stroake,
 And made many wounds in the wast Oake.
 The Axes edge did oft turne againe,
 As halfe unwilling to cutte the graine;

Semed, the sencelesse yron dyd feare,
 Or to wrong holy eld did forbear;e;
 For it had bene an auncient tree,
 Sacred with many a mysteree,
 And often crost with the priestes crewe,
 And often halow wed with holy-water dew : 210
 But sike fancies weren foolerie,
 And broughten this Oake to this miserye ;
 For nought mought they quitten him from decay,
 For fiercely the good man at him did laye.
 The blocke oft groned under the blow,
 And sighed to see his neare overthrow.
 In fine, the Steele had pierced his pitth,
 Tho downe to the earth he fell forthwith.
 His wonderous weight made the ground to quake,
 Thearth shronke under him, and seemed to shake :—
 There lyeth the Oake, pitied of none ! 221

Now stands the Brere like a lord alone,
 Puffed up with pryde and vaine pleasaunce ;
 But all this glee had no continuaunce:
 For eftsones Winter gan to approche;
 The blustering Boreas did encroche,
 And beate upon the solitarie Brere;
 For nowe no succoure was seene him nere.
 Now gan he repent his pryde to late;
 For, naked left and disconsolate, 230
 The byting frost nipt his stalke dead,
 The watrie wette weighed downe his head,
 And heaped snowe burdned him so sore,
 That nowe upright he can stand no more ;
 And, being downe, is trodde in the durt
 Of cattell, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
 Such was thend of this Ambitious brere,
 For scorning Eld—

CUDDIE

Now I pray thee, shepheard, tel it not forth:
 Here is a long tale, and little worth. 240
 So longe have I listened to thy speche,

That graffed to the ground is my breche:
 My hart-blood is wel nigh frorne, I feele,
 And my galage growne fast to my heele:
 But little ease of thy lewd tale I tasted:
 Hye thee home, shepherd, the day is nigh wasted.

March

ÆGLOGA TERTIA. ARGUMENT.

In this Æglogue two shepherds bquyes, taking occasion of the season, beginne to make purpose of love, and other piesaunce which to spring time is most agreeable. The speciall meaning hereof is, to give certaine markes and tokens to know Cupide, the Poets God of hove. But more particular lye, I thinke, in the person of Thomalin is meant some secrete freend, who scorned hove and his knights so long, till at length him selfe was entangled, and unwares wounded with the dart of some beautifull regard, which is Cupides arrow.

WILLYE. THOMALIN.

WILLYE

Thomalin, why sytten we soe,
 As weren overwent with woe,
 Upon so fayre a morow ?
 The joyous time now nighes fast,
 That shall alegge this bitter blast,
 And slake the winters sorowe.

THOMALIN

Sicker, Willye, thou warnest well;
 For Winters wrath beginnes to quell,
 And pleasant spring appeareth :
 The grasse nowe ginnes to be refresht,
 The Swallow peepes out of her nest,
 And clowdie Welkin cleareth.

WILLYE

Seest not thilke same Hawthorne stude,
How bragly it beginnes to budde,

And utter his tender head ?

Flora now calleth forth eche flower,
And bids make readie Maias bowre,

That newe is upryst from bedde :

Tho shall we sporten in delight,

And learne with Lettice to wexe light, 20

That scornefully lookes askaunce ;

Tho will we little Love awake,

That nowe sleepeth in Lethe lake

And pray him leaden our daunce.

THOMALIN

Will ye, I wene thou bee assot;

For lustie Love still sleepeth not,

But is abroad at his game.

WILLYE

How kenst thou that he is awoke ?

Or hast thy selfe his slomber broke,

Or made previe to the same ? 30

THOMALIN

No : but happely I hym spyde,

Where in a bush he did him hide,

With winges of purple and blewe ;

And, were not that my sheepe would stray,

The previe marks I would bewray,

Whereby by chaunce I him knewe.

WILLYE

Thomalin, have no care for-thy ;

My selfe will have a double eye,

Ylike to my flocke and thine ;

For als at home I have a syre, 40

A stepdame eke, as whott as fyre,

That dewly adayes counts mine.

THOMALIN

Nay, but thy seeing will not serve,
 My sheepe for that may chaunce to swerve,
 And fall into some mischiefe :
 For sithens is but the third morowe
 That I chaunst to fall asleepe with sorowe
 And waked againe with griefe;
 The while thilke same unhappye Ewe,
 Whose clouted legge her hurt doth shewe, 50
 Fell headlong into a dell,
 And there unjoynted both her bones :
 Mought her necke bene joynted attones,
 She shoulde have neede no more spell;
 Thelf was so wanton and so wood,
 (But now I trowe can better good,)
 She mought ne gang on the greene.

WILLYE

Let be, as may be, that is past:
 That is to come, let be forecast:
 Now tell us what thou hast seene. 60

THOMALIN

It was upon a holiday,
 When shepheardes groomes han leave, to playe,
 I cast to goe a shooting.
 Long wandring up and downe the land,
 With bowe and bolts in either hand,
 For birds in bushes tooting,
 At length within an Yvie todde,
 (There shrouded was the little God)
 I heard a busie bustling.
 I bent my bolt against the bush, 70
 Listening if any thing did rushe,
 But then heard no more rustling :
 Tho, peeping close into the thicke,
 Might see the moving of some quicke,
 Whose shape appeared not;

But were it faerie, feend, or snake,
 My courage earnd it to awake,
 And manfully thereat shotte.
 With that sprong forth a naked swayne
 With spotted winges, like Peacocks trayne, 80
 And laughing lope to a tree ;
 His gylden quiver at his backe,
 And silver bowe, which was but slacke,
 Which lightly he bent at me :
 That seeing, I levelde againe
 And shott at him with might and maine,
 As thicke as it had hayled.
 So long I shott, that al was spent;
 The pumie stones I hastily hent
 And threwe ; but nought availed : 90
 He was so wimble and so wight,
 From bough to bough he lepped light,
 And oft the pumies latched.
 Therewith affrayd, I ranne away ;
 But he, that earst seemd but to playe,
 A shaft in earnest snatched,
 And hit me running in the heele :
 For then I little smart did feele,
 But soone it sore encreased ;
 And now it ranckleth more and more, 100
 And inwardly it festreth sore,
 Ne wote I how to cease it.

WILLYE

Thomalin, I pittie thy plight,
 Perdie with Love thou diddest fight :
 I know him by a token ;
 For once I heard my father say,
 How he him caught upon a day,
 (Whereof he wil be wroken)
 Entangled in a fowling net,
 Which he for carrion Crowes had set 110
 That in our Peere-tree haunted:
 Tho sayd, he was a winged lad,

But bowe and shafts as then none had,
 Els had he sore be daunted.
 But see, the Welkin thicks apace,
 And stouping Phebus steepes his face :
 Yts time to hast us homeward.

April

ÆGLOGA QUARTA. ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is purposely intended to the honor and prayse of our most gracious sovereigne, Queene Elizabeth. The speakers herein be Hobbinoli and Thenott, two shepherdes: the which Hobbinoli, being before mentioned greatly to have loved Colin, is here set forth more largely, complayning him of that boyes great misadventure in hove ; whereby his mynd was alienate and withdrawn not onely from him, who moste loved him, but also from all former delightes and studies, as well in pleasaunt pyping, as conning ryming and singing, and other his laudable exercises. Whereby he taketh occasion, for prooffe of his more excellencie and skill in poetrie, to recorde a songe, which the sayd Colin sometime made in honor of her Majestie, whom abruptly he termeth Elysa.

THENOT. HOBBINOLL.

THENOT

Tell me, good Hobbinoli, what garres thee greette ?
 What ? hath some Wolfe thy tender Lambes ytorne ?
 Or is thy Bagpype broke, that soundes so sweete ?
 Or art thou of thy loved lasse forlorne ?

Or bene thine eyes attempted to the yeare,
 Quenching the gasping furrowes thirst with rayne ?
 Like April shoure so stremes the trickling teares
 Adowne thy cheeke, to quenche thy thirstye payne.

HOBBINOLL

Nor thys, nor that, so mucche doeth make me mourne;
 But for the ladde, whome long I lov'd so deare, 10
 No we loves a lasse that all his love doth scorne :
 He, plongd in payne, his tressed locks dooth teare.

Shepheards delights he dooth them all forswear;
 Hys pleas aunt Pipe, whych made us meriment,
 He wyfully hath broke, and doth forbear
 His wonted songs, wherein he all outwent.

THENOT

What is he for a Ladde you so lament ?
 Ys love such pinching payne to them that prove ?
 And hath he skill to make so excellent,
 Yet hath so little skill to brydle love ? 20

HOBBINOLL

Colin thou kenst, the Southerne shepheardes boye ;
 Him Love hath wounded with a deadly darte :
 Whilome on him was all my care and joye,
 Forcing with gyfts to winne his wanton heart.

But now from me hys madding mynd is starte,
 And woes the Widdowes daughter of the glenne;
 So nowe fayre Rosalind hath bredde hys smart,
 So now his frend is chaunged for a frenne.

THENOT

But if hys ditties bene so trimly dight,
 I pray thee, Hobbinoll, recorde some one, 30
 The whiles our flockes do graze about in sight,
 And we close shrowded in thys shade alone.

HOBBINOLL

Contented I: then, will I singe his laye
 Of fayre Elisa, Queene of shepheardes all,
 Which once he made as by a spring he laye,
 And tuned it unto the Waters fall.

" Ye daynty Nymphs, that in this blessed brooke
Doe bathe your brest,
Forsake your watry bowres, and hether looke,
At my request: 40
And eke you Virgins, that on Parnasse dwell,
Whence floweth Helicon, the learned well,
Helpe me to blaze
Her worthy praise,
Which in her sexe doth all excell.

" Of fayre Elisa be your silver song,
That blessed wight,
The flowre of Virgins : may shee florish long
In princely plight!
For shee is Syrinx daughter without spotte, 50
Which Pan, the shepheards God, of her begot :
So sprong her grace
Of heavenly race,
No mortall blemishe may her blotte.

" See, where she sits upon the grassie greene,
(O seemely sight!)
Yclad in Scarlot, like a mayden Queene,
And ermines white :
Upon her head a Cremosin coronet,
With Damaske roses and Daffadillies set: 60
Bay leaves betweene,
And primroses greene,
Embellish the sweete Violet.

" Tell me, have ye seene her angelick face,
Like Phoebe fayre ?
Her heavenly haveour, her princely grace,
Can you well compare ?
The Redde rose medled with the White yfere,
In either cheeke depeincten lively chere:
Her modest eye, 70
Her Majestie,
Where have you seene the like but there ?

" I sawe Phoebus thrust out his golden hedde,
 Upon her to gaze :
 But, when he sawe how broade her beames did spredde,
 It did him amaze.
 He blusht to see another Sunne belowe,
 Ne durst againe his fyrre face out showe :
 Let him, if he dare,
 His brightnesse compare 80
 With hers, to have the overthrowe.

" She we thyselfe, Cynthia, with thy silver rayes,
 And be not abasht:
 When shee the beames of her beauty displayes,
 O, how art thou dasht!
 But I will not match her with Latonaes seede,
 Such follie great sorow to Niobe did breede:
 Now she is a stone,
 And makes dayly mone,
 Warning all other to take hecde. 90

" Pan may be proud that ever he begot
 Such a Bellibone ;
 And Syrinx rejoyse that ever was her lot
 To beare such an one.
 Soone as my younglings cryen for the dam
 To her will I offer a milkwhite Lamb:
 Shee is my goddesse plaine,
 And I her shepherds swayne,
 Albee forswonck and forswatt I am.

" I see Calliope speede her to the place, 100
 Where my Goddesse shines ;
 And after her the other Muses trace,
 With their Violines.
 Bene they not Bay braunches which they do beare,
 All for Elisa in her hand to weare ?
 So sweetely they play,
 And sing all the way,
 That it a heaven is to heare.

" Lo! how finely the Graces can it foote
To the Instrument: 110
They dauncen deffly, and singen soote,
In their meriment.

Wants not a fourth Grace, to make the daunce even?
Let that rowme to my Lady be yeven:

She shal be a Grace,
To fyll the fourth place,
And reigne with the rest in heaven.

" And whither rennes this bevie of Ladies bright,
Raunged in a rowe?

They bene all Ladyes of the lake behight, 120
That unto her goe.

Chloris, that is the chiefest Nymph of all,
Of Olive braunches beares a Coronall:

Olives bene for peace,
When wars doe surcease:
Such for a Princesse bene principall.

" Ye shepheards daughters, that dwell on the greene,
Hye you there apace:

Let none come there but that Virgins bene, 130
To adorne her grace:

And, when you come whereas shee is in place,
See that your rudenesse doe not you disgrace:

Binde your fillets faste,
And gird in your waste,
For more finenesse, with a tawdrie lace.

" Bring hether the Pincke and purple Cullambine,
With Gelliflowres;

Bring Coronations, and Sops in wine,
Worne of Paramoures:

Strowe me the ground with Daffadowndillies, 140
And Cowslips, and Kingcups, and loved Lillies:

The pretie Pawnee,
And the Chevisaunce,
Shall match with the fayre flowre Delice.

" Now ryse up, Elisa, decked as thou art
 In royall aray ;
 And now ye daintie Damsells may depart
 Eche one her way.
 I feare I have troubled your troupes to longe :
 Let dame Elisa thanke you for her song : 150
 And if you come hether
 When Damsines I gether,
 I will part them all you among."

THENOT

And was thilk same song of Colins owne making ?
 Ah, foolish Boy! that is with love yblent:
 Great pittie is, he be in such taking,
 For naught caren that bene so lewdly bent.

HOBBINOL

Sicker I hold him for a greater fon,
 That loves the thing he cannot purchase.
 But let us homeward, for night draweth on, 160
 And twincling starres the daylight hence chase.

Maye

ÆGLOGA QUINTA. ARGUMENT.

In this fifte Æglogue, under the persons of two shepheards, Piers and Palinodie, be represented two formes of pastoures or Ministers, or the Protestant and the Catholique : whose chiefe talke standeth in reasoning, whether the life of the one must be like the other : with whom having shewed, that it is daungerous to mainteine any fe low ship, or give too much credit to their" colourable and feyned good will, he telieth him a tale of the foxe, that, by such a counter poynt of craftines, deceived and devoured the credulous kidde.

PALINODE. PIERS.

PALINODE

Is not thilke the mery moneth of May,
 When love-lads mas ken in fresh aray ?

How falles it, then, we no merrier bene,
 Ylike as others, girt in gawdy greene?
 Our bloncket liveryes bene all to sadde
 For thilke same season, when all is ycladd
 With pleasaunce: the grownd with grasse, the Woods
 With greene leaves, the bushes with bloosming buds.
 Youghthes folke now flocken in every where,
 To gather May bus-kets and smelling brere: 10
 And home they hasten the postes to dight,
 And all the Kirke pillours eare day light,
 With Hawthorne buds, and swete Eglantine,
 And girlonds of roses, and Sopps in wine.
 Such merimake holy Saints doth queme,
 But we here sitten as drownd in a dreame.

PIERS

For Younkers, Palinode, such follies fitte,
 But we tway bene men of elder witt.

PALINODE

Sicker this morrowe, no lenger agoe,
 I saw a shole of shepeheardes outgoe 20
 With singing, and shouting, and jolly chere:
 Before them yode a lusty Tabrere,
 That to the many a Horne-pype playd,
 Where to they dauncen, eche one with his mayd.
 To see those folkes make such jovysaunce,
 Made my heart after the pype to daunce:
 Tho to the greene Wood they speeden hem all,
 To fetchen home May with their musicall:
 And home they bringen in a royall throne,
 Crowned as king: and his Queene attone 30
 Was Lady Flora, on whom did attend
 A fay re flocke of Faeries, and a fresh bend
 Of lovely Nymphs. (O that I were there,
 To helpen the Ladyes their Maybush beare!)
 Ah! Piers, bene not thy teeth on edge, to thinke
 How great sport they gaynen with little swinck?

PIERS

Perdie, so farre am I from envie,
 That their fondnesse inly I pitie:
 Those faytours little regarden their charge,
 While they, letting their sheepe runne at large, 40
 Passen their time, that should be sparely spent,
 In lustihede and wanton meryment.
 Thilke same bene shepeheardes for the Devils stedde,
 That playen while their flockes be unfedde:
 Well is it seene theyr sheepe bene not their owne,
 That letten them runne at randon alone :
 But they bene hyred for little pay
 Of other, that caren as little as they
 What fallen the flocke, so they han the fleece,
 And get all the gayne, paying but a peece. 50
 I muse, what account both these will make ;
 The one for the hire which he doth take,
 And thother for leaving his Lords taske,
 When great Pan account of shepherdes shall aske.

PALINODE

Sicker, now I see thou speakest of spight,
 All for thou lackest somedele their delight.
 I (as I am) had rather be envied,
 All were it of my foe, then fonly pitied :
 And yet, if neede were, pitied would be,
 Rather then other should scorne at me: 60
 For pittied is mishappe that nas remedie,
 But scorned bene dedes of fond foolerie.
 What shoulde shepherds other things tend,
 Then, sith their God his good does them send,
 Reapen the fruite thereof, that is pleasure,
 The while they here liven at ease and leasure ?
 For, when they bene dead, their good is ygoe,
 They sleepen in rest, well as other moe :
 Tho with them wends what they spent in cost,
 But what they left behind them is lost. 70
 Good is no good, but if be be spend;
 God giveth good for none other end.

PIERS

Ah ! Palinodie, thou art a worldes childe :
 Who touches Pitch, mought needes be defilde ;
 But shepheards (as Algrind used to say)
 Mought not live ylike as men of the laye.
 With them it sits to care for their heire,
 Enaunter their heritage doe impaire.
 They must provide for meanes of maintenaunce,
 And to continue their wont countenaunce : 80
 But shepherd must walke another way,
 Sike worldly sovenance he must forsay.
 The sonne of his loines why should he regard
 To leave enriched with that he hath spard ?
 Should not thilke God, that gave him that good,
 Eke cherish his child, if in his wayes he stood ?
 For if he mislive in leudnes and lust,
 Little bootes all the welth and the trust,
 That his father left by inheritaunce ;
 All will be soone wasted with misgovernaunce ; 90
 But through this, and other their miscreaunce
 They maken many a wrong chevisaunce,
 Heaping up waves of welth and woe,
 The floddes whereof shall them overflowe.
 Sike mens follie I cannot compare
 Better then to the Apes folish care,
 That is so enamoured of her young one,
 (And yet, God wote, such cause hath she none)
 That with her hard hold, and straight embracing,
 She stoppeth the breath of her youngling. 100
 So often times, when as good is meant,
 Evil ensueth of wrong entent.

The time was once, and may againe retorne,
 (For ought may happen, that hath bene beforen)
 When shepheards had none inheritaunce,
 Ne of land, nor fee in sufferaunce,
 But what might arise of the bare sheepe,
 (Were it more or lesse) which they did keepe.
 Well ywis was it with shepheards thoe :
 Nought having, nought feared they to forgoe ; 110

For Pan himselfe was their inheritaunce,
 And little them served for their mayntenaunce.
 The shepheards God so wel them guided,
 That of nought they were unprovided ;
 Butter enough, honye, milke, and whay,
 And their flockes fleeces them to araye :
 But tract of time, and long prosperitie,
 That nource of vice, this of insolencie,
 Lulled the shepheards in such securitie,
 That, not content with loyall obeysaunce, 120
 Some gan to gape for greedie governaunce,
 And match them selfe with mighty potentates,
 Lovers of Lordship, and troublers of states.
 Tho gan shepheards swaines to looke aloft,
 And leave to live hard, and learne to ligge soft:
 Tho, under colour of shepeheards, sometime
 There crept in Wolves, ful of fraude, and guile,
 That often devoured their owne sheepe,
 And often the shepheards that did hem keepe :
 This was the first sourse of shepheards sorowe. 130
 That now nill be quitt with baile nor borrowe.

PALINODE

Three thinges to beare bene very burdenous,
 But the fourth to forbeare is outrageous :
 Wemen, that of Loves longing once lust,
 Hardly forbearen, but have it they must:
 So when choler is inflamed with rage,
 Wanting revenge, is hard to asswage :
 And who can counsell a thristie soule,
 With patience to forbeare the offred bowle ?
 But of all burdens, that a man can beare, 140
 Most is, a fooles talke to beare and to heare.
 I wene the Geaunt has not such a weight,
 That beares on his shoulders the heavens height.
 Thou findest faulte where nys to be found,
 And buildest strong warke upon a weake ground :
 Thou raylest on, right withouten reason,
 And blamest hem much for small encheason.

How shoulde shepheardes live, if not so ?
 What! should they pynen in payne and woe ?
 Nay, say I thereto, by my deare borrowe, 150
 If I may rest, I nill live in sorrowe.

Sorrowe ne neede be hastened on,
 For he will come, without calling, anone.
 While times endure of tranquillitie,
 Usen we freely our felicitie;
 For, when approchen the stormie stowres,
 We mought with our shoulders beare of the sharpe
 showres ;
 And, sooth to sayne, nought seemeth sike strife,
 That shepheardes so witen ech others life,
 And layen her faults the world beforne, 160
 The while their foes done eache of hem scorne.
 Let none mislike of that may not be mended :
 So conteck soone by concord mought be ended.

PIERS

Shepherd, I list none accordaunce make
 With shepherd that does the right way forsake :
 And of the twaine, if choice were to me,
 Had lever my foe then my freend he be ;
 For what concord han light and darke sam ?
 Or what peace has the Lion with the Lambe ?
 Such faitors, when their false harts bene hidde, 170
 Will doe as did the Foxe by the Kidde.

PALINODE

Now, Piers, of felowship, tell us that saying :
 For the Ladde can keepe both our flockes from straying.

PIERS

Thilke same Kidde (as I can well devise)
 Was too very foolish and unwise;
 For on a tyme, in Sommer season,
 The Gate her dame, that had good reason,
 Yode forth abroad unto the greene wood,
 To brouze, or play, or what shee thought good:

But, for she had a motherly care 180
 Of her young sonne, and wit to beware,
 Shee set her youngling before her knee,
 That was both fresh and lovely to see,
 And full of favour as kidde mought be.
 His Vellet head began to shoote out,
 And his wreathed homes gan newly sprout:
 The blossomes of lust to bud did beginne,
 And spring forth ranckly under his chinne.
 " My Sonne," (quoth she and with that gan weepe,
 For carefull thoughts in her heart did creepe) 190
 " God blesse thee, poore Orphane! as he mought me,
 And send thee joy of thy jollitee.
 Thy father," (that word she spake with payne,
 For a sigh had nigh rent her heart in twaine)
 " Thy father, had he lived this day,
 To see the braunche of his body displaie,
 How would he have joyed at this sweete sight!
 But ah! false Fortune such joy did him spight,
 And cutte of hys dayes with untimely woe,
 Betraying him into the traines of hys foe. 200
 Now I, a wayfull widdowe behight,
 Of my old age have this one delight,
 To see thee succeede in thy fathers steade,
 And florish in flowres of lusty-head :
 For even so thy father his head upheld,
 And so his hauty homes did he weld."
 Tho marking him with melting eyes,
 A thrilling throbbe from her hart did aryse,
 And interrupted all her other speache
 With some old sorowe that made a newe breache : 210
 Seemed shee sawe in the younglings face
 The old lineaments of his fathers grace.
 At last her solein silence she broke,
 And gan his newe-budded beard to stroke.
 " Kiddie, (quoth shee) thou kenst the great care
 I have of thy health and thy welfare,
 Which many wyld beastes liggen in waite
 For to entrap in thy tender state :

But most the Foxe, maister of collusion:
 For he has voused thy last confusion. 220
 For-thy, my Kiddie, be rul'd by mee,
 And never give trust to his trecheree :
 And, if he chaunce come when I am abroade,
 Sperre the yate fast for feare of fraude :
 Ne for all his worst, nor for his best,
 Open the dore at his request."

So schooled the Gate her wanton sonne,
 That answerd his mother, all should be done.
 Tho went the pensife Damme out of dore,
 And chaunst to stomble at the threshold flore: 230
 Her stombling steppe some what her amazed,
 (For such, as signes of ill luck, bene dispraised ;)
 Yet forth shee yode, thereat halfe aghast:
 And Kiddie the dore sperred after her fast.
 It was not long, after shee was gone,
 But the false Foxe came to the dore anone :
 Not as a Foxe, for then he had be kend,
 But all as a poore pedler he did wend,
 Bearing a trusse of tryfles at hys backe,
 As bells, and babes, and glasses, in hys packe : 240
 A Biggen he had got about his brayne,
 For in his headpeace he felt a sore payne :
 His hinder heele was wrapt in a clout,
 For with great cold he had gotte the gout.
 There at the dore he cast me downe hys pack,
 And layd him downe, and groned, " Alack ! Alack !
 Ah, deare Lord ! and sweete Saint Charitee !
 That some good body woulde once pitie mee ! "

Well heard Kiddie al this sore constraint,
 And lengd to know the cause of his complaint: 250
 Tho, creeping close behind the Wickets clink,
 Prevelie he peeped out through a chinck,
 Yet not so prevelie but the Foxe him spyed;
 For deceitfull meaning is double eyed.

" Ah, good young maister ! " (then gan he er ye)
 " Jesus blesse that sweete face I espye,
 And keepe your corpse from the carefull stounds

That in my carrion carcas abounds."

The Kidd, pittying hys heavinesse,
 Asked the cause of his great distresse, 260
 And also who, and whence that he were ?

Tho he, that had well ycond his lere,
 Thus medled his talke with many a teare :
 " Sicke, sicke, alas ! and little lack of dead,
 But I be relieved by your beastly head.
 I am a poore sheepe, albe my coloure donne,
 For with long traveile I am brent in the sonne :
 And, if that my Grandsire me sayd be true,
 Sicker, I am very sybbe to you :

So be your goodlihead doe not disdayne 270
 The base kinred of so simple swaine.
 Of mercye and favour, then, I you pray
 With your ayd to fore-stall my neere decaye."

Tho out of his packe a glasse he tooke,
 Wherein while Kiddie unwares did looke,
 He was so enamored with the newell,
 That nought he deemed deare for the Jewell:
 Tho opened he the dore, and in came
 The false Foxe, as he were starke lame :
 His taylor he clapt betwixt his legs twayne, 280
 Lest he should be descried by his trayne.

Being within, the Kidde made him good glee,
 All for the love of the glasse he did see.
 After his chere the Pedler can chat,
 And tell many lesinges of this and that,
 And how he could shewe many a fine knack :
 Tho shewed his ware and opened his packe,
 All save a bell, which he left behind
 In the basket for the Kidde to fynd :
 Which when the Kidde stooped downe to catch, 290
 He popt him in, and his basket did latch :
 Ne stayed he once the dore to make fast,
 But ranne away with him in all hast.

Home when the doubtfull Damme had her hyde,
 She mought see the dore stand open wyde.
 All agast, lowdly she gan to call

Her Kidde; but he nould answere at all:
 Tho on the flore she saw the merchaundise
 Of which her sonne had sette to deere a prise
 What helpe ? her Kidde shee knewe well was gone : 300
 Shee weeped, and wayled, and made great mone.
 Such end had the Kidde, for he nould warned be
 Of craft, coloured with simplicitie:
 And such end, perdie, does all hem remayne,
 That of such falsers freendship bene fayne.

PALINODE

Truly, Piers, thou art beside thy wit,
 Furthest fro the marke, weening it to hit.
 Now, I pray thee, lette me thy tale borrowe
 For our Sir John, to say to morrowe
 At the Kerke, when it is holliday; 310
 For well he meanes, but little can say.
 But, and if foxes bene so crafty as so,
 Much needeth all shepheards hem to knowe.

PIERS

Of their falshode more could I recount,
 But now the bright Sunne gynneth to dismount;
 And, for the deawie night now doth nye,
 I held it best for us home to hye.

June

ÆGLOGA SEXTA. ARGUMENT.

*This Æglogue is wholly vowed to the complayning of Colins ill
 successe in his love. For being (as is aforesaid) enamoured
 of a country lasse, Rosalind, and having (as seemeth)
 founde place in her heart, he lamenteth to his deare frend
 Hobbinoll, that he is nowe forsaken unfaithfully, and in
 his steede Menalcas, another shepheard, received disloyally.
 And this is the whole Argument of this Æglogue.*

HOBBINOL. COLIN CLOUT,
HOBBINOL

Lo ! Collin, here the place whose pies aunt syte
From other shades hath weand my wandring mynde :
Tell me, what wants me here to worke delyte ?
The simple ayre, the gentle warbling wynde,
So calme, so coole, as no where else I fynde :
The grassye ground with daintye Daysies dight,
The Bramble bush, where Byrds of every kynde
To the waters fall their tunes attemper right.

COLIN

O happy Hobbinoll! I blesse thy state,
That Paradise hast founde whych Adam lost: 10
Here wander may thy flocke, early or late,
Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene ytost:
Thy lovely layes here mayst thou freely boste.
But I, unhappy man ! whom cruell fate
And angry Gods pursue from coste to coste,
Can nowhere fynd to shroude my lucklesse pate.

HOBBINOL

Then, if by me thou list advised be,
Forsake the soyle that so doth thee bewitch :
Leave me those hilles where harbrough nis to see,
Nor holy-bush, nor brere, nor winding witche : 20
And to the dales resort, where shepherds ritch,
And fructfull flocks, bene every where to see :
Here no night-ravenes lodge, more black then pitche,
Nor elvish ghosts, nor gastly owles doe flee.

But frendly Faeries, met with many Graces,
And lightfoote Nymphes, can chace the lingring Night
With Heydeguyes, and trimly trodden traces,
Whilst systers nyne, which dwell on Parnasse hight,
Doe make them musick for their more delight:
And Pan himselfe, to kisse their christall faces, 30
Will pype and daunce when Phoebe shineth bright:
Such pierlesse pleasures have we in these places.

COLIN

And I, whylst youth and course of carelesse yeeres,
Did let me walke withouten lincks of love,
In such delights did joy amongst my peeres :
But ryper age such pleasures doth reprove:
My fancye eke from former follies move
To stayed steps ; for time in passing weares,
(As garments doen, which wexen old above,)
And draweth newe delightes with hoary heares. 40

Tho couth I sing of love, and tune my pype
Unto my plaintive pleas in verses made :
Tho would I seeke for Queene-apples unrype,
To give my Rosalind ; and in Sommer shade
Dight gaudy Girlands was my common trade,
To crowne her golden locks : but yeeres more rype,
And losse of her, whose love as lyfe I wayd,
Those weary wanton toyes away dyd wype.

HOBBINOL

Colin, to heare thy rymes and roundelayes,
Which thou were wont on wastfull hylls to singe, 50
I more delight then larke in Sommer dayes :
Whose Echo made the neyghbour groves to ring,
And taught the byrds, which in the lower spring
Did shroude in shady leaves from sonny rayes,
Frame to thy songe their chereful cheriping,
Or hold theyr peace, for shame of thy swete layes.

I sawe Calliope wyth Muses moe,
Soone as thy oaten pype began to sound,
Theyr yvory Luyts and Tamburins forgoe,
And from the fountaine, where they sat around, 60
Renne after hastily thy silver sound ;
But, when they came where thou thy skill didst showe,
They drewe abacke, as halfe with shame confound
Shepherd to see them in theyr art outgoe.

COLIN

Of Muses, Hobbinol, I conne no skill,
 For they bene daughters of the hyghest Jove,
 And holden scorne of homely shepheards quill:
 For sith I heard that Pan with Phcebus strove,
 Which him to much rebuke and Daunger drove,
 I never lyst presume to Parnasse hyll, 70
 But, pyping lowe in shade of lowly grove,
 I play to please myselfe, all be it ill.

Nought weigh I who my song doth prayse or blame,
 Ne strive to winne renowne, or passe the rest:
 With shepheard sittes not followe flying fame,
 But feede his flocke in fields where falls hem best.
 I wote my rymes bene rough, and rudely drest;
 The fyttter they my carefull case to frame :
 Enough is me to paint out my unrest,
 And poore my piteous plaints out in the same. 80

The God of shepheards, Tityrus, is dead,
 Who taught me homely, as I can, to make ;
 He, whilst he lived, was the soveraigne head
 Of shepheards all that bene with love ytake :
 Well couth he wayle his Woes, and lightly slake
 The flames which love within his heart had bredd,
 And tell us mery tales to keepe us wake,
 The while our sheepe about us safely fedde.

Nowe dead he is, and lyeth wrapt in lead,
 (O ! why should Death on hym such outrage shoue ?) 90
 And all hys passing skil with him is fledde,
 The fame whereof doth dayly greater growe.
 But, if on me some little drops would flowe
 Of that the spring was in his learned hedde,
 I soone would learne these woods to wayle my woe,
 And teache the trees their trickling teares to shedde.

Then should my plaints, causd of discourtesee,
 As messengers of this my painfull plight,
 Flye to my love, where ever that she bee,

And pierce her heart with poynt of worthy wight, 100
 As shee deserves that wrought so deadly spight,
 And thou, Menalcas, that by trecheree
 Didst underfong my lasse to wexe so light,
 Shouldest well be knowne for such thy vilianee.

But since I am not as I wish I were,
 Ye gentle Shepheards, which your flocks do feede,
 Whether on hylls, or dales, or other where,
 Beare witnesse all of thys so wicked deede:
 And tell the lasse, whose flowre is woxe a weede,
 And faultlesse fayth is turned to faithlesse fere, 110
 That she the truest shepheards hart made bleede,
 That lyves on earth, and loved her most dere.

HOBBINOL

O, carefull Colin ! I lament thy case;
 Thy teares would make the hardest flint to flowe!
 Ah, faithlesse Rosalind and voide of grace,
 That art the roote of all this ruthfull woe I
 But now is time, I gesse, homeward to goe :
 Then ryse, ye blessed Flocks, and home apace,
 Least night with stealing steppes doe you forſloe,
 And wett your tender Lambes that by you trace. 120

Julye

ÆGLOGA SEPTIMA. ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue is made in the honour and commendation of good shepheardes, and to the shame and disprayse of proude and ambitious Pastours : Such as Morrell is here imagined to bee.

THOMALIN. MORRELL.

THOMALIN

Is not thilke same a goteheard prowde,
 That sittes on yonder bancke,
 Whose straying heard them selfe doth shrowde
 Rmong the bushes rancke ?

· MORRELL

What, ho ! thou jollye shepheards swayne,
 Come up the hyll to me ;
 Better is then the lowly playne,
 Ais for thy flocke and thee.

THOMALIN

Ah ! God shield, man, that I should clime,
 And learne to looke alofte ; 10
 This reede is ryfe, that oftentime
 Great clymbers fall unsoft.
 In humble dales is footing fast,
 The trode is not so tickle :
 And though one fall through heedlesse hast,
 Yet is his misse not mickle.
 And now the Sonne hath reared up
 His fyerie-footed teme,
 Making his way betweene the Cuppe
 And golden Diademe : 20
 The rampant Lyon hunts he fast,
 With dogges of noysome breath,
 Whose balefull barking bringes in hast
 Pyne, plagues, and dreery death.
 Agaynst his cruell scortching heate,
 Where hast thou coverture ?
 The wastefull hylls unto his threate
 Is a playne overture.
 But, if thee lust to holden chat
 With seely shepherds swayne, 30
 Come downe, and learne the little what,
 That Thomalin can sayne.

MORRELL

Syker, thous but a laesie loord,
 And rekes much of thy swinck,
 That with fond termes, and witlesse words,
 To blere mine eyes doest thinke.
 In evill houre thou hentest in hond
 Thus holy hylles to blame,

For sacred unto saints they stond,
 And of them han theyr name. 40
 St. Michels Mount who does not know,
 That wardes the Westerne coste ?
 And of St. Brigets bowre, I trow,
 All Kent can rightly boaste:
 And they that con of Muses skill
 Sayne most-what, that they dwell
 (As goteheards wont) upon a hill,
 Beside a learned well.
 And wonned not the great God Pan
 Upon mount Olivet, 50
 Feeding the blessed flocke of Dan,
 Which dyd himselfe beget ?

THOMALIN

O blessed sheepe! O shepherd great!
 That bought his flocke so deare,
 And them did save with bloudy sweat
 From Wolves that would them teare.

MORRELL

Besyde, as holy fathers sayne,
 There is a hyllye place,
 Where Titan ryseth from the mayne
 To renne hys dayly race, 60
 Upon whose toppe the starres bene stayed,
 And all the skie doth leane ;
 There is the cave where Phcebe layed
 The shepherd long to dreame.
 Whilome there used shepherds all
 To feede theyr flocks at will,
 Till by his foly one did fall,
 That all the rest did spill.
 And, sithens shepherdes bene forsayd
 From places of delight, 70
 For-thy I weene thou be affrayd
 To clime this hilles height.
 Of Synah can I tell thee more,

And of our Ladyes bowre;
 But little needes to strow my store,
 Suffice this hill of our.
 Here han the holy Faunes recourse,
 And Sylvanes haunten rathe ;
 Here has the salt Medway his sourse,
 Wherein the Nymphes doe bathe ; 80
 The salt Medway, that trickling stremis
 Adowne the dales of Kent,
 Till with his elder brother Themis
 His brackish waves be meynt.
 Here growes Melampode every where,
 And Teribinth, good for Gotes :
 The one my madding kiddes to smere,
 The next to heale theyr throtes.
 Hereto, the hills bene nigher heven,
 And thence the passage ethe ; 90
 As well can prove the piercing levin,
 That seeldome falles bynethe.

THOMALIN

Syker, thou speakes lyke a lewde lorrell,
 Of Heaven to demen so ;
 How be I am but rude and borrell,
 Yet nearer wayes I knowe.
 To Kerke the narre, from God more farre,
 Has bene an old-sayd sawe,
 And he, that strives to touch a starre,
 Oft stombles at a strawe. 100
 Alsoone may shepheard clymbe to skye
 That leades in lowly dales,
 As Goteherd prowde, that, sitting hye,
 Upon the Mountaine sayles.
 My seely sheepe like well belowe,
 They neede not Melampode :
 For they bene hale enough, I trowe,
 And liken theyr abode ;
 But, if they with thy Gotes should yede,
 They soone myght be corrupted, 110

Or like not of the frowie fede,
Or with the weedes be glutted.
The hylls where dwelled holy saints
I reverence and adore :
Not for themselfe, but for the sayncts
Which han be dead of yore.
And nowe they bene to heaven forewent,
Theyr good is with them goe :
Theyr sample onely to us lent,
That als we mought doe soe. 120
Shepheards they weren of the best,
And lived in lowlye leas :
And, sith theyr soules bene now at rest,
Why done we them disease ?
Such one he was (as I have heard
Old Algrind often sayne)
That whilome was the first shepheard,
And lived with little gayne :
And meeke he was, as meeke mought be,
Simple as simple sheepe; 130
Humble, and like in eche degree
The flocke which he did keepe.
Often he used of hys keepe
A sacrifice to bring,
Nowe with a Kidde, now with a sheepe,
The Altars hallowing.
So lowted he unto hys Lord,
Such favour couth he fynd,
That sithens never was abhord
The simple shepheards kynd. 140
And such, I weene, the brethren were
That came from Canaän :
The brethren twelve, that kept yfere
The flockes of mighty Pan.
But nothing such thilk shepheard was
Whom Ida hyll dyd beare,
That left hys flocke to fetch a lasse,
Whose love he bought to deare ;
For he was proude, that ill was payd,

(No such mought shepherds bee) 150
 And with lewde lust was overlayd :
 Tway things doen ill agree.
 But shepheard mought be meeke and mylde,
 Well-eyed, as Argus was,
 With fleshly follyes undefyled,
 And stoute as steede of brasse.
 Sike one (sayd Algrind) Moses was,
 That sawe hys makers face,
 His face, more deare then Christall glasse,
 And spake to him in place. 160
 This had a brother (his name I knewe)
 The first of all his cote,
 A shepheard trewe, yet not so true
 As he that earst I hote.
 Whilome all these were lowe and lief,
 And loved their flocks to feede;
 They never stroven to be chiefe,
 And simple was theyr weede :
 But now (thanked be God therefore)
 The world is well amend, 170
 Their weedes bene not so nighly wore ;
 Such simplesse mought them shend :
 They bene yclad in purple and pall,
 So hath theyr god them blist;
 They reigne and rulen over all,
 And lord it as they list :
 Ygyrt with belts of glitterand gold,
 (Mought they good sheepeheards bene ?)
 Theyr Pan theyr sheepe to them has sold,
 I saye as some have seene. 180
 For Palinode (if thou him ken)
 Yode late on Pilgrimage
 To Rome, (if such be Rome) and then
 He saw thilke misusage ;
 For shepeheards (sayd he) there doen leade,
 As Lordes done other where ;
 Theyr sheepe han crustes, and they the bread ;
 The chippes, and they the chere :

They han the fleece, and eke the flesh,
 (O, seely sheepe, the while !) 190
 The corne is theyrs, let other thresh,
 Their handes they may not file.
 They han great stores and thriftye stockes,
 Great freendes and feeble foes :
 What neede hem caren for their flocks,
 Theyr boyes can looke to those.
 These wisards welter in welths waves,
 Pampred in pleasures deepe:
 They han fatte kernes, and leany knaves, 200
 Their fasting flockes to keepe.
 Sike mister men bene all misgone,
 They heapen hylles of wrath ;
 Sike syrlye shepheards han we none,
 They keepen all the path.

MORRELL

Here is a great deale of good matter
 Lost for lacke of telling :
 Now, sicker, I see thou doest but clatter,
 Harme may come of melling.
 Thou medlest more then shall have thanke,
 To wyten shepheards welth : 210
 When folke bene fat, and riches rancke,
 It is a signe of helth.
 But say me, what is Algrind, he
 That is so oft bynempt ?

THOMALIN

He is a shepheard great in gree,
 But hath bene long ypent.
 One daye he sat upon a hyll,
 (As now thou wouldest me :
 But I am taught, by Algrinds ill,
 To love the lowe degree); 220
 For sitting so with bared scalpe,
 An Eagle soled hye,
 That, weening hys whyte head was chalke,

A shell-fish downe let flye :
 She weend the shell-fishe to have broke,
 But therewith bruzd his brayne;
 So now, astonied with the stroke,
 He lyes in lingring payne.

MORRELL

Ah I good Algrind ! his hap was ill,
 But shall be bett in time. 230
 Now farwell, shepheard, sith thys hyll
 Thou hast such doubt to climbe.

August

ÆGLOGA OCTAVA. ARGUMENT.

In this Æglogue is set forth a delectable controversies made in imitation of that in Theocritus : whereto also Virgile fashioned his third and seventh JEglogue. They choose for umpere of their strife, Cuddle, a neatheards boye ; who, having ended their cause, reciteth also himselfe a proper song, whereof Colin, he sayth, was Authour.

WILLIE. PERIGOT. CUDDIE.

WILLIE

Tell me, Perigot, what shalbe the game,
 Wherefore with myne thou dare thy musick matche ?
 Or bene thy Bagpypes renne farre out of frame ?
 Or hath the Crampe thy joynts benomd with ache ?

PERIGOT

Ah ! Willye, when the hart is ill assayde,
 How can Bagpipe or joynts be well apayd ?

WILLIE

What the foule evill hath thee so bestadde ?
 Whilom thou was peregall to the best,
 And wont to make the jolly shepeheards gladde,
 With pyping and dauncing did passe the rest. 10

PERIGOT

Ah I Willye, now I have learnd a newe daunce;
My old musick mard by a newe mischaunce.

WILLIE

Mischiefe mought to that mischaunce befall,
That so hath raft us of our meriment.
But reede me what payne doth thee so appall;
Or lovest thou, or bene thy younglings miswent ?

PERIGOT

Love hath misled both my younglings and mee :
I pyne for payne, and they my payne to see.

WILLIE

Perdie, and wellawaye, ill may they thrive 1
Never knew I lovers sheepe in good plight: 20
But, and if in rymes with me thou dare strive,
Such fond fantasies shall soone be put to flight.

PERIGOT

That shall I doe, though mochell worse I fared :
Never shall be sayde that Perigot was dared.

WILLIE

Then loe, Perigot, the Pledge which I plight,
A mazer ywrought of the Maple warre,
Wherein is enchased many a fayre sight
Of Beres and Tygres, that maken fiers warre ;
And over them spread a goodly wild vine,
Entrailed with a wanton Yvie twine. 30

Thereby is a Lambe in the Wolves jawes :

But see, how fast renneth the shepheard swayne
To save the innocent from the beastes pawes,

And here with his shepe-hooke hath him siayne,
Tell me, such a cup hast thou ever sene ?
Well mought it beseme any harvest Queene.

PERIGOT

Thereto will I pawne yonder spotted Lambe,
 Of all my flocke there nis sike another,
 For I brought him up without the Dambe :
 But Colin Clout rafte me of his brother, 40
 That he purchast of me in the playne field :
 Sore against my will was I forst to yield.

WILLIE

Sicker, make like account of his brother.
 But who shall judge the wager wonne or lost ?

PERIGOT

That shall yonder heardgrome, and none other,
 Which over the pousse hetherward doth post.

WILLIE

But, for the Sunnebeame so sore doth us beate,
 Were not better to shunne the scortching heate ?

PERIGOT

Well agreed, Willie : then, sitte thee downe, swayne :
 Sike a song never heardest thou but Colin sing. 50

CUDDIE

Gynne when ye lyst, ye jolly shepherds twayne :
 Sike a judge as Cuddie were for a king.

Per. " It fell upon a holy eve,
Wil Hey, ho, hollidaye !
Per. When holy fathers wont to shrieve;
Wil Now gynneth this roundelay.
Per. Sitting upon a hill so hye,
Wil Hey, ho, the high hyll !
Per. The while my flocke did feede thereby;
Wil The while the shepherd selfe did spill. 60
Per. I saw the bouncing Bellibone,
Wil Hey, ho, Bonibell !
Per. Tripping over the dale alone,

Wil She can trippe it very well.
 Per. Well decked in a frocke of gray,
 Wil Hey, ho, gray is greete!
 Per. And in a Kirtle of greene saye,
 Wil The greene is for may dens meete.
 Per. A chapelet on her head she wore,
 Wil Hey, ho, chapelet! 70
 Per. Of sweete Violets therein was store,
 Wil She sweeter then the Violet.
 Per. My sheepe did leave theyr wonted food,
 Wil Hey, ho, seely sheepe!
 Per. And gazd on her as they were wood,
 Wil Woode as he that did them keepe.
 Per. As the bonilasse passed bye,
 Wil Hey, ho, bonilasse!
 Per. She rovde at me with glauncing eye,
 Wil As deare as the christall glasse; 80
 Per. All as the Sunnye beame so bright,
 Wil Hey, ho, the Sunne-beame I
 Per. Glaunceth from Phcebus face forthright,
 Wil So love into thy hart did streame:
 Per. Or as the thonder cleaves the cloudes,
 Wil Hey, ho, the Thonder I
 Per. Wherein the lightsome levin shroudes,
 Wil So cleaves thy soule asonder:
 Per. Or as Dame Cynthias silver raye,
 Wil Hey, ho, the Moone-light! 90
 Per. Upon the glyttering wave doth playe,
 Wil Such play is a pitteous plight.
 Per. The glaunce into my heart did glide;
 Wil Hey, ho, the glyder!
 Per. Therewith my soule was sharply gryde,
 Wil Such woundes soone wexen wider.
 Per. Hasting to raunch the arrow out,
 Wil Hey, ho, Perigot!
 Per. I left the head in my hart-roote,
 Wil It was a desperate shot. 100
 Per. There it ranckleth, ay more and more,
 Wil Hey, ho, the arrowe!

Per. Ne can I find salve for my sore :
Wil Love is a curelesse sorrowe.
Per. And though my bale with death I bought,
Wil Hey, ho, heavie cheere!
Per. Yet should thilk lasse not from my thought,
Wil So you may buye golde to dee re.
Per. But whether in paynefull love I pyne,
Wil Hey, ho, pinching payne! no
Per. Or thrive in welth, she shalbe mine,
Wil But if thou can her obtaine.
Per. And if for gracelesse greefe I dye,
Wil Hey, ho, gracelesse grieve!
Per. Witnesse shee slewe me with her eye,
Wil Let thy follye be the priefe.
Per. And you, that sawe it, simple shepe,
Wil Hey, ho, the fayre flocke !
Per. For priefe thereof, my death shall weepe,
Wil And mone with many a mocke. 120
Per. So learnd I love on a holye eve,
Wil Hey, ho, holidaye !
Per. That ever since my hart did greve,
Wil Now endeth our roundelay."

CUDDIE

Sicker, sike a roundle never heard I none :
 Little lacketh Perigot of the best,
 And Willye is not greatly overgone,
 So weren his under-songs well addrest.

WILLIE

Herdgrome, I fear me, thou have a squint eye :
 Areede uprightly who has the victorie. 130

CUDDIE

Fayth of my soule, I deeme ech have gayned :
 For-thy let the Lambe be Willye his owne :
 And for Perigot, so well hath hym payned,
 To him be the wroughten mazer alone.

PERIGOT

Perigot is well pleased with the doome :
 Ne can Willye wite the witelesse herdgroome.

WILLIE

Never dempt more right of beautye, I weene,
 The shepheard of Ida that judged beauties Queen e.

CUDDIE

But tell me, shepherds, should it not yshend
 Your roundels fresh, to heare a doolefull verse 140
 Of Rosalend (who knowes not Rosalend ?)
 That Colin made ? ylke can I you rehearse.

PERIGOT

Now say it, Cuddie, as thou art a ladde :
 With mery thing its good to medle sadde.

WILLIE

Fayth of my soule, thou shalt ycrouned be
 In Colins stede, if thou this song areede ;
 For never thing on earth so pleaseth me
 As him to heare, or matter of his deede.

CUDDIE

Then listneth ech unto my heavy laye,
 And tune your pypes as ruthful as ye may. 150

" Ye wastefull Woodes I beare witnesse of my woe,
 Wherein my plaints did oftentimes resound :
 Ye carelesse byrds are privie to my cries,
 Which in your songs were wont to make a part:
 Thou, pleasaunt spring, hast luld me oft asleepe,
 Whose streames my tricklinge teares did ofte augment.

" Resort of people doth my greefs augment,
 The walled townes doe worke my greater woe ;
 The forest wide is fitter to resound
 The hollow Echo of my carefull cries : 160
 I hate the house, since thence my love did part,
 Whose waylefull want debarres myne eyes from sleepe.

" Let stremes of teares supply the place of sleepe ;
 Let all, that sweete is, voyd : and all that may augment
 My doole, draw neare ! More meete to wayle my woe
 Bene the wild woodes, my sorowes to resound,
 Then bedde, or bowre, both which I fill with cryes,
 When I them see so waist, and fynd no part

" Of pleasure past. Here will I dwell apart
 In gastfull grove therefore, till my last sleepe 170
 Doe close mine eyes : so shall I not augment
 With sight of such as chaunge my restlesse woe.
 Helpe me, ye banefull byrds, whose shrieking sound
 Ys signe of dreery death, my deadly cryes

" Most ruthfully to tune : And as my cryes
 (Which of my woe cannot bewray least part)
 You heare all night, when nature craveth sleepe,
 Increase, so let your yrksome yells augment.
 Thus all the night in plaints, the daye in woe,
 I vowed have to wayst, till safe and sound 180

" She home returne, whose voyces silver sound
 To cheerefull songs can chaunge my cherelesse cryes.
 Hence with the Nightingale will I take part,
 That blessed byrd, that spends her time of sleepe
 In songs and plaintive pleas, the more taugment
 The memory of hys misdeede that bred her woe.

And you that feelee no woe,
 When as the sound
 Of these my nightly cryes
 Ye heare apart, 190
 Let breake your sounder sleepe,
 And pitie augment."

PERIGOT

O Colin, Colin ! the shepheards joye,
 How I admire ech turning of thy verse I
 And Cuddie, fresh Cuddie, the liefest boye,
 How dolefully his doole thou didst rehearse !

CUDDIE

Then blowe your pypes, shepheards, til you be at home ;
The night nigheth fast, yts time to be gone.

September

ÆGLOGA NONA. ARGUMENT.

Herein Diggon Davie is devised to be a shepheard that, in hope of more gayne, drove his sheepe into a farre countrye. The abuses whereof and loose living of Popish prelates, by occasion of Hobbinols demaund, he discourseth at large.

HOBBINOL. DIGGON DAVIE.

HOBBINOL

Diggon Davie I I bidde her god day;
Or Diggon her is, or I missaye.

DIGGON

Her was her, while it was daye-light,
But now her is a most wretched wight:
For day, that was, is wightly past,
And now at earst the dirke night doth hast.

HOBBINOL

Diggon, areede who has thee so dight?
Never I wist thee in so poore a plight.
Where is jthe fayre flocke thou was wont to leade?
Or bene they chaffred, or at mischief dead? 10

DIGGON

Ah ! for love of that is to thee moste leefe,
Hobbinol, I pray thee, gall not my old griefe :
Sike question ripeth up cause of newe woe,
For one, opened, mote unfolde many moe.

HOBBINOL

Nay, but sorrow close shrouded in hart,
I know, to kepe is a burdenous smart:

Eche thing imparted is more eath to beare:
 When the rayne is fain, the cloudes wexen deare.
 And nowe, sithence I sawe thy head last,
 Thrise three Moones bene fully spent and past; 20
 Since when thou hast measured much grownd,
 And wandred, I wene, about the world round,
 So as thou can many thinges relate;
 But tell me first of thy flocks estate.

DIGGON

My sheepe bene wasted ; (wae is me therefore !)
 The jolly shepheard that was of yore
 Is nowe nor jollye, nor shepeheard more.
 In forrein costes men sayd was plentye ;
 And so there is, but all of miserye :
 I dempt there much to have eeked my store, 30
 But such eeking hath made my hart sore.
 In tho count ryes, whereas I have bene,
 No being for those that truely mene ;
 But for such, as of guile maken gayne,
 No such countrie as there to remaine ;
 They setten to sale their shops of shame,
 And maken a Mart of theyr good name :
 The shepheards there robben one another,
 And layen baytes to beguile her brother ;
 Or they will buy his sheepe out of the cote, 40
 Or they will carven the shepheards throte.
 The shepheardes swayne you cannot wel ken,
 But it be by his pryde, from other men :
 They looken bigge as Bulls that bene bate,
 And bearen the cragge so stiffl and so state,
 As cocke on his dunghill crowing cranck.

HOBBINOL

Diggon, I am so stiffl and so stanck,
 That uneth may I stand any more :
 And nowe the Western wind bloweth sore,
 That nowe is in his chiefe sovereigntee, 50
 Beating the withered leafe from the tree,

Sitte we downe here under the hill;
 Tho may we talke and tellen our fill,
 And make a mocke at the blustering blast.
 Now say on, Diggon, what ever thou hast.

DIGGON

Hobbin, ah Hobbin! I curse the stounde
 That ever I cast to have lorne this grounde :
 Wel-away the while I was so fonde
 To leave the good, that I had in hande,
 In hope of better that was uncouth!
 So lost the Dogge the flesh in his mouth.
 My seely sheepe (ah, seely sheepe !)
 That here by there I whilome used to keepe,
 All were they lustye as thou didst see,
 Bene all sterved with pyne and penuree:
 Hardly my selfe escaped thilke payne,
 Driven for neede to come home agayne.

60

HOBBINOL

Ah fon! now by thy losse art taught,
 That seeldome chaunge the better brought:
 Content who lives with tryed state
 Neede feare no chaunge of frowning fate;
 But who will seeke for unknowne gayne,
 Oft lives by losse, and leaves with payne.

70

DIGGON

I wote ne, Hobbin, how I was bewicht
 With vayne desire and hope to be enricht;
 But, sicker, so it is, as the bright starre
 Seemeth ay greater when it is farre:
 I thought the soyle would have made me rich,
 But nowe I wote it is nothing sich;
 For eyther the shepeheards bene ydle and still,
 And ledde of theyr sheepe what way they wyll,
 Or they bene false, and full of covetise,
 And casten to compasse many wrong emprise:
 But the more bene fraught with fraud and spight,

80

Ne in good nor goodnes taken delight,
 But kindle coales of conteck and yre,
 Wherewith they sette all the world on fire :
 Which when they thinken agayne to quench,
 With holy water they doen hem all drench.
 They saye they con to heaven the high-way, 90
 But, by my soule, I dare under saye
 They never sette foote in that same troade,
 But balk the right way, and strayen abroad.
 They boast they han the devill at commaund,
 But aske hem therefore what they han paund :
 Marrie ! that great Pan bought with deare borrow,
 To quite it from the blacke bowre of sorrowe.
 But they han sold thilk same long agoe,
 For-thy woulden drawe with hem many moe.
 But let hem gange alone a Gods name ; 100
 As they han brewed, so let hem beare blame.

HOBBINOL

Diggon, I praye thee, speake not so dirke ;
 Such myster saying me seemeth to mirke.

DIGGON

Then, playnely to speake of shepheards most what,
 Badde is the best; (this English is flatt.)
 Their ill haviour garres men missay
 Both of their doctrine, and of theyr faye.
 They sayne the world is much war then it wont,
 All for her shepheards bene beastly and blont.
 Other sayne, but how truely I note, 110
 All for they holden shame of theyr cote :
 Some sticke not to say, (whote cole on her tongue !)
 That sike mischiefes graseth hem emong,
 All for they casten too much of worlds care,
 To deck her Dame, and enrich her heyre ;
 For such encheason, if you goe nye,
 Fewe chymneis reeking you shall espye :
 The fatte Oxe, that wont ligge in the Stal,
 Is nowe fast stalled in her crumenall.

Thus chatten the people in theyr steads, 120
 Ylike as a Monster of many heads ;
 But they that shooten neerest the pricke
 Sayne, other the fat from their beards doen lick;
 For bigge Bulles of Basan brace hem about,
 That with theyr homes butten the more stoute;
 But the leane soules treaden under foote,
 And to seeke redresse mought little boote ;
 For liker bene they to pluck away more,
 Then ought of the gotten good to restore :
 For they bene like foule wagmoires overgrast, 130
 That, if thy galage once sticketh fast,
 The more to wind it out thou doest swinck,
 Thou mought ay deeper and deeper sinck.
 Yet better leave of with a little losse,
 Then by much wrestling to leese the grosse.

HOBBINOL

Nowe, Diggon, I see thou speakest to plaine ;
 Better it were a little to feyne,
 And cleanly cover that cannot be cured :
 Such ill, as is forced, mought nedes be endured.
 But of sike pastoures howe done the flocks creepe ? 140

DIGGON

Sike as the shepheards, sike bene her sheepe,
 For they nill listen to the shepheards voyce,
 But-if he call hem at theyr good choyce :
 They wander at wil and stay at pleasure,
 And to theyr foldes yeed at their owne leasure.
 But they had be better come at their cal;
 For many han into mischiefs fall,
 And bene of ravenous Wolves yrent,
 All for they nould be buxome and bent.

HOBBINOL

Fye on thee, Diggon, and all thy foule leasing ! 150
 Well is knowne that sith the Saxon king
 Never was Woolfe seene, many nor some,

Nor in all Kent, nor in Christendome;
 But the fewer Woolves (the soth to sayne)
 The more bene the Foxes that here remaine.

DIGGON

Yes, but they gang in more secrete wise,
 And with sheepes clothing doen hem disguise.
 The walke not widely as they were wont,
 For feare of raungers and the great hunt,
 But prively prolling to and froe, 160
 Enaunter they mought be inly knowe.

HOBBINOL

Or prive or pert yf any bene,
 We han great Bandogs will teare their skinne.

DIGGON

Indeede, thy Ball is a bold bigge curie,
 And could make a jolly hole in theyr furre :
 But not good Dogges hem needeth to chace,
 But heedy shepherds to discerne their face ;
 For all their craft is in their countenaunce,
 They bene so grave and full of mayntenaunce.
 But shall I tell thee what my selfe knowe 170
 Chaunced to Roffynn not long ygoe ?

HOBBINOL

Say it out, Diggon, whatever it hight,
 For not but well mought him betight:
 He is so meeke, wise, and merciable,
 And with his word his worke is convenable.
 Colin Clout, I wene, be his selfe boye,
 (Ah, for Colin, he whilome my ioye !)
 Shepherds sich, God mought us many send,
 That doen so carefully theyr flocks tend.

DIGGON

Thilk same shepherd mought I well marke, 180
 He has a Dogge to byte or to barke ;

Never had shepheard so kene a kurre,
 That waketh and if but a leafe sturre.
 Whilome there wonned a wicked Wolfe,
 That with many a Lambe had glutted his gulfe,
 And ever at night wont to repayre
 Unto the flocke, when the Welkin shone faire,
 Ycladde in clothing of seely sheepe,
 When the good old man used to sleepe.
 Tho at midnight he would barke and ball, 190
 (For he had eft learned a curre's call,
 As if a Woolfe were emong the sheepe :
 With that the shepheard would breake his sleepe,
 And send out Lowder (for so his dog hote)
 To raunge the ffields with wide open throte.
 Tho, when as Lowder was farre awaye,
 This Wolvish sheepe woulde catchen his pray,
 A Lambe, or a Kidde, or a weanell wast;
 With that to the wood would he speede him fast.
 Long time he used this slipperry pranck, 200
 Ere Roffy could for his laboure him thanck.
 At end, the shepheard his practise spyed,
 (For RofTy is wise, and as Argus eyed,)
 And when at even he came to the flocke,
 Fast in theyr folds he did them locke,
 And tooke out the Woolfe in his counterfect cote,
 And let out the sheepes bloud at his throte.

HOBBINOL

Marry, Diggon, what should him affraye
 To take his owne where ever it laye ?
 For, had his wesand bene a little widder, 210
 He would have devoured both hidder and shidder.

DIGGON

Mischiefe light on him, and Gods great curse !
 Too good for him had bene a great deale worse;
 For it was a perilous beast above all,
 And eke had he cond the shepherds call,
 And oft in the night came to the shepe-cote,

And called Lowder, with a hollow throte,
 As if it the old man selfe had bene :
 The dog his maisters voice did it wene,
 Yet halfe in doubt he opened the dore, 220
 And ranne out as he was wont of yore.
 No sooner was out, but, swifter then thought,
 Fast by the hyde the Wolfe Lowder caught;
 And, had not Roffy renne to the Steven,
 Lowder had be slaine thilke same even.

HOBBINOL

God shield, man, he should so ill have thrive,
 All for he did his devoyr belive!
 If sike bene Wolves, as thou hast told,
 How mought we, Diggon, hem be-hold ?

DIGGON

How, but, with heede and watchfullnesse, 230
 Forstallen hem of their wilnesse :
 For-thy with shepheard sittes not playe,
 Or sleepe, as some doen, all the long day ;
 But ever liggen in watch and ward,
 From soddein force theyr flocks for to gard.

HOBBINOL

Ah, Diggon ! thilke same rule were too straight,
 All the cold season to wach and wake ;
 We bene of fleshe, men as other bee,
 Why should we be bound to such miseree ?
 Whatever thing lacketh chaungeable rest, 240
 Mought needes decay, when it is at best.

DIGGON

Ah ! but, Hobbinoll, all this long tale
 Nought easeth the care that doth me forhaile;
 What shall I doe ? what way shall I wend,
 My piteous plight and losse to amend ?
 Ah ! good Hobbinoll, mought I thee praye
 Of ayde or counsell in my decaye.

HOBBINOL

Now, by my soule, Diggon, I lament
 The haplesse mischief that has thee hent;
 Nethesle thou seest my lowly saile, 250
 That froward fortune doth ever availe :
 But, were Hobbinoll as God mought please,
 Diggon should soone find favour and ease:
 But if to my cotage thou wilt resort,
 So as I can I wil thee comfbrt;
 There mayst thou ligge in a vetchy bed,
 Till fayrer Fortune shewe forth her head.

DIGGON

Ah, Hobbinoll! God mought it thee requite;
 Diggon on fewe such freends did ever lite.

October

ÆGLOGA DECIMA. ARGUMENT.

In Cuddie is set out the perfecte paterne of a Poete, whiche, finding no maintenaunce of his state and studies, complayneth of the contempe of Poetrie, and the causes thereof: Specially having bene in all ages, and even amongst the most barbarous, alwayes of singular accoumpt and honor, and being indede so worthy and commendable an arte ; or rather no arte, but a divine gift and heavenly instinct not to bee gotten by laboure and learning, but adorned with both ; and poured into the witte by a certain 'Evdovaiaafidg and celestially inspiration, as the Author hereof els where at large discourseth in his hooke called The English Poete, which booh being lately come to my hands, I mynde also by Gods grace, upon further advisement, to publish.

PIERCE. CUDDIE.

PIERS

Cuddie, for shame! hold up thy heavy head,
 And let us cast with what delight to chace,
 And weary thys long lingring Phcebus race.

Whilome thou wont the shepheards laddes to leade
 In rymes, in ridles, and in bydding base;
 Now they in thee, and thou in sleepe art dead.

CUDDIE

Piers, I have pyped erst so long with payne,
 That all mine Oten reedes bene rent and wore,
 And my poore Muse hath spent her spared store,
 Yet little good hath got, and much lesse gayne. 10
 Such pleasaunce makes the Grashopper so poore,
 And Hgge so layd, when Winter doth her straine.

The dapper ditties, that I wont devise
 To feede youthes fancie, and the flocking fry,
 Delighten much; what I the bett for-thy?
 They han the pleasure, I a sclender prise;
 I beate the bush, the byrds to them doe flye:
 What good thereof to Cuddie can arise?

PIERS

Cuddie, the prayse is better then the price,
 The glory eke much greater then the gayne: 20
 O! what an honor is it, to restraine
 The lust of lawlesse youth with good advice,
 Or pricke them forth with pleasaunce of thy vaine,
 Whereto thou list their trayned willes entice.

Soone as thou gynst to sette thy notes in frame,
 O, how the rurall routes to thee doe cleave!
 Seemeth thou dost their soule of sence bereave;
 All as the shepheard that did fetch his dame
 From Plutoes balefuil bowre withouten leave,
 His musicks might the hellish hound did tame. 30

CUDDIE

So praysen babes the Peacocks spotted trainc,
 And wondren at bright Argus blazing eye;
 But who rewards him ere the more for-thy,
 Or feedes him once the fuller by a graine?
 Sike prayse is smoke, that sheddeth in the skye;
 Sike words bene wynd, and wasten soone in vayne.

PIERS

Abandon, then, the base and viler downe;
 Lyft up thy selfe out of the lowly dust,
 And sing of bloody Mars, of wars, of giusts;
 Turne thee to those that weld the awful crowne, 40
 To doubted Knights, whose woundlesse armour rusts,
 And helmes unbruized wexen dayly browne.

There may thy Muse display her fluttryng wing,
 And stretch her selfe at large from East to West;
 Whither thou list in fayre Elisa rest,
 Or, if thee please in bigger notes to sing,
 Advaunce the worthy whome shee loveth best,
 That first the white beare to the stake did bring.

And, when the stubborn stroke of stronger stounds
 Has somewhat slackt the tenor of thy string, 50
 Of love and lustihead tho mayst thou sing,
 And carroll lowde, and leade the Myllers rownde,
 All were Elisa one of thilke same ring;
 So mought our Cuddies name to heaven sownde.

CUDDIE

Indeede the Romish Tityrus, I heare,
 Through his Meaenas left his Oaten reede,
 Whereon he earst had taught his flocks to feede,
 And laboured lands to yield the timely eare,
 And eft did sing of warres and deadly drede,
 So as the Heavens did quake his verse to here. 60

But ah I Mecaenas is yclad in claye,
 And great Augustus long ygoe is dead,
 And all the worthies liggen wrapt in leade,
 That matter made for Poets on to play:
 For ever, who in derring-doe were drede,
 The loftie verse of hem was loved aye.

But after vertue gan for age to stoope,
 And mightie manhode brought a bedde of ease,

The vaunting Poets found nought worth a pease
 To put in preace emong the learned troupe: 70
 Tho gan the streames of flowing wittes to cease,
 And sonne-bright honour pend in shamefull coupe.

And if that any buddes of Poesie,
 Yet of the old stocke, gan to shoote agayne,
 Or it mens follies mote be forst to fayne,
 And rolle with rest in rymes of rybaudrye ;
 Or, as it sprong, it wither must agayne :
 Tom Piper makes us better melodie.

PIERS

O pierlesse Poesye ! where is then thy place ?
 If nor in Princes pallace thou doe sitt, 80
 (And yet is Princes pallace the most fitt,)
 Ne brest of baser birth doth thee embrace,
 Then make thee winges of thine aspyring wit,
 And, whence thou camst, flye backe to heaven apace.

CUDDIE

Ah, Percy ! is it all to weake and wanne,
 So high to sore and make so large a flight;
 Her peece of pyneons bene not so in plight:
 For Colin fittes such famous flight to scanne ;
 He, were he not with love so ill bedight,
 Would mount as high, and sing as soote as Swanne. 90

PIERS

Ah, fon ! for love does teach him climbe so hie,
 And lyftes him up out of the loathsome myre :
 Such immortal mirrhor, as he doth admire,
 Would rayse ones mynd above the starry skie,
 And cause a caytive corage to aspire ;
 For lofty love doth loath a lowly eye.

CUDDIE

All otherwise the state of Poet stands ;
 For lordly love is such a Tyranne fell,

That where he rules all power he doth expell;
 The vaunted verse a vacant head demaundes, 100
 Ne wont with crabbed care the Muses dwell:
 Unwisely weaves, that takes two webbes in hand.

Who ever casts to compasse weightye prise,
 And thinkes to throwe out thondring words of threate,
 Let powre in lavish cups and thriftie bitts of meate,
 For Bacchus fruite is frend to Phoebus wise;
 And, when with Wine the braine begins to sweate.
 The numbers ftowe as fast as spring doth ryse.

Thou kenst not, Percie, howe the ryme should rage,
 O ! if my temples were distaind with wine, 110
 And girt in girlonds of wild Yvie twine,
 How I could reare the Muse on stately stage,
 And teache her tread aloft in buskin fine,
 With queint Bellona in her equipage!

But ah! my corage cooles ere it be warme :
 For-thy content us in thys humble shade,
 Where no such troublous tydes han us assayde;
 Here we our slender pypes may safely charme.

PIERS

And, when my Gates shall han their, bellies layd,
 Cuddie shall have a Kidde to store his farme. 120

November

ÆGLOGA UNDECIMA. ARGUMENT.

In this xi. Æglogue hee bewayleth the death of some mayden of greate blood, whom he calleth Dido. The personage is secrete, and to me altogether unknowne, albe of him selfe I often required the same. This Æglogue is made in imitation of Marot his song, which he made upon the death of Loys the Frenche Queene ; but farre passing his reache, and in myne opinion all other the Eglogues of this booke.

. THENOT. COLIN.

THENOT

Colin, my deare, when shall it please thee sing,
 As thou were wont, songs of some jouisaunce?
 Thy Muse to long slombreth in sorrowing,
 Lulled a sleepe through loves misgovernaunce.
 Now somewhat sing, whose endles sovenaunce
 Emong the shepeheardes swaines may aye remaine,
 Whether thee list thy loved lasse advaunce,
 Or honor Pan with hymnes of higher vaine.

COLIN

Thenot, now nis the time of merimake,
 Nor Pan to herye, nor with love to playe ; 10
 Sike myrth in May is meetest for to make,
 Or summer shade, under the cocked hay.
 But nowe sadde Winter welked hath the day,
 And Phoebus, weary of his yerely taske,
 Ystabled hath his steedes in lowlye laye,
 And taken up his ynnne in Fishes haske.
 Thilke sollein season sadder plight doth aske,
 And loatheth sike delightes as thou doest prayse :
 The mornefull Muse in myrth now list ne maske,
 As shee was wont in yongth and sommer dayes ; 20
 But if thou algate lust light virelayes,
 And looser songs of love to underfong,
 Who but thy selfe deserves sike Poetes prayse ?
 Relieve thy Oaten pypes that sleepen long.

THENOT

The Nightingale is soveraigne of song,
 Before him sits the Titmose silent bee;
 And I, unfitte to thrust in skilfull thronge,
 Should Colin make judge of my fooleree :
 Nay, better learne of hem that learned bee,
 And han be watered at the Muses well; 30
 The kindelye dewe drops from the higher tree,
 And wets the little plants that lowly dwell.
 But if sadde winters wrathe, and season chill,

A.P.

K*

Accorde not with thy Muses meriment,
 To sadder times thou mayst attune thy quill,
 And sing of sorrowe and deathes dreeriment;
 For deade is Dido, dead, alas I and dreint;
 Dido ! the greate shephearde his daughter sheene.
 The fayrest May she was that ever went,
 Her like shee has not left behinde I weene: 40
 And, if thou wilt bewayle my wofull tene,
 I shall thee give yond Cosset for thy payne;
 And, if thy rymes as rownde and rufull bene
 As those that did thy Rosalind complayne,
 Much greater gyfts for guerdon thou shalt gayne,
 Then Kidde or Cosset, which I thee bynempt.
 Then up, I say, thou jolly shepeheard swayne,
 Let not my small demaund be so contempt.

COLIN

Thenot, to that I choose thou doest me tempt;
 But ah ! to well I wote my humble vaine, 50
 And howe my rimes bene rugged and unkempt;
 Yet, as I conne, my conning I will strayne.

" Up, then, Melpomene ! the mournefulst Muse of nyne,
 Such cause of mourning never hadst afore;
 Up, grieslie ghostes ! and up my rufull ryme !
 Matter of myrth now shalt thou have no more ;
 For dead shee is, that myrth thee made of yore.

Dido, my deare, alas ! is dead,
 Dead, and lyeth wrapt in lead.
 O heavie herse ! 60
 Let streaming teares be poured out in store;
 O carefull verse !

" Shepherds, that by your flocks on Kentish downes
 abyde,

Waile ye this wofull waste of Natures warke;
 Waile we the wight whose presence was our pryde ;
 Waile we the wight whose absence is our carke;
 The sonne of all the world is dimme and darke :

The earth now lacks her wonted light,
 And all we dwell in deadly night.
 O heavie herse ! 70
 Breake we our pypes, that shrild as lowde as Larke ;
 O carefull verse!

" Why doe we longer live, (ah ! why live we so long ?)
 Whose better dayes death hath shut up in woe ?
 The fayrest floure our gyrlond all emong
 Is faded quite, and into dust ygoe.
 Sing now, ye shepheards daughters, sing no moe
 The songs that Colin made you in her praise,
 But into weeping turne your wanton layes.
 O heavie herse ! 80
 Nowe is time to dye: Nay, time was long ygoe :
 O carefull verse !

" Whence is it, that the flour et of the field doth fade,
 And lyeth buried long in Winters bale ;
 Yet, soone as spring his mantle hath displayde,
 It flour eth fresh, as it should never fay le ?
 But thing on earth that is of most availe,
 As vertues braunch and beauties budde,
 Reliven not for any good.
 O heavie herse ! 90
 The braunch once dead, the budde eke needes must
 quaille ;
 O carefull verse !

" She, while she was, (that was, a woful word to sayne!)
 For beauties prayse and plesaunce had no peere ;
 So well she couth the shepherds entertayne
 With cakes and cracknells, and such country chere:
 Ne would she scorne the simple shepheards swaine;
 For she would cal him often heame,
 And give him curds and clouted Creame.
 O heavie herse ! 100
 Als Colin Cloute she would not once disdayne;
 O carefull verse!

" But nowe sike happy cheere is turnd to heavie chauce,
 Such pleasaunce now displast by dolors dint:
 All musick sleepes, where death doth leade the daunce,
 And shepherds wonted solace is extinct.

The blew in black, the greene in gray is tinct;

The gaudie girlonds deck her grave,
 The faded flowres her corse embrace.

O heavie herse I no

Morne nowe, my Muse, now morne with teares besprint;

O carefull verse I

" O thou greate shepheard, Lobbin, how great is thy
 griefe!

Where bene the nosegayes that she dight for thee ?

The coloured chaplets wrought with a chiefe,

The knotted rush-ringes, and gilte Rosemaree ?

For shee deemed nothing too deere for thee.

Ah ! they bene all yclad in clay ;

One bitter blast blewe all away.

O heavie herse ! 120

Thereof nought remaynes but the memoree ;

O carefull verse I

" Ay me ! that dreerie Death should strike so mortall stroke,

That can undoe Dame Natures kindly course ;

The faded lockes fall from the loftie oke,

The flouds do gaspe, for dryed is theyr sourse,

And flouds of teares flowe in theyr stead perforce :

The mantled medowes mourne,

Theyr sondry colours tourne.

O heavie herse I 130

The heavens doe melt in teares without remorse ;

O carefull verse!

" The feeble flocks in field refuse their former foode,

And hang theyr heads as they would learne to weepe;

The beastes in forest wayle as they were woode,

Except the Wolves, that chase the wandring sheepe,

Now she is gone that safely did hem keepe:

The Turtle on the bared braunch
 Laments the wound that death did launch.
 O heavie herse ! 140
 And Philomele her song with teares doth steepe ;
 O carefull verse !

" The water Nymphs, that wont with her to sing and
 daunce,
 And for her girlond Olive braunches beare,
 Nowe balefull boughes of Cypres doen advaunce;
 The Muses, that were wont greene bayes to weare,
 Now bringen bitter Eldre braunches seare;
 The fatall sisters eke repent
 Her vitall threde so soone was spent.
 O heavie herse ! 150
 Morne now, my Muse, now morne with heavy cheare,
 O carefull verse I

" O ! trustlesse state of earthly things, and slipper hope
 Of mortal men, that swincke and sweate for nought,
 And, shooting wide, doe misse the marked scope ;
 Now have I learnd (a lesson derely bought)
 That nys on earth assuraunce to be sought;
 For what might be in earthlie mould,
 That did her buried body hould.
 O heavie herse ! 160
 Yet saw I on the beare when it was brought;
 O carefull verse !

" But maugre death, and dreaded sisters deadly spight,
 And gates of hel, and fyrie furies forse,
 She hath the bonds broke of eternall night,
 Her soule unbodied of the burdenous corpse.
 Why then weepes Lobbin so without remorse ?
 O Lobb ! thy losse no longer lament;
 Dido nis dead, but into heaven hent.
 O happye herse ! 170
 Cease now, my Muse, now cease thy sorrowes source ;
 O joyfull verse !

" Why wayle we then ? why weary we the Gods with
playnts,

As if some evill were to her betight ?

She raignes a goddesse now emong the saintes,
That whilome was the saynt of shepherds light,
And is enstalled nowe in heavens hight.

I see thee, blessed soule, I see

Walke in Elisian fieldes so free.

O happy herse !

180

Might I once come to thee, (O that I might!)

O joyfull verse !

" Unwise and wretched men, to wcete whats good or ill,
We deeme of Death as doome of ill desert;
But knewe we, fooles, what it us brings until,
Dye would we dayly, once it to expert!

No daunger there the shepherd can astert;

Fayre fieldes and pleasaunt layes there bene ;

The fieldes ay fresh, the grasse ay greene.

O happy herse !

190

Make hast, ye shepherds, thether to revert:

O joyfull verse !

" Dido is gone afore ; (whose turne shall be the next ?)

There lives shee with the blessed Gods in blissc,

There drincks she Nectar with Ambrosia mixt,

And joyes enjoys that mortall men doe misse.

The honor now of highest gods she is,

That whilome was poore shepherds pryde,

While here on earth she did abyde.

O happy herse !

200

Ceasse now, my song, my woe now wasted is ;

O joyfull verse ? "

THENOT

Ay, francke shepherd, how bene thy verses meint

With doleful pleasaunce, so as I ne wotte

Whether rejoyce or weepe for great constrainte.

Thyne be the cossette, well hast thow it gotte.

Up, Colin up ! ynough thou morned hast;
Now gynnes to mizzle, hye we homeward fast.

'December

ÆGLOGA DUODECIMA. ARGUMENT.

This Æglogue {even as the first beganne} is ended with a complaynte of Colin to God Van ; wherein, as weary of his former wayes, hee proportioned his life to the foure seasons of the yeare ; comparing hys youthe to the spring time, when he was fresh and free from loves follye. His man-hood to the sommer, which, he sayth, was consumed with greate heate and excessive drouth, caused throughe a Comet or biasing starre, by which hee meaneth love ; which passion is commonly compared to such flames and immoderate heate. His riperyeares hee resembleth to an unseasonable harveste, wherein the fruites fall ere they be ripe. His latter age to winters chyll and frostie season, now drawing neare to his last ende.

The gentle shepherd satte beside a springe,
All in the shadowe of a bushye brere,
That Colin hight, which wel could pype and singe,
For he of Tityrus his songs did lere :

There, as he satte in secreate shade alone,
Thus gan he make of love his piteous mone.

" O soveraigne Pan ! thou god of shepherds all,
Which of our tender Lambkins takest keepe,
And, when our flocks into mischaunce mought fall,
Doest save from mischief the unwary sheepe, 10
Als of their maisters hast no lesse regarde
Then of the flocks, which thou doest watch and warde ;

" I thee beseche (so be thou deigne to heare
Rude ditties, tund to shepherds Oaten reede,
Or if I ever sonet song so deare,

As it with pleasaunce mought thy fancie feede)
Hearken awhile, from thy greene cabinet,
The rurall song of carefull Colinet.

" Whilome in youth, when flowrd my joyfull spring,
Like Swallow swift I wandred here and there ; 20
For heate of heedlesse lust me so did sting,
That I of doubted daunger had no feare :
I went the wastefull woodes and forest wide,
Withouten dreade of Wolves to bene espyed.

" I wont to raunge amydde the mазie thickette,
And gather nuttes to make me Christmas game,
And joyed oft to chace the trembling Pricket,
Or hunt the hartlesse hare til shee were tame.
What recked I of wintrye ages waste ?—
Tho deemed I my spring would ever laste. 30

" How often have I scaled the craggie Oke,
All to dislodge the Raven of her nest ?
How have I wearied with many a stroke,
The stately Walnut-tree, the while the rest
Under the tree fell all for nuts at strife ?
For ylike to me was libertee and lyfe.

" And for I was in thilke same looser yeares,
(Whether the Muse so wrought me from my byrth,
Or I to much beleeved my shepherd peeres,)
Somedele ybent to song and musicks mirth, 40
A good old shepheard, Wrenock was his name,
Made me by arte more cunning in the same.

" Fro thence I durst in derring-doe compare
With shepheards swayne what ever fedde in field ;
And, if that Hobbinol right judgement bare,
To Pan his owne selfe pype I neede not yield :
For, if the flocking Nymphes did folow Pan,
The wiser Muses after Colin ranne.

" But, ah ! such pry de at length was ill repay de :
 The shepheards God (perdie God was he none) 50
 My hurtlesse pleasaunce did me ill upbraide;
 My freedome lorne, my life he lefte to mone.

Love they him called that gave me checkmate,
 But better mought they have behote him Hate.

" Tho gan my lovely Spring bid me farewell,
 And Sommer season sped him to display
 (For love then in the Lyons house did dwell)
 The raging fyre that kindled at his ray.

A comett stird up that unkindly heate,
 That reigned (as men sayd) in Venus seate. 60

" Forth was I ledde, not as I wont afore,
 When choise I had to choose my wandring waye,
 But whether luck and loves unbridled lore
 Woulde leade me forth on Fancies bitte to playe :
 The bush my bedde, the bramble was my bowre,
 The Woodes can witnesse many a wofull stowre.

" Where I was wont to seeke the honey Bee,
 Working her formall rowmes in wexen frame,
 The grieslie Tode-stoole growne there mought I se,
 And loathed Paddocks lording on the same : 70
 And where the chaunting birds luld me asleepe,
 The ghastrlie Owle her grievous ynne doth keepe.

" Then as the springe gives place to elder time,
 And bringeth forth the fruite of sommers pryde ;
 Also my age, now passed youngthly pryme,
 To thinges of ryper reason selfe applyed,
 And learnd of lighter timber cotes to frame,
 Such as might save my sheepe and me fro shame.

" To make fine cages for the Nightingale,
 And Baskets of bulrushes, was my wont: 80
 Who to entrappe the fish in winding sale

Was better seene, or hurtful beastes to hont ?

I learned als the signes of heaven to ken,
How Phcebe fayles, where Venus sittes, and when.

" And tryed time yet taught me greater thinges ;
The sodain rysing of the raging seas,
The soothe of byrdes by beating of their winges,
The power of herbs, both which can hurt and ease,
And which be wont t' enrage the restlesse sheepe,
And which be wont to worke eternall sleepe. 90

" But, ah! unwise and witlesse Colin Cloute,
That kydst the hidden kinds of many a wede,
Yet kydst not ene to cure thy sore hart-roote,
Whose ranckling wound as yet does rifelye bleede.
Why livest thou stil, and yet hast thy deathes wound ?
Why dyest thou stil, and yet alive art founde ?

" Thus is my sommer worne away and wasted,
Thus is my harvest hastened all to rathe ;
The eare that budded faire is burnt and blasted,
And all my hoped gaine is turnd to scathe : 100
Of all the seede that in my youth was sowne
Was nought but brakes and brambles to be mowne.

" My boughes with bloomes that crowned were at firste,
And promised of timely fruite such store,
Are left both bare and barrein now at erst;
The flattring fruite is fallen to grownd before,
And rotted ere they were halfe mellow ripe ;
My harvest, wast, my hope away dyd wipe.

" The fragrant flowres, that in my garden grewe,
Bene withered, as they had bene gathered long; no
Theyr rootes bene dried up for lacke of dewe,
Yet dewed with tea res they han be ever among.
Ah! who has wrought my Rosalind this spight,
To spil the flowres that should her girlond dight ?

" And I, that whilome wont to frame my pype
 Unto the shifting of the shepheards foote,
 Sike follies nowe have gathered as too ripe,
 And cast hem out as rotten and unsote.

The loser Lasse I cast to please no more;
 One if I please, enough is me therefore. 120

" And thus of all my harvest-hope I have
 Nought reaped but a weedye crop of care;
 Which, when I thought have thresht in swelling sheave,
 Cockel for corne, and chaffe for barley, bare :

Soone as the chaffe should in the fan be fynd,
 All was blowne away of the wavering wynd.

" So now my yeare drawes to his latter terme,
 My spring is spent, my sommer burnt up quite ;
 My harveste hasts to stirre up Winter sterne, 129
 And bids him clayme with rigorous rage hys right:

So nowe he stormes with many a sturdy stoure;
 So now his blustering blast eche coste dooth scoure.

" The carefull cold hath nypt my rugged rynde,
 And in my face deepe furrowes eld hath pight:
 My head besprent with hoary frost I fynd,
 And by myne eie the Crow his clawe dooth wright:

Delight is layd abedde ; and pleasure past;
 No sonne now shines ; cloudes han all overcast.

" Now leave, ye shepheards boyes, your merry glee ;
 My Muse is hoarse and wearie of thys stounde : 140
 Here will I hang my pype upon this tree :
 Was never pype of reede did better sounde.

Winter is come that blowes the bitter blaste,
 And after Winter dreerie death does hast.

" Gather together ye my little flocke,
 My little flock, that was to me so lief;
 Let me, ah! lette me in your foldes ye lock,

Ere the breme Winter breede you greater griefe.
 Winter is come, that blowes the balefull breath,
 And after Winter commeth timely death. 150

" Adieu, delightes, that lulled me asleepe ;
 Adieu, my deare, whose love I bought so deare ;
 Adieu, my little Lambes and loved sheepe ;
 Adieu, ye Woodes, that oft my witsnesse were :
 Adieu, good Hobbinoll, that was so true,
 Tell Rosalind, her Colin bids her adieu."

*Loe ! I have made a Calender for every yeare,
 That Steele in strength, and time in durance, shall outweare ;
 And, if I marked well the starres revolution,
 It shall continewe till the worlds dissolution,
 To teach the ruder shepheard how to feede his sheepe,
 And from the falsers fraude his folded flocke to keepe.*

*Goe, lyttle Calender ! thou hast a free passeporte ;
 Goe but a lowly gate emongste the meaner sorte :
 Dare not to match thy pjpe with Tityrus his style.
 Nor with the Pilgrim that the Ploughman playde awhyle ; 10
 But followe them farre off, and their high steppes adore :
 The better please, the worse despise ; I aske no more.*

MERCE NON MERCEDE

JOHN MILTON

L'Allegro

HENCE, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy !
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings ;
There, under ebon shades and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell. 10
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth ;
Whom lovely Venus, at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crownèd Bacchus bore :
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring.
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying, 20
There, on beds of violets blue,
And fresh-blown roses washed in dew,
Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks and wanton Wiles,
Nods and Becks and wreathèd Smiles,

Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ; 30
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it, as you go,
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreprieved pleasures free ; 40
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-briar or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine;
While the cock, with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin ; 50
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :
Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedgerow elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state, 60
Robed in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale

Under the hawthorn in the dale.
 Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
 Whilst the lands kip round it measures : 70
 Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
 Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
 Mountains on whose barren breast
 The labouring clouds do often rest;
 Meadows trim, with daisies pied;
 Shallow brooks, and rivers wide;
 Towers and battlements it sees
 Bosomed high in tufted trees,
 Where perhaps some beauty lies,
 The cynosure of neighbouring eyes. 80
 Hard by a cottage chimney smokes
 From betwixt two aged oaks,
 Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
 Are at their savoury dinner set
 Of herbs and other country messes,
 Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
 And then in haste her bower she leaves,
 With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
 Or, if the earlier season lead,
 To the tanned haycock in the mead. 90
 Sometimes, with secure delight,
 The upland hamlets will invite,
 When the merry bells ring round,
 And jocund rebecks sound
 To many a youth and many a maid
 Dancing in the chequered shade,
 And young and old come forth to play
 On a sunshine holiday,
 Till the livelong daylight fail :
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
 With stories told of many a feat,
 How Faery Mab the junkets eat.
 She was pinched and pulled, she said ;
 And he, by Friar's lantern led,
 Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
 To earn his cream-bowl duly set,

When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath threshed the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down, the lubber fiend, 110
And, stretched out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength,
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lulled asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold, 120
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream. 130
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild,
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes with many a winding bout
Of linkèd sweetness long drawn out 140
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head

From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heaped Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto to have quite set free
 His half-regained Eurydice. 150
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

II *Penseroso*

HENCE, vain deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly without father bred!
 How little you bested,
 Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys !
 Dwell in some idle brain.
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
 As thick and numberless
 As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train. 10
 But, hail! thou Goddess sage and holy !
 Hail, divinest Melancholy !
 Whose saintly visage is too bright
 To hit the sense of human sight,
 And therefore to our weaker view
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
 Black, but such as in esteem
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
 Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove
 To set her beauty's praise above 20
 The Sea-Nymphs, and their powers offended.
 Yet thou art higher far descended :
 Thee bright-haired Vesta long of yore
 To solitary Saturn bore ;
 His daughter she; in Saturn's reign
 Such mixture was not held a stain.
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades

He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove. 30
Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come; but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes : 40
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast.
And join with thee calm Peace and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet.
And hears the Muses in a ring
Aye round about Jove's altar sing ;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure ; 50
But, first and chiefest, with thee bring *
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The Cherub Contemplation;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustomed oak. 60
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song;
And, missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,

To behold the wandering moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way, 70
And oft, as if her head she bowed,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-watered shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar ;
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removèd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom, 80
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft outwatch the Bear,
With thrice great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold 90
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook;
And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or underground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine, 100
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskined stage.
But, O sad Virgin ! that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower ;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing

Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made Hell grant what love did seek;
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold, 110
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That owned the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride ;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turncys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not tricked and frounced, as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchieft in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or ushered with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute-drops from off the eaves. . 130
And, when the sun begins to iling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To archèd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe with heavèd stroke
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.
There, in close covert, by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look, 140
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honeyed thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,

With such consort as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep.
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings, in airy stream
Of lively portraiture displayed,
Softly on my eyelids laid;
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high embowèd roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow,
To the full-voiced quire below,
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth shew,
And every herb that sips the dew,
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give ;
And I with thee will choose to live.

150

160

170

Ode
On the Morning of Qhrisfs Nativity

I

THIS is the month, and this the happy morn,
Wherein the Son of Heaven's eternal King,
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing,
That he our deadly forfeit should release,
And with his Father work us a perpetual peace.

II

That glorious form, that light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of majesty,
Wherewith he wont at Heaven's high council-table 10
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside, and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

III

Say, Heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God ?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain,
To welcome him to this his new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the Sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light, 20
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright ?

IV

See how from far upon the eastern road
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet!
Oh ! run ; prevent them with thy humble ode,
And lay it lowly at his blessed feet;
Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the Angel Quire,
From out his secret altar touched with hallowed fire.

THE HYMN

I

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child 30
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doffed her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the Sun, her lusty paramour.

11

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow,
And on her naked shame, 40
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

in

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace :
She, crowned with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing; 50
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

IV

No war, or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around;
The idle spear and shield were high uphung;
The hookèd chariot stood,
Unstained with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the armèd throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by. 60

V

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began.
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

VI

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fixed in steadfast gaze, 70
Bending one way their precious influence,
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warned them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

VII

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The Sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame, 80
As his inferior flame
The new-enlightened world no more should need:
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

VIII

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below: 90
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

IX

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

X

Nature, that heard such sound 101
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the Airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling :
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

XI

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light, 110
That with long beams the shamefaced Night arrayed ;
The helmèd cherubim
And sworded seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings displayed,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

XII

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made,
But when of old the Sons of Morning sung,
While the Creator great 120
His constellations set,
And the well-balanced World on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

XIII

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow; 130
And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

xiv

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back and fetch the Age of Gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day. 140

xv

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orbed in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace-hall.

xvi

But wisest Fate says No,
This must not yet be so ; 150
The Babe lies yet in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify :
Yet first, to those ychained in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

XVII

With such a horrid clang
As on Mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake :
The aged Earth, aghast 160
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

XVIII

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins ; for from this happy day
The Old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpèd sway, 170
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

XIX

The Oracles are dumb ;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archèd roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathèd spell,
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell. 180

XX

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring, and dale
Edged with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The Nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

XXI

In consecrated earth,
 And on the holy hearth, 190
 The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint;
 In urns, and altars round,
 A drear and dying sound
 Affrights the flamens at their service quaint;
 And the chill marble seems to sweat,
 While each peculiar power forgoes his wonted seat.

XXII

Peor and Baälim
 Forsake their temples dim,
 With that twice-battered god of Palestine ;
 And moonèd Ashtaroth, 200
 Heaven's queen and mother both,
 Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine :
 The Libyc Hammon shrinks his horn ;
 In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

XXIII

And sullen Moloch, fled,
 Hath left in shadows dread
 His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
 In vain with cymbals' ring
 They call the grisly king,
 In dismal dance about the furnace blue ; 210
 The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
 Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

XXIV

Nor is Osiris seen
 In Memphian grove or green,
 Trampling the unshowered grass with lowings loud;
 Nor can he be at rest
 Within his sacred chest;
 Nought but profoundest Hell can be his shroud;
 In vain, with timbreled anthems dark,
 The sable-stolèd sorcerers bear his worshiped ark. 220

XXV

He feels from Juda's land
 The dreaded Infant's hand ;
 The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
 Nor all the gods beside
 Longer dare abide,
 Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
 Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
 Can in his swaddling bands control the damnèd crew.

XXVI

So, when the sun in bed,
 Curtained with cloudy red, 230
 Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
 The flocking shadows pale
 Troop to the infernal jail,
 Each fettered ghost slips to his several grave,
 And the yellow-skirted fays
 Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

XXVII

But see ! the Virgin blest
 Hath laid her Babe to rest.
 Time is our tedious song should here have ending :
 Heaven's youngest-teemèd star 240
 Hath fixed her polished car,
 Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
 And all about the courtly stable
 Bright-harnessed Angels sit in order serviceable.

Lycidas

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
 And with forced fingers rude
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear

Compels me to disturb your season due;
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew 10
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin, then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse:
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn, 20
And as he passes turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud!

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill;
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the Morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening bright 30
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute;
Tempered to the oaten flute
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damcetas loved to hear our song.

But, oh! the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone and never must return!
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown, 40
And all their echoes, mourn.
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,

Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows ;
 Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep 50
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
 Ay me! I fondly dream

" Had ye been there," . . . for what could that have done ?
 What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
 Whom universal nature did lament, 60
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with uncessant care
 To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair ?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise 70
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)

To scorn delights and live laborious days ;
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life. " But not the praise,"
 Phcebus replied, and touched my trembling ears :
 " Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies, 80
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood.

But now my oat proceeds,

And listens to the Herald of the Sea,

That came in Neptune's plea.

90

He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain ?

And questioned every gust of rugged wings

That blows from off each beaked promontory.

They knew not of his story;

And sage Hippotades their answer brings,

That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed :

The air was calm, and on the level brine

Sleek Panope with all her sisters played.

It was that fatal and perfidious bark,

100

Built in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,

That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next, Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,

His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,

Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge

Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.

" Ah I who hath reft," quoth he, " my dearest pledge ? "

Last came, and last did go,

The Pilot of the Galilean Lake;

Two massy keys he bore of metals twain 110

(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).

He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake :—

" How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,

Enow of such as, for their bellies' sake,

Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold!

Of other care they little reckoning make

Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,

And shove away the worthy bidden guest.

Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold

A sheep-hook, or have learnt aught else the least 120

That to the faithful herdman's art belongs I

What recks it them ? What need they ? They are sped;

And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs

Grate on their scannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But, swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said.
But that two-handed engine at the door 130
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more."

Return, Alpheus ; the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers, 140
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so, to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled;
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold.

Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor.
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore 170
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the Saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing; and singing in their glory move, 180
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went ovtt with sandals grey :
He touched the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
And now the sun had stretched out all the hills, 190
And now was dropt into the western bay.
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue :
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

Sonnets

ON HIS HAVING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year!
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom shew'th.
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
 That I to manhood am arrived so near;
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits endu'th.
 Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even 10
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven.
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye.

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY

CAPTAIN or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
 Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
 If deed of honour did thee ever please,
 Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
 He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
 That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
 And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
 Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
 Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
 The great Emathian conqueror bid spare 10
 The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
 Went to the ground; and the repeated air
 Of sad Electra's poet had the power
 To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

TO THE LORD GENERAL CROMWELL, MAY 1652,
ON THE PROPOSALS OF CERTAIN MINISTERS AT THE COM-
MITTEE FOR PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud
Not of war only, but detractions rude,
Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,
To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,
And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud
Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,
While Darweri stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,
And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,
And Worcester's laureate wreath : yet much remains
To conquer still; Peace hath her victories 10
No less renowned than War: new foes arise,
Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.
Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose Gospel is their maw.

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

AVENGE, O Lord, thy slaughtered saints, whose bones
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshiped stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow 10
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,
"Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?"
I fondly ask. But Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work or his own gifts. Who best 10
Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best. His state
Is kingly: thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

ON HIS DECEASED WIFE

METHOUGHT I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from Death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the Old Law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
Her face was veiled; yet to my fancied sight 10
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

ALEXANDER POPE

The Rape of the Lock

AN HEROI-COMICAL POEM

CANTO I

WHAT dire offence from am'rous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due :
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view :
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess ! could compel
A well-bred Lord t^h assault a gentle Belle ?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord ? 10
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty Rage ?
Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day :
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,
And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy rest: 20
'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head;
A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,
(That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)

Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care
Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air !
If e'er one vision touch'd thy infant thought,
Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught; 30
Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly flow'rs ;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,
To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:
What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give ?
The Fair and Innocent shall still believe. 40
Know, then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee^t fly,
The light Militia of the lower sky :
These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in Air,
And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould ;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly Vehicles to these of air. 50
Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive,
And love of Ombre, after death survive.
For when the Fair in all their pride expire,
To their first Elements their Souls retire :
The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame
Mount up, and take a Salamander's name. 60
Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,
And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.
The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,

In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.
 The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair,
 And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.

Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embraced:
 For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 70
 What guards the purity of melting Maids,
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,
 When music softens, and when dancing fires ?
 'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,
 Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For life predestin'd to the Gnomes' embrace. 80
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd :
 Then gay Ideas crowd the vacant brain,
 While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,
 And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear,
 And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
 Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,
 Teach Infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a Beau. 90

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The Sylphs thro* mystic mazes guide their way,
 Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expel by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball ?
 When Florio speaks what virgin could withstand,
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand ?
 With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,
 They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart; 100
 Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-knots
 strive,

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals Levity may call;
Oh blind to truth ! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star
I saw, alas ! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend, 110
But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where :
Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware !
This to disclose is all thy guardian can :
Beware of all, but most beware of Man !

He said ; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux ;
Wounds, Charms, and Ardors were no sooner read,
But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head. 120

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,
Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.
First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,
With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.
A heav'nly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ;
Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of Pride.
Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here
The various off'rings of the world appear ; 130
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite,
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-cjoux.
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms ;
The fair each moment rises in her charms, 140

Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

CANTO II

NOT with more glories, in th' etherial plain,
The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her shone,
But ev'ry eye was fix'd on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling Cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and Infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick, as her eyes, and as unfix'd as those : 10
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends ;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if Belles had faults to hide :
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This Nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind 20
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes 'we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd;

He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a Lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phcebus rose, he had implor'd
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,
But chiefly Love—to Love an Altar built,
Of twelve vast French Romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves ;
And all the trophies of his former loves ; 40
With tender Billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize :
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides :
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And soften'd sounds along the waters die ; 50
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons strait his Denizens of air ;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair :
Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ; 60
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,
Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.

Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd; 70
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Daemons, hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd
By laws eternal to th' ærial kind.
Some in the fields of purest *Mthet* play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,
Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky. 80
Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main*,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of Nations own,
And guard with Arms divine the British Throne. 90

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair,
Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs;
To steal from rainbows e'er they drop in show'rs
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow. 100

This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair,
That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour or her new brocade;

Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must fall.
 Haste, then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair : 111
 The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock;
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,
 We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat :
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
 Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;
 Form a strong line about the silver bound, 121
 And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post néglects, or leaves the fair at large,
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
 Be stopp'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins ;
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
 Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,
 While clogg'd he beats his silken wings in vain; 130
 Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r
 Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flow'r :
 Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall fêel
 The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,
 In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow,
 And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke ; the spirits from the sails descend;
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
 Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair ;
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear : 140
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

CANTO III

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with flow'rs,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,

There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign Tyrants and of Nymphs at home;
Here thou, great ANNA ! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes Tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court; 10
In various talk th' instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British Queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;
At ev'ry word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, *and all that*.

Mean while, declining from the no'on of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ; 20
The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jury-men may dine ;
The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the Toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two advent'rous Knights,
At Ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30
Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card :
First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,
Then each, according to the rank they bore ;
For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard ;
And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,
Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r; 40
Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,

Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand;
 And particolour'd troops, a shining train,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care :
 Let Spades be trumps ! she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable Matadores,
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.
 Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord!

Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board. 50
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield,
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.
 Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard
 Gain'd but one trump and one Plebeian card.
 With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
 The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to sight reveal'd,
 The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.
 The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60

Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew
 And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,
 Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguish'd by the victor spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield;
 Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike Amazon her host invades,
 Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.
 The Club's black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride : 70
 What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;
 That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarch's, only grasps the globe ?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace;
 Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,
 And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd
 Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
 Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiscuous strow the level green. 80

Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye,
The pierc'd battalions dis-united fall,
In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of Hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ; 90
She sees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.
And now (as oft in some distemper'd State)
On one nice Trick depends the gen'rai fate.
An Ace of Hearts steps forth : The King unseen
Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen :
He springs to Vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky ;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply. 100

Oh thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo ! the board with cups and spoons is crown'd,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round ;
On shining Altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :
From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide : no
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the Fair her airy band ;
Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,
Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,
And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain

New Stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120
 Ah cease, rash youth ! desist ere 'tis too late,
 Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate!
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injur'd hair 1

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instrument* of ill!
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:
 So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130
 He takes the gift with rev'rence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends ;
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
 And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;
 Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the Virgin's thought; 140
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,
 He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind,
 Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.
 Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,
 Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the gUtt'ring Forfex wide,
 T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.
 Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,
 A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd; 150
 Fate urg'd the shears, and cut the Sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again)
 The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever I

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,
 When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;

Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,
In glitt'ring dust and painted fragments lie I 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,
(The victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is minel
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British Fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live! 170
What Time would spare, from Steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.
What wonder then, fair nymph I thy hairs should feel
The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

CANTO IV

BUT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,
And secret passions labour'd in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,
Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,
Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,
As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair. 10

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sully'd the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,

And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows. 20
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and noons,
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons. 30

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies ;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise; 40
Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires:
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.
Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout: 50
A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks ;
Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pie talks ;
Men prove with child, as pow'ful fancy works,
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastic band,
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.

Then thus address'd the pow'r : " Hail, wayward, Queen !
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit, 60
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays ;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.
A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game ; 70
If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,
Or rumpled petticoats, or tumbled beds,
Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,
Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,
Or e'er to costive lap-dog gave disease,
Which not the tears of brightest eyes could ease:
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen."

The Goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, tho' she grants his pray'r. 80
A wond'rous Bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds ;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A Vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound. 90
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the Furies issu'd at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands, and cry'd,

(While Hampton's echoes, " Wretched maid ! " reply'd)
 " Was it for this you took such constant care
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare ?
 For this your locks in paper durance bound,
 For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around ? 100
 For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead ?
 Gods ! shall the ravisher display your hair,
 While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!
 Honour forbid! at whose unrivall'd shrine
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey,
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already see you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost! no
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend ?
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend I
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,
 On that rapacious hand for ever blaze ?
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,
 And wits take lodgirjgs in the sound of Bow ;
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all!" 120

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:
 (Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
 He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,
 And thus broke out—" My Lord, why, what the devil!
 " Z—ds ! damn the lock ! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
 " Plague on't ! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!
 " Give her the hair "—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

" It grieves me much " (reply'd the Peer again) 131
 " Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.

But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair;

Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipp'd from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."
He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread
The long-contended honours of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears ;
On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said:

"For ever curs'd be this detested day,
Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away !
Happy ! ah ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen ! 150
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.
Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd
In some lone isle, or distant Northern land;
Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.
What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam ?
Oh had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home! 160
'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;
The tott'ring China shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind !
A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late !
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs !
My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares :
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck; 170
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;
Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal shears demands,

And tempts once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
 Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these! "

CANTO v

SHE said: the pitying audience melt *in* tears.
 But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.
 Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.
 " Say, why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast? 10
 Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,
 Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?
 Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd Beaux,
 Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows;
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace:
 ' Behold the first in virtue as in face! '
 Oh 1 if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away, 20
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
 But since, alas I frail beauty must decay,
 Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;
 What then remains but well our pow'r to use,
 And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose? 30
 And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd ;
Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.
" To arms, to arms ! " the fierce Virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin th' attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones' crack; 40
Heroes' and Heroines' shouts confus'dly rise,
And bass, and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found;
Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,
And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes, arms ;
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms :
Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound : 50
Earth shakes her nodding tow'rs, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day !

Triumphant Umbriel on a sponce's height
Clapp'd his glad wings, and sate to view the fight :
Propp'd on their bodildn spears, the Sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song. 60
" O cruel nymph ! a living death I bear,"
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
" Those eyes are made so killing "—was his last.
Thus on Meander's flow'ry margin lies
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown ;
She smiPd to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again. 70

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair ;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;

At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes :
 Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
 But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,
 She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd : 80
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
 A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;
 The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great great grandsire wore about his neck, 90
 In three seal-rings ; which after, melted down,
 Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown :
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
 Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs,
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

" Boast not my fall " (he cry'd) " insulting foe !
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low,
 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
 All that I dread is leaving you behind 1 100
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
 And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."

" Restore the Lock ! " she cries ; and all around
 " Restore the Lock ! " the vaulted roofs rebound.
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
 Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.
 But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,
 And chiefs contend 'till all the prize is lost I
 The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain: 110
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
 So heav'n decrees ! with heav'n who can contest ?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.
There Hero's wits are kept in pond'rous vases,
And beau's in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,
To Proculus alone confess'd in view)
A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,
The heav'ns bespangling with dishevell'd light. 130
The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the Beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest Lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks thro' Galileo's eyes ;
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140

Then cease, bright Nymph I to mourn thy ravish'd hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die :
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150

*Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate
"Lady"*

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-light shade
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky,
For those who greatly think, or bravely die? 10

Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods;
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres; 20
Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her Race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood! 30
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death:
Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must **roll no more.**

Thus, if Eternal justice rules the ball,
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall;
 On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
 And frequent heres shall besiege your gates.
 There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,
 (While the long fun'rals blacken all the way) 40
 Lo! these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,
 And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield.
 Thus unlamented pass the proud away,
 The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
 So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow
 For others good, or melt at others woe.

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade !)
 Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid ?
 No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
 Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier. 50
 By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd,
 By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,
 By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,
 By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd !
 What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear,
 Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
 And bear about the mockery of woe
 To midnight dances, and the public show ?
 What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,
 Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face ? 60
 What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,
 Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb ?
 Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,
 And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast :
 There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow,
 There the first roses of the year shall blow ;
 While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade
 The ground, now sacred by thy reHques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
 What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame. 70
 How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,
 To whom related, or by whom begot;
 A heap of dust alone remains of **thee**,

'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart, 80
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The Muse forgot, and thou be lov'd no more 1

THOMAS GRAY

Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College

YE distant spires, ye antique towers,
That crown the watry glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her HENRY'S holy Shade ;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of WINDSOR'S heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way. 10

Ah happy hills, ah pleasing shade,
Ah fields beloved *in vain*,
Where once my careless childhood strayed,
A stranger yet to pain!
I feel the gales, that from ye blow,
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring. 20

Say, Father THAMES, for thou hast seen
Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
The paths of pleasure trace,

Who foremost now delight, to cleave
With pliant arm thy glassy wave ?

The captive linnet which enthrall?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed,
Or urge the flying ball? 30

While some on earnest business bent
Their murm'ring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
To sweeten liberty;

Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry;
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
And snatch a fearful joy. 40

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
Less pleasing when possess;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
The sunshine of the breast;
Theirs buxom health of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever-new,
And lively cheer of vigour born;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light,
That fly th' approach of morn. 50

Alas, regardless of their doom,
The little victims play!
No sense have they of ills to come,
No care beyond to-day ;
Yet see how all around 'em wait
The Ministers of human fate,
And black Misfortune's baleful train !
Ah, show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey the murth'rous band !
Ah, tell them, they are men! 60

These shall the fury Passions tear,
 The vultures of the mind,
 Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
 And Shame that skulks behind;
 Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
 Or Jealousy with rankling tooth,
 That inly gnaws⁷ the secret heart,
 And Envy wan, and faded Care,
 Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
 And Sorrow's piercing dart.

70

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
 Then whirl the wretch from high,
 To bitter Scorn a sacrifice,
 And grinning Infamy.
 The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
 And hard Unkindness' altered eye,
 That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
 And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
 And moody Madness laughing wild
 Amid severest woe.

80

jbo, in the vale of years beneath
 A grisly troop are seen,
 The painful family of Death,
 More hideous than their Queen ;
 This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
 That every labouring sinew strains,
 Those in the deeper vitals rage ;
 Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
 That numbs the soul with icy hand.
 And slow-consuming Age.

90

To each his suff'rings ; all are men,
 Condemned alike to groan,
 The tender for another's pain ;
 Th' unfeeling for his own.
 Yet ah I why should they know their fate ?
 Since sorrow never comes too late,

And happiness too swiftly flies.
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more; where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise. 100

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds ;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain 10
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that' yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed. 20

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield I
How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; 30
Nor Grandeur hear, with a disdainful smile,
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. 40

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll; 50
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem, of purest ray serene,
The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood. 60

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad; nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame, 70
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhimes and shapeless sculpture decked,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh. 80

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unlettered Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply;
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who to dumb Forgetfulness a prey
This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires; 90
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonoured Dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 " Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 " Brushing with hasty steps the dews away
 " To meet the sun upon the upland lawn. 100

" There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 " That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 " His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 " And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

" Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 " Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove,
 " Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 " Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

" One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
 " Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree; 110
 " Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 " Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

" The next with dirges due in sad array
 " Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
 " Approach and read (for thou can'st read) the lay
 " Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

*HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown.
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.* 120

She stretched in vain to reach the prize.
 What female heart can gold despise ?
 What Cat's averse to fish?

Presumptuous Maid! with looks intent
 Again she stretched, again she bent,
 Nor knew the gulf between.
 (Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled)
 The slipp'ry verge her feet beguiled,
 She tumbled headlong in.

30

Eight times, emerging from the flood
 She mewed ev'ry watry God,
 Some speedy aid to send.
 No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirred ;
 Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Susan* heard.
 A Fav'rite has no friend!

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceived,
 Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
 And be with caution bold.
 Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
 And needless. hearts is lawful prize,
 Nor all, that glisters, gold.

40

The "Bard"

A PINDARIC ODE

I. I

' RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
 ' Confusion on thy banners wait,
 ' Tho' fanned by Conquest's crimson wing
 ' They mock the air with idle state.
 ' Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 ' Nor even thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 ' To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 ' From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !'

Such were the sounds, that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay, 10
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance;
 'To arms !' cried Mortimer, and couched his quiv'ring
 lance.

I. 2

On a rock, whose haughty brow
 Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
 Robed in the sable garb of woe,
 With haggard eyes the Poet stood;
 (Loose his beard, and hoary hair
 Streamed, like a meteor, to the troubled air) 20
 And with a Master's hand, and Prophet's fire,
 Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

' Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
 ' Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath!
 ' O'er thee, oh King! their hundred arms they wave,
 ' Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe;
 ' Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
 ' To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

I- 3 .

' Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
 ' That hushed the stormy main ; 30
 ' Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed;
 ' Mountains, ye mourn in vain
 ' Modred, whose magic song
 ' Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topped head.
 ' On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
 ' Smeared with gore, and ghastly pale;
 ' Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail; '
 ' The famished Eagle screams, and passes by.
 ' Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
 ' Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes, 40
 ' Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
 ' Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—

'No more T' weep. They do not sleep.
 ' On yonder cliffs, a grisly band,
 'I see them sit, they linger yet
 ' Avengers of their native land ;
 ' With me in dreadful harmony they join,
 ' And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

II. I

" Weave the warp, and weave the woof,
 " The winding-sheet of Edward's race. 50
 " Give ample room, and verge enough
 " The characters of hell to trace.
 " Mark the year, and mark the night,
 " When Severn shall re-echo with affright
 " The shrieks of d'ath, thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,
 " Shrieks of an agonizing King !
 " She-Wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs,
 " That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled Mate,
 " From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
 The scourge of Heaven. What Terrors round him wait !
 " Amazement in his van, with Flight combined, 61
 " And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord !
 " Low on his funeral couch he lies !
 " No pitying heart, no eye, afford
 " A tear to grace his obsequies.
 " Is the sable Warrior fled ?
 " Thy son is gone. He rests among the Dead.
 " The Swarm, that in thy noon-tide beam were born ?
 " Gone to salute the rising Morn. 70
 " Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
 " While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
 " In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes ;
 " Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm;
 " Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
 " That, hushed in grim repose, expects his evening-prev.

II. 3

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,
 " The rich repast prepare,
 " Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast;
 " Close by the regal chair 80
 " Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
 " A baleful smile upon their baffled Guest.
 " Heard ye the din of battle bray,
 " Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
 " Long Years of havoc urge their destined course,
 " And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
 " Ye Towers of Julius, London's lasting **shame**,
 " With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
 " Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame
 " And spare the meek Usurper's holy head.
 " Above, below, the rose of snow,
 " Twined with her blushing foe, we spread;
 " The bristled Boar in infant gore
 " Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
 " Now, Brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom
 " Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. I

" Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
 " (Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
 " Half of thy heart we consecrate.
 " (The web is wove. The work is done.) " 100
 ' Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
 ' Leave me unblessed, unpitied, here to mourn;
 ' In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
 ' They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
 ' But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
 ' Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll ?
 ' Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
 ' Ye unborn Ages, crowd not on my soul !
 ' No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
 ' All hail, ye genuine Kings, Britannia's Issue, hail! 110

III. 2

' many a Baron bold
 ' Their starry fronts they rear ;
 ' Gorgeous Dames, and Statesmen old
 ' In bearded majesty, appear.
 ' In the midst a Form divine !
 ' Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line ;
 ' Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
 ' Attempered sweet to virgin-grace.
 ' What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
 ' What strains of vocal transport round her play ! 120
 ' Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear ;
 ' They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
 ' Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
 ' Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-coloured wings.

III. 3

' The verse adorn again
 ' Fierce War and faithful Love,
 ' And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
 ' In buskined measures move
 ' Pale Grief and pleasing Pain,
 ' With Horror, Tyrant of the throbbing breast. 130
 ' A Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
 ' Gales from blooming Eden bear ;
 ' And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
 ' That lost in long futurity expire.
 ' Fond impious Man, think'st thou, yon sanguine cloud,
 ' Raised by thy breath, has quenched the Orb of day ?
 ' To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
 ' And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
 ' Enough for me. 'With joy I see
 ' The different doom our Fates assign. 140
 ' Be thine Despair, and sceptred Care,
 ' To triumph, and to die, are mine.'

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
 Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Lines

*Composed a few Miles above Tintern Abbey on
Revisiting the Banks of the Wye during a Tour,
July 13, 1798*

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters ! and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
With a soft inland murmur.—Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view 10
These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see
These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild: these pastoral farms,
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !
With some uncertain notice, as might seem
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods, 20
Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
The Hermit sits alone.

These beauteous forms,
 Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart;
 And passing even into my purer mind,
 With tranquil restoration :—feelings too
 Of unremembered pleasure : such, perhaps,
 As have no slight or trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world,
 Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood,
 In which the affections gently lead us on,—
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul:
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things.

3°

4°

50

If this
 Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
 In darkness and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
 O sylvan Wye ! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
 How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought, 60
 With many recognitions dim and faint,

And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again :
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills ; when like a roe 70
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then
(The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
And their glad, animal movements all gone by)
To me was all in all.—I cannot paint
When then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood, 80
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite ; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, nor any interest
Unborrowed from the eye.—That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompence. For I have learned 90
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing oftentimes
The stilly sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts ; a sense sublime "
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean and the living air, 100

And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit, that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods,
And mountains ; and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye, and ear,—both what they half, create,
And what perceive ; well pleased to recognise
In nature and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.

110

Nor perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou my dearest Friend,
My dear, dear Friend ; and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights
Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear Sister ! and this prayer I make,
Knowing that Nature never did, betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy : for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain-winds be free

120

130

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
 The periwinkle trailed its wreaths ; 10
 And 'tis my faith that every flower
 Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played,
 Their thoughts I cannot measure :—
 But the least motion which they made
 It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan,
 To catch the breezy air ;
 And I must think, do all I can,
 That there was pleasure there. 20

If this belief from heaven be sent,
 If such be Nature's holy plan,
 Have I not reason to lament
 What man has made of man ?

Expostulation and Reply

" WHY, William, on that old grey stone,
 Thus for the length of half a day,
 Why, William, sit you thus alone,
 And dream your time away ?

" Where are your books ?—that light bequeathed
 To Beings else forlorn and blind !
 Up ! up I and drink the spirit breathed
 From dead men to their kind.

" You look round on your Mother Earth,
 As if she for no purpose bore you ; 10
 As if you were her first-born birth,
And none had lived before you ! "

One morning thus, by Esthwaite lake,
 When life was sweet, I knew not why,
 To me my good friend Matthew spake,
 And thus I made reply:

"The eye—it cannot choose but see;
 We cannot bid the ear be still;
 Our bodies feel, where'er they be,
 Against or with our will.

20

"Nor less I deem that there are Powers
 Which of themselves our minds impress ;
 That we can feed this mind of ours
 In a wise passiveness.

"Think you, 'mid all this mighty sum
 Of things for ever speaking,
 That nothing of itself will come,
 But we must still be seeking ?

"—Then ask not wherefore, here, alone,
 Conversing as I may,
 I sit upon this old grey stone,
 And dream my time away."

30

The Tables Turned

AN EVENING SCENE ON THE SAME SUBJECT

UP ! up ! my Friend, and quit your books ;
 Or surely you'll grow double :
 Up ! up ! my Friend, and clear your looks ;
 Why all this toil and trouble ?

The sun, above the mountain's head,
 A freshening lustre mellow
 Through all the long green fields has spread,
 His first sweet evening yellow.

Books ! 'tis a dull and endless strife :
 Come, hear the woodland linnet, 10
 How sweet his music! on my life,
 There's more of wisdom in it.

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings !
 He, too, is no mean preacher :
 Come forth into the light of things,
 Let Nature be your teacher.

She has a world of ready wealth,
 Our minds and hearts to bless—
 Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health,
 Truth breathed by cheerfulness. 20

One impulse from a vernal wood
 May teach you more of man,
 Of moral evil and of good,
 Than all the sages can.

Sweet is the lore which Nature brings ;
 Our meddling intellect
 Mis-shapes the beauteous forms of things :—
 We murder to dissect.

Enough of Science and of Art ;
 Close up those barren leaves ; 30
 Come forth, and bring with you a heart
 That watches and receives.

.Resolution and Independence

I

THERE was a roaring in the wind all night;
 The rain came heavily and fell in floods ;
 But now the sun is rising calm and bright;

The birds are singing in the distant woods ;
Over his own sweet voice the Stock-dove broods ;
The Jay makes answer as the Magpie chatters;
And all the air is filled with pleasant noise of waters.

II

All things that love the sun are out of doors ;
The sky rejoices in the morning's birth;
The grass is bright with rain-drops ;—on the moors 10
The hare is running races in her mirth;
And with her feet she from the plashy earth
Raises a mist, that, glittering in the sun,
Runs with her all the way, wherever she doth run.

III

I was a Traveller then upon the moor,
I saw the hare that raced about with joy ;
I heard the woods and distant waters roar;
Or heard them not, as happy as a boy :
The pleasant season did my heart employ :
My old remembrances went from me wholly; 20
And all the ways of men, so vain and melancholy.

IV

But, as it sometimes chanceth, from the might
Of joy in minds that can no further go,
As high as we have mounted in delight
In our dejection do we sink as low ;
To me that morning did it happen so;
And fears and fancies thick upon me came;
Dim sadness—and blind thoughts, I knew not, nor could
name.

V

I heard the sky-lark warbling in the sky;
And I bethought me of the playful hare: 30
Even such a happy Child of earth am I;

Even as these blissful creatures do I fare;
 Far from the world I walk, and from all care;
 But there may come another day to me—
 Solitude, pain of heart, distress, and poverty.

VI

My whole life I have lived in pleasant thought,
 As if life's business were a summer mood;
 As if all needful things would come unsought
 To genial faith, still rich in genial good ;
 But how can He expect that others should 4c
 Build for him, sow for him, and at his call
 Love him, who for himself will take no heed at all?

VII

I thought of Chatterton, the marvellous Boy,
 The sleepless Soul that perished in his pride ;
 Of Him who walked in glory and in joy
 Following his plough, along the mountain-side :
 By our own spirits are we deified :
 We Poets in our youth begin in gladness ;
 But thereof come in the end despondency and madness.

VIII

Now, whether it were by peculiar grace, 50
 A leading from above, a something given,
 Yet it befell, that, in this lonely place,
 When I with these untoward thoughts had striven,
 Beside a pool bare to the eye of heaven
 I saw a Man before me unawares :
 The oldest man he seemed that ever wore grey hairs.

IX

As a huge stone is sometimes seen to lie
 Couched on the bald top of an eminence;
 Wonder to all who do the same espy,

By what means it could thither come, and whence; 60
So that it seems a thing endued with sense:
Like a sea-beast crawled forth, that on a shelf
Of rock or sand reposes, there to sun itself;

X

Such seemed this Man, not all alive nor dead,
Nor all asleep—in his extreme old age:
His body was bent double, feet and head
Coming together in life's pilgrimage;
As if some dire constraint of pain, or rage
Of sickness felt by him in times long past,
A more than human weight upon his frame had cast. 70

XI

Himself he propped, limbs, body, and pale face,
Upon a long grey staff of shaven wood :
And, still as I drew near with gentle pace,
Upon the margin of that moorish flood
Motionless as a cloud the old Man stood,
That heareth not the loud winds when they call
And moveth all together, if it move at all.

XII

At length, himself unsettling, he the pond
Stirred with his staff, and fixedly did look
Upon the muddy water, which he coned, 80
As if he had been reading in a book :
And now a stranger's privilege I took;
And, drawing to his side, to him did say,
" This morning gives us promise of a glorious day."

XIII

A gentle answer did the old Man make,
In courteous speech which forth he slowly drew :
And him with further words I thus bespake,

" What occupation do you there pursue ?
 This is a lonesome place for one like you."
 Ere he replied, a flash of mild surprise 90
 Broke from the sable orbs of his yet-vivid eyes.

XIV

His words came feebly, from a feeble chest,
 But each in solemn order followed each,
 With something of a lofty utterance drest—
 Choice word and measured phrase, above the reach
 Of ordinary men ; a stately speech ;
 Such as grave Livers do in Scotland use,
 Religious men, who give to God and man their dues.

XV

He told, that to these waters he had come
 To gather leeches, being old and poor : 100
 Employment hazardous and wearisome!
 And he had many hardships to endure:
 From pond to pond he roamed, from moor to moor;
 Housing, with God's good help, by choice or chance,
 And in this way he gained an honest maintenance.

XVI

The old Man still stood talking by my side ;
 But now his voice to me was like a stream
 Scarce heard ; nor word from word could I divide ;
 And the whole body of the Man did seem
 Like one whom I had met with in a dream ; no
 Or like a man from some far region sent,
 To give me human" strength, by apt admonishment.

XVII

My former thoughts returned : the fear that kills ;
 And hope that is unwilling to be fed ;
 Cold, pain, and labour, and all fleshly ills ;

And mighty Poets in their misery dead.
—Perplexed, and longing to be comforted,
My question eagerly did I renew,
"How is it that you live, and what is it you do?"

XVIII

He with a smile did then his words repeat; 120
And said, that, gathering leeches, far and wide
He travelled; stirring thus about his feet
The waters of the pools where they abide.
"Once I could meet with them on every side;
But they have dwindled long by slow decay;
Yet still I persevere, and find them where I may."

XIX

While he was talking thus, the lonely place,
The old Man's shape, and speech—all troubled me:
In my mind's eye I seemed to see him pace
About the weary moors continually, 130
Wandering about alone and silently.
While I these thoughts within myself pursued,
He, having made a pause, the same discourse renewed.

XX

And soon with this he other matter blended,
Cheerfully uttered, with demeanour kind,
But stately in the main; and when he ended,
I could have laughed myself to scorn to find
In that decrepit Man so firm a mind.
"God," said I, "be my help and stay secure;
I'll think of the Leech-gatherer on the lonely moor!" 140

'The Solitary Reaper

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
Yon solitary Highland Lass I
Reaping and singing by herself;
Stop here, or gently pass!

Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen ! for the Vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
More welcome notes to weary bands 10
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?—
Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
And battles long ago : 20
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day ?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
And o'er the sickle bending;—
I listened, motionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill 30
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

" I wandered lonely as a Cloud "

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills
When all at once I saw a crowd,

A host, of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

10

The waves beside them danced; but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company :
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought:

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

20

To the Small Celandine

PANSIES, lilies, kingcups, daisies,
Let them live upon their praises ;
Long as there's a sun that sets,
Primroses will have their glory;
Long as there are violets,
They will have a place in story :
There's a flower that shall be mine,
'Tis the little Celandine.

Eyes of some men travel far
For the finding of a star; 10
Up and down the heavens they go,
Men that keep a mighty rout I
I'm as great as they, I trow,
Since the day I found thee out,
Little Flower!—I'll make a stir,
Like a sage astronomer.

Modest, yet withal an Elf
Bold, and lavish of thyself;
Since we needs must first have met
I have seen thee, high and low, 20
Thirty years or more, and yet
'Twas a face I did not know;
Thou hast now, go where I may,
Fifty greetings in a day.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,
In the time before the thrush
Has a thought about her nest,
Thou wilt come with half a call,
Spreading out thy glossy breast
Like a careless Prodigal; 30
Telling tales about the sun,
When we've little warmth, or none.

Poets, vain men in their mood!
Travel with the multitude :
Never heed them; I aver
That they all are wanton wooers ;
* But the thrifty cottager,
Who stirs little out of doors,
Joys to spy thee near her home ;
Spring is coming, Thou art come I 40

Comfort have thou of thy merit,
Kindly, unassuming Spirit!
Careless of thy neighbourhood,
Thou dost show thy pleasant face

On the moor, and in the wood,
In the lane;—there's not a place,
Howsoever mean it be,
But 'tis good enough for thee.

Ill befall the yellow flowers,
Children of the flaring hours ! 50
Buttercups, that will be seen,
Whether we will see or no;
Others, too, of lofty mien;
They have done as worldlings do,
Taken praise that should be thine,
Little, humble Celandine !

Prophet of delight and mirth,
Ill-requited upon earth;
Herald of a mighty band,
Of a joyous train ensuing, 60
Serving at my heart's command,
Tasks that are no tasks renewing,
I will sing, as doth behove,
Hymns in praise of what I love !

To the Same Flower

PLEASURES newly found are sweet
When they lie about our feet:
February last, my heart
First at sight of thee was glad;
All unheard of as thou art,
Thou must needs, I think, have had,
Celandine 1 and long ago,
Praise of which I nothing know.

I have not a doubt but he,
Whosoe'er the man might be, 10
Who the first with pointed rays
(Workman worthy to be sainted)

Set the sign-board in a blaze,
When the rising sun he painted,
Took the fancy from a glance
At thy glittering countenance.

Soon as gentle breezes bring
News of winter's vanishing,
And the children build their bowers,
Sticking 'kerchief-plots of mould 20
All about with full-blown flowers,
Thick as sheep in shepherd's fold !
With the proudest thou art there,
Mantling in the tiny square.

Often have I sighed to measure
By myself a lonely pleasure,
Sighed to think, I read a book
Only read, perhaps, by me;
Yet I long could overlook
Thy bright coronet and Thee, 30
And thy arch and wily ways,
And thy store of other praise.

Blithe of heart, from week to week
Thou dost play at hide-and-seek;
While the patient primrose sits
Like a beggar in the cold,
Thou, a flower of wiser wits,
Slipp'st into thy sheltering hold;
Liveliest of the vernal train
When ye all are out again. 40

Drawn by what peculiar spell,
By what charm of sight or smell,
Does the dim-eyed curious Bee,
Labouring for her waxen cells,
Fondly settle upon Thee
Prized above all buds and bells
Opening daily at thy side,
By the season multiplied ?

Thou art not beyond the moon,
 But a thing "beneath our shoon : " 50
 Let the bold Discoverer thrud
 In his bark the polar sea;
 Rear who will a pyramid;
 Praise it is enough for me,
 If there be but three or four
 Who will love my little Flower.

The Small Celandine

THERE is a Flower, the lesser Celandine,
 That shrinks, like many more, from cold and rain ;
 And, the first moment that the sun may shine,
 Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again !

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,
 Or blasts the green field and the trees distrest,
 Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm,
 In close self-shelter, like a Thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this Flower I passed
 And recognised it, though an altered form, 10
 Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
 And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopped, and said with inly-muttered voice,
 " It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold :
 This neither is its courage nor its choice,
 But its necessity in being old.

" The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew;
 I cannot help itself in its decay;
 Stiff in its members, withered, changed of hue."
 And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey. 20

To be a Prodigal's Favourite—then, worse truth,
A Miser's Pensioner—behold our lot!
O Man, that from thy fair and shining youth
Age might but take the things Youth needed not!

"She was a Phantom of 'Delight'"

SHE was a Phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely Apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful Dawn;
A dancing Shape, an Image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and way-lay. 10

I saw her upon nearer view,
A Spirit, yet a Woman too I
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty;
A Countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A Creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food;
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles. 20

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A Being breathing thoughtful breath,
A Traveller between life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect Woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light. 30

Forth sprang the impassioned Queen her Lord to clasp ;
 Again that consummation she essayed;
 But unsubstantial Form eludes her grasp
 As often as that eager grasp was made.
 The Phantom parts—but parts to re-unite,
 And re-assume his place before her sight. 30

" Protesiláus, lo ! thy guide is gone !
 Confirm, I pray, the vision with thy voice:
 This is our palace,—yonder is thy throne;
 Speak, and the floor thou tread'st on will rejoice.
 Not to appal me have the gods bestowed
 This precious boon; and blest a sad abode."

" Great Jove, Laodamfa I doth not leave
 His gifts imperfect:—Spectre though I be,
 I am not sent to scare thee or deceive;
 But in reward of thy fidelity. 40
 And something also did my worth obtain;
 For fearless virtue bringeth boundless gain.

" Thou knowest, the Delphic oracle foretold
 That the first Greek who touched the Trojan strand
 Should die ; but me the threat could not withhold:
 A generous cause a victim did demand;
 And forth I leapt upon the sandy plain ;
 A self-devoted chief—by Hector slain."

" Supreme of Heroes—bravest, noblest, best!
 Thy matchless courage I bewail no more, 50
 Which then, when tens of thousands were deprest
 By doubt, propelled thee to the fatal shore;
 Thou found'st—and I forgive thee—here thou art—
 A nobler counsellor than my poor heart.

" But thou, though capable of sternest deed,
 Wert kind as resolute, and good as brave;
 And he, whose power restores thee, hath decreed

Thou should'st elude the malice of the grave:
Redundant are thy locks, thy lips as fair
As when their breath enriched Thessalian air. 60

" No Spectre greets me,—no vain Shadow this ;
Come, blooming Hero, place thee by my side !
Give, on this well-known couch, one nuptial kiss
To me, this day, a second time thy bride I "
Jove frowned in heaven: the conscious Parcas threw
Upon those roseate lips a Stygian hue.

" This visage tells thee that my doom is past:
Nor should the change be mourned, even if the joys
Of sense were able to return as fast
And surely as they vanish. Earth destroys 70
Those raptures duly—Erebus disdains :
Calm pleasures there abide—majestic pains.

" Be taught, O faithful Consort, to control
Rebellious passion : for the Gods approve
The depth, and not the tumult, of the soul ;
A fervent, not ungovernable, love.
Thy transports moderate ; and meekly mourn
When I depart, for brief is my sojourn—"

" Ah, wherefore ?—Did not Hercules by force
Wrest from the guardian Monster of the tomb 80
Alcestis, a reanimated corse,
Given back to dwell on earth in vernal bloom ?
Medea's spells dispersed the weight of years,
And Æson stood a youth 'mid youthful peers.

" The Gods to us are merciful—and they
Yet further may relent: for mightier far
Than strength of nerve and sinew, or the sway
Of magic potent over sun and star,
Is love, though oft to agony distrest,
And though his favourite seat be feeble woman's breast. 90

" But if thou goest, I follow—" " Peace ! " he said,—
She looked upon him and was calmed and cheered;
The ghastly colour from his lips had fled;
In his deportment, shape, and mien, appeared
Elysian beauty, melancholy grace,
Brought from a pensive though a happy place.

He spake of love, such love as Spirits feel
In worlds whose course is equable and pure ;
No fears to beat away—no strife to heal—
The past unsighed for, and the future sure; 100
Spake of heroic arts in graver mood
Revived, with finer harmony pursued;

Of all that is most beauteous—imaged there
In happier beauty; more pellucid streams,
An ampler ether, a diviner air,
And fields invested with purpureal gleams ;
Climes which the sun, who sheds the brightest day
Earth knows, is all unworthy to survey.

Yet there the Soul shall enter which hath earned
That privilege by virtue.—" Ill," said he, 110
" The end of man's existence I discerned,
Who from ignoble games and revelry
Could draw, when we had parted, vain delight,
While tears were thy best pastime, day and night;

" And while my youthful peers before my eyes
(Each hero following his peculiar bent)
Prepared themselves for glorious enterprise
By martial sports,—or, seated *in* the tent,
Chieftains and kings in council were detained;
What time the fleet at Aulis lay enchained. 120

" The wished-for wind was given:—I then revolved
The oracle, upon the silent sea;
And, if no worthier led the way, resolved

That, of a thousand vessels, mine should be
The foremost prow in pressing to the strand,—
Mine the first blood that tinged the Trojan sand.

" Yet bitter, oft-times bitter, was the pang
When of thy loss I thought, belovèd Wife!
On thee too fondly did my memory hang,
And on the joys we shared in mortal life,— 130
The paths which we had trod—these fountains, flowers
My new-planned cities, and unfinished towers.

" But should suspense permit the Foe to cry,
' Behold they tremble !—haughty their array,
Yet of their number no one dares to die' ?
In soul I swept the indignity away:
Old frailties then recurred :—but lofty thought,
In act embodied, my deliverance wrought.

" And Thou, though strong in love, art all too weak
In reason, in self-government too slow; 140
I counsel thee by fortitude to seek
Our blest re-union in the shades below.
The invisible world with thee hath sympathised ;
Be thy affections raised and solemnised.

" Learn, by a mortal yearning, to ascend—
Seeking a higher object. Love was given,
Encouraged, sanctioned, chiefly for that end;
For this the passion to excess was driven—
That self might be annulled : her bondage prove
The fetters of a dream, opposed to love."———150

Aloud she shrieked! for Hermes reappears !
Round the dear Shade she would have clung—'tis vain :
The hours are past—too brief had they been years ;
And him no mortal effort can detain :
Swift, toward the realms that know not earthly day,
He through the portal takes his silent way,
And on the palace-floor a lifeless corse She lay.

Thus, all in vain exhorted and reproved,
 She perished; and, as for a wilful crime,
 By the just Gods whom no weak pity moved, 160
 Was doomed to wear out her appointed time,
 Apart from happy Ghosts, that gather flowers
 Of blissful quiet 'mid unfading bowers.

—Yet tears to human suffering are due;
 And mortal hopes defeated and overthrown
 Are mourned by man, and not by man alone,
 As fondly he believes.—Upon the side
 Of Hellespont (such faith was entertained)
 A knot of spiry trees for ages grew
 From out the tomb of him for whom she died; 170
 And ever, when such stature they had gained
 That Ilium's walls were subject to their view,
 The trees' tall summits withered at the sight;
 A constant interchange of growth and blight!

Sonnets

Composed upon Westminster Bridge, September 3, 1802

EARTH has not anything to show more fair :
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty :
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky;
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill; 10
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep !
 The river glideth at his own sweet will :
 Dear God ! the very houses seem asleep ;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still !

London, 1802

MILTON ! thou should'st be living at this hour:
England hath need of thee: she is a fen
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,
Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men;
Oh ! raise us up, return to us again;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power,
Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart:
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea: 10
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,
So didst thou travel on life's common way,
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

The World is too much with us

THE world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
The Sea that bares her bosom to the moon;
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers;
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God I I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn; 10
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round :
And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills, 10
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover !
A savage place ! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover !
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick plants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced :
Amid whose swift half-interrupted burst 20
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the threshing flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war ! 30

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves ;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she played, 40

Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long,
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome ! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware ! Beware !
His flashing eyes, his floating hair !
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

50

Frost at Midnight

THE Frost performs its secret ministry,
Unhelped by any wind. The owlet's cry
Came loud—and hark, again ! loud as before.
The inmates of my cottage, all at rest,
Have left me to that solitude, which suits
Abstruser musings : save that at my side
My cradled infant slumbers peacefully.
'Tis calm indeed ! so calm, that it disturbs
And vexes meditation with its strange
And extreme silentness. Sea, hill, and wood,
This populous village! Sea, and hill, and wood,
With all the numberless goings-on of life,
Inaudible as dreams ! the thin blue flame
Lies on my low-burnt fire, and quivers not;
Only that film, which fluttered on the grate,
Still flutters there, the sole unquiet thing.
Methinks, its motion in this hush of nature
Gives it dim sympathies with me who live,
Making it a companionable form,

10

Whose puny flaps and freaks the idling Spirit 20
By its own moods interprets, every where
Echo or mirror seeking of itself,
And makes a toy of Thought.

But O! how oft,
How oft, at school, with most believing mind,
Presageful, have I gazed upon the bars,
To watch that fluttering *stranger*! and as oft
With unclosed lids, already had I dreamt
Of my sweet birth-place, and the old, church-tower,
Whose bells, the poor man's only music, rang
From morn to evening, all the hot Fair-day, 30
So sweetly, that they stirred and haunted me
With a wild pleasure, falling on mine ear
Most like articulate sounds of things to come!
So gazed I, till the soothing things, I dreamt,
Lulled me to sleep, and sleep prolonged my dreams!
And so I brooded all the following morn,
Awed by the stern preceptor's face, mine eye
Fixed with mock study on my swimming book:
Save if the door half opened, and I snatched
A hasty glance, and still my heart leaped up, 40
For still I hoped to see the *stranger's* face,
Townsmen, or aunt, or sister more beloved,
My play-mate when we both were clothed alike!

Dear Babe, that sleepest cradled by my side,
Whose gentle breathings, heard in this deep calm,
Fill up the interspersed vacancies
And momentary pauses of the thought!
My babe so beautiful! it thrills my heart
With tender gladness, thus to look at thee,
And think that thou shalt learn far other lore,
And in far other scenes! For I was reared
In the great city, pent 'mid cloisters dim,
And saw nought lovely but the sky and stars.
But *thou*, my babe! shalt wander like a breeze
By lakes and sandy shores, beneath the crags

Of ancient mountain, and beneath the clouds,
Which image in their bulk both lakes and shores
And mountain crags: so shalt thou see and hear
The lovely shapes and sounds intelligible
Of that eternal language, which thy God
Utters, who from eternity doth teach
Himself in all, and all things in himself.
Great universal Teacher! he shall mould
Thy spirit, and by giving make it ask.

Therefore all seasons shall be sweet to thee,
Whether the summer clothe the general earth
With greenness, or the redbreast sit and sing
Betwixt the tufts of snow on the bare branch
Of mossy apple-tree, while the nigh thatch
Smokes in the sun-thaw; whether the eave-drops fall
Heard only in the trances of the blast, 71
Or if the secret ministry of frost
Shall hang them up in silent icicles,
Quietly shining to the quiet Moon.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Stanzas written in 'Dejection, near tN^aples

I

THE sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might,
The breath of the moist earth is light,
Around its unexpanded buds ;
Like many a voice of one delight,
The winds, the birds, the ocean floods,
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

II

see the Deep's untrampled floor 10
With green and purple seaweeds strown ;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown :
I sit upon the sands alone,
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion,
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

III

Alas I I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around, 20
Nor that content surpassing wealth
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned—

Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure.

Others I see whom these surround—

Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;—

To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

IV

Yet now despair itself is mild,

Even as the winds and waters are;

I could lie down like a tired child, 30

And weep away the life of care

Which I have borne and yet must bear,

Till death like sleep might steal on me,

And I might feel in the warm air

My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea

Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

V

Some might lament that I were cold,

As I, when this sweet day is gone,

Which my lost heart, too soon grown old,

Insults with this untimely moan; 40

They might lament—for I am one

Whom men love not,—and yet regret,

Unlike this day, which, when the sun

Shall on its stainless glory set,

Will linger, though enjoyed, like joy in memory yet.

Ode to the West Wind

I

O WILD West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
 Each like a corpse within its grave, until
 Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill 10
 (Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
 With living hues and odours plain and hill:

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere;
 Destroyer and preserver; hear, Oh hear !

II

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
 Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
 Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
 On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head 20

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
 Of the horizon to the zenith's height
 The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
 Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
 Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
 Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: Oh hear !

III

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
 The blue Mediterranean, where he lay, 30
 Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baise's bay,
 And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
 Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know 40

Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves : Oh hear !

IV

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only- less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed 50
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed!

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own !,
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone, 60
Sweet though in sadness.) Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one I

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O, wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?.

70

The Cloud

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

10

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
Lightning my pilot sits,
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits;
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
This pilot is guiding me,

20

Lured by the love of the gèni that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains ;
And I all the while bask ,in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains. 30

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead,
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love, 40
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
Whom mortals call the moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear, 50
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the moon's with a girdle of pearl; 60
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim,
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-coloured bow; 70
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
And the nursling of the sky;
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores ;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain when with never a stain,
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams,
Build up the blue dome of air, 80
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise and unbuild it again.

To a Skylark

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest. 10

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightning,
Thou dost float and run;
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight, 20

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not; 31
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and **fears it heeded not:** 40

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace-tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower :

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its ærial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the
view: 50

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd
thieves :

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass : 60

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want. 70

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety. 80

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near. 91

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground I 100

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

*Aretbusa**I*

ARETHUSA arose
 From her couch of snows
 In the Acroceraunian mountains,—
 From cloud and from crag,
 With many a jag,
 Shepherding her bright fountains.
 She leapt down the rocks,
 With her rainbow locks
 Streaming among the streams ;—
 Her steps paved with green 10
 The downward ravine
 Which slopes to the western gleams :
 And gliding and springing
 She went, ever singing,
 In murmurs as soft as sleep ;
 The Earth seemed to love her,
 And Heaven smiled above her,
 As she lingered towards the deep.

II

Then Alpheus bold,
 On his glacier cold, 20
 With his trident the mountains strook
 And opened a chasm
 In the rocks ;—with the spasm
 All Erymanthus shook.
 And the black south wind
 It concealed behind
 The urns of the silent snow,
 And earthquake and thunder
 Did rend in sunder
 The bars of the springs below : 30
 The beard and the hair
 Of the River-god were

Seen through the torrent's sweep,
As he followed the light
Of the fleet nymph's flight
To the brink of the Dorian deep.

III

" Oh, save me ! Oh, guide me !
And bid the deep hide me,
For he grasps me now by the hair ! "
The loud Ocean heard, 40
To its blue depth stirred,
And divided at her prayer;
And under the water
The Earth's white daughter
Fled like a sunny beam;
Behind her descended
Her billows, unblended
With the brackish Dorian stream :—
Like a gloomy stain
On the emerald main 50
Alpheus rushed behind,—
As an eagle pursuing
A dove to its ruin
Down the streams of the cloudy wind.

IV

Under the bowers
Where the Ocean Powers
Sit on their pearlèd thrones,
Through the coral woods
Of the weltering floods,
Over heaps of unvalued stones ; 60
Through the dim beams
Which amid the streams
Weave a network of coloured light;
And under the caves,
Where the shadowy waves
Are as green as the forest's night:—

Outspeeding the shark,
And the sword-fish dark,
Under the ocean foam,
And up through the rifts 70
Of the mountain cliffs
They past to their Dorian home.

V

And now from their fountains
In Enna's mountains,
Down one vale where the morning basks,
Like friends once parted
Grown single-hearted,
They ply their watery tasks.
At sunrise they leap 80
From their cradles steep
In the cave of the shelving hill;
At noontide they flow
Through the woods below
And the meadows of Asphodel;
And at night they sleep
In the rocking deep
Beneath the Ortygian shore;—
Like spirits that lie
In the azure sky
When they love but live no more. 90

To Night

I

SWIFTLY walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight!

IV

Most musical of mourners, weep again I
Lament anew, Urania!—He died,
Who was the Sire of an immortal strain, 30
Blind, old, and lonely, when his country's pride,
The priest, the slave, and the liberticide,
Trampled and mocked with many a loathèd rite
Of lust and blood; he went, unterrified,
Into the gulf of death; but his clear Sprite
Yet reigns o'er earth; the third among the sons of light.

V

Most musical of mourners, weep anew!
Not all to that bright station dared to climb;
And happier they their happiness who knew,
Whose tapers yet burn through that night of time 40
In which suns perished; others more sublime,
Struck by the envious wrath of man or God,
Have sunk, extinct in their refulgent prime;
And some yet live, treading the thorny road,
Which leads, through toil and hate, to Fame's serene
abode.

VI

But now, thy youngest, dearest one has perished,
The nursling of thy widowhood, who grew,
Like a pale flower by some sad maiden cherished,
And fed with true love tears, instead of dew;
Most musical of mourners, weep anew! 50
Thy extreme hope, the loveliest and the last,
The bloom, whose petals nipt before they blew
Died on the promise of the fruit, is waste;
The broken lily lies—the storm is overpast.

VII

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,
He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the eternal.—Come away!

Haste, while the vault of blue Italian day
 Is yet his fitting charnel-roof! while still 60
 He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay;
 Awake him not! surely he takes his fill
 Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

VIII

He will awake no more, oh, never more !—
 Within the twilight chamber spreads apace,
 The shadow of white Death, and at the door
 Invisible Corruption waits to trace
 His extreme way to her dim dwelling-place;
 The eternal Hunger sits, but pity and awe
 Soothe her pale rage, nor dares she to deface 70
 So fair a prey, till darkness, and the law
 Of change shall o'er his sleep the mortal curtain draw.

IX

Oh weep for Adonais !—The quick Dreams,
 The passion-wingèd Ministers of thought,
 Who were his flocks, whom near the living streams
 Of his young spirit he fed, and whom he taught
 The love which was its music, wander not,—
 Wander no more, from kindling brain to brain,
 But droop there, whence they sprung; and mourn
 their lot
 Round the cold heart, where, after their sweet pain,
 They ne'er will gather strength, or find a home again. Si

X

And one with trembling hands clasps his cold head,
 And fans him with her moonlight wings, and cries :
 " Our love, our hope, our sorrow, is not dead;
 See, on the silken fringe of his faint eyes,
 Like dew upon a sleeping flower, there lies
 A tear some Dream has loosened from his brain."
 Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise!
 She knew not 'twas her own; as with no stain
 She faded, like a cloud which had outwept its rain. 90

XI

One from a lucid urn of starry dew
Washed his light limbs as if embalming them;
Another dipt her profuse locks, and threw
The wreath upon him, like an anadem,
Which frozen tears instead of pearls begem;
Another in her wilful grief would break
Her bow and winged reeds, as if to stem
A greater loss with one which was more weak;
And dull the barbed fire against his frozen cheek.

XII

Another Splendour on his mouth alit, 100
That mouth, whence it was wont to draw the breath
Which gave it strength to pierce the guarded wit,
And pass into the panting heart beneath
With lightning and with music: the damp death
Quenched its caress upon his icy lips;
And, as a dying meteor stains a wreath
Of moonlight vapour, which the cold night clips,
It flushed through his pale limbs, and past to its eclipse.

XIII

And others came . . . Desires and Adorations,
Winged Persuasions and veiled Destinies, 110
Splendours, and Glooms, and glimmering Incarnations
Of hopes and fears, and twilight Phantasies;
And Sorrow, with her family of Sighs,
And Pleasure, blind with tears, led by the gleam
Of her own dying smile instead of eyes,
Came in slow pomp;—the moving pomp might seem
Like pageantry of mist on an autumnal stream.

xiv

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
Lamented Adonais. Morning sought 120
Her eastern watchtower, and her hair unbound,

Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;
Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

XV

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day; 131
Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
Than those for whose disdain she pined away
Into a shadow of all sounds :—a drear
Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

XVI

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
Or they dead leaves ; since her delight is flown
For whom should she have waked the sullen year ?
To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear 140
Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
Thou Adonais : wan they stand and sere
Amid the faint companions of their youth,
With dew all turned to tears ; odour, to sighing ruth.

XVII

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale
Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
Soaring and screaming round her empty nest, 150
As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

XVIII

Ah woe is me I Winter is come and gone,
But grief returns with the revolving year;
The airs and streams renew their joyous tone;
The ants, the bees, the swallows reappear;
Fresh leaves and flowers deck the dead Seasons' bier ;
The amorous birds now pair in every brake,
And build their mossy homes in field and brake; 160
And the green lizard, and the golden snake,
Like unimprisoned flames, out of their trance awake.

XIX

Through wood and stream and field and hill and Ocean
A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst
As it has ever done, with change and motion,
From the great morning of the world when first
God dawned on Chaos ; in its stream immersed
The lamps of Heaven flash with a softer light;
All baser things pant with life's sacred thirst;
Diffuse themselves ; and spend in love's delight, 170
The beauty and the joy of their renewed might.

XX

The leprous corpse touched by this spirit tender
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath ;
Like incarnations of the stars, when splendour
Is changed to fragrance, they illumine death
And mock the merry worm that wakes beneath;
Nought we know, dies. Shall that alone which knows
Be as a sword consumed before the sheath
By sightless lightning ?—th' intense atom glows
A moment, then is quenched in a most cold repose. 180

XXI

Alas ! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been,
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me !
Whence are we, and why are we ? of what scene
The actors or spectators ? Great and mean

Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
 As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
 Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
 Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to
 sorrow.

XXII

He will awake no more, oh, never more I 190
 "Wake thou," cried Misery, "childless Mother, rise
 Out of thy sleep, and slake, in thy heart's core,
 A wound more fierce than his with tears and sighs."
 And all the Dreams that watched Urania's eyes,
 And all the Echoes whom their sister's song
 Had held in holy silence, cried: "Arise!"
 Swift as a Thought by the snake Memory stung,
 From her ambrosial rest the fading Splendour sprung.

XXIII

She rose like an autumnal Night, that springs
 Out of the East, and follows wild and drear 200
 The golden Day, which, on eternal wings,
 Even as a ghost abandoning a bier,
 Had left the Earth a corpse. Sorrow and fear
 So struck, so roused, so rapt Urania;
 So saddened round her like an atmosphere
 Of stormy mist; so swept her on her way
 Even to the mournful place where Adonais lay.

xxiv

Out of her secret Paradise she sped,
 Through camps and cities rough with stone, and steel,
 And human hearts, which to her airy tread 210
 Yielding not, wounded the invisible
 Palms of her tender feet where'er they fell:
 And barbèd tongues, and thoughts more sharp than
 they
 Rent the soft Form they never could repel,
 Whose sacred blood, like the young tears of May,
 Paved with eternal flowers that undeserving way.

XXV

In the death chamber for a moment Death
Shamed by the presence of that living Might
Blushed to annihilation, and the breath
Revisited those lips, and life's pale light 220
Flashed through those limbs, so late her dear delight.
" Leave me not wild and drear and comfortless,
As silent lightning leaves the starless night!
Leave me not! " cried Urania: her distress
Roused Death : Death rose and smiled, and met her vain
caress.

XXVI

" Stay yet awhile I speak to me once again;
Kiss me, so long but as a kiss may live ;
And in my heartless breast and burning brain
That word, that kiss shall all thoughts else survive,
With food of saddest memory kept alive, 230
Now thou art dead, as if it were a part
Of thee, my Adonais ! I would give
All that I am to be as thou now art!
But I am chained to Time, and cannot thence depart!

XXVII

" O gentle child, beautiful as thou wert,
Why didst thou leave the trodden paths of men
Too soon, and with weak hands though mighty heart
Dare the unpastured dragon in his den ?
Defenceless as thou wert, oh where was then
Wisdom the mirrored shield, or scorn the spear ? 240
Or hadst thou waited the full cycle, when
Thy spirit should have filled its crescent sphere,
The monsters of life's waste had fled from thee like deer.

XXVIII

" The herded wolves, bold only to pursue;
The obscene ravens, clamorous o'er the dead;
The vultures to the conqueror's banner true
Who feed where Desolation first has fed,

And whose wings rain contagion;—how they fled,
 When like Apollo, from his golden bow,
 The Pythian of the age one arrow sped 250
 And smiled!—The spoilers tempt no second blow,
 They fawn on the proud feet that spurn them lying
 low.

XXIX

" The sun comes forth, and many reptiles spawn;
 He sets, and each ephemeral insect then
 Is gathered into death without a dawn,
 And the immortal stars awake again;
 So is it in the world of living men:
 A godlike mind soars forth, in its delight
 Making earth bare and veiling heaven, and when
 It sinks, the swarms that dimmed or shared its light 260
 Leave to its kindred lamps the spirit's awful night."

XXX

Thus ceased she : and the mountain shepherds came,
 Their garlands sere, their magic mantles rent;
 The Pilgrim of Eternity, whose fame
 Over his living head like Heaven is bent,
 An early but enduring monument,
 Came, veiling all the lightnings of his song
 In sorrow; from her wilds Ierne sent
 The sweetest lyrist of her saddest wrong,
 And love taught grief to fall like music from his tongue.

XXXI

Midst others of less note, came one frail Form, 271
 A phantom among men; companionless
 As the last cloud of an expiring storm
 Whose thunder is its knell; he, as I guess,
 Had gazed on Nature's naked loveliness,
 Actæon-like, and now he fled astray
 With feeble steps o'er the world's wilderness,
 And his own thoughts, along that rugged way,
 Pursued, like raging hounds, their father and their prey.

XXXII

A pardlike Spirit beautiful and swift— 280
A Love in desolation masked;—a Power
Girt round with weakness;—it can scarce uplift
The weight of the superincumbent hour;
It is a dying lamp, a falling shower,
A breaking billow;—even whilst we speak
Is it not broken? On the withering flower
The killing sun smiles brightly: on a cheek
The life can burn in blood, even while the heart may
break.

XXXIII

His head was bound with pansies overblown,
And faded violets, white, and pied, and blue; 290
And a light spear topped with a cypress cone,
Round whose rude shaft dark ivy tresses grew
Yet dripping with the forest's noonday dew,
Vibrated, as the ever-beating heart
Shook the weak hand that grasped it; of that crew
He came the last, neglected and apart;
A herd-abandoned deer struck by the punter's dart.

xxxiv

All stood aloof, and at his partial moan
Smiled through their tears; well knew that gentle
band
Who in another's fate now wept his own; 300
As in the accents of an unknown land,
He sung new sorrow; sad Urania scanned
The Stranger's mien, and murmured: "Who art
thou?"
He answered not, but with a sudden hand
Made bare his branded and ensanguined brow,
Which was like Cain's or Christ's—oh, that it should
be so I

XXXV

What softer voice is hushed over the dead ?
Athwart what brow is that dark mantle thrown?
What form leans sadly o'er the white deathbed,
In mockery of monumental stone, 310
The heavy heart heaving without a moan ?
If it be He, who, gentlest of the wise,
Taught, soothed, loved, honoured the departed one;
Let me not vex, with inharmonious sighs
The silence of that heart's accepted sacrifice.

XXXVI

Our Adonais has drunk poison—oh!
What deaf and viperous murderer could crown
Life's early cup with such a draught of woe ?
The nameless worm would now itself disown:
It felt, yet could escape the magic tone 320
Whose prelude held all envy, hate, and wrong,
But what was howling in one breast alone,
Silent with expectation of the song,
Whose master's hand is cold, whose silver lyre unstrung.

XXXVII

Live thou, whose infamy is not thy fame!
Live I fear no heavier chastisement from me,
Thou noteless blot on a remembered name I
But be thyself, and know thyself to be 1
And ever at thy season be thou free
To spill the venom when thy fangs o'erflow: 330
Remorse and Self-contempt shall cling to thee;
Hot Shame shall burn upon thy secret brow,
And like a beaten hound tremble thou shalt—as now.

XXXVIII

Nor let us weep that our delight is fled
Far from these carrion kites that scream below;
He wakes or sleeps with the enduring dead;
Thou canst not soar where he is sitting now.—

Dust to the dust I but the pure spirit shall flow
Back to the burning fountain whence it came,
A portion of the Eternal, which must glow 340
Through time and change, unquenchably the same,
Whilst thy cold embers choke the sordid hearth of shame.

XXXIX

Peace, peace I he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance, strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings.—We decay
Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day, 350
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living
clay.

XL

He has outsoared the shadow of our night;
Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight,
Can touch him not and torture not again;
From the contagion of the world's slow stain
He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown gray in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn. 360

XLI

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair I

XLII

He is made one with Nature : there is heard 370
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird ;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own ;
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

XLIII

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear 380
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear ;
Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

XLIV

The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not;
Like stars to their appointed height they climb 390
And death is a low mist which cannot blot
The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought
Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,
And love and life contend in it, for what
Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there
And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

XLV

The inheritors of unfulfilled renown
Rose from their thrones, built beyond mortal thought,
Far in the Unapparent. Chatterton
Rose pale, his solemn agony had not 400

Yet faded from him; Sidney, as he fought
 And as he fell and as he lived and loved
 Sublimely mild, a Spirit without spot,
 Arose; and Lucan, by his death approved:
 Oblivion as they rose shrank like a thing reproved.

XLVI

And many more, whose names on Earth are dark
 But whose transmitted effluence cannot die
 So long as fire outlives the parent spark,
 Rose, robed in dazzling immortality.
 "Thou art become as one of us," they cry, 410
 "It was for thee yon kingless sphere has long
 Swung blind in unascended majesty,
 Silent alone amid an Heaven of Song.
 Assume thy wingèd throne, thou Vesper of our throng ! "

XLVII

Who mourns for Adonais ? Oh come forth
 Fond wretch ! and know thyself and him aright.
 Clasp with thy panting soul the pendulous Earth;
 As from a centre, dart thy spirit's light
 Beyond all worlds, until its spacious might
 Sate the void circumference : then shrink 420
 Even to a point within our day and night;
 And keep thy heart light lest it make thee sink
 When hope has kindled hope, and lured thee to the
 brink.

XLVIII

Or go to Rome, which is the sepulchre
 Oh I not of him, but of our joy: 'tis nought
 That ages, empires, and religions there
 Lie buried in the ravage they have wrought;
 For such as he can lend,—they borrow not
 Glory from those who made the world their prey;
 And he is gathered to the kings of thought 430
 Who waged contention with their time's decay,
 And of the past **are** all **that** cannot pass away.

XLIX

Go thou to Rome,—at once the Paradise,
The grave, the city, and the wilderness;
And where its wrecks like shattered mountains rise,
And flowering weeds, and fragrant corpses dress
The bones of Desolation's nakedness
Pass, till the Spirit of the spot shall lead
Thy footsteps to a slope of green access
Where, like an infant's smile, over the dead 440
A light of laughing flowers along the grass is spread.

L

And gray walls moulder round, on which dull Time
Feeds, like slow fire upon a hoary brand;
And one keen pyramid with wedge sublime,
Pavilioning the dust of him who planned
This refuge for his memory, doth stand
Like flame transformed to marble; and beneath,
A field is spread, on which a newer band
Have pitched in Heaven's smile their camp of death
Welcoming him we lose with scarce extinguished breath.

LI

Here pause : these graves are all too young as yet 451
To have outgrown the sorrow which consigned
Its charge to each; and if the seal is set,
Here, on one fountain of a mourning mind,
Break it not thou ! too surely shalt thou find
Thine own well full, if thou returnest home,
Of tears and gall. From the world's bitter wind
Seek shelter in the, shadow of the tomb.
What Adonais is, why fear we to become ?

LII

The One remains, the many change and pass; 460
Heaven's light forever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of Eternity,

Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek I
 Follow where all is fled!—Rome's azure sky,
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

LIII

Why linger, why turn back, why shrink, my Heart ?
 Thy hopes are gone before: from all things here 470
 They have departed; thou shouldst now depart I
 A light is past from the revolving year,
 And man, and woman; and what still is dear
 Attracts to crush, repels to make thee wither.
 The soft sky smiles,—the low wind whispers near ;
 'Tis Adonais calls ! oh, hasten thither,
 No more let Life divide what Death can join together.

LIV

That Light whose smile kindles the Universe,
 That Beauty in which all things work and move,
 That Benediction which the eclipsing Curse 480
 Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love
 Which through the web of being blindly wove
 By man and beast and earth and air and sea,
 Burns bright or dim, as each are mirrors of
 The fire for which all thirst; now beams on me,
 Consuming the last clouds of cold mortality.

LV

The breath whose might I have invoked in song
 Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
 Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
 Whose sails were never to the tempest given; 490
 The massy earth and spher'd skies are riven I
 I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar;
 Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a stai;
 Beacons from the abode where the Eternal are.

*Hellas**Chorus.*

THE world's great age begins anew,
The golden years return,
The earth doth like a snake renew
Her winter weeds outworn :
Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,
Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
From waves serener far;
A new Peneus rolls his fountains
Against the morning star. 10
Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
Fraught with a later prize ;
Another Orpheus sings again,
And loves, and weeps, and dies.
A new Ulysses leaves once more
Calypso for his native shore.

Oh, write no more the tale of Troy,
If earth Death's scroll must be I 20
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
Which dawns upon the free:
Although a subtler Sphinx renew
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
And to remoter time
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
The splendour of its prime;
And leave, if nought so bright may live,
All earth can take or Heaven can give. 30

Saturn and Love their long repose
 Shall burst, more bright and good
 Than all who fell, than One who rose,
 Than many unsubdued:
 Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
 But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?
 Cease! must men kill and die?
 Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
 Of bitter prophecy.
 The world is weary of the past,
 Oh, might it die or rest at last!

49

Song

I

RARELY, rarely, comest thou,
 Spirit of Delight!
 Wherefore hast thou left me now
 Many a day and night?
 Many a weary night and day
 'Tis since thou art fled away.

II

How shall ever one like me
 Win thee back again?
 With the joyous and the free
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.
 Spirit false! thou hast forgot
 All but those who need thee not.

10

III

As a lizard with the shade
 Of a trembling leaf,
 Thou with sorrow art dismayed;
 Even the sighs of grief
 Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.

IV

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure, 20
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure.
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

V

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight!
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest,
And the starry night;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born. 30

VI

I love snow, and all the forms
Of the radiant frost;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Every thing almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

VII

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good;
Between thee and me 40
What difference? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

VIII

I love Love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life 1 Oh come,
Make once more my heart thy home.

Ozymandias

I MET a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,
Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown,
And wrinkled lip, and sneer of cold command,
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamped on these lifeless things,
The hand that mocked them and the heart that fed:
And on the pedestal these words appear :
" My name is Ozymandias, king of kings : 10
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair! "
Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

Lines written among the Sугanean Hills

OCTOBER, 1818

MANY a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Day and night, and night and day,
Drifting on his dreary way,
With the solid darkness black
Closing round his vessel's track;
Whilst above the sunless sky,
Big with clouds, hangs heavily, 10
And behind the tempest fleet
Hurries on with lightning feet,
Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
Till the ship has almost drank
Death from the o'er-brimming deep ;
And sinks down, down, like that sleep
When the dreamer seems to be

Weltering through eternity ;
And the dim low line before
Of a dark and distant shore 20
Still recedes, as ever still
Longing with divided will,
But no power to seek or shun,
He is ever drifted on
O'er the unreposing wave
To the haven of the grave.
What, if there no friends will greet;
What, if there no heart will meet
His with love's impatient beat;
Wander wheresoe'er he may, 30
Can he dream before that day
To find refuge from distress
In friendship's smile, in love's caress ?
Then 'twill wreak him little woe
Whether such there be or no :
Senseless is the breast, and cold,
Which relenting love would fold ;
Bloodless are the veins and chill
Which the pulse of pain did fill;
Every little living nerve 40
That from bitter words did swerve
Round the tortured lips and brow,
Are like sapless leaflets now
Frozen upon December's bough
On the beach of a northern sea,
Which tempests shake eternally,
As once the wretch there lay to sleep,
Lies a solitary heap,
One white skull and seven dry bones,
On the margin of the stones, 50
Where a few gray rushes stand,
Boundaries of the sea and land :
Nor is heard one voice of wail
But the sea-mews, as they sail
O'er the billows of the gale;
Or the whirlwind up and down

Howling, like a slaughtered town,
When a king in glory rides
Through the pomp of fratricides :
Those unburied bones around 60
There is many a mournful sound;
There is no lament for him,
Like a sunless vapour, dim,
Who once clothed with life and thought
What now moves nor murmurs not.

Ay, many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide Agony:
To such a one this morn was led,
My bark by soft winds piloted :
'Mid the mountains Euganean 70
I stood listening to the psean,
With which the legioned rooks did hail
The sun's uprise majestic;
Gathering round with wings all hoar,
Thro' the dewy mist they soar
Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
Bursts, and then, as clouds of even,
Flecked with fire and azure, lie
In the unfathomable sky,
So their plumes of purple grain, 80
Starred with drops of golden rain,
Gleam above the sunlight woods,
As in silent multitudes
On the morning's fitful gale
Thro' the broken mist they sail,
And the vapours cloven and gleaming
Follow down the dark steep streaming,
Till all is bright, and clear, and still,
Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea 90
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair;

Underneath day's azure eyes
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves.
Lo ! the sun upsprings behind, 100
Broad, red, radiant, half reclined
On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies; 110
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise,
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old.
Sun-girt City, thou has been
Ocean's child, and then his queen;
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey,
If the power that raised thee here
Hallow so thy watery bier. 120
A less drear ruin than than now,
With thy conquest-branded brow
Stooping to the slave of slaves
From thy throne, among the waves
Wilt thou be, when the sea-mew
Flies, as once before it flew,
O'er thine isles depopulate,
And all is in its ancient state,
Save where many a palace gate
With green sea-flowers overgrown 130
Like a rock of ocean's own,
Topples o'er the abandoned sea

As the tides change sullenly,
 The fisher on his watery way,
 Wandering at the close of day,
 Will spread his sail and seize his oar
 Till he pass the gloomy shore,
 Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
 Bursting o'er the starlight deep,
 Lead a rapid masque of death 140
 O'er the waters of his path.

Those who alone thy towers behold
 Quivering through aërial gold,
 As I now behold them here,
 Would imagine not they were
 Sepulchres, where human forms,
 Like pollution-nourished worms
 To the corpse of greatness cling,
 Murdered, and now mouldering :
 But if Freedom should awake 150
 In her omnipotence, and shake
 From the Celtic Anarch's hold
 All the keys of dungeons cold,
 Where a hundred cities lie
 Chained like thee, ingloriously,
 Thou and all thy sister band
 Might adorn this sunny land,
 Twining memories of old time
 With new virtues more sublime;
 If not, perish thou and they, 160
 Clouds which stain truth's rising day
 By her sun consumed away,
 Earth can spare ye: while like flowers,
 In the waste of years and hours,
 From your dust new nations spring
 With more kindly blossoming.
 Perish—let there only be
 Floating o'er thy hearthless sea
 As the garment of thy sky
 Clothes the world immortally, 170

One remembrance, more sublime
Than the tattered pall of time,
Which scarce hides thy visage wan;—
That a tempest-cleaving Swan
Of the songs of Albion,
Driven from his ancestral streams
By the might of evil dreams,
Found a nest in thee; and Ocean
Welcomed him with such emotion
That its joy grew his, and sprung 180
From his lips like music flung
O'er a mighty thunder-fit
Chastening terror :—what though yet
Poesy's unfailing River,
Which thro' Albion winds for ever
Lashing with melodious wave
Many a sacred Poet's grave,
Mourn its latest nursling fled ?
What though thou with all thy dead
Scarce can for this fame repay 190
Aught thine own ? oh, rather say
Though thy sins and slaveries foul
Overcloud a sunlike soul ?
As the ghost of Homer clings
Round Scamander's wasting springs ;
As divinest Shakespere's might
Fills Avon and the world with light
Like omniscient power which he
Imaged 'mid mortality;
As the love from Petrarch's urn, 200
Yet amid yon hills doth burn,
A quenchless lamp by which the heart
Sees things unearthly;—so thou art
Mighty spirit—so shall be
The City that did refuge thee.

Lo, the sun floats up the sky
Like thought-wingèd Liberty,
Till the universal light

Seems to level plain and height;
 From the sea a mist has spread, 210
 And the beams of morn lie dead
 On the towers of Venice now,
 Like its glory long ago.
 By the skirts of that gray cloud
 Many-domèd Padua proud
 Stands, a peopled solitude,
 'Mid the harvest-shining plain,
 Where the peasant heaps his grain
 In the garner of his foe,
 And the milk-white oxen slow 220
 With the purple vintage strain,
 Heaped upon the creaking wain,
 That the brutal Celt may sjwill
 Drunken sleep with savage will;
 And the sickle to the sword
 Lies unchanged, though many a lord,
 Like a weed whose shade is poison,
 Overgrows this region's foison,
 Sheaves of whom are ripe to come
 To destruction's harvest home: 230
 Men must reap the things they sow,
 Force from force must ever flow,
 Or worse; but 'tis a bitter woe
 That love or reason cannot change
 The despot's rage, the slave's revenge.

Padua, thou within whose walls
 Those mute guests at festivals,
 Son and Mother, Death and Sin,
 Played at dice for Ezzelin,
 Till Death cried, "I win, I win I" 240
 And Sin cursed to lose the wager,
 But Death promised, to assuage her,
 That he would petition for
 Her to be made Vice-Emperor,
 When the destined years were o'er,
 Over all between the Po

And the eastern Alpine snow,
Under the mighty Austrian.
Sin smiled so as Sin only can,
And since that time, ay, long before, 250
Both have ruled from shore to shore,
That incestuous pair, who follow -
Tyrants as the sun the swallow,
As Repentance follows Crime,
And as changes follow Time.

In thine halls the lamp of learning,
Padua, now no more is burning;
Like a meteor, whose wild way
Is lost over the grave of day,
It gleams betrayed and to betray: 260
Once remotest nations came
To adore that sacred flame,
When it lit not many a hearth
On this cold and gloomy earth :
Now new fires from antique light
Spring beneath the wide world's might;
But their spark lies dead in thee,
Trampled out by tyranny.
As the Norway woodman quells,
In the depth of piny dells, 270
One light flame among the brakes,
While the boundless forest shakes,
And its mighty trunks are torn
By the fire thus lowly born:
The spark beneath his feet is dead,
He starts to see the flames it fed
Howling through the darkened sky
With a myriad tongues victoriously,
And sinks down in fear : so thou,
O Tyranny, beholdest now 280
Light around thee, and thou hearest
The loud flames ascend, and fearest:
Grovel on the earth; ay, hide
In the dust thy purple pride!

Noon descends around me now :
 Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
 When a soft and purple mist
 Like a vaporous amethyst,
 Or an air-dissolvèd star
 Mingling light and fragrance, far 290
 From the curved horizon's bound
 To the point of heaven's profound,
 Fills the overflowing sky;
 And the plains that silent lie
 Underneath, the leaves unsodden
 Where the infant frost has trodden
 With his morning-wingèd feet,
 Whose bright print is gleaming yet;
 And the red and golden vines,
 Piercing with their trellised lines 300
 The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;
 The dun and bladed grass no less,
 Pointing from this hoary tower
 In the windless air; the flower
 Glimmering at my feet; the line
 Of the olive-sandalled Apennine
 In the south dimly islanded ;
 And the Alps, whose snows are spread
 High between the clouds and sun ;
 And of living things each one; 310
 And my spirit which so long
 Darkened this swift stream of song,
 Interpenetrated lie
 By the glory of the sky :
 Be it love, light, harmony,
 Odour, or the soul of all
 Which from heaven like dew doth fall,
 Or the mind which feeds this verse
 Peopling the lone universe.
 Noon descends, and after noon 320
 Autumn's evening meets me soon,
 Leading the infantine moon,
 And that one star, which to her

Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings :
From the sunset's radiant springs :
And the soft dreams of the morn
(Which like winged winds had borne
To that silent isle, which lies
'Mid remembered agonies, 330
The frail bark of this lone being)
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of life and agony :
Other spirits float and flee
O'er that gulph : even now, perhaps,
On some rock the wild wave wraps,
With folded wings they waiting sit 340
For my bark, to pilot it
To some calm and blooming cove,
Where for me, and those I love,
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
In a dell 'mid lawny hills,
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine 350
Of all flowers that breathe and shine :
We may live so happy there,
That the spirits of the air,
Envyng us, may even entice
To our healing paradise
The polluting multitude ;
But their rage would be subdued
By that clime divine and calm,
And the winds whose wings rain balm
On the uplifted soul, and leaves 360
Under which the bright sea heaves ;

While each breathless interval
In their whisperings musical
The inspired soul supplies
With its own deep melodies,
And the love which heals all strife
Circling, like the breath of life,
All things in that sweet abode
With its own mild brotherhood:
They, not it would change; and soon 370
Every sprite beneath the moon
Would repent its envy vain,
And the earth grow young again.

J O H N K E A T S

Sonnets

"To one who has been long in city pent"

To one who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
Full in the smile of the blue firmament.
Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair
And gentle tale of love and languishment?
Returning home at evening, with an ear
 Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye 10
Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,
 He mourns that day so soon has glided by :
E'en like the passage of an angel's tear
 That falls through the clear ether silently.

On first looking into Qhapman's Homer

MUCH have I travelPd in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
 Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne;
 Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken; 10
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

On the Grasshopper and Cricket

THE poetry of earth is never dead :
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead ;
 That is the Grasshopper's—he takes the lead
 In summer luxury,—he has never done
 With his delights, for when tired out with fun,
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never :
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost 10
 Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills
 The Cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,
 And seems to one *in* drowsiness half lost,
 The Grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

To Sleep

O SOFT enbalmer of the still midnight!
 Shutting, with careful fingers and benign,
 Our gloom-pleased eyes, embower'd from the light,
 Enshaded in forgetfulness divine;
 O soonest Sleep ! if so it please thee, close,
 In midst of this thine hymn, my willing eyes,
 Or wait the amen, ere thy poppy throws
 Around my bed its lulling charities;
 Then save me, or the passed day will shine

Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,
Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old
Died palsy-twitch'd, with meagre face deform;
The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,
For aye unsought for slept among his ashes cold.

Endymion

BOOK I

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever :
Its loveliness increases ; it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breath-
ing.

Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways 10
Made for our searching : yes, in spite of all,
Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
For simple sheep ; and such are daffodils
With the green world they live in; and clear rills
That for themselves a cooling covert make
'Gainst the hot season; the mid forest brake,
Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms :
And such too is the grandeur of the dooms 20
We have imagined for the mighty dead;
All lovely tales that we have heard or read:
An endless fountain of immortal drink,
Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
For one short hour; no, even as the trees
That whisper round a temple become soon
Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
The passion poesy, glories infinite,
Haunt us till they become a cheering light 30
Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
They always must be with us, or we die.

Therefore, 'tis with full happiness that I
Will trace the story of Endymion.
The very music of the name has gone
Into my being, and each pleasant scene
Is growing fresh before me as the green
Of our own valleys: so I will begin
Now while I cannot hear the city's din ; 40
Now while the early budders are just new,
And run in mazes of the youngest hue
About old forests ; while the willow trails
Its delicate amber; and the dairy pails
Bring home increase of milk. And, as the year
Grows lush in juicy stalks, I'll smoothly steer
My little boat, for many quiet hours,
With streams that deepen freshly into bowers.
Many and many a verse I hope to write,
Before the daisies, vermeil rimm'd and white, 50
Hide in deep herbage; and ere yet the bees
Hum about globes of clover and sweet peas,
I must be near the middle of my story.
O may no wintry season, bare and hoary,
See it half finish'd: but let Autumn bold,
With universal tinge of sober gold,
Be all about me when I make an end.
And now at once, adventuresome, I send
My herald thought into a wilderness :
There let its trumpet blow, and quickly dress 60
My uncertain path with green, that I may speed
Easily onward, thorough flowers and weed.

Upon the sides of Latmos was outspread
A mighty forest; for the moist earth fed
So plenteously all weed-hidden roots
Into o'er-hanging boughs, and precious fruits.
And it had gloomy shades, sequester'd deep,
Where no man went; and if from shepherd's keep
A lamb stray'd far a-down those inmost glens,
Never again saw he the happy pens 70
Whither his brethren, bleating with content,
Over the hills at every nightfall went.
Among the shepherds 'twas believed ever,
That not one fleecy lamb which thus did sever
From the white flock, but pass'd unworried
By angry wolf, or pard with prying head,
Until it came to some unfooted plains
Where fed the herds of Pan: ay, great his gains
Who thus one lamb did lose. Paths there were many,
Winding through palmy fern, and rushes fenny, 80
And ivy banks; all leading pleasantly
To a wide lawn, whence one could only see
Stems thronging all around between the swell
Of turf and slanting branches: who could tell
The freshness of the space of heaven above,
Edged round with dark tree tops? through which a dove
Would often beat its wings, and often too
A little cloud would move across the blue.

Full in the middle of this pleasantness
There stood a marble altar, with a tress 90
Of flowers budded newly; and the dew
Had taken fairy phantasies to strew
Daisies upon the sacred sward last eve,
And so the dawned light in pomp receive.
For 'twas the morn: Apollo's upwards fire
Made every eastern cloud a silvery pyre
Of brightness so unsullied, that therein
A melancholy spirit well might win
Oblivion, and melt out his essence fine
Into the winds: rain-scented eglantine 100

Gave temperate sweets to that well-wooing sun;
The lark was lost in him; cold springs had run
To warm their chilliest bubbles in the grass;
Man's voice was on the mountains; and the mass
Of nature's lives and wonders pulsed tenfold,
To feel this sun-rise and its glories old.

Now while the silent workings of the dawn
Were busiest, into that self-same lawn
All suddenly, with joyful cries, there sped
A troop of little children garlanded; no
Who gathering round the altar, seem'd to pry
Earnestly round as wishing to espy
Some folk of holiday: nor had they waited
For many moments, ere their ears were sated
With a faint breath of music, which ev'n then
Fill'd out its voice, and died away again.
Within a little space again it gave
Its airy swellings, with a gentle wave,
To light-hung leaves, in smoothest echoes breaking
Through copse-clad valleys,—ere their death, o'ertaking
The surgy murmurs of the lonely sea. 121

And now, as deep into the wood as we
Might mark a lynx's eye, there glimmer'd light
Fair faces and a rush of garments white,
Plainer and plainer showing, till at last
Into the widest alley they all past,
Making directly for the woodland altar.
O kindly muse! let not my weak tongue falter
In telling of this goodly company, 130
Of their old piety, and of their glee:
But let a portion of ethereal dew
Fall on my head, and presently unmew
My soul; that I may dare, in wayfaring,
To stammer where old Chaucer used to sing.

Leading the way, young damsels danced along,
Bearing the burden of a shepherd song;

Each having a white wicker over brimm'd
With April's tender younglings : next, well trimm'd,
A crowd of shepherds with as sunburnt looks
As may be read of in Arcadian books; 140
Such as sat listening round Apollo's pipe,
When the great deity, for earth too ripe,
Let his divinity o'er-flowing die
In music, through the vales of Thessaly:
Some idly trail'd their sheep-hooks on the ground,
And some kept up a shrilly mellow sound
With ebon-tipped flutes : close after these,
Now coming from beneath the forest trees,
A venerable priest full soberly,
Begirt with ministering looks : alway his eye 150
Steadfast upon the matted turf he kept,
And after him his sacred vestments swept.
From his right hand there swung a vase, milk-white,
Of mingled wine, out-sparkling generous light;
And in his left he held a basket full
Of all sweet herbs that searching eye could cull:
Wild thyme, and valley-lilies whiter still
Than Leda's love, and cresses from the rill.
His aged head, crowned with beechen wreath,
Seem'd like a poll of ivy in the teeth 160
Of winter hoar. Then came another crowd
Of shepherds, lifting in due time aloud
Their share of the ditty. After them appear'd,
Up-follow'd by a multitude that rear'd
Their voices to the clouds, a fair wrought car,
Easily rolling, so as scarce to mar
The freedom of three steeds of dapple brown :
Who stood therein did seem of great renown
Among the throng. His youth was fully blown,
Showing like Ganymede to manhood grown; 170
And, for those simple times, his garments were
A chieftain king's : beneath his breast, half bare,
Was hung a silver bugle, and between
His nervy knees there lay a boar-spear keen.
A smile was on his countenance; he seem'd,

To common lookers on, like one who dream'd
Of idleness in groves Elysian:
But there were some who feelingly could scan
A lurking trouble in his nether lip,
And see that oftentimes the reins would slip 180
Through his forgotten hands : then would they sigh,
And think of yellow leaves, of owlets' cry,
Of logs piled solemnly.—Ah, well-a-day,
Why should our young Endymion pine away !

Soon the assembly, in a circle ranged,
Stood silent round the shrine: each look was changed
To sudden veneration: women meek
Beckon'd their sons to silence; while each cheek
Of virgin bloom paled gently for slight fear.
Endymion too, without a forest peer, 190
Stood, wan, and pale, and with an awed face,
Among his brothers of the mountain chase.
In midst of all, the venerable priest
Eyed them with joy from greatest to the least,
And, after lifting up his aged hands,
Thus spake he : " Men of Latmos ! shepherd bands I
Whose care it is to guard a thousand flocks :
Whether descended from beneath the rocks
That overtop your mountains ; whether come
From valleys where the pipe is never dumb; 200
Or from your swelling downs, where sweet air stirs
Blue hare-bells lightly, and where prickly furze
Buds lavish gold; or ye, whose precious charge
Nibble their fill at ocean's very marge,
Whose mellow reeds are touch'd with sounds forlorn
By the dim echoes of old Triton's horn:
Mothers and wives I who day by day prepare
The scrip, with needments, for the mountain air,
And all ye gentle girls who foster up
Udderless lambs, and in a little cup 210
Will put choice honey for a favour'd youth :
Yea, every one attend ! for in good truth
Our vows are wanting to our great god Pan.

Are not our lowing heifers sleeker than
Night-swollen mushrooms ? Are not our wide plains
Speckled with countless fleeces ? Have not rains
Green'd over April's lap ? No howling sad
Sickens our fearful ewes ; and we have had
Great bounty from Endymion our lord.
The earth is glad : the merry lark has pour'd 220
His early song against yon breezy sky,
That spreads so clear o'er our solemnity."

Thus ending, on the shrine he heap'd a spire
Of teeming sweets, enkindling sacred fire;
Anon he stain'd the thick and spongy sod
With wine, in honour of the shepherd-god.
Now while the earth was drinking it, and while
Bay leaves were crackling in the fragrant pile,
And gummy frankincense was sparkling bright
'Neath smothering parsley, and a hazy light 230
Spread grayly eastward, thus a chorus sang :

" O THOU, whose mighty palace roof doth hang
From jagged trunks, and overshadoweth
Eternal whispers, glooms, the birth, life, death
Of unseen flowers in heavy peacefulness ;
Who lov'st to see the hamadryads dress
Their ruffled locks where meeting hazels darken;
And through whole solemn hours dost sit, and hearken
The dreary melody of bedded reeds—
In desolate places, where dank moisture breeds 240
The pipy hemlock to strange overgrowth;
Bethinking thee, how melancholy loth
Thou wast to lose fair Syrinx—do thou now,
By thy love's milky brow!
By all the trembling mazes that she ran,
Hear us, great Pan!

" O thou, for whose soul-soothing quiet, turtles
Passion their voices cooingly 'mong myrtles,
What time thou wanderest at eventide

Through sunny meadows, that outskirt the side 250
Of thine enmossed realms : O thou, to whom
Broad leaved fig trees even now foredoom
Their ripen'd fruitage; yellow girted bees
Their golden honeycombs ; our village leas
Their fairest blossom'd beans and popped corn ;
The chuckling linnet its five young unborn,
To sing for thee ; low creeping strawberries
Their summer coolness ; pent up butterflies
Their freckled wings ; yea, the fresh budding year
All its completions—be quickly near, 260
By every wind that nods the mountain pine,
O forester divine !

" Thou, to whom every faun and satyr flies
For willing service; whether to surprise
The squatted hare while in half sleeping fit;
Or upward tagged precipices flit
To save poor lambkins from the eagle's maw;
Or by mysterious enticement draw
Bewilder'd shepherds to their path again;
Or to tread breathless round the frothy main, 270
And gather up all fancifullest shells
For thee to tumble into Naiads' cells,
And, being hidden, laugh at their out-peeping;
Or to delight thee with fantastic leaping,
The while they pelt each other on the crown
With silvery oak apples, and fir cones brown—
By all the echoes that about thee ring,
Hear us, O satyr king!

" O Harkener to the loud clapping shears,
While ever and anon to his shorn peers 280
A ram goes bleating : Winder of the horn,
When snouted wild-boars routing tender corn
Anger our huntsman: Breather round our farms,
To keep off mildews, and all weather harms:
Strange ministrant of undescribed sounds,
That come a swooning over hollow grounds,

And wither drearily on barren moors:
Dread opener of the mysterious doors
Leading to universal knowledge—see,
Great son of Dryope, 290
The many that are come to pay their vows
With leaves about their brows !

" Be still the unimaginable lodge
For solitary thinkings; such as dodge
Conception to the very bourne of heaven,
Then leave the naked brain : be still the leaven,
That spreading in this dull and clodded earth,
Gives it a touch ethereal—a new birth:
Be still a symbol of immensity;
A firmament reflected in a sea; 300
An element filling the space between;
An unknown—but no more: we humbly screen
With uplift hands our foreheads, lowly bending,
And giving out a shout most heaven rending,
Conjure thee to receive our humble Pæan,
Upon thy Mount Lycean! "

Even while they brought the burden to a close,
A shout from the whole multitude arose,
That linger'd in the air like dying rolls
Of abrupt thunder, when Ionian shoals 310
Of dolphins bob their noses through the brine.
Meantime, on shady levels, mossy fine,
Young companies nimbly began dancing
To the swift treble pipe, and humming string.
Ay, those fair living forms swam heavenly
To tunes forgotten—out of memory:
Fair creatures ! whose young children's children bred
Thermopylae its heroes—not yet dead,
But in old marbles ever beautiful.
High genitors, unconscious did they cull 320
Time's sweet first-fruits—they danced to weariness,
And then in quiet circles did they press
The hillock turf, and caught the latter end

Of some strange history, potent to send
A young mind from its bodily tenement.
Or they might watch the quoit-pitchers, intent
On either side; pitying the sad death
Of Hyacinthus, when the cruel breath
Of Zephyr slew him,—Zephyr penitent,
Who now, ere Phoebus mounts the firmament, 330
Fondles the flower amid the sobbing rain.
The archers too, upon a wider plain,
Beside the feathery whizzing of the shaft,
And the dull twanging bowstring, and the raft
Branch down sweeping from a tall ash top,
Call'd up a thousand thoughts to envelope
Those who would watch. Perhaps, the trembling knee
And frantic gape of lonely Niobe,
Poor, lonely Niobe I when her lovely young
Were dead and gone, and her caressing tongue 340
Lay a lost thing upon her paly lip,
And very, very deadliness did nip
Her motherly cheeks. Aroused from this sad mood
By one, who at a distance loud halloo'd,
Uplifting his strong bow into the air,
Many might after brighter visions stare:
After the Argonauts, in blind amaze
Tossing about on Neptune's restless ways,
Until, from the horizon's vaulted side,
There shot a golden splendour far and wide, 350
Spangling those million pourings of the brine
With quivering ore: 'twas even an awful shine
From the exaltation of Apollo's bow;
A heavenly beacon in their dreary woe.
Who thus were ripe for high contemplating,
Might turn their steps towards the sober ring
Where sat Endymion and the aged priest
'Mong shepherds gone in eld, whose looks increased
The silvery setting of their mortal star.
There they discoursed upon the fragile bar 360
That keeps us from our homes ethereal;
And what our duties there: to nightly call

Vesper, the beauty-crest of summer weather;
To summon all the downiest clouds together
For the sun's purple couch; to emulate
In ministering the potent rule of fate
With speed of fire-tail'd exhalations ;
To tint her pallid cheek with bloom, who cons
Sweet poesy by moonlight: besides these,
A world of other unguess'd offices. 370
Anon they wander'd, by divine converse,
Into Elysium; vying to rehearse
Each one his own anticipated bliss.
One felt heart-certain that he could not miss
His quick gone love, among fair blossom'd boughs,
Where every zephyr-sigh pouts, and endows
Her lips with music for the welcoming.
Another wish'd, 'mid that eternal spring,
To meet his rosy child, with feathery sails,
Sweeping, eye-earnestly, through almond vales : 380
Who, suddenly, should stoop through the smooth wind,
And with the balmiest leaves his temples bind ;
And, ever after, through those regions be
His messenger, his little Mercury.
Some were athirst in soul to see again
Their fellow huntsmen o'er the wide champaign
In times long past; to sit with them, and talk
Of all the chances in their earthly walk;
Comparing, joyfully, their plenteous stores •
Of happiness, to when upon the moors, 390
Benighted, close they huddled from the cold,
And shared their famish'd scrips. Thus all out-told
Their fond imaginations,—saving him
Whose eyelids curtain'd up their jewels dim,
Endymion: yet hourly had he striven
To hide the cankering venom, that had riven
His fainting recollections. Now indeed
His senses had swoon'd off: he did not heed
The sudden silence, or the whispers low,
Or the old eyes dissolving at his woe, 400
Or anxious calls, or close of trembling palms,

Or maiden's sigh, that grief itself embalms :
But in the self-same fixed trance he kept,
Like one who on the earth had never stept.
Ay, even as dead-still as a marble man,
Frozen in that old tale Arabian.

Who whispers him so pantingly and close ?
Peona, his sweet sister : of all those,
His friends, the dearest. Hushing signs she made,
And breathed a sister's sorrow to persuade 410
A yielding up, a cradling on her care.
Her eloquence did breathe away the curse :
She led him, like some midnight spirit nurse
Of happy changes in emphatic dreams,
Along a path between two little streams,—
Guarding his forehead, with her round elbow,
From low-grown branches, and his footsteps slow
From stumbling over stumps and hillocks small;
Until they came to where these streamlets fall,
With mingled bubblings and a gentle rush, 420
Into a river, clear, brimful, and flush
With crystal mocking of the trees and sky.
A little shallop, floating there hard by,
Pointed its beak over the fringed bank;
And soon it lightly dipp'd, and rose, and sank,
And dipt again, with the young couple's weight,—
Peona guiding, through the water straight,
Towards a bowery island opposite;
Which gaining presently, she steered light
Into a shady, fresh, and ripply cove, 430
Where nested was an harbour, overwove
By many a summer's silent fingering;
To whose cool bosom she was used to bring
Her playmates, with their needle broidery,
And minstrel memories of times gone by.

So she was gently glad to see him laid
Under her favourite bower's quiet shade,
On her own couch, new made of flower leaves,
Dried carefully on the cooler side of sheaves

When last the sun his autumn tresses shook,
 And the tann'd harvesters rich armfuls took.
 Soon was he quieted to slumbrous rest :
 But, ere it crept upon him, he had prest
 Peona's busy hand against his lips,
 And still, a sleeping, held her finger-tips
 In tender pressure. And as a willow keeps
 A patient watch over the stream that creeps
 Windingly by it, so the quiet maid
 Held her in peace : so that a whispering blade
 Of grass, a wailful gnat, a bee bustling
 Down in the blue-bells, or a wren light rustling
 Among sere leaves and twigs, might all be heard.

440

450

O magic sleep ! O comfortable bird,
 That broodest o'er the troubled sea of the mind
 Till it is hush'd and smooth ! O unconfined
 Restraint ! imprison'd liberty ! great key
 To golden palaces, strange minstrelsy,
 Fountains grotesque, new trees, bespangled caves,
 Echoing grottoes, full of tumbling waves
 And moonlight ; ay, to all the mazy world
 Of silvery enchantment !—who, upfurl'd
 Beneath thy drowsy wing a triple hour,
 But renovates and lives ?—Thus, in the bower,
 Endymion was calm'd to life again.
 Opening his eyelids with a healthier brain,
 He said : "I feel this thine endearing love
 All through my bosom : thou art as a dove
 Trembling its closed eyes and sleeked wings
 About me ; and the pearliest dew not brings
 Such morning incense from the fields of May,
 As do those brighter drops that twinkling stray
 From those kind eyes, the very home and haunt
 Of sisterly affection. Can I want
 Aught else, aught nearer heaven, than such tears ?
 Yet dry them up, in bidding hence all fears
 That, any longer, I will pass my days
 Alone and sad. No, I will once more raise

460

470

My voice upon the mountain-heights ; once more
 Make my horn parley from their foreheads hoar:
 Again my trooping hounds their tongues shall loll 480
 Around the breathed boar: again Fil poll
 The fair-grown yew tree, for a chosen bow :
 And, when the pleasant sun is getting low,
 Again I'll linger in a sloping mead
 To hear the speckled thrushes, and see feed
 Our idle sheep. So be thou cheered, sweet,
 And, if thy lute is here, softly entreat
 My soul to keep in its resolved course."

Hereat Peona, in their silver source
 Shut her pure sorrow drops with glad exclaim, 490
 And took a lute, from which there pulsing came
 A lively prelude, fashioning the way
 In which her voice should wander. 'Twas a lay
 More subtle cadenced, more forest wild
 Than Dryope's lone lulling of her child;
 And nothing since has floated in the air
 So mournful strange. Surely some influence rare
 Went, spiritual, through the damsel's hand;
 For still, with Delphic emphasis, she spann'd
 The quick invisible strings, even though she saw 500
 Endymion's spirit melt away and thaw
 Before the deep intoxication.
 But soon she came, with sudden burst, upon
 Her self-possession—swung the lute aside,
 And earnestly said: " Brother, 'tis vain to hide
 That thou dost know of things mysterious,
 Immortal, starry; such alone could thus
 Weigh down thy nature. Hast thou sinn'd in aught
 Offensive to the heavenly powers ? Caught
 A Paphian dove upon a message sent ? 510
 Thy deathful bow against some deer-herd bent,
 Sacred to Dian ? Haply, thou hast seen
 Her naked limbs among the alders green;
 And that, alas ! is death. No, I can trace
 Something more high perplexing in thy face! "

Endymion look'd at her, and press'd her hand,
And said, " Art thou so pale, who wast so bland
And merry in our meadows? How is this?
Tell me thine ailment: tell me all amiss!—
Ah! thou hast been unhappy at the change 520
Wrought suddenly in me. What indeed more strange?
Or more complete to overwhelm surmise?
Ambition is no sluggard: 'tis no prize,
That toiling years would put within my grasp,
That I have sigh'd for: with so deadly gasp
No man e'er panted for a mortal love.
So all have set my heavier grief above
These things which happen. Rightly have they done:
I, who still saw the horizontal sun
Heave his broad shoulder o'er the edge of the world, 530
Out-facing Lucifer, and then had hurl'd
My spear aloft, as signal for the chase—
I, who, for every sport of heart, would race
With my own steed from Araby; pluck down
A vulture from his towery perching; frown
A lion into growling, loth retire—
To lose, at once, all my toil breeding fire,
And sink thus low! but I will ease my breast
Of secret grief, here in this bowery nest.

"This river does not see the naked sky, 540
Till it begins to progress silverly
Around the western border of the wood,
Whence, from a certain spot, its winding flood
Seems at the distance like a crescent moon:
And in that nook, the very pride of June,
Had I been used to pass my weary eves;
The rather for the sun unwilling leaves
So dear a picture of his sovereign power,
And I could witness his most kingly hour,
When he doth tighten up the golden reins, 550
And paces leisurely down amber plains
His snorting four. Now when his chariot last
Its beams against the zodiac-lion cast,

There blossom'd suddenly a magic bed .
Of sacred ditamy, and poppies red:
At which I wonder'd greatly, knowing well
That but one night had wrought this flowery spell;
And, sitting down close by, began to muse
What it might mean. Perhaps, thought I, Morpheus,
In passing here, his owlet pinions shook ; 560
Or, it may be, ere matron Night uptook
Her ebon urn, young Mercury, by stealth,
Had dipt his rod in it; such garland wealth
Came not by common growth. Thus on I thought,
Until my head was dizzy and distraught.
Moreover, through the dancing poppies stole
A breeze, most softly lulling to my soul;
And shaping visions all about my sight
Of colours, wings, and bursts of spangly light;
The which became more strange, and strange, and
dim,
And then were gulph'd in a tumultuous swim: 571
And then I fell asleep. Ah! can I tell
The enchantment that afterwards befel?
Yet it was but a dream: yet such a dream
That never tongue, although it overteem
With mellow utterance, like a cavern spring,
Could figure out and to conception bring
All I beheld and felt. Methought I lay
Watching the zenith, where the mjilky way
Among the stars in virgin splendour pours ; 580
And travelling my eye, until the doors
Of heaven appear'd to open for my flight,
I became loth and fearful to alight
From such high soaring by a downward glance :
So kept me steadfast in that airy trance,
Spreading imaginary pinions wide.
When, presently, the stars began to glide,
And faint away, before my eager view:
At which I sigh'd that I could not pursue,
And dropt my vision to the horizon's verge ; 590
And lo! from opening clouds, I saw emerge

The loveliest moon, that ever silver'd o'er
A shell for Neptune's goblet: she did soar
So passionately bright, my dazzled soul
Commingle with her argent spheres did roll
Through clear and cloudy, even when she went
At last into a dark and vapoury tent—
Whereat, methought, the lidless-eyed train
Of planets all were in the blue again.
To commune with those orbs, once more I raised 600
My sight right upward: but it was quite dazed
By a bright something, sailing down apace,
Making me quickly veil my eyes and face:
Again I look'd, and, O ye deities,
Who from Olympus watch our destinies!
Whence that completed form of all completeness?
Whence came that high perfection of all sweetness?
Speak, stubborn earth, and tell me where, O where
Hast thou a symbol of her golden hair?
Not oat-sheaves drooping in the western sun; 610
Not—thy soft hand, fair sister! let me shun
Such follying before thee—yet she had,
Indeed, locks bright enough to make me mad;
And they were simply gordian'd up and braided,
Leaving, in naked comeliness, unshaded,
Her pearl round ears, white neck, and orb'd brow;
The which were blended in, I know not how,
With such a paradise of lips and eyes,
Blush-tinted cheeks, half smiles, and faintest sighs,
That, when I think thereon, my spirit clings 620
And plays about its fancy, till the stings
Of human neighbourhood envenom all.
Unto what awful power shall I call?
To what high fane?—Ah! see her hovering feet,
More bluely vein'd, more soft, more whitely sweet
Than those of sea-born Venus, when she rose
From out her cradle shell. The wind out-blows
Her scarf into a fluttering pavilion;
'Tis blue, and over-spangled with a million
Of little eyes, as though thou wert to shed, 630

Over the darkest, lushest blue-bell bed,
Handfuls of daisies."—" Endymion, how strange !
Dream within dream! "—" She took an airy range,
And then, towards me, like a very maid,
Came blushing, waning, willing, and afraid,
And press'd me by the hand: Ah ! 'twas too much;
Methought I fainted at the charmed touch,
Yet held my recollection, even as one
Who dives three fathoms where the waters run
Gurgling in beds of coral: for anon, 640
I felt upmounted in that region
Where falling stars dart their artillery forth,
And eagles struggle with the buffeting north
That balances the heavy meteor-stone;—
Felt too, I was not fearful, nor alone,
But lapp'd and lulPd along the dangerous sky.
Soon, as it seem'd, we left our journeying high,
And straightway into frightful eddies swoop'd;
Such as aye muster where grey time has scoop'd
Huge dens and caverns in a mountain's side: 650
There hollow sounds aroused me, and I sigh'd
To faint once more by looking on my bliss—
I was distracted; madly did I kiss
The wooing arms which held me, and did give
My eyes at once to death: but 'twas to live,
To take in draughts of life from the gold fount
Of kind and passionate looks; to count, and count
The moments, by some greedy help that seem'd
A second self, that each might be redeem'd
And plunder'd of its load of blessedness. 660
Ah, desperate mortal! I ev'n dared to press
Her very cheek against my crowned lip,
And, at that moment, felt my body dip
Into a warmer air: a moment more,
Our feet were soft in flowers. There was store
Of newest joys upon that alp. Sometimes
A scent of violets, and blossoming limes,
Loiter'd around us; then of honey cells,
Made delicate from all white-flower bells;

And once, above the edges of our nest, 670
An arch face peep'd,—an Oread as I guess'd.

" Why did I dream that sleep o'er-power'd me
In midst of all this heaven? Why not see,
Far off, the shadows of his pinions dark,
And stare them from me? But no, like a spark
That needs must die, although its little beam
Reflects upon a diamond, my sweet dream
Fell into nothing—into stupid sleep.
And so it was, until a gentle creep,
A careful moving caught my waking ears, 680
And up I started: Ah! my sighs, my tears,
My clenched hands ;—for lo ! the poppies hung
Dew-dabbled on their stalks, the ouzel sung
A heavy ditty, and the sullen day
Had chidden herald Hesperus away,
With leaden looks : the solitary breeze
Bluster'd, and slept, and its wild self did tease
With wayward melancholy; and I thought,
Mark me, Peona I that sometimes it brought
Faint fare-thee-wells, and sigh-shrilled adieus !— 690
Away I wander'd—all the pleasant hues
Of heaven and earth had faded : deepest shades
Were deepest dungeons ; heaths and sunny glades
Were full of pestilent light; our taintless rills
Seem'd sooty, and o'er-spread with upturn'd gills
Of dying fish; the vermeil rose had blown
In frightful scarlet, and its thorns out-grown
Like spiked aloë. If an innocent bird
Before my heedless footsteps stirr'd, and stirr'd
In little journeys, I beheld in it 700
A disguised demon, missioned to knit
My soul with under darkness ; to entice
My stumblings down some monstrous precipice:
Therefore I eager follow'd, and did curse
The disappointment. Time, that aged nurse,
Rock'd me to patience. Now, thank gentle heaven I
These things, with all their comfortings, are given

To my down-sunken hours, and with thee,
Sweet sister, help to stem the ebbing sea
Of weary life." 710

Thus ended he, and both
Sat silent: for the maid was very loth
To answer; feeling well that breathed words
Would all be lost, unheard, and vain as swords
Against the enchased crocodile, or leaps
Of grasshoppers against the sun. She weeps,
And wonders; struggles to devise some blame;
So put on such a look as would say, *Shame*
On this poor weakness I but, for all her strife,
She could as soon have crush'd away the life 720
From a sick dove. At length, to break the pause,
She said with trembling chance: "Is this the cause?
This all? Yet it is strange, and sad, alas!
That one who through this middle earth should pass
Most like a sojourning demi-god, and leave
His name upon the harp-string, should achieve
No higher bard than simple maidenhood,
Singing alone, and fearfully,—how the blood
Left his young cheek; and how he used to stray
He knew not where; and how he would say, *nay*, 730
If any said 'twas love: and yet 'twas love;
What could it be but love? How a ring-dove
Let fall a sprig of yew tree in his path;
And how he died: and then, that love doth scathe
The gentle heart, as northern blasts do roses;
And then the ballad of his sad life closes
With sighs, and an alas I—Endymion!
Be rather in the trumpet's mouth,—anon
Among the winds at large—that all may hearken I
Although, before the crystal heavens darken, 740
I watch and dote upon the silver lakes
Pictured in western cloudiness, that takes
The semblance of gold rocks and bright gold sands,
Islands, and creeks, and amber-fretted strands
With horses prancing o'er them, palaces
And towers of amethyst,—would I so tease

My pleasant days, because I could not mount
Into those regions ? The Morphean fount
Of that fine element that visions, dreams,
And fitful whims of sleep are made of, streams 750
Into its airy channels with so subtle,
So thin a breathing, not the spider's shuttle,
Circled a million times within the space
Of a swallow's nest-dóor, could delay a trace,
A tinting of its quality: how light
Must dreams themselves be; seeing they're more slight
Than the mere nothing that engenders them!
Then wherefore sully the entrusted gem
Of high and noble life with thoughts so sick ?
Why pierce high-fronted honour to the quick 760
For nothing but a dream ? " Hereat the youth
Look'd up : a conflicting of shame and ruth
Was in his plaited brow: yet, his eyelids
Widen'd a little, as when Zephyr bids
A little breeze to creep between the fans
Of careless butterflies : amid his pains
He seem'd to taste a drop of manna-dew,
Full palatable; and a colour grew
Upon his cheek, while thus he lifeful spake:—

" Peona! ever have I long'd to slake 770
My thirst for the world's praises : nothing base,
No merely slumberous phantasm, could unlace
The stubborn canvas for my voyage prepared—
Though now 'tis tatter'd; leaving my bark bared
And sullenly drifting: yet my higher hope
Is of too wide, too rainbow-large a scope,
To fret at myriads of earthly wrecks.
Wherein lies happiness ? In that which beck
Our ready minds to fellowship divine,
A fellowship with essence; till we shine, 780
Full alchemized, and free of space. Behold
The clear religion of heaven I Fold
A rose leaf round thy finger's taperness,
And soothe thy lips : hist, when the airy stress

Of music's kiss impregnates the free winds,
 And with a sympathetic touch unbinds
 Eolian magic from their lucid wombs :
 Then old songs waken from enclouded tombs ;
 Old ditties sigh above their father's grave;
 Ghosts of melodious prophesyings rave 790
 Round every spot where trod Apollo's foot;
 Bronze clarions awake, and faintly bruit,
 Where long ago a giant battle was;
 And, from the turf, a lullaby doth pass
 In every place where infant Orpheus slept.
 Feel we these things ?—that moment have we stept
 Into a sort of oneness, and our state
 Is like a floating spirit's. But there are
 Richer entanglements, enthrallments far
 More self destroying, leading, by degrees, 800
 To the chief intensity : the crown of these
 Is made of love and friendship, and sits high
 Upon the forehead of humanity.
 All its more ponderous and bulky worth
 Is friendship, whence there ever issues forth
 A steady splendour; but at the tip-top,
 There hangs by unseen film, an orb'd drop
 Of light, and that is love : its influence,
 Thrown in our eyes, genders a novel sense,
 At which we start and fret; till in the end, 810
 Melting into its radiance, we blend,
 Mingle, and so become a part of it,—
 Nor with aught else can our souls interknit
 So wingedly: when we combine therewith,
 Life's self is nourish'd by its proper pith,
 And we are nurtured like a pelican brood.
 Ay, so delicious is the unsating food,
 That men, who might have tower'd in the van
 Of all the congregated world, to fan
 And winnow from the coming step of time 820
 All chaff of custom, wipe away all slime
 Left by men-slugs and human serpentry,
 Have been content to let occasion die,

Whilst they did sleep in love's elysium.
And, truly, I would rather be struck dumb,
Than speak against this ardent listlessness :
For I have ever thought that it might bless
The world with benefits unknowingly;
As does the nightingale, upperched high,
And cloister'd among cool and bunched leaves— 830
She sings but to her love, nor e'er conceives
How tiptoe Night holds back her dark-grey hood.
Just so may love, although 'tis understood
The mere commingling of passionate breath,
Produce more than our searching witnesseth :
What I know not: but who, of men, can tell
That flowers would bloom, or that green fruit would swell
To melting pulp, that fish would have bright mail,
The earth its dower of river, wood, and vale,
The meadows runnels, runnels pebble-stones, 840
The seed its harvest, or the lute its tones,
Tones ravishment, or ravishment its sweet,
If human souls did never kiss and greet ?

" Now, if this earthly love has power to make
Men's being mortal, immortal; to shake
Ambition from their memories, and brim
Their measure of content; what merest whim,
Seems all this poor endeavour after fame,
To one, who keeps within his steadfast aim
A love immortal, an immortal too. 850
Look not so wilder'd; for these things are true,
And never can be born of atomies
That buzz about our slumbers, like brain-flies,
Leaving us fancy-sick. No, no, I'm sure,
My restless spirit never could endure
To brood so long upon one luxury,
Unless it did, though fearfully, espy
A hope beyond the shadow of a dream.
My sayings will the less obscured seem
When I have told thee how my waking sight 860
Has made me scruple whether that same night

Was pass'd in dreaming. Hearken, sweet Peona !
Beyond the matron-temple of Latona,
Which we should see but for these darkening boughs,
Lies a deep hollow, from whose ragged brows
Bushes and trees do lean all round athwart,
And meet so nearly, that with wings outrought,
And spreaded tail, a vulture could not glide
Past them, but he must brush on every side.
Some moulder'd steps lead into this cool cell, 870
Far as the slabbed margin of a well,
Whose patient level peeps its crystal eye
Right upward, through the bushes, to the sky.
Oft have I brought thee flowers, on their stalks set
Like vestal primroses, but dark velvet
Edges them round, and they have golden pits :
'Twas there I got them, from the gaps and slits
In a mossy stone, that sometimes was my seat,
When all above was faint with mid-day heat.
And there in strife no burning thoughts to heed, 880
Yd bubble up the water through a reed;
So reaching back to boy-hood: make me ships
Of moulted feathers, touchwood, alder chips,
With leaves stuck in them; and the Neptune be
Of their petty ocean. Oftener, heavily,
When love-lorn hours had left me less a child,
I sat contemplating the figures wild
Of o'er-head clouds melting the mirror through.
Upon a day, while thus I watch'd, by flew
A cloudy Cupid, with his bow and quiver; 890
So plainly character'd, no breeze would shiver
The happy chance : so happy, I was fain
To follow it upon the open plain,
And, therefore, was just going ; when, behold I
A wonder, fair as any I have told—
The same bright face I tasted in my sleep,
Smiling in the clear well. My heart did leap
Through the cool depth.—It moved as if to flee—
I started up, when lo! refreshfully,
There came upon my face, in plenteous showers, 900

Dew-drops, and dewy buds, and leaves, and flowers,
Wrapping all objects from my smother'd sight,
Bathing my spirit in a new delight.
Ay, such a breathless honey-feel of bliss
Alone preserved me from the drear abyss
Of death, for the fair form had gone again.
Pleasure is oft a visitant; but pain
Clings cruelly to us, like the gnawing sloth
On the deer's tender haunches : late, and loth,
'Tis scared away by slow returning pleasure. 910
How sickening, how dark the dreadful leisure
Of weary days, made deeper exquisite,
By a fore-knowledge of unslumbrous night!
Like sorrow came upon me, heavier still,
Than when I wander'd from the poppy hill:
And a whole age of lingering moments crept
Sluggishly by, ere more contentment swept
Away at once the deadly yellow spleen.
Yes, thrice have I this fair enchantment seen;
Once more been tortured with renewed life. 920
When last the wintry gusts gave over strife
With the conquering sun of spring, and left the skies
Warm and serene, but yet with moisten'd eyes
In pity of the shatter'd infant buds,—
That time thou didst adorn, with amber studs,
My hunting cap, because I laugh'd and smiled,
Chatted with thee, and many days exiled
All torment from my breast;—'twas even then,
Straying about, yet, coop'd up in the den
Of helpless discontent,—hurling my lance 930
From place to place, and following at chance,
At last, by hap, through some young trees it struck,
And, plashing among bedded pebbles, stuck
In the middle of a brook, whose silver ramble
Down twenty little falls, through reeds and bramble,
Tracing along, it brought me to a cave,
Whence it ran brightly forth, and white did lave
The nether sides of mossy stones and rock,—
'Mong which it gurgled blithe adieus, to mock

Its own sweet grief at parting. Overhead 940
Hung a lush screen of drooping weeds, and spread
Thick, as to curtain up some wood-nymph's home.
' Ah! impious mortal, whither do I roam ?'
Said I, low voiced : ' Ah, whither ! 'Tis the grot
Of Proserpine, when Hell, obscure and hot,
Doth her resign; and where her tender hands
She dabbles, on the cool and sluicy sands :
Or 'tis the cell of Echo, where she sits,
And babbles thorough silence, till her wits
Are gone in tender madness, and anon, 950
Faints into sleep, with many a dying tone
Of sadness. O that she would take my vows,
And breathe them sighingly among the boughs,
To sue her gentle ears for whose fair head,
Daily, I pluck sweet flowerets from their bed,
And weave them dyingly—send honey-whispers
Round every leaf, that all those gentle lispers
May sigh my love unto her pitying !
O charitable echo ! hear, and sing
This ditty to her!—tell her '—so I stay'd 960
My foolish tongue, and listening, half afraid,
Stood stupefied with my own empty folly,
And blushing for the freaks of melancholy.
Salt tears were coming, when I heard my name
Most fondly lipp'd, and then these accents came :
* Endymion I the cave is secreter
Than the isle of Delos. Echo hence shall stir
No sighs but sigh-warm kisses, or light noise
Of thy combing hand, the while it travelling cloy
And trembles through my labyrinthine hair.' 970
At that oppress'd I hurried in.—Ah! where
Are those swift moments ! Whither are they fled ?
I'll smile no more, Peona; nor will wed
Sorrow, the way to death; but patiently
Bear up against it: so farewell, sad sigh;
And come instead demurest meditation,
To occupy me wholly, and to fashion
My pilgrimage for the world's dusky brink.

No more will I count over, link by link,
 My chain of grief: no longer strive to find 980
 A half-forgetfulness *in* mountain wind
 Blustering about my ears : ay, thou shalt see,
 Dearest of sisters, what my life shall be;
 What a calm round of hours shall make my days.
 There is a paly flame of hope that plays
 Where'er I look: but yet, I'll say 'tis naught—
 And here I bid it die. Have not I caught,
 Already, a more healthy countenance ?
 By this the sun is setting ; we may chance
 Meet some of our near-dwellers with my car." 990

This said, he rose, faint-smiling like a star
 Through autumn mists, and took Peona's hand :
 They stept into the boat, and launch'd from land.

BOOK II

O SOVEREIGN power of love ! O grief ! O balm !
 All records, saving thine, come cool, and calm,
 And shadowy, through the mist of passed years :
 For others, good or bad, hatred and tears
 Have become indolent; but touching thine,
 One sigh doth echo, one poor sob doth pine,
 One kiss brings honey-dew from buried days.
 The woes of Troy, towers smothering o'er their blaze,
 Stiff-holden shields, far-piercing spears, keen blades,
 Struggling, and blood, and shrieks—all dimly fades 10
 Into some backward corner of the brain;
 Yet, in our very souls, we feel amain
 The close of Troilus and Cressid sweet.
 Hence, pageant history I hence, gilded cheat!
 Swart planet in the universe of deeds !
 Wide sea, that one continuous murmur breeds
 Along the pebbled shore of memory!
 Many old rotten-timber'd boats there be
 Upon thy vaporous bosom, magnified
 To goodly vessels ; many a sail of pride, 20

And golden keel'd, is left unlaunch'd and dry.
But wherefore this? What care, though owl did fly
About the great Athenian admiral's mast?
What care, though striding Alexander past
The Indus with his Macedonian numbers?
Though old Ulysses tortured from his slumbers
The glutt'd Cyclops, what care?—Juliet leaning
Amid her window-flowers,—sighing,—weaning
Tenderly her fancy from its maiden snow,
Doth more avail than these: the silver flow 30
Of Hero's tears, the swoon of Imogen,
Fair Pastorella in the bandit's den,
Are things to brood on with more ardency
Than the death-day of empires. Fearfully
Must such conviction come upon his head,
Who, thus far, discontent, has dared to tread,
Without one muse's smile, or kind behest,
The path of love and poesy. But rest,
In chafing restlessness, is yet more drear
Than to be crush'd, in striving to uprear 40
Love's standard on the battlements of song.
So once more, days and nights, aid me along,
Like legion'd soldiers.

Brain-sick shepherd prince,
What promise hast thou faithful guarded since
The day of sacrifice? Or, have new sorrows
Come with the constant dawn upon thy morrows?
Alas I 'tis his old grief. For many days,
Has he been wandering in uncertain ways:
Through wilderness, and woods of mossed oaks; 50
Counting his woe-worn minutes, by the strokes
Of the lone woodcutter; and listening still,
Hour after hour, to each lush-leaved rill.
Now he is sitting by a shady spring,
And elbow-deep with feverous fingering
Stems the upbursting cold: a wild rose tree
Pavilions him in bloom, and he doth see
A bud which snares his fancy: lo I but now

He plucks it, dips its stalk in the water : how!
It swells, it buds, it flowers beneath his sight; 60
And, in the middle, there is softly pight
A golden butterfly; upon whose wings
There must be surely character'd strange things,
For with wide eye he wonders, and smiles oft.

Lightly this little herald flew aloft,
Follow'd by glad Endymion's clasped hands :
Onward it flies. From languor's sullen bands
His limbs are loosed, and eager, on he hies
Dazzled to trace it in the sunny skies.
It seem'd he flew, the way so easy was ; 70
And like a new-born spirit did he pass
Through the green evening quiet in the sun,
O'er many a heath, through many a woodland dun,
Through buried paths, where sleepy twilight dreams
The summer time away. One track unseams
A wooded cleft, and, far away, the blue
Of ocean fades upon him ; then, anew,
He sinks adown a solitary glen,
Where there was never sound of mortal men,
Saving, perhaps, some snow-light cadences 80
Melting to silence, when upon the breeze
Some holy bark let forth an anthem sweet,
To cheer itself to Delphi. Still his feet
Went swift beneath the merry-winged guide,
Until it reach'd a splashing fountain's side
That, near a cavern's mouth, for ever pour'd
Unto the temperate air: then high it soar'd,
And, downward, suddenly began to dip,
As if, athirst wkh' so much toil, 'twould sip
The crystal spout-head: so it did, with touch 90
Most delicate, as though afraid to smutch
Even with mealy gold the waters clear.
But, at that very touch, to disappear
So fairy-quick, was strange I Bewildered,
Endymion sought around, and shook each bed
Of covert flowers in vain: and then he flung

Himself along the grass. What gentle tongue,
 What whisperer disturb'd his gloomy rest ?
 It was a nymph uprisen to the breast
 In the fountain's pebbly margin, and she stood 100
 'Mong lilies, like the youngest of the brood.
 To him her dripping hand she softly kist,
 And anxiously began to plait and twist
 Her ringlets round her fingers, saying : " Youth,
 Too long, alas, hast thou starved on the ruth,
 The bitterness of love: too long indeed,
 Seeing thou art so gentle. Could I weed
 Thy soul of care, by heavens, I would offer
 All the bright riches of my crystal coffer
 To Amphitrite; all my clear-eyed fish, 110
 Golden, or rainbow-sided, or purplish,
 Vermilion-tail'd, or finn'd with silvery gauze;
 Yea, or my veined pebble-floor, that draws
 A virgin light to the deep; my grotto-sands,
 Tawny and gold, oozed slowly from far lands
 By my diligent springs ; my level lilies, shells,
 My charming rod, my potent river spells ;
 Yes, everything, even to the pearly cup
 Meander gave me,—for I bubbled up
 To fainting creatures in a desert wild. 120
 But woe is me, I am but as a child
 To gladden thee; and all I dare to say,
 Is, that I pity thee; that on this day
 I've been thy guide; that thou must wander far
 In other regions, past the scanty bar
 To mortal steps, before thou canst be ta'en
 From every wasting sigh, from every pain,
 Into the gentle bosom of thy love.
 Why it is thus, one knows in heaven above :
 But, a poor Naiad, I guess not. Farewell! 130
 I have a ditty for my hollow cell."

Hereat, she vanish'd from Endymion's gaze,
 Who brooded o'er the water in amaze :
 The dashing fount pour'd on, and where its pool

Lay, half asleep, in grass and rushes cool,
Quick waterflies and gnats were sporting still,
And fish were dimpling, as if good nor ill
Had fallen out that hour. The wanderer,
Holding his forehead, to keep off the burr
Of smothering fancies, patiently sat down; 140
And, while beneath the evening's sleepy frown
Glow-worms began to trim their starry lamps,
Thus breathed he to himself: " Whoso encamps
To take a fancied city of delight,
O what a wretch is he! and when 'tis his,
After long toil and travelling, to miss
The kernel of his hopes, how more than vile :
Yet, for him there's refreshment even in toil;
Another city doth he set about,
Free from the smallest pebble-bead of doubt 150
That he will seize on trickling honey-combs :
Alas, he finds them dry; and then he foams,
And onward to another city speeds.
But this is human life : the war, the deeds,
The disappointment, the anxiety,
Imagination's struggles, far and nigh,
All human; bearing in themselves this good,
That they are still the air, the subtle food,
To make us feel existence, and to show
How quiet death is. Where soil is men grow, 160
Whether to weeds or flowers ; but for me,
There is no depth to strike in : I can see
Nought earthly worth my compassing; so stand
Upon a misty, jutting head of land—
Alone? No, no ; and by the Orphean lute,
When mad Eurydice is listening to 't,
I'd rather stand upon this misty peak,
With not a thing to sigh for, or to seek,
But the soft shadow of my thrice-seen love,
Than be—I care not what. O meekest dove 170
Of heaven! O Cynthia, ten-times bright and fair !
From thy blue throne, now filling ail the air,
Glance but one little beam of temper'd light

Into my bosom, that the dreadful might
And tyranny of love be somewhat scared !
Yet do not so, sweet queen: one torment spared
Would give a pang to jealous misery,
Worse than the torment's self: but rather tie
Large wings upon my shoulders, and point out
My love's far dwelling. Though the playful rout 180
Of Cupids shun thee, too divine art thou,
Too keen in beauty, for thy silver prow
Not to have dipp'd in love's most gentle stream.
O be propitious, nor severely deem
My madness impious ; for, by all the stars
That tend thy bidding, I do think the bars
That kept my spirit in are burst—that I
Am sailing with thee through the dizzy sky I
How beautiful thou art I The world how deep !
How tremulous-dazzlingly the wheels sweep 190
Around their axle ! Then these gleaming reins,
How lithe ! When this thy chariot attains
Its airy goal, haply some'bower veils
Those twilight eyes ? Those eyes !—my spirit fails—
Dear goddess, help ! or the wide-gaping air
Will gulph me—help ! " — At this, with madden'd stare,
And lifted hands, and trembling lips, he stood;
Like old Deucalion mountain'd o'er the flood,
Or blind Orion hungry for the morn.
And, but from the deep cavern there was borne 200
A voice, he had been froze to senseless stone ;
Nor sigh of his, nor plaint, nor passion'd moan
Had more been heard. Thus swell'd it forth : " Descend,
Young mountaineer ! descend where alleys bend
Into the sparry hollows of the world !
Oft hast thou seen bolts of the thunder hurPd
As from thy threshold; day by day hast been
A little lower than the chilly sheen
Of icy pinnacles, and dipp'dst thine arms
Into the deadening ether that still charms 210
Their marble being: now, as deep profound
As those are high, descend ! He ne'er is crown'd

With immortality, who fears to follow
Where airy voices lead : so through the hollow
The silent mysteries of earth, descend I "

He heard but the last words, nor could contend
One moment in reflection; for he fled
Into the fearful deep, to hide his head
From the clear moon, the trees, and coming madness.

'Twas far too strange and wonderful for sadness ; 220
Sharpening, by degrees, his appetite
To dive into the deepest. Dark, nor light,
The region ; nor bright, nor sombre wholly,
But mingled up ; a gleaming melancholy;
A dusky empire and its diadems ;
One faint eternal eventide of gems.
Ay, millions sparkled on a vein of gold,
Along whose track the prince quick footsteps told,
With all its lines abrupt and angular :
Out-shooting sometimes, like a meteor-star, 230
Through a vast antre ; then the metal woof,
Like Vulcan's rainbow, with some monstrous roof
Curves hugely : now, far in the deep abyss,
It seems an angry lightning, and doth hiss
Fancy into belief: anon it leads
Through winding passages, where sameness breeds
Vexing conceptions of some sudden change;
Whether to silver grots, or giant range
Of sapphire columns, or fantastic bridge
Athwart a flood of crystal. On a ridge 240
Now fareth he, that o'er the vast beneath
Towers like an ocean-cliff, and whence he seeth
A hundred waterfalls, whose voices come
But as the murmuring surge. Chilly and numb
His bosom grew, when first he, far away,
Descried an orb'd diamond, set to fray
Old darkness from his throne: 'twas like the sun
Uprisen o'er chaos : and with such a stun
Came the amazement, that, absorb'd in it,

He saw not fiercer wonders—past the wit 250
Of any spirit to tell, but one of those
Who, when this planet's sphering time doth close,
Will be its high remembrancers : who they ?
The mighty ones who have made eternal day
For Greece and England. While astonishment
With deep-drawn sighs was quieting, he went
Into a marble gallery, passing through
A mimic temple, so complete and true
In sacred custom, that he well nigh fear'd
To search it inwards ; whence far off appear'd, 260
Through a long pillar'd vista, a fair shrine,
And, just beyond, on light tiptoe divine,
A quiver'd Dian. Stepping awfully,
The youth approach'd; oft turning his veil'd eye
Down sidelong aisles, and into niches old :
And, when more near against the marble cold
He had touch'd his forehead, he began to thread
All courts and passages, where silence dead,
Roused by his whispering footsteps, murmur'd faint:
And long he traversed to and fro, to acquaint 270
Himself with every mastery and awe ;
Till, weary, he sat down before the maw
Of a wide outlet, fathomless and dim,
To wild uncertainty and shadows grim.
There, when new wonders ceased to float before,
And thoughts of self came on, how crude and sore
The journey homeward to habitual self!
A mad-pursuing of the fog-horn elf,
Whose flitting lantern, through rude nettle-briar,
Cheats us into a swamp, into a fire, 280
Into the bosom of a hated thing.

What misery most drowningly doth sing
In lone Endymion's ear, now he has caught
The goal of consciousness ? Ah, 'tis the thought,
The deadly feel of solitude : for lo !
He cannot see the heavens, nor the flow
Of rivers, nor hill-flowers running wild

In pink and purple chequer, nor, up-piled,
The cloudy rack slow journeying in the west,
Like herded elephants ; nor felt, nor prest 290
Cool grass, nor tasted the fresh slumberous air ;
But far from such companionship to wear
An unknown time, surcharged with grief, away,
Was now his lot. And must he patient stay,
Tracing fantastic figures with his spear ?
" No I " exclaim'd he, " why should I tarry here ? "
No ! loudly echoed times innumerable.
At which he straightway started, and 'gan tell
His paces back into the temple's chief;
Warming and glowing strong in the belief 300
Of help from Dian : so that when again
He caught her airy form, thus did he plain,
Moving more near the while: " O Haunter chaste
Of river sides, and woods, and healthy waste,
Where with thy silver bow and arrows keen
Art thou now forested ? O woodland Queen,
What smoothest air thy smoother forehead woos ?
Where dost thou listen to the wide halloos
Of thy departed nymphs ? Through what dark tree
Glimmers thy crescent? Wheresoe'er it be, 310
'Tis in the breath of heaven : thou dost taste
Freedom as none can taste it, nor dost waste
Thy loveliness in dismal elements;
But, finding in our green earth sweet contents,
There livest blissfully. Ah, if to thee
It feels Elysian, how rich to me,
An exiled mortal, sounds its pleasant name !
Within my breast there lives a choking flame—
O let me cool it zephyr-boughs among!
A homeward fever parches up my tongue— 320
O let me slake it at the running springs I
Upon my ear a noisy nothing rings—
O let me once more hear the linnet's note 1
Before mine eyes thick films and shadows float—
O let me 'noint them with the heaven's light I
Dost thou now lave thy feet and ankles white ?

O think how sweet to me the freshening sluice!
Dost thou now please thy thirst with berry-juice?
O think how this dry palate would rejoice 1
If in soft slumber thou dost hear my voice, 330
O think how I should love a bed of flowers!—
Young goddess I let me see my native bowers!
Deliver me from this rapacious deep! " "

Thus ending loudly, as he would o'erleap
His destiny, alert he stood: but when
Obstinate silence came heavily again,
Feeling about for its old couch of space
And airy cradle, lowly bow'd his face,
Desponding, o'er the marble floor's cold thrill.
But 'twas not long; for sweeter than the rill 340
To its old channel, or a swollen tide
To margin shallows, where the leaves he spied,
And flowers, and wreaths, and ready myrtle crowns
Up heaping through the slab; refreshment drowns
Itself, and strives its own delights to hide—
Nor in one spot alone; the floral pride
In a long whispering birth enchanted grew
Before his footsteps; as when heaved anew
Old ocean rolls a lengthen'd wave to the shore,
Down whose green back the short-lived foam, all hoar,
Bursts gradual with a wayward indolence. 351

Increasing still in heart, and pleasant sense,
Upon his fairy journey on he hastes;
So anxious for the end, he scarcely wastes
One moment with his hand among the sweets:
Onward he goes—he stops—his bosom beats
As plainly in his ear, as the faint charm
Of which the throbs were born. This still alarm,
This sleepy music, forced him walk tiptoe:
For it came more softly than the east could blow 360
Arion's magic to the Atlantic isles;
Or than the west, made jealous by the smiles
Of throned Apollo, could breathe back the lyre
To seas Ionian and Tyrian.

O did he ever live, that lonely man,
 Who loved—and music slew not? 'Tis the pest
 Of love, that fairest joys give most unrest;
 That things of delicate and tenderest worth
 Are swallow'd all, and made a seared dearth,
 By one consuming flame : it doth immerse 370
 And suffocate true blessings in a curse.
 Half-happy, by comparison of bliss,
 Is miserable. 'Twas even so with this
 Dew-dropping melody, *in* the Carian's ear ;
 First heaven, then hell, and then forgotten clear,
 Vanish'd in elemental passion.

And down some swart abysm he had gone,
 Had not a heavenly guide benignant led
 To where thick myrtle branches, 'gainst his head
 Brushing, awaken'd : then the sounds again 380
 Went noiseless as a passing noontide rain
 Over a bower, where little space he stood;
 For as the sunset peeps into a wood,
 So saw he panting light, and towards it went
 Through winding alleys ; and lo, wonderment!
 Upon soft verdure saw, one here, one there,
 Cupids a slumbering on their pinions fair.

After a thousand mazes overgone,
 At last, with sudden step, he came upon
 A chamber, myrtle wall'd, embower'd high, 390
 Full of light, incense, tender minstrelsy,
 And more of beautiful and strange beside:
 For on a silken couch of rosy pride,
 In midst of all, there lay a sleeping youth
 Of fondest beauty; fonder, in fair sooth,
 Than sighs could fathom, or contentment reach :
 And coverlids gold-tinted like the peach,
 Or ripe October's faded marigolds,
 Fell sleek about him in a thousand folds—
 Not hiding up an Apollonian curve 400
 Of neck and shoulder, nor the tenting swerve

Of knee from knee, nor ankles pointing light;
 But rather, giving them to the filled sight
 Officiously. Sideway his face reposed
 On one white arm, and tenderly unclosed,
 By tenderest pressure, a faint damask mouth
 To slumb'ry pout; just as the morning south
 Disparts a dew-lipp'd rose. Above his head,
 Four lily stalks did their white honours wed
 To make a coronal; and round him grew 410
 All tendrils green, of every bloom and hue,
 Together intertwined and trammell'd fresh:
 The vine of glossy sprout; the ivy mesh,
 Shading its Ethiop berries; and woodbine,
 Of velvet leaves and bugle-blooms divine;
 Convolvulus in streaked vases flush;
 The creeper, mellowing for an autumn blush;
 And virgin's bower, trailing airily;
 With others of the sisterhood. Hard by,
 Stood serene Cupids watching silently. 420
 One, kneeling to a lyre, touch'd the strings,
 Muffling to death the pathos with his wings;
 And, ever and anon, uprose to look
 At the youth's slumber; while another took
 A willow-bough, distilling odorous dew,
 And shook it on his hair; another flew
 In through the woven roof, and fluttering-wise
 Rain'd violets upon his sleeping eyes.

At these enchantments, and yet many more,
 The breathless Latmian wonder'd o'er and o'er; 430
 Until, impatient in embarrassment,
 He forthright pass'd, and lightly treading went
 To that same feather'd lyrist, who straightway,
 Smiling, thus whisper'd: "Though from upper day
 Thou art a wanderer, and thy presence here
 Might seem unholy, be of happy cheer!
 For 'tis the nicest touch of human honour,
 When some ethereal and high-favouring donor
 Presents immortal bowers to mortal sense;

As now 'tis done to thee, Endymion. Hence 440
Was I in no wise startled. So recline
Upon these living flowers. Here is wine,
Alive with sparkles—never, I aver,
Since Ariadne was a vintager,
So cool a purple: taste these juicy pears,
Sent me by sad Vertumnus, when his fears
Were high about Pomona: here is cream,
Deepening to richness from a snowy gleam;
Sweeter than that nurse Amalthea skimm'd
For the boy Jupiter: and here, undimm'd 450
By any touch, a bunch of blooming plums
Ready to melt between an infant's gums:
And here is manna pick'd from Syrian trees,
In starlight, by the three Hesperides.
Feast on, and meanwhile I will let thee know
Of all these things around us." He did so,
Still brooding o'er the cadence of his lyre;
And thus: "I need not any hearing tire
By telling how the sea-born goddess pined
For a mortal youth, and how she strove to bind 460
Him all in all unto her doting self.
Who would not be so prison'd? but, fond elf,
He was content to let her amorous plea
Faint through his careless arms; content to see
An unseized heaven dying at his feet;
Content, O fool! to make a cold retreat,
When on the pleasant grass such love, lovelorn,
Lay sorrowing; when every tear was born
Of diverse passion; when her lips and eyes
Were closed in sullen moisture, and quick sighs 470
Came vex'd and pettish through her nostrils small.
Hush! no exclaim—yet, justly mightst thou call
Curses upon his head.—I was half glad,
But my poor mistress went distract and mad,
When the boar tusk'd him: so away she flew
To Jove's high throne, and by her plainings drew
Immortal tear-drops down the thunderer's beard;
Whereon, it was decreed he should be rear'd

Each summer time to life. Lo! this is he,
That same Adonis, safe in the privacy 480
Of this still region all his winter-sleep.
Ay, sleep; for when our love-sick queen did weep
Over his waned corse, the tremulous shower
HeaPd up the wound, and, with a balmy power,
Medicined death to a lengthen'd drowsiness :
The which she fills with visions, and doth dress
In all this quiet luxury; and hath set
Us young immortals, without any let,
To watch his slumber through. 'Tis well nigh pass'd,
Even to a moment's filling up, and fast 490
She scuds with summer breezes, to pant through
The first long kiss, warm firstling, to renew
Embower'd sports in Cytherea's isle.
Look! how those winged listeners all this while
Stand anxious : see ! behold I "—This clamant word
Broke through the careful silence ; for they heard
A rustling noise of leaves, and out there flutter'd
Pigeons and doves : Adonis something mutter'd,
The while one hand, that erst upon his thigh
Lay dormant, moved convulsed and gradually 500
Up to his forehead. Then there was a hum
Of sudden voices, echoing, " Come! come!
Arise ! awake! Clear summer has forth walk'd
Unto the clover-sward, and she has talk'd
Full soothingly to every nested finch :
Rise, Cupids ! or we'll give the blue-bell pinch
To your dimpled arms. Once more sweet life begin ! "
At this, from every side they hurried in,
Rubbing their sleepy eyes with laay wrists,
And doubling over head their little fists 510
In backward yawns. But all were soon alive:
For as delicious wine doth, sparkling, dive
In nectar'd clouds and curls through water fair,
So from the arbour roof down swell'd an air
Odorous and enlivening; making all
To laugh, and play, and sing, and loudly call
For their sweet queen : when lo ! the wreathed green

Disparted, and far upward could be seen
Blue heaven, and a silver car, air-borne,
Whose silent wheels, fresh wet from clouds of morn,
Spun off a drizzling dew,—which falling chill 521
On soft Adonis' shoulders, made him still
Nestle and turn uneasily about.
Soon were the white doves plain, with necks stretch'd
out,
And silken traces lighten'd in descent;
And soon, returning from love's banishment,
Queen Venus leaning downward open arm'd :
Her shadow fell upon his breast, and charm'd
A tumult to his heart, and a new life
Into his eyes. Ah, miserable strife, 530
But for her comforting! unhappy sight,
But meeting her blue orbs ! Who, who can write
Of these first minutes ? The unchariest muse
To embracements warm as theirs makes coy excuse.

O it has ruffled every spirit there,
Saving love's self, who stands superb to share
The general gladness : awfully he stands ;
A sovereign quell is in his waving hands ;
No sight can bear the lightning of his bow ;
His quiver is mysterious, none can know 540
What themselves think of it; from forth his eyes
There darts strange light of varied hues and dyes :
A scowl is sometimes on his brow, but who
Look full upon it feel anon the blue
Of his fair eyes run liquid through their souls.
Endymion feels it, and no more controls
The burning prayer within him; so, bent low,
He had begun a plaining of his woe.
But Venus, bending forward, said : " My child,
Favour this gentle youth; his days are wild 550
With love—he—but alas ! too well I see
Thou know'st the deepness of his misery.
Ah, smile not so, my son : I tell thee true,
That when through heavy hours I used to rue

The endless sleep of this new-born Adon',
This stranger aye I pitied. For upon
A dreary morning once I fled away
Into the breezy clouds, to weep and pray
For this my love: for vexing Mars had teased
Me even to tears: thence, when a little eased, 560
Down-looking, vacant, through a hazy wood,
I saw this youth as he despairing stood:
Those same dark curls blown vagrant in the wind;
Those same full fringed lids a constant blind
Over his sullen eyes: I saw him throw
Himself on wither'd leaves, even as though
Death had come sudden; for no jot he moved,
Yet mutter'd wildly. I could hear he loved
Some fair immortal, and that his embrace
Had zoned her through the night. There is no trace
Of this in heaven: I have mark'd each cheek, 571
And find it is the vainest thing to seek;
And that of all things 'tis kept secretest.
Endymion! one day thou wilt be blest:
So still obey the guiding hand that fends
Thee safely through these wonders for sweet ends.
'Tis a concealment needful in extreme;
And if I guess'd not so, the sunny beam
Thou shouldst mount up to with me. Now adieu!
Here must we leave thee."—At these words up flew 580
The impatient doves, up rose the floating car,
Up went the hum celestial. High afar
The Latmian saw them minish into nought;
And, when all were clear vanish'd, still he caught
A vivid lightning from that dreadful bow.
When all was darken'd, with Etnean throe
The earth closed—gave a solitary moan—
And left him once again in twilight lone.

He did not rave, he did not stare aghast,
For all those visions were o'ergone, and past, 590
And he in loneliness: he felt assured
Of happy times, when all he had endured

Would seem a feather to the mighty prize.
So, with unusual gladness, on he hies
Through caves, and palaces of mottled ore,
Gold dome, and crystal wall, and turquois floor,
Black polish'd porticoes of awful shade,
And, at the last, a diamond balustrade,
Leading afar past wild magnificence,
Spiral through ruggedest loopholes, and thence 600
Stretching across a void, then guiding o'er
Enormous chasms, where, all foam and roar,
Streams subterranean tease their granite beds ;
Then heighten'd just above the silvery heads
Of a thousand fountains, so that he could dash
The waters with his spear; but at the splash,
Done heedlessly, those spouting columns rose
Sudden a poplar's height, and 'gan to enclose
His diamond path with fretwork, streaming round
Alive, and dazzling cool, and with a sound, 610
Haply, like dolphin tumults, when sweet shells
Welcome the float of Thetis. Long he dwells
On this delight; for, every minute's space,
The streams with changed magic interlace :
Sometimes like delicatest lattices,
Cover'd with crystal vines ; then weeping trees
Moving about as in a gentle wind,
Which, in a wink, to watery gauze refined,
Pour'd into shapes of curtain'd canopies,
Spangled, and rich with liquid broideries 620
Of flowers, peacocks, swans, and naiads fair.
Swifter than lightning went these wonders rare;
And then the water, into stubborn streams
Collecting, mimic'd the wrought oaken beams,
Pillars, and frieze, and high fantastic roof,
Of those dusk places in times far aloof
Cathedrals call'd. He bade a loth farewell
To these founts Protean, passing gulf, and dell,
And torrent, and ten thousand jutting shapes,
Half seen through deepest gloom, and grisly gapes, 630
Blackening on every side, and overhead

A vaulted dome like Heaven's, far bespread
With starlight gems : ay, all so huge and strange,
The solitary felt a hurried change
Working within him into something dreary,—
Vex'd like a morning eagle, lost, and weary,
And purblind amid foggy, midnight wolds.
But he revives at once : for who beholds
New sudden things, nor casts his mental slough ?
Forth from a rugged arch, in the dusk below, 640
Came mother Cybele ! alone—alone—
In sombre chariot; dark foldings thrown
About her majesty, and front death-pale,
With turrets crown'd. Four maned lions hale
The sluggish wheels ; solemn their toothed maws,
Their surly eyes brow-hidden, heavy paws
Uplifted drowsily, and nervy tails
Cowering their tawny brushes. Silent sails
This shadowy queen athwart, and faints away
In another gloomy arch. 650

Wherefore delay,
Young traveller, in such a mournful place ?
Art thou wayworn, or canst not further trace
The diamond path ? And does it indeed end
Abrupt in middle air ? Yet earthward bend
Thy forehead, and to Jupiter cloud-borne
Call ardently ! He was indeed wayworn ;
Abrupt, in middle air, his way was lost ;
To cloud-borne Jove he bowed, and there crost
Towards him a large eagle 'twixt whose wings, 660
Without one impious word, himself he flings,
Committed to the darkness and the gloom :
Down, down, uncertain to what pleasant doom,
Swift as a fathoming plummet down he fell
Through unknown things ; till exhaled asphodel,
And rose, with spicy fannings interbreathed,
Came swelling forth where little caves were wreathed
So thick with leaves and mosses, that they seem'd
Large honey-combs of green, and freshly teem'd

With airs delicious. In the greenest nook 670
The eagle landed him, and farewell took.

It was a jasmine bower, all bestrown
With golden moss. His every sense had grown
Ethereal for pleasure; 'bove his head
Flew a delight half-graspable; his tread
Was Hesperean; to his capable ears
Silence was music from the holy spheres;
A dewy luxury was in his eyes;
The little flowers felt his pleasant sighs
And stirr'd them faintly. Verdant cave and cell 680
He wander'd through, oft wondering at such swell
Of sudden exaltation: but, "Alas!"
Said he, "will all this gush of feeling pass
Away in solitude? And must they wane,
Like melodies upon a sandy plain,
Without an echo? Then shall I be left
So sad, so melancholy, so bereft!
Yet still I feel immortal! O my love,
My breath of life, where art thou? High above,
Dancing before the morning gates of heaven? 690
Or keeping watch among those starry seven,
Old Atlas' children? Art a maid of the waters,
One of shell-winding Triton's bright-hair'd daughters?
Or art, impossible! a nymph of Dian's,
Weaving a coronal of tender scions
For very idleness? Where'er thou art,
Methinks it now is at my will to start
Into thine arms; to scare Aurora's train,
And snatch thee from the morning; o'er the
main
To scud like a wild bird, and take thee off 700
From thy sea-foamy cradle; or to doff
Thy shepherd vest, and woo thee 'mid fresh leaves.
No, no, too eagerly my soul deceives
Its powerless self: I know this cannot be.
O let me then by some sweet dreaming flee
To her entrancements: hither sleep awhile!

Hither, most gentle sleep! and soothing foil
For some few hours the coming solitude."

Thus spake he, and that moment felt endued
With power to dream deliciously; so wound 710
Through a dim passage, searching till he found
The smoothest mossy bed and deepest, where
He threw himself, and just into the air
Stretching his indolent arms, he took, O bliss !
A naked waist: " Fair Cupid, whence is this ? "
A well-known voice sigh'd, " Sweetest, here am I ! "
At which soft ravishment, with doting cry
They trembled to each other.—Helicon!
O fountain'd hill! Old Homer's Helicon !
That thou wouldst spout a little streamlet o'er 720
These sorry pages ; then the verse would soar
And sing above this gentle pair, like lark
Over his nested young: but all is dark
Around thine aged top, and thy clear fount
Exhales in mists to heaven. Ay, the count
Of mighty Poets is made up; the scroll
Is folded by the Muses; the bright roll
Is in Apollo's hand: our dazed eyes
Have seen a new tinge in the western skies :
The world has done its duty. Yet, oh yet, 730
Although the sun of poesy is set,
These lovers did embrace, and we must weep
That there is no old power left to steep
A quill immortal in their joyous tears.
Long time in silence did their anxious fears
Question that thus it was; long time they lay
Fondling and kissing every doubt away;
Long time ere soft caressing sobs began
To mellow into words, and then there ran
Two bubbling springs of talk from their sweet lips. 740
" O known Unknown 1 from whom my being sips
Such darling essence, wherefore may I not
Be ever in these arms ? in this sweet spot
Pillow my chin for ever ? ever press

These toying hands and kiss their smooth excess ?
Why not for ever and for ever feel
That breath about my eyes ? Ah, thou wilt steal
Away from me again, indeed, indeed—
Thou wilt be gone away, and wilt not heed
My lonely madness. Speak, my kindest fair ! 750
Is—is it to be so ? No ! who will dare
To pluck thee from me ? And, of thine own will,
Full well I feel thou wouldst not leave me. Still
Let me entwine thee surer, surer—now
How can we part ? Elysium I who art thou ?
Who, that thou canst not be for ever here,
Or lift me with thee to some starry sphere ?
Enchantress ! tell me by this soft embrace,
By the most soft completion of thy face,
Those lips, O slippery blisses, twinkling eyes, 760
And by these tenderest, milky sovereignties—
These tenderest, and by the nectar-wine,
The passion "——" O loved Ida the divine !
Endymion ! dearest ! Ah, unhappy me !
His soul will 'scape us—O felicity !
How he does love me ! His poor temples beat
To the very tune of love—how sweet, sweet, sweet.
Revive, dear youth, or I shall faint and die ;
Revive, or these soft hours will hurry by
In tranced dulness ; speak, and let that spell 770
Affright this lethargy ! I cannot quell
Its heavy pressure, and will press at least
My lips to thine, that they may richly feast
Until we taste the life of love again.
What ! dost thou move ? dost kiss ? O bliss ! O pain !
I love thee, youth, more than I can conceive ;
And so long absence from thee doth bereave
My soul of any rest : yet must I hence :
Yet, can I not to starry eminence
Uplift thee ; nor for very shame can own 780
Myself to thee. Ah, dearest, do not groan,
Or thou wilt force me from this secrecy,
And I must blush in heaven. O that I

Had done it already; that the dreadful smiles
At my lost brightness, my impassion'd wiles
Had waned from Olympus' solemn height,
And from all serious Gods; that our delight
Was quite forgotten, save of us alone I *.
And wherefore so ashamed? 'Tis but to atone
For endless pleasure, by some coward blushes : 790
Yet must I be a coward!—Horror rushes
Too palpable before me—the sad look
Of Jove—Minerva's start—no bosom shook
With awe of purity—no Cupid pinion
In reverence veil'd—my crystalline dominion
Half lost, and all old hymns made nullity!
But what is this to love? O I could fly
With thee into the ken of heavenly powers,
So thou wouldst thus, for many sequent hours,
Press me so sweetly. Now I swear at once 800
That I am wise, that Pallas is a dunce—
Perhaps her love like mine is but unknown—
O I do think that I have been alone
In chastity: yes, Pallas has been sighing,
While every eve saw me my hair uptying
With fingers cool as aspen leaves. Sweet love,
I was as vague as solitary dove,
Nor knew that nests were built. Now a soft kiss—
Ay, by that kiss, I vow an endless bliss,
An immortality of passion's thine : 810
Ere long I will exalt thee to the shine
Of heaven ambrosial; and we will shade
Ourselves whole summers by a river glade;
And I will tell thee stories of the sky,
And breathe thee whispers of its minstrelsy.
My happy love will overwing all bounds!
O let me melt into thee; let the sounds
Of our close voices marry at their birth;
Let us entwine hoveringly—O dearth
Of human words! roughness of mortal speech I 820
Lispings empyrean will I sometime teach
Thine honey'd tongue—lute-breathings, which I gasp

To have thee understand, now while I clasp
Thee thus, and weep for fondness—I am pain'd,
Endymion: woe 1 woe! is grief contain'd
In the very deeps of pleasure, my sole life? "
Hereat, with many sobs, her gentle strife
Melted into a languor. He return'd
Entranced vows and tears.

830

Ye who have yearn'd
With too much passion, will here stay and pity,
For the mere sake of truth; as 'tis a ditty
Not of these days, but long ago 'twas told
By a cavern wind unto a forest old;
And then the forest told it in a dream
To a sleeping lake, whose cool and level gleam
A poet caught as he was journeying
To Phoebus' shrine; and in it he did fling
His weary limbs, bathing an hour's space,
And after, straight in that inspired place 840
He sang the story up into the air,
Giving it universal freedom. There
Has it been ever sounding for those ears
Whose tips are glowing hot. The legend cheers
Yon sentinel stars; and he who listens to it
Must surely be self-doom'd or he will rue it:
For quenchless burnings come upon the heart,
Made fiercer by a fear lest any part
Should be engulfed in the eddying wind.
As much as here is penh'd doth always find 850
A resting place, thus much comes clear and plain;
Anon the strange voice is upon the wane—
And 'tis but echo'd from departing sound,
That the fair visitant at last unwound
Her gentle limbs, and left the youth asleep.—
Thus the tradition of the gusty deep.

Now turn we to our former chroniclers.—
Endymion awoke, that grief of hers
Sweet paining on his ear: he sickly guess'd
How lone he was once more, and sadly press'd 860

His empty arms together, hung his head,
And most forlorn upon that widow'd bed
Sat silently. Love's madness he had known:
Often with more than tortured lion's groan
Moanings had burst from him; but now that rage
Had pass'd away: no longer did he wage
A rough-voiced war against the dooming stars.
No, he had felt too much for such harsh jars :
The lyre of his soul Eolian tuned
Forgot all violence, and but communed
With melancholy thought: O he had swoon'd
Drunken from pleasure's nipple ; and his love
Henceforth was dove-like.—Loth was he to move
From the imprinted couch, and when he did,
'Twas with slow, languid paces, and face hid
In muffling hands. So temper'd, out he stray'd
Half seeing visions that might have dismay'd
Alecto's serpents ; ravishments more keen
Than Hermes' pipe, when anxious he did lean
Over eclipsing eyes : and at the last
It was a sounding grotto, vaulted, vast,
O'er studded with a thousand, thousand pearls,
And crimson mouthed shells with stubborn curls,
Of every shape and size, even to the bulk
In which whales harbour close, to brood and sulk
Against an endless storm. Moreover too,
Fish-semblances, of green and azure hue,
Ready to snort their streams. In this cool wonder
Endymion sat down, and 'gan to ponder
On all his life: his youth, up to the day
When 'mid acclaim, and feasts, and garlands gay,
He stept upon his shepherd throne; the look
Of his white palace in wild forest nook,
And all the revels he had lorded there :
Each tender maiden whom he once thought fair,
With every friend and fellow-woodlander—
Pass'd like a dream before him. Then the spur
Of the old bards to mighty deeds : his plans
To nurse the golden age 'mong shepherd clans :

870

880

890

That wondrous night: the great Pan-festival: 900
His sister's sorrow; and his wanderings all,
Until into the earth's deep maw he rush'd:
Then all its buried magic, till it flush'd
High with excessive love. "And now," thought he,
"How long must I remain in jeopardy
Of blank amazements that amaze no more?
Now I have tasted her sweet soul to the core,
All other depths are shallow: essences,
Once spiritual, are like muddy lees, 910
Meant but to fertilize my earthly root,
And make my branches lift a golden fruit
Into the bloom of heaven: other light,
Though it be quick and sharp enough to blight
The Olympian eagle's vision, is dark,
Dark as the parentage of chaos. Hark!
My silent thoughts are echoing from these shells;
Or they are but the ghosts, the dying swells
Of noises far away?—list!"—Hereupon
He kept an anxious ear. The humming tone 920
Came louder, and behold, there as he lay,
On either side outgush'd, with misty spray,
A copious spring; and both together dash'd
Swift, mad, fantastic round the rocks, and lash'd
Among the conchs and shells of the lofty grot,
Leaving a trickling dew. At last they shot
Down from the ceiling's height, pouring a noise
As of some breathless races whose hopes poise
Upon the last few steps, and with spent force
Along the ground they took a winding course.
Endymion follow'd—for it seem'd that one 930
Ever pursued, the other strove to shun—
Follow'd their languid mazes, till well nigh
He had left thinking of the mystery,—
And was now rapt in tender hoverings
Over the vanish'd bliss. Ah I what is it sings
His dream away? What melodies are these?
They sound as through the whispering of trees,
Not native in such barren vaults. Give ear!

" O Arethusa, peerless nymph ! why fear
 Such tenderness as mine ? Great Dian, why, 940
 Why didst thou hear her prayer ? O that I
 Were rippling round her dainty fairness now,
 Circling about her waist, and striving how *
 To entice her to a dive ! then stealing in
 Between her luscious lips and eyelids thin !
 O that her shining hair was in the sun,
 And I distilling from it thence to run
 In amorous rillets down her shrinking form !
 To linger on her lily shoulders, warm
 Between her kissing breasts, and every charm 950
 Touch raptured !—See how painfully I flow :
 Fair maid, be pitiful to my great woe.
 Stay, stay thy weary course, and let me lead,
 A happy wooer, to the flowery mead
 Where all that beauty snared me."—" Cruel god,
 Desist ! or my offended mistress' nod
 Will stagnate all thy fountains :—tease me not
 With siren words—Ah, have I really got
 Such power to madden thee ? And is it true—
 Away, away, or I shall dearly rue 960
 My very thoughts : in mercy then away,
 Kindest Alpheus, for should I obey
 My own dear will, 'twould be a deadly bane."—
 " O, Oread-Queen I would that thou hadst a pain
 Like this of mine, then would I fearless turn
 And be a criminal."—" Alas, I burn,
 I shudder—gentle river, get thee hence.
 Alpheus I thou enchanter ! every sense
 Of mine was once made perfect in these woods.
 Fresh breezes, bowery lawns, and innocent floods, 970
 Ripe fruits, and lonely couch, contentment gave ;
 But ever since I heedlessly did lave
 In thy deceitful stream, a panting glow
 Grew strong within me : wherefore serve me so,
 And call it love ? Alas, 'twas cruelty.
 Not once more did I close my happy eyes
 Amid the thrush's song. Away ! Avaunt I

O 'twas a cruel thing."—" Now thou dost taunt
So softly, Arethusa, that I think
If thou wast playing on my shady brink, 980
Thou wouldst bathe once again. Innocent maid!
Stifle thine heart no more;—nor be afraid
Of angry powers : there are deities
Will shade us with their wings. Those fitful sighs
'Tis almost death to hear : O let me pour
A dewy balm upon them!—fear no more,
Sweet Arethusa! Dian's self must feel
Sometimes these very pangs. Dear maiden, steal
Blushing into my soul, and let us fly
These dreary caverns for the open sky. 990
I will delight thee all my winding course,
From the green sea up to my hidden source
About Arcadian forests ; and will show
The channels where my coolest waters flow
Through mossy rocks; where, 'mid exuberant green,
I roam in pleasant darkness, more unseen
Than Saturn in his exile; where I brim
Round flowery islands, and take thence a skim
Of mealy sweets, which myriads of bees
Buzz from their honey'd wings : and thou shouldst
please
Thyself to choose the richest, where we might 1001
Be incense-pillow'd every summer night.
Doff all sad fears, thou white deliciousness,
And let us be thus comforted; unless
Thou couldst rejoice to see my hopeless stream
Hurry distracted from Sol's temperate beam,
And pour to death along some hungry sands."—
" What can I do, Alpheus ! Dian stands
Severe before us : persecuting fate I
Unhappy Arethusa! thou wast late 1010
A huntress free in "— At this, sudden fell
Those two sad streams adown a fearful dell.
The Latmian listen'd, but he heard no more,
Save echo, faint repeating o'er and o'er
The name of Arethusa. On the verge

Of that dark gulf he wept, and said: " I urge
Thee, gentle Goddess of my pilgrimage,
By our eternal hopes, to soothe, to assuage,
If thou art powerful, these lovers' pains ;
And make them happy in some happy plains."* 1020

He turn'd—there was a whelming sound—he stept,
There was a cooler light; and so he kept
Towards it by a sandy path, and lo !
More suddenly than doth a moment go,
The visions of the earth were gone and fled—
He saw the giant sea above his head.

BOOK III

THERE are who lord it o'er their fellow-men
With most prevailing tinsel: who unpen
Their baaing vanities, to browse away
The comfortable green and juicy hay
From human pastures ; or, O torturing fact!
Who, through an idiot blink, will see unpack'd
Fire-branded foxes to sear up and singe
Our gold and ripe-ear'd hopes. With not one tinge
Of sanctuary splendour, not a sight
Able to face an owl's, they still are dight 10
By the blear-eyed nations in empurpled vests,
And crowns, and turbans. With unladen breasts,
Save of blown self-applause, they proudly mount
To their spirit's perch, their being's high account,
Their tiptop nothings, their dull skies, their thrones—
Amid the fierce intoxicating tones
Of trumpets, shoutings, and belabour'd drums,
And sudden cannon. Ah ! how all this hums,
In wakeful ears, like uproar past and gone—
Like thunder clouds that spake to Babylon, 20
And set those old Chaldeans to their tasks.—
Are then regalities all gilded masks ?
No, there are throned seats unscalable

But by a patient wing, a constant spell,
Or by ethereal things that, unconfined,
Can make a ladder of the eternal wind,
And poise about in cloudy thunder-tents
To watch the abysm-birth of elements.
Ay, 'bove the withering of old-lipp'd Fate
A thousand Powers keep religious state, 30
In water, fiery realm, and airy bourne;
And, silent as a consecrated urn,
Hold sphery sessions for a season due.
Yet few of these far majesties, ah, few!
Have bared their operations to this globe—
Few, who with gorgeous pageantry enrobe
Our piece of heaven—whose benevolence
Shakes hand with our own Ceres ; every sense
Filling with spiritual sweets to plenitude,
As bees gorge full their cells. And, by the feud 40
'Twixt Nothing and Creation, I here swear,
Eterne Apollo! that thy Sister fair
Is of all these the gentlier-mightiest.
When thy gold breath is misting in the west,
She unobserved steals unto her throne,
And there she sits most meek and most alone;
As if she had not pomp subservient;
As if thine eye, high Poet! was not bent
Towards her with the Muses in thine heart;
As if the minist'ring stars kept not apart, 50
Waiting for silver-footed messages.
O Moon! the oldest shades 'mong oldest trees
Feel palpitations when thou lookest in:
O Moon! old boughs lisp forth a holier din
The while they feel thine airy fellowship.
Thou dost bless everywhere, with silver lip
Kissing dead things to life. The sleeping kine,
Couch'd in thy brightness, dream of fields divine:
Innumerable mountains rise, and rise,
Ambitious for the hallowing of thine eyes ; 60
And yet thy benediction passeth not
One obscure hiding-place, one little spot

Where pleasure may be sent: the nested wren
Has thy fair face within its tranquil ken,
And from beneath a sheltering ivy leaf
Takes glimpses of thee; thou art a relief
To the poor patient oyster, where it sleeps
Within its pearly house.—The mighty deeps,
The monstrous sea is thine—the myriad sea!
O Moon! far-spooning Ocean bows to thee, 70
And Tellus feels his forehead's cumbrous load.

Cynthia! where art thou now? What far abode
Of green or silvery bower doth enshrine
Such utmost beauty? Alas, thou dost pine
For one as sorrowful: thy cheek is pale
For one whose cheek is pale: thou dost bewail
His tears, who weeps for thee. Where dost thou sigh?
Ah! surely that light peeps from Vesper's eye,
Or what a thing is love! 'Tis She, but lo!
How changed, how full of ache, how gone in woe! 80
She dies at the thinnest cloud; her loveliness
Is wan on Neptune's blue: yet there's a stress
Of love-spangles, just off yon cape of trees,
Dancing upon the waves, as if to please
The curly foam with amorous influence.
O, not so idle: for down-glancing thence
She fathoms eddies, and runs wild about
O'erwhelming water-courses; scaring out
The thorny sharks from hiding-holes, and fright'ning
Their savage eyes with unaccustom'd lightning. 90
Where will the splendour be content to reach?
O love I how potent hast thou been to teach
Strange journeyings! Wherever beauty dwells,
In gulf or aerie, mountains or deep dells,
In light, in gloom, in star or blazing sun,
Thou pointest out the way, and straight 'tis won.
Amid his toil thou gavest Leander breath;
Thou leddest Orpheus through the gleams of death;
Thou madest Pluto bear thin element:

And now, O winged Chieftain I thou hast sent 100
 A moon-beam to the deep, deep water-world,
 To find Endymion.

On gold sand impearl'd
 With lily shells, and pebbles milky white,
 Poor Cynthia greeted him, and soothed her light
 Against his pallid face : he felt the charm
 To breathlessness, and suddenly a warm
 Of his heart's blood : 'twas very sweet; he stay'd
 His wandering steps, and half-entranced laid
 His head upon a tuft of straggling weeds, 110
 To taste the gentle moon, and freshening beads,
 Lash'd from the crystal roof by fishes' tails.
 And so he kept, until the rosy veils
 Mantling the east, by Aurora's peering hand
 Were lifted from the water's breast, and fann'd
 Into sweet air; and sober'd morning came
 Meekly through billows :—when like taper-flame
 Left sudden by a dallying breath of air,
 He rose in silence, and once more 'gan fare
 Along his fated way. 120

Far had he roam'd,
 With nothing save the hollow vast, that foam'd
 Above, around, and at his feet; save things
 More dead than Morpheus' imaginings :
 Old rusted anchors, helmets, breast-plates large
 Of gone sea-warriors ; brazen beaks and targe ;
 Rudders that for a hundred years had lost
 The sway of human hand; gold vase emboss'd
 With long-forgotten story, and wherein
 No reveller had ever dipp'd a chin 130
 But those of Saturn's vintage ; mouldering scrolls,
 Writ in the tongue of heaven, by those souls
 Who first were on the earth; and sculptures rude
 In ponderous stone, developing the mood
 Of ancient Nox :—then skeletons of man,
 Of beast, behemoth, and leviathan,

And elephant, and eagle, and huge jaw
Of nameless monster. A cold leaden awe
These secrets struck into him; and unless
Dian had chased away that heaviness, 140
He might have died: but now, with cheered feel,
He onward kept; wooing these thoughts to steal
About the labyrinth in his soul of love.

" What is there in thee, Moon ! that thou shouldst
move

My heart so potently ? When yet a child
I oft have dried my tears when thou hast smiled.
Thou seem'dst my sister : hand in hand we went
From eve to morn across the firmament.
No apples would I gather from the tree,
Till thou hadst cool'd their cheeks deliciously : 150
No tumbling water ever spake romance,
But when my eyes with thine thereon could dance:
No woods were green enough, no bower divine,
Until thou liftedst up thine eyelids fine:
In sowing time ne'er would I dabble take,
Or drop a seed, till thou wast wide awake;
And, in the summer tide of blossoming,
No one but thee hath heard me Blithely sing
And mesh my dewy flowers all the night.
No melody was like a passing spright 160
If it went not to solemnize thy reign.
Yes, in my boyhood, every joy and pain
By thee were fashion'd to the self-same end;
And as I grew in years, still didst thou blend
With all my ardours : thou wast the deep glen;
Thou wast the mountain-top—the sage's pen—
The poet's harp—the voice of friends—the sun ;
Thou wast the river—thou wast glory won ;
Thou wast my clarion's blast—thou wast my steed—
My goblet full of wine—my topmost deed :— 170
Thou wast the charm of women, lovely Moon !
O what a wild and harmonized tune
My spirit struck from all the beautiful !

On some bright essence could I lean, and lull
Myself to immortality : I prest
Nature's soft pillow in a wakeful rest.
But, gentle Orb! there came a nearer bliss—
My strange love came—Felicity's abyss!
She came, and thou didst fade, and fade away—
Yet not entirely; no, thy starry sway 180
Has been an under-passion to this hour.
Now I begin to feel thine orby power
Is coming fresh upon me : O be kind,
Keep back thine influence, and do not blind
My sovereign vision.—Dearest love, forgive
That I can think away from thee and live !—
Pardon me, airy planet, that I prize
One thought beyond thine argent luxuries !
How far beyond I " At this a surprised start
Frosted the springing verdure of his heart; 190
For as he lifted up his eyes to swear
How his own goddess was past all things fair,
He saw far in the concave green of the sea
An old man sitting calm and peacefully.
Upon a weeded rock this old man sat,
And his white hair was awful, and a mat
Of weeds were cold beneath his cold thin feet;
And, ample as the largest winding-sheet,
A cloak of blue wrapp'd up his aged bones,
O'erwrought with symbols by the deepest groans 200
Of ambitious magic : every ocean-form
Was woven in with black distinctness ; storm,
And calm, and whispering, and hideous roar
Were emblem'd in the woof; with every shape
That skims, or dives, or sleeps, 'twixt cape and cape.
The gulphing whale was like a dot in the spell,
Yet look upon it, and 'twould 'size and swell
To its huge self; and the minutest fish
Would pass the very hardest gazer's wish,
And show his little eye's anatomy. 210
Then there was pictured the regality
Of Neptune; and the sea-nymphs round his state,

In beauteous vassalage, look up and wait.
Beside this old man lay a pearly wand,
And in his lap a book, the which he conn'd
So steadfastly, that the new denizen
Had time to keep him in amazed ken,
To mark these shadowings, and stand in awe.

The old man raised his hoary head and saw
The wilder'd stranger—seeming not to see, 220
His features were so lifeless. Suddenly
He awoke as from a trance ; his snow-white brows
Went arching up, and like two magic ploughs
Furrow'd deep wrinkles in his forehead large,
Which kept as fixedly as rocky marge.
Till round his wither'd lips had gone a smile.
Then up he rose, like one whose tedious toil
Had watch'd for years in forlorn hermitage,
Who had not from mid-life to utmost age
Eased in one accent his o'er-burden'd soul, 230
Even to the trees. He rose : he grasp'd his stole,
With convulsed clenches waving it abroad,
And in a voice of solemn joy, that awed
Echo into oblivion, he said :—

" Thou art the man I Now shall I lay my head
In peace upon my watery pillow : now
Sleep will come smoothly to my weary brow.
O Jove ! I shall be young again, be young !
O shell-borne Neptune, I am pierced and stung
With new-born life ! What shall I do ? Where go, 240
When I have cast this serpent-skin of woe ?—
I'll swim to the sirens, and one moment listen
Their melodies, and see their long hair glisten ;
Anon upon that giant's arm I'll be,
That writhes about the roots of Sicily :
To northern seas I'll in a twinkling sail,
And mount upon the snortings of a whale
To some black cloud ; thence down I'll madly sweep
On forked lightning to the deepest deep,

Where through some sucking pool I will be hurl'd 250
With rapture to the other side of the world!
O, I am full of gladness! Sisters three,
I bow full hearted to your old decree!
Yes, every god be thank'd, and power benign,
For I no more shall wither, droop, and pine.
Thou art the man! " Endymion started back
Dismay'd; and, like a wretch from whom the rack
Tortures hot breath, and speech of agony,
Mutter'd: " What lonely death am I to die
In this cold region? Will he let me freeze, 260
And float my brittle limbs o'er polar seas?
Or will he touch me with his searing hand,
And leave a black memorial on the sand?
Or tear me piece-meal with a bony saw,
And keep me as a chosen food to draw
His magian fish through hated fire and flame?
O misery of hell! resistless, tame,
Am I to be burnt up? No, I will shout,
Until the gods through heaven's blue look out!—
O Tartarus! but some few days ago 270
Her soft arms were entwining me, and on
Her voice I hung like fruit among green leaves:
Her lips were all my own, and—ah, ripe sheaves
Of happiness I ye on the stubble droop,
But never may be garner'd. I must stoop
My head, and kiss death's foot. Love! love, farewell!
Is there no hope from thee! This horrid spell
Would melt at thy sweet breath.—By Dian's hind
Feeding from her white fingers, on the wind
I see thy streaming hair! and now, by Pan, 280
I care not for this old mysterious man! "

He spake, and walking to that aged form,
Look'd high defiance. Lo! his heart 'gan warm
With pity, for the gray-hair'd creature wept.
Had he then wrong'd a heart where sorrow kept?
Had he, though blindly contumelious, brought
Rheum to kind eyes, a sting to human thought,

Convulsion to a mouth of many years ?
He had in truth; and he was ripe for tears.
The penitent shower fell, as down he knelt 290
Before that care-worn sage, who trembling felt
About his large dark locks, and faltering spake :

" Arise, good youth, for sacred Phoebus' sake I
I knew thine inmost bosom, and I feel
A very brother's yearning for thee steal
Into mine own : for why ? thou openest
The prison gates that have so long oppress
My weary watching. Though thou know'st it not,
Thou are commission'd to this fated spot
For great enfranchisement. O weep no more ; 300
I am a friend to love, to loves of yore:
Ay, hadst thou never lov'd an unknown power
I had been grieving at this joyous hour.
But even now, most miserable old,
I saw thee, and my blood no longer cold
Gave mighty pulses : in this tottering case
Grew a new heart, which at this moment plays
As dancingly as thine. Be not afraid,
For thou shalt hear this secret all display'd,
Now as we speed towards our joyous task/' 310

So saying, this young soul in age's mask
Went forward with the Carian side by side:
Resuming quickly thus ; while ocean's tide
Hung swollen at their backs, and jewell'd sands
Took silently their foot-prints.

" My soul stands
Now past the midway from mortality,
And so I can prepare without a sigh
To tell thee briefly all my joy and pain.
I was a fisher once, upon this main, 320
And my boat danced in every creek and bay;
Rough billows were my home by night and day,—
The sea-gulls not more constant; for I had

No housing from the storm and tempests mad,
But hollow rocks,—and they were palaces
Of silent happiness, of slumberous ease :
Long years of misery have told me so.
Ay, thus it was one thousand years ago.
One thousand years 1—Is it then possible
To look so plainly through them? to dispel 330
A thousand years with backward glance sublime ?
To breathe away as 'twere all scummy slime
From off a crystal pool, to see its deep,
And one's own image from the bottom peep ?
Yes : now I am no longer wretched thrall,
My long captivity and moanings all
Are but a slime, a thin-pervading scum,
The which I breathe away, and thronging come
Like things of yesterday my youthful pleasures.

" I touch'd no lute, I sang not, trod no measures : 340
I was a lonely youth on desert shores.
My sports were lonely, 'mid continuous roars,
And craggy isles, and sea-mew's plaintive cry
Plaining discrepant between sea and sky.
Dolphins were still my playmates ; shapes unseen
Would let me feel their scales of gold and green,
Nor be my desolation; and, full oft,
When a dread waterspout had rear'd aloft
Its hungry hugeness, seeming ready ripe
To burst with hoarsest thunderings, and wipe 350
My life away like a vast sponge of fate,
Some friendly monster, pitying my sad state,
Has dived to its foundations, gulph'd it down,
And left me tossing safely. But the crown
Of all my life was utmost quietude :
More did I love to lie in cavern rude,
Keeping in wait whole days for Neptune's voice,
And if it came at last, hark, and rejoice!
There blush'd no summer eve but 1 would steer
My skiff along green shelving coasts, to hear 360
The shepherd's pipe come clear from aery steep,

Mingled with ceaseless bleatings of his sheep :
And never was a day of summer shine,
But I beheld its birth upon the brine :
For I would watch all night to see unfold
Heaven's gates, and Æthon snort his morning gold
Wide o'er the swelling streams : and constantly
At brim of day-tide, on some grassy lea,
My nets would be spread out, and I at rest
The poor folk of the sea-country I blest 370
With daily boon of fish most delicate :
They knew not whence this bounty, and elate
Would strew sweet flowers on a sterile beach.

" Why was I not contented ? Wherefore reach
At things which, but for thee, O Latmian !
Had been my dreary death ? Fool ! I began
To feel distemper'd longings : to desire
The utmost privilege that ocean's sire
Could grant in benediction : to be free
Of all his kingdom. Long in misery 380
I wasted, ere in one extremest fit
I plunged for life or death. To interknit
One's senses with so dense a breathing stuff
Might seem a work of pain ; so not enough
Can I admire how crystal-smooth it felt,
And buoyant round my limbs. At first I dwelt
Whole days and days in sheer astonishment ;
Forgetful utterly of self-intent ;
Moving but with the mighty ebb and flow.
Then, like a new fledged bird that first doth show 390
His spreaded feathers to the morrow chill,
I tried in fear the pinions of my will.
'Twas freedom I and at once I visited
The ceaseless wonders of this ocean-bed.
No need to tell thee of them, for I see
That thou hast been a witness—it must be—
For these I know thou canst not feel a drouth,
By the melancholy corners of that mouth.
So I will in my story straightway pass

To more immediate matter. Woe, alas ! 400
 That love should be my bane ! Ah, Scylla fair !
 Why did poor Glaucus ever—ever dare
 To sue thee to his heart? Kind stranger-youth I
 I loved her to the very white of truth,
 And she would not conceive it. Timid thing I
 She fled me swift as sea-bird on the wing,
 Round every isle, and point, and promontory,
 From where large Hercules wound up his story
 Far as Egyptian Nile. My passion grew
 The more, the more I saw her dainty hue 410
 Gleam delicately through the azure clear :
 Until 'twas too fierce agony to bear ;
 And in that agony, across my grief
 It flash'd, that Circe might find some relief—
 Cruel enchantress ! So above the water
 I rear'd my head, and look'd for Phoebus' daughter.
 iE«ea's isle was wondering at the moon :—
 It seem'd to whirl around me, and a swoon
 Left me dead-drifting to that fatal power.

" When I awoke, 'twas in a twilight bower ; 420
 Just when the light of morn, with hum of bees,
 Stole through its verdurous matting of fresh trees.
 How sweet, and sweeter ! for I heard a lyre,
 And over it a sighing voice expire.
 It ceased—I caught light footsteps ; and anon
 The fairest face that morn e'er look'd upon
 Push'd through a screen of roses. Starry Jove !
 With tears, and smiles, and honey-words she wove
 A net whose thralldom was more bliss than all
 The range of flower'd Elysium. Thus did fall 430
 The dew of her rich speech : * Ah ! Art awake ?
 O let me hear thee speak, for Cupid's sake !
 I am so oppress'd with joy ! Why, I have shed
 An urn of tears, as though thou wert cold dead ;
 And now I find thee living, I will pour
 From these devoted eyes their silver store,
 Until exhausted of the latest drop,

So it will pleasure thee, and force thee stop
 Here, that I too may live: but if beyond
 Such cool and sorrowful offerings, thou art fond 440
 Of soothing warmth, of dalliance supreme;
 If thou art ripe to taste a long love dream;
 If smiles, if dimples, tongues for ardour mute,
 Hang in thy vision like a tempting fruit,
 O let me pluck it for thee! ' Thus she link'd
 Her charming syllables, till indistinct
 Their music came to my o'er-sweeten'd soul;
 And then she hover'd over me and stole
 So near, that if no nearer it had been
 This furrow'd visage thou hadst never seen. 450

" Young man of Latmos ! thus particular
 Am I, that thou may'st plainly see how far
 This fierce temptation went: and thou may'st not
 Exclaim, How then ? was Scylla quite forgot ?

" Who could resist ? Who in this universe ?
 She did so breathe ambrosia; so immerse
 My fine existence in a golden clime.
 She took me like a child of suckling time,
 And cradled me in roses. Thus condemned,
 The current of my former life was stemm'd, 460
 And to this arbitrary queen of sense
 I bow'd a tranced vassal: nor would thence
 Have moved, even though Amphion's harp had woo'd
 Me back to Scylla o'er the billows rude.
 For as Apollo each eve doth devise
 A new apparelling for western skies ;
 So every eve, nay, every spendthrift hour
 Shed balmy consciousness within that bower.
 And I was free of haunts umbrageous ;
 Could wander in the mazy forest-house 470
 Of squirrels, foxes shy, and antler'd deer,
 And birds from coverts innermost and drear
 Warbling for very joy mellifluous sorrow—
 To me new born delights I

" Now let me borrow,
For moments few, a temperament as stern
As Pluto's sceptre, that my words not burn
These uttering lips, while I in calm speech tell
How specious heaven was changed to real hell.

" One morn she left me sleeping : half awake 480
I sought for her smooth arms and lips, to slake
My greedy thirst with nectarous camel-draughts ;
But she was gone. Whereat the barbed shafts
Of disappointment stuck in me so sore,
That out I ran and search'd the forest o'er.
Wandering about in pine and cedar gloom
Damp awe assail'd me ; for there 'gan to boom
A sound of moan, an agony of sound
Sepulchral, from the distance all around.
Then came a conquering earth-thunder, and rumbled 490
That fierce complain to silence : while I stumbled
Down a precipitous path, as if impell'd.
I came to a dark valley.—Groanings swell'd
Poisonous about my ears, and louder grew,
The nearer I approach'd a flame's gaunt blue,
That glared before me through a thorny brake.
This fire, like the eye of gordian snake,
Bewitch'd me towards ; and I soon was near
A sight too fearful for the feel of fear :
In thicket hid I cursed the haggard scene— 500
The banquet of my arms, my arbour queen,
Seated upon an uptorn forest root ;
And all around her shapes, wizard and brute,
Laughing, and wailing, grovelling, serpentine,
Showing tooth, tusk, and venom-bag, and sting !
O such deformities ! Old Charon's self,
Should he give up awhile his penny pelf,
And take a dream 'mong rushes Stygian,
It could not be so phantasied. Fierce, wan,
And tyrannizing was the lady's look, 510
As over them a gnarled staff she shook.
Oft-times upon the sudden she laugh'd out,

And from a basket emptied to the rout
Clusters of grapes, the which they raven'd quick
And roar'd for more ; with many a hungry lick
About their shaggy jaws. Avenging, slow,
Anon she took a branch of mistletoe,
And emptied on 't a black dull-gurgling phial :
Groan'd one and all, as if some piercing trial
Was sharpening for their pitiable bones. 520
She lifted up the charm: appealing groans
From their poor breasts went suing to her ear
In vain; remorseless as an infant's bier
She whisk'd against their eyes the sooty oil.
Whereat was heard a noise of painful toil,
Increasing gradual to a tempest rage,
Shrieks, yells, and groans of torture-pilgrimage;
Until their grieved bodies 'gan to bloat
And puff from the tail's end to stifled throat:
Then was appalling silence; then a sight 530
More wildering than all that hoarse affright
For the whole herd, as by a whirlwind writhen,
Went through the dismal air like one huge Python
Antagonizing Boreas,—and so vanish'd.
Yet there was not a breath of wind: she banish'd
These phantoms with a nod. Lp ! from the dark
Came waggish fauns, and nymphs, and satyrs stark,
With dancing and loud revelry,—and went
Swifter than centaurs after rapine bent.—
Sighing an elephant appear'd and bow'd 540
Before the fierce witch, speaking thus aloud
In human accent: ' Potent goddess ! chief
Of pains resistless ! make my being brief,
Or let me from this heavy prison fly:
Or give me to the air, or let me die!
I sue not for my happy crown again;
I sue not for my phalanx on the plain;
I sue not for my lone, my widow'd wife;
I sue not for my ruddy drops of life,
My children fair, my lovely girls and boys ! 550
I will forget them ; I will pass these joys ;

Ask nought so heavenward, so too—too high:
Only I pray, as fairest boon, to die,
Or be deliver'd from this cumbrous flesh,
From this gross, detestable, filthy mesh,
And merely given to the cold bleak air.
Have mercy, Goddess ! Circe, feel my prayer I '

" That curst magician's name fell icy numb
Upon my wild conjecturing: truth had come
Naked and sabre-like against my heart. 560
I saw a fury whetting a death-dart;
And my slain spirit, overwrought with fright,
Fainted away in that dark lair of night.
Think, my deliverer, how desolate
My waking must have been ! disgust, and hate,
And terrors manifold divided me
A spoil amongst them. I prepared to flee
Into the dungeon core of that wild wood :
I fled three days—when lo I before me stood
Glaring the angry witch. O Dis, even now, 570
A clammy dew is beading on my brow,
At mere remembering her pale laugh, and curse.
' Ha ! ha ! Sir Dainty ! there must be a nurse
Made of rose leaves and thistledown, express,
To cradle thee, my sweet, and lull thee : yes,
I am too flinty-hard for thy nice touch:
My tenderest squeeze is but a giant's clutch.
So, fairy-thing, it shall have lullabies
Unheard of yet; and it shall still its cries
Upon some breast more lily-feminine. 580
Oh, no—it shall not pine, and pine, and pine
More than one pretty, trifling thousand years ;
And then 'twere pity, but fate's gentle shears
Cut short its immortality. Sea-flirt!
Young dove of the waters ! truly I'll not hurt
One hair of thine : see how I weep and sigh,
That our heart-broken parting is so nigh.
And must we part ? Ah, yes, it must be so.
Yet ere thou leavest me in utter woe,

Let me sob over thee my last adieus, 590
And speak a blessing: Mark me! Thou hast thews
Immortal, for thou art of heavenly race:
But such a love is mine, that here I chase
Eternally away from thee all bloom
Of youth, and destine thee towards a tomb.
Hence shalt thou quickly to the watery vast;
And there, ere many days be overpast,
Disabled age shall seize thee; and even then
Thou shalt not go the way of aged men;
But live and wither, cripple and still breathe 600
Ten hundred years: which gone, I then bequeath
Thy fragile bones to unknown burial.
Adieu, sweet love, adieu! '—As short stars fall,
She fled ere I could groan for mercy. Stung
And poison'd was my spirit: despair sung
A war-song of defiance 'gainst all hell.
A hand was at my shoulder to compel
My sullen steps; another 'fore my eyes
Moved on with pointed finger. In this guise
Enforced, at the last by ocean's foam 610
I found me; by my fresh, my native home.
Its tempering coolness, to my life akin,
Came salutary as I waded in;
And, with a blind voluptuous rage, I gave
Battle to the swollen billow-ridge, and drave
Large froth before me, while there yet remain'd
Hale strength, nor from my bones all marrow drain'd.

" Young lover, I must weep—such hellish spite
With dry cheek who can tell? While thus my might
Proving upon this element, dismay'd, 620
Upon a dead thing's face my hand I laid;
I look'd—'twas Scylla! Cursed, cursed Circe I
O vulture-witch, hast never heard of mercy?
Could not thy harshest vengeance be content,
But thou must nip this tender innocent
Because I loved her?—Cold, O cold indeed
Were her fair limbs, and like a common weed

The sea-swell took her hair. Dead as she was
 I clung about her waist, nor ceased to pass
 Fleet as an arrow through unfathom'd brine, 630
 Until there shone a fabric crystalline,
 Ribb'd and inlaid with coral, pebble, and pearl.
 Headlong I darted; at one eager swirl
 Gain'd its bright portal, enter'd, and behold!
 'Twas vast, and desolate, and icy-cold;
 And all around—But wherefore this to thee
 Who in few minutes more thyself shalt see?—
 I left poor Scylla in a niche and fled.
 My fever'd parchings up, my scathing dread
 Met palsy half way: soon these limbs became 640
 Gaunt, wither'd, sapless, feeble, cramp'd, and lame.

" Now let me pass a cruel, cruel space,
 Without one hope, without one faintest trace
 Of mitigation, or redeeming bubble
 Of colour'd phantasy; for I fear 'twould trouble
 Thy brain to loss of reason: and next tell
 How a restoring chance came down to quell
 One half of the witch in me.

" On a day,
 Sitting upon a rock above the spray, 650
 I saw grow up from the horizon's brink
 A gallant vessel: soon she seem'd to sink
 Away from me again, as though her course
 Had been resumed in spite of hindering force—
 So vanish'd: and not long, before arose
 Dark clouds, and muttering of winds morose.
 Old Eolus would stifle his mad spleen,
 But could not: therefore all the billows green
 Toss'd up the silver spume against the clouds.
 The tempest came: I saw that vessel's shrouds 660
 In perilous bustle; while upon the deck
 Stood trembling creatures. I beheld the wreck;
 The final gulphing; the poor struggling souls:
 I heard their cries amid loud thunder-rolls.
 O they had all been saved but crazed eld

Annull'd my vigorous cravings ; and thus quell'd
 And curb'd, think on't, O Latmian ! did I sit
 Writhing with pity, and a cursing fit
 Against that hell-born Circe. The crew had gone,
 By one and one, to pale oblivion; 670
 And I was gazing on the surges prone,
 With many a scalding tear and many a groan,
 When at my feet emerged an old man's hand,
 Grasping this scroll, and this same slender wand.
 I knelt with pain—reach'd out my hand—had grasp'd
 These treasures—touch'd the knuckles—they unclasp'd—
 I caught a finger : but the downward weight
 O'erpower'd me—it sank. Then 'gan abate
 The storm, and through chill aguish gloom outburst
 The comfortable sun. I was athirst 680
 To search the book, and in the warming air
 Parted its dripping leaves with eager care.
 Strange matters did it treat of, and drew on
 My soul page after page, till well-nigh won
 Into forgetfulness ; when, stupefied,
 I read these words, and read again, and tried
 My eyes against the heavens, and read again.
 O what a load of misery and pain
 Each Atlas-line bore off!—a shine of hope
 Came gold around me, cheering me to cope 690
 Strenuous with hellish tyranny. Attend !
 For thou hast brought their promise to an end.

*" In the wide sea there lives a forlorn wretch,
 Doomed with enfeebled carcase to outstretch
 His loathed existence through ten centuries,
 And then to die alone. Who can devise
 A total opposition ? No one. So
 One million times ocean must ebb and flow,
 And he oppressed. Yet he shall not die.
 These things accomplish'd:—If he utterly 700
 Scans all the depths of magic, and expounds
 The meanings of all motions, shapes, and sounds ;
 If he explores all forms and substances*

*Straight homeward to their symbol-essences ;
He shall not die. Moreover, and in chief,
He must pursue this task of joy and grief
Most piously;—all lovers tempest-tost,
And in the savage overwhelming lost,
He shall deposit side by side, until
Time's creeping shall the dreary space fulfil: 710
Which done, and all these labours ripened,
A youth, by heavenly power, loved and led,
Shall stand before him ; whom he shall direct
How to consummate all. The youth elect
Must do the thing, or both will be destroyed"—*

" Then," cried the young Endymion, overjoy'd,
" We are twin brothers in this destiny !
Say, I entreat thee, what achievement high
Is, in this restless world, for me reserved.
What! if from thee my wandering feet had swerved, 720
Had we both perish'd ? "—" Look I " the sage replied,
" Dost thou not mark a gleaming through the tide,
Of divers brilliances ? 'tis the edifice
I told thee of, where lovely Scylla lies ;
And where I have enshrined piously
All lovers, whom fell storms have doom'd to die
Throughout my bondage." Thus discoursing, on
They went till unobscured the porches shone;
Which hurryingly they gain'd, and enter'd straight.
Sure never since king Neptune held his state 730
Was seen such wonder underneath the stars.
Turn to some level plain where haughty Mars
Has legion'd all his battle; and behold
How every soldier, with firm foot, doth hold
His even breast: see, many steeled squares,
And rigid ranks of iron—whence who dares
One step ? Imagine further, line by line,
These warrior thousands on the field supine:—
So in that crystal place, in silent rows,
Poor lovers lay at rest from joys and woes.— 740
The stranger from the mountains, breathless, traced

Such thousands of shut eyes in order placed;
 Such ranges of white feet, and patient lips
 All ruddy,—for here death no blossom nips.
 He mark'd their brows and foreheads; saw their hair
 Put sleekly on one side with nicest care:
 And each one's gentle wrists, with reverence,
 Put cross-wise to its heart.

" Let us commence,"
 Whisper'd the guide, stuttering with joy, " even now." 750
 He spake, and, trembling like an aspen-bough,
 Began to tear his scroll in pieces small,
 Uttering the while some mumblings funeral.
 He tore it into pieces small as snow
 That drifts unfeather'd when bleak northerns blow;
 And having done it, took his dark blue cloak
 And bound it round Endymion: then struck
 His wand against the empty air times nine.—
 " What more there is to do, young man, is thine :
 But first a litde patience; first undo 760
 This tangled thread, and wind it to a clue.
 Ah, gentle! 'tis as weak as spider's skein;
 And shouldst thou break it—what, is it done so clean?
 A power overshadows thee! Oh, brave!
 The spite of hell is tumbling to its grave.
 Here is a shell; 'tis pearly blank to me,
 Nor mark'd with any sign or character—
 Canst thou read aught? O read for pity's sake!
 Olympus! we are safe! Now, Carian, break
 This wand against yon lyre on the pedestal." 770

'Twas done: and straight with sudden swell and fall
 Sweet music breathed her soul away, and sigh'd
 A lullaby to silence.—" Youth! now strew
 These minced leaves on me, and passing through
 Those files of dead, scatter the same around,
 And thou wilt see the issue."—'Mid the sound
 Of flutes and viols, ravishing his heart,
 Endymion from Glaucus stood apart,

And scatter'd in his face some fragments light.
How lightning-swift the change! a youthful wight 780
Smiling beneath a coral diadem,
Out-sparkling sudden like an upturn'd gem,
Appear'd, and, stepping to a beauteous corse,
KneeFd down beside it, and with tenderest force
Press'd its cold hand, and wept,—and Scylla sigh'd!
Endymion, with quick hand, the charm applied—
The nymph arose: he left them to their joy,
And onward went upon his high employ,
Showering those powerful fragments on the dead.
And, as he pass'd, each lifted up its head, 790
As doth a flower at Apollo's touch.
Death felt it to his inwards; 'twas too much:
Death fell a weeping in his charnel-house.
The Latmian persevered along, and thus
All were re-animated. There arose
A noise of harmony, pulses and throes
Of gladness in the air—while many, who
Had died in mutual arms devout and true,
Sprang to each other madly; and the rest
Felt a high certainty of being blest. 800
They ga2ed upon Endymion. Enchantment
Grew drunken, and would have its head and bent.
Delicious symphonies, like airy flowers,
Budded, and swell'd, and, full-blown, shed full showers
Of light, soft, unseen leaves of sounds divine.
The two deliverers tasted a pure wine
Of happiness, from fairy-press oozed out.
Speechless they eyed each other, and about
The fair assembly wander'd to and fro,
Distracted with the richest overflow 810
Of joy that ever pour'd from heaven.

——" Away! "

Shouted the new born god; " Follow, and pay
Our piety to Neptunus supreme! "—
Then Scylla, blushing sweetly from her dream,
They led on first, bent to her meek surprise,
Through portal columns of a giant size,

Into the vaulted, boundless emerald.
Joyous all follow'd, as the leader call'd,
Down marble steps ; pouring as easily 820
As hour-glass sand,—and fast, as you might see
Swallows obeying the south summer's call,
Or swans upon a gentle waterfall.

Thus went that beautiful multitude, nor far,
Ere from among some rocks of glittering spar,
Just within ken, they saw descending thick
Another multitude. Whereat more quick
Moved either host. On a wide sand they met,
And of those numbers every eye was wet;
For each their old love found. A murmuring rose, 830
Like what was never heard in all the throes
Of wind and waters : 'tis past human wit
To tell; 'tis dizziness to think of it.

This mighty consummation made, the host
Moved on for many a league; and gain'd, and lost
Huge sea-marks ; vanward swelling in array,
And from the rear diminishing away,—
Till a faint dawn surprised them. Glaucus cried,
" Behold ! behold, the palace of his pride !
God Neptune's palaces ! " With noise increased, 840
They shoulder'd on towards that brightening east.
At every onward step proud domes arose
In prospect,—diamond gleams, and golden glows
Of amber 'gainst their faces levelling.
Joyous, and many as the leaves in spring,
Still onward; still the splendour gradual swell'd.
Rich opal domes were seen, on high upheld
By jasper pillars, letting through their shafts
A blush of coral. Copious wonder-draughts
Each gazer drank ; and deeper drank more near : 850
For what poor mortals fragment up, as mere
As marble was there lavish, to the vast
Of one fair palace, that far, far surpass'd,
Even for common bulk, those olden three,
Memphis, and Babylon, and Nineveh.

As large, as bright, as colour'd as the bow
Of Iris, when unfading it doth show
Beyond a silvery shower, was the arch
Through which this Paphian army took its march.
Into the outer courts of Neptune's state : 860
Whence could be seen, direct, a golden gate,
To which the leaders sped; but not half taught
Ere it burst open swift as fairy thought,
And made those dazzled thousands veil their eyes
Like callow eagles at the first sunrise.
Soon with an eagle nativeness their gaze
Ripe from hue-golden swoons took all the blaze,
And then, behold ! large Neptune on his throne
Of emerald deep : yet not exalt alone;
At his right hand stood winged Love, and on 870
His left sat smiling Beauty's paragon.

Far as the mariner on highest mast
Can see all round upon the calmed vast,
So wide was Neptune's hall: and as the blue
Doth vault the waters, so the waters drew
Their doming curtains, high, magnificent,
Awed from the throne aloof;—and when storm-rent
Disclosed the thunder-gloomings in Jove's air;
But soothed as now, flash'd sudden everywhere,
Noiseless, sub-marine cloudlets, glittering 880
Death to a human eye : for there did spring
From natural west, and east, and south, and north,
A light as of four sunsets, blazing forth
A gold-green zenith 'bove the Sea-God's head.
Of lucid depth the floor, and far outspread
As breezeless lake, on which the slim canoe
Of feather'd Indian darts about, as through
The delicatest air : air verily,
But for the portraiture of clouds and sky :
This palace floor breath-air,—but for the amaze 890
Of deep-seen wonders motionless,—and blaze
Of the dome pomp, reflected in extremes,
Globing a golden sphere.

They stood in dreams
Till Triton blew his horn. The palace rang;
The Nereids danced; the Sirens faintly sang;
And the great Sea-King bow'd his dripping head.
Then Love took wing, and from his pinions shed
On all the multitude a nectarous dew.
The ooze-born Goddess beckoned and drew 900
Fair Scylla and her guides to conference;
And when they reach'd the throned eminence
She kist the sea-nymph's cheek,—who sat her
down

A toying with the doves. Then,—"Mighty crown
And sceptre of this kingdom!" Venus said,
"Thy vows were on a time to Nais paid:
Behold!"—Two copious tear-drops instant fell
From the God's large eyes; he smiled delectable,
And over Glaucus held his blessing hands.—
"Endymion! Ah! still wandering in the bands 910
Of love? Now this is cruel. Since the hour
I met thee in earth's bosom, all my power
Have I put forth to serve thee. What, not yet
Escaped from dull mortality's harsh net?
A little patience, youth I 'twill not be long,
Or I am skill-less quite: an idle tongue,
A humid eye, and steps luxurious,
Where these are new and strange, are ominous.
Ay, I have seen these signs in one of heaven,
When others were all blind; and were I given 920
To utter secrets, haply I might say
Some pleasant words:—but Love will have his
day.

So wait awhile expectant. Pr'ythee soon,
Even in the passing of thine honey-moon,
Visit my Cytherea: thou wilt find
Cupid well-natured, my Adonis kind;
And pray persuade with thee—Ah, I have done,
All blisses be upon thee, my sweet son! "
Thus the fair goddess: while Endymion
Knelt to receive those accents halcyon. 930

Meantime a glorious revelry began
Before the Water-Monarch. Nectar ran
In courteous fountains to all cups outreach'd ;
And plunder'd vines, teeming exhaustless, pleach'd
New growth about each shell and pendent lyre;
The which, in disentangling for their fire
PulPd down fresh foliage and coverture
For dainty toying. Cupid, empire-sure,
Flutter'd and laugh'd, and oft-times through the throng
Made a delighted way. Then dance, and song, 940
And garlanding grew wild; and pleasure reign'd.
In harmless tendril they each other chain'd,
And strove who should be smother'd deepest in
Fresh crush of leaves.

O 'tis a very sin
For one so weak to venture his poor verse
In such a place as this. O do not curse,
High Muses! let him hurry to the ending.

All suddenly were silent. A soft blending
Of dulcet instruments came charmingly; 950
And then a hymn.

" KING of the stormy sea!
Brother of Jove, and co-inheritor
Of elements ! Eternally before
Thee the waves awful bow. Fast, stubborn rock,
At thy fear'd trident shrinking, doth unlock
Its deep foundations, hissing into foam.
All mountain-rivers lost, in the wide home
Of thy capacious bosom ever flow.
Thou frownest, and old Eolus thy foe 960
Skulks to his cavern, 'mid the gruff complaint
Of all his rebel tempests. Dark clouds faint
When, from thy diadem, a silver gleam
Slants over blue dominion. Thy bright team
Gulphs in the morning light, and scuds along
To bring thee nearer to that golden song
Apollo singeth, while his chariot

Waits at the doors of heaven. Thou are not
 For scenes like this : an empire stern hast thou;
 And it hath furrow'd that large front: yet now, **970**
 As newly come of heaven, dost thou sit,
 To blend and interknit
 Subdued majesty with this glad time.
 O shell-borne King sublime !
 We lay our hearts before thee evermore—
 We sing, and we adore!

" Breathe softly, flutes ;
 Be tender of your strings, ye soothing lutes ;
 Nor be the trumpet heard ! O vain, O vain ;
 Not flowers budding in an April rain, **980**
 Nor breath of sleeping dove, nor river's flow,—
 No, nor the Eolian twang of Love's own bow,
 Can mingle music fit for the soft ear
 Of goddess Cytherea!
 Yet deign, white Queen of Beauty, thy fair eyes
 On our souls' sacrifice.

" Bright-winged Child !
 Who has another care when thou hast smiled ?
 Unfortunates on earth, we see at last
 All death-shadows, and glooms that overcast **990**
 Our spirits, fann'd away by thy light pinions.
 O sweetest essence ! sweetest of all minions I
 God of warm pulses, and dishevell'd hair,
 And panting bosoms bare!
 Dear unseen light in darkness I eclipser
 Of light in light! delicious poisoner !
 Thy venom'd goblet will we quaff until
 We fill—we fill I
 And by thy Mother's lips——"

Was heard no more
 For clamour, when the golden palace door **1001**
 Open'd again, and from without, in shone
 A new magnificence. On oozy throne

Smooth-moving came Oceanus the old,
To take a latest glimpse at his sheep-fold,
Before he went into his quiet cave
To muse for ever—Then a lucid wave,
Scoop'd from its trembling sisters of mid-sea,
Afloat, and pillowing up the majesty
Of Doris, and the Egean seer, her spouse— 1010
Next, on a dolphin, clad in laurel boughs,
Theban Amphion leaning on his lute :
His fingers went across it—All were mute
To gaze on Amphitrite, queen of pearls,
And Thetis pearly too.—

The palace whirls

Around giddy Endymion ; seeing he
Was there far strayed from mortality.
He could not bear it—shut his eyes in vain ;
Imagination gave a dizzier pain. 1020
" O I shall die ! sweet Venus, be my stay !
Where is my lovely mistress ? Well-away !
I die—I hear her voice—I feel my wing—"
At Neptune's feet he sank. A sudden ring
Of Nereids were about him, in kind strife
To usher back his spirit into life :
But still he slept. At last they interwove
Their cradling arms, and purposed to convey
Towards a crystal bower far away.

Lo ! while slow carried through the pitying crowd, 1030
To his inward senses these words spake aloud ;
Written in star-light on the dark above :
*Dearest Endymion ! my entire love !
How have I dwelt in fear of fate : 'tis done
Immortal bliss for me too fast thou won.
Arise then ! for the hen-dove shall not hatch
Her ready eggs, before Fil kissing snatch
Thee into endless heaven. Awake ! awake !*

The youth at once arose : a placid lake
Came quiet to his eyes ; and forest green, 1040

Cooler than all the wonder he had seen,
 Lull'd with its simple song his fluttering breast.
 How happy once again in grassy nest t

BOOK IV

MUSE of my native land ! loftiest Muse !
 O first-born on the mountains ! by the hues
 Of heaven on the spiritual air begot:
 Long didst thou sit alone in northern grot,
 While yet our England was a wolfish den;
 Before our forests heard the talk of men ;
 Before the first of Druids was a child;—
 Long didst thou sit amid our regions wild,
 Rapt in a deep prophetic solitude.
 There came an eastern voice of solemn mood:— 10
 Yet wast thou patient. Then sang forth the Nine,
 Apollo's garland :—yet didst thou divine
 Such home-bred glory, that they cried in vain,
 " Come hither, Sister of the Island I " Plain
 Spake fair Ausonia ; and once more she spake
 A higher summons :—still didst thou betake
 Thee to thy native hopes. O thou hast won
 A full accomplishment! The thing is done,
 Which undone, these our latter days had risen
 On barren souls. Great Muse, thou know'st what prison,
 Of flesh and bone, curbs, and confines, and frets 21
 Our spirit's wings : despondency besets
 Our pillows ; and the fresh to-morrow morn
 Seems to give forth its light in very scorn
 Of our dull, uninspired, snail-paced lives.
 Long have I said, how happy he who shrives
 To thee ! But then I thought on poets gone,
 And could not pray:—nor can I now—so on
 I move to the end in lowliness of heart.—

" Ah, woe is me ! that I should fondly part 30
 From my dear native land ! Ah, foolish maid !

Glad was the hour, when, with thee, myriads bade
Adieu to Ganges and their pleasant fields !
To one so friendless the clear freshet yields
A bitter coolness ; the ripe grape is sour :
Yet I would have, great gods I but one short hour
Of native air—let me but die at home."

Endymion to heaven's airy dome
Was offering up a hecatomb of vows,
When these words reach'd him. Whereupon he bows 40
His head through thorny-green entanglement
Of underwood, and to the sound is bent,
Anxious as hind towards her hidden fawn.

"Is no one near to help me ? No fair dawn
Of life from charitable voice ? No sweet saying
To set my dull and sadden'd spirit playing ?
No hand to toy with mine ? No lips so sweet
That I may worship them ? No eyelids meet
To twinkle on my bosom ? No one dies
Before me, till from these enslaving eyes 50
Redemption sparkles ! — I am sad and lost."

Thou, Carian lord, hadst better have been tost
Into a whirlpool. Vanish into air,
Warm mountaineer ! for canst thou only bear
A woman's sigh alone and in distress ?
See not her charms ! Is Phoebe passionless ?
Phoebe is fairer far—O gaze no more:—
Yet if thou wilt behold all beauty's store,
Behold her panting in the forest grass !
Do not those curls of glossy jet surpass 60
For tenderness the arms so idly lain
Amongst them ? Feelest not a kindred pain,
To see such lovely eyes in swimming search
After some warm delight, that seems to perch
Dovelike in the dim cell lying beyond
Their upper lids ?—Hist!

" O for Hermes' wand,
 To touch this flower into human shape 1
 That woodland Hyacinthus could escape
 From his green prison, and here kneeling down 70
 Call me his queen, his second life's fair crown !
 Ah me, how I could love I—My soul doth melt
 For the unhappy youth—Love I I have felt
 So faint a kindness, such a meek surrender
 To what my own full thoughts had made too tender,
 That but for tears my life had fled away !—
 Ye deaf and senseless minutes of the day,
 And thou, old forest, hold ye this for true,
 There is no lightning, no authentic dew
 But in the eye of love: there's not a sound, 80
 Melodious howsoever, can confound
 The heavens and earth in one to such a death
 As doth the voice of love: there's not a breath
 Will mingle kindly with the meadow air,
 Till it has panted round, and stolen a share
 Of passion from the heart 1 "—

Upon a bough
 He leant, wretched. He surely cannot now
 Thirst for another love : O impious,
 That he can even dream upon it thus !— 90
 Thought he, " Why am I not as are the dead,
 Since to a woe like this I have been led
 Through the dark earth, and through the wondrous
 sea ?
 Goddess I I love thee not the less : from thee,
 By Juno's smile, I turn not—no, no, no—
 While the great waters are at ebb and flow.—
 I have a triple soul. O fond pretence—
 For both, for both my love is so immense,
 I feel my heart is cut in twain for them."

And so he grgan'd, as one by beauty slain. 100
 The lady's heart beat quick, and he could see
 Her gentle bosom heave tumultuously.

He sprang from his green covert: there she lay,
Sweet as a muskrose upon new-made hay;
With all her limbs on tremble, and her eyes
Shut softly up alive. To speak he tries :
" Fair damsel, pity me! forgive that I
Thus violate thy bower's sanctity I
O pardon me, for I am full of grief—
Grief born of thee, young angel! fairest thief! 110
Who stolen hast away the wings wherewith
I was to top the heavens. Dear maid, sith
Thou art my executioner, and I feel
Loving and hatred, misery and weal,
Will in a few short hours be nothing to me,
And all my story that much passion slew me;
Do smile upon the evening of my days :
And, for my tortured brain begins to craze,
Be thou my nurse ; and let me understand
How dying I shall kiss that lily hand.— 120
Dost weep for me ? Then I should be content.
Scowl on, ye fates ! until the firmament
Outblackens Erebus, and the full-cavern'd earth
Crumbles into itself. By the cloud girth
Of Jove, those tears have given me a thirst
To meet oblivion."—As her heart would burst
The maiden sobb'd awhile, and then replied :
" Why must such desolation betide
As that thou speakest of? Are not these green
nooks
Empty of all misfortune? Do the brooks 130
Utter a gorgon voice ? Does yonder thrush,
Schooling its half-Hedged little ones to brush
About the dewy forest, whisper tales ?—
Speak not of grief, young stranger, or cold snails
Will slime the rose to-night. Though if thou wilt,
Methinks 'twould be a guilt—a very guilt—
Not to companion thee, and sigh away
The light—the dusk—the dark—till break of day ! "
" Dear lady," said Endymion, " 'tis past:
I love thee ! and my days can never last. 140

That I may pass in patience still speak:
 Let me have music dying, and I seek
 No more delight—I bid adieu to all.
 Didst thou not after other climates call,
 And murmur about Indian streams ? "—Then she,
 Sitting beneath the midmost forest tree,
 For pity sang this roundelay——

" O Sorrow,
 Why dost borrow
 The natural hue of health, from vermeil lips ?— 150
 To give maiden blushes
 To the white rose bushes ?
 Or is it thy dewy hand the daisy tips ?

" O Sorrow,
 Why dost borrow
 The lustrous passion from a falcon-eye ?—
 To give the glow-worm light ?
 Or, on a moonless night,
 To tinge, on siren shores, the salt sea-spry ?

" O Sorrow, 160
 Why dost borrow
 The mellow ditties from a mourning tongue ?—
 To give at evening pale
 Unto the nightingale,
 That thou mayst listen the cold dews among ?

" O Sorrow,
 Why dost borrow
 Heart's lightness from the merriment of May ?—
 A lover would not tread
 A cowslip on the head, 170
 Though he should dance from eve till peep of day—
 Nor any drooping flower
 Held sacred for thy bower,
 Wherever he may sport himself and play.

" To Sorrow,
I bade good-morrow,
And thought to leave her far away behind;
But cheerly, cheerly,
She loves me dearly;
She is so constant to me, and so kind : 180
I would deceive her,
And so leave her,
But ah! she is so constant and so kind.

" Beneath my palm trees, by the river side,
I sat a weeping : in the whole world wide
There was no one to ask me why I wept,—
And so I kept
Brimming the water-lily cups with tears
Cold as my fears.

" Beneath my palm trees, by the river side, 190
I sat a weeping : what enamour'd bride,
Cheated by shadowy wooer from the clouds,
But hides and shrouds
Beneath dark palm trees by a river side ?

" And as I sat, over the light blue hills
There came a noise of revellers : the rills
Into the wide stream came of purple hue—
'Twas Bacchus and his crew!
The earnest trumpet spake, and silver thrills
From kissing cymbals made a merry din— 200
'Twas Bacchus and his kin !

" Like to a moving vintage down they came,
Crown'd with green leaves, and faces all on flame ;
All madly dancing through the pleasant valley,
To scare thee, Melancholy I
O then, O then, thou wast a simple name !
And I forgot thee, as the berried holly
By shepherds is forgotten, when, in June,
Tall chestnuts keep away the sun and moon:—
I rush'd into the folly I 210

Web-footed alligators, crocodiles,
 Bearing upon their scaly backs, in files,
 Plump infant laughters mimicking the coil
 Of seamen, and stout galley-rowers' toil: 250
 With toying oars and silken sails they glide,
 Nor care for wind and tide.

" Mounted on panthers' furs and lions' manes,
 From rear to van they scour about the plains ;
 A three days' journey in a moment done :
 And always, at the rising of the sun,
 About the wilds they hunt with spear and horn,
 On spleenful unicorn.

" I saw Osirian Egypt kneel adown
 Before the vine-wreath crown ! 260
 I saw parch'd Abyssinia rouse and sing
 To the silver cymbals' ring !
 I saw the welching vintage hotly pierce
 Old Tartary the fierce !
 The kings of Inde their jewel-sceptres vail,
 And from their treasures scatter pearled hail;
 Great Brahma from his mystic heaven groans,
 And all his priesthood moans ;
 Before young Bacchus' eye-wink turning pale.—
 Into these regions came I, following him, 270
 Sick hearted, weary—so I took a whim
 To stray into these forests drear
 Alone, without a peer :
 And I have told thee all thou mayest hear.

" Young stranger !
 I've been a ranger
 In search of pleasure throughout every clime:
 Alas ! 'tis not for me :
 Bewitch'd I sure must be,
 To lose in grieving all my maiden prime. 280

" Come then, Sorrow !
 Sweetest Sorrow !
 Like an own babe I nurse thee on my breast :
 I thought to leave thee.
 And deceive thee,
 But now of all the world I love thee best.

" There is not one,
 No, no, not one
 But thee to comfort a poor lonely maid ;
 Thou art her mother,
 And her brother,
 Her playmate, and her wooer in the shade." 290

O what a sigh she gave in finishing,
 And look, quite dead to every worldly thing !
 Endymion could not speak, but gazed on her ;
 And listen'd to the wind that now did stir
 About the crisped oaks full drearily,
 Yet with as sweet a softness as might be
 Remember'd from its velvet summer song.
 At last he said : " Poor lady, how thus long
 Have I been able to endure that voice ? 300
 Fair Melody ! kind Siren ! I've no choice ;
 I must be thy sad servant evermore :
 I cannot choose but kneel here and adore.
 Alas, I must not think—by Phoebe, no !
 Let me not think, soft Angel ! shall it be so ?
 Say, beautifullest, shall I never think ?
 O thou couldst foster me beyond the brink
 Of recollection ! make my watchful care
 Close up its bloodshot eyes, nor see despair ! 310
 Do gently murder half my soul, and I
 Shall feel the other half so utterly!—
 I'm giddy at that cheek so fair and smooth ;
 O let it blush so ever ! let it soothe
 My madness ! let it mantle rosy-warm
 With the tinge of love, panting in safe alarm.—
 This cannot be thy hand, and yet it is ;

And this is sure thine other softling—this
Thine own fair bosom, and I am so near I
Wilt fall asleep? O let me sip that tear! 320
And whisper one sweet word that I may know
This is this world—sweet dewy blossom! "—Woe!
Woe! Woe to that *Endymion*! Where is he?—
Even these words went echoing dismally
Through the wide forest—a most fearful tone,
Like one repenting in his latest moan;
And while it died away a shade pass'd by,
As of a thunder cloud. When arrows fly
Through the thick branches, poor ring-doves sleek forth
Their timid necks and tremble; so these both 330
Leant to each other trembling, and sat so
Waiting for some destruction—when lo,
Foot-feather'd Mercury appeared sublime
Beyond the tall tree tops; and in less time
Than shoots the slanted hail-storm, down he dropt
Towards the ground; but rested not, nor stopt
One moment from his home: only the sword
He with his wand light touch'd, and heavenward
Swifter than sight was gone—even before
The teeming earth a sudden witness bore 340
Of his swift magic. Diving swans appear
Above the crystal circlings white and clear;
And catch the cheated eye in wild surprise,
How they can dive in sight and unseen rise—
So from the turf outsprang two steeds jet-black,
Each with large dark blue wings upon his back.
The youth of Caria placed the lovely dame
On one, and felt himself in spleen to tame
The other's fierceness. Through the air they flew,
High as the eagles. Like two drops of dew 350
Exhaled to Phoebus' lips, away they are gone,
Far from the earth away—unseen, alone,
Among cool clouds and winds, but that the free,
The buoyant life of song can floating be
Above their heads, and follow them untired.—
Muse of my native land, am I inspired?

This is the giddy air, and I must spread
Wide pinions to keep here ; nor do I dread
Or height, or depth, or width, or any chance
Precipitous : I have beneath my glance 360
Those towering horses and their mournful freight.
Could I thus sail, and see, and thus await
Fearless for power of thought, without thine aid ?—
There is a sleepy dusk, an odorous shade
From some approaching wonder, and behold bold
Those winged steeds, with snorting nostrils
Snuff at its faint extreme, and seem to tire,
Dying to embers from their native fire I

There curPd a purple mist around them ; soon,
It seem'd as when around the pale new moon 370
Sad Zephyr droops the clouds like weeping willow :
'Twas Sleep slow journeying with head on pillow.
For the first time, since he came nigh dead born
From the old womb of night, his cave forlorn
Had he left more forlorn ; for the first time,
He felt aloof the day and morning's prime—
Because into his depth Cimmerian
There came a dream, showing how a young man,
Ere a lean bat could plump its wintry skin,
Would at high Jove's empyreal footstool win 380
An immortality, and how espouse
Jove's daughter, and be reckon'd of his house.
Now was he slumbering towards heaven's gate,
That he might at the threshold one hour wait
To hear the marriage melodies, and then
Sink downward to his dusky cave again.
His litter of smooth semiluculent mist,
Diversely tinged with rose and amethyst,
Puzzled those eyes that for the centre sought;
And scarcely for one moment could be caught 390
His sluggish form reposing motionless.
Those two on winged steeds, with all the stress
Of vision search'd for him, as one would look
Athwart the sallows of a river nook

To catch a glance at silver throated eels,—
Or from old Skiddaw's top, when fog conceals
His rugged forehead in a mantle pale,
With an eye-guess towards some pleasant vale
Descry a favourite hamlet faint and far.

These raven horses, though they foster'd are 400
Of earth's splenetic fire, dully drop
Their full-vein'd ears, nostrils blood wide, and stop ;
Upon the spiritless mist have they outspread
Their ample feathers, are in slumber dead,—
And on those pinions, level in mid air,
Endymion sleepeth and the lady fair.
Slowly they sail, slowly as icy isle
Upon a calm sea drifting : and meanwhile
The mournful wanderer dreams. Behold ! he walks
On heaven's pavement ; brotherly he talks 410
To divine powers : from his hand full fain
Juno's proud birds are pecking pearly grain :
He tries the nerve of Phoebus' golden bow,
And asketh where the golden apples grow :
Upon his arm he braces Pallas' shield,
And strives in vain to unsettle and wield
A Jovian thunderbolt : arch Hebe brings
A full-brimm'd goblet, dances lightly, sings
And tantalizes long ; at last he drinks,
And lost in pleasure at her feet he sinks, 420
Touching with dazzled lips her starlight hand.
He blows a bugle,—an ethereal band
Are visible above : the Seasons four,—
Green-kirtled Spring, flush Summer, golden store
In Autumn's sickle, Winter frosty hoar,
Join dance with shadowy Hours ; while still the blast,
In swells unmitigated, still doth last
To sway their floating morris. " Whose is this ?
Whose bugle ? " he inquires : they smile—" O Dis !
Why is this mortal here ? Dost thou not know 430
Its mistress' lips ? Not thou ?—'Tis Dian's : lo !
She rises crescented ! " He looks, 'tis she,

His very goddess : good-bye earth, and sea,
 And air, and pains, and care, and suffering;
 Good-bye to all but love! Then doth he spring
 Towards her, and awakes—and, strange, o'er head,
 Of those same fragrant exhalations bred,
 Beheld awake his very dream: the gods
 Stood smiling; merry Hebe laughs and nods ;
 And Phoebe bends towards him crescented. 440
 O state perplexing ! On the pinion bed,
 Too well awake, he feels the panting side
 Of his delicious lady. He who died
 For soaring too audacious in the sun,
 Where that same treacherous wax began to run,
 Felt not more tongue-tied than Endymion.
 His heart leapt up as to its rightful throne,
 To that fair shadow'd passion pulsed its way—
 Ah, what perplexity! Ah, well a day I
 So fond, so beauteous was his bed-fellow, 450
 He could not help but kiss her : then he grew
 Awhile forgetful of all beauty save
 Young Phoebe's, golden hair'd; and so *gan crave
 Forgiveness : yet he turn'd once more to look
 At the sweet sleeper,—all his soul was shook,—
 She press'd his hand in slumber ; so once more
 He could not help but kiss her and adore.
 At this the shadow wept, melting away.
 The Latmian started up : " Bright goddess, stay I
 Search my most hidden breast ! By truth's own tongue,
 I have no dsedale heart: why is it wrung 461
 To desperation? Is there nought for me,
 Upon the bourne of bliss, but misery ? "

These words awoke the stranger of dark tresses :
 Her dawning love-look rapt Endymion blesses
 With 'haviour soft. Sleep yawn'd from underneath.
 " Thou swan of Ganges, let us no more breathe
 This murky phantasm I thou contented seem'st,
 Pillow'd in lovely idleness, nor dream'st
 What horrors may discomfort thee and me. 470

Ah, shouldst thou die from my heart-treachery!—
Yet did she merely weep—her gentle soul
Hath no revenge in it: as it is whole
In tenderness, would I were whole in love!
Can I prize thee, fair maid, all price above,
Even when I feel as true as innocence?
I do, I do.—What is this soul then? Whence
Came it? It does not seem my own, and I
Have no self-passion or identity.
Some fearful end must be: where, where is it? 480
By Nemesis, I see my spirit flit
Alone about the dark—Forgive me, sweet:
Shall we away?" He roused the steeds: they beat
Their wings chivalrous into the clear air,
Leaving old Sleep within his vapoury lair.

The good-night blush of eve was waning slow,
And Vesper, risen star, began to throe
In the dusk heavens silvery, when they
Thus sprang direct towards the Galaxy.
Nor did speed hinder converse soft and strange— 490
Eternal oaths and vows they interchange,
In such wise, in such temper, so aloof
Up in the winds, beneath a starry roof,
So witless of their doom, that verily
'Tis well nigh past man's search their hearts to see;
Whether they wept, or laugh'd, -or grieved, or toy'd—
Most like with joy gone mad, with sorrow cloy'd.

Full facing their swift flight, from ebon streak,
The moon put forth a little diamond peak,
No bigger than an unobserved star, 500
Or tiny point of fairy scimeter;
Bright signal that she only stoop'd to tie
Her silver sandals, ere deliciously
She bow'd into the heavens her timid head.
Slowly she rose, as though she would have fled,
While to his lady meek the Carian turn'd,
To mark if her dark eyes had yet discern'd

This beauty in its birth—Despair ! despair !
 He saw her body fading gaunt and spare
 In the cold moonshine. Straight he seized her wrist;
 It melted from his grasp : her hand he kiss'd, 511
 And, horror ! kiss'd his own—he was alone.
 Her steed a little higher soar'd, and then
 Dropt hawkwise to the earth.

There lies a den,

Beyond the seeming confines of the space
 Made for the soul to wander in and trace
 Its own existence, of remotest glooms.
 Dark regions are around it, where the tombs
 Of buried griefs the spirit sees, but scarce 520
 One hour doth linger weeping, for the pierce
 Of new-born woe it feels more inly smart:
 And in these regions many a venom'd dart
 At random flies ; they are the proper home
 Of every ill: the man is yet to come
 Who hath not journey'd in this native hell.
 But few have ever felt how calm and well
 Sleep may be had in that deep den of all.
 There anguish does not sting; nor pleasure pall:
 Woe-hurricanes beat ever at the gate, 530
 Yet all is still within and desolate.
 Beset with plainful gusts, within ye hear
 No sound so loud as when on curtain'd bier
 The death-watch tick is stifled: Enter none
 Who strive therefore : on the sudden it is won.
 Just when the sufferer begins to burn,
 Then it is free to him; and from an urn,
 Still fed by melting ice, he takes a draught—
 Young Semele such richness never quaft
 In her maternal longing. Happy gloom ! 540
 Dark Paradise ! where pale becomes the bloom
 Of health by due; where silence dreariest
 Is most articulate; where hopes infest;
 Where those eyes are the brightest far that keep
 Their lids shut longest in a dreamless sleep.

O happy spirit-home ! O wondrous soul !
 Pregnant with such a den to save the whole
 In thine own depth. Hail, gentle Carian !
 For, never since thy griefs and woes began,
 Hast thou felt so content: a grievous feud 550
 Hath let thee to this Cave of Quietude.
 Ay, his lull'd soul was there, although upborne
 With dangerous speed : and so he did not mourn
 Because he knew not whither he was going.
 So happy was he, not the aerial blowing
 Of trumpets at clear parley from the east
 Could rouse from that fine relish, that high feast.
 They stung the feather'd horse : with fierce alarm
 He flapp'd towards the sound. Alas, no charm
 Could lift Endymion's head, or he had view'd 560
 A skyeey mask, a pinion'd multitude,—
 And silvery was its passing : voices sweet
 Warbling the while as if to lull and greet
 The wanderer in his path. Thus warbled they,
 While past the vision went in bright array.

" Who, who from Dian's feast would be away ?
 For all the golden bowers of the day
 Are empty left ? Who, who away would be
 From Cynthia's wedding and festivity ?
 Not Hesperus : lo ! upon his silver wings 570
 He leans away for highest heaven and sings,
 Snapping his lucid fingers merrily !—
 Ah, Zephyrus ! art here, and Flora too !
 Ye tender bibbers of the rain and dew,
 Young playmates of the rose and daffodil,
 Be careful, ere ye enter in, to fill

 Your baskets high
 With fennel green, and balm, and golden pines,
 Savory, latter-mint, and columbines,
 Cool parsley, basil sweet, and sunny thyme ; 580
 Yea, every flower and leaf of every clime,
 All gather'd in the dewy morning : hie

 Away ! fly, fly !—

Crystalline brother of the belt of heaven,
 Aquarius ! to whom king Jove has given
 Two liquid pulse streams 'stead of feather'd wings,
 Two fan-like fountains,—thine illuminings

For Dian play:

Dissolve the frozen purity of air ;
 Let thy white shoulders silvery and bare 590
 Show cold through watery pinions ; make more bright
 The Star-Queen's crescent on her marriage night:

Haste, haste away !—

Castor has tamed the planet Lion, see!
 And of the Bear has Pollux mastery:
 A third is in the race I who is the third,
 Speeding away swift as the eagle bird ?

The ramping Centaur !

The Lion's mane's on end: the Bear how fierce!
 The Centaur's arrow ready seems to pierce 600
 Some enemy: far forth his bow is bent
 Into the blue of heaven. He'll be shent,

Pale unrelenter,

When he shall hear the wedding lutes a playing.—
 Andromeda! sweet woman ! why delaying
 So timidly among the stars : come hither!
 Join this bright throng, and nimbly follow whither

They all are going.

Danae's Son, before Jove newly bow'd,
 Has wept for thee, calling to Jove aloud. 610
 Thee, gentle lady, did he disenthral:
 Ye shall for ever live and love, for all

' Thy tears are flowing.—

By Daphne's fright, behold Apollo !"—

More

Endymion heard not: down his steed him bore,
 Prone to the green head of a misty hill.

His first touch of the earth went nigh to kill.
 " Alas ! " said he, " went I but always borne
 Through dangerous winds, had but my footsteps worn
 A path in hell, for ever would I bless 621

Horrors which nourish an uneasiness
For my own sullen conquering : to him
Who lives beyond earth's boundary, grief is dim,
Sorrow is but a shadow : now I see
The grass ; I feel the solid ground—Ah me !
It is thy voice—divinest! Where?—who ? who
Left thee so quiet on this bed of dew ?
Behold upon this happy earth we are ;
Let us aye love each other ; let us fare 630
On forest-fruits, and never, never go
Among the abodes of mortals here below,
Or be by phantoms duped. O destiny!
Into a labyrinth now my soul would fly,
But with thy beauty will I deaden it.
Where didst thou melt to ? By thee will I sit
For ever : let our fate stop here—a kid
I on this spot will offer : Pan will bid
Us live in peace, in love and peace among
His forest wildernesses. I have clung 640
To nothing, loved a nothing, nothing seen
Or felt but a great dream ! O, I have been
Presumptuous against love, against the sky,
Against all elements, against the tie
Of mortals each to each, against the blooms
Of flowers, rush of rivers, and the tombs
Of heroes gone ! Against his proper glory
Has my own soul conspired : so my story
Will I to children utter, and repent.
There never lived a mortal man, who bent 650
His appetite beyond his natural sphere,
But starved and died. My sweetest Indian, here,
Here will I kneel, for thou redeemed hast
My life from too thin breathing : gone and past
Are cloudy phantasms. Caverns lone, farewell!
And air of visions, and the monstrous swell
Of visionary seas ! No, never more
Shall airy voices cheat me to the shore
Of tangled wonder, breathless and aghast.
Adieu, my daintiest Dream! although so vast 660

My love is still for thee. The hour may come
When we shall meet in pure elysium.
On earth I may not love thee; and therefore
Doves will I offer up, and sweetest store
All through the teeming year: so thou wilt shine
On me, and on this damsel fair of mine,
And bless our simple lives. My Indian bliss !
My river-lily bud I one human kiss !
One sigh of real breath—one gentle squeeze,
Warm as a dove's nest among summer trees, 670
And warm with dew at ooze from living blood !
Whither didst melt? Ah, what of that!—all good
We'll talk about—no more of dreaming.—Now,
Where shall our dwelling be? Under the brow
Of some steep mossy hill, where ivy dun
Would hide us up, although spring leaves were none;
And where dark yew trees, as we rustle through,
Will drop their scarlet berry cups of dew?
O thou wouldst joy to live in such a place;
Dusk for our loves, yet light enough to grace 680
Those gentle limbs on mossy bed reclined:
For by one step the blue sky shouldst thou find,
And by another, in deep dell below,
See, through the trees, a little river go
All in its mid-day gold and glimmering.
Honey from out the gnarled hive I'll bring,
And apples, wan with sweetness, gather thee,—
Cresses that grow where no man may them see,
And sorrel untorn by the dew-claw'd stag:
Pipes will I fashion of the syrinx flag, 690
That thou mayst always know whither I roam,
When it shall please thee in our quiet home
To listen and think of love. Still let me speak;
Still let me dive into the joy I seek,—
For yet the past doth prison me. The rill,
Thou haply mayst delight in, will I fill
With fairy fishes from the mountain tarn,
And thou shalt feed them from the squirrel's barn.
Its bottom will I strew with amber shells,

And pebbles blue from deep enchanted wells. 700
 Its sides I'll plant with dew-sweet eglantine,
 And honeysuckles full of clear bee-wine.
 I will entice this crystal rill to trace
 Love's silver name upon the meadow's face.
 I'll kneel to Vesta, for a flame of fire ;
 And to god Phoebus, for a golden lyre ;
 To Empress Dian, for a hunting spear ;
 To Vesper, for a taper silver-clear,
 That I may see thy beauty through the night;
 To Flora, and a nightingale shall light 710
 Tame on thy finger ; to the River-gods,
 And they shall bring thee taper fishing-rods
 Of gold, and lines of Naiads' long bright tress.
 Heaven shield thee for thine utter loveliness !
 Thy mossy footstool shall the altar be
 'Fore which I'll bend, bending, dear love, to thee:
 Those lips shall be my Delphos, and shall speak
 Laws to my footsteps, colour to my cheek,
 Trembling or steadfastness to this same voice,
 And of three sweetest pleasurings the choice : 720
 And that affectionate light, those diamond things,
 Those eyes, those passions, those supreme pearl springs,
 Shall be my grief, or twinkle me to pleasure.
 Say, is not bliss within our perfect seizure ?
 O that I could not doubt! "

The mountaineer

Thus strove by fancies vain and crude to clear
 His briar'd path to some tranquillity.
 It gave bright gladness to his lady's eye,
 And yet the tears she wept were tears of sorrow; 730
 Answering thus, just as the golden morrow
 Beam'd upward from the valleys of the east :
 " O that the flutter of this heart had ceased,
 Or the sweet name of love had pass'd away.
 Young feather'd tyrant I by a swift decay
 Wilt thou devote this body to the earth:
 And I do think that at my very birth

I lisp'd thy blooming titles inwardly;
For at the first, first dawn and thought of thee,
With uplift hands I blest the stars of heaven. 740
Art thou not cruel? For have I striven
To think thee kind, but ah, it will not do!
When yet a child, I heard that kisses drew
Favour from thee, and so I kisses gave
To the void air, bidding them find out love:
But when I came to feel how far above
All fancy, pride, and fickle maidenhood,
All earthly pleasure, all imagined good,
Was the warm tremble of a devout kiss,—
Even then, that moment, at the thought of this, 750
Fainting I fell into a bed of flowers,
And languished there three days. Ye milder powers,
Am I not cruelly wrong'd? Believe, believe
Me, dear Endymion, were I to weave
With my own fancies garlands of sweet life,
Thou shouldst be one of all. Ah, bitter strife!
I may not be thy love: I am forbidden—
Indeed I am—thwarted, affrighted, chidden,
By things I trembled at, and gorgon wrath.
Twice hast thou ask'd whither I went: henceforth 760
Ask me no more I I may not utter it,
Nor may I be thy love. We might commit
Ourselves at once to vengeance; we might die;
We might embrace and die: voluptuous thought!
Enlarge not to my hunger, or I'm caught
In trammels of perverse deliciousness.
No, no, that shall not be: thee will I bless,
And bid a long adieu."

The Carian

No word return'd: both lovelorn, silent, wan, 770
Into the valleys green together went.
Far wandering, they were perforce content
To sit beneath a fair lone beechen tree;
Nor at each other gazed, but heavily
Pored on its hazel cirque of shedded leaves.

Endymion ! unhappy ! it nigh grieves
Me to behold thee thus in last extreme :
Ensky'd ere this, but truly that I deem
Truth the best music in a first-born song.
Thy lute-voiced brother will I sing ere long, 780
And thou shalt aid—hast thou not aided me ?
Yes, moonlight Emperor ! felicity
Has been thy meed for many thousand years ;
Yet often have I, on the brink of tears,
Mourn'd as if yet thou wert a forester ;—
Forgetting the old tale.

He did not stir
His eyes from the dead leaves, or one small pulse
Of joy he might have felt. The spirit culls
Unfaded amaranth, when wild it strays 790
Through the old garden-ground of boyish days.
A little onward ran the very stream
By which he took his first soft poppy dream ;
And on the very bark 'gainst which he leant
A crescent he had carved, and round it spent
His skill in little stars. The teeming tree
Had swell'n and green'd the pious character,
But not ta'en out. Why, there was not a slope
Up which he had not fear'd the antelope ;
And not a tree, beneath whose rooty shade 800
He had not with his tamed leopards play'd :
Nor could an arrow light, or javelin,
Fly in the air where his had never been—
And yet he knew it not.

O treachery I
Why does his lady smile, pleasing her eye
With all his sorrowing ? He sees her not.
But who so stares on him ? His sister sure I
Peona of the woods !—Can she endure ?—
Impossible—how dearly they embrace I 810
His lady smiles ; delight is in her face ;
It is no treachery.

" Dear brother mine !
Endymion, weep not so ! Why shouldst thou pine
When all great Latmos so exalt will be?
Thank the great gods, and look not bitterly;
And speak not one pale word, and sigh no more.
Sure I will not believe thou hast such store
Of grief, to last thee to my kiss again.
Thou surely canst not bear a mind in pain, 820
Come hand in hand with one so beautiful.
Be happy both of you ! for I will pull
The flowers of autumn for your coronals.
Pan's holy priest for young Endymion calls ;
And when he is restored, thou, fairest dame,
Shalt be our queen. Now, is it not a shame
To see ye thus,—not very, very sad ?
Perhaps ye are too happy to be glad :
O feel as if it were a common day;
Free-voiced as one who never was away. 830
No tongue shall ask, whence come ye ? but ye shall
Be gods of your own rest imperial.
Not even I, for one whole month, will pry
Into the hours that have pass'd us by,
Since in my arbour I did sing to thee.
O Hermes ! on this very night will be
A hymning up to Cynthia, queen of light;
For the soothsayers old saw yesternight
Good visions in the air,—whence will befall,
As say these sages, health perpetual 840
To shepherds and their flocks ; and furthermore,
In Dian's face they read the gentle lore :
Therefore for her these vesper-carols are.
Our friends will all be there from nigh and far.
Many upon thy death have ditties made;
And many, even now, their foreheads shade
With cypress, on a day of sacrifice.
New singing for our maids shalt thou devise,
And pluck the sorrow from our huntsmen's brows.
Tell me, my lady-queen, how to espouse 850
This wayward brother to his rightful joys !

His eyes are on thee bent, as thou didst poise
His fate most goddess-like. Help me, I pray,
To lure—Endymion, dear brother, say
What ails thee ? " He could bear no more, and so
Bent his soul fiercely like a spiritual bow,
And twang'd it inwardly, and calmly said :
" I would have thee my only friend, sweet maid !
My only visitor ! not ignorant though,
That those deceptions which for pleasure go 860
'Mong men, are pleasures real as real may be :
But there are higher ones I may not see,
If impiously an earthly realm I take.
Since I saw thee, I have been wide awake
Night after night, and day by day, until
Of the empyrean I have drunk my fill.
Let it content thee, Sister, seeing me
More happy than betides mortality.
A hermit young, I'll live in mossy cave,
Where thou alone shalt come to me, and lave 870
Thy spirit in the wonders I shall tell.
Through me the shepherd realm shall prosper well ;
For to thy tongue will I all health confide.
And, for my sake, let this young maid abide
With thee as a dear sister. Thou alone,
Peona, mayst return to me. I own
This may sound strangely : but when, dearest girl,
Thou seest it for my happiness, no pearl
Will trespass down those cheeks. Companion fair I
Wilt be content to dwell with her, to share 880
This sister's love with me ? " Like one resign'd
And bent by circumstance, and thereby blind
In self-commitment, thus that meek unknown :
" Ay, but a buzzing by my ears has flown,
Of jubilee to Dian :—truth I heard !
Well then, I see there is no little bird,
Tender soever, but is Jove's own care.
Long have I sought for rest, and, unaware,
Behold I find it ! so exalted too I
So after my own heart ! I knew, I knew 890

There was a place untenanted in it:
 In that same void white Chastity shall sit,
 And monitor me nightly to lone slumber.
 With sanest lips I vow me to the number
 Of Dian's sisterhood; and, kind lady,
 With thy good help, this very night shall see
 My future days to her fane consecrate."

As feels a dreamer what doth most create
 His own particular fright, so these three felt:
 Or like one who, in after ages, knelt 900
 To Lucifer or Baal, when he'd pine
 After a little sleep : or when in mine
 Far under-ground, a sleeper meets his friends
 Who know him not. Each diligently bends
 Towards common thoughts and things for very fear ;
 Striving their ghastly malady to cheer,
 By thinking it a thing of yes and no,
 That housewives talk of. But the spirit-blow
 Was struck, and all were dreamers. At the last
 Endymion said : " Are not our fates all cast ? 910
 Why stand we here ? Adieu, ye tender pair !
 Adieu ! " Whereat those maidens, with wild stare,
 Walk'd dizzily away. Pained and hot
 His eyes went after them, until they got
 Near to a cypress grove, whose deadly maw,
 In one swift moment, would what then he saw
 Engulph for ever. " Stay ! " he cried, " ah, stay !
 Turn, damsels ! hist ! one word I have to say :
 Sweet Indian, I would see thee once again.
 It is a thing I dote on : so I'd fain, 920
 Peona, ye should hand in hand repair
 Into those holy groves, that silent are
 Behind great Dian's temple. I'll be yon,
 At vesper's earliest twinkle—they are gone—
 But once, once, once again—" At this he prest
 His hands against his face, and then did rest
 His head upon a massy hillock green,
 And so remain'd as he a corpse had been

All the long day; save when he scantly lifted
 His eyes abroad, to see how shadows shifted 930
 With the slow move of time,—sluggish and weary
 Until the poplar tops, in journey dreary,
 Had reach'd the river's brim. Then up he rose,
 And, slowly as that very river flows,
 Walk'd towards the temple grove with his lament:
 " Why such a golden eve? The breeze is sent
 Careful and soft, that not a leaf may fall
 Before the serene father of them all
 Bows down his summer head below the west.
 Now am I of breath, speech, and speed possest, 940
 But at the setting I must bid adieu
 To her for the last time. Night will strew
 On the damp grass myriads of lingering leaves,
 And with them shall I die; nor much it grieves
 To die, when summer dies on the cold sward.
 Why, I have been a butterfly, a lord
 Of flowers, garlands, love-knots, silly posies,
 Groves, meadows, melodies, and arbour roses ;
 My kingdom's at its death, and just it is
 That I should die with it: so in all this 950
 We miscall grief, bale, sorrow, heartbreak, woe,
 What is there to plain of? By Titan's foe
 I am but rightly served." So saying, he
 Tripp'd lightly on, in sort of deathful glee;
 Laughing at the clear stream and setting sun,
 As though they jests had been : nor had he done
 His laugh at nature's holy countenance,
 Until that grove appear'd, as if perchance,
 And then his tongue with sober seemlihed
 Gave utterance as he enter'd : " Ha ! " he said, 960
 " King of the butterflies ; but by this gloom,
 And by old Rhadamanthus' tongue of doom,
 This dusk religion, pomp of solitude,
 And the Promethean clay by thief endued,
 By old Saturnus' forelock, by his head
 Shook with eternal palsy, I did wed
 Myself to things of light from infancy;

And thus to be cast out, thus lorn to die,
 Is sure enough to make a mortal man
 Grow impious." So he inwardly began 970
 On things for which no wording can be found ;
 Deeper and deeper sinking, until drown'd
 Beyond the reach of music : for the choir
 Of Cynthia he heard not, though rough briar
 Nor muffling thicket interposed to dull
 The vesper hymn, far swollen, soft and full,
 Through the dark pillars of those sylvan aisles.
 He saw not the two maidens, nor their smiles,
 Wan as primroses gathered at midnight
 By chilly finger'd spring. " Unhappy wight! 980
 Endymion ! " said Peona, " we are here !
 What wouldst thou ere we all are laid on bier ? "
 Then he embraced her, and his lady's hand
 Press'd, saying : " Sister, I would have command,
 If it were heaven's will, on our sad fate."
 At which that dark-eyed stranger stood elate
 And said, in a new voice, but sweet as love,
 To Endymion's amaze : " By Cupid's dove,
 And so thou shalt! and by the lily truth
 Of my own breast thou shalt, beloved youth ! " 990
 And as she spake, into her face there came
 Light, as reflected from a silver flame :
 Her long black hair swell'd ampler, in display
 Full golden ; in her eyes a brighter day
 Dawn'd blue and full of love. Ay, he beheld
 Phoebe, his passion ! joyous she upheld
 Her lucid bow, continuing thus : " Drear, drear
 Has our delaying been : but foolish fear
 Withheld me first; and then decrees of fate ;
 And then 'twas fit that from this mortal state 1000
 Thou shouldst, my love, by some unlook'd for change
 Be spiritualized. Peona, we shall range
 These forests, and to thee they safe shall be
 As was thy cradle ; hither shalt thou flee
 To meet us many a time." Next Cynthia bright
 Peona kiss'd, and bless'd with fair good night :

Her brother kiss'd her too, and knelt adown
Before his goddess, in a blissful swoon.
She gave her fair hands to him, and behold,
Before three swiftest kisses he had told, 1010
They vanish'd far away 1—Peona went
Home through the gloomy wood in wonderment.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON

(1788-1824)

GEORGE GORDON BYRON, the son of aristocratic parents, was born in London on January 22nd, 1788. His father died when Byron was but three years old and he was thoroughly spoilt by his weak and hysterical mother. In his early years they lived in comparative poverty at Aberdeen, but in 1798 he succeeded his great-uncle in the peerage and inherited Newstead Abbey in Nottinghamshire. At the age of thirteen he went to Harrow School, remaining there until 1805 when he entered Trinity College, Cambridge. Throughout his school and university career he paid little attention to his studies, although his reading was remarkably extensive.

His youthful love for Miss Chaworth, an heiress of a family who lived near to him, was unrequited, and this disappointment had a permanent effect upon his unstable temperament. While brooding over this affair of the heart he was further dejected by the severe criticism of his first volume of verse, *Hours of Idleness*, by the *Edinburgh Review*. He felt it necessary to defend himself against what he considered to be unfair treatment and, in 1809, published a bitter satire under the name of *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers* wherein he not only made an ample retort to his critics, but indulged in a quite undeserved diatribe against other poets of his time.

Dissatisfied with life from every point of view, he left England to undertake an extensive travel tour of Europe which occupied the following two years. He visited the chief countries and towns of Southern Europe and, on

returning to England, wrote the first two books of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* which describe his impressions of Spain, Albania and Greece. Written in flowing Spenserian stanzas and abounding in passages of picturesque description, its high poetic quality was instantly recognized by an enthusiastic public. "I awoke one morning", says Byron, "and found myself famous."

The effect of this sudden accession to prosperity and fame caused the poet to revert to the dissipated life which had characterized his earlier years, but in spite of such distraction, he produced a number of tales descriptive of Eastern life and scenery—the *Gaiour*, the *Bride of Abydos*, the *Corsair* and *Lara*.

An unhappy marriage in 1815, and its sequel when his wife deserted him, once more threw him into a state of embitterment and dejection accentuated by a feeling of resentment which, for various reasons, had been steadily increasing among his many critics. His position as a member of polite society rapidly became impossible; on every hand he found that his former friends were ready to forget him and his enemies anxious to condemn him. Depressed and unhappy, yet indignant with the treatment he was receiving, he decided once more to seek relief in travel and in 1816, he left England, never to return alive.

After visiting Belgium and Italy, he finally settled near Geneva where he was joined by Shelley whose companionship he found congenial and whose influence may be seen in the poems composed during this period.

The third canto of *Childe Harold* was published in 1816, the fourth following in 1818. They describe the impressions made and the emotions evoked by his experiences when visiting Belgium, the field of Waterloo, the Rhine, Venice and other towns in Italy. These poems are characterized throughout by a very definite individualism in which Byron expresses much of his philosophy of life, but their outstanding merit is to be found in the magnificent and striking descriptions of natural scenery and famous buildings. He brings to his literary work the

fire and passion of his own untameable nature, while his power of vivid word painting is assisted by a remarkable facility and felicity of poetic technique.

After finishing *Childe Harold*, he began writing *Don Juan*, a lengthy poem scintillating with brilliant wit and overflowing with poetic imagery alternating with tender and touching passages.

His revolutionary opinions, combined with the zeal he had always shown for the freedom of Greece, caused him to take action in her cause when that country attempted to throw off the despotism of Turkey. He died of a fever at Missolonghi while actively participating in the Greek War of Independence and was brought home to be buried in the family vault at Hucknall, near Newstead. His death at the early age of thirty-six years was universally deplored, but nowhere more than on the Continent where his reputation had always been high.

His chief works, in addition to those mentioned above, are: *The Prisoner of Chillon* (1816), *Manfred* (1817), *The Lament of Tasso* (1818), *Mazeppa* (1819), *Cain* (1821).

G E O R G E G O R D O N B Y R O N

Songs

I

" When we two parted "

WHEN we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss ;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this.

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow— 10
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame ;
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear ;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear ? 20
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well :—
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met—
 In silence I grieve,
 That thy heart could forget,
 Thy spirit deceive.
 If I should meet thee
 After long years,
 How should I greet thee?—
 With silence and tears.

30

II

“ There be none of beauty's daughters ”

THERE be none of Beauty's daughters
 With a magic like thee ;
 And like music on the waters
 Is thy sweet voice to me :
 When, as if its sound were causing
 The charm'd ocean's pausing,
 The waves lie still and gleaming,
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming :
 And the midnight moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o'er the deep,
 Whose breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant's sleep :
 So the spirit bows before thee
 To listen and adore thee,
 With a full but soft emotion,
 Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

10

III

“ She walks in Beauty ”

SHE walks in beauty, like the night
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies ;
 And all that's best of dark and bright
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes :
 Thus mellow'd to that tender light
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
 Had half impair'd the nameless grace
 Which waves in every raven tress,
 Or softly lightens o'er her face ; 10
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow,
 But tell of days in goodness spent,
 A mind at peace with all below,
 A heart whose love is innocent!

iv

ALL for Love

O TALK not to me of a name great in story,
 The days of our youth are the days of our glory ;
 And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
 Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is
 wrinkled ?

'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled :
 Then away with all such from the head that is hoary—
 What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory ?

Oh Fame !—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
 'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases, 10
 Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
 She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee ;
 Her glance was the best of the rays that surround thee ;
 When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my story,
 I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

The 'Destruction of Sennacherib

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen;
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd ; 10
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew still!

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there rolPd not the breath of his pride ;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown. 20

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord !

*The Isles of Greece**Song of a Greek*

THE isles of Greece, the isles of Greece !
Where burning Sappho loved and sang,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,—
Where Delos rose, and Phoebus sprang !
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse ;
Their place of birth alone is mute 10
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' " Islands of the Blest."

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea ;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dream'd that Greece might still be free ;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis ; 20
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations ;—all were his !
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set where were they ?

And where are they ? and where art thou,
My country ? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more !
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine ? 30

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,
Though link'd among a fetter'd race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face ;
For what is left the poet here ?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must we but weep o'er days more blest ?
Must we but blush ?—Our fathers bled.
Earth ! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead !
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylae !

40

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah ! no ;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, " Let one living head,
But one arise,—we come, we come ! "
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain : strike other chords ;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine !
Leave battles to the Turkish' hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine !
Hark ! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal I

50

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone ?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one ?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave ?

60

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
We will not think of themes like these !
It made Anacreon's song divine :

He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend ;
That tyrant was Miltiades !
Oh ! that the present hour would lend 70
Another despot of the kind !
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore ;
And there, perhaps some seed is sown,
The Hcracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells : 80
In native swords, and native ranks,
The only hope of courage dwells ;
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine !
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine ;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves. 90

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep ;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die.
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine !

*Selections from " Childe Harold "**Nature the Consoler*

(CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iii. Stanzas 13-15)

WHERE rose the mountains, there to him were friends ;
Where roll'd the ocean, thereon was his home ;
Where a blue sky, and glowing clime, extends,
He had the passion and the power to roam ;
The desert, forest, cavern, breaker's foam,
Were unto him companionship ; they spake
A mutual language, clearer than the tome
Of his land's tongue, which he would oft forsake
For Nature's pages glass'd by sunbeams on the lake.

Like the Chaldean, he could watch the stars, 10
Till he had peopled them with beings bright
As their own beams ; and earth, and earth-born jars,
And human frailties, were forgotten quite :
Could he have kept his spirit to that flight
He had been happy ; but this clay will sink
Its spark immortal, envying it the light
To which it mounts, as if to break the link
That keeps us from yon heaven which woos us to its brink.

But in Man's dwellings he became a thing
Restless and worn, and stern and wearisome, 20
Droop'd as a wild-born falcon with dipt wing,
To whom the boundless air alone were home :
Then came his fit again, which to o'ercome,
As eagerly the barr'd-up bird will beat
His breast and beak against his wiry dome
Till the blood tinge his plumage, so the heat
Of his impeded soul would through his bosom eat.

Waterloo

(CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iii. Stanzas 21-28)

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell ;
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ?—No ; 'twas but the wind, 10
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
Arm ! Arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear 20
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell :
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago 30
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness ;

And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could
rise !

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ; 40
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—" The foe ! They
come ! they come ! "

And wild and high the " Cameron's gathering " rose !
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills 50
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's
ears !

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas !
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow 60
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently-stern array !
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay, 70
 Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

"Venice

(CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iv. Stanzas 1-4)

I STOOD in Venice, on the Bridge of Sighs ;
 A palace and a prison on each hand :
 I saw from out the wave her structures rise
 As from the stroke of the enchanter's wand :
 A thousand years their cloudy wings expand
 Around me, and a dying Glory smiles
 O'er the far times, when many a subject land
 Look'd to the winged Lion's marble piles,
 Where Venice sate in state, throned on her hundred isles !

She looks a sea Cybele, fresh from ocean, 10
 Rising with her tiara of proud towers
 At airy distance, with majestic motion,
 A ruler of the waters and their powers :
 And such she was ;—her daughters had their dowers
 From spoils of nations, and the exhaustless East
 Pour'd in her lap all gems in sparkling showers.
 In purple was she robed, and of her feast
 Monarchs partook, and deem'd their dignity increased.

In Venice Tasso's echoes are no more,
 And silent rows the songless gondolier; 20
 Her palaces are crumbling to the shore,
 And music meets not always now the ear :

Those days are gone—but Beauty still is here.
States fall, arts fade—but Nature doth not die,
Nor yet forget how Venice once was dear,
The pleasant place of all festivity,
The revel of the earth, the masque of Italy !

But unto us she hath a spell beyond
Her name in story, and her long array
Of mighty shadows, whose dim forms despond 30
Above the dogeless city's vanish'd sway ;
Ours is a trophy which will not decay
With the Rialto ; Shylock and the Moor,
And Pierre, can not be swept or worn away—
The keystones of the arch ! though all were o'er
For us repeopled were the solitary shore.

England

(CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iv. Stanzas 8-10)

I'VE taught me other tongues—and in strange eyes
Have made me not a stranger ;. to the mind
Which is itself, no changes bring surprise ;
Nor is it harsh to make, nor hard to find
A country with—ay, or without mankind ;
Yet was I born where men are proud to be,
Not without cause ; and should I leave behind
The inviolate island of the sage and free,
And seek me out a home by a remoter sea,

Perhaps I loved it well ; and should I lay 10
My ashes in a soil which is not mine,
My spirit shall resume it—if we may
Unbodied choose a sanctuary. I twine
My hopes of being remember'd in my line
With my land's language : if too fond and far ,
These aspirations in their scope incline,—

If my fame should be, as my fortunes are,
Of hasty'growth and blight, and dull Oblivion bar

My name from out the temple where the dead
Are honour'd by the nations—let it be— 20
And light the laurels on a loftier head !
And be the Spartan's epitaph on me—
" Sparta hath many a worthier son than he."
Meantime I seek no sympathies, nor need ;
The thorns which I have reap'd are of the tree
I planted,—they have torn me,—and I bleed :
I should have known what fruit would spring from such
a seed.

An August Evening in Italy

(CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iv. Stanzas 27-29)

THE moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the Alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains ; Heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the West,
Where the Day joins the past Eternity ;
While, on the other hand, meek Dian's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest!

A single star is at her side, and reigns 10
With her o'er half the lovely heaven ; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Roll'd o'er the peak of the far Rhsetian hill,
As Day and Night contending were, until
Nature reclaim'd her order :—gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream, and glass'd within it glows,

FilPd with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
 Comes down upon the waters ; all its hues, 20
 From the rich sunset to the rising star,
 Their magical variety diffuse :
 And now they change ; a paler shadow strews
 Its mantle o'er the mountains ; parting day
 Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
 With a new colour as it gasps away,
 The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

The Qoliseum

(CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iv. Stanzas 139-145)

AND here the buzz of eager nations ran,
 In murmur'd pity, or loud-roar'd applause,
 As man was slaughter'd by his fellow-man.
 And wherefore slaughter'd ? wherefore, but because
 Such were the bloody Circus' genial laws,
 And the imperial pleasure.—Wherefore not ?
 What matters where we fall to fill the maws
 Of worms—on battle-plains or listèd spot ?
 Both are but theatres where the chief actors rot.

I see before me the Gladiator lie : 10
 He leans upon his hand—his manly brow
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low—
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
 Like the first of a thunder-shower ; and now
 The arena swims around him—he is gone,
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hail'd the wretch
 who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not—his eyes 20
 Were with his heart, and that was far away :

He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday—
All this rush'd with his blood—Shall he expire
And unavenged ?—Arise ! ye Goths, and glut your ire !

But here, where Murder breathed her bloody steam ;
And here, where buzzing nations choked the ways,
And roar'd or murmur'd like a mountain stream 30
Dashing or winding as its torrent strays ;
Here, where the Roman millions* blame or praise
Was death or life, the playthings of a crowd,
My voice sounds much—and fall the stars' faint rays
On the arena void—seats crush'd—walls bow'd—
And galleries, where my steps seem echoes strangely
loud.

A ruin—yet what ruin ! from its mass
Walls, palaces, half-cities, have been rear'd ;
Yet oft the enormous skeleton ye pass,
And marvel where the spoil could have appear'd. 40
Hath it indeed been plunder'd, or but clear'd ?
Alas ! develop'd, opens the decay,
When the colossal fabric's form is near'd :
It will not bear the brightness of the day,
Which streams too much on all years, man, have left
away.

But when the rising moon begins to climb
Its topmost arch, and gently pauses there ;
When the stars twinkle through the loops of time,
And the low night-breeze waves along the air
The garland forest, which the gray walls wear, 50
Like laurels on the bald first Caesar's head ;
When the light shines serene but doth not glare,
Then in this magic circle raise the dead :
Heroes have trod this spot—'tis on their dust ye tread.
A.P. Y*

" While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand ;
When falls the Colise'um, Rome shall fall;
And when Rome falls—the World." From our own
land
Thus spake the pilgrims o'er this mighty wall
In Saxon times, which we are wont to call
Ancient; and these three mortal things are still 60
On their foundations, and unalter'd all;
Rome and her Ruin past Redemption's skill,
The World, the same wide den—of thieves, or what ye
will.

Nature to the Last

(CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iv. Stanzas 178-180)

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep Sea, and music in its roar.
I love not man the less, but Nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the Universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll! 10
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore ;—upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
Without a grave, unkneil'd, uncoffin'd, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise 20

And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth :—there let him lay.

Mazeppa's Ride

(MAZEPPA, Stanzas 9-19)

" BRING forth the horse " !—the horse was brought;
 In truth he was a noble steed,
 A Tartar of the Ukraine breed,
 Who look'd as though the speed of thought
 Were in his limbs ; but he was wild,
 Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
 With spur and bridle undefiled—
 'Twas but a day he had been caught ;
 And snorting, with erected mane,
 And struggling fiercely, but in vain, 10
 In the full foam of wrath and dread
 To me the desert-born was led :
 They bound me on, that menial throng,
 Upon his back with many a thong ;
 Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
 Away !—away !—and on we dash !—
 Torrents less rapid and less rash.

Away ! away !—My breath was gone—
 I saw not where he hurried on :
 'Twas scarcely yet the break of day, 20
 And on he foam'd—away !—away !—
 The last of human sounds which rose,
 As I was darted from my foes,
 Was the wild shout of savage laughter,

Which on the wind came roaring after
A moment from that rabble rout:
With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
 And snapp'd the cord, which to the mane
 Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
And, writhing half rriy form about, 30
Howl'd back my curse ; but 'midst the tread,
The thunder of my courser's speed,
Perchance they did not hear nor heed :
It vexes me—for I would fain
Have paid their insult back again.
I paid it well in after days :
There is not of that castle gate,
Its drawbridge and portcullis' weight,
Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
Nor of its fields a blade of grass, 40
 Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
 Where stood the hearth-stone of the hall;
And many a time ye there might pass,
Nor dream that e'er that fortress was :
I saw its turrets in a blaze,
Their crackling battlements all cleft,
 And the hot lead pour down like rain
From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,
Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.
They little thought that day of pain, 50
When launch'd as on the lightning's flash,
They bade me to destruction dash,
 That one day I should come again,
With twice five thousand horse, to thank
 The Count for his uncourteous ride.
They play'd me then a bitter prank,
 When, with the wild horse for my guide,
They bound me to his foaming flank :
At length I play'd them one as frank—
For time at last sets all things even— 60
 And if we do but watch the hour,
 There never yet was human power
Which could evade, if unforgiven,

The patient search and vigil long
Of him who treasures up a wrong.

Away, away, my steed and I,
Upon the pinions of the wind,
All human dwellings left behind ;
We sped like meteors through the sky,
When with its crackling sound the night 70
Is chequer'd with the northern light :
Town—village—none were on our track,
But a wild plain of far extent,
And bounded by a forest black ;
And, save the scarce seen battlement
On distant heights of some strong hold,
Against the Tartars built of old,
No trace of man. The year before
A Turkish army had march'd o'er ;
And where the Spahi's hoof hath trod, 80
The verdure flies the bloody sod :—
The sky was dull, and dim, and gray,
And a low breeze crept moaning by—
I could have answer'd with a sigh—
But fast we fled, away, away—
And I could neither sigh nor pray ;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane ;
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career : 90
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slacken'd in his speed ;
But no—my bound and slender frame
Was nothing to his angry might,
And merely like a spur became :
Each motion which I made to free
My swoln limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright:
I tried my voice,—'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow ; 100
And, starting to each accent, sprang

As from a sudden trumpet's clang :
Meantime my cords were wet with gore,
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er ;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier far than flame.

We near'd the wild wood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side ;
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze 110
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste,—
But these were few, and far between
Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
Ere strown by those autumnal eves
That nipt the forest's foliage dead,
Discolour'd with a lifeless red,
Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore
Upon the slain when battle's o'er, 120
And some long winter's night hath shed
Its frost o'er every tombless head,
So cold and stark the raven's beak
May peck unpierced each frozen cheek :
'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
And here and there a chestnut stood,
The strong oak, and the hardy pine ;
But far apart—and well it were,
Or else a different lot were mine—
The boughs gave way, and did not tear 130
My limbs ; and I found strength to bear
My wounds, already scarr'd with cold—
My bonds forbade to loose my hold.
We rustled through the leaves like wind,
Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind ;
By night I heard them on the track,
Their troop came hard upon our back,
With their long gallop, which can tire
The hound's deep hate, and hunter's fire :

Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
 Nor left us with the morning sun;
 Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
 At day-break winding through the wood,
 And through the night had heard their feet
 Their stealing, rustling step repeat.
 Oh! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
 At least to die amidst the horde,
 And perish—if it must be so—
 At bay, destroying many a foe.
 When first my courser's race begun,
 I wish'd the goal already won;
 But now I doubted strength and speed.
 Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed
 Had nerved him like the mountain-roe;
 Nor faster falls the blinding snow
 Which whelms the peasant near the door
 Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
 Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
 Than through the forest-paths he past—
 Untired, untamed, and worse than wild;
 All furious as a favour'd child
 Balk'd of its wish; or fiercer still—
 A woman piqued—who has her will.

The wood was past; 'twas more than noon,
 But chill the air, although in June;
 Or it might be my veins ran cold—
 Prolong'd endurance tames the bold;
 And I was then not what I seem,
 But headlong as a wintry stream,
 And wore my feelings out before
 I well could count their causes o'er:
 And what with fury, fear, and wrath,
 The tortures which beset my path,
 Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
 Thus bound in nature's nakedness;
 Sprung from a race whose rising blood
 When stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,

And trodden hard upon, is like
The rattle-snake's in act to strike,
What marvel if this worn-out trunk 180
Beneath its woes a moment sunk ?
The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,
I seem'd to sink upon the ground ;
But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore,
And throbb'd awhile, then beat no more ;
The skies spun like a mighty wheel ;
I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
Which saw no farther : he who dies 190
Can die no more than then I died.
O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,
I felt the blackness come and go,
And strove to wake ; but could not make
My senses climb up from below :
I felt as on a plank at sea,
When all the waves that dash o'er thee,
At the same time upheave and whelm,
And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
My undulating life was as 200
The fancied lights that flitting pass
Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
Fever begins upon the brain ;
But soon it pass'd, with little pain,
But a confusion worse than such :
I own that I should deem it much,
Dying, to feel the same again ;
And yet T do suppose we must
Feel far more ere we turn to dust :
No matter ; I have bared my brow 210
Full in Death's face—before—and now.

My blood reflow'd, though thick and chill :
My heart began once more to thrill ;
Methought the dash of waves was nigh ;
There was a gleam too of the sky,

Studded with stars ;—it is no dream ;
 The wild horse swims the wilder stream !
 The bright broad river's gushing tide
 Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
 And we are half-way, struggling o'er 220
 To yon unknown and silent shore.
 The waters broke my hollow trance,
 And with a temporary strength

My stiffen'd limbs were rebaptized.
 My courser's broad breast proudly braves,
 And dashes off the ascending waves,
 And onward we advance !
 We reach the slippery shore at length,
 A haven I but little prized,
 For all behind was dark and drear, 230
 And all before was night and fear.
 How many hours of night or day
 In those suspended pangs I lay,
 I could not tell; I scarcely knew
 If this were human breath I drew.

With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
 And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
 The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
 Up the repelling bank.
 We gain the top : a boundless plain 240
 Spreads through the shadow of the night,
 And onward, onward, onward, seems,
 Like precipices in our dreams,
 To stretch beyond the sight;
 And here and there a speck of white,
 Or scatter'd spot of dusky green,
 In masses broke into the light,
 As rose the moon upon my right.

But nought distinctly seen
 In the dim waste would indicate 250
 The omen of a cottage gate ;
 No twinkling taper from afar
 Stood like a hospitable star ;

Not even an ignis-fatuus rose
To make him merry with my woes :
That very cheat had cheer'd me then !
Although detected, welcome still,
Reminding me, through every ill,
Of the abodes of men.

Onward we went—but slack and slow 260

His savage force at length o'crspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low,
All feebly foaming went.

A sickly infant had had power
To guide him forward in that hour ;
But useless all to me.

His new-born tameness nought avaiPd,
My limbs were bound ; my force had faiPd,
Perchance, had they been free.

With feeble effort still I tried 270

To rend the bonds so starkly tied—

But still it was in vain ;

My limbs were only wrung the more,
And soon the idle strife gave o'er,

Which but prolong'd their pain.

The dizzy race seem'd almost run ;

Some streaks announced the coming sun—

How slow, alas ! he came !

Methought that mist of dawning gray

Would never dapple into day ; 280

How heavily it roll'd away—

Before the eastern flame

Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,

And call'd the radiance from their cars,

And fill'd the earth, from his deep throne,

With lonely lustre, all his own.

Up rose the sun ; the mists were curl'd

Back from the solitary world

Which lay around—behind—before ;

What boot'd it to traverse o'er 290

Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
 Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
 Lay in the wild luxuriant soil;
 No sign of travel—none of toil;
 The very air was mute;
 And not an insect's shrill small horn,
 Nor matin bird's new voice was borne
 From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
 Panting as if his heart would burst,
 The weary brute still stagger'd on;
 And still we were—or seem'd—alone:
 At length, while reeling on our way,
 Methought I heard a courser neigh,
 From out yon tuft of blackening firs.
 Is it the wind those branches stirs?
 No, no! from out the forest prance

300

A trampling troop; I see them come!
 In one vast squadron they advance!

I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.
 The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
 But where are they the reins to guide?
 A thousand horse—and none to ride!
 With flowing tail, and flying mane,
 Wide nostrils—never stretch'd by pain,
 Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
 And feet that iron never shod,
 And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,
 A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
 Like waves that follow o'er the sea,

310

Came thickly thundering on,
 As if our faint approach to meet;
 The sight re-nerv'd my courser's feet,
 A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
 A moment, with a faint low neigh,

320

He answer'd, and then fell;
 With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
 And reeking limbs immoveable,

His first and last career is done.
 On came the troop—they saw him stoop,

They saw me strangely bound along 330
His back with many a bloody thong :
They stop—they start—they snuff the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round,
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,
Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide ;
They snort—they foam—neigh—swerve aside, 340
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.—
They left me there to my despair,
Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch,
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,
Relieved from that unwonted weight,
From whence I could not extricate
Nor him nor me—and there we lay
The dying on the dead !
And there from morn till twilight bound, 350
I felt the heavy hours toil round,
With just enough of life to see
My last of suns go down on me. .

I know no more—my latest dream
Is something of a lovely star
Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,
And went and came with wandering beam,
And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
Sensation of recurring sense,
And then subsiding back to death, 360
And then again a little breath,
A little thrill, a short suspense,
An icy sickness curdling o'er
My heart, and sparks that cross'd my brain—
A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
A sigh, and nothing more.

I woke—Where was I?—Do I see
A human face look down on me?
And doth a roof above me close?
Do these limbs on a couch repose? 370
Is this a chamber where I lie?
And is it mortal yon bright eye,
That watches me with gentle glance?

I closed my own again once more,
As doubtful that the former trance
Could not as yet be o'er.

A slender girl, long-haired, and tall,
Sate watching by the cottage wall;
The sparkle of her eye I caught,
Even with my first return of thought; 380
For ever and anon she threw

A prying, pitying glance on me
With her black eyes so wild and free:

I gazed, and gazed, until I knew
No vision it could be,—

But that I lived, and was released
From adding to the vulture's feast:
And when the Cossack maid beheld
My heavy eyes at length unseal'd,
She smiled—and I essay'd to speak, 390

But failed—and she approach'd, and made
With lip and finger signs that said,

I must not strive as yet to break
The silence, till my strength should be
Enough to leave my accents free;
And then her hand on mine she laid,
And smooth'd the pillow for my head,
And stole along on tiptoe tread,

And gently oped the door, and spake
In whispers—ne'er was voice so sweet I 400
Even music follow'd her light feet;—

But those she call'd were not awake,
And she went forth; but, ere she pass'd,
Another look on me she cast,

Another sign she made, to say,

That I had nought to fear, that all
 Were near, at my command or call,
 And she would not delay
 Her due return :—while she was gone,
 Methought I felt too much alone.

410

She came with mother and with sire—
 What need of more ?—I will not tire
 With long recital of the rest,
 Since I became the Cossack's guest.
 They found me senseless on the plain—
 They bore me to the nearest hut—
 They brought me into life again—
 Me—one day o'er their realm to reign !

The Prisoner of Qhillon

I

MY hair is gray but not with years,
 Nor grew it white
 In a single night,
 As men's have grown from sudden fears.
 My limbs are bowed, though not with toil,
 But rusted with a vile repose,
 For they have been a dungeon's spoil,
 And mine has been the fate of those
 To whom the goodly earth and air
 Are banned, and barred—forbidden fare ;
 But this was for my father's faith
 T suffered chains and courted death ;
 That father perished at the stake
 For tenets he would not forsake ;
 And for the same his lineal race
 In darkness found a dwelling-place ;
 We were seven—who now are one,
 Six in youth and one in age,
 Finished as they had begun,
 Proud of Persecution's rage ;

10

20

One in fire, and two in field,
Their belief with blood have sealed,
Dying as their father died,
For the God their foes denied ;—
Three were in a dungeon cast,
Of whom this wreck is left the last.

II

There are seven pillars of Gothic mould,
In Chillon's dungeons deep and old,
There are seven columns, massy and gray,
Dim with a dull imprisoned ray, 30
A sunbeam which hath lost its way,
And through the crevice and the cleft
Of the thick wall is fallen and left ;
Creeping o'er the floor so damp,
Like a marsh's meteor lamp :
And in each pillar there is a ring,

And in each ring there is a chain ;
That iron is a cankering thing,

For in these limbs its teeth remain,
With marks that will not wear away, 40
Till I have done with this new day,
Which now is painful to these eyes,
Which have not seen the sun so rise
For years—I cannot count them o'er,
I lost their long and heavy score
When my last brother drooped and died,
And I lay living by his side.

III

They chained us each to a column stone,
And we were three—yet, each alone :
We could not move a single pace, 50
We could not see each other's face,
But with that pale and livid light
That made us strangers in our sight ;
And thus together—yet apart,

Fettered in hand, but joined in heart,
 'Twas still some solace, in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To harken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each
 With some new hope, or legend old, 60
 Or song heroically bold ;
 But even these at length grew cold.
 Our voices took a dreary tone,
 An echo of the dungeon stone,
 A grating sound, not full and free,
 As they of yore were wont to be :
 It might be fancy, but to me
 They never sounded like our own.

IV

I was the eldest of the three,
 And to uphold and cheer the rest 70
 I ought to do—and did my best—
 And each did well in his degree.
 The youngest, whom my father loved,
 Because our mother's brow was given
 To him, with eyes as blue as heaven—
 For him my soul was sorely moved :
 And truly might it be distressed
 To see such bird in such a nest;
 For he was beautiful as day—
 (When day was beautiful to me 80
 As to young eagles being free)—
 A polar day, which will not see
 A sunset till its summer's gone,
 Its sleepless summer of long light,
 The snow-clad offspring of the sun :
 And thus he was as pure and bright,
 And in his natural spirit gay,
 With tears for nought but others' ills,
 And then they flowed like mountain rills,
 Unless he could assuage the woe 90
 Which he abhorred to view below.

V

The other was as pure of -mind,
 But formed to combat with his kind ;
 Strong in his frame, and of a mood
 Which 'gainst the world in war had stood,
 And perished in the foremost rank

With joy :—but not in chains to pine :
 His spirit withered with their clank,

T saw it silently decline—

And so perchance in sooth did mine : 100

But yet I forced it on to cheer
 Those relics of a home so dear.

He was a hunter of the hills,

Had followed there the deer and wolf;

To him this dungeon was a gulf,
 And fettered feet the worst of ills.

VI

Lake Lemman lies by Chillon's walls :
 A thousand feet in depth below
 Its massy waters meet and flow ;
 Thus much the fathom-line was sent 110
 From Chillon's snow-white battlement,

Which round about the wave intrals :

A double dungeon wall and wave
 Have made—and like a living grave,
 Below the surface of the lake,
 The dark vault lies wherein we lay.

We heard it ripple night and day ;

Sounding o'er our heads it knocked ;
 And I have felt the winter's spray
 Wash through the bars when winds were high, 120
 And wanton in the happy sky ;

And then the very rock hath rocked,
 And I have felt it shake, unshocked,
 Because I could have smiled to see
 The death that would have set me free.

VII

I said my nearer brother pined,
I said his mighty heart declined,
He loathed and put away his food ;
It was not that 'twas coarse and rude, 130
For we were used to hunter's fare,
And for the like had little care :
The milk drawn from the mountain goat
Was changed for water from the moat,
Our bread was such as captives' tears
Have moistened many a thousand years,
Since man first pent his fellow men
Like brutes within an iron den ;
But what were these to us or him ?
These wasted not his heart or limb ;
My brother's soul was of that mould 140
Which in a palace had grown cold,
Had his free breathing been denied
The range of the steep mountain's side ;
But why delay the truth ?—he died.
I saw, and could not hold his head,
Nor reach his dying hand—nor dead,—
Though hard I strove, but strove in vain,
To rend and gnash my bonds in twain.
He died—and they unlocked his chain,
And scooped for him a shallow grave 150
Even from the cold earth of our cave.
I begged them, as a boon, to lay
His corse in dust whereon the day
Might shine—it was a foolish thought,
But then within my brain it wrought,
That even in death his freeborn breast
In such a dungeon could not rest.
I might have spared my idle prayer—
They coldly laughed—and laid him there :
The flat and turfless earth above 160
The being we so much did love ;
His empty chain above it leant,
Such murder's fitting monument !

VIII

But he, the favourite and the flower,
Most cherished since his natal hour,
His mother's image in fair face,
The infant love of all his race,
His martyred father's dearest thought,
My latest care, for whom I sought
To hoard my life, that his might be 170
Less wretched now, and one day free ;
He, too, who yet had held untired
A spirit natural or inspired—
He, too, was struck, and day by day
Was withered on the stalk away.
Oh, God I it is a fearful thing
To see the human soul take wing
In any shape, in any mood :
I've seen it rushing forth in blood,
I've seen it on the breaking ocean 180
Strive with a swoln convulsive motion,
I've seen the sick and ghastly bed
Of Sin delirious with its dread :
But these were horrors—this was woe
Unmixed with such—but sure and slow :
He faded, and so calm and meek,
So softly worn, so sweetly weak,
So tearless, yet so tender—kind,
And grieved for those he left behind ;
With all the while a cheek whose bloom 190
Was as a mockery of the tomb,
Whose tints as gently sunk away
As a departing rainbow's ray—
An eye of most transparent light,
That almost made the dungeon bright ;
And not a word of murmur—not
A groan o'er his untimely lot,—
A little talk of better days,
A little hope my own to raise,
For I was sunk in silence—lost 200
In this last loss, of all the most ;

And then the sighs he would suppress
Of fainting nature's feebleness,
More slowly drawn, grew less and less :
I listened, but I could not hear ;
I called, for I was wild with fear ;
I knew 'twas hopeless, but my dread
Would not be thus admonished ;
I called, and thought I heard a sound—
I burst my chain with one strong bound, 210
And rushed to him : — I found him not,
/ only stirred in this black spot,
I only lived—I only drew
The accursed breath of dungeon-dew ;
The last, the sole, the dearest link
Between me and the eternal brink,
Which bound me to my failing race,
Was broken in this fatal place.
One on the earth, and one beneath—
My brothers—both had ceased to breathe: 220
I took that hand which lay so still,
Alas ! my own was full as chill;
I had not strength to stir, or strive,
But felt that I was still alive—
A frantic feeling, when we know
That what we love shall ne'er be so.
 I know not why
 I could not die,
I had no earthly hope—but faith,
And that forbade a selfish death. 230

IX

What next befell me then and there
 I know not well—I never knew—
First came the loss of light, and air,
 And then of darkness too :
I had no thought, no feeling—none—
Among the stones I stood a stone,
And was, scarce conscious what I wist,
As shrubless crags within the mist;

For all was blank, and bleak, and gray ;
 It was not night—it was not day, 240
 It was not even the dungeon-light,
 So hateful to my heavy sight,
 But vacancy absorbing space,
 And fixedness without a place ;
 There were no stars, no earth, no time,
 No check, no change, no good, no crime,
 But silence, and a stirless breath
 Which neither was of life nor death ;
 A sea of stagnant idleness,
 Blind, boundless, mute, and motionless ! 250

X

A light broke in upon my brain,—
 It was the carol of a bird ;
 It ceased, and then it came again,
 The sweetest song ear ever heard,
 And mine was thankful till my eyes
 Ran over with the glad surprise,
 And they that moment could not see
 I was the mate of misery;
 But then by dull degrees came back
 My senses to their wonted track ; 260
 I saw the dungeon walls and floor
 Close slowly round me as before,
 I saw the glimmer of the sun
 Creeping as it before had done,
 But through the crevice where it came
 That bird was perched, as fond and tame,
 And tamer than upon the tree ;
 A lovely bird, with azure wings,
 And song that said a thousand things,
 And seemed to say them all for me ! 270
 I never saw its like before,
 I ne'er shall see its likeness more:
 It seemed like me to want a mate,
 But was not half so desolate,
 And it was come to love me when

None lived to love me so again,
 And cheering from my dungeon's brink,
 Had brought me back to feel and think.
 I know not if it late were free,
 Or broke its cage to perch on mine, 280
 But knowing well captivity,
 Sweet bird ! I could not wish for thine !
 Or if it were, in winged guise,
 A visitant from Paradise ;
 For—Heaven forgive that thought ! the while
 Which made me both to weep and smile—
 I sometimes deemed that it might be
 My brother's soul come down to me ;
 But then at last away it flew,
 And then 'twas mortal—well I knew, 290
 For he would never thus have flown,
 And left me twice so doubly lone,—
 Lone—as the corse within its shroud,
 Lone—as a solitary cloud,
 A single cloud on a sunny day,
 While all the rest of heaven is clear,
 A frown upon the atmosphere,
 That hath no business to appear
 When skies are blue, and earth is gay.

XI

A kind of change came in my fate, 300
 My keepers grew compassionate ;
 I know not what had made them so,
 They were inured to sights of woe,
 But so it was :—my broken chain
 With links unfastened did remain,
 And it was liberty to stride
 Along my cell from side to side,
 And up and down, and then athwart,
 And tread it over every part ;
 And round the pillars one by one, 310
 Returning where my walk begun,
 Avoiding only, as I trod,

My brothers' graves without a sod ;
 For if I thought with heedless tread
 My step profaned their lowly bed,
 My breath came gaspingly and thick,
 And my crushed heart fell blind and sick.

xir

I made a footing in the wall,
 It was not therefrom to escape,
 For I had buried one and all 320
 Who loved me in a human shape ;
 And the whole earth would henceforth be
 A wider prison unto me :
 No child, no sire, no kin had I,
 No partner in my misery ;
 I thought of this, and I was glad,
 For thought of them had made me mad ;
 But I was curious to ascend
 To my barred windows, and to bend
 Once more, upon the mountains high, 330
 The quiet of a loving eye.

I saw them, and they were the same,
 They were not changed like me in frame ;
 I saw their thousand years of snow
 On high—their wide long lake below,
 And the blue Rhone in fullest flow ;
 I heard the torrents leap and gush
 O'er channelled rock and broken bush ;
 I saw the white-walled distant town,
 And whiter sails go skimming down ; 340
 And then there was a little isle,
 Which in my very face did smile,
 The only one in view ;
 A small green isle, it seemed no more,
 Scarce broader than my dungeon floor,
 But in it there were three tall trees,
 And o'er it blew the mountain breeze,

And by it there were waters flowing,
 And on it there were young flowers growing,
 Of gentle breath and hue. 350
 The fish swam by the castle wall,
 And they seemed joyous each and all;
 The eagle rode the rising blast,
 Methought he never flew so fast
 As then to me he seemed to fly ;
 And then new tears came in my eye,
 And I felt troubled—and would fain
 I had not left my recent chain ;
 And when I did descend again,
 The darkness of my dim abode 360
 Fell on me as a heavy load ;
 It was as is a new-dug grave,
 Closing o'er one we sought to save,—
 And yet my glance, too much oppressed,
 Had almost need of such a rest.

xiv

It might be months, or years, or days,
 I kept no count, I took no note,
 I had no hope my eyes to raise,
 And clear them of their dreary mote ;
 At last men came to set me free, 370
 I asked not why, and recked not where ;
 It was at length the same to me,
 Fettered or fetterless to be,
 I learned to love despair.
 And thus when they appeared at last,
 And all my bonds aside were cast,
 These heavy walls to me had grown
 A hermitage and all my own I
 And half I felt as they were come
 To tear me from a second home: 380
 With spiders I had friendship made,
 And watched them in their sullen trade,
 Had seen the mice by moonlight play,
 And why should I feel less than they ?

We were all inmates of one place,
 And I, the monarch of each race,
 Had power to kill—yet, strange to tell!
 In quiet we had learned to dwell;
 My very chains and I grew friends,
 So much a long communion tends 390
 To make us what we are :—even I
 Regained my freedom with a sigh.

Sonnet on Chillon

ETERNAL Spirit of the chainless Mind !
 Brightest in dungeons, Liberty ! thou art,
 For there thy habitation is the heart—
 The heart which love of thee alone can bind ;
 And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd—
 To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
 Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
 And Freedom's fame finds wings on' every wind.
 Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place,
 And thy sad floor an altar—for 'twas trod, 10
 Until his very steps have left a trace
 Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
 By Bonnivard !—May none those marks efface !
 For they appeal from tyranny to God.

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

Morte d'oArthur

So all day long the noise of battle roll'd
Among the mountains by the winter sea ;
Until King Arthur's table, man by man,
Had fallen in Lyonesse about their Lord,
King Arthur : then, because his wound was deep,
The bold Sir Bedivere uplifted him,
Sir Bedivere, the last of all his knights,
And bore him to a chapel nigh the field,
A broken chancel with a broken cross,
That stood on a dark strait of barren land. 10
On one side lay the Ocean, and on one
Lay a great water, and the moon was full.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :
" The sequel of to-day unsolders all
The goodliest fellowship of famous knights
Whereof this world holds record. Such a sleep
They sleep—the men I loved. I think that we
Shall never more, at any future time,
Delight our souls with talk of knightly deeds,
Walking about the gardens and the halls 20
Of Camelot, as in the days that were.
I perish by this people which I made,—
Tho' Merlin sware that I should come again
To rule once more—but let what will be, be,
I am so deeply smitten thro' the helm
That without help I cannot last till morn.
Thou therefore take my brand Excalibur,

Which was my pride : for thou rememberest how
In those old days, one summer noon, an arm
Rose up from out the bosom of the lake, 30
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
Holding the sword—and how I row'd across
And took it, and have worn it, like a king :
And, wheresoever I am sung or told
In aftertime, this also shall be known :
But now delay not: take Excalibur,
And fling him far into the middle mere :
Watch what thou seest, and lightly bring me word."

To him replied the bold Sir Bedivere :
"It is not meet, Sir King, to leave thee thus, 40
Aidless, alone, and smitten thro' the helm.
A little thing may harm a wounded man.
Yet I thy hest will all perform at full,
Watch what I see, and lightly bring thee word."

So saying, from the ruin'd shrine he stept
And in the moon athwart the place of tombs,
Where lay the mighty bones of ancient men,
Old knights, and over them the sea-wind sang
Shrill, chill, with flakes of foam. He, stepping down
By zig-zag paths, and juts of pointed rock, 50
Came on the shining levels of the lake.

There drew he forth the brand Excalibur,
And o'er him, drawing it, the winter moon,
Brightening the skirts of a long cloud, ran forth
And sparkled keen with frost against the hilt:
For all the haft twinkled with diamond sparks,
Myriads of topaz-lights, and jacinth-work
Of subtlest jewellery. He gazed so long
That both his eyes were dazzled, as he stood,
This way and that dividing the swift mind, 60
In act to throw : but at the last it seem'd
Better to leave Excalibur conceal'd

There in the many-knotted waterflags,
That whistled stiff and dry about the marge.
So strode he back slow to the wounded King.

Then spake King Arthur to Sir Bedivere :

" Hast thou performed my mission which I gave ?
What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ? "

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

" I heard the ripple washing in the reeds, 70
And the wild water lapping on the crag."

To whom replied King Arthur, faint and pale :

" Thou hast betray'd thy nature and thy name,

Not rendering true answer, as beseem'd

Thy fealty, nor like a noble knight:

For surer sign had follow'd, either hand,

Or voice, or else a motion of the mere.

This is a shameful thing for men to lie.

Yet now, I charge thee, quickly go again

As thou art lief and dear, and do the thing 80

I bad thee, watch, and lightly bring me word."

Then went Sir Bedivere the second time

Across the ridge, and paced beside the mere,

Counting the dewy pebbles, fix'd in thought;

But when he saw the wonder of the hilt,

How curiously and strangely chased, he smote

His palms together, and he cried aloud,

" And if indeed I cast the brand away,

Surely a precious thing, one worthy note,

Should thus be lost for ever from the earth, 90

Which might have pleased the eyes of many men.

What good should follow this, if this were done ?

What harm, undone ? deep harm to disobey,

Seeing obedience is the bond of rule.

Were it well to obey then, if a king demand

An act unprofitable, against himself?

The King is sick, and knows not what he does.

What record, or what relic of my lord

Should be to aftertime, but empty breath

And rumours of a doubt ? but were this kept, 100

Stored in some treasure-house of mighty kings,

Some one might show it at a joust of arms,

Saying, * King Arthur's sword, Excalibur,

Wrought by the lonely maiden of the Lake.

Nine years she wrought it, sitting in the deeps

A.P.

z*

Upon the hidden bases of the hills.'
So might some old man speak in the aftertime
To all the people, winning reverence.
But now much honour and much fame were lost."

So spake he, clouded with his own conceit, no
And hid Excalibur the second time,
And so strode back slow to the wounded King.

Then spoke King Arthur, breathing heavily :
" What is it thou hast seen ? or what hast heard ? "

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

" I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

To whom replied King Arthur, much in wrath :

" Ah, miserable and unkind, untrue,
Unknightly, traitor-hearted ! Woe is me ! 120

Authority forgets a dying king,
Laid widow'd of the power in his eye
That bow'd the will. I see thee what thou art,
For thou, the latest-left of all my knights,
In whom should meet the offices of all,
Thou wouldst betray me for the precious hilt;
Either from lust of gold, or like a girl
Valuing the giddy pleasure of the eyes.
Yet, for a man may fail in duty twice,
And the third time may prosper, get thee hence : 130
But, if thou spare to fling Excalibur,
I will arise and slay thee with my hands."

Then quickly rose Sir Bedivere, and ran,
And, leaping down the ridges lightly, plunged
Among the bulrush-beds, and clutch'd the sword,
And strongly wheep'd and threw it. The great brand
Made lightnings in the splendour of the moon,
And flashing round and round, and whirl'd in an arch,
Shot like a streamer of the northern morn,
Seen where the moving isles of winter shock 140
By night, with noises of the northern sea.
So flash'd and fell the brand Excalibur :
But ere he dipt the surface, rose an arm
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,

And caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him
Three times, and drew him under in the mere.
And lightly went the other to the King.

Then spoke King Arthur, drawing thicker breath :
" Now see I by thine eyes that this is done.
Speak out: what is it thou hast heard, or seen ? " 150

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :
" Sir King, I closed *mine* eyelids, lest the gems
Should blind my purpose, for I never saw,
Nor shall see, here or elsewhere, till I die,
Not tho' I live three lives of mortal men,
So great a miracle as yonder hilt.
Then with both hands I flung him, wheeling him ;
But when I look'd again, behold an arm,
Clothed in white samite, mystic, wonderful,
That caught him by the hilt, and brandish'd him 160
Three times, and drew him under in the mere."

And answer made King Arthur, breathing hard :
" My end draws nigh ; 'tis time that I were gone.
Make broad thy shoulders to receive my weight,
And bear me to the margin ; yet I fear
My wound hath taken cold, and I shall die."

So saying, from the pavement he half rose,
Slowly, with pain, reclining on his arm,
And looking wistfully with wide blue eyes
As in a picture. Him Sir Bedivere 170
Remorsefully regarded thro' his tears,
And would have spoken, but he found not words,
Then took with care, and kneeling on one knee,
O'er both his shoulders drew the languid hands,
And rising bore him thro' the place of tombs.

But, as he walk'd, King Arthur panted hard,
Like one that feels a nightmare on his bed
When all the house is mute. So sigh'd the King,
Muttering and murmuring at his ear, " Quick, quick !
I fear it is too late, and I shall die." 180
But the other swiftly strode from ridge to ridge,
Clothed with his breath, and looking, as he walk'd,
Larger than human on the frozen hills.

He heard the deep behind him, and a cry
Before. His own thought drove him, like a goad.
Dry clash'd his harness in the icy caves
And barren chasms, and all to left and right
The bare black cliff clang'd round him, as he based
His feet on juts of slippery crag that rang
Sharp-smitten with the dint of armed heels— 190
And on a sudden, lo ! the level lake,
And the long glories of the winter moon.

Then saw they how there hove a dusky barge,
Dark as a funeral scarf from stem to stern,
Beneath them; and descending they were ware
That all the decks were dense with stately forms
Black-stoled, black-hooded, like a dream—by these
Three Queens with crowns of gold—and from them rose
A cry that shiver'd to the tingling stars,
And, as it were one voice an agony 200
Of lamentation, like a wind, that shrills
All night in a waste land, where no one comes,
Or hath come, since the making of the world.

Then murmur'd Arthur, " Place me in the barge/'
And to the barge they came. There those three Queens
Put forth their hands, and took the King, and wept.
But she, that rose the tallest of them all
And fairest, laid his head upon her lap,
And loosed the shatter'd casque, and' chafed his hands,
And calPd him by his name, complaining loud, 210
And dropping bitter tears against his brow
Striped with dark blood : for all his face was white
And colourless, and like the wither'd moon
Smote by the fresh beam of the springing east;
And all his greaves and cuisses dash'd with drops
Of onset; and the light and lustrous curls—
That made his forehead like a rising sun
High from the daïs-throne—were parch'd with dust;
Or, clotted into points and hanging loose,
Mix'd with the knightly growth that fringed his lips. 220
So like a shatter'd column lay the King ;
Not like that Arthur who, with lance in rest,

From spur to plume a star of tournament,
Shot thro' the lists at Camelot, and charged
Before the eyes of ladies and of kings.

Then loudly cried the bold Sir Bedivere,
" Ah I my Lord Arthur, whither shall I go ?
Where shall I hide my forehead and my eyes ?
For now I see the true old times are dead,
When every morning brought a noble chance, 230
And every chance brought out a noble knight.
Such times have been not since the light that led
The holy Elders with the gift of myrrh.
But now the whole ROUND TABLE is dissolved
Which was an image of the mighty world ;
And I, the last, go forth companionless,
And the days darken round me, and the years,
Among new men, strange faces, other minds."

And slowly answered Arthur from the barge :
" The old order changeth, yielding place to new, 240
And God fulfils Himself in many ways,
Lest one good custom should corrupt the world.
Comfort thyself: what comfort is in me ?
I have lived my life, and that which I have done
May He within Himself make pure ! but thou,
If thou shouldst never see my face again,
Pray for my soul. More things are wrought by prayer
That this world dreams of. Wherefore, let thy voice
Rise like a fountain for me night and day.
For what are men better than sheep or goats 250
That nourish a blind life within the brain,
If, knowing God, they lift not hands of prayer
Both for themselves and those who call them friend ?
For so the whole round earth is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God.
But now farewell. I am going a long way
With these thou seest—if indeed I go—
(For all my mind is clouded with a doubt)
To the island-valley of Avilion ;
Where falls not hail, or rain, or any snow, 260
Nor ever wind blows loudly ; but it lies

Deep-meadow'd, happy, fair with orchard-lawns
And bowery hollows crown'd with summer sea,
Where I will heal me of my grievous wound."

So said he, and the barge with oar and sail
Moved from the brink, like some full-breasted swan
That, fluting a wild carol ere her death,
Ruffles her pure cold plume, and takes the flood
With swarthy webs. Long stood Sir Bedivere
Revolving many memories, till the hull 270
Look'd one black dot against the verge of dawn,
And on the mere the wailing died away.

But when that moan had past for evermore,
The stillness of the dead world's winter dawn
Amazed him, and he groan'd, "The King is gone."
And therewithal came on him the weird rhyme,
"From the great deep to the great deep he goes."

Whereat he slowly turn'd and slowly clomb
The last hard footstep of that iron crag;
Thence mark'd the black hull moving yet, and cried, 280
"He passes to be King among the dead,
And after healing of his grievous wound
He comes again; but—if he come no more—
O me, be yon dark Queens in yon black boat,
Who shriek'd and wail'd, the three whereat we gazed
On that high day, when, clothed with living light,
They stood before his throne in silence, friends
Of Arthur, who should help him at his need?"

Then from the dawn it seem'd there came, but faint
As from beyond the limit of the world, 290
Like the last echo born of a great cry,
Sounds, as if some fair city were one voice
Around a king returning from his wars.

Thereat once more he moved about, and clomb
Ev'n to the highest he could climb, and saw,
Straining his eyes beneath an arch of hand,
Or thought he saw, the speck that bare the King,

Down that long water opening on the deep
Somewhere far off, pass on and on, and go
From less to less and vanish into light. 300
And the new sun rose bringing the new year.

Tithonus

THE woods decay, the woods decay and fall,
The vapours weep their burthen to the ground,
Man comes and tills the field and lies beneath,
And after many a summer dies the swan.
Me only cruel immortality
Consumes : I wither slowly in thine arms,
Here at the quiet limit of the world,
A white-hair'd shadow roaming like a dream
The ever-silent spaces of the East,
Far-folded mists, and gleaming halls of morn. 10

Alas ! for this gray shadow, once a man—
So glorious in his beauty and thy choice,
Who madest him thy chosen, that he seem'd
To his great heart none other than a God !
I ask'd thee, " Give me immortality."
Then didst thou grant mine asking with a smile,
Like wealthy men who care not how they give.
But thy strong Hours indignant work'd their wills,
And beat me down and marr'd and wasted me,
And tho' they could not end me, left me maim'd 20
To dwell in presence of immortal youth,
Immortal age beside immortal youth,
And all I was, in ashes. Can thy love,
Thy beauty, make amends, tho' even now,
Close over us, the silver star, thy guide,
Shines in those tremulous eyes that fill with tears
To hear me ? Let me go : take back thy gift:
Why should a man desire in any way

To vary from the kindly race of men,
Or pass beyond the goal of ordinance 30
Where all should pause, as is most meet for all?

A soft air fans the cloud apart; there comes
A glimpse of that dark world where I was born.
Once more the old mysterious glimmer steals
From thy pure brows, and from thy shoulders pure,
And bosom beating with a heart renew'd.
Thy cheek begins to redden thro' the gloom,
Thy sweet eyes brighten slowly close to mine,
Ere yet they blind the stars, and the wild team
Which love thee, yearning for thy yoke, arise, 40
And shake the darkness from their loosen'd manes,
And beat the twilight into flakes of fire.

Lo I ever thus thou growest beautiful
In silence, then before thine answer given
Dearest, and thy tears are on my cheek.

Why wilt thou ever scare me with thy tears,
And make me tremble lest a saying learnt,
In days far-off, on that dark earth, be true?
"The Gods themselves cannot recall their gifts."

Ay me! ay me! with what another heart 50
In days far-off, and with what other eyes
I used to watch—if I be he that watch'd—
The lucid outline forming round thee; saw
The dim curls kindle into sunny rings;
Changed with thy mystic change, and felt my blood
Glow with the glow that slowly crimson'd all
Thy presence and thy portals, while I lay,
Mouth, forehead, eyelids, growing dewy-warm
With kisses balmier than half-opening buds
Of April, and could hear the lips that kiss'd 60
Whispering I knew not what of wild and sweet,
Like that strange song I heard Apollo sing,
While Ilion like a mist rose into towers.

Yet hold me not for ever in thine East:
 How can my nature longer mix with thine?
 Coldly thy rosy shadows bathe me, cold
 Are all thy lights, and cold my wrinkled feet
 Upon thy glimmering thresholds, when the steam
 Floats up from those dim fields about the homes
 Of happy men that have the power to die, 70
 And grassy barrows of the happier dead.
 Release me, and restore me to the ground;
 Thou seest all things, thou wilt see my grave:
 Thou wilt renew thy beauty morn by morn;
 I earth in earth forget these empty courts,
 And thee returning on thy silver wheels.

Ulysses

IT little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
 Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades 10
 Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known; cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
 I am a part of all that I have met;
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades 20
 For ever and for ever when I move.

How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains : but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things ; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire 30
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toïFd, and wrought, and thought with
me—

That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil; 50
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs : the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds

To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die.
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down :
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are ;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. 70

The Lady of Shalott

PART I

ON either side the river lie
 Long fields of barley and of rye,
 That clothe the wold and meet the sky ;
 And thro' the field the road runs by
 To many-tower'd Camelot;
 And up and down the people go,
 Gazing where the lilies blow
 Round an island there below,
 The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver, 10
 Little breezes dusk and shiver
 Thro' the wave that runs for ever
 By the island in the river
 Flowing down to Camelot.
 Four gray walls, and four gray towers,
 Overlook a space of flowers,
 And the silent isle imbowers
 The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiPd,
 Slide the heavy barges trail'd 20

By slow horses ; and unhail'd
The shallop flitteth silken-sail'd
 Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand ?
Or at the casement seen her stand ?
Or is she known in all the land,
 The Lady of Shalott ?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerly 30
From the river winding clearly,
 Down to tower'd Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers, " 'Tis the fairy
 Lady of Shalott."

PART II

THERE she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay . 40
 To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
 The Lady of Shalott.

And moving thro' a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near 50
 Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
 Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
 An abbot on an ambling pad,
 Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
 Or long-hair'd page in crimson clad,
 Goes by to tower'd Camelot;
 And sometimes thro' the mirror blue 60
 The knights come riding two and two :
 She hath no loyal knight and true,
 The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
 To weave the mirror's magic sights,
 For often thro' the silent nights
 A funeral, with plumes and lights
 And music, went to Camelot:
 Or when the moon was overhead,
 * Came two young lovers lately wed ; 70
 " I am half sick of shadows," said
 The Lady of Shalott.

PART III

A BOW-SHOT from her bower-eaves,
 He rode between the barley-sheaves,
 The sun came dazzling thro' the leaves,
 And flamed upon the brazen greaves
 Of bold Sir Lancelot.
 A red-cross knight for ever kneel'd
 To a lady in his shield,
 That sparkled on the yellow field, 80
 Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glitter'd free,
 Like to some branch of stars we see
 Hung in the golden Galaxy.
 The bridle bells rang merrily
 As he rode down to Camelot:
 And from his blazon'd baldric slung
 A mighty silver bugle hung,
 And as he rode his armour rung,
 Beside remote Shalott. 90

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewelfd shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burn'd like one burning flame together,

As he rode down to Camelot.
As often thro' the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glow'd ; 100
On burnish'd hooves his war-horse trode ;
From underneath his helmet flow'd
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flash'd into the crystal mirror,
" Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces thro' the room, 110
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She look'd down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide ;
The mirror crack'd from side to side ;
^{CE} The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

PART IV

IN the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining, 120
Heavily the low sky raining
Over tower'd Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse
Like some bold seër *in* a trance,
Seeing all his own mischance—
With a glassy countenance 130

 Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay ;
The broad stream bore her far away,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right—
The leaves upon her falling light—
Thro' the noises of the night
 She floated down to Camelot : 140

And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,
Till her blood was frozen slowly,
And her eyes were darken'd wholly,
 Turn'd to tower'd Camelot.
For ere she reach'd upon the tide 150
The first house by the water-side,
Singing in her song she died,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,
By garden-wall and gallery,
A gleaming shape she floated by,
Dead-pale between the houses high,
 Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,
Knight and burgher, lord and dame, 160
And round the prow they read her name,
 The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this ? and what is here ?
 And in the lighted palace near
 Died the sound of royal cheer ;
 And they cross'd themselves for fear,
 All the knights at Camelot:
 But Lancelot mused a little space ;
 He said, " She has a lovely face ;
 God in his mercy lend her grace,
 The Lady of Shalott."

170

Sir Galahad

MY good blade carves the casques of men,
 My tough lance thrusteth sure,
 My strength is as the strength of ten,
 Because my heart is pure.
 The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
 The hard brands shiver on the steel,
 The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
 The horse and rider reel:
 They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
 And when the tide of combat stands,
 Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
 That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

10

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
 On whom their favours fall!
 For them I battle till the end,
 To save from shame and thrall:
 But all my heart is drawn above,
 My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine :
 I never felt the kiss of love,
 Nor maiden's hand in mine.
 More bounteous aspects on me beam,
 Me mightier transports move and thrill;
 So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
 A virgin heart in work and will.

20

When down the stormy crescent goes,
A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns :
Then by some secret shrine I ride ;
I hear a voice but none are there ; 30
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark ;
I leap on board : no helmsman steers :
I float till all is dark. 40
A gentle sound, an awful light
Three angels bear the holy Grail :
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision ! blood of God !
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go, 50
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail ;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height ;
No branchy thicket shelter yields ;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields. 60

A maiden knight—to me is given
 Such hope, I know not fear;
 I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
 That often meet me here.
 I muse on joy that will not cease,
 Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
 Pure lilies of eternal peace,
 Whose odours haunt my dreams ;
 And, stricken by an angel's hand,
 This mortal armour that I wear,
 This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
 Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

70

The clouds are broken in the sky,
 And thro' the mountain-walls
 A rolling organ-harmony
 Swell's up, and shakes and falls.
 Then move the trees, the copses nod,
 Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
 " O just and faithful knight of God !
 Ride on ! the prize is near."
 So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
 By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
 All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
 Until I find the holy Grail.

80

St. Agnes' Eve

DEEP on the convent-roof the snows
 Are sparkling to the moon :
 My breath to heaven like vapour goes :
 May my soul follow soon !
 The shadows of the convent-towers
 Slant down the snowy sward,
 Still creeping with the creeping hours
 That lead me to my Lord :

Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
As are the frosty skies, 10
Or this first snowdrop of the year
That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
To yonder shining ground ;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
My spirit before Thee ;
So in mine earthly house I am,
To that I hope to be. 20
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
The flashes come and go ;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up ! the gates
Roll back, and far within 30
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
The Bridegroom with his bride 1

*'Patriotic' Poems**Ode on the 'Death of the 'Duke of Wellington*

PUBLISHED IN 1852

I

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.

II

Where shall we lay the man whom we deplore ?
Here, in streaming London's central roar.
Let the sound of those he wrought for, 10
And the feet of those he fought for,
Echo round his bones for evermore.

III

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.

IV

Mourn, for to us he seems the last, 20
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 states man-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, 30
 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. 40
 The long self-sacrifice of life is o'er.
 The great World-victor's victor will be seen no more.

V

All is over and done :
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 England, for thy son.
 Let the bell be tolPd.
 Render thanks to the Giver,
 And render him to the mould.
 Under the cross of gold
 That shines over city and river, 50
 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 60
 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 70
In that dread sound to the great name,
Which he has worn 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-echoing avenues of song.

VI

Who is he that cometh, like an honour'd guest, 80
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 ; 90
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 ; 100
 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, no
 Back to France with countless blows,
 Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
 Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
 Follow'd up in valley and glen
 With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
 Roll of cannon and clash 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, 120
 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 flash⁵ d a sudden jubilant ray,
 And down we swept and charged and overthrew. 130
 So great a soldier taught us there,
 What long-enduring hearts could do
 In that world-earthquake, Waterloo !
 Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
 And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
 O savjour 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, 140
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. 150

VII

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 Briton 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 160
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. 170
Remember him who led your hosts ;
He bade 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 ; 180
 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 190
 He never shall be shamed.

VIII

Lo, the leader in these glorious wars
 Now to glorious burial slowly borne,
 Follow'd by the brave of other lands,
 He, on whom from both her open hands
 Lavish Honour shower'd 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. 200
 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 outreden
 All voluptuous garden-roses.
 Not once or twice in our fair island-story,
 The path of duty was the way to glory : 210
 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 prevailPd,
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 220
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, 230
Eternal honour to his name.

IX

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. 240
Ours the pain, be his the gain I
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 : 250
 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 260
 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; 270
 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.
 Speak no more of his renown,
 Lay your earthly fancies down,
 And in the vast cathedral leave him. 280
 God accept him, Christ receive him.

The Charge of the Light Brigade

I

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.

II

"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.

10

III

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.

20

IV

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air
Sabring the gunners there,

Charging an army, while 30
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
Shattered and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.

V

Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them, 40
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.

VI

When can their glory fade ? 50
O the wild charge they made !
All the world wonder'd.
Honour the charge they made !
Honour the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred !

" There is no land like England"

THERE is no land like England
Where'er the light of day be ;
There are no hearts like English hearts
Such hearts of oak as they be.

There is no land like England
Where'er the light of day be ;
There are no men like Englishmen
So tall and bold as they be.

(Full chorus.) And these will strike for England
And man and maid be free 10
To foil and spoil the tyrant
Beneath the greenwood tree.

There is no land like England
Where'er the light of day be ;
There are no wives like English wives
So fair and chaste as they be.
There is no land like England
Where'er the light of day be ;
There are no maids like English maids
So beautiful as they be. 20

{Full chorus.} And these shall wed with freemen,
And all their sons be free,
To sing the songs of England
Beneath the greenwood tree.

Songs

" Creaky break, break "

BREAK, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still I

10

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

from " M a u d "

I

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 rose is blown.

II

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.

10

III

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon ;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune ;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

IV

I said to the lily, " There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay. 20
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.

V

I said to the rose, " The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine ? 30
But mine, but mine," so I sware to the rose,
" For ever and ever, mine."

VI

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;

VII

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs 40
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.

VIII

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 ; 50
 The lilies and roses were all awake,
 They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

IX

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.

X

There has fallen a splendid tear
 From the passion-flower at the gate. 60
 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."

XI

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 ; 70
 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.

From " The Princess "
I

THE splendour falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story :
 The long light shakes across the lakes,

And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing! 10
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

11

TEARS, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more. 10

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square :
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more. 20

III

SWEET and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea !
Over the rolling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon; 10
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon ;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon :
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

IV

COME down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang)
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills ?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire ;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him ; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize, 10
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine ; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors :
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild

Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave 20
 The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
 Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
 That like a broken purpose waste in air :
 So waste not thou ; but come ; for all the vales
 Await thee ; azure pillars of the hearth
 Arise to thee ; the children call, and I
 Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
 Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet ;
 Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms, 30
 And murmuring of innumerable bees.

From " In Memoriam "

RING out, wild bells, to the wild sky
 The flying cloud, the frosty light :
 The year is dying *in* the night ;
 Ring out, wild bells, and let him die !
 Ring out the old, ring in the new,
 Ring, happy bells, across the snow :
 The year is going, let him go ;
 Ring out the false, ring in the true.
 Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
 For those that here we see no more ; 10
 Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
 Ring in redress to all mankind.
 Ring out a slowly dying cause,
 And ancient forms of party strife ;
 Ring in the nobler modes of life,
 With sweeter manners, purer laws.
 Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
 The faithless coldness of the times ;
 Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
 But ring the fuller minstrel in. 20

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

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

Ring in the valiant man and free,
 The larger heart, the kindlier hand ; 30
 Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

Crossing the Bar

SUNSET and evening star,
 And one clear call for me !
And may there be no moaning of the bar,
 When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,
 Too full for sound and foam,
When that which drew from out the boundless deep
 Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,
 And after that the dark ! 10
And may there be no sadness of farewell,
 When I embark ; .

For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place
 The flood may bear me far,
I hope to see my Pilot face to face
 When I have crost the bar.

ROBERT BROWNING

Cavalier Tunes

1. *Marching oAlong*

I

KENTISH Sir Byng stood for his King,
Bidding the crop-headed Parliament swing :
And, pressing a troop unable to stoop
And see the rogues flourish and honest folk droop,
Marched them along, fifty-score strong,
Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.

II

God for King Charles ! Pym and such carles
To the Devil that prompts 'em their treasonous paries !
Cavaliers, up ! Lips from the cup,
Hands from the pasty, nor bite take nor sup 10
Till you're—

*Chorus. Marching along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song.*

III

Hampden to Hell, and his obsequies' knell
Serve Hazelrig, Fiennes, and young Harry as well !
England, good cheer I Rupert is near !
Kentish and loyalists, keep we not here ?

*Chorus. Marching along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song !*

IV

Then, God for King Charles ! Pym and his snarls 20
 To the Devil that pricks on such pestilent carles !
 Hold by the right, you double your might;
 So, onward to Nottingham, fresh for the fight,

*Chorus, March we along, fifty-score strong,
 Great-hearted gentlemen, singing this song !*

II. Give a Rouse

i

KING CHARLES, and who'll do him right now ?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now ?
 Give a rouse : here's, in Hell's despite now,
 King Charles !

II

Who gave me the goods that went since ?
 Who raised me the house that sank once ?
 Who helped me to gold I spent since ?
 Who found me in wine you drank once ?

*Chorus, King Charles, and who'll do him right now ?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now ? 10
 Give a rouse: here's, in Heirs despite now,
 King Charles !*

III

To whom used my boy George quaff else,
 By the old fool's side that begot him ?
 For whom did he cheer and laugh else,
 While Noll's damned troopers shot him ?

*Chorus, King Charles, and who'll do him right now ?
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now ?
 Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite now,
 King Charles I* 20

III. *ISoot and Saddle*

i

BOOT, saddle, to horse, and away !
Rescue my Castle, before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery gray,

Chorus. Boot, saddle, to horse, and away !

II

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say ;
Many's the friend there, will listen and pray,
" God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay,

Chorus. Boot, saddle, to horse, and away I "

III

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array : 10
Who laughs, " Good fellows ere this, by my fay,

Chorus. Boot, saddle, to horse, and away ? "

IV

Who ? My wife, Gertrude ; that, honest and gay,
Laughs when you talk of surrendering, " Nay !
I've better counsellors ; what counsel they ?

Chorus. Boot, saddle, to horse, and away I "

*How they brought the Good News from Ghent
to Aix*

[16—1

I

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
" Good speed ! " cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew ;
" Speed ! " echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

II

Not a word to each other ; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right, 10
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

III

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear ;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see ;
At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be ;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-
chime,
So Joris broke silence with, " Yet there is time ! "

IV

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one, 20
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

V

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track ;
 And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
 His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on. 30

VI

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned ; and cried Joris, " Stay spur !
 Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
 We'll remember at Aix "—for one heard the quick wheeze
 Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
 And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
 As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

VII

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
 Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white, 41
 And " Gallop," gasped Joris, " for Aix is in sight I "

VIII

" How they'll greet us ! "—and all in a moment his roan
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

IX

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all, 50
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet name, my horse without peer;
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or
 good,
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

X

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
 As I sate with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground,
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news from
 Ghent. 60

Home-thoughts from Abroad

I

OPT, to be in England
 Now that April's there,
 And whoever wakes in England
 Sees, some morning, unaware,
 That the lowest boughs and the brush-wood sheaf
 Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
 While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
 In England—now !

II

And after April, when May follows,
 And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows— 10
 Hark ! where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
 Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent-spray's edge—
 That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over
 Lest you should think he never could recapture
 The first fine careless rapture !
 And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
 All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
 The buttercups, the little children's dower,
 —Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower 1 20

Home-thoughts from the Sea

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the north-west died
away ;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz
Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay ;
In the dimmest north-east distance, dawned Gibraltar
grand and gray ;
" Here and here did England help me,—how can I help
England ? "—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise
and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

From " Pippa Passes "

THE year's at the spring,
And day's at the morn ;
Morning's at seven ;
The hill-side's dew-pearled ;
The lark's on the wing ;
The snail's on the thorn ;
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world !

*The host header**I*

JUST for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us
Lost all the others she lets us devote ;
They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed :
How all our copper had gone for his service I
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud !

We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
 Lived in his mild and magnificent eye, 10
 Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
 Made him our pattern to live and to die 1
 Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
 Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their
 graves!
 He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
 He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves I

II

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;
 Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre;
 Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
 Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire : 20
 Blot out his name, then,—record one lost soul more,
 One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
 One more devil's-triumph, and sorrow for angels,
 One wrong more to man, one more insult to God !
 Life's night begins : let him never come back to us !
 There would be doubt, hesitation and pain,
 Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
 Never glad confident morning again !
 Best fight on well, for we taught him,—strike gallantly,
 Menace our heart ere we master his own ; 30
 Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
 Pardoned in Heaven, the first by the throne !

A Grammarian'S funeral

LET US begin and carry up this corpse,
 Singing together.
 Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes,
 Each in its tether
 Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain,
 Cared-for till cock-crow.

Look out if yonder's not the day again
Rimming the rock-row !
That's the appropriate country—there, man's thought,
Rarer, intenser, 10
Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
Chafes in the censer!
Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop ;
Seek we sepulture
On a tall mountain, citied to the top,
Crowded with culture !
All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels ;
Clouds overcome it ;
No, yonder sparkle is the citadel's
Circling its summit! 20
Thither our path lies—wind we up the heights—
Wait ye the warning ?
Our low life was the level's and the night's ;
He's for the morning !
Step to a tune, square chests, erect the head,
'Ware the beholders !
This is our master, famous, calm, and dead,
Borne on our shoulders.
Sleep, crop and herd ! sleep, darkling thorpe and croft,
Safe from the weather ! 30
He, whom we convey to his grave aloft,
Singing together,
He was a man born with thy face and throat,
Lyric Apollo !
Long he lived nameless : how should spring take
note
Winter would follow ?
Till lo, the little touch, and youth was gone !
Cramped and diminished,
Moaned he, "New measures, other feet anon!
My dance is finished ? " 40
No, that's the world's way I (keep the mountain-side,
Make for the city.)
He knew the signal, and stepped on with pride
Over men's pity;

Left play for work, and grappled with the world
 Bent on escaping :
 " What's in the scroll," quoth he, " thou keepest furled ?
 Show me their shaping,
 Theirs, who most studied man, the bard and sage,—
 Give ! "—So he gowned him, 50
 Straight got by heart that book to its last page :
 Learned, we found him !
 Yea, but we found him bald too—eyes like lead,
 Accents uncertain :
 " Time to taste life," another would have said,
 " Up with the curtain ! "
 This man said rather, " Actual life comes next ?
 Patience a moment!
 Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text,
 Still, there's the comment. 60
 Let me know all. Prate not of most or least,
 Painful or easy :
 Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast,
 Ay, nor feel queasy I "
 Oh, such a life as he resolved to live,
 When he had learned it,
 When he had gathered all books had to give ;
 Sooner, he spurned it ! '
 Image the whole, then execute the parts—•
 Fancy the fabric 70
 Quite, ere you build, ere steel strike fire from quartz,
 Ere mortar dab brick I

(Here's the town-gate reached, there's the market-place
 Gaping before us.)
 Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace
 (Hearten our chorus)
 Still before living he'd learn how to live—
 No end to learning.
 Earn the means first—God surely will contrive
 Use for our earning. 80
 Others mistrust and say—" But time escapes,—
 Live now or never ! "

He said, " What's Time ? leave Now for dogs and
apes!

Man has Forever."

Back to his book then : deeper drooped his head ;

Calculus racked him:

Leaden before, his eyes grew dross of lead ;

Tussis attacked him.

" Now, Master, take a little rest! "—not he !

(Caution redoubled!

90

Step two a-breast, the way winds narrowly.)

Not a whit troubled,

Back to his studies, fresher than at first,

Fierce as a dragon

He, (soul-hy drop tic with a sacred thirst)

Sucked at the flagon.

Oh, if we draw a circle premature,

Heedless of far gain,

Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure,

Bad is our bargain I

100

Was it not great ? did not he throw on God,

(He loves the burthen)—

God's task to make the heavenly period

Perfect the earthen ?

Did not he magnify the mind, show clear

Just what it all meant ?

He would not discount life, as fools do here,

Paid by instalment!

He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success

Found, or earth's failure :

no

" Wilt thou trust death or not ? " he answered " Yes.

Hence with life's pale lure ! "

That low man seeks a little thing to do,

Sees it and does it:

This high man, with a great thing to pursue,

Dies ere he knows it.

That low man goes on adding one to one,

His hundred's soon hit:

This high man, aiming at a million,

Misses an unit.

120

That, has the world here—should he need the next,
 Let the world mind him!
 This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
 Seeking shall find Him.
 So, with the throttling hands of Death at strife,
 Ground he at grammar;
 Still, thro' the rattle, parts of speech were rife.
 While he could stammer
 He settled *HotPs* business—let it be!—
 Properly based *Oun*— 130
 Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
 Dead from the waist down.
 Well, here's the platform, here's the proper place.
 Hail to your purlieus,
 All ye highfliers of the feathered race,
 Swallows and curlews!
 Here's the top-peak! the multitude below
 Live, for they can, there.
 This man decided not to Live but Know—
 Bury this man there? 140
 Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds
 form,
 Lightnings are loosened,
 Stars come and go! let joy break with the storm—
 Peace let the dew send!
 Lofty designs must close in like effects:
 Loftily lying,
 Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects.
 Living and dying.

Prospice

FEAR death?—to feel the fog in my throat,
 The mist in my face,
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
 I am nearing the place,

The power of the night, the press of the storm,
 The post of the foe ;
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
 Yet the strong man must go :
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,
 And the barriers fall, 10
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
 The reward of it all.
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
 The best and the last!
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
 And bade me creep past.
 No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers,
 The heroes of old,
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
 Of pain, darkness and cold. 20
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
 The black minute's at end,
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
 Then a light, then thy breast,
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,
 And with God be the rest!

Incident of the French Camp

I

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon :
 A mile or so away
 On a little mound, Napoleon
 Stood on our storning-day;
 With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
 Legs wide, arms locked behind,
 As if to balance the prone brow
 Oppressive with its mind.

II

Just as perhaps he mused " My plans
 That soar, to earth may fall, 10
 Let once my army-leader Lannes
 Waver at yonder wall,"—
 Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there flew
 A rider, bound on bound
 Full-galloping ; nor bridle drew
 Until he reached the mound.

III

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
 And held himself erect
 By just his horse's mane, a boy :
 You hardly could suspect— 20
 (So tight he kept his lips compressed,
 Scarce any blood came thro')
 You looked twice ere you saw his breast
 Was all but shot in two.

IV

" Well," cried he, " Emperor, by God's grace
 We've got you Ratisbon !
 The Marshal's in the market-place,
 And you'll be there anon
 To see your flag-bird flap his vans
 Where I, to heart's desire, 30
 Perched him ! " The Chief's eye flashed ; his plans
 Soared up again like fire.

V

The Chief's eye flashed; but presently
 Softened itself, as sheathes
 A film the mother eagle's eye
 When her bruised eaglet breathes :
 " You're wounded ! " " Nay," his soldier's pride
 Touched to the quick, he said :
 " I'm killed, Sire ! " And, his Chief beside,
 Smiling the boy fell dead. 40

The Pied Piper of Hamelin

A CHILD'S STORY

(WRITTEN FOR, AND INSCRIBED TO, W. M. THE YOUNGER)

I

HAMELIN TOWN'S in Brunswick,
 By famous Hanover city;
 The River Weser, deep and wide,
 Washes its wall on the southern side ;
 A pleasanter spot you never spied ;
 But, when begins my ditty,
 Almost five hundred years ago,
 To see the townsfolk suffer so
 From vermin, was a pity.

II

Rats! 10
 They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
 And bit the babies in the cradles,
 And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
 And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
 Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
 Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
 And even spoiled the women's chats,
 By drowning their speaking
 With shrieking and squeaking
 In fifty different sharps and flats. 20

III

At last the people in a body
 To the Town Hall came flocking :
 " 'Tis clear," cried they, " our Mayor's a noddy;
 And as for our Corporation—shocking !
 To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
 For dolts that can't or won't determine
 What's best to rid us of our vermin I

You hope, because you're old and obese,
 To find in the furry civic robe ease ?
 Rouse up, Sirs ! Give your brains a racking 30
 To find the remedy we're lacking,
 Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing ! "
 At this the Mayor and Corporation
 Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV

An hour they sate in council,
 At length the Mayor broke silence :
 " For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
 I wish I were a mile hence !
 It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
 I'm sure my poor head aches again— 40
 I've scratched it so, and all in vain.
 Oh for a trap, a trap, a trap ! "
 Just as he said this, what should hap
 At the chamber door but a gentle tap ?
 " Bless us," cried the Mayor, " what's that ? "
 (With the Corporation as he sat,
 Looking little though wondrous fat;
 Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister
 Than a too-long-opened oyster,
 Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous 50
 For a plate of turtle green and glutinous.)
 " Only a scraping of shoes on the mat ?
 Anything like the sound of a rat
 Makes my heart go pit-a-pat ! "

V

" Come in ! "—the Mayor cried, looking bigger ;
 And in did come the strangest figure !
 His queer long coat from heel to head
 Was half of yellow and half of red ;
 And he himself was tall and thin,
 With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin, 60

And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
 No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
 But lips where smiles went out and in—
 There was no guessing his kith and kin !
 And nobody could enough admire
 The tall man and his quaint attire :
 Quoth one : " It's as my great-grandsire,
 Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
 Had walked this way from his painted tombstone ! "

VI

He advanced to the council-table : 70
 And, " Please* your honours," said he, " I'm able,
 By means of a secret charm to draw
 All creatures living beneath the sun,
 That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
 After me so as you never saw !
 And I chiefly use my charm
 On creatures that do people harm,
 The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper ;
 And people call me the Pied Piper."
 (And here they noticed round his neck 80

A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
 To match with his coat of the self-same cheque ;
 And at the scarf's end hung a pipe ;
 And his fingers, they noticed, were ever straying
 As if impatient to be playing
 Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
 Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
 " Yet," said he, " poor piper as I am,
 In Tartary I freed the Cham,
 Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats ; 90
 I eased in Asia the Nizam

Of a monstrous brood of vampire-bats :
 And, as for what your brain bewilders,

If I can rid your town of rats
 Will you give me a thousand guilders ? "
 " One ? fifty thousand ! "—was the exclamation
 Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII

Into the street the Piper stept,
 Smiling first a little smile,
 As if he knew what magic slept 100
 In his quiet pipe the while;
 Then, like a musical adept,
 To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
 And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled
 Like a candle-flame where salt is sprinkled;
 And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
 You heard as if an army muttered;
 And the muttering grew to a grumbling;
 And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling;
 And out of the houses the rats came tumbling : 110
 Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
 Brown rats, black rats, grey rats, tawny rats,
 Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
 Fathers, mothers, uncles, cousins,
 Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
 Families by tens and dozens,
 Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
 Followed the Piper for their lives.
 From street to street he piped advancing,
 And step for step they followed dancing, 120
 Until they came to the river Weser
 Wherein all plunged and perished
 —Save one who, stout as Julius Caesar,
 Swam across and lived to carry
 (As he the manuscript he cherished)
 To Rat-land home his commentary,
 Which was, " At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
 I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
 And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
 Into a cider-press's gripe: 130
 And a moving away of pickle-tub boards,
 And a leaving ajar of conserve-cupboards,
 And a drawing the corks of train-oil-flasks,
 And a breaking the hoops of butter-casks ;

And it seemed as if a voice
 (Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
 Is breathed) called out, Oh rats, rejoice !
 The world is grown to one vast drysaltery !
 So munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
 Breakfast, supper, dinner, luncheon ! 140
 And just as a bulky sugar-puncheon,
 All ready staved, like a great sun shone
 Glorious scarce an inch before me,
 Just as methought it said, Come, bore me !
 —I found the Weser rolling o'er me."

VIII

You should have heard the Hamelin people
 Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple ;
 " Go," cried the Mayor, " and get long poles !
 Poke out the nests and block up the holes I
 Consult with carpenters and builders, 150
 And leave in our town not even a trace
 Of the rats I "—when suddenly, up the face
 Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
 With a, " First, if you please, my thousand guilders I "

IX

A thousand guilders ! The Mayor looked blue ;
 So did the Corporation too.
 For council dinners made rare havock
 With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock ;
 And half the money would replenish
 Their cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish. 160
 To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
 With a gipsy coat of red and yellow !
 " Beside," quoth the Mayor with a knowing wink,
 " Our business was done at the river's brink ;
 We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
 And what's dead can't come to life, I think.
 So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
 From the duty of giving you something to drink,

And a matter of money to put in your poke;
 But as for the guilders, what we spoke 170
 Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
 Beside, our losses have made us thrifty;
 A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!"

X

The Piper's face fell, and he cried,
 "No trifling! I can't wait! Beside,
 I've promised to visit by dinner time
 Bagdat, and accept the prime
 Of the Head Cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
 For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
 Of a nest of scorpions no survivor— 180
 With him I proved no bargain-driver,
 With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
 And folks who put me in a passion
 May find me pipe to another fashion."

XI

"How?" cried the Mayor, "d'ye think I'll brook
 Being worse treated than a Cook?
 Insulted by a lazy ribald
 With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
 You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst,
 Blow your pipe there till you burst!" 190

XII

Once more he stept into the street;
 And to his lips again
 Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane;
 And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
 Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
 Never gave the enraptured air)
 There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
 Of merry crowds justling at pitching and hustling.
 Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
 Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering, 200

And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
 Out came the children running.
 All the little boys and girls,
 With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
 And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
 Tripping and skipping, run merrily after
 The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
 As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
 Unable to move a step, or cry 210
 To the children merrily skipping by—
 And could only follow with the eye
 That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
 But how the Mayor was on the rack,
 And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
 As the Piper turned from the High Street
 To where the Weser rolled its waters
 Right in the way of their sons and daughters !
 However he turned from South to West,
 And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed, 220
 And after him the children pressed;
 Great was the joy in every breast.
 " He never can cross that mighty top !
 He's forced to let the piping drop,
 And we shall see our children stop ! "
 When, lo, as they reached the mountain's side,
 A wondrous portal opened wide,
 As if a cavern was suddenly hollowed;
 And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
 And when all were in to the very last, 230
 The door in the mountain side shut fast.
 Did I say, all ? No ! One was lame,
 And could not dance the whole of the way ;
 And in after years, if you would blame
 His sadness, he was used to say,—
^c It's dull in our town since my playmates left!
 I can't forget that I'm bereft

Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land, 240
Joining the town, and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new ;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings,
And horses were born with eagles' wings ;
And just as I became assured
My lame foot would be speedily cured, 250
The music stopped and I stood still,
And found myself outside the Hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more ! "

XIV

Alas, alas for Hamelin !
There came into many a burgher's pate
A text which says, that Heaven's Gate
Opes to the Rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in ! 260
The Mayor sent East, West, North, and South
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
And bring the children behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
Should think their records dated duly 270
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear,
" And so long after what happened here
On the Twenty-second of July,

Thirteen hundred and Seventy-six " :
 And the better in memory to fix
 The place of the Children's last retreat,
 They called it, the Pied Piper's Street—
 Where any one playing on pipe or tabor
 Was sure for the future to lose his labour. 280
 Nor suffered they Hostelry or Tavern

To shock with mirth a street so solemn ;
 But opposite the place of the cavern

They wrote the story on a column,
 And on the Great Church Window painted
 The same, to make the world acquainted
 How their children were stolen away ;
 And there it stands to this very day.

And I must not omit to say
 That in Transylvania there's a tribe 290
 Of alien people that ascribe
 The outlandish ways and dress
 On which their neighbours lay such stress,
 To their fathers and mothers having risen
 Out of some subterraneous prison
 Into which they were trepanned
 Long time ago in a mighty band
 Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
 But how or why, they don't understand.

xv

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers 300
 Of scores out with all men—especially pipers :
 And, whether they pipe us free, from rats or from mice,
 If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

Waring

1

I

WHAT'S become of Waring
 Since he gave us all the slip,

A.p.

BB*

Chose land-travel or seafaring,
 Boots and chest, or staff and scrip,
 Rather than pace up and down
 Any longer London-town ?

II

Who'd have guessed it from his lip,
 Or his brow's accustomed bearing,
 On the night he thus took ship,
 Or started landward ?—little caring 10
 For us, it seems, who supped together,
 (Friends of his too, I remember)
 And walked home thro' the merry weather,
 The snowiest in all December ;
 I left his arm that night myself
 For what's-his-name's, the new prose-poet,
 That wrote the book there, on the shelf—
 How, forsooth, was I to know it
 If Waring meant to glide away
 Like a ghost at break of day ? 20
 Never looked he half so gay I

III

He was prouder than the Devil:
 How he must have cursed our revel!
 Ay, and many other meetings,
 Indoor visits, outdoor greetings.
 As up and down he paced this London,
 With no work done, but great works undone,
 Where scarce twenty knew his name.
 Why not, then, have earlier spoken,
 Written, bustled? Who's to blame 30
 If your silence kept unbroken ?
 " True, but there were sundry jottings,
 Stray-leaves, fragments, blurrs and blottings,
 Certain first steps were achieved
 Already which "—(is that your meaning ?)
 " Had well borne out whoe'er believed
 In more to come ! " But who goes gleaning

Hedge-side chance-blades, while full-sheaved
Stand cornfields by him? Pride, overweening
Pride alone, puts forth such claims 40
O'er the day's distinguished names.

IV

Meantime, how much I loved him,
I find out now I've lost him :
I, who cared not if I moved him,
Who could so carelessly accost him,
Henceforth never shall get free
Of his ghostly company,
His eyes that just a little wink
As deep I go into the merit 50
Of this and that distinguished spirit—
His cheeks' raised colour, soon to sink,
As long I dwell on some stupendous
And tremendous (Heaven defend us !)
Monstr'-inform'-ingens-horrend-ous
Demoniaco-seraphic
Penman's latest piece of graphic.
Nay, my very wrist grows warm
With his dragging weight of arm !
E'en so, swimmingly appears,
Thro' one's after-supper musings, 60
Some lost Lady of old years,
With her beauteous vain endeavour,
And goodness unrepaid as ever ;
The face, accustomed to refusings,
We, puppies that we were . . .

Oh never
Surely, nice of conscience, scrupled
Being aught like false, forsooth, to ?
Telling aught but honest truth to ?
What a sin, had we centupled 70
Its possessor's grace and sweetness 1
No ! she heard in its completeness
Truth, for truth's a weighty matter,
And, truth at issue, we can't flatter !

Well, 'tis done with: she's exempt
From damming us thro' such a sally;
And so she glides, as down a valley,
Taking up with her contempt,
Past our reach; and in, the flowers
Shut her unregarded hours.

80

V

Oh, could I have him back once more,
This Waring, but one half-day more !
Back, with the quiet face of yore,
So hungry for acknowledgment
Like mine ! I'd fool him to his bent !
Feed, should not he, to heart's content ?
I'd say, " To only have conceived
Your great works, tho' they ne'er make progress,
Surpasses all we've yet achieved ! "
I'd lie so, I should be believed. 90
I'd make such havoc of the claims
Of the day's distinguished names
To feast him with, as feasts an ogress
Her sharp-toothed golden-crowned child !
Or, as one feasts a creature rarely
Captured here, unreconciled
To capture ; and completely gives
Its pettish humours licence, barely
Requiring that it lives.

VI

Ichabod, Ichabod,
The glory is departed !
Travels Waring East away ?
Who, of knowledge, by hearsay,
Reports a man upstarted
Somewhere as a God,
Hordes grown European-hearted,
Millions of the wild made tame
On a sudden at his fame ?
In Vishnu-land what Avatar ?

100

Or who, in Moscow, toward the Czar, no
 With the demurest of footfalls
 Over the Kremlin's pavement, bright
 With serpentine and syenite,
 Steps, with five other Generals,
 That simultaneously take snuff,
 For each to have pretext enough
 To kerchiefwise unfurl his sash
 Which, softness' self, is yet the stuff
 To hold fast where a steel chain snaps,
 And leave the grand white neck no gash ? 120
 Waring, in Moscow, to those rough
 Cold northern natures borne, perhaps,
 Like the lambwhite maiden dear
 From the circle of mute kings,
 Unable to repress the tear,
 Each as his sceptre down he flings,
 To Dian's fane at Taurica,
 Where now a captive priestess, she alway
 Mingles her tender grave Hellenic speech
 With theirs, tuned to the hailstone-beaten beach, 130
 As pours some pigeon, from the myrrhy lands
 Rapt by the whirlblast to fierce Scythian strands
 Where breed the swallows, her melodious cry
 Amid their barbarous twitter !
 In Russia ? Never ! Spain were fitter !
 Ay, most likely 'tis in Spain
 That we and Waring meet again—
 Now, while he turns down that cool narrow lane
 Into the blackness, out of grave Madrid
 All fire and shine—abrupt as when there's slid 140
 Its stiff gold blazing pall
 From some black coffin-lid.
 Or, best of all,
 I love to think
 The leaving us was just a feint;
 Back here to London did he slink ;
 And now works on without a wink
 Of sleep, and we are on the brink

Of something great in fresco-paint:
Some garret's ceiling, walls and floor, 150
Up and down and o'er and o'er
He splashes, as none splashed before
Since great Caldara Polidore :
Or Music means this land of ours
Some favour yet, to pity won
By Purcell from his Rosy Bowers,—
" Give me my so long promised son,
Let Waring end what I begun ! "
Then down he creeps and out he steals
Only when the night conceals 160
His face—in Kent 'tis cherry-time,
Or, hops are picking ; or, at prime
Of March, he wanders as, too happy,
Years ago when he was young,
Some mild eve when woods grew sappy,
And the early moths had sprung
To life from many a trembling sheath
Woven the warm boughs beneath ;
While small birds said to themselves
What should soon be actual song, 170
And young gnats, by tens and twelves,
Made as if they were the throng
That crowd around and carry aloft
The sound they have nursed, so sweet and pure,
Out of a myriad noises soft,
Into a tone that can endure
Amid the noise of a July noon,
When all God's creatures crave their boon,
All at once and all in tune,
And get it, happy as Waring then, 180
Having first within his ken
What a man might do with men,
And far too glad, in the even-glow,
To mix with your world he meant to take
Into his hand, he told you, so—
And out of it his world to make,
To contract and to expand

As he shut or oped his hand.
 Oh, Waring, what's to really be ?
 A clear stage and a crowd to see ! 190
 Some Garrick—say—out shall not he
 The heart of Hamlet's mystery pluck ?
 Or, where most unclean beasts are rife,
 Some Junius—am I right ?—shall tuck
 His sleeve, and out with flaying-knife !
 Some Chatterton shall have the luck
 Of calling Rowley into life I
 Some one shall somehow run amuck
 With this old world, for want of strife
 Sound asleep : contrive, contrive 200
 To rouse us, Waring ! Who's alive ?
 Our men scarce seem in earnest now :
 Distinguished names !—but 'tis, somehow,
 As if they played at being names
 Still more distinguished, like the games
 Of children. Turn our sport to earnest
 With a visage of the sternest!
 Bring the real times back, confessed
 Still better than our very best!

II

I

" When I last saw Waring . . ." 210
 (How all turned to him who spoke—
 You saw Waring ? Truth or joke ?
 In land-travel, or sea-faring ?)

II

" We were sailing by Triest,
 Where a day or two we harboured :
 A sunset was in the West,
 When, looking over the vessel's side,
 One of our company espied
 A sudden speck to larboard.

And, as a sea-duck flies and swims 220
 At once, so came the light craft up,
 With its sole lateen sail that trims
 And turns (the water round its rims
 Dancing, as round a sinking cup)
 And by us like a fish it curled,
 And drew itself up close beside,
 Its great sail on the instant furled,
 And o'er its planks, a shrill voice cried,
 (A neck as bronzed as a Lascar's)
 'Buy wine of us, you English Brig? 230
 Or fruit, tobacco and cigars ?
 A Pilot for you to Triest ?
 Without one, look you ne'er so big,
 They'll never let you up the bay !
 We natives should know best.'
 I turned, and ' just those fellows' way,'
 Our captain said, ' The long-shore thieves
 Are laughing at us in their sleeves.'

III

" In truth, the boy leaned laughing back ;
 And one, half-hidden by his side 240
 Under the furled sail, soon I spied,
 With great grass hat, and kerchief black,
 Who looked up, with his kingly throat,
 Said somewhat, while the other shook
 His hair back from his eyes to look
 Their longest at us ; then the boat,
 I know not how, turned sharply round,
 Laying her whole side on the sea
 As a leaping fish does ; from the lee
 Into the weather, cut somehow 250
 Her sparkling path beneath our bow ;
 And so went off, as with a bound,
 Into the rose and golden half
 Of the sky, to overtake the sun,
 And reach the shore, like the sea-calf
 Its singing cave; yet I caught one

Glance ere away the boat quite passed,
And neither time nor toil could mar
Those features : so I saw the last
Of Waring ! "—You ? Oh, never star 260
Was lost here, but it rose afar!
Look East, where whole new thousands are!
In Vishnu-land what Avatar ?

The Guardian-Angel

A PICTURE AT FANO

I

DEAR and great Angel, wouldst thou only leave
That child, when thou hast done with him, for me !
Let me sit all the day here, that when eve
Shall find performed thy special ministry
And time come for departure, thou, suspending
Thy flight, mayst see another child for tending,
Another still to quiet and retrieve.

II

Then I shall feel thee step one step, no more,
From where thou standest now, to where I gaze
And suddenly my head be covered o'er 10
With those wings, white above the child who prays
Now on that tomb—and I shall feel thee guarding
Me, out of all the world ! for me, discarding
Yon heaven thy home, that waits and opes its door !

III

I would not look up thither past thy head
Because the door opes, like that child, I know,
For I should have thy gracious face instead,
Thou bird of God ! And wilt thou bend me low
Like him, and lay, like his, my hands together,
And lift them up to pray, and gently tether 20
Me, as thy lamb there, with thy garment's spread?

IV

If this was ever granted, I would rest

My head beneath thine, while thy healing hands
Close-covered both my eyes beside thy breast,

Pressing the brain, which too much thought expands,
Back to its proper size again, and smoothing
Distortion down till every nerve had soothing,
And all lay quiet, happy and supprest.

V

How soon all worldly wrong would be repaired !

I think how I should view the earth and skies 30
And sea, when once again my brow was bared

After thy healing, with such different eyes.
O, world, as God has made it ! all is beauty :
And knowing this, is love, and love is duty.

What further may be sought for or declared ?

VI

Guercino drew this angel I saw teach

(Alfred, dear friend)—that little child to pray,
Holding the little hands up, each to each

Pressed gently,—with his own head turned away
Over the earth where so much lay before him 40
Of work to do, though heaven was opening o'er
him,

And he was left at Fano by the beach.

VII

We were at Fano, and three times we went

To sit and see him in his chapel there,
And drink his beauty to our soul's content

—My angel with me too : and since I care
For dear Guercino's fame, (to which in power
And glory comes this picture for a dower,
Fraught with a pathos so magnificent)

VIII

And since he did not work so earnestly 50

At all times, and has else endured some wrong,—
I took one thought his picture struck from me,

And spread it out, translating it to song.
My love is here. Where are you, dear old friend?
How rolls the Wairoa at your world's far end?

This is Ancona, yonder is the sea.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Sohrab and Rustum

AN EPISODE

AND the first grey of morning fill'd the east,
 And the fog rose out of the Oxus stream.
 But all the Tartar camp along the stream
 Was hush'd, and still the men were plunged in sleep ;
 Sohrab alone, he slept not; all night long
 He had lain wakeful, tossing on his bed;
 But when the grey dawn stole into his tent,
 He rose, and clad himself, and girt his sword,
 And took his horseman's cloak, and left his tent,
 And went abroad into the cold wet fog, 10
 Through the dim camp to Peran-Wisa's tent.

Through the black Tartar tents he pass'd, which stood
Clustering like bee-hives on the low flat strand
Of Oxus, where the summer-floods o'erflow
When the sun melts the snows in high Pamere;
Through the black tents he pass'd, o'er that low strand,
And to a hillock came, a little back
From the*stream's brink—the spot where first a boat,
Crossing the stream in summer, scrapes the land.
The men of former times had crown'd the top 20
With a clay fort; but that was fall'n, and now
The Tartars built there Peran-Wisa's tent,
A dome of laths, and o'er it felts were spread.
And Sohrab came there, and went in, and stood
Upon the thick piled carpets in the tent,

And found the old man sleeping on his bed
Of rugs and felts, and near him lay his arms.
And Peran-Wisa heard him, though the step
Was dull'd; for he slept light, an old man's sleep ;
And he rose quickly on one arm, and said :— 30

" Who art thou ? for it is not yet clear dawn.
Speak ! is there news, or any night alarm ? "

But Sohrab came to the bedside, and said :—

" Thou know'st me, Peran-Wisa I it is I.

The sun is not yet risen, and the foe

Sleep ; but I sleep not; all night long I lie

Tossing and wakeful, and I come to thee.

For so did King Afrasiab bid me seek

Thy counsel, and to heed thee as thy son,

In Samarcand, before the army march'd; 40

And I will tell thee what my heart desires.

Thou know'st if, since from Ader-baijan first

I came among the Tartars and bore arms,

I have still served Afrasiab well, and shown,

At my boy's years, the courage of a man.

This too thou know'st, that while I still bear on

The conquering Tartar ensigns through the world,

And beat the Persians back on every field,

I seek one man, one man, and one alone—

Rustum, my father; who I hoped should greet, 50

Should one day greet, upon some well-fought field,

His not unworthy, not inglorious son.

So I long hoped, but him I never find.

Come then, hear now, and grant me what I ask.

Let the two armies rest to-day ; but I

Will challenge forth the bravest Persian lords

To meet me, man to man ; if I prevail,

Rustum will surely hear it; if I fall—

Old man, the dead need no one, claim no kin.

Dim is the rumour of a common fight, 60

Where host meets host, and many names are sunk ;'

But of a single combat fame speaks clear."

He spoke; and Peran-Wisa took the hand
Of the young man in his, and sigh'd, and said :—

" O Sohrab, an unquiet heart is thine!
Canst thou not rest among the Tartar chiefs,
And share the battle's common chance with us
Who love thee, but must press for ever first,
In single fight incurring single risk,
To find a father thou hast never seen ? 70
That were far best, my son, to stay with us
Unmurmuring; in our tents, while it is war,
And when 'tis truce, then in Afrasiab's towns.
But, if this one desire indeed rules all,
To seek out Rustum—seek him not through fight!
Seek him in peace, and carry to his arms,
O Sohrab, carry an unwounded son!
But far hence seek him, for he is not here.
For now it is not as when I was young,
When Rustum was in front of every fray ; 80
But now he keeps apart, and sits at home,
In Seistan, with Zal, his father old.
Whether that his own mighty strength at last
Feels the abhorr'd approaches of old age,
Or in some quarrel with the Persian King.
There go !—Thou wilt not ? Yet my heart forebodes
Danger or death awaits thee on this field.
Fain would I know thee safe and well, though lost
To us ; fain therefore send thee hence, in peace
To seek thy father, not seek single fights 90
In vain;—but who can keep the lion's cub
From ravening, and who govern Rustum's son ?
Go, I will grant thee what thy heart desires."

So said he, and dropp'd Sohrab's hand, and left
His bed, and the warm rugs whereon he lay ;
And o'er his chilly limbs his woollen coat
He pass'd, and tied his sandals on his feet,
And threw a white cloak round him, and he took
In his right hand a ruler's staff, no sword ;
And on his head he set his sheep-skin cap, 100
Black, glossy, curl'd, the fleece of Kara-Kul;
And raised the curtain of his tent, and call'd
His herald to his side, and went abroad.

The sun by this had risen, and clear'd the fog
From the broad Oxus and the glittering sands.
And from their tents the Tartar horsemen filed
Into the open plain ; so Haman bade—
Haman, who next to Peran-Wisa ruled
The host, and still was in his lusty prime.
From their black tents, long files of horse, they stream'd ;
As when some grey November morn the files, 111
In marching order spread, of long-neck'd cranes
Stream over Casbin and the southern slopes
Of Elburz, from the Aralian estuaries,
Or some froze Caspian reed-bed, southward bound
For the warm Persian sea-board—so they stream'd.
The Tartars of the Oxus, the King's guard,
First, with black sheep-skin caps and with long spears ;
Large men, large steeds ; who from Bokhara come
And Khiva, and ferment the milk of mares. 120
Next, the more temperate Toorkmuns of the south,
The Tukas, and the lances of Salore,
And those from Attruck and the Caspian sands ;
Light men and on light steeds, who only drink
The acrid milk of camels, and their wells.
And then a swarm of wandering horse, who came
From far, and a more doubtful service own'd ;
The Tartars of Ferghana, from the banks
Of the Jaxartes, men with scanty beards
And close-set skull-caps ; and those wilder hordes 130
Who roam o'er Kipchak and the northern waste,
Kalmucks and unkempt Kuzzaks, tribes who stray
Nearest the Pole, and wandering Kirghizzes,
Who come on shaggy ponies from Pamere ;
These all filed out from camp into the plain.
And on the other side the Persians form'd ;—
First a light cloud of horse, Tartars they seem'd,
The Ilyats of Khorassan ; and behind,
The royal troops of Persia, horse and foot,
Marshall'd battalions bright in burnish'd steel. 140
But Peran-Wisa with his herald came,
Threading the Tartar squadrons to the front,

And with his staff kept back the foremost ranks.
And when Ferood, who led the Persians, saw
That Peran-Wisa kept the Tartars back,
He took his spear, and to the front he came,
And check'd his ranks, and fix'd them where they stood.
And the old Tartar came upon the sand
Betwixt the silent hosts, and spake, and said :—

"Ferood, and ye, Persians and Tartars, hear! 150
Let there be truce between the hosts to-day.
But choose a champion from the Persian lords
To fight our champion Sohrab, man to man."

As, in the country, on a morn in June,
When the dew glistens on the pearled ears,
A shiver runs through the deep corn for joy—
So, when they heard what Peran-Wisa said,
A thrill through all the Tartar squadrons ran
Of pride and hope for Sohrab, whom they loved.

But as a troop of pedlars, from Cabool, 160
Cross underneath the Indian Caucasus,
That vast sky-neighbouring mountain of milk snow;
Crossing so high, that, as they mount, they pass
Long flocks of travelling birds dead on the snow,
Choked by the air, and scarce can they themselves
Slake their parch'd throats with sugar'd mulberries—
In single file they move, and stop their breath,
For fear they should dislodge the o'erhanging snows—
So the pale Persians held their breath with fear.

And to Ferood his brother chiefs came up 170
To counsel; Gudurz and Zoarrah came,
And Feraburz, who ruled the Persian host
Second, and was the uncle of the King ;
These came and counsell'd, and then Gudurz said :—

"Ferood, shame bids us take their challenge up,
Yet champion have we none to match this youth.
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart.
But Rustum came last night; aloof he sits
And sullen, and has pitch'd his tents apart.
Him will I seek, and carry to his ear 180
The Tartar challenge, and this young man's name.

Haply he will forget his wrath, and fight.
Stand forth the while, and take their challenge up."

So spake he; and Ferood stood forth and cried :—
" Old man, be it agreed as thou hast said !
Let Sohrab arm, and we will find a man."

He spake : and Peran-Wisa turn'd, and strode
Back through the opening squadrons to his tent.
But through the anxious Persians Gudurz ran,
And cross'd the camp which lay behind, and reach'd, 190
Out on the sands beyond it, Rustum's tents.
Of scarlet cloth they were, and glittering gay,
Just pitch'd; the high pavilion in the midst
Was Rustum's, and his men lay camp'd around.
And Gudurz enter'd Rustum's tent, and found
Rustum ; his morning meal was done, but still
The table stood before him, charged with food—
A side of roasted sheep, and cakes of bread,
And dark green melons ; and there Rustum sate
Listless, and held a falcon on his wrist, 200
And play'd with it; but Gudurz came and stood
Before him; and he look'd, and saw him stand,
And with a cry sprang up and dropp'd the bird,
And greeted Gudurz with both hands, and said :—

" Welcome ! these eyes could see no better sight.
What news ? but sit down first, and eat and drink."

But Gudurz stood in the tent-door, and said :—
" Not now I a time will come to eat and drink,
But not to-day; to-day has other needs.
The armies are drawn out, and stand at gaze; 210
For from the Tartars is a challenge brought
To pick a champion from the Persian lords
To fight their champion—and thou know'st his name—
Sohrab men call him, but his birth is hid.
O Rustum, like thy might is this young man's !
He has the wild stag's foot, the lion's heart;
And he is young, and Iran's chiefs are old,
Or else too weak; and all eyes turn to thee.
Come down and help us, Rustum, or we lose ! "

He spoke ; but Rustum answer'd with a smile :— 220

" Go to ! if Iran's chiefs are old, then I
Am older; if the young are weak, the King
Errs strangely; for the King, for Kai Khosroo,
Himself is young, and honours younger men,
And lets the aged moulder to their graves.
Rustum he loves no more, but loves the young—
The young may rise at Sohrab's vaunts, not I.
For what care I, though all speak Sohrab's fame ?
For would that I myself had such a son,
And not that one slight helpless girl I have— 230
A son so famed, so brave, to send to war,
And I to tarry with the snow-hair'd Zal,
My father, whom the robber Afghans vex,
And clip his borders short, and drive his herds,
And he has none to guard his weak old age.
There would I go, and hang my armour up,
And with my great name fence that weak old man,
And spend the goodly treasures I have got,
And rest my age, and hear of Sohrab's fame,
And leave to death the hosts of thankless kings, 240
And with these slaughterous hands draw sword no more."

He spoke, and smiled; and Gudurz made reply :—
" What then, O Rustum, will men say to this,
When Sohrab dares our bravest forth, and seeks
Thee most of all, and thou, whom most he seeks,
Hidest thy face ? Take heed lest men should say :
*Like some old miser Rustum hoards his fame,
And shuns to peril it with younger men*"

And, greatly moved, then Rustum made reply :—
" O Gudurz, wherefore dost thou say such words ? 250
Thou knowest better words than this to say.
What is one more, one less, obscure or famed,
Valiant or craven, young or old, to me ?
Are not they mortal, am not I myself ?
But who for men of nought would do great deeds ?
Come, thou shalt see how Rustum hoards his fame !
But I will fight unknown, and in plain arms ;
Let not men say of Rustum, he was match'd
In single fight with any mortal man."

He spoke, and frown'd; and Gudurz turn'd, and ran
Back quickly through the camp in fear and joy— 261
Fear at his wrath, but joy that Rustum came.
But Rustum strode to his tent-door, and call'd
His followers in, and bade them bring his arms,
And clad himself in steel; the arms he chose
Were plain, and on his shield was no device,
Only his helm was rich, inlaid with gold,
And, from the fluted spine atop, a plume
Of horsehair waved, a scarlet horsehair plume.
So arm'd, he issued forth; and Ruksh, his horse, 270
Follow'd him like a faithful hound at heel—
Ruksh, whose renown was noised through all the earth,
The horse, whom Rustum on a foray once
Did in Bokhara by the river find
A colt beneath its dam, and drove him home,
And rear'd him; a bright bay, with lofty crest,
Dight with a saddle-cloth of broider'd green
Crusted with gold, and on the ground were work'd
All beasts of chase, all beasts which hunters know.
So follow'd, Rustum left his tents, and cross'd 280
The camp, and to the Persian host appear'd.
And all the Persians knew him, and with shouts
Hail'd; but the Tartars knew not who he was.
And dear as the wet diver to the eyes
Of his pale wife who waits and weeps on shore,
By sandy Bahrein, in the Persian Gulf,
Plunging all day in the blue waves, at night,
Having made up his tale of precious pearls,
Rejoins her in their hut upon the sands—
So dear to the pale Persians Rustum came. 290

And Rustum to the Persian front advanced,
And Sohrab arm'd in Haman's tent, and came.
And as afield the reapers cut a swath
Down through the middle of a rich man's corn,
And on each side are squares of standing corn,
And in the midst a stubble, short and bare—
So on each side were squares of men, with spears
Bristling, and in the midst, the open sand.

And Rustum came upon the sand, and cast
His eyes toward the Tartar tents, and saw 300
Sohrab come forth, and eyed him as he came.

As some rich woman, on a winter's morn,
Eyes through her silken curtains the poor drudge
Who with numb blacken'd fingers makes her fire—
At cock-crow, on a starlit winter's morn,
When the frost flowers the whiten'd window-panes—
And wonders how she lives, and what the thoughts
Of that poor drudge may be ; so Rustum eyed
The unknown adventurous youth, who from afar
Came seeking Rustum, and defying forth 310

All the most valiant chiefs ; long he perused
His spirited air, and wonder'd who he was.
For very young he seem'd, tenderly rear'd ;
Like some young cypress, tall, and dark, and straight,
Which in a queen's secluded garden throws
Its slight dark shadow on the moonlit turf,
By midnight, to a bubbling fountain's sound—
So slender Sohrab seem'd, so softly rear'd.
And a deep pity enter'd Rustum's soul
As he beheld him coming ; and he stood, 320
And beckon'd to him with his hand, and said :—

" O thou young man, the air of Heaven is soft,
And warm, and pleasant ; but the grave is cold !
Heaven's air is better than the cold dead grave.
Behold me ! I am vast, and clad in iron,
And tried ; and I have stood on many a field
Of blood, and I have fought with many a foe—
Never was that field lost, or that foe saved.
O Sohrab, wherefore wilt thou rush on death ?
Be govern'd ! quit the Tartar host, and come 330
To Iran, and be as my son to me,
And fight beneath my banner till I die I
There are no youths in Iran brave as thou."

So he spake, mildly ; Sohrab heard his voice,
The mighty voice of Rustum, and he saw
His giant figure planted on the sand,
Sole, like some single tower, which a chief

Hath builded on the waste in former years
Against the robbers ; and he saw that head,
Streak'd with its first grey hairs ;—hope filled his soul,
And he ran forward and embraced his knees, 341
And clasp'd his hand within his own, and said :—

" O, by thy father's head ! by thine own soul !
Art thou not Rustum ? speak 1 art thou not he ? "

But Rustum eyed askance the kneeling youth,
And turn'd away, and spake to his own soul:—

" Ah me, I muse what this young fox may mean !
False, wily, boastful, are these Tartar boys.

For if I now confess this thing he asks,
And hide it not, but say: *Rustum is here!* 350

He will not yield indeed, nor quit our foes,
But he will find some pretext not to fight,

And praise my fame, and proffer courteous gifts,
A belt or sword perhaps, and go his way.

And on a feast-tide, in Afrasiab's hall,

In Samarcand, he will arise and cry :

' I challenged once, when the two armies camp'd
Beside the Oxus, all the Persian lords

To cope with me in single fight; but they
Shrank, only Rustum dared; then he and I 360

Changed gifts, and went on equal terms away.'

So will he speak, perhaps, while men applaud ;

Then were the chiefs of Iran shamed through mc."

And then he turn'd, and sternly spake aloud :—

" Rise! wherefore dost thou vainly question thus
Of Rustum? I am here, whom thou hast call'd
By challenge forth; make good thy vaunt, or yield!
Is it with Rustum only thou wouldst fight?

Rash boy, men look on Rustum's face and flee !

For well I know, that did great Rustum stand 370
Before thy face this day, and were reveal'd,

There would be then no talk of fighting more.

But being what I am, I tell thee this—

Do thou record it in thine inmost soul:

Either thou shalt renounce thy vaunt and yield,

Or else thy bones shall strew this sand, till winds

Bleach them, or Oxus with his summer-floods,
Oxus in summer wash them all away."

He spoke; and Sohrab answer's!, on his feet:—
" Art thou so fierce ? Thou wilt not fright me so ! 380
I am no girl, to be made pale by words.
Yet this thou hast said well, did Rustum stand
Here on this field, there were no fighting then.
But Rustum is far hence, and we stand here.
Begin! thou art more vast, more dread than I,
And thou art proved, I know, and I am young—
But yet success sways with the breath of Heaven.
And though thou thinkest that thou knowest sure
Thy victory, yet thou canst not surely know.
For we are all, like swimmers in the sea, 390
Poised on the top of a huge wave of fate,
Which hangs uncertain to which side to fall.
And whether it will heave us up to land,
Or whether it will roll us out to sea,
Back out to sea, to the deep waves of death,
We know not, and no search will make us know ;
Only the event will teach us in its hour."

He spoke, and Rustum answer'd not, but hurl'd
His spear; down from the shoulder, down it came,
As on some partridge in the corn a hawk, 400
That long has tower'd in the airy clouds,
Drops like a plummet; Sohrab saw it come,
And sprang aside, quick as a flash; the spear
Hiss'd, and went quivering down into the sand,
Which it sent flying wide;—then Sohrab threw
In turn, and full struck Rustum's shield; sharp rang,
The iron plates rang sharp, but turn'd the spear.
And Rustum seized his club, which none but he
Could wield : an unlopp'd trunk it was, and huge,
Still rough—like those which men in treeless plains 410
To build them boats fish from the flooded rivers,
Hyphasis or Hydaspes, when, high up
By their dark springs, the wind in winter-time
Hath made in Himalayan forests wrack,
And strewn the channels with torn boughs—so huge

The club which Rustum lifted now, and struck
One stroke; but again Sohrab sprang aside,
Lithe as the glancing snake, and the club came
Thundering to earth, and leapt from Rustum's hand.
And Rustum follow'd his own blow, and fell 420
To his knees, and with his fingers clutch'd the sand;
And now might Sohrab have unsheathed his sword,
And pierced the mighty Rustum while he lay
Dizzy, and on his knees, and choked with sand;
But he look'd on, and smiled, nor bared his sword,
But courteously drew back, and spoke, and said:—

"Thou strik'st too hard! that club of thine will float
Upon the summer-floods, and not my bones.
But rise, and be not wroth! not wroth am I;
No, when I see thee, wrath forsakes my soul. 430
Thou say'st, thou art not Rustum; be it so!
Who art thou then, that canst so touch my soul?
Boy as I am, I have seen battles too—
Have waded foremost in their bloody waves,
And heard their hollow roar of dying men;
But never was my heart thus touch'd before.
Are they from Heaven, these softening of the heart?
O thou old warrior, let us yield to Heaven!
Come, plant we here in earth our angry spears,
And make a truce, and sit upon this sand, 440
And pledge each other in red wine, like friends,
And thou shalt talk to me of Rustum's deeds.
There are enough foes in the Persian host,
Whom I may meet, and strike, and feel no pang;
Champions enough Afrasiab has, whom thou
Mayst fight; fight *them*, when they confront thy spear!
But oh, let there be peace 'twixt thee and me!"

He ceased, but while he spake, Rustum had risen,
And stood erect, trembling with rage; his club
He left to lie, but had regain'd his spear, 450
Whose fiery point now in his mail'd right-hand
Blazed bright and baleful, like that autumn-star,
The baleful sign of fevers; dust had soil'd
His stately crest, and dimm'd his glittering arms.

His breast heaved, his lips foam'd, and twice his voice
Was choked with rage ; at last these words broke way :—

" Girl! nimble with thy feet, not with thy hands !

Curl'd minion, dancer, coiner of sweet words !

Fight, let me hear thy hateful voice no more !

Thou art not in Afrasiab's gardens now 460

With Tartar girls, with whom thou art wont to dance ;

But on the Oxus-sands, and in the dance

Of battle, and with me, who make no play

Of war ; I fight it out, and hand to hand.

Speak not to me of truce, and pledge, and wine !

Remember all thy valour; try thy feints

And cunning I all the pity I had is gone ;

Because thou hast shamed me before both the hosts

With thy light skipping tricks, and thy girl's wiles."

He spoke, and Sohrab kindled at his taunts, 470

And he too drew his sword ; at once they rush'd

Together, as two eagles on one prey

Come rushing down together from the clouds,

One from the east, one from the west; their shields

Dash'd with a clang together, and a din

Rose, such as that the sinewy woodcutters

Make often in the forest's heart at morn,

Of hewing axes, crashing trees—such blows

Rustum and Sohrab on each other hail'd.

And you would say that sun and stars took part 480

In that unnatural conflict; for a cloud

Grew suddenly in Heaven, and dark'd the sun

Over the fighters' heads ; and a wind rose

Under their feet, and moaning swept the plain,

And in a sandy whirlwind wrapp'd the pair.

In gloom they twain were wrapp'd, and they alone ;

For both the on-looking hosts on either hand

Stood in broad daylight, and the sky was pure,

And the sun sparkled on the Oxus stream.

But in the gloom they fought, with bloodshot eyes 490

And labouring breath ; first Rustum struck the shield

Which Sohrab held stiff out; the steel-spiked spear

Rent the tough plates, but fail'd to reach the skin,

And Rustum pluck'd it back with angry groan.
Then Sohrab with his sword smote Rus turn's helm,
Nor clove its steel quite through; but all the crest
He shore away, and that proud horsehair plume,
Never till now defiled, sank to the dust;
And Rustum bow'd his head; but then the gloom
Grew blacker, thunder rumbled in the air, 500
And lightnings rent the cloud; and Ruksh, the horse,
Who stood at hand, utter'd a dreadful cry;—
No horse's cry was that, most like the roar
Of some pain'd desert-lion, who all day
Hath trail'd the hunter's javelin in his side,
And comes at night to die upon the sand.
The two hosts heard that cry, and quaked for fear,
And Oxus curdled as it cross'd his stream.
But Sohrab heard, and quail'd not, but rush'd on,
And struck again; and again Rustum bow'd 510
His head; but this time all the blade, like glass,
Sprang in a thousand shivers on the helm,
And in the hand the hilt remain'd alone.
Then Rustum raised his head; his dreadful eyes
Glared, and he shook on high his menacing spear,
And snouted: *Rustum!*—Sohrab heard that shout,
And shrank amazed; back he recoil'd one step,
And scann'd with blinking eyes the advancing form;
And then he stood bewilder'd; and he dropp'd
His covering shield, and the spear pierced his side. 520
He reel'd, and staggering back, sank to the ground;
And then the gloom dispersed, and the wind fell,
And the bright sun broke forth, and melted all
The cloud; and the two armies saw the pair—
Saw Rustum standing, safe upon his feet,
And Sohrab, wounded, on the bloody sand.

Then, with a bitter smile, Rustum began:—
"Sohrab, thou thoughtest in thy mind to kill
A Persian lord this day, and strip his corpse,
And bear thy trophies to Afrasiab's tent. 530
Or else that the great Rustum would come down
Himself to fight, and that thy wiles would move

His heart to take a gift, and let thee go.
And then that all the Tartar host would praise
Thy courage or thy craft, and spread thy fame,
To glad thy father in his weak old age.
Fool, thou art slain, and by an unknown man I
Dearer to the red jackals shalt thou be
Than to thy friends, and to thy father old."

And, with a fearless mien, Sohrab replied :— 540
" Unknown thou art; yet thy fierce vaunt is vain.
Thou dost not slay me, proud and boastful man !
No ! Rustum slays me, and this filial heart.
For were I match'd with ten such men as thee,
And I were that which till to-day I was,
They should be lying here, I standing there.
But that belovèd name unnerved my arm—
That name, and something, I confess, in thee,
Which troubles all my heart, and made my shield
Fall; and thy spear transfix'd an unarm'd foe. 550
And now thou boastest, and insult'st my fate.
But hear thou this, fierce man, tremble to hear
The mighty Rustum shall avenge my death!
My father, whom I seek through all the world,
He shall avenge my death, and punish thee ! "

As when some hunter in the spring hath found
A breeding eagle sitting on her nest,
Upon the craggy isle of a hill-lake,
And pierced her with an arrow as she rose,
And follow'd her to find her where she fell 560
Far off;—anon her mate comes winging back
From hunting, and a great way off descries
His huddling young left sole ; at that, he checks
His pinion, and with short uneasy sweeps
Circles above his eyry, with loud screams
Chiding his mate back to her nest; but she
Lies dying, with the arrow in her side,
In some far stony gorge out of his ken,
A heap of fluttering feathers—never more
Shall the lake glass her, flying over it; 570
Never the black and dripping precipices

Echo her stormy scream as she sails by—
As that poor bird flies home, nor knows his loss,
So Rustum knew not his own loss, but stood
Over his dying son, and knew him not.

But, with a cold incredulous voice, he said :—
" What prate is this of fathers and revenge ?
The mighty Rustum never had a son."

And, with a failing voice, Sohrab replied :—
" Ah yes, he had! and that lost son am I. 580
Surely the news will one day reach his ear,
Reach Rustum, where he sits, and tarries long,
Somewhere, I know not where, but far from here
And pierce him like a stab, and make him leap
To arms, and cry for vengeance upon thee.
Fierce man, bethink thee, for an only son !
What will that grief, what will that vengeance be ?
Oh, could I live, till I that grief had seen 1
Yet him I pity not so much, but her,
My mother, who in Ader-baijan dwells 590
With that old king, her father, who grows grey
With age, and rules over the valiant Koords.
Her most I pity, who no more will see
Sohrab returning from the Tartar camp,
With spoils and honour, when the war is done. •
But a dark rumour will be bruited up,
From tribe to tribe, until it reach her ear ;
And then will that defenceless woman learn
That Sohrab will rejoice her sight no more,
But that in battle with a nameless foe, 600
By the far-distant Oxus, he is slain/'

He spoke ; and as he ceased, he wept aloud,
Thinking of her he left, and his own death.
He spoke; but Rustum listen'd, plunged in thought.
Nor did he yet believe it was his son
Who spoke, although he call'd back names he knew ;
For he had had sure tidings that the babe,
Which was in Ader-baijan born to him,
Had been a puny girl, no boy at all—
So that sad mother sent him word, for fear 610

Rustum should seek the boy, to train in arms.
And so he deem'd that either Sohrab took,
By a false boast, the style of Rustum's son ;
Or that men gave it him, to swell his fame.
So deem'd he ; yet he listen'd, plunged in thought
And his soul set-to grief, as the vast tide
Of the bright rocking Ocean sets to shore
At the full moon ; tears gather'd in his eyes ;
For he remember'd his own early youth,
And all its bounding rapture ; as, at dawn, 620
The shepherd from his mountain-lodge descries
A far, bright city, smitten by the sun,
Through many rolling clouds—so Rustum saw
His youth ; saw Sohrab's mother, in her bloom ;
And that old king, her father, who loved well
His wandering guest, and gave him his fair child
With joy ; and all the pleasant life they led,
They three, in that long-distant summer-time—
The castle, and the dewy woods, and hunt
And hound, and morn on those delightful hills 630
In Ader-baijan. And he saw that Youth,
Of age and looks to be his own dear son,
Piteous and lovely, lying on the sand,
Like some rich hyacinth which by the scythe
Of an unskilful gardener has been cut,
Mowing the garden grass-plots near its bed,
And lies, a fragrant tower of purple bloom,
On the mown, dying grass—so Sohrab lay,
Lovely in death, upon the common sand.
And Rustum gazed on him with grief, and said :— 640
" O Sohrab, thou indeed art such a son
Whom Rustum, wert thou his, might well have loved.
Yet here thou errest, Sohrab, or else men
Have told thee false—thou art not Rustum's son.
For Rustum had no son ; one child he had—
But one—a girl ; who with her mother now
Plies some light female task, nor dreams of us—
Of us she dreams not, nor of wounds, nor war."
But Sohrab answer'd him in wrath ; for now
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The anguish of the deep-fix'd spear grew fierce, 650
And he desired to draw forth the steel,
And let the blood flow free, and so to die—
But first he would convince his stubborn foe ;
And, rising sternly on one arm, he said :—

" Man, who art thou who dost deny my words ?
Truth sits upon the lips of dying men,
And falsehood, while I lived, was far from mine.
I tell thee, prick'd upon this arm I bear
That seal which Rustum to my mother gave,
That she might prick it on the babe she bore." 660

He spoke; and all the blood left Rustum's cheeks,
And his knees totter'd, and he smote his hand
Against his breast, his heavy mailed hand,
That the hard iron corslet clank'd aloud;
And to his heart he press'd the other hand,
And in a hollow voice he spake, and said :—

" Sohrab, that were a proof which could not lie !
If thou show this, then art thou Rustum's son."

Then, with weak hasty fingers, Sohrab loosed
His belt, and near the shoulder bared his arm, 670
And show'd a sign in faint vermilion points
Prick'd; as a cunning workman, in Pekin,
Pricks with vermilion some clear porcelain vase, -
An emperor's gift—at early morn he paints,
And all day long, and, when night comes, the lamp
Lights up his studious forehead and thin hands—
So delicately prick'd the sign appear'd
On Sohrab's arm, the sign of Rustum's seal.
It was that griffin, which of old rear'd Zal,
Rustum's great father, whom they left to die, 680
A helpless babe, among the mountain-rocks ;
Him that kind creature found, and rear'd, and loved—
Then Rustum took it for his glorious sign.
And Sohrab bared that image on his arm,
And himself scann'd it long with mournful eyes,
And then he touch'd it with his hand and said :—

" How say'st thou ? Is that sign the proper sign
Of Rustum's son, or of some other man's ? "

He spoke ; but Rustum gazed, and gazed, and stood
Speechless ; and then he utter'd one sharp cry: 690
O *boy—thy father !*—and his voice choked there.

And then a dark cloud pass'd before his eyes,
And his head swam, and he sank down to earth.
But Sohrab crawl'd to where he lay, and cast
His arms about his neck, and kiss'd his lips,
And with fond faltering fingers stroked his cheeks,
Trying to call him back to life; and life
Came back to Rustum, and he oped his eyes,
And they stood wide with horror; and he seized
In both his hands the dust which lay around, 700
And threw it on his head, and smirch'd his hair,—
His hair, and face, and beard, and glittering arms ;
And strong convulsive groanings shook his breast,
And his sobs choked him; and he clutch'd his sword,
To draw it, and for ever let life out.

But Sohrab saw his thought, and held his hands,
And with a soothing voice he spake, and said :—

" Father, forbear ! for I but meet to-day
The doom which at my birth was written down
In Heaven, and thou art Heaven's unconscious hand. 710
Surely my heart cried out that it was thou,
When first I saw thee ; and thy heart spoke too,
I know it! but fate trod those promptings down
Under its iron heel; fate, fate engaged
The strife, and hurPd me on my father's spear.
But let us speak no more of this ! I find
My father ; let me feel that I have found !
Come, sit beside me on this sand, and take
My head betwixt thy hands, and kiss my cheeks,
And wash them with thy tears, and say : *My son !* 720
Quick ! quick ! for number'd are my sands of life,
And swift; for like the lightning to this field
I came, and like the wind I go away—
Sudden, and swift, and like a passing wind.
But it was writ in Heaven that this should be."

So said he, and his voice released the heart
Of Rustum, and his tears broke forth; he cast

His arms round his son's neck, and wept aloud,
And kiss'd him. And awe fell on both the hosts,
When they saw Rustum's grief; and Ruksh, the horse,
With his head bowing to the ground and mane 731
Sweeping the dust, came near, and in mute woe
First to the one then to the other moved
His head, as if inquiring what their grief
Might mean; and from his dark, compassionate eyes,
The big warm tears roll'd down, and caked the sand.
But Rustum chid him with stern voice, and said:—

"Ruksh, now thou grieve'st; but, O Ruksh, thy feet
Should first have rotted on their nimble joints,
Or ere they brought thy master to this field!" 740

But Sohrab look'd upon the horse and said:—
"Is this, then, Ruksh? How often, in past days,
My mother told me of thee, thou brave steed,
My terrible father's terrible horse! and said,
That I should one day find thy lord and thee.
Come, let me lay my hand upon thy mane!

O Ruksh, thou art more fortunate than I;
For thou hast gone where I shall never go,
And snuff'd the breezes of my father's home.
And thou hast trod the sands of Seistan, 750
And seen the River of Helmund, and the Lake
Of Zirrah; and the aged Zal himself

Has often stroked thy neck, and given thee food,
Corn in a golden platter soak'd with wine,
And said: *O Ruksh! bear Rustum well!*—but I
Have never known my grandsire's furrow'd face,
Nor seen his lofty house in Seistan,
Nor slaked my thirst at the clear Helmund stream;
But lodged among my father's foes, and seen

Afrasiab's cities only, Samarcand, 760
Bokhara, and lone Khiva in the waste,
And the black Toorkmun tents; and only drunk
The desert rivers, Moorghab and Tejend,
Kohik, and where the Kalmuks feed their sheep,
The northern Sir; and this great Oxus stream,
The yellow Oxus, by whose brink I die."

Then, with a heavy groan, Rustum bewail'd :—

" Oh, that its waves were flowing over me !

Oh, that I saw its grains of yellow silt

Roll tumbling in the current o'er my head ! " 770

But, with a grave mild voice, Sohrab replied :—

" Desire not that, my father ! thou must live.

For some are born to do great deeds, and live,

As some are born to be obscured, and die.

Do thou the deeds I die too young to do,

And reap a second glory in thine age ;

Thou art my father, and thy gain is mine.

But come ! thou seest this great host of men

Which follow me ; I pray thee, slay not these !

Let me entreat for them ; what have they done ? 780

They follow'd me, my hope, my fame, my star.

Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace.

But me thou must bear hence, not send with them,

But carry me with thee to Seistan,

And place me on a bed, and mourn for me,

Thou, and the snow-hair'd Zal, and all thy friends.

And thou must lay me in that lovely earth,

And heap a stately mound above my bones,

And plant a far-seen pillar over all.

That so the passing horseman on the waste 790

May see my tomb a great way off, and cry :

Sohrab, the mighty Rustum's son, lies there,

Whom his great father did in ignorance kill I

And I be not forgotten in my grave."

And, with a mournful voice, Rustum replied :—

" Fear not ! as thou hast said, Sohrab, my son,

So shall it be ; for I will burn my tents,

And quit the host, and bear thee hence with me,

And carry thee away to Seistan,

And place thee on a bed, and mourn for thee, 800

With the snow-headed Zal, and all my friends.

And I will lay thee in that lovely earth,

And heap a stately mound above thy bones,

And plant a far-seen pillar over all,

And men shall not forget thee in thy grave.

And I will spare thy host; yea, let them go I
Let them all cross the Oxus back in peace I
What should I do with slaying any more?
For would that all that I have ever slain
Might be once more alive; my bitterest foes, 810
And they who were call'd champions in their time,
And through whose death I won that fame I have—
And I were nothing but a common man,
A poor, mean soldier, and without renown,
So thou mightest live too, my son, my son!
Or rather would that I, even I myself,
Might now be lying on this bloody sand,
Near death, and by an ignorant stroke of thine,
Not thou of mine! and I might die, not thou;
And I, not thou, be borne to Seistan; 820
And Zal might weep above my grave, not thine;
And say: *O son, I weep thee not too sore,
For willingly, I know, thou met'st thine end I*
But now in blood and battles was my youth,
And full of blood and battles is my age,
And I shall never end this life of blood."

Then, at the point of death, Sohrab replied:
"A life of blood indeed, thou dreadful man! .
But thou shalt yet have peace; only not now,
Not yet! but thou shalt have it on that day, 830
When thou shalt sail in a high-masted ship,
Thou and the other peers of Kai Khosroo,
Returning home over the salt blue sea,
From laying thy dear master in his grave."

And Rustum gazed in Sohrab's face, and said:—
"Soon be that day, my son, and deep that sea!
Till then, if fate so wills, let me endure."

He spoke; and Sohrab smiled on him, and took
The spear, and drew it from his side, and eased
His wound's imperious anguish; but the blood 840
Came welling from the open gash, and life
Flow'd with the stream;—all down his cold white side
The crimson torrent ran, dim now and soil'd,
Like the soil'd tissue of white violets

Left, freshly gather'd, on their native bank,
By children whom their nurses call with haste
Indoors from the sun's eye; his head droop'd low,
His limbs grew slack; motionless, white, he lay—
White, with eyes closed; only when heavy gasps,
Deep heavy gasps quivering through all his frame, 850
Convulsed him back to life, he open'd them,
And fix'd them feebly on his father's face;
Till now all strength was ebb'd, and from his limbs
Unwillingly the spirit fled away,
Regretting the warm mansion which it left,
And youth, and bloom, and this delightful world.

So, on the bloody sand, Sohrab lay dead;
And the great Rustum drew his horseman's cloak
Down o'er his face, and sate by his dead son.
As those black granite pillars, once high-rear'd 860
By Jemshid in Persepolis, to bear
His house, now 'mid their broken flights of steps
Lie prone, enormous, down the mountain side—
So in the sand lay Rustum by his son.

And night came down over the solemn waste,
And the two gazing hosts, and that sole pair,
And darken'd all; and a cold fog, with night,
Crept from the Oxus. Soon a hum arose,
As of a great assembly loosed, and fires 870
Began to twinkle through the fog; for now
Both armies moved to camp, and took their meal;
The Persians took it on the open sands
Southward, the Tartars by the river marge;
And Rustum and his son were left alone.

But the majestic river floated on,
Out of the mist and hum of that low land,
Into the frosty starlight, and there moved,
Rejoicing, through the hush'd Chorasmian waste,
Under the solitary moon;—he flow'd
Right for the polar star, past Orgunje, 880
Brimming, and bright, and large; then sands begin
To hem his watery march, and dam his streams,
And split his currents; that for many a league

The shorn and parcelPd Oxus strains along
 Through beds of sand and matted rushy isles—
 Oxus, forgetting the bright speed he had
 In his high mountain-cradle in Pamere,
 A foil'd circuitous wanderer—till at last
 The long'd-for dash of waves is heard, and wide
 His luminous home of waters opens, bright 890
 And tranquil, from whose floor the new-bathed stars
 Emerge, and shine upon the Aral Sea.

"Balder "Dead

1. *Sending*

So on the floor lay Balder dead ; and round
 Lay thickly strewn swords, axes, darts, and spears,
 Which all the Gods in sport had idly thrown
 At Balder, whom no weapon pierced or clove ;
 But in his breast stood fixt the fatal bough
 Of mistletoe, which Lok the Accuser gave
 To Hoder, and unwitting Hoder threw—
 'Gainst that alone had Balder's life no charm.

And all the Gods and all the Heroes came,
 And stood round Balder on the bloody floor, 10
 Weeping and wailing ; and Valhalla rang
 Up to its golden roof with sobs and cries ;
 And on the tables stood the untasted meats,
 And in the horns and gold-rimm'd skulls the wine.
 And now would night have fall'n, and found them yet
 Wailing ; but otherwise was Odin's will.
 And thus the father of the ages spake :—

" Enough of tears, ye Gods, enough of wail!
 Not to lament in was Valhalla made.
 If any here might weep for Balder's death, 20
 I most might weep, his father ; such a son
 I lose to-day, so bright, so loved a God.
 But he has met that doom, which long ago

The Nornies, when his mother bare him, spun,
And fate set seal, that so his end must be.
Balder has met his death, and ye survive—
Weep him an hour, but what can grief avail?
For ye yourselves, ye Gods, shall meet your doom,
All ye who hear me, and inhabit Heaven,
And I too, Odin too, the Lord of all. 30
But ours we shall not meet, when that day comes,
With women's tears and weak complaining cries—
Why should we meet another's portion so?
Rather it fits you, having wept your hour,
With cold dry eyes, and hearts composed and stern,
To live, as erst, your daily life in Heaven.
By me shall vengeance on the murderer Lok,
The foe, the accuser, whom, though Gods, we hate,
Be strictly cared for, in the appointed day.
Meanwhile, to-morrow, when the morning dawns, 40
Bring wood to the seashore to Balder's ship,
And on the deck build high a funeral-pile,
And on the top lay Balder's corpse, and put
Fire to the wood, and send him out to sea
To burn; for that is what the dead desire."

So spake the King of Gods, and straightway rose,
And mounted his horse Sleipner, whom he rode;
And from the hall of Heaven he rode away
To Lidskialf, and sate upon his throne,
The mount, from whence his eye surveys the world. 50
And far from Heaven he turn'd his shining orbs
To look on Midgard, and the earth, and men.
And on the conjuring Lapps he bent his gaze
Whom antler'd reindeer pull over the snow;
And on the Finns, the gentlest of mankind,
Fair men, who live in holes under the ground;
Nor did he look once more to Ida's plain,
Nor tow'rd Valhalla, and the sorrowing Gods;
For well he knew the Gods would heed his word,
And cease to mourn, and think of Balder's pyre. 60

But in Valhalla all the Gods went back
From around Balder, all the Heroes went;

And left his body stretch'd upon the floor.
And on their golden chairs they sate again,
Beside the tables, in the hall of Heaven ;
And before each the cooks who served them placed
New messes of the boar Serimner's flesh,
And the Valkyries crown'd their horns with mead.
So they, with pent-up hearts and tearless eyes,
Wailing no more, in silence ate and drank, 70
While twilight fell, and sacred night came on.

But the blind Hoder left the feasting Gods
In Odin's hall, and went through Asgard streets,
And past the haven where the Gods have moor'd
Their ships, and through the gate, beyond the wall;
Though sightless, yet his own mind led the God.
Down to the margin of the roaring sea
He came, and sadly went along the sand,
Between the waves and black o'erhanging cliffs
Where in and out the screaming sea-fowl fly; 80
Until he came to where a gully breaks
Through the cliff-wall, and a fresh stream runs down
From the high moors behind, and meets the sea.
There, in the glen, Fensaler stands, the house
Of Frea, honour'd mother of the Gods,
And shows its lighted windows to the main.
There he went up, and pass'd the open doors ;
And in the hall he found those women old,
The prophetesses, who by rite eterne
On Frea's hearth feed high the sacred fire 90
Both night and day; and by the inner wall
Upon her golden chair the Mother sate,
With folded hands, revolving things to come.
To her drew Hoder near, and spake, and said :—

" Mother, a child of bale thou bar'st in me !
For, first, thou barest me with blinded eyes,
Sightless and helpless, wandering weak in Heaven ;
And, after that, of ignorant witless mind
Thou barest me, and unforeseeing soul;
That I alone must take the branch from Lok, 100
The foe, the accuser, whom, though Gods, we hate,

And cast it at the dear-loved Balder's breast
At whom the Gods in sport their weapons threw—
'Gainst that alone had Balder's life no charm.
Now therefore what to attempt, or whither fly,
For who will bear my hateful sight in Heaven?
Can I, O mother, bring them Balder back?
Or—for thou know'st the fates, and things allow'd—
Can I with Hela's power a compact strike,
And make exchange, and give my life for his?" 110

He spoke: the mother of the Gods replied:—
"Hoder, ill-fated, child of bale, my son,
Sightless in soul and eye, what words are these?
That one, long portion'd with his doom of death,
Should change his lot, and fill another's life,
And Hela yield to this, and let him go!
On Balder Death hath laid her hand, not thee;
Nor doth she count this life a price for that.
For many Gods in Heaven, not thou alone,
Would freely die to purchase Balder back, 120
And wend themselves to Hela's gloomy realm.
For not so gladsome is that life in Heaven
Which Gods and heroes lead, in feast and fray,
Waiting the darkness of the final times,
That one should grudge its loss for Balder's sake,
Balder their joy, so bright, so loved a God.
But fate withstands, and laws forbid this way.
Yet in my secret mind one way I know,
Nor do I judge if it shall win or fail;
But much must still be tried, which shall but fail." 130

And the blind Hoder answer'd her, and said:—
"What way is this, O mother, that thou show'st?
Is it a matter which a God might try?"

And straight the mother of the Gods replied:—
"There is a road which leads to Hela's realm,
Untrodden, lonely, far from light and Heaven.
Who goes that way must take no other horse
To ride, but Sleipner, Odin's horse, alone.
Nor must he choose that common path of Gods
Which every day they come and go in Heaven, 140

O'er the bridge Bifrost, where is Heimdall's watch,
Past Midgard fortress, down to earth and men.
But he must tread a dark untravelPd road
Which branches from the north of Heaven, and ride
Nine days, nine nights, toward the northern ice,
Through valleys deep-engulph'd, with roaring streams.
And he will reach on the tenth morn a bridge
Which spans with golden arches GialPs stream,
Not Bifrost, but that bridge a damsel keeps, 150
Who tells the passing troops of dead their way
To the low shore of ghosts, and Hela's realm,
And she will bid him northward steer his course.
Then he will journey through no lighted land,
Nor see the sun arise, nor see it set;
But he must ever watch the northern Bear,
Who from her frozen height with jealous eye
Confronts the Dog and Hunter in the south,
And is alone not dipt in Ocean's stream.
And straight he will come down to Ocean's strand—
Ocean, whose watery ring enfolds the world. 160
And on whose marge the ancient giants dwell.
But he will reach its unknown northern shore,
Far, far beyond the outmost giant's home,
At the chink'd fields of ice, the waste of snow.
And he must fare across the-dismal ice
Northward, until he meets a stretching wall
Barring his way, and in the wall a grate.
But then he must dismount, and on the ice
Tighten the girths of Sleipner, Odin's horse,
And make him leap the grate, and come within, 170
And he will see stretch round him Hela's realm,
The plains of Niflheim, where dwell the dead,
And hear the roaring of the streams of Hell.
And he will see the feeble, shadowy tribes,
And Balder sitting crown'd, and Hela's throne.
Then must he not regard the wailful ghosts
Who all will flit, like eddying leaves, around ;
But he must straight accost their solemn queen,
And pay her homage, and entreat with prayers,

Telling her all that grief they have in Heaven 180
For Balder, whom she holds by right below ;
If haply he may melt her heart with words,
And make her yield, and give him Balder back."

She spoke ; but Hoder answer'd her and said :—
" Mother, a dreadful way is this thou show'st;
No journey for a sightless God to go ! "

And straight the mother of the Gods replied :—
" Therefore thyself thou shalt not go, my son.
But he whom first thou meetest when thou com'st
To Asgard, and declar'st this hidden way, • 190
Shall go ; and I will be his guide unseen."

She spoke, and on her face let fall her veil,
And bow'd her head, and sate with folded hands,
But at the central hearth those women old,
Who while the Mother spake had ceased their toil,
Began again to heap the sacred fire.
And Hoder turn'd, and left his mother's house,
Fensaler, whose lit windows look to sea;
And came again down to the roaring waves,
And back along the beach to Asgard went, 200
Pondering on that which Frea said should be.

But night came down, and darken'd Asgard streets ;
Then from their loathèd feast the Gods arose,
And lighted torches, and took up the corpse
Of Balder from the floor of Odin's hall,
And laid it on a bier, and bare him home
Through the fast-darkening streets to his own house,
Breidablik, on whose columns Balder graved
The enchantments that recall the dead to life.
For wise he was, and many curious arts, 210
Postures of runes, and healing herbs he knew ;
Unhappy ! but that art he did not know,
To keep his own life safe, and see the sun.
There to his hall the Gods brought Balder home,
And each bespake him as he laid him down :—

" Would that ourselves, O Balder, we were borne
Home to our halls, with torchlight, by our kin,
So thou might'st live, and still delight the Gods ! "

They spake; and each went home to his own house.
But there was one, the first of all the Gods 220
For speed, and Hermod was his name in Heaven ;
Most fleet he was, but now he went the last,
Heavy in heart for Balder, to his house,
Which he in Asgard built him, there to dwell,
Against the harbour, by the city-wall.

Him the blind Hoder met, as he came up
From the sea cityward, and knew his step ;
Nor yet could Hermod see his brother's face,
For it grew dark; but Hoder touch'd his arm.
And as a spray of honeysuckle flowers 230
Brushes across a tired traveller's face

Who shuffles through the deep dew-moisten'd dust,
On a May evening, in the darken'd lanes,
And starts him, that he thinks a ghost went by—
So Hoder brush'd by Hermod's side, and said :—

" Take Sleipner, Hermod, and set forth with dawn
To Hela's kingdom, to ask Balder back ;
And they shall be thy guides, who have the power."

He spake, and brush'd soft by, and disappear'd.
And Hermod gazed into the night, and said :— 240

" Who is it utters through the dark his hest
So quickly, and will wait for no reply ?

The voice was like the unhappy Hoder's voice.
Howbeit I will see, and do his hest;

For there rang note divine in that command."

So speaking, the fleet-footed Hermod came
Home, and lay down to sleep in his own house ;
And all the Gods lay down in their own homes.
And Hoder too came home, distraught with grief,
Loathing to meet, at dawn, the other Gods ; 250
And he went in, and shut the door, and fixt
His sword upright, and fell on it, and died.

But from the hill of Lidskialf Odin rose,
The throne, from which his eye surveys the world ;
And mounted Sleipner, and in darkness rode
To Asgard. And the stars came out in heaven,
High over Asgard, to light home the King.

But fiercely Odin gallop'd, moved in heart;
 And swift to Asgard, to the gate, he came.
 And terribly the hoofs of Sleipner rang 260
 Along the flinty floor of Asgard streets,
 And the Gods trembled on their golden beds
 Hearing the wrathful Father coming home—
 For dread, for like a whirlwind, Odin came.
 And to Valhalla's gate he rode, and left
 Sleipner; and Sleipner went to his own stall;
 And in Valhalla Odin laid him down.

But in Breidablik, Nanna, Balder's wife,
 Came with the Goddesses who wrought her will,
 And stood by Balder lying on his bier. 270
 And at his head and feet she station'd Scalds
 Who in their lives were famous for their song;
 These o'er the corpse intoned a plaintive strain,
 A dirge—and Nanna and her train replied.
 And far into the night they waiPd their dirge.
 But when their souls were satisfied with wail,
 They went, and laid them down, and Nanna went
 Into an upper chamber, and lay down;
 And Frea seal'd her tired lids with sleep.

And 'twas when night is bordering hard on dawn, 280
 When air is chilliest, and the stars sunk low;
 Then Balder's spirit through the gloom drew near,
 In garb, in form, in feature as he was,
 Alive; and still the rays were round his head
 Which were his glorious mark in Heaven; he stood
 Over against the curtain of the bed,
 And gazed on Nanna as she slept, and spake:—

" Poor lamb, thou sleepest, and forgett'st thy woe !
 Tea\s stand upon the lashes of thine eyes,
 Tears wet the pillow by thy cheek; but thou, 290
 Like a young child, hast cried thyself to sleep.
 Sleep on; I watch thee, and am here to aid;
 Alive I kept not far from thee, dear soul!
 Neither do I neglect thee now, though dead.
 For with to-morrow's dawn the Gods prepare
 To gather wood, and build a funeral-pile

Upon my ship, and burn my corpse with fire,
That sad, sole honour of the dead ; and thee
They think to burn, and all my choicest wealth,
With me, for thus ordains the common rite. 300
But it shall not be so ; but mild, but swift,
But painless shall a stroke from Frea come,
To cut thy thread of life, and free thy soul,
And they shall burn thy corpse with mine, not thee.
And well I know that by no stroke of death,
Tardy or swift, would'st thou be loath to die,
So it restored thee, Nanna, to my side,
Whom thou so well hast loved ; but I can smooth
Thy way, and this, at least, my prayers avail.
Yes, and I fain would altogether ward 310
Death from thy head, and with the Gods in Heaven
Prolong thy life, though not by thee desired—
But right bars this, not only thy desire.
Yet dreary, Nanna, is the life they lead
In that dim world, in Hela's mouldering realm;
And doleful are the ghosts, the troops of dead,
Whom Hela with austere control presides.
For of the race of Gods is no one there,
Save me alone, and Hela, solemn queen ;
And all the nobler souls of mortal men 320
On battlefield have met their death, and now
Feast in Valhalla, in my father's hall;
Only the inglorious sort are there below,
The old, the cowards, and the weak are there—
Men spent by sickness, or obscure decay.
But even there, O Nanna, we might find
Some solace in each other's look and speech,
Wandering together through that gloomy world,
And talking of the life we led in Heaven,
While we yet lived, among the other Gods." 330

He spake, and straight his lineaments began
To fade ; and Nanna in her sleep stretch'd out
Her arms towards him with a cry—but he
Mournfully shook his head, and disappear'd.
And as the woodman sees a little smoke

Hang in the air, afield, and disappear,
So Balder faded in the night away.
And Nanna on her bed sank back ; but then
Frea, the mother of the Gods, with stroke
Painless and swift, set free her airy soul, 340
Which took, on Balder's track, the way below ;
And instantly the sacred morn appear'd.

2. *Journey to the 'Dead*

FORTH from the east, up the ascent of Heaven,
Day drove his courser with the shining mane ;
And in Valhalla, from his gable-perch,
The golden-crested cock began to crow.
Hereafter, in the blackest dead of night,
With shrill and dismal cries that bird shall crow,
Warning the Gods that foes draw nigh to Heaven ;
But now he crew at dawn, a cheerful note,
To wake the Gods and Heroes to their tasks.
And all the Gods, and all the Heroes, woke. 10
And from their beds the Heroes rose, and donn'd
Their arms, and led their horses from the stall,
And mounted them, and in Valhalla's court
Were ranged ; and then the daily fray began.
And all day long they there are hack'd and hewn,
'Mid dust, and groans, and limbs lopp'd off, and blood ;
But all at night return to Odin's hall,
Woundless and fresh ; such lot is theirs in Heaven.
And the Valkyries on their steeds went forth
Tow'rd earth and fights of men ; and at their side 20
Skulda, the youngest of the Nornies, rode ;
And over Bifrost, where is Heimdall's watch,
Past Midgard fortress, down to earth they came ;
There through some battle-field, where men fall fast,
Their horses fetlock-deep in blood, they ride,
And pick the bravest warriors out for death,
Whom they bring back with them at night to Heaven
To glad the Gods, and feast in Odin's hall.

But the Gods went not now, as otherwhile,
Into the tilt-yard, where the Heroes fought, 30
To feast their eyes with looking on the fray ;
Nor did they to their judgment-place repair
By the ash Igdrasil, in Ida's plain,
Where they hold council, and give laws for men.
But they went, Odin first, the rest behind,
To the hall Gladheim, which is built of gold ;
Where are in circle ranged twelve golden chairs,
And in the midst one higher, Odin's throne.
There all the Gods in silence sate them down ;
And thus the Father of the ages spake :— 40

" Go quickly, Gods, bring wood to the seashore,
With all, which it beseems the dead to have,
And make a funeral-pile on Balder's ship ;
On the twelfth day the Gods shall burn his corpse.
But Hermod, thou, take Sleipner, and ride down
To Hela's kingdom, to ask Balder back."

So said he; and the Gods arose, and took
Axes and ropes, and at their head came Thor,
Shouldering his hammer, which the giants know.
Forth wended they, and drave their steeds before. 50
And up the dewy mountain-tracks they fared
To the dark forests, in the early dawn;
And up and down, and side and slant they roam'd.
And from the glens all day an echo came
Of crashing falls ; for with his hammer Thor
Smote 'mid the rocks the lichen-bearded pines,
And burst their roots, while to their tops the Gods
Made fast the woven ropes, and haled them down,
And lopp'd their boughs, and clove them on the sward,
And bound the logs behind their steeds to draw, 60
And drave them homeward; and the snorting steeds
Went straining through the crackling brushwood down,
And by the darkling forest-paths the Gods
Follow'd, and on their shoulders carried boughs.
And they came out upon the plain, and pass'd
Asgard, and led their horses to the beach,
And loosed them of their loads on the seashore,

And ranged the wood in stacks by Balder's ship ;
And every God went home to his own house.

But when the Gods were to the forest gone, 70
Hermod led Sleipner from Valhalla forth

And saddled him; before that, Sleipner brook'd

No meaner hand than Odin's on his mane,

On his broad back no lesser rider bore ;

Yet docile now he stood at Hermod's side,

Arching his neck, and glad to be bestrode,

Knowing the God they went to seek, how dear.

But Hermod mounted him, and sadly fared

In silence up the dark untravelPd road

Which branches from the north of Heaven, and went 80

All day ; and daylight waned, and night came on.

And all that night he rode, and journey'd so,

Nine days, nine nights, toward the northern ice,

Through valleys deep-engulph'd, by roaring streams.

And on the tenth morn he beheld the bridge

Which spans with golden arches Giall's stream,

And on the bridge a damsel watching arm'd,

In the strait passage, at the farther end,

Where the road issues between walling rocks.

Scant space that warder left for passers by ;— 90

But as when cowherds in October drive

Their kine across a snowy mountain-pass

To winter-pasture on the southern side,

And on the ridge a waggon chokes the way,

Wedge'd in the snow ; then painfully the hinds

With goad and shouting urge their cattle past,

Plunging through deep untrodden banks of snow

To right and left, and warm steam fills the air—

So on the bridge that damsel block'd the way,

And question'd Hermod as he came, and said :— 100

" Who art thou on thy black and fiery horse

Under whose hoofs the bridge o'er Giall's stream

Rumbles and shakes ? Tell me thy race and home.

But yestermorn, five troops of dead pass'd by,

Bound on their way below to Hela's realm,

Nor shook the bridge so much as thou alone.

And thou hast flesh and colour on thy cheeks,
Like men who live, and draw the vital air ;
Nor look'st thou pale and wan, like men deceased,
Souls bound below, my daily passers here." 110

And the fleet-footed Hermod answer'd her :—
" O damsel, Hermod am I call'd, the son
Of Odin; and my high-roof'd house is built
Far hence, in Asgard, in the city of Gods ;
And Sleipner, Odin's horse, is this I ride.
And I come, sent this road on Balder's track ;
Say then, if he hath cross'd thy bridge or no ? "

He spake ; the warder of the bridge replied :—
" O Hermod, rarely do the feet of Gods
Or of the horses of the Gods resound 120
Upon my bridge ; and, when they cross, I know.
Balder hath gone this way, and ta'en the road
Below there, to the north, tow'rd Hela's realm.
From here the cold white mist can be discern'd,
Nor lit with sun, but through the darksome air
By the dim vapour-blotted light of stars,
Which hangs over the ice where lies the road.
For in that ice are lost those northern streams,
Freezing and ridging in their onward flow,
Which from the fountain of Vergelmer run, 130
The spring that bubbles up by Hela's throne.
There are the joyless seats, the haunt of ghosts,
Hela's pale swarms ; and there was Balder bound.
Ride on ! pass free ! but he by this is there."

She spake, and stepp'd aside, and left him room.
And Hermod greeted her, and gallop'd by
Across the bridge ; then she took post again.
But northward Hermod rode, the way below ;
And o'er a darksome tract, which knows no sun,
But by the blotted light of stars, he fared. 140
And he came down to Ocean's northern strand,
At the drear ice, beyond the giants' home.
Thence on he journey'd o'er the fields of ice
Still north, until he met a stretching wall
Barring his way, and in the wall a grate.

Then he dismounted, and drew tight the girths,
On the smooth ice, of Sleipner, Odin's horse,
And made him leap the grate, and came within.
And he beheld spread round him Hela's realm,
The plains of Niflheim, where dwell the dead, 150
And heard the thunder of the streams of Hell.
For near the wall the river of Roaring flows,
Outmost; the others near the centre run—
The Storm, the Abyss, the Howling, and the Pain ;
These flow by Hela's throne, and near their spring.
And from the dark flock'd up the shadowy tribes ;—
And as the swallows crowd the bulrush-beds
Of some clear river, issuing from a lake,
On autumn-days, before they cross the sea ;
And to each bulrush-crest a swallow hangs 160
Quivering, and others skim the river-streams,
And their quick twittering fills the banks and shores—
So around Hermod swarm'd the twittering ghosts.
Women, and infants, and young men who died
Too soon for fame, with white ungraven shields ;
And old men, known to glory, but their star
Betray'd them, and of wasting age they died,
Not wounds ; yet, dying, they their armour wore,
And now have chief regard in Hela's realm.
Behind flock'd wrangling up a piteous crew, 170
Greeted of none, disfeatured and forlorn—
Cowards, who were in sloughs interr'd alive;
And round them still the wattled hurdles hung,
Wherewith they stamp'd them down, and trod them deep,
To hide their shameful memory from men.
But all he pass'd unhail'd, and reach'd the throne
Of Hela, and saw, near it, Balder crown'd,
And Hela set thereon, with countenance stern ;
And thus bespake him first the solemn queen :—
"Unhappy, how hast thou endured to leave 180
The light, and journey to the cheerless land
Where idly flit about the feeble shades ?
How didst thou cross the bridge o'er Giall's stream,
Being alive, and come to Ocean's shore ?

Or how o'erleap the grate that bars the wall ? "

She spake ; but down off Sleipner Hermod sprang,
And fell before her feet, and clasp'd her knees ;
And spake, and mild entreated her, and said :—

" O Hela, wherefore should the Gods declare
Their errands to each other, or the ways 190
They go ? the errand and the way is known.
Thou know'st, thou know'st, what grief we have in
Heaven

For Balder, whom thou hold'st by right below.
Restore him ! for what part fulfils he here ?
Shall he shed cheer over the cheerless seats, ,
And touch the apathetic ghosts with joy ?
Not for such end, O queen, thou hold'st thy realm.
For Heaven was Balder born, the city of Gods
And Heroes, where they live in light and joy.
Thither restore him, for his place is there ! " 200

He spoke ; and grave replied the solemn queen :—
" Hermod, for he thou art, thou son of Heaven !
A strange unlikely errand, sure, is thine.
Do the Gods send to me to make them blest ?
Small bliss my race hath of the Gods obtained.
Three mighty children to my father Lok
Did Anger bode, the giantess, bring forth—
Fenris the wolf, the Serpent huge, and me.
Of these the Serpent in the sea ye cast,
Who since in your despite hath wax'd amain, 210
And now with gleaming ring enfolds the world ;
Me on this cheerless nether world ye threw,
And gave me nine unlighted realms to rule ;
While on his island in the lake afar,
Made fast to the bored crag, by wile not strength
Subdued, with limber chains lives Fenris bound.
Lok still subsists in Heaven, our father wise,
Your mate, though loathed, and feasts in Odin's hall ;
But him too foes await, and netted snares,
And in a cave a bed of needle-rocks, 220
And o'er his visage serpents dropping gall.
Yet he shall one day rise, and burst his bonds,

And with himself set us his offspring free,
When he guides Muspel's children to their bourne.
Till then in peril or in pain we live,
Wrought by the Gods—and ask the Gods our aid ?
Howbeit, we abide our day; till then,
We do not as some feebler haters do—
Seek to afflict our foes with petty pangs,
Helpless to better us, or ruin them. 230
Come then I if Balder was so dear beloved,
And this is true, and such a loss is Heaven's—
Hear, how to Heaven may Balder be restored.
Show me through all the world the signs of grief!
Fails but one thing to grieve, here Balder stops !
Let all that lives and moves upon the earth
Weep him, and all that is without life weep ;
Let Gods, men, brutes, bewEEP him ; plants and stones !
So shall I know the lost was dear indeed,
And bend my heart, and give him back to Heaven." 240
She spake ; and Hermod answer'd her, and said :—
" Hela, such as thou say'st, the terms shall be.
But come, declare me this, and truly tell:
May I, ere I depart, bid Balder hail,
Or is it here withheld to greet the dead ? "
He spake, and straightway Hela answered him :—
" Hermod, greet Balder if thou wilt, and hold
Converse; his speech remains, though he be dead."
And straight to Balder Hermod turn'd, and spake :—
" Even in the abode of death, O Balder, hail! 250
Thou hear'st, if hearing, like as speech, is thine,
The terms of thy releasement hence to Heaven ;
Fear nothing but that all shall be fulfill'd.
For not unmindful of thee are the Gods,
Who see the light, and blest in Asgard dwell;
Even here they seek thee out, in Hela's realm.
And sure of all the happiest far art thou
Who ever have been known in earth or Heaven ;
Alive, thou wast of Gods the most beloved,
And now thou sittest crown'd by Hela's side, 260
Here, and hast honour among all the dead."

He spake, and raised his hand, and gave the ring.
 And with inscrutable regard the queen 280
 Of Hell beheld them, and the ghosts stood dumb.
 But Hermod took the ring, and yet once more
 Kneel'd and did homage to the solemn queen ;
 Then mounted Sleipner, and set forth to ride
 Back, through the astonish'd tribes of dead, to Heaven.
 And to the wall he came, and found the grate
 Lifted, and issued on the fields of ice.
 And o'er the ice he fared to Ocean's strand,
 And up from thence, a wet and misty road,
 To the arm'd damsel's bridge, and Giall's stream. 290
 Worse was that way to go than to return,
 For him;—for others all return is barr'd.
 Nine days he took to go, two to return,
 And on the twelfth morn saw the light of Heaven.
 And as a traveller in the early dawn
 To the steep edge of some great valley comes,
 Through which a river flows, and sees, beneath,
 Clouds of white rolling vapours fill the vale,
 But o'er them, on the farther slope, descries
 Vineyards, and crofts, and pastures, bright with sun— 300

So Hermod, o'er the fog between, saw Heaven.
 And Sleipner snorted, for he smelt the air
 Of Heaven; and mightily, as wing'd, he flew.
 And Hermod saw the towers of Asgard rise;
 And he drew near, and heard no living voice
 In Asgard; and the golden halls were dumb.
 Then Hermod knew what labour held the Gods;
 And through the empty streets he rode, and pass'd
 Under the gate-house to the sands, and found
 The Gods on the sea-shore by Balder's ship. 310

3. *Funeral*

THE Gods held talk together, group'd in knots,
 Round Balder's corpse, which they had thither borne;
 And Hermod came down tow'rds them from the gate.
 And Lok, the father of the serpent, first
 Beheld him come, and to his neighbour spake:—

" See, here is Hermod, who comes single back
 From Hell; and shall I tell thee how he seems?
 Like as a farmer, who hath lost his dog,
 Some morn, at market, in a crowded town—
 Through many streets the poor beast runs in vain, 10
 And follows this man after that, for hours;
 And, late at evening, spent and panting, falls
 Before a stranger's threshold, not his home,
 With flanks a-tremble, and his slender tongue
 Hangs quivering out between his dust-smear'd jaws,
 And piteously he eyes the passers by;
 But home his master comes to his own farm,
 Far in the country, wondering where he is—
 So Hermod comes to-day unfollow'd home."

And straight his neighbour, moved with wrath,
 replied:— 20

" Deceiver I fair in form, but false in heart!
 Enemy, mocker, whom, though Gods, we hate—
 Peace, lest our father Odin hear thee gibe!
 Would I might see him snatch thee in his hand,

And bind thy carcase, like a bale, with cords,
And hurl thee in a lake, to sink or swim !
If clear from plotting Balder's death, to swim;
But deep, if thou devisedst it, to drown,
And perish, against fate, before thy day."

So they two soft to one another spake. 30
But Odin look'd toward the land, and saw
His messenger; and he stood forth, and cried.
And Hermod came, and leapt from Sleipner down,
And in his father's hand put Sleipner's rein,
And greeted Odin and the Gods, and said :—

"Odin, my father, and ye, Gods of Heaven !
Lo, home, having performed your will, I come.
Into the joyless kingdom have I been,
Below, and look'd upon the shadowy tribes
Of ghosts, and communed with their solemn queen ; 40
And to your prayer she sends you this reply :
*Show her through all the world the signs of grief I
Fails but one thing to grieve, there Balder stops !
Let Gods, men, brutes, beweepe him ; plants and stones:
So shall she know your loss was dear indeed,
And bend her heart, and give you Balder back."*

He spoke; and all the Gods to Odin look'd ;
And straight the Father of the ages said :—

"Ye Gods, these terms may keep another day.
But now, put on your arms, and mount your steeds, 50
And in procession all come near, and weep
Balder ; for that is what the dead desire.
When ye enough have wept, then build a pile
Of the heap'd wood, and burn his corpse with fire
Out of our sight; that we may turn from grief,
And lead, as erst, our daily life in Heaven."

He spoke, and the Gods arm'd ; and Odin donn'd
His dazzling corslet and his helm of gold,
And led the way on Sleipner ; and the rest
Follow'd, in tears, their father and their king. 60
And thrice in arms around the dead they rode,
Weeping ; the sands were wetted, and their arms,
With their thick-falling tears—so good a friend

They mourn'd that day, so bright, so loved a God.
And Odin came, and laid his kingly hands
On Balder's breast, and thus began the wail:—

"Farewell, O Balder, bright and loved, my son!
In that great day, the twilight of the Gods,
When Muspel's children shall beleaguer Heaven,
Then we shall miss thy counsel and thy arm." 70

Thou earnest near the next, O warrior Thor!
Shouldering thy hammer, in thy chariot drawn,
Swaying the long-hair'd goats with silver'd rein;
And over Balder's corpse these words didst say:—

"Brother, thou dwellest in the darksome land,
And talkest with the feeble tribes of ghosts,
Now, and I know not how they prize thee there—
But here, I know, thou wilt be miss'd and mourn'd.
For haughty spirits and high wraths are rife
Among the Gods and Heroes here in Heaven, 80
As among those whose joy and work is war;
And daily strifes arise, and angry words.
But from thy lips, O Balder, night or day,
Heard no one ever an injurious word
To God or Hero, but thou keptest back
The others, labouring to compose their brawls.
Be ye then kind, as Balder too was kind!
For we lose him, who smoothed all strife in Heaven."

He spake, and all the Gods assenting wail'd.
And Freya next came nigh, with golden tears; 90
The loveliest Goddess she in Heaven, by all
Most honour'd after Freya, Odin's wife.
Her long-ago the wandering Oder took
To mate, but left her to roam distant lands;
Since then she seeks him, and weeps tears of gold.
Names hath she many; Vanadis on earth
They call her, Freya is her name in Heaven;
She in her hands took Balder's head, and spake:—

"Balder, my brother, thou art gone a road
Unknown and long, and haply on that way 100
My long-lost wandering Oder thou hast met,
For in the paths of Heaven he is not found.

Oh, if it be so, tell him what thou wast
 To his neglected wife, and what he is,
 And wring his heart with shame, to hear thy word !
 For he, my husband, left me here to pine,
 Not long a wife, when his unquiet heart
 First drove him from me into distant lands ;
 Since then I vainly seek him through the world,
 And weep from shore to shore my golden tears, no
 But neither god nor mortal heeds my pain.
 Thou only, Balder, wast for ever kind,
 To take my hand, and wipe my tears, and say :
Weep not, O Freya, weep no golden tears !
One day the wandering Oder will return,
Or thou wilt find him in thy faithful search
On some great road, or resting in an inn,
Or at a ford, or sleeping by a tree.
 So Balder said;—but Oder, well I know,
 My truant Oder I shall see no more 120
 To the world's end ; and Balder now is gone,
 And I am left unco mfor ted in Heaven."

She spake ; and all the Goddesses bewail'd.
 Last from among the Heroes one came near,
 No God, but of the hero-troop the chief—
 Regner, who swept the northern sea with fleets,
 And ruled o'er Denmark and the heathy isles,
 Living ; but Ella captured him and slew ;—
 A king whose fame then filPd the vast of Heaven,
 Now time obscures it, and men's later deeds. 130
 He last approach'd the corpse, and spake, and said :—

" Balder, there yet are many Scalds in Heaven
 Still left, and that chief Scald, thy brother Brage,
 Whom we may bid to sing, though thou art gone.
 And all these gladly, while we drink, we hear,
 After the feast is done, in Odin's hall ;
 But they harp ever on one string, and wake
 Remembrance in our soul of wars alone,
 Such as on earth we valiantly have waged,
 And blood, and ringing blows, and violent death. 140
 But when thou sangest, Balder, thou didst strike

Another note, and, like a bird in spring,
Thy voice of joyance minded us, and youth,
And wife, and children, and our ancient home.
Yes, and I, too, remember'd then no more
My dungeon, where the serpents stung me dead,
Nor Ella's victory on the English coast—
But I heard Thora laugh *in* Gothland Isle,
And saw my shepherdess, Aslauga, tend
Her flock along the white Norwegian beach. 150
Tears started to mine eyes with yearning joy.
Therefore with grateful heart I mourn thee dead."

So Regner spake, and all the Heroes groan'd.
But now the sun had passed the height of Heaven,
And soon had all that day been spent in wail;
But then the Father of the ages said :—

"Ye Gods, there well may be too much of wail!
Bring now the gather'd wood to Balder's ship ;
Heap on the deck the logs, and build the pyre."

But when the Gods and Heroes heard, they brought
The wood to Balder's ship, and built a pile, 161
Full the deck's breadth, and lofty ; then the corpse
Of Balder on the highest top they laid,
With Nanna on his right, and on his left
Hoder, his brother, whom his own hand slew.
And they set jars of wine and oil to lean
Against the bodies, and stuck torches near,
Splinters of pine-wood, soak'd with turpentine ;
And brought his arms and gold, and all his stuff,
And slew the dogs who at his table fed, 170
And his horse, Balder's horse, whom most he loved,
And placed them on the pyre, and Odin threw
A last choice gift thereon, his golden ring.
The mast they fixt, and hoisted up the sails,
Then they put fire to the wood ; and Thor
Set his stout shoulder hard against the stern
To push the ship through the thick sand ;—sparks flew
From the deep trench she plough'd, so strong a God
Furrow'd it ; and the water gurgled in.
And the ship floated on the waves, and rock'd. 180

But in the hills a strong east-wind arose,
And came down moaning to the sea ; first squalls
Ran black o'er the sea's face, then steady rush'd
The breeze, and fill'd the sails, and blew the fire.
And wreathed in smoke the ship stood out to sea.
Soon with a roaring rose the mighty fire,
And the pile crackled; and between the logs
Sharp quivering tongues of flame shot out, and leapt,
Curling and darting, higher, until they lick'd
The summit of the pile, the dead, the mast, 190
And ate the shrivelling sails ; but still the ship
Drove on, ablaze above her hull with fire.
And the Gods stood upon the beach, and gazed.
And while they gazed, the sun went lurid down
Into the smoke-wrapt sea, and night came on.
Then the wind fell, with night, and there was calm ;
But through the dark they watch'd the burning ship
Still carried o'er the distant waters on,
Farther and farther, like an eye of fire.
And long, in the far dark, blazed Balder's pile ; 200
But fainter, as the stars rose high, it flared,
The bodies were consumed, ash choked the pile.
And as, in a decaying winter-fire,
A charr'd log, falling, makes a shower of sparks—
So with a shower of sparks the pile fell in,
Reddening the sea around ; and all was dark.

But the Gods went by starlight up the shore
To Asgard, and sate down in Odin's hall
At table, and the funeral-feast began.
All night they ate the boar Serimner's flesh, 210
And from their horns, with silver rimm'd, drank mead,
Silent, and waited for the sacred morn.

And morning over all the world was spread.
Then from their loath'd feast the Gods arose,
And took their horses, and set forth to ride
O'er the bridge Bifrost, where is Heimdall's watch,
To the ash Igdrasil, and Ida's plain ;
Thor came on foot, the rest on horseback rode.
And they found Mimir sitting by his fount

Of wisdom, which beneath the ashtree springs ; 220
And saw the Nornies watering the roots
Of that world-shadowing tree with honey-dew.
There came the Gods, and sate them down on stones ;
And thus the Father of the ages said :—

" Ye Gods, the terms ye know, which Hermod brought.
Accept them or reject them ! both have grounds.
Accept them, and they bind us, unfulfill'd,
To leave for ever Balder in the grave,
An unrecover'd prisoner, shade with shades.

But how, ye say, should the fulfilment fail ?— 230

Smooth sound the terms, and light to be fulfilPd ;
For dear-beloved was Balder while he lived
In Heaven and earth, and who would grudge him tears ?
But from the traitorous seed of Lok they come,
These terms, and I suspect some hidden fraud.

Bethink ye, Gods, is there no other way ?—

Speak, were not this a way, the way for Gods ?

If I, if Odin, clad in radiant arms,

Mounted on Sleipner, with the warrior Thor

Drawn in his car beside me, and my sons, 240

All the strong brood of Heaven, to swell my train,

Should make irruption into Hela's realm,

And set the fields of gloom ablaze with light,

And bring in triumph Balder back to Heaven ? "

He spake, and his fierce sons applauded loud.

But Frea, mother of the Gods, arose,

Daughter and wife of Odin ; thus she said :—

" Odin, thou whirlwind, what a threat is this !

Thou threatenest what transcends thy might, even thine.

For of all powers the mightiest far art thou, 250

Lord over men on earth, and Gods in Heaven ;

Yet even from thee thyself hath been withheld

One thing—to undo what thou thyself hast ruled.

For all which hath been fixt, was fixt by thee.

In the beginning, ere the Gods were born,

Before the Heavens were builded, thou didst slay

The giant Ymir, whom the abyss brought forth,

Thou and thy brethren fierce, the sons of Bor,

And cast his trunk to choke the abysmal void.
But of his flesh and members thou didst build 260
The earth and Ocean, and above them Heaven.
And from the flaming world, where Muspel reigns,
Thou sent'st and fetched'st fire, and madest lights,
Sun, moon, and stars, which thou hast hung in Heaven,
Dividing clear the paths of night and day.
And Asgard thou didst build, and Midgard fort;
Then me thou mad'st; of us the Gods were born.
Last, walking by the sea, thou foundest spars
Of wood, and framed'st men, who till the earth,
Or on the sea, the field of pirates, sail. 270
And all the race of Ymir thou didst drown,
Save one, Bergelmer ;—he on shipboard fled
Thy deluge, and from him the giants sprang.
But all that brood thou hast removed far off,
And set by Ocean's utmost marge to dwell;
But Hela into Niflheim thou threw'st,
And gav'st her nine unlighted worlds to rule,
A queen, and empire over all the dead.
That empire wilt thou now invade, light up
Her darkness, from her grasp a subject tear ?— 280
Try it; but I, for one, will not applaud.
Nor do I merit, Odin, thou should'st slight
Me and my words, though thou be first in Heaven ;
For I too am a Goddess, born of thee,
Thine eldest, and of me the Gods are sprung ;
And all that is to come I know, but lock
In mine own breast, and have to none reveal'd.
Come then ! since Hela holds by right her prey,
But offers terms for his release to Heaven,
Accept the chance ; thou canst no more obtain. 290
Send through the world thy messengers ; entreat
All living and unliving things to weep
For Balder ; if thou haply thus may'st melt
Hela, and win the loved one back to Heaven."

She spake, and on her face let fall her veil,
And bow'd her head, and sate with folded hands.
Nor did the all-ruling Odin slight her word ;

Straightway he spake, and thus address'd the Gods :

" Go quickly forth through all the world, and pray
All living and unliving things to weep 300
Balder, if haply he may thus be won."

When the Gods heard, they straight arose, and took
Their horses, and rode forth through all the world ;
North, south, east, west, they struck, and roam'd the
world.

Entreating all things to weep Balder's death.
And all that lived, and all without life, wept.
And as in winter, when the frost breaks up,
At winter's end, before the spring begins,
And a warm west-wind blows, and thaw sets in—
After an hour a dripping sound is heard 310
In all the forests, and the soft-strewn snow
Under the trees is dibbled thick with holes,
And from the boughs the snowloads shuffle down ;
And, in fields sloping to the south, dark plots
Of grass peep out amid surrounding snow,
And widen, and the peasant's heart is glad—
So through the world was heard a dripping noise
Of all things weeping to bring Balder back ;
And there fell joy upon the Gods to hear.

But Hermod rode with Niord, whom he took 320
To show him spits and beaches of the sea
Far off, where some unwarn'd might fail to weep—
Niord, the God of storms, whom fishers know ;
Not born in Heaven ; he was in Vanheim rear'd,
With men, but lives a hostage with the Gods ;
He knows each frith, and every rocky creek
Fringed with dark pines, and sands where seafowl
scream—

They two scour'd every coast, and all things wept.
And they rode home together, through the wood
Of Jarnvid, which to east of Midgard lies 330
Bordering the giants, where the trees are iron ;
There in the wood before a cave they came,
Where sate, in the cave's mouth, a skinny hag,
Toothless and old ; she gibes the passers by.

Thok is she calPd, but now Lok wore her shape ;
 She greeted them the first, and laugh'd, and said :—

" Ye Gods, good lack, is it so dull in Heaven,
 That ye come pleasuring to Thok's iron wood ?
 Lovers of change ye are, fastidious sprites.
 Look, as in some boor's yard a sweet-breath'd cow, 340
 Whose manger is stuff'd full of good fresh hay,
 Snuffs at it daintily, and stoops her head
 To chew the straw, her litter, at her feet—
 So ye grow squeamish, Gods, and sniff at Heaven ! "

She spake ; but Hermod answer'd her and said :—
 "Thok, not for gibes we come, we come for tears.
 Balder is dead, and Hela holds her prey,
 But will restore, if all things give him tears.
 Begrudge not thine ! to all was Balder dear."

Then, with a louder laugh, the hag replied :— 350
 "Is Balder dead? and do ye come for tears ?
 Thok with dry eyes will weep o'er Balder's pyre.
 Weep him all other things, if weep they will—
 I weep him not! let Hela keep her prey."

She spake, and to the cavern's depth she fled,
 Mocking ; and Hermod knew their toil was vain.
 And as seafaring men, who long have wrought
 In the great deep for gain, at last come home,
 And towards evening see the headlands rise
 Of their dear country, and can plain descry 360
 A fire of wither'd furze which boys have lit
 Upon the cliffs, or smoke of burning weeds
 Out of a tilFd field inland ;—then the wind
 Catches them, and drives out again to sea ;
 And they go long days tossing up and down
 Over the grey sea-ridges, and the glimpse
 Of port they had makes bitterer far their toil—
 So the Gods' cross was bitterer for their joy.

Then, sad at heart, to Niord Hermod spake :—
 " It is the accuser Lok, who flouts us all I 370
 Ride back, and tell in Heaven this heavy news ;
 I must again below, to Hela's realm."

He spoke ; and Niord set forth back to Heaven.

But northward Hermod rode, the way below,
The way he knew ; and traversed Giall's stream,
And down to Ocean groped, and cross'd the ice,
And came beneath the wall, and found the grate
Still lifted ; well was his return foreknown.
And once more Hermod saw around him spread
The joyless plains, and heard the streams of Hell. 380
But as he enter'd, on the extremest bound
Of Niflheim, he saw one ghost come near,
Hovering, and stopping oft, as if afraid—
Hoder, the unhappy, whom his own hand slew.
And Hermod look'd, and knew his brother's ghost,
And calPd him by his name, and sternly said :—
" Hoder, ill-fated, blind in heart and eyes !
Why tarriest thou to plunge thee in the gulph
Of the deep inner gloom, but flittest here,
In twilight, on the lonely verge of Hell, 390
Far from the other ghosts, and Hela's throne ?
Doubtless thou fearest to meet Balder's voice,
Thy brother, whom through folly thou didst slay."
He spoke; but Hoder answer'd him, and said :—
" Hermod the nimble, dost thou still pursue
The unhappy with reproach, even in the grave ?
For this I died, and fled beneath the gloom,
Not daily to endure abhorring Gods,
Nor with a hateful presence cumber Heaven;
And canst thou not, even here, pass pitying by ? 400
No less than Balder have I lost the light
Of Heaven, and communion with my kin ;
I too had once a wife, and once a child,
And substance, and a golden house in Heaven—
But all I left of my own act, and fled
Below, and dost thou hate me even here?
Balder upbraids me not, nor hates at all,
Though he has cause, have any cause; but he,
When that with downcast looks I hither came,
Stretch'd forth his hand, and with benignant voice, 410
*Welcome, he said, if there be welcome here,
Brother and fellow-sport of Lok with me !*

And not to offend thee, Hermod, nor to force
My hated converse on thee, came I up
From the deep gloom, where I will now return ;
But earnestly I long'd to hover near,
Not too far off, when that thou earnest by ;
To feel the presence of a brother God,
And hear the passage of a horse of Heaven,
For the last time—for here thou com'st no more." 420

He spake, and turn'd to go to the inner gloom.
But Hermod stay'd him with mild words, and said :—

" Thou doest well to chide me, Hoder blind !
Truly thou say'st, the planning guilty mind
Was Lok's ; the unwitting hand alone was thine.
But Gods are like the sons of men in this—
When they have woe, they blame the nearest cause.
Howbeit stay, and be appeased ! and tell:
Sits Balder still in pomp by Hela's side,
Or is he mingled with the unnumber'd dead ? " 430

And the blind Hoder answer'd him and spake :—
" His place of state remains by Hela's side,
But empty ; for his wife, for Nanna came
Lately below, and join'd him ; and the pair
Frequent the still recesses of the realm
Of Hela, and hold converse undisturb'd.
But they too, doubtless, will have breathed the balm,
Which floats before a visitant from Heaven,
And have drawn upward to this verge of Hell."

He spake ; and, as he ceased, a puff of wind 440
Roll'd heavily the leaden mist aside
Round where they stood, and they beheld two forms
Make toward them o'er the stretching cloudy plain.
And Hermod straight perceived them, who they were
Balder and Nanna ; and to Balder said :—

" Balder, too truly thou foresaw'st a snare !
Lok triumphs still, and Hela keeps her prey.
No more to Asgard shalt thou come, nor lodge
In thy own house, Breidablik, nor enjoy
The love all bear toward thee, nor train up 450
Forset, thy son, to be beloved like thee.

Here must thou lie, and wait an endless age.
Therefore for the last time, O Balder, hail! "

He spake ; and Balder answer'd him, and said :—
" Hail and farewell I for here thou com'st no more.
Yet mourn not for me, Hermod, when thou sitt'st
In Heaven, nor let the other Gods lament,
As wholly to be pitied, quite forlorn.
For Nanna hath rejoin'd me, who, of old,
In Heaven, was seldom parted from my side ; 460
And still the acceptance follows me, which crown'd
My former life, and cheers me even here.
The iron frown of Hela is relax'd
When I draw nigh, and the wan tribes of dead
Love me, and gladly bring for my award
Their ineffectual feuds and feeble hates—
Shadows of hates, but they distress them still."

And the fleet-footed Hermod made reply :—
" Thou hast then all the solace death allows,
Esteem and function ; and so far is well. 470
Yet here thou liest, Balder, underground,
Rusting for ever ; and the years roll on,
The generations pass, the ages grow,
And bring us nearer to the final day
When from the south shall march the fiery band
And cross the bridge of Heaven, with Lok for guide,
And Fenris at his heel with broken chain;
While from the east the giant Rymer steers
His ship, and the great serpent makes to land ;
And all are marshall'd in one flaming square 480
Against the Gods, upon the plains of Heaven,
I mourn thee, that thou canst not help us then."

He spake ; but Balder answer'd him, and said :—
" Mourn not for me ! Mourn, Hermod, for the Gods ;
Mourn for the men on earth, the Gods in Heaven,
Who live, and with their eyes shall see that day !
The day will come, when fall shall Asgard's towers,
And Odin, and his sons, the seed of Heaven ;
But what were I, to save them in that hour ?
If strength might save them, could not Odin save, 490

My father, and his pride, the warrior Thor,
Vidar the silent, the impetuous Tyr ?
I, what were I, when these can nought avail ?
Yet, doubtless, when the day of battle comes,
And the two hosts are marshall'd, and in Heaven
The golden-crested cock shall sound alarm,
And his black brother-bird from hence reply,
And bucklers clash, and spears begin to pour—
Longing will stir within my breast, though vain.
But not to me so grievous, as, I know, 500
To other Gods it were, is my enforced
Absence from fields where I could nothing aid ;
For I am long since weary of your storm
Of carnage, and find, Hermod, in your life
Something too much of war and broils, which make
Life one perpetual fight, a bath of blood.
Mine eyes are dizzy with the arrowy hail;
Mine ears are stunn'd with blows, and sick for calm.
Inactive therefore let me lie, in gloom,
Unarm'd, inglorious; I attend the course 510
Of ages, and my late return to light,
In times less alien to a spirit mild,
In new-recover'd seats, the happier day."

He spake ; and the fleet Hermod thus replied :—
" Brother, what seats are these, what happier day ?
Tell me, that I may ponder it when gone."

And the ray-crowned Balder answer'd him :—
" Far to the south, beyond the blue, there spreads
Another Heaven, the boundless—no one yet
Hath reach'd it; there hereafter shall arise 520
The second Asgard, with another name.
Thither, when o'er this present earth and Heavens
The tempest of the latter days hath swept,
And they from sight have disappear'd, and sunk,
Shall a small remnant of the Gods repair ;
Hoder and I shall join them from the grave.
There re-assembling we shall see emerge
From the bright Ocean at our feet an earth
More fresh, more verdant than the last, with fruits

Outside the western straits ; and unbent sails
 There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of
 foam,
 Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come ;
 And on the beach undid his corded bales. 250

Thyrsis

A MONODY, *to commemorate the author's friend,*

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH, *who died at Florence, 1861*

How changed is here each spot man makes or fills !
 In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same ;
 The village street its haunted mansion lacks,
 And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,
 And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks—
 Are ye too changed, ye hills ?
 See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men
 To-night from Oxford up your pathway strays 1
 Here came I often, often, in old days—
 Thyrsis and I; we still had Thyrsis then. 10

Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,
 Past the high wood, to where the elm-tree crowns
 The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames ?
 The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs,
 The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful
 Thames ?—
 This winter-eve is warm,
 Humid the air! leafless, yet soft as spring,
 The tender purple spray on copse and briars !
 And that sweet city with her dreaming spires,
 She needs not June for beauty's heightening, 20

Lovely all times she lies, lovely to-night!—
 Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power
 Befalls me wandering through this upland dim.
 Once pass'd I blindfold here, at any hour;

Now seldom come I, since I came with him.
That single elm-tree bright
Against the west—I miss it! is it gone?
We prized it dearly; while it stood, we said,
Our friend, the Gipsy-Scholar, was not dead;
While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on. 30

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here,
But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick;
And with the country-folk acquaintance made
By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.
Here, too, our shepherd-pipes we first assay'd.
Ah me! this many a year
My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday!
Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart
Into the world and wave of men depart;
But Thyrsis of his own will went away. 40

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.
He loved each simple joy the country yields,
He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,
For that a shadow lour'd on the fields,
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.
Some life of men unblest
He knew, which made him droop, and fill'd his head.
He went; his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground;
He could not wait their passing, he is dead. 50

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
Before the roses and the longest day—
When garden-walks and all the grassy floor
With blossoms red and white of fallen May
And chestnut-flowers are strewn—
So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
Come with the volleying rain and tossing breeze:
The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I! 60

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go ?
 Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
 Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
 Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,
 Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,
 And stocks in fragrant blow ;
 Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
 And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
 And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,
 And the full moon, and the white evening-star. 70

He hearkens not! light comer, he is flown !
 What matters it? next year he will return,
 And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,
 With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern,
 And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,
 And scent of hay new-mown.
 But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see ;
 See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,
 And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—
 For Time, not Corydon, hath conquer'd thee ! 80

Alack, for Corydon no rival now !—
 But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,
 Some good survivor with his flute would go,
 Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate ;
 And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,
 And relax Pluto's brow,
 And make leap up with joy the beauteous head
 Of Proserpine, among whose crowned hair
 Are flowers first open'd on Sicilian air,
 And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead. 90

O easy access to the hearer's grace
 When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine !
 For she herself had trod Sicilian fields,
 She knew the Dorian water's gush divine,
 She knew each lily white which Enna yields,
 Each rose with blushing face ;

She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain.
But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard !
Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirr'd;
And we should tease her with our plaint in vain! 100

Well! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be,
Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour
In the old haunt, and find our tree-topp'd hill!
Who, if not I, for questing here hath power ?
I know the wood which hides the daffodil,
I know the Fyfield tree,
I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river-fields,
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,
And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries ; no

I know these slopes ; who knows them if not I ?—
But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,
With thorns once studded, old, white-blossom'd
trees,
Where thick the cowslips grew, and far descried
High tower'd the spikes of purple orchises,
Hath since our day put by
The coronals of that forgotten time ;
Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's
team,
And only in the hidden brookside gleam
Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime. 120

Where is the girl, who by the boatman's door,
Above the locks, above the boating throng,
Unmoor'd our skiff when through the Wytham flats,
Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among
And darting swallows and light water-gnats,
We track'd the shy Thames shore ?
Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell
Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,
Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass ?—
They all are gone, and thou art gone as well I 130

Yes, thou art gone ! and round me too the night
 In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.
 I see her veil draw soft across the day,
 I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
 The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent with
 grey ;
 I feel her finger light
 Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train ;—
 The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
 The heart less bounding at emotion new,
 And hope, once crush'd, less quick to spring again.

And long the way appears, which seem'd so short 141
 To the less practised eye of sanguine youth ;
 And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,
 The mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,
 Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare !
 Unbreachable the fort
 Of the long-batter'd world uplifts its wall ;
 And strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,
 And near and real the charm of thy repose,
 And night as welcome as a friend would fall. 150

But hush ! the upland hath a sudden loss
 Of quiet!—Look, adown the dusk hill-side,
 A troop of Oxford hunters going home,
 As in old days, jovial and talking, ride !
 From hunting with the Berkshire hounds they come.
 Quick! let me fly, and cross
 Into yon farther field !—'Tis done ; and see,
 Back'd by the sunset, which doth glorify
 The orange and pale violet evening-sky,
 Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree ! the Tree I 160

I take the omen ! Eve lets down her veil,
 The white fog creeps from bush to bush about,
 The west unflushes, the high stars grow bright,
 And in the scatter'd farms the lights come out.

I cannot reach the signal-tree to-night,
 Yet, happy omen, hail!
 Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno-vale
 (For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep
 The morningless and unawakening sleep
 Under the flowery oleanders pale), 170

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our tree is there !—
 Ah, vain ! These English fields, this upland dim,
 These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,
 That lone, sky-pointing tree, are not for him ;
 To a boon southern country he is fled,
 And now in happier air,
 Wandering with the great Mother's train divine
 (And purer or more subtle soul than thee,
 I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see)
 Within a folding of the Apennine, 180

Thou hearest the immortal chants of old !—
 Putting his sickle to the perilous grain
 In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian king,
 For thee the Lityrses-song again
 Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing ;
 Sings his Sicilian fold,
 His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes—
 And how a call celestial round him rang,
 And heavenward from the fountain-brink he sprang,
 And all the marvel of the golden skies. 190

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here
 Sole in these fields ! yet will I not despair.
 Despair I will not, while I yet descry
 'Neath the mild canopy of English air
 That lonely tree against the western sky.
 Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear,
 Our Gipsy-Scholar haunts, outliving thee !
 Fields where soft sheep from cages pull the hay,
 Woods with anemonies in flower till May,
 Know him a wanderer still; then why not me ? 200

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,
 Shy to illumine ; and I seek it too.
 This does not come with houses or with gold,
 With place, with honour, and a flattering crew ;
 'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold—
 But the smooth-slipping weeks
 Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired ;
 Out of the heed of mortals he is gone,
 He wends unfollow'd, he must house alone ;
 Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired. 210

Thou too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wast bound ;
 Thou wanderest with me for a little hour !
 Men gave thee nothing ; but this happy quest,
 If men esteem'd thee feeble, gave thee power,
 If men procured thee trouble, gave thee rest.
 And this rude Cumner ground,
 Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet fields,
 Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youthful time,
 Here was thine height of strength, thy golden prime !
 And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields. 220

What though the music of thy rustic flute
 Kept not for long its happy, country tone ;
 Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note
 Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,
 Which task'd thy pipe too sore, and tired thy throat—
 It fail'd, and thou wast mute I
 Yet hadst thou alway visions of our light,
 And long with men of care thou couldst not stay,
 And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,
 Left human haunt, and on alone till night. 230

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here !
 'Mid city-noise, not, as with thee of yore,
 Thyrsis ! in reach of sheep-bells is my home.
 —Then through the great town's harsh, heart-weary-
 ing roar,
 Let in thy voice a whisper often come,
 To chase fatigue and fear :

*Why faintest thou ? I wander'd till I died.
 Roam on ! The light we sought is shining still.
 Dost thou ask proof? Our tree yet crowns the hill,
 Our Scholar travels yet the loved hill-side.* 240

The forsaken Merman

COME, dear children, let us away ;
 Down and away below I
 Now my brothers call from the bay,
 Now the great winds shoreward blow,
 Now the salt tides seaward flow;
 Now the wild white horses play,
 Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
 Children dear, let us away !
 This way, this way !

Call her once before you go— 10
 Call once yet I
 In a voice that she will know :
 " Margaret! Margaret! "
 Children's voices should be dear
 (Call once more) to a mother's ear;
 Children's voices, wild with pain—
 Surely she will come again !
 Call her once and come away ;
 This way, this way !
 " Mother dear, we cannot stay ! 20
 The wild white horses foam and fret."
 Margaret I Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down ;
 Call no more !
 One last look at the white-wall'd town,
 And the little grey church on the windy shore,
 Then come down !
 She will not come though you call all day ;
 Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday 30
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep ;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ; 40
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye ?
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sate with you and me, 50
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea ;
She said : "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !
And I lose my poor soul, Merman! here with thee."
I said : "Go up, dear heart, through the waves ; 60
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves I "
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;

Come I " I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.

We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town ;
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill. 71

From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.

We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.

She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear :

" Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here !

Dear heart," I said, " we are long alone ;

The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.

But, ah, she gave me never a look, 80

For her eyes were seaPd to the holy book 1

Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.

Come away, children, call no more !

Come away, come down, call no more !

Down, down, down !

Down to the depths of the sea !

She sits at her wheel in the humming town,

Singing most joyfully.

Hark what she sings : " O joy, O joy,

For the humming street, and the child with its toy ! 90

For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;

For the wheel where I spun,

And the blessed light of the sun ! "

And so she sings her fill,

Singing most joyfully,

Till the spindle drops from her hand,

And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,

And over the sand at the sea ;

And her eyes are set in a stare ;

And anon there breaks a sigh,

And anon there drops a tear,

NOTES

EDMUND SPENSER

The Faerie Queene. 'Book I

INTRODUCTORY STANZAS

Line,

- 4. **Oaten reeds** : the means of expression of the pastoral poet.
- 10. **O holy virgin ! chiefe of nyne** : Clio, the chief of the nine Muses.
- 14. **Tanaquill**: a British Princess who here represents Queen Elizabeth.
- 15. **Briton Prince** : Prince Arthur.
- 20. **Faire Venus Sonne** : Cupid, the god of Love.
- 25. **Mart**: Mars, god of War.
- 31. **Phoebus lampe** : the sun.
- 36. **O dearest dread**: "O greatly dreaded lady," i.e. Queen Elizabeth.

CANTO I

The Red Cross Knight, with Una, his companion, are forced to seek shelter from storm in a wood wherein is the cave of Error, a horrible monster, whom the Knight slays. They then meet the false magician, Archimago, in the guise of an old man, who invites them to spend the night at his hermitage. They do so, but Archimago causes the Knight to dream that Una is false to him and he continues his journey alone, leaving Una sleeping.

- 20. **Gloriana** : typifying Queen Elizabeth.
- 27. **his foe, a Dragon** : representing in the allegory the power of Spain and Rome.
- 28. **A lovely Ladie** : Una.
- 69. **The sayling Pine** : the pine whose wood is used for constructing sailing ships.
- 74. **that weepeth still** : that gives out a liquid resin.
- 177. **Her vomit full of bookes and papers was** : exemplifying the many Roman Catholic books and pamphlets attacking the Queen.
- 254. **An aged Sire** : Archimago, representing either the King of Spain, the Pope, or Hypocrisy personified.
- 318. **Morpheus** : the god of Sleep.

Line,

THE FAERIE QUEENE (*continued*)

328. **blacke Plutoesgriesly Dame** : Pluto was god of the underworld and his dame, Proserpine,
 332. **Great Gorgon, prince of darknes and dead night** : Dcrao-gorgon, an evil divinity of medieval times.
 333. **Cocytus, Styx** : rivers of the infernal regions.
 348. **Tethys** : wife of the god, Oceanus.
 349. **Cynthia** : goddess of the moon.
 361. **And more, etc.** : note the music of the poetry in this beautiful stanza.
 381. **Hecate** : a mysterious and dreaded divinity of classical mythology. Chief of the witches in Shakespeare's *Macbeth*.
 430. the Graces : attendants upon Venus.
 431. **Io Hymen !** : an exclamation of joy and welcome to Hymen, god of marriage.

CANTO II

The Red Cross Knight, continuing his flight, meets the Paynim, Sansfoy, in company with Duessa, a witch disguised as a beautiful lady. Sansfoy is slain by the Knight and, in ignorance of her true character, he takes Duessa under his protection. They listen to the pathetic story of the lovers, Fradubio and Fralissa, who have been magically transformed into trees.

1. **the Northerne wagoner** : the constellation of Boötes, wagoner to Charles' Wain.
2. **His sevenfold teme** : the constellation of Charles' Wain or the Great Bear.
the stedfast starre : the Pole star.
7. **Phoebus fiery carre** : Phoebus, the sun god, was believed to drive his fiery chariot across the sky daily.
56. **Tithones** : Tithones was the lover of Eos or Morning.
58. **Titan** : the sun.
85. **Proteus** : a mythological sea-god who possessed the power of changing his appearance at will.
105. **A faithlesse Sarazin** : representing the Pagan, as Duessa did the Papal influence. The three Paynims Sansfoy (Faithless), Sans joy (Joyless) and Sansloy (Lawless) indicate the characteristics of Saracen power,
- no. **A goodly Lady** : Duessa alias Fidessa, representing the false Roman Catholic religion.
162. **from blame him fairly blest** : "fairly preserved him from harm".
198. **Tiberis** : the Tiber on which Rome stands, whence false Duessa derived her birth and power.
284. **Limbo lake** : the place of lost spirits bordering on hell.
295. **Boreas** : the north wind.
322. **dye of warre** : "destiny of war".

Line. THE FAERIE QUEENE (continued)

CANTO III

The forsaken Una, while seeking the Red Cross Knight, is befriended by a Lion and together they seek hospitality with a blind old woman, Devotion, While Una sleeps, the faithful Lion keeps watch and slays Kirkrapine, a thief, who attempts to force an entrance. Next day they encounter Archimago in the guise of the Red Cross Knight. They then meet Sansloy who overcomes Archimago, slays the Lion, and carries off Una captive.

14. true as touch : true as the sense of touch or true as touchstone.
 101. Upon the wager lay : "was at stake".
 116, 117. Pater nosters, Aves : prayers said in penance.
 136. Aldeboran : a star in the constellation Taurus.
 137. Casseiopeias chaire : a constellation.
 139. One knocked : Kirkrapine, i.e. robber of churches.
 185. that long wandring Greeke : Ulysses, who wandered for ten years after the fall of Troy before he reached his home at Ithaca.
 186. that for his love refused deitye : Ulysses was offered immortality by Calypso but remained faithful to his wife, Penelope.
 238. Or ought have done : "or had done something".
 248. of meere goodwil : had been chosen by the free will and favour of Una.
 273. Tethys saltish teare : the sea. Tethys was the wife of Oceanus.
 276. fierce Orions hound : Sirius, the dogstar, who was the hound of Orion, the fierce hunter.
 279. Nereus crownes with cups : Nereus, a sea god; "honours Nereus with brimming cups".
 321. Lethe lake : the river or lake of Lethe contained water which rendered the drinker oblivious of his past life.
 323. black infernall Furies : beings who inhabited Erebus.
 324. Sansloy shall from thee take : "Sansloy shall take life from thee".
 350. Which doen away : "when the swoon had passed".

CANTO IV

Duessa now takes the Knight to the stately Palace of Pride, presided over by Lucifera, Queen of Pride, who is attended by six vicious counsellors. Here also comes Sansjoy, who, recognising the shield of his brother held by the Knight's page, challenges the hero to mortal combat.

49. Malvemi : i.e. Unwelcome.
 73. Phoebus fayrest childe : Phaethon, son of Phoebus, presumed to drive his father's steeds across the sky, but, failing to control them, he endangered the earth.
 79. the welkin way most beaten playne : "the usual path of the sun across the heavens"

Line,

THE FAERIE QUEENE (*continued*)

107. **six wisards old** : with Pride, the seven deadly sins.
 139. **Aurora** : the dawn.
 147. **Flora in her prime** : the goddess of flowers.
 153. **Argus eyes** : Argus was a mythological being possessing a hundred eyes ; at his death they were placed in the peacock's tail.
 157. **With like conditions to their kinds applyde** : the counsellors were alike in character to the beasts they rode.
 309. **unthrifty scath** : " mischief that never can thrive ".
 314. **Saint Fraunces fire** : erysipelas.
 349. **which ought that warlike wage** : " who possessed that gage of warlike prowess ".
 393. **Morpheus had with leaden mace** : the god of Sleep who carried a magic wand which closed the eyes.
 410. **lovely dart** : the arrow of love.
 432. **wandring Stygian shores** : the shores of the river Styx where wander the lost spirits.
 440. **dewties last** : " last funeral rites ".

CANTO V

Sansjoy is overcome by the Red Cross Knight, but the Paynim is saved by Duessa who envelops him in a magic mist so that the Knight is powerless to kill him. She subsequently visits Hell, where she persuades Night to carry Sansjoy to the physician, Æsculapius, who restores him to health. When Duessa returns to the Palace of Pride, she learns that the Red Cross Knight has escaped.

25. **timely voices** : "voices keeping in time".
 33. **Ynd** : India.
 45. **Both those** : i.e. Duessa and the shield.
 65. **Gryfon** : a vulture or eagle.
 89. **german** : any blood relation.
 151. **sweet musicke did divide** : "played divisions"*, i.e. played florid passages of music.
 195. **the world unmade** : Chaos, from which Night was born.
 205. **Aveugles Sonnes** : Aveugle, the blind one, is the father of the three Paynims.
 273. **deepe Avernus hole** : Lake Avernus in Campania was considered to be the entrance to the lower regions.
 289. **291. Acheron, Phlegeton** : rivers of Hell.
 298. **Cerberus** : the watch-dog of Hell who had three heads.
 307. **Izion** : because he had aspired to love Hera, Ixion was fixed to an ever-rolling wheel.
 309. **Sisyphus** : he is described in Homer as being condemned to roll a huge stone to the top of a hill whence it continually rolled again to the foot.

Lim.

THE FAERIE QUEENE {continued}

311. **Tantalu³** : he was condemned for some unknown crime to stand up to the chin in water which continually receded as he attempted to assuage his burning thirst.
312. **Tityus** : as a punishment for attacking Artemis, he was slain while two vultures devoured his entrails.
313. **Typhceus** : he was buried under Mount Etna ; there seems no mythological authority for the punishment Spenser alleges he received.
314. **Theseus condemned to endlesse slouth** : he was thus punished for attempting to ravish Persephone.
315. **fifty sisters** : the Danaides, whose punishment for killing their husbands was to fill a vessel full of holes.
322. **Æsculapius** : the god of medicine.
415. **that great proud king of Babylon**: Nebuchadnezzar: see Daniel iv. 32.
420. **king Croesus** : the last King of Lydia, reigning from 595 to 560 B.C. ; he was possessed of fabulous wealth.
422. **proud Antiochus** : King of Syria (175-164 B.C.), who made frequent wars on the Jews.
424. **great Nimrod** : the mighty hunter of Genesis x. 8. He founded a great empire in Mesopotamia.
426. **old Ninus** : the founder of Nineveh.
428. **that mightie Monarch** : Alexander the Great, King of Macedon. (356-323 B.C.)
431. **Amnions sonne** : on an expedition to Egypt, as he approached the temple of Jupiter Ammon, he was hailed by the priests as " Son of Ammon ".
437. **Romulus** : the reputed founder of Rome.
438. **Proud Tarquin** : the last of the Roman kings.
- too lordly Lentulus** : the chief of a renowned Roman family.
439. **Stout Scipio** : Scipio Africanus (237-183 B.C.), one of the greatest of Roman generals,
- stubborne Hanniball** : a famous Carthaginian general (247-181 B.C.).
440. **Ambitious Sylla** : Sulla, who through his ambition attained absolute power in Rome. (138-78 B.C.)
- sterne Marius** : the great rival of Sulla in the struggle for power. (157-86 B.C.)
441. **High Caesar** : Julius Caesar. (100-44 B.C.)
- great Pompey**: with Julius Caesar, one of the first Triumvirate in Rome. (106-48 B.C.)
- fierce Antonius** : Mark Antony. (83-48 B.C.)
444. **The bold Semiramis** : a mythical founder of Nineveh.
446. **Fayre Sthenobcea** : she committed suicide, not by hanging, but by drinking poison.
448. **High minded Cleopatra** : who slew herself by the sting of an asp (69-30 B.C.).

Line,

THE FAERIE QUEENE {continued}

CANTO VI

The unhappy Una is rescued from the clutches of Sansloy by a troop of Satyrs who adopt her as their goddess. While in their company she is befriended by Sir Satyrane to whom she confides her anxiety for the fate of the Red Cross Knight. Together they continue the search for him, but Archimago, disguised as a Pilgrim, leads them to Sansloy with whom Sir Satyrane fights while Una flees in fear.

3. **her wrack for to bewaile** : "to bring about her wreck".
16. **from one to other Ynd** : "from the East to the West Indies".
61. **Faunes and Satyres** : inhabitants of the woods, half man and half goat.
63. **Sylvanus** : a god of the fields and woods.
128. Or **Bacchus merry fruit they** did invent : "whether they had found the grape associated with Bacchus, the god of wine and merriment".
129. **Cybeles franticke rites** : Cybele was the mother of the gods whose priests, the Corybantes, became frenzied in their frantic worship of her.
134. **Dryope** : a forest nymph.
143. **Diana** : the goddess of hunting and of chastity, clad in buskins and bearing bow and arrows.
146. **dearest Cyparisse** : the youthful companion of Silvanus who died of grief when the god accidentally killed his favourite hind.
154. **Hamadryades** : tree nymphs.
156. **Naiades** : water nymphs.
172. **A noble warlike knight** : Sir Satyrane, representing the uncultured man with refined instincts—the "rough diamond".
265. **ofspring auncient** : "his ancient descent".
368. **three-square** : "with three equal sides".
421. **take thy lovers token on thy pate** : "take this blow on your helmet in place of the usual lover's token".

CANTO VII

On finding that the Red Cross Knight has escaped from the Palace of Pride, Duessa follows him and eventually finds him resting by an enchanted fountain. He drinks of its waters which deprive him of his strength. In this state he is captured by the giant Orgoglio, Una hears of his plight and, meeting Prince Arthur, persuades him to undertake the rescue of the Knight.

37. **Phoebe** : one of the names of Artemis, goddess of hunting.
67. **An hideous Geaunt** : Orgoglio, or Pride. Note the vivid description.
145. **that renowned Snake** : the Lernean hydra which was slain by Hercules (Alcides); its home was in a swamp near Lerna.

Line. THE FAERIE QUEENE (*continued*)

194. **Sith cruell fates, etc.** : "since the Fates seem to separate the threads of life which bind my life to my love".
236. **sorrowfull assay** : "the attack of sorrow".
241. **loved dearer day** : "loved the day more dearly".
254. **A goodly knight** : Prince Arthur, representing the quintessence of manly virtue.
265. **Hesperus** : the evening star, which is the brightest in the heavens.
285. **Selinis** : a mountain in Sicily.
305. **Cynthia** : the moon.
319. **Merlin** : the magician in the legends of King Arthur.
368. **No faith so fast but flesh does paire** : "no faith is so strong that the flesh may not weaken it".
- 386, 387. **Phison, Euphrates, Gehons** : the three rivers of Paradise.
390. **Tartary** : Tartarus, the lake of Hell.
410. **Gloriane** : Queen Elizabeth.
412. **Cleopolis is red** : "London is called".
445. **Where never foote, etc.** : "No living person has trod those paths and come back alive".

CANTO VIII

Una leads Prince Arthur to the castle of Orgoglio where the champion slays the giant and wounds the seven-headed beast on which Duessa rides. The latter is captured and Prince Arthur searches for the Knight, finding him at the point of death in a horrible dungeon from which he is released. Duessa is stripped of her garments and allowed to escape.

58. **ragged snubbes and knottie graine** : the club was of knotted wood from which projected rough ends of branches.
95. **in Cymbrian plaine** : the steppes of the Cimmerians in South Russia.
155. **one alone left hand** : the one available hand.
263. **An old, old man** : Ignorance, servant of Pride.
363. **better bits** : "better food".
383. **shall treble penaunce pay** : "Fortune shall pay treble penance in that your good shall be three times greater than your wrongs".
391. **breeds delight** : probably an error. The meaning is "the best music is not appreciated by an unwilling ear".

Line.

THE FAERIE QUEENE {continued}

CANTO IX

Prince Arthur recounts his history, after which he leaves the Red Cross Knight and Una who continue their journey until they meet Sir Trevison, flying in horror from the Cave of Despair. He is persuaded to return with them where the Red Cross Knight nearly succumbs to the machinations of Despair which are, however, frustrated by the benign influence of Una.

1. **O goodly golden chayne** : i.e. chivalry.
33. **Rauran mossy hore** : white with moss. Rauran-vaur is a hill in Merionethshire.
59. **following his behest** : the sense is probably "or that fresh bleeding wound, following its bidding with force and fury, brought me here".
99. **most despight** : "greatest contempt".
189. **Pegasus** : the winged horse.
234. **had bene partaker of the place** : "should have partaken of the woes of the place".
274. **That like would not for all this worldes wealth** : "who would not go through the like experience for all the wealth of the world".
308. **That cursed man** : Despair.

CANTO X

The Red Cross Knight and Una come to the House of Holiness where they meet Dame Ccelia and her daughters, Faith, Hope, and Charity. After being instructed by Faith and Hope, the Knight expresses contrition for the errors of his past life. Mercy then conducts him to the hospital of Good Works and at the hill of Contemplation he is informed as to his origin and his parentage and is instructed how to achieve Heaven.

28. **Cselia** : Heavenly.
- 33, 35. **Fidelia**: Faith; **Speranza**: Hope; **Charissa**: Charity.
51. **Zeale** : a franklin, or freeholder.
318. **seven Bead-men** : seven priests.
359. **And he, that harrowd hell** : according to tradition our Lord descended to hell to fight for the souls of men which Pie brought back with Him.
483. **that pleasaunt Mount** : Parnassus, sacred to the Muses.
485. **thrise three learned Ladies** : the nine Muses.
518. **that bright towre** : Panthea, possibly Windsor Castle.
585. **Chaungelings** : the fairies were supposed to exchange a human infant for a fairy child.

Line.

THE FAERIE QUEENE {continued}

CANTO XI

The Knight fights a long-drawn-out battle with the Dragon whom he eventually slays and gains a wonderful victory.

- 13. bee at your keeping well : " take care of yourself".
- 30. uneath : possibly a contraction for " underneath".
- 42. O thou sacred Muse : Clio, the muse of History.
- 43. Fayre ympe of Phoebus and his aged bryde : beautiful daughter of Phoebus and Mnemosyne, gods of Light and Memory respectively.
- 57. And Bryton fieldes, etc. : referring to the wars between England and Spain.
- 62. thy second tenor : a less important strain.
- 168. above his hable might : " beyond his power".
- 170. To trusse the pray : " to hold it tightly in his claws".
- 187. the blustering brethren : the winds.
- 235. that great Champion : Hercules, who was given twelve labours.
- 238. So many furies and Sharpe fits : the pains which Hercules endured.
- 240. With Centaures blood : Hercules is supposed to have been poisoned by the blood of the Centaur, Nessus, which had been smeared on his garments ; so terrible was the pain that he threw himself into a fire and so died.
- 267. Silo : the pool of Siloam.
- 268. the German Spau : a watering-place in Belgium.
- 269. Cephise, Hebrus : rivers of Greece.
- 300. As Eagle, fresh, etc. : it was believed that every ten years the eagle obtained a new set of plumes by swooping into the sea.
- 364. Cerberus : the three-headed dog of Hell.
- 409. Over-all were redd : " were everywhere spoken of".
- 420. Another like faire tree : that of the knowledge of good and evil.

CANTO XII

After the Dragon has been slain the Knight is welcomed by the people, who conduct him to the Lord of the land. Archimago, disguised as a messenger, brings treacherous letters from Duessa, but he is recognised and suffers imprisonment in a dungeon. Finally, amid great rejoicings; Una and the Knight are betrothed and the latter leaves to fulfil his obligations to the Faerie Queene.

- 3. Vere the maine shete : thus altering the course of the ship.
- 25. out of hond : " immediately".
- 73. many : " crowd".
- 161. that works her teene : " who is hatching plots to harm her".
- 229. that great Emperour of all the West : " Rome".
- 239. Witnesse the burning Altars : she brings as evidence the altars on which sacrifices were burning as part of the wedding

Line. THE FAERIE QUEENE, {continued}

- ceremony and the knowledge which the heavens possessed of his iperjuy.
264. **What heavens ? etc.** : " what is the meaning of these heavens and "these altars ? "
328. **The housling fire** : as a part of the Roman marriage rite, the bride was received into the home with fire kindled by the husband.
330. **the bushy Teade** : the nuptial torch carried before the bride.
347. **their trinaU triplicities** : the thrice three orders of the angels.

Epithalamion

This great wedding ode, perhaps the finest of its kind in English literature, was composed by Spenser in honour of his wife. Practically nothing is known about her except that she survived Spenser and married again. The marriage celebrated in the ode appears to have taken place at Cork in 1594.

1. **Ye learned sisters** : the nine Muses.
16. **Orpheus** : the celebrated musician of Greek mythology who followed his wife Eurydice to Hades, where, by the charms of his lyre, he suspended her tortures and won back his wife on certain conditions.
25. **Hymen** : the god of marriage who is represented as carrying a torch.
51. **diapred lyke the discolored mead** : " variegated like the many-coloured meadow ".
56. **Nymphes of Mulla** : the river Mulla is in South Ireland, near Kilcolman Casde, Spenser's home.
67. **ye lightfoot mayds** : the Oreads, attendant mountain nymphs on Diana.
75. **Tithones** : lover of Eos, the dawn.
81. **the Mavis** : the song thrush.
82. **the Ouzell** : a kind of thrush,
the Ruddock : the redbreast.
95. **Hesperus** : the evening star.
98. **ye fayre houres** : the goddesses of the order of nature and the seasons.
103. **the Cyprian Queene** : Aphrodite, one of whose principal places of worship was Cyprus.
121. **Phoebus** : Apollo, the father of the Muses.
140. **id Hymen** : an exclamation of joy and welcome to Hymen, god of marriage.
190. **Medusaes mazeful hed** : Medusa was one of the Gorgones whose heads were covered with hissing serpents instead of hair.
255. **Bacchus** : the god of wine.

Lite.

EPITHALAMION {continued}

257. **the Graces** : Aglaia, Thalia and Euphrosyne, the attendants on Venus.
266. **Baraaby the bright** : according to the old reckoning the longest day of the year was June 11, the anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Barnabas, and the day of Spenser's marriage.
269. **the Crab** : the sun was in the sign of Cancer, or the Crab, in June and July.
282. **0 fayrest Planet** : the sun, or Apollo, who is represented as driving his fiery chariot across the sky,
307. **Maia** : goddess of the Spring.
328. **Alcmena** : mother of Hercules, the " great Tirynthian groome ".
341. **the Pouke** : Puck, or Robin Goodfellow.
380. **the Latmian shepherd** : Endymion, whose beauty, as he slept, warmed the cold heart of Cynthia, the Moon, who came down to him, kissed him and lay by his side,
390. **great Juno** : the queen of Heaven who was the protector of the female sex.
405. **fayre Hebe** : the cupbearer to the gods.

Prothalamion

2. **Zephyrus** : the west **wind**.
4. **Titan's beames** : the rays **of** the sun.
21. **Daughters of the Flood** : the Naiades were nymphs associated with rivers and lakes.
37. **two Swannes** : the ladies whom the poem celebrates.
40. **Pindus** : a range of mountains in Thessaly, sacred to the Muses.
43. **Leda** : Zeus visited Leda in the form of a swan.
62. **that same payre** : Venus is represented as being drawn in her chariot by a pair of swans.
67. **Somers-heat** : a play upon the name of the ladies Somerset.
78. **Peneus waters** : Peneus, the chief river of Thessaly, which flows through the vale of Tempe to the sea.
97. **heart-quelling Sonne** : Cupid, the god of love.
135. **Templar Knights** : the order of Knights Templars whose headquarters were on the banks of the Thames,
137. **a stately place** : the London house, in the Strand, of Lord Leicester.
139. **that great Lord** : Lord Leicester, a former patron of Spenser.
145. **a noble Peer** : Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, who took Cadiz.
148. **Hercules two pillors** : these were placed, by ancient legend, near Gades or Cadiz,
164. **Radiant Hesper** : the evening star, the brightest in the heavens.
173. **the twins of Jove** : the stars Castor and Pollux.
174. **Bauldricke of the Heavens** : the zodiac.

The Shepherds Calendar

Line.

JANUARY

Colin Cloute, Hobbinol, Rosalinde : typical names of shepherds. Colin Cloute represents the poet Spenser, himself; Hobbinol, his friend, Gabriel Harvey, and Rosalinde, the unknown lady with whom Spenser probably fell in love and who rejected him.

71. **shall sore the while aby** : " both pipe and Muse shall be punished for their failure to comfort him at that time ".

FEBRUARY

Cuddie, Thenot : rustic names.

8. **it avales** : "the tails droop ".
33. **the soveraigne of seas** : Neptune, god of the sea.
57. **lopp and top** : the budding branches of a tree.
63. **Phyllis** : a common appellation for a shepherdess.
71. **brag** : " proudly *".
80. **thy flocks father** : the ram.
83. **rather Lambes** : those born early in the year.
86. **thy heedlesse hood** : " your youthful carelessness ".
- 89-90. **Whose way is wildernesse, etc.** : " Youth's wild ways eventually lead to Punishment and Age, which admonishes gallantry and invites Grievance ".
92. **Tityrus** : Chaucer.
116. **Thelement** : the air.
146. **trees of state** : " stately trees of full growth ".
166. **primrose** : the first, most important rose.
- 209-10. **and often crost, etc.** : a reference to the sprinkling of trees with holy water to preserve them, a custom of early times when certain trees were considered sacred.
226. **Boreas** : the north wind.

MARCH

16. **Flora** : the goddess of flowers.
17. **Maias bowre** : the flowering bushes of May.
20. **Lettice** : a country lass.
23. **Lethe** : one of the rivers of Hades which brought oblivion to those dipped in it.
30. **Or made previe, etc.** : " or have you been secretly in love ? "
- 53-4. **Mought her necke, etc.** : " if her neck could be joined, she would need no further attention ".
56. **can better good** : " knows better ".
74. **some quicke** : " something alive ".
116. **stouping Phebus** : the setting sun.

Line. THE SHEPHERDS CALENDAR (*continued*)

APRIL

1. **what garres thee greeete** : " what causes you to weep ? "
17. **What is he for a Ladde ?** : " What kind of lad is he ? "
21. **the Southerne shepheardes boye** : possibly referring to Sir Philip Sidney who was a friend of Spenser.
41. **Virgins** : the nine Muses who dwelt on Mount Parnassus.
42. **Helicon** : actually a mountain sacred to the Muses, but the name is associated with the springs which welled from it.
50. **Syrinx** : a nymph of Arcady who was loved and pursued by Pan, the god of the shepherds. She escaped from him by being changed to a reed. Pan represents here King Henry VIII, father of Queen Elizabeth.
73. **Phoebus** : the sun.
82. **Cynthia** : the moon.
- 86-7. **Latonaes seede**: Apollo and Diana, who slew the fourteen children of Niobe because she had scorned their mother, Latona. Niobe was metamorphosed into a stone which always shed tears in the summer.
92. **Bellibone** : a fair maid.
100. **Calliope** : one of the Muses.
109. **the Graces** : the three sisters, Aglaia, Thalia and Euphrosyne, who were attendants upon Venus.
120. **Ladyes of the lake** : the nymphs.
122. **Chloris** : the personification of Spring.
138. **Sops in wine** : it was a mediaeval custom to conclude the wedding ceremony by eating cakes (sops) dipped in wine ; the name " sop in wine " was given to the carnation, a flower associated with marriages and lovers.
142. **Pawnee** : the pansy.
143. **Chevisaunce** : a flower whose identity is not clear.
144. **flowre Delice** : the flcur-de-lys or lily.

MAY

30. **his Queene attone** : " in company with him as queen ".
54. **Pan** : the god of shepherds, here representing Christ.
75. **Algrind** : a shepherd, here signifying Edmund Grindal, Archbishop of York, and in 1575 Archbishop of Canterbury.
76. **Men of the laye** : " laymen ".
106. **fee in sufferaunce** : " money allowed to them ".
142. **the Geaunt** : Atlas, who was reputed to bear the world on his shoulders.
150. **deare borrowe** : Christ, who pledged His life for mankind.
224. **Sperre the yate** : " shut the door ".
254. **double eyed** : " has doubly sharp eyes ".
265. **your bestlyhead** : corresponding to " your highness ".
309. **Sir John** : a popular name for the typical Roman Catholic priest.

Line. THE SHEPHERD'S CALENDAR (*continued*)

JUNE

20. **witche** : a kind of tree, possibly ash.
 28. **systers nyne** : the nine Muses who lived on Mount Parnassus.
 39. **above** : "on the outside".
 43. **Queene-apples unrype** : the shepherds in pastoral poetry are frequently shown as bringing gifts of fruit to their loves. Here the lover is so anxious to press his suit that he gathers and presents unripe quinces.
 53. **lower spring** : "the sprigs nearer the ground".
 57. **Calliope** : one of the Muses.
 68. **Pan with Phoebus** : Pan and Apollo (Phoebus) are said to have competed together to prove which was the better musician, appointing Midas as judge. The latter decided that Pan was the finer artist, for which decision Apollo crowned him with an ass's head.
 78. **my carefull case to frame** : "to express my doleful state".
 81. **Tityrus** : Chaucer.
 103. **Menalcas** : the reference is unknown.

JULY

14. **the trode is not so tickle** : "the path is not so uncertain".
 19-20. **the Cuppe and golden Diademe** : two signs in the heavens through which the sun passes in July.
 21. **the rampant Lyon** : in July the sun is in the sign of the zodiac called Leo, or the Lion; at this time Sirius, or the Dog star, rises with the sun and was supposed to bring pestilence, heat and disease in its train.
 28. **overture** : "an open place".
 41. **St. Michels Mount** : St. Michael's Mount, near Land's End, Cornwall.
 51. **Dan** : one tribe of the Jews is here meant for the whole nation.
 59. **Where Titan, etc.** : Titan, the sun, was believed to rise from out of Mount Ida, "the hilly place".
 64. **The shepherd** : Endymion, who was so beloved by Phoebe, the moon, that she made him sleep in a cave for thirty years in order to enjoy his company.
 65. **there** : Mount Ida, which Spenser here identifies with the earthly Paradise, the garden of Eden.
 67. **one** : Adam.
 73. **Synah** : Mount Sinai, where God appeared to Moses.
 74. **our Ladyes bowre** : the shrine of the Virgin at Lorcetto.
 77, 78. **Faunes, Sylvanes** : deities of the woods.
 85, 86. **Melampode and Teribinth** : herbs used to cure goats of various diseases.
 97. **To Kerke the narre, etc.** : "the nearer to the Church, the farther from God".

Line. THE SHEPHEARDS CALENDAR {continued}

104. **sayles** : " seems to sail like a cloud in the sky ".
 127. **the first shepheard** : Abel.
 145. **thilk shepheard** : Paris, son of Hecuba and Priam, was, as a child, exposed on Mount Ida and was brought up by a shepherd. He married Gbnone but deserted her for Helen whom he carried off from Troy, thereby causing the Trojan War.
 154. **Argus** : surnamed " the all-seeing " because he had a hundred eyes.
 161. his **name** : Aaron.
 171. **Their** weedes, etc. : " They do not wear their clothes out so much ".
 179. **Theyr Pan** : the Pope.
 181. **Palinode** : not the Palinode of the *May* Eclogue, since he is a friend of the Roman Catholic Church.
 201. sike mister **men** : "such kind of men".
 219. **Algrinds ill**: the mishap to this shepherd is an application of the story of the death of i^Eschylus who was brained with a shell-fish.

AUGUST

- 1 game : "the prize".
 26. A **mazer**, etc. : a carved wooden bowl of maple wood.
 41. **in the playne field** : Colin Clout has defeated Perigot in a fair trial of skill.
 105. my bale **with** death I bought: " though death should be the price of my sorrow ".
 128. **undersong** : the accompaniment to an air.
 129. a squint **eye** : " a partial judgment".
 138. **the shepheard** of **Ida** : Paris, who judged that Aphrodite was the most beautiful of the three goddesses, Aphrodite, Hera and Athena.
 139. **should it not yshend**, etc. ; " If it would not spoil your lively roundels, I can tell you a sad tale of Rosalind ".
 148. matter of his deede : " poetry he has written".
 164. **Let all, that sweete is, voyd** : " away with all sweet things ".
 186. hys **misdeede that** bred **her woe** : Tereus, who deceived Philomela and pursued her and her sister Procne with an axe ; when the sisters were overtaken they prayed to the gods to change them into birds. Philomela became a nightingale, Procne a swallow, and Tereus a hawk.

SEPTEMBER

1. **I bidde her god day**, etc. : " I bid good day to you, Diggon Davie, if you be he ".
 3. **Her was her**, etc. : "I was myself while my life was happy, but now I am quite a different man".

Line. THE SHEPHERDS CALENDAR (*continued*)

10. at mischief e dead : " are they dead as a result of some mischief befalling them ? "
- 95-6. But ask them therefore, etc. : " Ask them what they have pawned in order to command the devil; marry, their souls which Christ redeemed with great pain from the bonds of Hell."
104. of shepheards most what : " what is generally true of shepherds ".
105. flatt : clear, plain.
108. then it wont : " than it used to be."
- i n . all for : because.
119. fast stalled in her crumenall : the ox has been sold for money to be installed in their purse.
120. in theyr steads : " in their homes".
122. nearest the pricke : " nearest to the bull's eye ".
151. Saxon King : King Edgar (A.D. 957-975).
159. great hunt : the execution of law and justice.
169. full of mayntenance : " well-behaved ".
171. Roffynn : a shepherd representing, possibly, the Bishop of Rochester.
176. his selfe boye : " his own boy ".
198. weanell wast : a weaned lamb.
211. hidder and shidder : " him and her ".

OCTOBER

3. Phoebus race : the daylight.
5. bydding base : the game of prisoners' base in which one player bids to run from one base to another without being caught.
8. mine Oten reedes : " my shepherd's pipe ".
23. with pleasaunce of thy vaine : " with the pleasure of your poetry ".
28. the shepherd that did fetch his dame : Orpheus who recovered his wife, Eurydice, from Hades by the power of his music.
32. Argus blazing eye : On his death, the hundred eyes of Argus were transplanted into the tail of the peacock.
- 37-43. Abandon then, etc. : " Abandon the lowly pastoral type of poetry and compose heroic verse ".
41. doubted: "redoubted".
47. the worthy : the hero, i.e. the Earl of Leicester, whose coat of arms included a bear and a ragged staff.
52. the Myllers rownde : a kind of dance.
55. the Romish Tityrus : Virgil, who was brought to the notice of the Emperor Augustus by Maecenas and celebrated the heroic deeds of Æneas, after having written his pastorals and bucolics.

Line. THE SHEPHERDS CALENDAR {continued}

70. **to put in preace** : to put in readiness or prepare fit for the Muses.
75. **Or it mens follies, etc.** : "poetry must become ribald in character or it will wither".
78. **Tom Piper** : the piper of the morris dances.
87. **Her peececd pyneons** : "imperfect skill".
90. **soote as Swanne** : it was believed that the swan sang sweetly just before dying.
93. **mirrhor** : Beauty, which inspires the poet.
105. **Let powre, etc.** : "let him pour down plenty of wine and good food".
111. **wild Yvie** : ivy was associated with the celebrations of Bacchus, the god of wine.
114. **queint Bellona** : the goddess of war.
118. **charme** : tunc and put in order.

NOVEMBER.

13. **sadde Winter welked hath the day** : "the dull clouds of winter have darkened the heavens".
15. **in lowlye laye** : "in lowly stall".
16. **in Fishes haske** : in the sign of the zodiac called Pisces or the Fish.
25. **the Nightingale, etc.** : "the titmouse is silent when the nightingale sings".
27. **to thrust in skilfull thronge** : "to compete among the crowd of clever poets".
38. **the greate shepheard** : the reference to both Dido and the great shepherd is doubtful.
53. **Melpomene** : the muse of Tragedy.
60. **herse** : either the hearse used in a funeral or a form of "rehearsal".
113. **Lob bin** : a shepherd, apparently the lover of Dido.
141. **Philomele** : the nightingale.
148. **the fatall sisters** : the three Fates, Clotho, Lachesis and Atropos. Clotho was supposed to hold the thread of life while Lachesis spun it and Atropos cut it.
179. **Elisian fieldes** : the heaven of the Greeks.
195. **Nectar with Ambrosia** : the drink and food of the gods.

DECEMBER

4. **Tityrus** : Chaucer.
41. **Wrenock** : the reference is unknown.
52. **my life he left to mone** : "he left me to moan that I was alive".
57. **the Lyons house** : the sun was in the sign of the Zodiac, Leo or the Lion, in summer; hence Cupid kindled his passionate love.

Line. THE SHEPHERDS CALENDAR {continued}

68. **her formall rowmes** : " her regular cells ".
 73. **elder time** : summer.
 82. **Was better seene** : " was better fitted ".
 84. **Phoebe fayles** : the eclipse of the moon.
 84. **where Venus sittes** : " where Venus or Hesperus is placed in the heavens ".
 87. **the soothe of byrdes** : soothsaying learned from the flight of birds.
 119. **the loser Lasse** : " the nimble lass ".
 120. **One if I please, etc.** ; " if I please one, i.e. Rosalind, that is enough for me ".

EPILOGUE

10. **the Pilgrim** : " either Langland, the author of *Piers Plowman*, or, the Ploughman of the *Canterbury Tales*.

JOHN MILTON

L'Allegro

L'Allegro : the cheerful man.

2. **Cerberus** : the three-headed dog of the lower regions.
 3. **Stygian cave** : the kennel of Cerberus near the river Styx.
 10. **Cimmerian** : the Cimmerians, according to Homer, lived in eternal darkness.
 12. **yclept** : called.
 12. **Euphrosyne** : Mirth, one of the three Graces.
 14. **Venus** : goddess of Love.
 16. **Bacchus** : the god of wine.
 24. **debonair** : courteous.
 29. **Hebe** : cupbearer to the gods.
 48. **eglantine** : the sweet-briar.
 62. **dight** : clothed.
 67. **tells his tale** : " counts his sheep ".
 80. **cynosure** : the Pole star by which sailors guide their ships, i.e. that which holds everyone's attention.
 83, 86, 88. **Corydon, Thyrsis, Phillis, Thestylis** : names of shepherds and shepherdesses.
 94. **rebeckes** : instruments similar to a violin.
 102. **Faery Mab** : the **Queen of the fairies**.
 104. **Friar's lantern** : **Jack-o'-Lantern or Will-o'-the-Wisp**.
 105, **drudging goblin** : Robin Goodfellow.
 125. **Hymen** : the god of marriage.
 132. **Jonson's learned sock** : Ben Jonson, the writer of Elizabethan comedies, had a reputation for learning.

Line.

L'ALLEGRO (*continued*)

136. Lydian : one of the three modes of Greek music; it was soft and pleasing in character.
- 145-50. Orpheus : a famous musician in Greek mythology. On the death of his wife Eurydice his music so pleased Pluto, the god of the underworld, that the latter promised to allow Eurydice to return to earth provided Orpheus should not look back to see if she were following him. When half-way on the journey, however, he did so and she was forced to return.
147. Elysian : Elysium was the heaven of the Greeks.

II *Penseroso*

II *Penseroso* : the thoughtful man.

3. bested : help.
10. Morpheus : the god of sleep.
18. Memnon : a king of the Ethiopians.
19. starred Ethiop queen : Cassiopeia, wife of Cepheus, King of Ethiopia, who boasted that her beauty exceeded that of the sea nymphs; they, offended, sent a monster to despoil her country. Cassiopeia is one of the constellations.
23. Vesta : goddess of the home.
24. Saturn : god of civilization.
29. Ida : a mountain in Crete.
35. stole : a garment.
35. cypress lawn : a black material supposed to have been first made in Cyprus.
56. Philomel : the nightingale.
59. Cynthia : the moon, whose chariot Milton pictures as being drawn by dragons.
87. outwatch the Bear : as the Great Bear never sets, this means "all night".
88. thrice-great Hermes : Hermes Trismegistus (thrice great) was the name given to the Egyptian philosopher, Thot.
89. unsphere the spirit of Plato : bring back to earth the philosopher Plato.
98. sceptred : tragedy dealing with royalty.
99. Thebes, etc. : subjects of the Greek tragedies.
102. buskined : as the sock, or low shoe, was used by comic actors (cp. *L. Allegro*, line 132), so the buskin or long boot was worn by tragedians.
104. Musæus : one of the earliest Greek poets of mythology.
105. Orpheus : cp. *L'Allegro*, line 145.
109. him that left half-told : Chaucer, whose Squire's tale was unfinished.
- 110-15. Cambuscan : the Squire's tale tells how the King of Arabia and India sent to Cambuscan, the Tartar king, a wondrous

Line.

IL PENSEROSO (*continued*)

- horse of brass which could fly. To Canacc, his daughter, he sent a ring by which she could understand the language of birds and a magic mirror in which she could see the future.
124. **Attic boy** : Cephalus, who was carried away by Aurora, goddess of the dawn.
134. **Sylvan** : an aged god of the woods.
159. **storied windows** : windows representing incidents in stained glass.
170. **spell** : learn.

Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity

15. **Heavenly Muse** : the Muse of poetry,
19. **Sun's team** : Apollo, the sun god, was represented as driving his fiery chariot across the heavens daily.
49. **harbinger** : forerunner.
51. **myrtle wand** : symbolizing peace.
56. **hooked chariot** : a chariot with hooks or scythes attached to the axle.
64. **whist** : still, hushed.
68. **birds of calm** : the halcyons or kingfishers. It was believed that the sea was always calm while the halcyons were breeding.
74. **Lucifer** : Venus, or the morning star.
89. **mighty Pan** : the pagan god of shepherds and Nature, here incongruously associated with Christ,
92. **silly** : simple.
103. **Cynthia** : the moon.
116. **unexpressive** : inexpressible.
119. **Sons of Morning** : in Job xxxviii. appear references to the creation of the earth when God asks the prophet where was he when the creation took place and "when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy".
125. **ye crystal spheres** : referring to the ancient belief that each of the planets was fixed in a transparent crystal sphere and that in its movement each gave out a different note, thus making the heavenly harmony.
131. **ninefold harmony** : The Muses were believed to sit in the nine inner spheres and produce the music thereof.
135. **Age of Gold** : the mythical reign of Saturn when there was universal peace in the world.
168. **old Dragon** : see Revelation xx. 2, where an angel is described as impersonating the dragon or Satan for a thousand years.
173. **the Oracles** : the replies given by the pagan deity when consulted as to what course of action the consultant should take. It was a superstition that at the birth of Christ they were powerless to give information.

Line. ODE ON CHRIST'S NATIVITY (*continued*)

176. **Apollo** : whose oracles were the most famous in Greek history. One of the many places where he was consulted was at Delphos near Mount Parnassus in Greece.
186. **Genius** : the Greeks believed that each wood, fountain or river possessed a particular spirit—its genius.
191. **Lars and Lemures** : the Lars were the benevolent, and the Lemures, the malevolent, gods of the household.
194. **flamens** : the name given to the Roman priests associated with a particular deity.
197. **Peor and Bäälim** : gods of the heathen peoples of the Old Testament.
199. **twice-battered god** : Dagon, the god of the Philistines, who, in I Samuel v. 3, is described as breaking to pieces on two occasions before the ark.
200. **moonèd Ashtaroth** : a Philistine goddess corresponding with the Greek Astarte. She is here considered as goddess of the moon.
203. **Libyc Hammon** : the Libyan god, Ammon, who was generally imagined to possess horns as significant of his office as protector of flocks and herds.
204. **Thammuz** : he corresponds to the Greek god, Adonis, with whom Venus fell in love and who died from wounds received from a wild boar. The Tyrian maids yearly celebrated the grief of Venus at this event.
205. **Moloch** : the god of the Ammonites to whom human sacrifices were made. His idol was represented as hollow with a fire within into which the bodies of the sacrifices were thrown.
212. Isis, Orus, **Anubis** : in Egyptian mythology, Isis was the mother of Orus and Anubis ; Orus had the head of a hawk and Anubis that of a jackal.
213. **Osiris** : Osirus, the Egyptian god of agriculture, generally represented as a bull.
214. **Memphian grove** : Memphis was at one time capital of Egypt.
226. **Typhon** : the brother of Osiris.
236. **night-steeds** : the dragons who hauled the chariots of Night.
240. **youngest-teemèd star** : the newly-born star which rested over our Saviour's birthplace.

Lycidas

Lycidas : the name is taken from one of the pastorals of Theocritus and refers to Edward King, who is the subject of the Elegy.

- 1, 2. **laurels, myrtles, ivy** : garlands of which were used to crown poets.
2. **never sere** : evergreen.

Line.

LYCIDAS (*continued*)

14. **meed** : reward.
15. **Sisters of the sacred well** : the Nine Muses, who sometimes frequented the sacred fountain of Aganippe where was an altar sacred to Jove.
20. **favour my destined urn** : " compose an elegy to my memory ".
29. **Battening** : feeding.
34. **Satyrs, Fauns** : deities of the woods, half man, half goat.
36. **Damcetas** : a pastoral name for an old shepherd, possibly in this case, a tutor of the University,
40. **gadding** : straggling.
54. **Mona** : Anglesey.
55. **Deva** : the river Dee, supposed to have been the haunt of wizards.
58. **the Muse herself** : Calliope, the muse of epic poetry.
59. **enchanting son** : Orpheus possessed the power of enchantment by his music.
- 61-3. **the rout**, etc. : Orpheus was attacked by a band of Thracian women who slew him and cast his head into the river Hebrus.
- 68, 69. **Amarylhis, Neaera** : names of shepherdesses.
73. **guerdon** : reward.
75. **the blind Fury** : in classical legend there were three Fates: Clotho who held the thread of life, Lachesis who decided the length of the thread, and Atropos who cut it. Milton here probably means Atropos.
77. **Phoebus** : Apollo, the god of poetry.
- 85, 86. **Arethuse, Mincius** : the fountain of Arethusa in Sicily was associated with Theocritus as the river Mincius was with Virgil.
88. **oat** : pastoral song.
89. **Herald of the Sea** : Triton.
96. **Hippotades** : god of the winds.
99. **Panope** : one of the fifty daughters of Nereus, a sea god.
103. **Camus** : representing the spirit of Cambridge University.
106. **sanguine flower** : the Greeks believed the hyacinth to have grown from the blood of a youth, Hyacinthus. On its leaves seemed to appear the words " Ai, Ai"—alas ! alas !
109. **The Pilot of the Galilean Lake** : St. Peter.
114. **Enow of such** : enough of those who enter the Church for base reasons.
124. **scrannel** : lean.
128. **grim wolf** : the Roman Church.
130. **two-handed engine** : either the two Houses of Parliament or the two-edged sword mentioned in Revelation i. 16.
132. **Alpheus** : a river of Arcadia whose waters join the fountain of Arethusa. Milton here returns to the subject of the Elegy after denouncing the ecclesiastical misrule of his time.

Line.

LYCIDAS {continued}

138. **swart star** : the Dog-star, Sirius, which rises with the sun in August and was therefore considered to be connected with the heat of that month.
142. **rathe** : early.
149. **amaranthus** : the never-fading flower.
151. **laureate hearse** : the bier covered with laurels.
160. **fable of Bellerus old** : Land's End, associated with Bellerus.
161. **the great Vision of the guarded mount** : the Archangel Michael was said to have been seen in a vision on St. Michael's Mount, in Cornwall.
162. **Namancos and Bayona's hold** : towns in Spain.
164. **dolphins** : when Arion, a Greek musician, was in danger of drowning, he attracted the dolphins by his playing and on the back of one he was carried to the shore.
168. **day-star** : the sun.
176. **unexpressive** : inexpressible.
183. **Genius of the shore** : the spirit of the dangerous shore.
186. **uncouth swain** : Milton, who in 1637 was obscure.
189. **Doric** : Theocritus, the Greek pastoral poet, wrote in the Doric dialect.

Sonnets

When the Assault was intended to the City

This sonnet was written in November, 1642, when, after the Battle of Edgehill, the Royalist army was threatening an attack on London, The attack, however, did not materialize.

10. The great Emathian conqueror, etc. : Alexander the Great, of whose dominions Emathia was a part, spared the house of Pindar, the great Greek lyric poet, when Thebes was destroyed.
- 13, 14. sad Electra's poet, etc. : Euripides, one of whose tragedies deals with the theme of Electra, daughter of Agamemnon. A chorus from this tragedy was recited by a singer when the Spartans took Athens and the conquerors were so moved by its beauty that they spared the city which had given birth to such a writer.

To the Lord General Cromwell, May 1652

Written in 1652. The sub-title of this sonnet runs : " On the proposals of certain ministers at the Committee for propagation of the Gospel". The proposals were for the

Line.

SONNETS {continued}

purpose of regulating the affairs of the Church which was at this time in great disorder. Milton, in this sonnet, prays that Cromwell's wisdom may save the country in peace as it did in war.

7. **Darwen stream** : in Lancashire, where Cromwell defeated the Scots in 1648.
8. **Dunbar** : In 1650 the Scots again suffered defeat at the hands of Cromwell.
9. **Worcester's laureate wreath** : At the Battle of Worcester, ' 1651, Cromwell administered the *coup de grace* to the Royalist forces. He described the victory as his " crowning mercy ".

On the Late Massacre in Piedmont

In April, 1655, the Waldenses, a people of Northern Italy, were massacred by order of the government of Turin because they refused to conform to the Roman Catholic religion. The news caused great revulsion of feeling in England which is epitomized in this sonnet.

12. **the triple Tyrant** : the Pope, who wore a triple crown.
14. **the Babylonian woe** : Roman Catholicism.

On his "Blindness"

This sonnet was written in 1655. Milton's eyesight had grown steadily worse until, by this time, he was totally blind.

On his Deceased Wife

The wife referred to was his second, Catharine Woodcock, who died in childbirth, 1657. This sonnet was probably written in the following year.

2. **Alcestis** : Admetus, her husband, had incurred the wrath of the gods and was condemned to die, but Apollo induced the Fates to acquit him if his father, mother or wife would take his place. Alcestis nobly died for her husband but was eventually rescued from Hades by Hercules.
3. **Jove's great son** : Hercules.

ALEXANDER POPE

The Rape of the Lock

Line.

CANTO I

3. **Caryl** : Pope's friend who suggested the poem as the means of causing the quarrel between the families of Lord Petre and Miss Fermor to be laughed off.
4. **Belinda** : Arabella Fermor.
13. **Sol** : the sun.
17. **the slipper knocked the ground** : the lady tapped on the floor with her slipper to summon an attendant.
18. **the press'd watch** : a kind of watch which struck the hour when a spring was pressed.
20. **Sylph** : guardian spirit.
23. **Birth-night Beau** : a courtier at a function on the King's birthday.
25. **seem'd to say** : i.e. in her dream.
27. **distinguish'd care**, etc.: she was in the care of the Sylphs.
47. **our heings were of old** : the Sylphs once inhabited the bodies of women, whose qualities thus survive.
56. **Ombre** : a card-game.
59. **Termagants** : shrews.
60. **Salamander** : another kind of spirit.
63. **Gnome** : a mischievous spirit.
78. **Tho' Honour, etc.** : what mortals call the restraint of Honour is really the protection of the Sylphs.
79. **Some nymphs, etc.** : there are some maidens too much concerned with their own looks.
105. **of these am I**: the guardian Sylph is still speaking in the dream.
108. **In the clear Mirror**, etc. : "your destiny as shown by the star under which you were born".
115. **Shock** : Belinda's lap-dog.
123. **Nymph** : Belinda, who treats her toilet as a religious rite.
127. **Th' inferior Priestess** : Betty, mentioned by name later, who attends to the adornment of the goddess, Belinda.

*

CANTO II

3. **rival of his beams** : Belinda.
19. **to the destruction of mankind** : because men were ensnared by the beauty of the Locks.
26. **finny prey** : supposedly poetical expression for fish.
29. **Baron** : Lord Petre.
35. **Phoebus** : the sun.
55. **Denizens of air** : assistant sylphs.
100. **Flounce** : a plaited border on a dress.
- Furbelow** : an ornamental border.

Line, THE RAPE OF THE LOCK (*continued*)

105. **Diana's law** : Chastity, satirically mentioned in the same sentence with a " China jar ".
131. **Alum styptics** : alum may be used to stop bleeding. It is a " contracting power ".
133. **Ixion** : for having shown disrespect towards Juno, he was fixed on an ever-revolving wheel in Hell.

CANTO III

7. **Anna** : Queen Anne.
30. **sacred nine** : nine was supposed to be a number of mystical properties.
33. **Matadore, Basto, etc.** : terms used in the game of Ombre.
62. **Lu** : a card-game in which Pam was the highest card.
92. **Codille** : in the game of Ombre, those who defended the pool were said to " win the Codille " when they won most tricks.
106. **the berries crackle** : i.e. for coffee.
107. **Altars of Japan** : lacquered trays,
- no. **China's earth** : china cups.
122. **Scylla's Fate** : Scylla, having cut off from the head of her father Nisus the purple lock on which his power depended, in order to give it to her lover Minos, was changed into a bird.
147. **Forfex** : shears.
165. **Atalantis** : a book of the time, full of court and society scandal.

CANTO IV

23. **She** : i.e. Spleen.
24. **Megrim** : a kind of headache.
38. **a new disease** : a fancied indisposition.
43. **on rolling spires** : standing up from their coils.
46. **angels in machines** : on stage contrivances for raising or lowering.
51. **Pipkin** : a small earthen boiler.
59. **vapours** : nervous ailments then fashionable among ladies.
82. **Ulysses** : Ulysses was given all the winds in a bag by Æolus.
89. **Thalestris** : Queen of the Amazons. Here a Mrs. Morley is referred to, a sister of " Sir Plume ".
92. **Furies** : snake-haired goddesses sent from Tartarus to punish crime.
121. **Sir Flume** : Sir George Brown, one of the party.
156. **Bohea** : tea.

CANTO V

5. **The Trojan** : Æneas, who deserted Dido, Queen of Carthage.
65. **Mseander** : a river in Anatolia.
105. **Othello** : he became jealous of Cassio because he saw him with Desdemona's handkerchief.

Line, THERAPE OF THE LOCK {continued}

125. **So Rome's great founder, etc.** : Romulus was supposed to have disappeared while addressing the Senate. He afterwards appeared to Proculus as a god.
129. **Berenice's Locks** : she promised her beautiful hair to Venus if her husband, Ptolemy III, was victorious in his wars in Asia. When the condition was fulfilled, her hair was hung in Venus' temple, and on its disappearance, was said to have been taken by Jupiter to Heaven.
137. **Partridge** : a stargazer who yearly predicted the downfall of the Pope and the death of the King of France.
138. **Galileo's eyes** : the telescope.

Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady (1717)

The lady was separated from her husband, and being ill-treated by her guardians, committed suicide in a foreign country. Pope himself left a posthumous note explaining that she was a Mrs. Weston, but, since the latter died in 1724, she could not have committed suicide in 1717, when the poem was written. Actually the lady seems to have been mainly imaginary, though the circumstances of Mrs. Weston and also of a Mrs. Cope probably supplied some suggestion.

8. **Roman's part** : to die by committing suicide.
9. **reversion** : inheritance.
41. **Furies** : snake-haired goddesses sent from Tartarus to punish crime.
- ;

THOMAS GRAY

Ode on a 'Distant Prospect of Eton College

4. **Her Henry's** : the pious Henry VI, founder of the College.
29. **the rolling circle** : the hoop.
44. **The sunshine of the breast** : happiness.

Slegy written in a Country churchyard

32. **annals** : records.
33. **The boast of heraldry** : the pride of people of high rank.
38. **trophies** : memorials.
39. **fretted vault** : the delicately-carved roof.
41. **storied urn** : ancient peoples placed the ashes of their ancestors in an urn. A storied urn is one inscribed with the life-story of the deceased person.
46. **pregnant with celestial fire** : " full of divine inspiration ".

Line. ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD {continued}

51. **rage** : poetic emotion.
57. **Some village Hampden** : John Hampden withstood the tyrant Charles I by refusing to pay Ship-money. Some villager may have withstood a local oppressor.
59. **mute inglorious Milton** : a man who, had he but been able to express himself, might have become as great as Milton.
60. **guiltless of his country's blood** : " who had brought about no Civil War ".
72. **Muse's flame** : the Muse of poetry who supplied inspiration.
81. **unlettered Muse** : inspiration without learning.
86. **this pleasing anxious being** : " this existence full of pleasures and anxieties ".
119. **Science** : Knowledge.

Ode on the "Death of a favourite Cat

This poem was sent in a letter to Horace Walpole, whose cat had met with the accident described.

15. **Genii** : guardian spirits.
 16. **Tyrian hue** : purple. In ancient times Tyre produced purple dyes.
 19. **Nymph** : maiden, i.e. the cat.
 31. **Eight times** : according to a proverbial saying, a cat has nine lives.
 34. **Dolphin** : referring to the story of Arion who was saved from drowning by a dolphin.
- Nereid** : a water-nymph.

⁷ *The "Bard*

This ode is modelled on the odes of Pindar, one of the first Greek lyric poets.

1. **ruthless King** : Edward I, who subdued Wales in 1282. There is a tradition that he ordered all the bards to be put to death.
5. **hauberk** : coat of chain mail.
8. **Cambria** : Wales.
13. **Glo'ster** : Edward's son-in-law. He and Mortimer had lands on the borders of Wales and so were concerned in the expedition.
28. **Hoel** : a sixth-century bard.
- Llewellyn** : a Welsh prince and bard, killed in the wars with Edward I.
- 29, 31. **Cadwallo, Urien** : Welsh bards.
33. **Modred** : possibly Myrddin, a bard.
35. **Arvon's shore** : the shore of Carnarvonshire.
43. **They** : the bards who have been put to death.

Line.

THE BARD (*continued*)

49. **Weave the warp, etc.** : from this line as far as " the web is wove. The work is done ", the bard's " dear lost companions " join in the " dreadful harmony ", after which the prophecy is continued by the bard alone.
56. **agonizing King** : Edward II, murdered at Berkeley Castle.
57. **She-wolf of France** : Isabella, wife of Edward II. The King was put to death by order of Isabella's lover, Mortimer.
60. **The scourge of Heaven** : Edward III, Heaven's instrument to punish France, Isabella's country.
63. **Mighty Victor** : Edward III, whose wife and eldest son, the Black Prince (the sable warrior), died before him and whose friends and other children deserted him.
69. **The Swarm** : the crowd of parasites who had revelled in the favour of Edward, but are now paying their attention to the " rising morn ", Richard II.
71. **Fair laughs the Mora** : the morning or early years of Richard II's reign, when he lived a life of pleasure surrounded by flatterers regardless of the troubles ahead.
79. **Reft of a crown** : he was deposed by Henry IV.
81. **Fell Thirst and Famine** : Richard II was supposed to have been starved to death.
85. **Long years of havoc** : the wars of York and Lancaster.
86. **kindred squadrons** : squadrons of relatives, since they were civil wars.
87. **Julius** : Julius Caesar, who was said to have built a part of the Tower of London which was " fed " with murders of royal personages.
89. **Consort's** : Margaret of Anjou, who struggled to save her husband, Henry VI, and the crown.
89. **Father's fame** : Henry V.
90. **the meek Usurper's holy head** : Henry VI was reputed to have been a saintly man. The House of Lancaster had no legitimate claim to the throne.
91. **rose of snow . . . blushing foe** : the white rose of the Yorkists and the red of the Lancastrians.
93. **bristled Boar** : Richard III's badge was a silver boar.
- infant gore** : referring to the murder of the Princes in the Tower by Richard III's order.
94. **thorny shade** : the thorns of a rose tree.
99. **Half of thy heart** : the wife of Edward I.
101. **Stay, oh stay I** : addressed to his "dear lost companions" who have joined with him in weaving this web of prophecy.
106. **skirts** : edges.
109. **long-lost Arthur** : Merlin had foretold that King Arthur would come again to rule once more.
- no. **genuine Kings** : the sovereigns of the House of Tudor, who were Welsh in origin.

Line.

THE BARD {continued}

115. **a form divine** : Queen Elizabeth.
 116. **of the Briton-Line** : of Welsh origin.
 121. **Taliessin** : a Welsh bard of the sixth century.
 128. **buskined measures** : Tragedy. In classical times a high boot was worn by tragic actors to give them added impressiveness. The lines prophesy the coming of Shakespeare to join the company of the bards.
 131. **A Voice, as of the Cherub-Choir** : Milton.
 133. **distant warblings** : later poets.
 135. **Fond impious Man** : Edward I.
 142. **to triumph, and to die** : the bard sees triumph for his race and for future bards, while for Edward I, at this moment victorious, disaster lies in waiting.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Tintern oAbbey

With regard to this poem Wordsworth wrote : "I began it upon leaving Tintern, after crossing the Wye, and concluded it just as I was entering Bristol in the evening, after a ramble of four or five days, with my sister. Not a line of it was altered, and not any part of it written down till I reached Bristol."

The poem contains the fundamental truths upon which Wordsworth based his theory of poetry, i.e. that the contemplation of Nature brings to the poet "the still, sad music of humanity" and "the joy of elevated thoughts".

"Lucy" Poems

The Lucy of these poems is unknown. De Quincey wrote of Wordsworth, "He always preserved a mysterious silence on the subject of that 'Lucy' repeatedly alluded to or apostrophized in his poems".

Resolution and Independence

43. **Chatterton** : the poet who committed suicide in 1770, aged seventeen.
 45. **Him who walked, etc.** : Robert Burns.

J Ode on the Intimations of Immortality

Wordsworth writes in the preface to this famous poem : "Nothing was more difficult for me in childhood than to admit the notion of death as a state applicable to my own

Line. ODE ON THE INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY {continued}

being. . . . I communed with all that I saw as something not apart from, but inherent in, my own immaterial nature ".

He feels that he has lived in a previous existence and that as a child he still possessed some of the characteristics of this pre-natal life.

21. **the tabor's sound** : a tabor was a kind of small drum on which the shepherd played.
 28. **the fields of sleep** : the West.
 104. **" humorous stage "** : referring to the theory of the humours which explained a man's character as due to the proportion of the humours which were present in him. Ben Jonson shows men of varying " humours " in his plays.

haodamia

Laodamia was the wife of Protesilaus, who was the first Greek to be killed at Troy. She prayed that she might see him once again, and he was restored to her for three hours. She then died with him.

18. **Mercury** : the messenger of the gods, also known as Hermes.
 31. **Protesilaus** : Laodamia's lord who has returned in spirit.
 43. **Delphic oracle** : the famous oracle of Delphi, sacred to Apollo.
 48. **Hector** : the eldest son of Priam, King of Troy.
 59. **redundant** : abundant.
 60. **Thessalian air** : he was a Thessalian prince.
 65. **Parcae** : the Fates.
 66. **Stygian hue** : the colour of the lower world of which Styx was a river.
 71. **Erebus** : Hell.
 81. **Alcestis** : she was taken by Death, instead of her husband, Admetus, but Hercules wrestled with Death and brought her back.
 83. **Medea** : she restored iEson, Jason's father, to youth.
 95. **Elysian** : heavenly.
 120. **Aulis** : the Greek fleet was becalmed at Aulis until the wrath of Diana (Artemis) had been appeased by the sacrifice of Iphigenia.
 152. **shade** : the spirit of her husband.
 158. **exhorted and reproved** : by her husband, who had called upon her to seek " a higher object " and moderate her passion. She was punished by the gods for disregarding him.
 168. **Hellespont** : the Bosphorus.
 172. **Hium** : Troy.

" *The World is too much with us* "

13, 14 : **Proteus, Triton** : sea-gods of Greek mythology.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Line-

Christabel

- , *Christabel*, like *Kubla Khan*, is a fragment and was never completed. We can, however, follow the thought of the poem which emphasizes the ultimate triumph of innocence over evil. The virtuous Christabel by virtue of her purity is a proof against the wiles of the evil Geraldine. The thought of the poem should be compared with that of Milton's *Con/us*.
152. **scritch** : **screech**.
253. Cf. *The Ancient Mariner*; line 560, for a similar device of allowing a sight to be imagined by its effect on a spectator.
306. **tairn** : tarn.
- 344, 350, 351, 359. **Bratha Head, Wyndermere, Langdale Pike, Witch's Lair, Dungeon-ghyll, Borrowdale** are place-names in the Lake District. Echoes are heard from these places.
558. The dream symbolizes the danger of Christabel from the mysterious Geraldine.
656. **limber** : active.

/ *The Rime of the oAncient o!Mariner*

12. **Eftsoones** : immediately.
32. **bassoon** : a deep-toned instrument: here part of the orchestra for the wedding which breaks in upon the attention of the spell-bound guest.
62. **swound** : swoon, i.e. like noises in the ears of a swooning person.
69. **thunder-fit** : noise like thunder.
75. **shroud** : a rope.
76. **vespers nine** ; nine evenings.
79. **God save thee, etc.** : the wedding guest sees the tortured look on the Mariner's face when he comes to tell of how he killed the albatross.
83. **upon the right** : they have rounded Cape Horn ; before, as they sailed south, " the sun came up upon the left ".
98. **uprist** : supposed past tense of " uprise ".
128. **death-fires** : either the phosphorescent light given off by fishes or else the luminous appearance sometimes seen about the rigging of ships and supposed to be an omen of death.
132. **the Spirit**: the South Polar spirit who was to avenge the death of the albatross.
155. **water-sprite** : water spirit.
157. **with throats unslaked, etc.** : for lack of drinking water.
164. **Gramercy** : " grand merci "—great thanks. An exclamation.
168. **weal** : good fortune.
184. **restless gossameres** : filmy threads of spiders' webs.

Line. THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER {continued}

190. **Her lips** : those of Life-in-Death, the mate of Death.
 200. **At one stride comes the dark** : the sudden onset of night in the Tropics.
 209. **Clomb** : climbed.
 212. **star-dogged Moon** : the moon followed by a star.
 224. **I fear thee** : the wedding guest is afraid that he is listening to a dead man, but is reassured in line 231.
 275. **the elfish light fell off** : the weird moonlight, playing on them, created the illusion that shining flakes were falling from them.
 294. **Mary Queen** : the Virgin Mary.
 297. **silly** : empty.
 312. **sere** : withered.
 314. **fire-flags** : possibly summer lightning.
 sheen : bright.
 317. **wan** : pale.
 319. **sedge** : dry reeds or grass.
 362. **jargoning** : mingled songs of birds.
 470. **0 let me be awake**, etc. : " If my past troubles have been real, let their escape be real, or if it was a dream, let me continue to dream now that I have escaped the horror."
 524. **Why, this is strange**, etc. : spoken by the Pilot.
 559. **telling of the sound** : echoing.
 560. **I moved my lips** : presumably there was something horrible in the Mariner's motions after his weird experiences. Even the Hermit is disturbed.
 582. **Since then**, etc. : this is the penance foretold in line 409.
 612. **He prayeth well**, etc. : the love of Nature is part of true Religion.

/ Kubla Khan

With regard to this fragment Coleridge writes:

" In the summer of the year 1797, the Author, then in ill-health, had retired to a lonely farm-house between Porlock and Linton, on the Exmoor confines of Somerset and Devonshire. In consequence of a slight indisposition, an anodyne had been prescribed, from the effects of which he fell asleep in his chair at the moment that he was reading the following sentence, or words of the same substance, in *Purchases Pilgrimage* : ' Here the Khan Kubla commanded a palace to be built, and a stately garden thereunto. And thus ten miles of fertile ground were enclosed with a wall.' The Author continued for about three hours in a profound sleep, at least of the external senses, during which time he has the most vivid confidence, that he could not have composed less than from two to three hundred lines ; if that indeed can be called composition in which all the images rose up before him as things, with a parallel production of **the** correspondent

Line.

KUBLA KHAN (*continued*)

expressions, without any sensation or consciousness of effort. On awaking he appeared to himself to have a distinct recollection of the whole, and taking his pen, ink, and paper instantly and eagerly wrote down the lines that are here preserved. At this moment he was unfortunately called out by a person on business from Porlock, and detained by him above an hour, and on his return to his room found, to his no small surprise and mortification, that though he still retained some vague and dim recollection of the general purport of the vision, yet with the exception of some eight or ten scattered lines and images, all the rest had passed away like the images on the surface of a stream into which a stone has been cast, but, alas ! without the after restoration of the latter."

25. **Five** miles meandering, etc. : note the music of this and the following lines.
 37. **dulcimer** : a musical instrument.

frost at ^Midnight

15. **film** : Coleridge's note runs : " In all parts of the kingdom these films are called ' strangers' and supposed to portend the arrival of some absent friend."

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

Ode to the West Wind

21. **Maenad** : a female votary of Bacchus, the wine-god.
 32. **pumice isle** : island of volcanic rock.
Baise's bay : near Naples.
 39. **the sea blooms . . . know** thy voice, etc. : " The phenomenon alluded to", wrote Shelley, " is well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is constantly influenced by the winds which announce it."

The Could

23. **genii** : spirits of a place.
 27. **he** : i.e. the lightning.
 33. **rack** : flying, broken clouds.
 58. **are each paved, etc.** : the moon and the stars shine in patches through the clouds on to water beneath which takes on a like colour, as if it were of the sky.

Line, THE CLOUD {continued}

- 71. sphere-fire : the sunlight.
- 81. cenotaph : the cloudless sky is the monument of the cloud's (temporary) death.

To a Skylark

- 15. an unbodied joy : the spirit of joy.
- 22. that silver sphere : the moon.
- 55. heavy winged thieves : the bees.
- 56. vernal : of spring.
- 66. Chorus Hymeneal : marriage song.

Arethusa

- 1. Arethusa : a sea-nymph, who was pursued by the river-god Alpheus, but was saved from him by Artemis (Diana) who changed her into a spring.
- 24. Erymanthus : a range of mountains in Greece.
- 36. the Dorian deep : the Ionian Sea.
- 72. Dorian home : Syracuse, in Sicily, was founded by Dorian colonists from Greece.
- 84. Asphodel : a flower of the lily kind.
- 87. Ortygian : of Ortygia, in Sicily, whither Arethusa fled.

Adonais

In the preface, Shelley explains that he attributes Keats' death to the "savage criticism on his *Endymion* which appeared in the *Quarterly Review* ; the agitation thus originated ended in the rupture of a blood-vessel in the lungs ; a rapid consumption ensued ". Shelley was not one of Keats' circle of friends, nor even an unqualified admirer of his poetry, but, as he calls himself, "an impartial judge", filled with indignation against the "most base and unprincipled calumniator" whom he blamed for the poet's death. The poem laments the loss of a poet rather than of a friend. It is in part modelled on two Greek elegies, Bion's *Elegy on Adonis*, and Moschus' *Elegy on Bion*.

- 10. Mighty Mother : either Aphrodite Urania, goddess of the intellect, or Urania the Muse. She is represented as the mother of the poet and chief mourner of his death.
- 29. He died : i.e. Milton.
- 36. the third : the third among epic poets, the others being Homer and Dante.
- 40. whose tapers yet burn : whose fame lives while great poets ("suns") have been forgotten.

Line.

ADONAIŠ {continued}

55. **that high Capital** : Rome, where Keats died.
68. **His extreme way** : Adonais' last way.
69. **Hunger** : i.e. corruption.
88. **Lost Angel of a ruined Paradise** : the dream, no longer able to inhabit the mind of Adonais, which is now a "ruined Paradise".
94. **anadem**: circlet.
97. **wingèd reeds** : arrows, probably indicating wingèd thoughts.
100. **Splendour** : dream.
127. **Lost Echo** : Echo pined away with love for Narcissus until she became a mere voice.
133. **Than those for whose disdain, etc.** : Narcissus* lips.
140. **To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear** : Hyacinthus, beloved of Phoebus, was killed by a quoit which Zephyr caused to strike him, and became a flower.
141. **Narcissus** : he fell in love with his own reflection and became a flower. Both these flowers loved Adonais.
145. **Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale** : the bird is, like Keats, a beautiful singer.
151. **Albion** : England.
- the curse of Cain** : the curse laid on murderers.
152. **his head** : the head of the reviewer who had criticized *Endymion*.
172. **leprous corpse, etc.** : the decaying corpse, when spring's influence is felt, fertilizes the soil and causes flowers to grow.
177. **that alone which knows** : the mind.
179. **th' intense atom** : the mind.
191. **childless Mother** : Urania.
198. **the fading Splendour** : Urania.
212. **Palms** : soles.
234. **I am chained to Time** : "I am immortal".
239. **O where was then Wisdom** : refers to imperfections in *Endymion*.
250. **the Pythian of the age** : refers to Byron's satire, *English Hards and Scotch Reviewers*, a counter-attack on the critics of the *Edinburgh Review*. Byron is compared to the statue of Apollo slaying the python, or serpent, with a smile on his face.
262. **mountain shepherds** : contemporary poets. Cf. *Lycidas*.
264. **Pilgrim of Eternity**: Byron, author of *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*.
268. **Ierne** : Ireland, represented by the Irish poet, Thomas Moore.
271. **one frail Form** : Shelley himself.
276. **Actaeon-like** : Actaeon was changed into a stag and torn to pieces by his own hounds for having looked on Diana bathing. Similarly Shelley is hunted by his own thoughts after gazing on "Nature's naked loveliness".

- Line,* ADONAIŠ {continued}
291. **a light spear** : the poet's wand. Ivy was the poet's emblem : cypress, the emblem of mourning.
306. **like Cain's** : because he was branded as having been responsible for his wife's suicide.
- or Christ's** : because of his sufferings.
307. **What softer voice** : Leigh Hunt, friend of Keats.
319. **nameless worm** : the anonymous reviewer.
340. **A portion of the Eternal** : Keats' soul came from the Eternal Soul and now returns thither. There is therefore less reason to mourn. It is the living who are to be pitied.
361. **'tis Death is dead, not he** : Death has released him to a life in the Eternal and so has destroyed himself.
381. **one Spirit** : the spirit of Life, a conception of Deity.
397. **The inheritors of unfulfilled renown** : other poets who died before they had achieved the greatness of which they were capable.
399. **Chatterton** : a poet who committed suicide at the age of 17 (1770)-
401. **Sidney** : Sir Philip Sidney, poet, courtier, soldier, killed at Zutphen, 1586, at the age of 32.
404. **Lucan** : condemned to death under Nero, he was induced to inform against his accomplices in a plot, but committed suicide (A.D. 65).
411. **kingless sphere** : a star hitherto untenanted, now to be Keats' *' winged throne ".
413. **Heaven of Song** : the music of the spheres.
414. **Vesper** : evening star, having come lately.
416. **Fond wretch** : any mourner.
439. **a slope of green access** : the Protestant cemetery where Keats is buried.
444. **one keen pyramid** : the tomb of Ccstius, a Tribune of the People.
460. **The One remains, etc.** : the Ideal Reality behind material things, as postulated by Plato.
462. **Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass** : life is only an incident in Eternity, which it obscures, until after death we are freed, and allowed, so to speak, to see the light.
478. **That Light whose smile kindles the Universe** : the One Spirit (line 381).
487. **The breath whose might, etc.** : Inspiration from the Universal Mind.
489. **Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng** : his mind, straining to the Eternal, has left behind the ordinary thoughts of ordinary men. These lines, though entirely concerned with the spiritual aspirations, curiously anticipate Shelley's death a year later.

Hellas : Chorus

7. **Hellas** : Greece.
9. **Peneus** : a river of Thessaly.
11. **Tempes** : Tempe was a valley in Thessaly.
12. **Cyclads** : a group of islands in the iEgean Sea.
13. **Argo** : Jason's ship, in which he went in quest of the Golden Fleece.
15. **Orpheus** : he was famous for the powers of his music, with which he induced Pluto to release his wife Eurydice from Hades.
17. **Ulysses** : returning from Troy, he lived for some time with Calypso on her island.
21. **Laian rage** : the Sphinx, a terrible monster, was sent to Thebes by Juno who wished to punish Laius, King of Thebes, whom she hated. The Sphinx propounded riddles and destroyed those who could not answer them.
31. **Saturn** : father of the gods and ruler of the world in the Golden Age of innocence and plenty.

O^Λymandias

1. **an antique land** : Egypt.
8. **mocked** : copied.

Lines written among the Suganean Hills

71. **paean** : a song of praise.
 97. **Amphitrite** : the sea-queen.
 98. **her hoary sire** : Nereus, her father.
 113. **dome of gold** : the temple at Delphi, where the oracle spoke.
 116. **then his queen** : a ceremony was formerly performed annually
 in which Venice was " wedded to the sea ", when the Doge
 threw a ring to the waves.
 122. **conquest-branded brow** : Venice was under Austrian rule.
 152. **Celtic Anarch** : the Austrian Emperor.
 174. **tempest-cleaving swan** : Byron, who spent three years in
 Venice.
 195. **Scamander** : a small river in Asia Minor, near the site of Troy.
 200. **Petrarch** : an Italian poet (1504-74) famous for his sonnets in
 which he sings the praises of Laura.
 228. **foison** : plenty.

Line. LINES WRITTEN AMONG THE EUGANEAN HILLS (*continued*)

239. **Ezzelin** : an Italian leader of the Ghibelline party in the thirteenth century.
 256. **lamp of learning** : Padua was renowned for its University.

JOHN KEATS

Sonnets

"To one who has been long in city pent"

7. **debonair** : courtly.
 10. **Philomel** : the nightingale.

On first looking into Qhapmatfs Homer

George Chapman was an Elizabethan poet and dramatist who translated Homer's *Iliad* and *Odyssey* into English, using a metre of fourteen syllables to the line.

1. **realms of gold** : the world of literature.
 4. **in fealty to Apollo** : under the rule of Apollo, god of Poetry.
 6. **demesne** : domain.
 11. **Cortez** : the conqueror of Mexico (1485-1547).
 14. **Darien** : the isthmus of Darien in Central America.

On the Sea

4. **Hecate** : a three-headed creature of the lower regions.

His Last Sonnet

4. **Eremit** : hermit.

Ode to a Nightingale

2. **hemlock** : a poisonous plant acting as a drug.
 3. **opiate** : a drug containing opium.
 4. **Lethe-wards** : towards Lethe, the river of oblivion, in Hades.
 7. **Dryad** : a wood-nymph.
 14. **Provençal song** : in the Middle Ages Provence was famous for its lyric poets, the Troubadours.
 16. **Hippocrene** : [one of the springs of Helicon, the mountain sacred to the Muses].
 32. **Bacchus** : the god of wine and revelry, whose chariot was drawn by leopards.
 51. **darkling** : in the dark.

Line- *Ode on a Grecian Urn*

5. **What leaf-fringed** legend, **etc.** : Around the urn are depicted scenes of Greek life.
7. **Tempe** : a beautiful valley in Thessaly.
Arcady : a kind of pastoral Utopia.
41. Attic : Greek.
hrede : ornament.
45. Pastoral : actually poetry or drama in which there appears such ideal shepherd life as the poet sees on this urn.

Ode to Psyche

Psyche was the beautiful bride of Eros, or Cupid, who left her when, impelled by curiosity, she looked at him, which she had been forbidden to do. To make amends she had to perform a number of almost impossible tasks.

1. **numbers** : verses.
4. **soft-conched** : like a shell.
14. **Tyrian** : purple.
20. aurorean : dawning.
21. **the** winged boy : Eros.
25. Olympus' faded hierarchy : the gods, who lived on Mount Olympus.
26. Phoebe's **sapphire-region'd** star : the moon. Phoebe is Diana.
27. **Vesper** : the evening star.
28. though temple thou hast none : i.e. though not worshipped as a goddess, because she was only admitted among them after becoming the bride of Eros.
41. **lucent fans** : bright wings.
57. **Dryads** : wood-nymphs.

"Hards of Passion and of Mirth"

This poem is addressed to the Elizabethan poets who used to congregate at the Mermaid tavern.

8. **parle** : speech.
11. **Elysian lawns** : the Elysian fields or the heaven of the Greeks.
12. **Dian's fawns** : Diana was the goddess of hunting, her chariot being drawn by stags.

Ode on Melancholy

1. **Lethe** : the river of oblivion, in Hades.
4. **of Proserpine** : i.e. of Death. Proserpine was the wife of Pluto, or Death, and therefore Queen of Hades.
7. **Psyche** : see *Ode to Psyche*.
21. **She** : i.e. Melancholy. Beauty, Melancholy and Joy are all closely related.

Line- Ode on Indolence

10. **Phidian** : of Phidias, a famous Greek sculptor.
 30. **my demon Poesy** : the spirit which influences him.

The Eve of St. Agnes

5. **Beadsman** : one who is employed to pray for his benefactor.
 15- **purgatorial** : as if the dead were suffering the pains of Purgatory.
 21. **flattered** : moved.
 37- **argent** : silver.
 70. **all amorn** : dead to everything, except St. Agnes.
 71- **her lambs** : St. Agnes, a Christian martyr of the fourth century, was frequently depicted with lambs.
 115. **the holy loom** : St. Agnes' nuns wove the wool out of which the archbishop's cloak was made.
 120. **thou must hold water, etc.** : a feat practised by witches. " You must be capable of magic."
 170. **on such a night** : on such a stormy night.
 171. **Merlin** : Merlin's father, a Demon, brought about his destruction for having cast aside evil after baptism. The " debt " was Merlin's life. That night there was a great storm.
 173- cates : delicacies.
 174. **tambour frame** : embroidering frame.
 218. **gules** : red light from the coloured window.
 241. **Paynims** : pagans, heathens.
 257. **Morphean amulet** : a charm to induce sleep.
 277. **eremite** : hermit.
 288. **woofed** : intricate.
 349- **Rhenish** : wine.
 mead : sweet drink.
 355. **darkling** : in the dark.
 377- **aves told** : prayers counted as he said them.

Endymion

BOOK I

63. **Latmos** : a mountain in Caria.
 78. **Pan** : god of pastures, forests, flocks and herds, represented as half-goat, half-man.
 95- **Apollo** : god of the Sun and of Music.
 140. **Arcadian** : dealing with Arcadia, the home of pastoral simplicity and happiness.
 141. **Such as sat listening, etc.** : Apollo **lived** for a time as a shepherd in Thessaly after being banished from Heaven for killing the Cyclops.

*Une,*ENDYMION (*continued*)

158. **Leda's** love : a swan, the form taken by Jupiter when he came to woo her.
170. **Ganymede** : cup-bearer to Zeus and the type of youthful male beauty.
206. **Triton** : son of Neptune, the sea-god. The roaring of the ocean was the blast of his horn, a shell.
232. **0 Thou** : Pan.
236. **hamadryads** : tree-nymphs.
243. **Syrinx** : an Arcadian nymph who, on being pursued by Pan, was changed into a reed, of which Pan then made his pipes.
263. **faun and satyr** : goat-men ; attendants on Pan,
272. **Naiads** : water-nymphs.
290. **Dryope** : Pan was the son of Mercury and Dryope.
306. **Mount Lycean** : a mountain in Arcadia, sacred to Pan.
318. **Thermopylae** : a pass between Thessaly and Greece where Leonidas fought Xerxes.
328. **Hyacinthus** : Zephyr, jealous of Apollo's favour towards Hyacinthus, caused Apollo's quoit to kill Hyacinthus, who was then turned into a flower.
338. **Niobe** : her twelve children were slain by Apollo because she had taunted Latona with having only two children, Diana and Apollo.
347. **the Argonauts** : Jason and the crew of the Argo, to whom Apollo appeared in a vision holding a bow.
499. **Delphic emphasis** : like that of the oracle at Delphi.
510. **Paphian** : belonging to Venus, who was worshipped at Paphos.
531. **Lucifer** : the morning star.
555. **ditamy** : a plant of medicinal powers.
559. **Morpheus** : the son of Sleep and god of dreams.
614. **gordian'd** : knotted.
671. **Oread** : a mountain-nymph.
685. **Hesperus** : the morning star.
787. **Eolian magic** : music.
795. **Orpheus** : a poet and musician who could move inanimate things by his playing.
816. **pelican brood** : the pelican was supposed to feed its young with its own blood.
863. **Latona** : mother of Apollo and Diana.
945. **Proserpine** : Persephone, Queen to Pluto. For six months of the year she used to leave the lower world.
967. **Delos** : an island sacred to Apollo.

BOOK II

13. **close of Troilus and Cressid sweet** : the embrace of Troilus and Cressida, lovers who form the subject of Shakespeare's play of that name.

Line.

ENDYMION (*continued*)

26. **old Ulysses** : Ulysses was captured by the Cyclops, Polyphemus, from whom he escaped by making the monster drunk and with a burning pole depriving him of his one eye.
- 27-31. **Juliet, Hero, Imogen** : characters in *Romeo and Juliet*, *Much Ado About Nothing* and *Cymbeline* respectively.
32. **Pastorella** : a character in *The Faerie Queene*, Book VI.
- no. **Amphitrite** : goddess of the Sea.
119. **Meander** : a winding river in Phrygia.
166. **Eurydice** : the wife of Orpheus.
171. **Cynthia** : the moon.
198. **Deucalion** : Deucalion and his wife were the only mortals saved from the deluge sent by Zeus. He built a ship which finally came to rest on Mount Parnassus.
199. **Orion** : a giant hunter blinded by (Enopion. His sight was restored by exposing his eyeballs to the sun.
231. **antre** : cave.
361. **Arion** : a Greek poet and musician who, when cast into the sea by mariners, induced a dolphin to carry him on his back by the magic of his playing.
374. **the Carian** : Endymion, who lived in Caria.
444. **Ariadne** : wife of Bacchus, the wine-god.
446. **Vertumnus** : god of the seasons, and the deity presiding over orchards. He woo'd and finally married Pomona, goddess of gardens.
449. **Amalthea** : the child, Jupiter (Zeus), was fed by Amalthea on the milk of a goat. He, in gratitude, broke off one of the goat's horns, and, giving it to her, promised that its possessor should henceforth have abundance of everything desired,
454. **Hesperides** : the three maidens who guarded the golden apples of Juno.
459. **sea-born goddess** : Venus.
460. **a mortal youth** : Adonis, who was killed by a boar while hunting.
570. **zoned** : surrounded.
586. **Etnean throe** : Vulcan, the forger of thunderbolts, had his workshop on Mount Etna.
612. **Thetis** : chief of the Nereids, or water-nymphs.
628. **Protean** : Proteus, Neptune's herdsman, was famous for rapidly changing his appearance.
641. **Cybele** : the mother of the gods.
665. **asphodel** : a flower growing in profusion in the lower world.
676. **Hesperean** : soft as the evening star.
677. **music from the holy spheres** : refers to the theory that heavenly bodies in their motion made such delicately beautiful sounds as could not be detected by mortal ears.
691. **starry seven** : the Pleiades, the seven daughters of Atlas.

Line.

ENDYMION (*continued*)

693. **Triton** : see line 206, Book I.
 695. **scions** : young shoots of plants.
 698. **Aurora** : the dawn.
 718. **Helicon** : the mountain of the Muses.
 763. **Ida** : a mountain on which the goddess Cybele had a temple.
 793. **Minerva** : goddess of wisdom, identified with Pallas Athene (line 801).
 812. **ambrosial** : ambrosia was the food of the gods.
 821. **empyrean** : of the highest heaven, the seat of deity.
 878. **Alecto** : chief of the Furies.
 879. **Hermes' pipe** : Hermes played the hundred-eyed Argos to sleep and carried off Io, whom Argos was guarding.
 939. **Arethusa** : see note on Shelley's *Arethusa*.
 997. **Saturn** : the father of the gods, who rose in revolt against him.

BOOK III

21. Chaldeans : people of an ancient civilization.
 38. **Ceres** : the goddess of plenty.
 42. **thy Sister** : the moon.
 71. **Tellus** : the Earth.
 97. gavest **Leander** breath : when he swam the Hellespont to visit Hero.
 98. **Orpheus** : he went to Hades to recover his wife, Eurydice.
 99. **Pluto** : he came to earth, "the thin element", to find his future wife, Proserpine.
 114. **Aurora** : the dawn.
 124. **Morpheus** : god of dreams.
 136. **beheemoth** : an animal, probably the hippopotamus.
 242. **the sirens** : sea-nymphs encountered by Ulysses on his voyage home from Troy.
 244. **that giant** : Enceladus, the hundred-armed son of Tartarus, whom Zeus cast down and covered with Mount Etna.
 252. **Sisters three** : the Parcs, or Fates.
 366. **Æthon** : one of the horses of the sun.
 401. **Scylla** : a nymph whom Circe in jealousy turned into a monster because she was beloved of Glaucus. In *Endymion* she merely dies.
 408. **where large Hercules, etc.** : the Pillars of Hercules, the entrance to the Mediterranean.
 416. **Phoebus' daughter** : Circe, an enchantress.
 417. *Ævea* : the island where Circe lived.
 463. **Amphion** : the son of Zeus and Antiope, who built Thebes by his music, which induced the stones to form themselves into walls.
 506. **Charon** : the ferryman who ferried souls across the river Styx to Hades.
 533. **Python** : a monstrous serpent.

534. **Boreas** : the North wind.
 570. **Dis** : Pluto, god of the underworld.
 657. **Eolus** : god of the winds.
 857. **Iris** : the goddess of the rainbow.
 859. **Paphian army** : army of love. Venus was chiefly worshipped
 at Paphos.
 871. **Beauty's paragon** : Venus.
 895. **Triton** : son of Neptune, the Sea-king.
 900. **ooze-born Goddess** : Venus, who was born from the foam
 of the sea.
 906. **Nais** : the mother of Glaucus.
 925. **Cytherea** : the island where Venus lived.
 930. **halcyon** : happy, calm.
 984. **Cytherea** : Venus, of Cythera.
 1010. **Doris** : wife of the seer, Nereus, and mother of the Nereids.
 1014. **Amphitrite** : wife of Neptune.
 1015. **Thetis** : a sea-goddess.

11. **the Nine** : the Muses, associated with Apollo, god of music.
15. **Ausonia** : Italy.
once more : i.e. in the works of Dante.
30. **Ah, woe is me, etc.** : spoken by the Indian maid.
39. **hecetomb** : a large number.
97. **a triple soul** : devoted to his divine visitant, to Cynthia and to the Indian maid.
123. **Erebus** : Hell.
131. **gorgon** : monstrous.
217. **Silenus** : the drunken companion of Bacchus.
265. **vail**: lower.
377. **Cimmerian** : the Cimmerians, according to Homer, dwelt in a land where the sun never shone.
396. **Skiddaw** : the mountain which dominates Keswick.
429. **Dis** : Pluto.
443. **He who died** : Icarus, whose father, Daedalus, attached a pair of wings to him with wax, which melted when he flew too near the sun.
461. **daedale** : changing.
481. **Nemesis** : Fate, divine retribution.
539. **Semele** : mother of Dionysius, or Bacchus, by Zeus.
570. **Hesperus** : the evening star.
585. **Aquarius** : the water-carrier, a constellation. Other constellations are referred to in the lines immediately following.
609. **Danae's Son** : Perseus, who freed Andromeda when she was bound to a rock as a sacrifice to a monster.
705. **Vesta** : the goddess of the hearth.

Line.

ENDYMION {continued}

717. **Delphos** : Delphi, where the temple of Apollo was situated with its famous oracle.
780. **Thy lute-voiced brother** : Apollo, of whom Keats wrote in *Hyperion*.
962. **Rhadamanthus** : one of the judges of Hell.
964. **Promethean clay** : Prometheus was employed by Zeus to make men out of clay. He was punished for stealing fire from Heaven for men.

GEORGE GORDON BYRON

Songs

" She walks in Heauty "

The person described in this poem was Byron's cousin, Mrs. Wilmot, whom the poet met at a party. Impressed by her grace and beauty, he wrote these lines in her honour on the day following.

The 'Destruction of Sennacherib

The story of this poem is contained in 2 Kings xix.

1. **The Assyrian** : Sennacherib, King of Assyria.
9. **Angel of Death** : " And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand ; and when they arose early " in the morning, behold, they were all dead corpses " (2 Kings xix. 35).
21. **Ashur** : Assyria.
22. **Baal** : a heathen god of the Assyrians.
23. **Gentile** : any race other than the Jews.

The Isles of Qreece

These stanzas are taken from Byron's *Don Juew*> Canto III.

2. **Sappho** : a Greek lyric poetess who lived about 600 B.C.
4. **Delos** : one of the Cyclades islands where Latona gave birth to Apollo or Phoebus.
7. **Scian muse** : Homer, who was reputed to have been born on the island of Chios, now called Scio. His poetry is heroic in character.
- Teian muse** : Anacreon, a lyric Greek poet, born at Teos on the coast of Asia Minor.

Line.

THE ISLES OF GREECE (*continued*)

12. **Islands of the Blest** : the Greeks believed that persons beloved of the gods were transported by them to certain islands in the west where they lived for ever.
13. **Marathon** : the site of the great battle where, in 490 B.C., the Greeks defeated the Persians.
19. **a king** : Xerxes, King of Persia.
20. **Salamis** : in this bay the Greeks won a famous sea fight against an overwhelming Persian fleet in 480 B.C.
42. **Thermopylae** : a pass on the east of Northern Greece where, in 480 B.C., Leonidas with 300 Spartans were overwhelmed by the whole army of Xerxes after a brave resistance.
50. **Samian wine** : Samos is an island off the coast of Asia Minor, noted for its wine.
52. **Scio's vine** : Chios was also famed for its vineyards.
54. **Bacchanal** : a devotee of the god of wine, Bacchus.
55. **Pyrhic dance** : a mimic war-dance among the Greeks.
56. **Pyrhic phalanx** : an arrangement of troops used by Pyrrhus, King of Epirus.
59. **Cadmus** : founder of Thebes and reputed to be the inventor of alphabetic writing.
63. **Anacreon** : a famous Greek lyric poet whose songs are chiefly in praise of love and wine.
64. **Polycrates** : a tyrant of Samos whose friendship with Anacreon is celebrated.
67. **the Chersonese** : the tract of land now called the Gallipoli peninsula.
69. **Miltiades** : uncle of the famous general of the same name who commanded the Greeks at Marathon.
74. **Suli's rock** : Suli is a mountainous district in Albania.
76. **Parga's shore** : Parga is an Albanian port.
76. **Doric** : the Dorians were one of the early Greek tribes.
78. **Heracleidan blood** : the race of Hercules.
79. **Franks** : the peoples of Western Europe.
91. **Sunium's marbled steep** : a celebrated promontory forming the south extremity of Attica on which was a temple of Athena.

*Selections from " Childe Harold"**Nature the Qonsoler*

(CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iii. Stanzas 13-15)

In these stanzas " self-exiled Harold ", i.e. Byron, expresses his dissatisfaction with the company of men, finding companionship and consolation in contemplating the works of Nature.

Waterloo

"Line, (CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iii. Stanzas 21-8)

Sir Walter Scott has said, " I am not sure that any verses in our language surpass in vigour and feeling this most beautiful description ". The passage describes the Battle of Waterloo.

1. The ball referred to in this stanza was given by the Duchess of Richmond at Brussels on June 15, 1815.
20. The Duke of Brunswick was killed on June 16 at the Battle of Quatre Bras which immediately preceded Waterloo.
25. His father had been mortally wounded at the Battle of Jena, 1806.
46. " **Cameron's gathering** ^M : the call of the Cameron clan, of which Lochiel was the chieftain.
47. **Albyn's hills** : the Highlands.
54. **Evan's, Donald's** : Sir Evan Cameron was a Royalist leader at the Battle of Killiecrankie. His grandson, Donald, fought for the Young Pretender in the rebellion of '45.

Venice

(CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iv. Stanzas 1-4)

1. **the Bridge of Sighs** : this famous bridge leading from the Palace of the Doge to the State Prison was so named because on it there was a room where those condemned to death were strangled.
6. **a dying Glory** : Venice lost her independence in 1797. She had been omnipotent in the Mediterranean during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries.
8. **winged Lion** : the lion of St. Mark, the patron saint of Venice.
10. **Cybele** : the mother of the gods, represented in a chariot drawn by lions and wearing a turret on her head.
19. **Tasso's echoes** : It was a custom for the Venetian gondoliers to recite alternate verses from the great epic of Tasso *Gerusalemme Liberata*. The custom died with the independence of Venice.
31. **dogeless** : the Doge was the head of the state prior to the loss of independence.
33. **Rialto** : the " Stock Exchange " of Venice,
the Moor : Othello.
34. **Pierre** : a character in Otway's tragedy *Venue Preserved*.

England

Line, (CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iv. Stanzas 8-10)

These stanzas are interesting for the thought, which comes unexpectedly from Byron, that England, in spite of his rejection of her, was his spiritual home.

19. **the temple** : Westminster Abbey.
22. **the Spartan's epitaph** : the words of the mother of the Spartan general, Brasidas, who died for his country.

An August Evening in Italy

(CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iv. Stanzas 27-9)

With reference to these lines Byron wrote : " The above description may seem fantastic or exaggerated to those who have never seen an Oriental or Italian sky, yet it is but a literal and hardly a sufficient delineation of an August evening as contemplated in one of many rides along the Brenta ".

4. **Blue Friuli's mountains** : the Julian Alps.
6. **Iris** : goddess of the rainbow.
8. **meek Dian's crest** : the moon, of which Diana was the goddess.
16. **Brenta** : a river of North Italy.

The Coliseum

(CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iv. Stanzas 139-45)

Byron here muses upon the great Coliseum of Rome.

5. **genial** : an adjective used ironically.
24. **Dacian** : Dacia was a Roman province on the banks of the Danube.
- 55-7. A quotation from the writings of the Venerable Bcdc.

Nature to the hast

(CHILDE HAROLD, Canto iv. Stanzas 178-80)

These stanzas are illustrative of Byron's misanthropy.

27. **there let him lay** : An example of Byron's carelessness—it is a bad grammatical mistake which seems inexcusable.

Mazeppa's Ride

The original of the story of this poem is contained in the *History of Charles II*, by Voltaire.

At the battle of Pultowa in 1709, Charles II of Sweden was heavily defeated by Peter the Great and Charles was

Line.

MAZEPPA'S RIDE {continued}

wounded and forced to flee for his life. Mazeppa, a Cossack chief who has deserted the Russians for the Swedes, here recounts to the Swedish king the story of his youth. As a young man he had made love to the young wife of a Polish count who, on learning of the intrigue, sentenced Mazeppa to be bound on the back of an untamed horse which was then set free.

3. **Ukraine** : a region of South Russia inhabited by the Cossacks.
77. **the Tartars** : a savage race from Asia who overran Russia in the thirteenth century.
80. **Spahi** : a Turkish cavalryman.
254. **ignis-fatuus** : will-o'-the-wisp, a light seen hovering over marshy ground and caused by marsh gas.
297. **matin bird** : an early morning bird.
298. **werst**: verst, a Russian mile measuring about 3,500 feet.

The Prisoner of Chillon

This poem was written at an inn in the village of Ouchy, near Lausanne, Switzerland, where Byron took refuge from stormy weather.

"The Chateau de Chillon is situated between Clarins and Villeneuve, which last is at one extremity of the Lake of Geneva. The chateau is large and seen along the lake for a great distance." (Byron's note.)j

François de Bonnivard was a staunch upholder of the republic of Geneva. He was imprisoned in the Castle of Chillon by the Duke of Savoy, remaining there from 1530 to 1536. He was a learned writer on history and theology.

107. **Lake Leman** : Lake Geneva.
339. **the white-walled distant town** : Villeneuve.
341. little isle : "Between the entrances of the Rhone and Villeneuve, not far from Chillon, is a small island; the only one I could perceive, in my voyage round and over the lake, within its circumference. It contains a few trees (I think not above three), and from its singleness and diminutive size has a peculiar effect upon the view." (Byron's note.)

ALFRED LORD TENNYSON

Line. Morte d'Arthur

This poem, which was first published in 1842, was later incorporated by Tennyson into his cycle of poems dealing with the Arthurian legend, *The Idylls of the King*, in which series it occurs, with some additions, under the title of *The Passing of Arthur*.

Tennyson bases his stories in the *Idylls* upon the prose version of the Arthurian legend written by Sir Thomas Malory and published as one of Caxton's first books in 1472. King Arthur is a purely legendary character who was supposed to have reigned over Britain, where he founded the famous chivalrous order of the Knights of the Round Table with whose help he was to bring peace and contentment in the land. However, quarrels and dissensions occur between Arthur and his knights of whom Modred leads a rebellion against the King. A great battle ensues in the west wherein Arthur crushes his opponents but in doing so is mortally wounded.

4. **Lyonnesse** : apart of England lying between Land's End and the Scilly Isles which is now beneath the sea.
21. **Camelot**: the capital of Arthur's kingdom. Its actual location is unknown.
23. **Merlin** : the great wizard of the Arthurian legend.
27. **Excalibur** : the name of Arthur's sword.
31. **samite** : a silk material.
80. **lief**: faithful.
139. **a streamer of the northern morn** : the Aurora Borealis.
140. **moving isles** : icebergs.
215. **greaves and cuisses** : armour covering the thighs and legs.
259. **Avilion** : Avalon; reputed to have been near Glastonbury.
267. **fluting a wild carol** : the swan, who in life has no song, was supposed to sing for the first and last time just before death.

Tithonus

Tithonus was the son of Laomedon, King of Troy. He was beloved by Aurora, the goddess of the dawn, who, at his request, granted him immortality. However, he had omitted to ask for perpetual youth and therefore continued living as a decrepit, infirm old man. He begged Aurora to change his state and, as he could not die, she transformed him into a grasshopper.

6. **thine arms** : those of Aurora, the dawn.
25. **thy guide** : the morning star.

Line.

TITHONUS (*continued*)

39. **the wild team** : the chariot and horses of Apollo, the god of the sun.
 62. **that strange song** : it was believed that Ilion or Troy was built by the magic powers of Apollo's music.
 71. **barrows** : ancient burial places.

Ulysses

Ulysses, the hero of Homer's great epic poem, the *Odyssey*, after many adventures subsequent to the fall of Troy, returned in safety to his island kingdom of Ithaca.

The poem describes the insatiable "wanderlust" of the hero who is dissatisfied with a life of inaction but, in spite of his age, must once more seek adventure upon the high seas.

3. **an aged wife** : Penelope, who had faithfully tended her household duties during the thirty years' absence of Ulysses.
 7. **to the lees** : to the dregs.
 10. **Hyades** : a group of stars, sisters to the Pleiades, whose rising was accompanied by rain.
 29. **some three suns** : the three or four years of life which are left to him.
 53. **men that strove with Gods** : the gods were supposed to have taken sides with the opposing armies during the siege of Troy.
 60. **the baths of all the western stars** : the Greeks believed that the stars set in the sea.
 63. **the Happy Isles** : "the islands of the Blest", where the departed spirits of the Greeks found rest—they were imagined to be somewhere in the great ocean to the west.
 64. **Achilles** : a Greek leader in the Trojan War.

The Lady of Shalott

This poem, one of the great series collected later under the title of *The Idylls of the King*, was written as early as 1833 and shows that Tennyson, even at this period, was dallying with the subject of King Arthur as a basis for a more considerable poem.

5. **Camelot** : the reputed capital of Arthur's kingdom.
 22. **shallop** : a skiff.
 56. **pad** : a horse.
 76. **greaves** : armour for the legs.
 84. **golden Galaxy** : the Milky Way.
 87. **baldric** : a belt worn over one shoulder and under the other; a bandolier.
 108. **Lancelot** : the most famous of the Knights of the Round Table.

Line. Sir Galahad

Among the Knights of the Round Table, Sir Galahad represents the ideal of purity and uprightness. Of all the knights, he is the only one fitted by his piety and devoutness to pursue the mystic quest for the Holy Grail—the phantom cup used by Christ at the Last Supper.

- 25. **the stonny crescent**: the crescent moon which foretells the storm.
- 35. **the shrill bell rings**: the ringing of the bell as the Host is raised during celebration of the Mass.
- 53. **the leads**: the roof.

St. Agnes' Eve

The festival of St. Agnes, the patron saint of maidens and the personification of purity, is on January 21.

- 14. **shining ground**: the "snowy sward".
- 16. **yonder argent**: the moon.

*Patriotic Poems**Ode on the "Death of the Duke of Wellington"*

This great ode was written by Tennyson as Poet Laureate and published on the day of the Duke's funeral. He was buried, amid unprecedented scenes of national sorrow, in St. Paul's Cathedral near to the tomb of Nelson.

- 25. **The statesman-warrior**: after his success as a general, Wellington took an important part in English political life, being Prime Minister for a time.
- 49. **the cross of gold**: the dome of St. Paul's is surmounted by a golden cross.
- 80. **Who is he that cometh**, etc.: Nelson is supposed to be speaking here.
- 99. **Assaye**: a victory obtained by Wellington in 1803 in India when he was opposed by 60,000 of the enemy.
- 104. **treble works**: the lines of Torres Vedras which Wellington constructed to defend Lisbon during the Peninsular War.
- 119. **their ravening eagle**: Napoleon.
- 123. **that loud sabbath**: Sunday, June 18, the date of Waterloo.
- 125. **every rocky square**: the English were formed up in the shape of solid squares to resist the onsets of the French cavalry.
- 137. **the Baltic and the Nile**: two great victories of Nelson: the Battle of the Nile, August 1, 1798, and Copenhagen, April 2, 1801.

Line.

PATRIOTIC POEMS (*continued*)

153. confused by brainless mobs : during Wellington's later life there had been many political upheavals on the Continent resulting in violence and lawlessness.

The Charge of the Light Brigade

This famous Charge took place on October 25, 1854, during the Battle of Balaclava. About two-thirds of the Light Brigade were killed or wounded.

6. he said : the order for the charge was given by Lord Cardigan.
38. Not the six hundred : Twelve officers and a hundred and forty-seven men were killed and four officers and a hundred and ten men were wounded.

" There is no land like England "

This song is taken from Tennyson's play *The Foresters*, published in 1892. It is a woodland pastoral dealing with the story of Robin Hood.

*Songs**" 'Break, break, break "*

In this touching song, published in 1842, Tennyson expresses his desolation at the loss of his most intimate friend, Arthur Iiallam, who died on September 15, 1833, and was buried at Clevedon Church, Somerset. The scene of the poem is at this church which stands on a hill overlooking the sea. Tennyson treats this theme more fully in his *In Memorial*.

*from " Maud "**" Qome into the garden, Maud "*

This lyric forms a part of Tennyson's poem *Maud*, published in 1855. He is here at the height of his lyrical powers, this poem being one of his most musical and tender, as it is one of his most popular, songs.

from " The Princess "

The Princess was Tennyson's first long poem and was published in 1847. It is not a great poem, but is interesting in that it shows the poet as a champion of one of the important

Line.

SONGS {continued}

movements of his time—the better education of women. Its finest feature are the lyrics which were a later addition. They are, in every case, beautifully melodious and full of thought, while they illustrate to perfection Tennyson's word-music.

I. "The splendour falls . . ."

This song was written after a visit to Killarney in 1842 and records the impressions of that district upon the poet,

10. **the horns of Elfland** : the echoes are compared with fairy horns.
 15. **Our echoes** : the spiritual influence we exert upon our fellow-men, unlike the bugle echoes, continue for ever.

II. "Tears, idle tears"

Composed at Tin tern Abbey which Tennyson visited one autumn.

III. "Sweet and low"

A perfect example of a lullaby.

IV. "Come down, O maid"

Much of the imagery of this song was inspired by the mountains of Switzerland where it was written. The thought of the poem is that man cannot live life to the full, remote from his fellows ; man is a social animal and " Love is in the valley ".

from " In Memoriam "

" King out, wild bells "

These verses are taken from *In Memoriam*, written in honour of Tennyson's most intimate friend, Arthur Hallam. The poem appeared in 1850 and, while it is perhaps the most personal of all elegies, Tennyson treats of the subjects of death and immortality in a general way, expressing his convictions and hopes on these matters. The lines here reproduced strike a note full of confidence and hope for " the Christ that is to be ".

Line Crossing the Bar

This lyric, in deference to Tennyson's wish, is always placed at the end of his collected poems. It expresses, in four perfect quatrains, his philosophy of life and is full of quiet serenity, courage and hope.

ROBERT BROWNING

*Cavalier Tunes**I. Marching Along*

7. **Pym** : John Pym (1584-1643), a famous parliamentary statesman,
carles : fellows.
 14, 15. **Hampden, Hazelrig, Fiennes, young Harry** : typical supporters of Cromwell. "Young Harry" was the eldest son of Sir Henry Vane.
 16. **Rupert** : Prince Rupert, general of the cavalry of Charles I.
 23. **Nottingham** : Charles raised his standard here in 1642.

II. Give a Rouse

16. **Noll's damned troopers** : Oliver Cromwell's "Ironsides".

III. Boöt and Saddle

10. **Castle Brancepeth** : a castle in Durham.
 11. by **my fay** : by my faith.

How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix

There is no actual record of the feat described in this poem, although it is probably typical of many such rides during the turbulent times in the Low Countries during the seventeenth century.

The distance from Ghent to Aix is about 120 miles. Browning has vividly illustrated the gallop of the horses in his use of the anapaestic metre.

10. **pique** : the peak or front of the saddle.

Line. *The Lost Leader*

It is supposed that the lost leader of the poem refers to Wordsworth who modified considerably his political outlook as he grew older, particularly with regard to his sympathy with the French Revolutionists. In 1843^{ne} accepted the "blue riband" of the Poet Laureateship and his political sympathies were with the Tory party. Browning, however, insisted that while the example of Wordsworth was in his mind, the poem is not particular, but general in its implications. It illustrates the feeling of disappointment and chagrin when an honoured leader deserts his party for that of his one-time opponents.

8. **Rags—were they purple** : he would have been proud even of rags if only they were associated with "the purple", i.e. royalty or the aristocracy.
- 13, 14. **Shakespeare, Milton, Burns, Shelley** : poets imbued with a democratic outlook.
19. **his quiescence** : his acquiescence to inaction.

A Grammarian's Funeral

This inspiring poem, marred to some extent by unusual and awkward double rhymes, emphasizes the glory and distinction of one who has justly achieved fame as a result of scorning delights and living laborious days. Browning here pays a tribute to that self-sacrificing scholarship which is too often its own reward.

3. **crofts** : farms.
- thorpes** : hamlets.
8. **rimming the rock-row** : the sun glinting upon the peaks of the mountain ridge.
12. **Chafes in the censer** : strives to break from its bounds.
34. **Lyric Apollo** : Apollo was the god of music and learning.
43. **the signal** : the realization of his lost health and vigour.
47. **"What's in the scroll?"** : "What knowledge is there to be fathomed?"
50. **he gowned him** : he took his degree.
86. **Calculus** : the stone, a painful disease of the bladder.
88. **Tussis** : bronchitis.
95. **soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst** : as persons suffering from dropsy experience terrible thirst, so the hero possessed an insatiable thirst for knowledge.
108. **paid by instalment** : those who attain glory on this earth have their reward here rather than hereafter.
- 129-31. **Hoti's business . . . Oun . . . enclitic De** : Greek particles.
133. **purlieus** : resting place.

Line,

Prospice

Prospice : look forward.

11. **guerdon** : reward.

27. **soul of my soul** : Browning's wife who had died in 1861.

Incident of the French Camp

The incident here related was an actual occurrence.

1. **Ratisbon** : a town of Bavaria on the Danube. It was taken by Napoleon's army in 1809.
11. Lannes : one of Napoleon's generals.

The Pied 'Piper of Hamelin

A CHILD'S STORY

(WRITTEN FOR, AND INSCRIBED TO, W. M. THE YOUNGER)

W. M. the younger, was William Macready, the son of the famous actor, with whose help some of Browning's plays were produced on the stage.

The story of the legend is told in *The Wonders of the Little World*, by Nathaniel Wanley.

89. **Cham** : a name given to the rulers of Tartary—a form of the word "Khan".
91. **Nizam** : the ruler of the Indian state of Hyderabad.
123. **stout** as **Julius Caesar** ; the story goes that Julius Caesar escaped from Alexandria when surrounded by the Egyptian forces, by swimming across the harbour holding above his head the manuscript of his *Commentaries*.
138. **drysaltery** : a food store.
139. **nuncheon** : a light meal.
179. **Caliph** : the ruler of Bagdad.
182. **bate a stiver** : "reduce my demand". A stiver is a small Dutch coin.
290. **Transylvania** : a province of Austria before the Treaty of Versailles.
296. **trepanned** : trapped.

Waring

Waring is the name given by Browning to his friend, Alfred Domett, who suddenly decided to throw off the narrow, conventional life of London and disappeared from his circle of friends. He sought the freer, open-air life of New Zealand where he had a successful career, eventually becoming Prime Minister.

Line.

WARING (continued)

32. **there were sundry jottings** : Domett had published a volume of poems in 1832 and had later contributed some verses to Blackwood's Magazine.
54. **Monstr'-inform'-ingens, etc.** : from Virgil's *Aeneid* iii, 657—" Monstrum horrendum, informe, ingens, cui lumen ademtum " : a horrid monster, misshapen, huge, from whom sight had been taken away.
100. **Ichabod** : " the glory is departed from Israel ". See 1 Samuel iv. 21.
109. **Vishnu-land** : the land where Vishnu, the Hindu god, is worshipped, i.e. India.
Avatar : the incarnation of a deity.
112. **Kremlin** : the famous citadel at Moscow.
113. **serpentine and syenite** : kinds of paving-stone.
127. **Dian's fane at Taurica** : Diana was worshipped by the people of Taurica, who sacrificed all strangers to her. Taurica is the modern Crimea.
129. **Hellenic speech** : Greek.
132. **Scythian strands**: Scythia is a territory adjacent to Taurica.
153. **Caldara Polidore** : a famous painter of friezes in the Vatican.
156. **Purcell** : an English musician of the seventeenth century; he anticipated Handel in the use of broad choral effects.
191. **Garrick** : David Garrick, the great actor (1717-79).
192. **the heart of Hamlet's mystery** : the inner meaning of Hamlet's character.
194. **Junius** : the anonymous author of the notorious *Letters of Junius* which appeared between 1769 and 1772 and contained venomous and bitter attacks upon the politicians of the day.
196. **Chatterton** : the young poet who persuaded the critics of his time that certain poems (actually written by himself) were genuine works of a hitherto unknown poet, Thomas Rowley, who was alleged to have lived in the reigns of Henry VI and Edward IV.
214. **Triest** : an Italian seaport.
222. **lateen sail** : a triangular sail commonly used in the Mediterranean sea.
229. **a Lascar** : a native East Indian sailor.

The Guardian-Angel

A PICTURE AT FANO

The picture which is the subject of this poem is in the Church of St. Augustine at Fano, a small seaside town in Italy. The painter is Guercino who represents an angel guarding a little child.

37. **Alfred** : Alfred Domett, a friend of **Browning's** youth, who-

Lim.

THE GUARDIAN-ANGEL (*continued*)

went to New Zealand and rose to be Prime Minister before returning to England where he renewed his friendship with Browning. He is the subject of the poem "Waring"

46. **my angel** : Mrs. Browning.
 54. **dear old friend** : Domett.
 55. **Wairoa** : a river in New Zealand.

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Sohrab and Rustum

Arnold bases the story of this spirited narrative poem upon an incident in the "Shah-Namah", the great epic of the Persians, by Fardusi. Rustum is the great champion of Persia, who, as the poem tells, slays his own son in ignorance.

2. **the Oxus** : the modern Amu Daria which flows into the Aral Sea.
 3. **Tartar** : Rustum had achieved his reputation as a general in leading the Persians against their inveterate enemies, the Tartars.
 15. **high Pamere** : the plateau north of India where the Oxus has its source.
 38. **Afrasiab** : King of the Tartars.
 40. **Samarcand** : capital of the Tartar dominions and a great commercial centre.
 42. **Ader-baijan** : a province of Persia.
 82. **Seistan** : a province of Persia.
 113. **Casbin** : a town south of the Caspian Sea.
 114. **Elburz** : a range of mountains south of the Caspian Sea.
 117-35. These lines describe the various tribes which composed the Tartar army ; the proper names are of little importance.
 127. **a more doubtful service** : mercenary troops upon whom Afrasiab could not depend.
 138. **Hyats of Khorassan** : tribes of Khorassan, a province of Persia.
 160. **Cabool** : now Kabul, capital of Afghanistan.
 161. **Indian Caucasus** : the Hindu Kush mountains.
 217. **Iran** : Persia.
 223. **Kai Khosroo** : Cyrus the elder, founder of the Persian Empire, of whom many legends are told.
 268. **fluted spine** : the grooved spike.
 277. **digit** : clothed.
 286. **Bahrein** : a group of islands in the Persian Gulf, celebrated for their pearl fisheries.
 288. **tale** : number.

- Line.* SOHRAB AND RUSTUM {continued}
293. **swath** : a line of grass cut by a scythe.
412. **Hyphasis or Hydaspes** : the Jhelum and Sutlej, tributaries of the Indus and rising in the Himalayas.
414. **wrack** : wreck.
452. **autumn star** : Sirius, or the Dog star, which rose in July and was associated with excessive heat. Homer calls it "the star of late summer" which Arnold probably has in mind when using the epithet "autumn".
458. **minion** : favourite.
508. **curdled** : an unusual hyperbole.
570. **glass** : reflect.
679. **griffin** : a fabled animal with the body of a lion and the wings and head of an eagle.
751. **Helmund** : a river of Afghanistan.
861. **Jemshid** : a king of Persia and founder of Persepolis, once the capital of Persia.
878. **Chorasmian waste** : the desert land through which the Oxus flows before entering the Aral Sea.

The narrative ends on a note of peace and tranquillity in contrast to the stirring scenes of battle described in the poem.

"Balder "Dead

This poem followed *Sohrab and Rustum* in 1855 and gives a faithful account of the Norse legend of *Balder*. The manner of the death of the hero is told in the Scandinavian *Edda* as follows : " Balder the Good has been protected by Frigga from any harm so that he is invulnerable. Loki, the Accuser, hearing of this, ascertains from Frigga that all things have sworn to spare Balder with the exception of the mistletoe. Loki obtains a sprig of mistletoe and repairs to the place where the gods are assembled hurling darts, stones, etc., at Balder who remains immune. He persuades Hodur, who is blind, to honour Balder by throwing the sprig of mistletoe at him. Under the guidance of Loki, Hodur throws the mistletoe at Balder who is pierced and falls dead."

1. SENDING

11. **Valhalla** : the palace where dead heroes feast with the gods.
16. **Odin** : the chief of the Teutonic gods.
24. **Nornies** : the Destinies, corresponding to the Greek Fates.
49. **Lidskialf** : the palace of Odin.
52. **Midgard** : the fortress built to protect men from the giants.
57. **Ida's plain** : the abode of the gods.
68. **the Valkyries** : maidens who wait upon the gods.
73. **Asgard** : the city of the gods.

Line.

BALDER DEAD (*continued*)

85. **Frea** : Frigga, wife of Odin.
 109. **Hela** : Death.
 141. **Heimdall** : the watchman of the gods.
 157. **the Dog and Hunter** : the constellations of the Dog and Orion which are opposite the Great Bear in the heavens.
 172. **Niflheim** : the cheerless abode of the spirits of those who have not died heroically, presided over by Hela.
 211. **postures of runes** : arrangements of mysterious signs or symbols.
 271. **Scalds** : minstrels.

2. JOURNEY TO THE DEAD

21. **Skulda** : she rode with the Valkyries to help them choose the slain and bestow the victory.
 166. **their star** : " their fortune ".
 216. **limber** : pliant.
 224. **Muspel** : the land of fire in the south from whence would come at the last, Surtir, chief of the sons of Muspel, who would be guided by Lok, to destroy the world by fire.

3. FUNERAL

97. **Freya** : the goddess of beauty, not to be confused with Frea or Frigga.
 126. **Eegner** : a famous Danish invader of Britain who was captured by Ella, king of Northumbria, and placed in a dungeon full of serpents.
 149. **Aslauga** : a shepherdess with whom Rcgner fell in love.
 258. **the sons of Bor** : these were Odin, Vili, and Ve.
 340. **boor** : a country fellow.
 412. **fellow-sport of Lok** : one w^{tho} has been similarly deceived by Lok.
 475. **the fiery band** : the sons of Muspel.
 478. **the giant Eymer** : a mythical monster who, it was believed, would join Muspel and Lok in the war against the gods.
 479. **the great serpent** : j offspring of Lok, who was cast into the sea by Odin and who was imagined to encircle the earth at the bottom of the ocean.
 492. **Tyr** : the war-god.
 525. **a small remnant** : Vidar and Vali, the sons of Thor, together with Balder and Hoder, would, it was believed, constitute this remnant of the gods.
 530. **a seed of man** : Lif and Leifdraser, representing the sons of men, would escape the final destruction of Muspel and would replenish the earth.

Line. The Scholar-Gipsy

This poem, like *Thyrsis*, with which it should be read, is in the form of the pastoral. It was published in 1853, the subject being suggested by a description of an Oxford scholar who turned gipsy in Glanvil's *Vanity of Dogmatising* (1661).

2. **wattled cotes** : the sheep-cotes made of wattles or hurdles of interwoven osiers.
57. **the Hurst** : Cumnor Hurst, a part of the Cumnor hills, south-west of Oxford.
79. **Wychwood** : a wood some ten miles from the ferry over the Thames at Bablock Hythe.
83. **Fyfield elm** : a famous tree which acted as a landmark for miles around.
91. **Godstow Bridge** : about two miles from Oxford,
- i n. **Bagley Wood** : another wood near Oxford.
120. **the spark from heaven** : the inspiration whereby he could read other men's thoughts.
149. **just-pausing Genius** : the spirit of each man's life.
183. **one, Who most has suffered** : the person referred to here is uncertain.
190. **anodynes** : methods for relieving his dejection.
208. **as Dido did** : Dido committed suicide when Æneas deserted her. When he met her in Hades she turned from him in contempt.
212. **invulnerable shade** : the depth of our being which is proof against the turmoil of our ordinary life.
- 232ff. Note the extreme beauty of this conclusion and its classical manner.
238. **Chian wine** : Chios, an island near Greece, was famous for its wine.
245. **Syrtes** : two sandbanks to the south of Sicily.

Thyrsis

This elegy, commemorating Arthur Hugh Clough, was meant by Arnold to be a companion poem to *The Scholar-Gipsy* which it resembles by its pastoral form, its ten-lined stanza and the quietness of its atmosphere of reflection. The shepherd *Thyrsis* in the poem is Clough.

2. **the two Hinkseys** : North and South Hinksey, two villages near to Oxford.
14. **the signal-elm** : probably not a particular tree but one of the author's imagination.
35. **our shepherd pipes** : " our early poetry ".
37. **my pipe is lost** : *Thyrsis* was published in 1866 ; Arnold's latest volume of verse had been published in 1857.

Line.

THYRSIS (*continued*)

46. **some life of men unblest** : Clough resigned his tutorship at Oriel in 1848 as a result of religious difficulties; he was also deeply sympathetic with the poverty and troubles of the Irish peasants.
82. **Sicilian** shepherds : Bion and Moschus were two Sicilian pastoral poets who, with Theocritus, were Arnold's models in this poem. Thyrsis (Clough) and Corydon (Arnold) are shepherds' names taken from Theocritus. In the *Lament for Bion* the pastoral poets are described as descending to Hades for the purpose of persuading Pluto to give back their dead comrade.
88. **Proserpine** : wife of Pluto who was carried away by him from Enna in Sicily.
92. **Dorian** : the mode of music practised in Sicily.
106. **Fyfield tree** : see note on line 83 of *The Scholar-Gipsy*.
107. **fritillaries** : butterflies which are common around Ensham and Sandford, villages near Oxford.
167. **Arno-vale** : Clough died at Florence in the valley of the Arno.
177. **great Mother** : Demeter, or the mother of the earth.
183. **the Phrygian king, etc.** : Lityerses, King of Phrygia, held in his power Piplea, the lover of Daphnis. The latter, when seeking her, was challenged by Lityerses to a contest as to who could reap the most corn in a given time, the loser paying with his death, Hercules, however, took the place of Daphnis and beat Lityerses. In memory of this event the Greek reapers sang a "Lityerses-song" at the time of the harvest.

Another legend depicts Daphnis as being struck blind by a jealous nymph. He was taken to Heaven by Mercury, a fountain springing up at the place where he left the earth.

The forsaken Merman

One of the most beautiful and pathetic of Arnold's narrative poems in which is seen much of the spirit of the Romantic poets.

'Dover' Beach

This poem is typical of Arnold's philosophy of life.

15. **Sophocles** : In his tragedy, *Antigone*, Sophocles expresses a thought similar to that of the poem.

COMPARATIVE TABLE OF HISTORICAL AND LITERARY EVENTS

1552	Edmund Spenser born.
Edward VI dies : Mary crowned	1553
Accession of Elizabeth	1558
	1564 Shakespeare born.
Drake starts on his world voyage	1577
	1579 <i>The Shepheards Calendar.</i>
	1580 Spenser goes to Ireland.
Defeat of the Spanish Armada	1588
	1590 <i>The Faerie Queene</i> , Books I-III.
O'Neill's rebellion in Ireland	1594 <i>Epithalamion.</i>
	1596 <i>The Faerie Queene</i> , Books I - V I .
	1597 Shakespeare's earlier plays.
	Bacon's <i>Essays</i> published.
The Globe Theatre built	1599 Death of Spenser.
Accession of James I	1603
Hampton Court Conference	1604
Gunpowder Plot	1605
	1608 Birth of Milton.
	1611 <i>Authorised Version of the Bible*</i>
	1616 Shakespeare died.
Accession of Charles I	1625
	1629 <i>Nativity Ode.</i>
	1632 <i>L' Allegro</i> and <i>II Penseroso</i> ,
	1634 <i>Com us.</i>
Ship Money	1637
Outbreak of Civil War	1642 <i>lycidas.</i>
	1644
Execution of Charles I	1649 Alilton's <i>Areopagitica.</i>
Cromwell made Lord Protector	1653
Death of Cromwell	1658 Milton's prose works.
The Restoration	1660
The Great Plague	1665

The Great Fire	1666	
	1667	<i>Paradise Lost,</i>
	1671	<i>Paradise Regained</i> and <i>Samson Agonistes,</i>
	1674	Death of Milton.
Accession of James II	1685	.
The Revolution. Accession of William III	1688	Birth of Pope.
Accession of Anne	1702	
Battle of Blenheim	1704	
	1709	Pope's <i>Pastorals.</i>
	1711	<i>Essay on Criticism.</i>
Treaty of Utrecht	1713	
	1714	<i>The Rape of the Lock.</i>
First Jacobite Rebellion	1715	
	1716	Birth of Gray.
	1717	<i>The Unfortunate Lady.</i>
	1725	<i>Translation of Homer.</i>
Accession of George II	1727	
	1734	<i>Essay on Man.</i>
	1742	<i>The Dunciad.</i>
		<i>Ode on the Spring.</i>
War of Austrian Succession	1743	
	1744	Death of Pope.
Second Jacobite Rebellion	1745	
	1747	<i>Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College,</i>
	1750	<i>Elegy in a Country Churchyard.</i>
	1758	<i>The Bard.</i>
Wolfe's victory at Quebec	1759	
Accession of George III	1760	.
Treaty of Paris	1763	
	1770	Birth of Wordsworth.
	1771	Death of Gray.
	1772	Birth of Coleridge.
War of American Independence	1775	
Treaty of Versailles	1783	
	1788	Birth of Byron.
The French Revolution	1789	
	1791	Wordsworth in France.
	1792	Birth of Shelley.
	1795	Wordsworth first meets Coleridge.
		Birth of Keats.
Battle of St. Vincent	1797	<i>Kubla Khan.</i>
Nelson's Victory at the Nile	1798	Publication of <i>The Lyrical Ballads.</i>
		<i>Frost at Midnight.</i>
Peace of Amiens	1802	<i>The Edinburgh Review.</i>

	1803	<i>Immortality Ode.</i>
	1807	Wordsworth's <i>Poems</i> .
		Byron's <i>Hours of Idleness</i> .
	1809	Birth of Tennyson.
		<i>The Quarterly Review</i> .
		Byron's <i>English Bards and Scotch Reviewers</i> .
Wellesley at Torres Vcdras	1810	
	1812	Birth of Browning.
		<i>Childe Harold</i> , Cantos i and ii.
	1814	Wordsworth's <i>Excursion</i> .
Battle of Waterloo	1815	
	1816	<i>The Prisoner of Chillon</i> .
		<i>Christahel</i> .
Abolition of the Slave Trade	1817	Keats' first poems.
	1818	<i>Endymion</i> .
		<i>Euganean Hills</i> .
	1819	<i>Ode to the West Wind</i> .
		Keats' <i>Odes</i> .
		<i>Mazeppa</i> .
		Shelley's <i>Prometheus Unbound</i> .
Accession of George III	1820	<i>Eve of St. Agnes</i> and <i>Hyperion</i> .
		<i>Childe Harold</i> , Cantos iii and iv.
	1821	<i>Adonais</i> .
		Death of Keats.
		Byron's dramas.
National Rising in Greece	1822	Shelley drowned.
		Birth of Matthew Arnold.
Accession of William IV	1830	Tennyson's first poems.
First Reform Act	1832	Tennyson's second poems.
First Factory Act	1833	
Accession of Queen Victoria	1837	Browning's <i>Strafford</i> .
First steamship crossed Atlantic	1838	
Afghan War	1839	
Penny post instituted	1840	
First War with China	1842	Tennyson's <i>Poems of 1842</i> .
		Browning's <i>Dramatic lyrics</i> .
	1845	<i>The Princess</i> .
Repeal of the Corn Laws	1846	
Chartist Rising	1848	
	1850	<i>In Memoriam</i> .
The Great Exhibition	1851	
	1852	<i>Ode on the death of the Duke of Wellington</i> .
	1853	Arnold's first Poems (<i>Sohrab and Rustum</i> and <i>The Scholar-Gipsy</i>).
Crimean War		
Battle of Balaclava	1854	

Fall of Sevastopol	1855	<i>Maud</i> . Browning's <i>Men and Women</i> . Arnold's second Poems { <i>Balder Dead</i> }.
The Indian Mutiny	1857	
	1859	<i>Idylls of the King</i> .
American Civil War	1861	
Second Reform Act	1867	Browning's <i>The Ring and the Book</i> .
Dominion of Canada constituted		New Poems of Matthew Arnold (<i>Thyrsis</i>).
Mr. Gladstone becomes Premier	1868	
Elementary Education Act	1870	
Transvaal annexed	1875	Tennyson's dramas.
Zulu War	1878	
	1879	Browning's <i>Dramatic Idylls</i> .
	1880	Tennyson's <i>Ballads and Poems</i> .
Majuba Hill	1881	
Fall of Khartoum	1885	
Queen Victoria's first Jubilee	1887	
	1888	Death of Arnold.
	1889	Death of Browning.
	1892	Death of Tennyson.

BOOKS SUGGESTED FOR FURTHER STUDY AND READING

ABBREVIATIONS :

E.M.L.—English Men of Letters series.

H.U.L.—Home University Library.

E.L.—Everyman Library.

C.U.P.—Cambridge University Press.

SPENSER:

The Works of Spenser.	Globe Edition.	(Macmillan.)
Spenser.	R. W. Church.	
	(E.M.L.)	(Macmillan.)
History of English Poetry,		
Vol. II.	W. J. Courthope.	(Macmillan.)
Edmund Spenser.	E. Legouis.	(Dent.)
Edmund Spenser.	W. L. Renwick.	(Arnold.)
Spenser and his Poetry.	S. E. Winbolt.	(Harrap.)
Cambridge History of		
English Literature.	Vol. III.	(C.U.P.)

MILTON :

Milton's Poetical Works.	Globe Edition.	(Macmillan.)
Milton.	Stopford Brooke.	(Macmillan.)
Milton.	John Bailey. (H.U.L.)	(Williams 6c Norgate.)
Milton.	Walter Raleigh.	(Arnold.)
Milton.	Mark Pattison.	
	(E.M.L.)	(Macmillan.)
Essays in Criticism		
(Second series).	M. Arnold.	(Macmillan.)
Among my Books.	J. R. Lowell. (E.L.)	(Dent.)
Literary Essays.	T. B. Macaulay. (E.L.)	(Dent.)
Literary Studies.	W. Bagehot. (E.L.)	(Dent.)
The Springs of Helicon.	J. W. Mackail.	(Longmans.)

MILTON {continued}:

Obiter Dicta (Second series).	A. Birrell.	(Elliot Stock.)
Cambridge History of English Literature.	Vol. VII.	(C.U.P.)

POPE:

Pope's Poetical Works.	Globe Edition.	(Macmillan.)
Pope.	Leslie Stephen. (E.M.L.)	(Macmillan.)
Life in Poetry : Law in taste.	W. J. Courthope.	(Macmillan.)
My Study Windows.	J. R. Lowell.	(Scott Library.)
Eighteenth Century Lit- erature.	E. Gossc.	(Macmillan.)
The Augustan Age.	O. Elton.	(Blackwood.)
English Literature and Society in the Eigh- teenth Century.	Leslie Stephen.	(Duckworth.)
Hours in a Library.	Leslie Stephen.	(Murray.)
Cambridge History of English Literature.	Vol. IX.	(C.U.P.)

GRAY:

Poems of Thomas Gray.	John Bradshaw.	(Macmillan.)
Gray.	E. Gosse. (E.M.L.)	(Macmillan.)
Hours in a Library, Vol. III.	Leslie Stephen.	(Murray.)
Poems and Essays, Vol. II.	W. C. Roscbe.	(Chapman & Hall.)
Gray and his poetry.	W. H. Hudson.	(Harrap.)
Poetry and Prose.	A. A. Jack.	(Constable.)
Cambridge History of English Literature.	Vol. X.	(C.U.P.)

WORDSWORTH :

Wordsworth's Poetical Works.	Globe Edition.	(Macmillan.)
Wordsworth.	F. W. H. Myers. (E.M.L.)	(Macmillan.)
Life of Wordsworth.	G. M. Harper.	(Murray.)
Wordsworth.	W. Raleigh.	(Arnold.)
Lectures on Poetry.	F. W. Robertson.	(Allenson.)
Miscellanies.	A. C. Swinburne.	(Heinemann.)
Literary Studies.	W. Bagehot. - (EX.)	(Dent.)
Studies in Literature.	Lord Morley.	(Macmillan.)

WORDSWORTH *{continued}*:

The Age of Wordsworth.	C H. Herford.	(Bell.)
Wordsworth and his poetry.	W. H. Hudson.	(Harrap.)
The Romantic Movement in English Poetry.	Arthur Symons.	(Constable.)
Cambridge History of English Literature.	Vol. XL	(C.U.P.)

COLERIDGE:

Coleridge's Poetical Works.	Globe Edition.	(Macmillan.)
Coleridge.	H. D. Traill. (E.M.L.)	(Macmillan.)
New Studies in Literature.	E. Dowden.	(Kegan Paul.)
S. T. Coleridge.	J. Dykes Campbell.	(Macmillan.)
Studies in Poetry and Philosophy.	J. C. Shairp.	(Douglas.)
Hours in a Library, Vol. III.	Leslie Stephen.	(Murray.)
Coleridge.	A. Brandl.	(Murray.)
Coleridge and his poetry.	K. E. Royds.	(Harrap.)
Cambridge History of English Literature.	Vol. XT.	(C.U.P.)

SHELLEY:

Shelley's Poetical Works.	Globe Edition.	(Macmillan.)
Life of Shelley.	E. Dowden.	(Kegan Paul.)
Shelley, the Man and the Poet.	A. Clutton Brock.	(Methucn.)
Shelley.	J. A. Symonds.	(Macmillan.)
	(E.M.L.)	(Macmillan.)
Shelley.	Francis Thompson.	(Burns & Oates.)
Essays in Criticism.	M. Arnold.	(Macmillan.)
Hours in a Library, Vol. III.	Leslie Stephen.	(Murray.)
Literary Essays.	R. H. Hutton.	(Macmillan.)
Poets and Poetry.	J. Bailey.	(Oxford Press.)
Oxford Lectures on Poetry.	A. C. Bradley.	(Macmillan.)
Cambridge History of English Literature.	Vol. XII.	(C.U.P.)

KEATS:

Keats' Poetical Works.	Globe Edition.	(Macmillan.)
John Keats, his Life and Poetry.	Sidney Colvin.	(Macmillan.)
	(E.M.L.)	(Macmillan.)

KEATS (*continued*):

John Keats, a Study.	F. M. Owen.	(Kegan Paul.)
Lectures on Poetry.	J. W. Mackail.	(Longmans.)
Miscellanies.	A. C. Swinburne.	(Chatto & Windus.)
Essays on Poetry and Poets.	Roden Noel.	(Kegan Paul.)
Poets and Poetry.	J. Bailey.	(Oxford Press.)
Essays in Criticism.	M. Arnold.	(Macmillan.)
Cambridge History of English Literature.	Vol. XII.	(C.U.P.)

BYRON :

Byron's Poetical Works.	Chandos Classics.	(Warne.)
Byron.	John Nichol. (E.M.L.)	(Macmillan)
Essays and Studies.	A. C. Swinburne.	(Heinemann.)
Studies in Poetry and Criticism.	J. Churton Collins.	(Bell.)
Byron.	Roden Noel.	(Walter Scott.)
Essays in Literary Criticism.	R. H. Hutton.	(Macmillan.)
Essays in Criticism.	M. Arnold.	(Macmillan.)
Cambridge History of English Literature.	Vol. XII.	(C.U.P.)

TENNYSON :

The Works of Tennyson.	Globe Edition.	(Macmillan.)
Tennyson, his Art and relation to modern life.	Stopford Brooke.	(Pitman.)
Tennyson.	Sir A. Lyall. (E.M.L.)	(Macmillan.)
Tennyson: Aspects of his life, character and poetry.	Harold Nicolson.	(Constable.)
Tennyson.	A. Lang.	(Blackwood.)
Poetry of Tennyson.	H. van Dyke.	(Mathews.)
The Age of Tennyson.	Hugh Walker.	(Bell.)
Victorian Age in Literature.	G. K. Chesterton. (H.U.L.)	(Williams & Norgate.)
Cambridge History of English Literature.	Vol. XIII.	(C.U.P.)

BROWNING:

Browning's Works.	Great Poets Edition.	(Ward, Lock.)
Robert Browning.	W. Sharp.	(Walter Scott.)
The Poetry of Robert Browning.	Stopford Brooke,	(Pitman.)

BROWNING (*continued*):

Browning.	G. K. Chesterton. (E.M.L.)	(Macmillan.)
Browning.	C. H. Herford.	(Blackwood.)
An Introduction to the study of Browning.	Arthur Symons.	(Dent.)
Cambridge History of English Literature.	Vol. XIII.	(C.U.P.)

ARNOLD:

Poetical Works of Mat- thew Arnold.	Globe Edition.	(Macmillan.)
Arnold and his poetry.	F. L. Bickley.	(Harrap.)
Literary Essays.	R. H. Hutton.	(Macmillan.)
Victorian Poetry and Prose.	Hugh Walker.	(C.U.P.)
Matthew Arnold.	G. Saintsbury.	(Blackwood.)
Matthew Arnold.	H. Kingsmill.	(Duckworth.)
Matthew Arnold.	H. Paul. (E.M.L.)	(Macmillan.)
Cambridge History of English Literature.	Vol. XIII.	(C.U.P.)

QUESTIONS AND EXERCISES

SPENSER,

1. Illustrate from *The Faerie Queene* Spenser's power of vivid description.
2. Outline shortly the plot of Canto i, Book I, of *The Faerie Queene*.
3. Write a short account of the structure of the Spenserian stanza and of Spenser's use of it in *The Faerie Queene*.
4. Milton said of Spenser that he was a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas. Comment on the moral value of *The Faerie Queene*.
5. "Spenser was a daring and brilliant experimenter in metrical matters." Discuss this statement and illustrate it from *The Shepheards Calendar*.
6. Describe two incidents in *The Faerie Queene* which seem to you to be particularly well told.
7. Ben Jonson stated that Spenser "affecting the ancients, writ no language". Do you agree with this dictum?
8. Write an appreciation of the *Epithalamion*.
9. Outline the moral allegory contained in Book I of *The Faerie Queene*.
10. Illustrate the quality of Spenser's lyrical power by reference to *Prothalamion*.

MILTON.

1. Compare and contrast *L'Allegro* and *II Penseroso* as regards structure and content.
2. "Milton was a man of industrious and select reading; his knowledge was most extensive." Illustrate the truth of this statement from an examination of the poems in this Anthology.
3. What can we learn of Milton's character and interests from a reading of his poetry?
4. By reference to *L'Allegro*, *II Penseroso* and *Lya'das* illustrate Milton's ability to describe natural scenery.
5. Outline the construction and thought of the *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity*.
6. Write a short account of the sonnet as a literary form with special reference to the sonnets of Milton.

MILTON {continued}.

7. " True musical delight consists not in the jingling sound of like endings." Discuss the validity of Milton's statement by a consideration of his shorter poems.
8. Give the substance of the thought contained in Milton's digression on Fame in *Lycidas*.
9. Milton gives his readers the " delight of variety ". Illustrate this statement from the poems.
10. By reference to the *Ode on the Morning of Christ's Nativity* show the beauty and felicity of Milton's language.

GRAY.

1. From the *Elegy* illustrate the following characteristics of Gray's poetry: his simplicity in expressing deep emotion, his use of figures of speech, his artificial diction.
2. Write an appreciation of *The Bard*.
3. " Melancholy marked him for her own." How far is this true of Gray and his poetry ?
4. On what grounds would you consider the *Elegy* a great poem ?
5. Illustrate from the poems Gray's facility in natural description.
6. Trace the line of thought in the *Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College*.
7. In what ways does the poetry of Gray differ from that of Wordsworth ?
8. Summarize the prophecy uttered by the Bard in the poem of that name.
9. Gray is generally considered to be a second-rate poet. Why is this ?
10. Give, in your own words, the thought contained in lines 45-60 of the *Elegy*.

POPE.

1. Illustrate Pope's qualities as a satirist from an examination of *The Rape of the Lock*.
2. Supply examples of the " poetic diction " of Pope from *The Rape of the Lock*.
3. How far do you consider *The Rape of the Lock* to be a perfect poem ?
4. " Pope was a poet of the Town, concerned with the foibles of men and women." Comment on this statement.
5. Compare and contrast the *Elegy in a Country Churchyard* and the *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*.
6. What do you find amusing in *The Rape of the Lock* ?
7. Show how Pope's poetry is illustrative of the habits and manners of the reign of Queen Anne.
8. How far, in your opinion, does the introduction of the sylphs and gnomes improve the poetic quality of *The Rape of the Lock* ?

POPE {continued}.

9. Comment upon Pope's metrical facility.
10. How does Pope's poetry differ from that of Keats and compare with that of Gray ?

WORDSWORTH.

1. Give the line of thought expressed in the *Ode on the Intimations of Immortality*.
2. Show your acquaintance with Wordsworth's sonnets and write an appreciation of one of them.
3. " *Tintern Abbey* expresses the change in Wordsworth's attitude to Nature from that of his youth." Comment on this statement.
4. Illustrate from the poems, Wordsworth's perfect truth to Nature in his images and descriptions.
5. What do you consider to be the defects of Wordsworth's poetry ?
6. Write a concise account of the *Lucy* poems.
7. Compare Wordsworth and Tennyson as poets who deal with simple themes.
8. Wordsworth defined poetry as " emotion recollected in tranquillity ". How far may this definition be applied to the poems in this collection ?
9. What differences do you find between the poetry of Byron and that of Wordsworth ?
10. Show from Wordsworth's poems his preference for simplicity of metre, diction and subject.

COLERIDGE.

1. Indicate from *The Ancient Mariner* or *Christabel* how Coleridge attains his effects of atmosphere.
2. Show how Coleridge has successfully blended the natural with the supernatural in *The Ancient Mariner*.
3. Compare *Tintern Abbey* and *Frost at Midnight* as expressions of the attitude to Nature of their respective authors.
4. Write an appreciation of the poem *Kubla Khan*.
5. Illustrate from the poems Coleridge's power in the detailed description of Nature.
6. Contrast the treatment of the supernatural in *The Ancient Mariner* and *Christabel*.
7. Estimate the importance of Coleridge in his influence upon other poets.
8. Give the substance of *Frost at Midnight*.
9. Illustrate from a study of the poems the musical quality of the diction of Coleridge.
10. Demonstrate the extraordinary vividness of the imagination of Coleridge as shown in *Kubla Khan* and *The Ancient Mariner*.

SHELLEY.

1. Illustrate from *Adonais* Shelley's use of figures of speech.
2. Compare and contrast the poetry of Shelley and Keats.
3. Give examples from *The Cloud*, the *Ode to the West Wind* and *To a Skylark* of Shelley's appreciation of Nature.
4. What can you gather from the poems of Shelley's attitude to life?
5. Trace the line of thought in *O'ymandias*.
6. Write a short account of the various metrical forms used by Shelley in these poems.
7. "Shelley ranks as England's finest lyrical writer." Comment upon this statement.
8. From Shelley's shorter poems illustrate his power of striking and splendid imagery.
9. Show how the great appeal of Shelley's poetry lies in the charm of sheer musical effects.
10. Write an appreciation of *Adonais*.

KEATS.

1. Illustrate from the poems the effect of Greek culture upon Keats.
2. Trace the thought in the *Ode to a Nightingale*.
3. Outline the story of *The Eve of St. Agnes*.
4. Show by reference and quotation how Keats enriches his poems with colour.
5. Write an account of the sonnets of Keats.
6. Can you trace any similarity between the poetry of Keats and that of Spenser?
7. By reference to the *Ode to Autumn* and the *Ode to a Nightingale*, demonstrate Keats' powers of natural description.
8. What do you consider to be the chief qualities of the poetry of Keats as shown in these poems?
9. What kind of enjoyment have you derived from a reading of *Endymion*?
10. Contrast the poetical characteristics of Keats and Gray.

BYRON.

1. Summarize the thoughts of Byron upon the Coliseum at Rome.
2. How far does Byron reveal his personality in the poems which you have read?
3. "The outstanding quality of Byron's poetry is its vigour." Illustrate this from the poems.
4. Write a concise account of the story of *Ma'ezppa*. How far do you consider Byron to be a successful narrative poet?
5. Give the story of *The Prisoner of Chillon*.
6. Illustrate the dramatic quality of Byron's descriptive powers by reference to the stanzas on *Waterloo*.

BYRON {continued}.

7. Give a detailed account of *The Destruction of Sennacherib*.
8. Write an appreciation of Byron's songs.
9. Illustrate the effects of Nature upon Byron by reference to the stanzas from *Childe Harold*.
10. Contrast the outlook upon life of Byron and Tennyson.

TENNYSON.

1. "One of Tennyson's characteristics is his power to bring images to the mind by the magical power of the single word and phrase." Show the truth of this statement by reference or quotation from the poems in this collection.
2. Discuss Tennyson as the representative of his age.
3. Write an appreciation of either *Morte d'Arthur* or *Ulysses*.
4. Give the line of thought in the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*.
5. "Tennyson's art is best illustrated by his lyrics." Discuss this judgment.
6. Illustrate from the poems Tennyson's intense love of Nature.
7. Consider the work of Tennyson as a patriotic poet.
8. By reference or quotation illustrate the melody and dignity of the language of Tennyson in *Morte d'Arthur* and the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*.
9. Compare Tennyson's treatment of Nature with that of Wordsworth.
10. What moral qualities does Tennyson emphasize in these poems?

BROWNING.

1. Illustrate Browning's facility in the use of metre and rhythm.
2. Write an appreciation of the *Cavalier Tunes*.
3. Give, in your own words, the story of the *Incident of the French Camp*.
4. Outline the special lessons taught in the poems *Prospice* and *A Grammarian's Funeral*.
5. Illustrate Browning's dramatic method by reference to *Waring* and *How They Brought the Good Neivs from Ghent to Aix*.
6. Outline the thought of *The Guardian-Angel*. What knowledge does the poem give us of Browning's experience of life?
7. What poetical qualities do you recognize in *The Pied Piper of Hamelin*? Is it merely a child's story?
8. Illustrate the difficulties of Browning's thought and diction.
9. Compare the thought contained in *A Grammarian's Funeral* with that of *The Scholar-Gipsy*.
10. Compare and contrast *Home-thoughts from Abroad* and *Home-thoughts from the Sea*.

ARNOLD,

- i. Illustrate the influence of Arnold's classical outlook upon the style and content of his poems.
2. What is a pastoral poem ? Illustrate your answer by reference to either *The Scholar-Gipsy* or *Thyrsis*.
3. Give examples from *Sohrab and Rustum* to illustrate the beauty of Arnold's similes.
4. Describe fully the funeral rites of Balder.
5. Show Arnold's power to give a faithful representation of the English countryside.
6. Write an appreciation of *The Forsaken Merman*.
7. In what ways may Arnold and Wordsworth be compared ?
8. Compare *Thyrsis* and *Lycidas* as pastoral elegies.
9. In what ways does Arnold keep us in suspense as to the issue of the encounter in *Sohrab and Rustum* ?
10. Compare and contrast *Sohrab and Rustum* and *Balder Dead* as narrative poems.

GLOSSARY TO SPENSER'S POEMS

THE FIRST NUMBER, IN THICK TYPE, REFERS TO THE PAGE J
AND THE SECOND, IN ORDINARY TYPE, TO THE LINE.

A

Abide, to attend on : **67.** 146
About, Abouts, to the edge, out of: **9.** 94; **131.** 318
Abye, to pay the penalty of: **208.** 71
Accloiet, encumbers : **213.** 135
Accoied, daunted : **210.** 47
Adawed, daunted : **213.** 141
Adayes, daily : **217.** 42
Address, to dress: **25.** 97; to direct : **140.** 93; **249.** 128
Affronted, to be opposed : **110.** no
Agraste, showed favour to : **142.** 160
Albee, although : **75.** 400
Alegge, to lessen : **216.** 5
Algate, altogether : **265.** 21
All, although : **227.** 58
Als, also: **239.** 8 ; **271.** 11
Amate, to stupefy : **134.** 400
Amis, a priestly garment: **53.** 161
Andvile, anvil: **169.** 375
Apayd, satisfied : **245.** 6
Aread, Areed, to declare : **5.** 7 ; **115.** 279 ; **249.** 130 ; **252.** 7
Aslake, to soften : **45.** 323
Assayde, assailed : **245.** 5
Assoiled, absolved : **152.** 467 ; **200.** 100

Assot, beguiled : **217.** 25
Assynd, assigned : **99.** 247
Astert, startle : **270.** 187
Attach, to arrest: **183.** 311
Attaint, to stain : **101.** 303
Attemper, harmonize : **235.** 8
Attones, together : **218.** 53
Avale, Auaile, to lower, to abate **12.** 185 ; **208.** 73

B

Bains, banns of marriage : **183.** 322
Bale, Baile, misery : **100.** 249; **229.** 131 ; **249.** 105 ; **267.** 84
Bandog, mastiff: **257.** 163
Bastard, mean, base : **84.** 209
Bate, fed : **253.** 44
Baye, to bathe : **92.** 19
Bed, bid : **133.** 365
Bedight, adorned : **179.** 186
Behight, Behote, entrusted : **151.** 448; assure: **155.** 573; named : **224.** 120 ; **273.** 54
Belive, quickly : **259.** 227
Bend, to couch a spear : **45.** 306
Bent, obedient : **256.** 149
Beseene, beheld : **174.** 39
Besprint, besprinkled : **268.** 111
Bestadde, disposed : **245.** 7
Bestedd, situated : **13.** 208
Bethrall, to imprison : **115.** 249

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Betight, befallen: 257. 173 ;
270. 174
Bewaile, to choose : 78. 3
Bid, to pray : 15. 268
Biggen, cap : 232. 241
Bilive, quickly : 71. 282 ; 122. 28
Bit, food : 118. 363
Blesse, preserve from evil: 27.
162 ; 95. 102 ; to wave : 64.
49 ; 113. 192
Bloncket, grey : 226. 5
Blont, blunt: 255. 109
Blubbred, swollen with weeping :
80.75
Boote, gain : 256. 127
Booteth, it avails : 40. 172
Bootlesse, unavailing : 72. 293
Borrell, rustic : 241. 95
Borrowe, pledge: 229. 131 ;
255. 96
Boughtes, bends, folds : 10.129 ;
160. 93
Bownd, to lead : 156. 598
Bows, muscles of the shoulder :
118. 366
Brast, burst: 71. 278 ; 108. 36 ;
127. 187
Breme, chill: 210. 43 ; 276. 148
Brent, burnt: 233. 267
Buffe, blow : 27. 145 ; 163. 214
Bugle, a young ox : 107. 23
Buskets, little hawthorn bushes :
226. 10
Buzome, yielding : 256. 149
Bynempt, named : 244. 214 ;
promised: 266. 46

C

Cabinet, cabin : 272. 17
Call, hair net: 120. 410
Can, began: 8. 68 ; 61. 406 ;
know : 211. 77
Canon, **Canon bitt**=a smooth
round bit for a horse : 102. 330
Carke, worry : 18. 391 ; 266. 66
Carle, churl: 136. 479
Cast, consider : 165. 250
Chaffred, sold : 252. 10
Chamfred, wrinkled : 210. 43

Chaw, jaw : 56. 265
Cheare, appearance: 34. 370 ;
210. 26
Chevisaunce, enterprise, bargain:
228. 92
Clink, latch: 232. 251
Clouted, bandaged : 218. 50
Compare, to collect: 55. 248
Con, know : 255. 90
Cond, learned : 212. 92 ; 258.
215
Conteck, strife : 230. 163 ; 255.
86
Corbe, crooked : 210. 56
Cossette, a hand-reared lamb :
270. 206
Coupe, coop : 263. 72
Couth, knew : 206. 10 ; could:
242. 138
Cracknell, thin hard-baked bis-
cuit : 267. 96
Cragge, neck: 211. 82 ; 253. 45
Crancke, vigorously : 253. 46
Cremosin, **Cremsin**, crimson:
222. 59 ; 213. 130
Croud, a fiddle: 188. 131
Cruddy, clotted: 71. 258
Crudle, curdle : 93. 52 ; 210. 46
Crumenall, purse : 255. 119
Cumbrous, troublesome : 12. 203

D

Daint, dainty : 137. 16
Dapper, neat: 261. 13
Darrayne, to prepare to fight :
59. 353 ; 95.95
Deare, injury : 105. 430
Defast, defaced : 214. 182
Defeasaunce, defeat: 176. 103
Dempt, judged : 250. 137
Depeincten, to paint: 222. 69
Deryve, draw away: 35. 18
Devoyr, duty : 259. 227
Dight, decked: 52. 125 ; 94.
64 ; 221.29 ; 252.7 ; 274.H4
Dirk, darkens : 213. 134
Dirke, darkly : 255. 102
Disease, uneasiness, 242. 124
Diseasd, made uneasy : 167. 341

Disple, to discipline : 144. 236
Dissolute, weak : 106. 453
Dite, to prepare to strike : 112. 157
Divide, to play a musical passage : 67. 151
Donne, dun : 233. 266
Doole, sorrow : 213. 155 ; 251. 196
Doome, judgment : 250. 135 ; 270. 184
Drent, drowned : 266. 37
Drere, sorrow : 118. 360
Droome, drum : 133. 369

E

Earne, to yearn : 7. 24 ; 85. 225 ; 126. 158
Earst, **Erst**, previously : 243. 164 ; at last : 252. 6
Edify, to build : 16. 302
Eeke, to increase : 74. 377
Eft, afterwards : 128. 219 ; 258. 191
Eftsoones, soon after : 44. 300 ; 215. 225
Eld, age : 139. 72 ; 210. 54
Els, elsewhere : 75. 386
Embay, to bathe in : 125. 113 ; 144. 239
Emboss, to overwhelm : 129. 254
Embow, to arch over : 126. 164
Embrave, to decorate : 268. 109
Emprise, enterprise : 254. 83
Enaunter, lest that : 214. 200 ; 228. 78 ; 257. 161
Encheason, cause : 229. 147 ; 255. n 6
Enfoldred, thrown out like thunder and lightning : 168. 353
Enhaunst, lifted up : 11. 152 ; 76. 420
Esloyne, to withdraw : 53. 172
Essoyne, excuse : 53. 174
Ethe, **Eathe**, easy : 241. 90 ; 253. 17
Eugh, **Ewghen**, yew : 8. 76 ; 162. 164

Excheat, land falling to a lord by forfeiture : 69. 225
Expert, to experience : 270. 186
Eyas, young nestling : 166. 303

F

Faye, faith : 255. 107
Fayne, gladly : 50. 88 ; 81. 108 ; 211. 67
Fayne, imagine : 196. 414
Faytor, vagabond : 61. 418 ; 227. 39 ; 230. 170
Feateously, neatly : 198. 27
Felly, in a cruel manner : 72. 303
Fere, companion, husband : 138. 35 ; 238. no
File, to defile : 244. 192
Fitt, struggle : 27. 155 ; part of a song : 158. 55
Flasket, basket : 198. 26
Fon, fool : 225. 158 ; 254. 68
Fonde, foolish : 254. 58
Food, feud : 109. 75
For, intensive prefix, utterly.
Fordonne, utterly ruined : 74. 368 ; 146. 295
Forhaile, overtake : 259. 243
Forray, to ravage : 173. 27
Forsayd, banished : 240. 69
Forsloe, impede : 238. 119
Forswatt, spent with heat : 223. 99
Forswonck, tired out : 223. 99
For-thy, therefore : 217. 37 ; 240. 71 ; 259. 232
Francke, free : 270. 203
Frenne, stranger : 221. 28
Frounce, to plait the hair : 52. 124
Frowie, musty : 242. in
Fry, swarms of children : 261. 14 ; 174. 55

G

Galage, a wooden shoe : 216. 244 ; 256. 131
Gange, go : 255. 100
German, brother : 65. 89
Gin, engine : 72. 313

Giusts, jousts : 6. 9 ; 262. 39
Gnarre, growl: 72. 303
Gobbet, a lump : 12. 174 ; 160.

111

Graile, gravel: 93. 47
Graine, dye : 92. 4
Gree, degree : 244. 215
Gree, goodwill: 67. 139
Greete, complain: 220. 1 ;
 mournful: 248. 66

Griple, grasping : 56. 277
Gryde, pierced : 209. 4 ; 248. 95
Gryfon, eagle or vulture : 64. 65
Guize, manner : 176. 118
Gulfe, throat: 258. 185

H

Hagard, wild : 162. 167
Hartlesse, timid: 272. 28
Haske, a wicker basket for fish :
 265.i6

Heame, home: 267. 98.
Heardgroom, herdsman: 210.
 35 ; 247. 45

Heast, behest: 97. 160
Heben, ebony: 6. 23 ; 102. 326
Hent, seized: 214. 195 ; 269.
 169

Hery, worship : 211.62 ; 265.10
Hew, shape : 19. 414 ; 38. 99 ;
 117. 339

Heydeguyes, country dances :
 235.27

Hight, was called: 34. 388;
 257. 172

Hight, entrusted : 49. 48

Hood, **Heed**, state : 211. 86

Horrid, bristling, 100. 271

Hot, **Hote**, was called : 165. 260 ;
 mentioned : 243. 164

Housling, sacramental: 183. 328

Humor, moisture : 16. 317

Hurtlesse, innocent: 273. 51

Husher, usher : 51. in

I

Impe, a child : 13. 227

Imply, entangle : 56. 275 ; 163.
 203

Incontinent, forthwith : 126.167

Infest, to make fierce : 158. 48

Intend, to stretch out: 167. 335

Intendiment, attention: 181.
 273

J

Jouisaunce, mirth : 265. 2

Journall, daily : 165. 274

K

Ken, know : 173. 4 ; 231. 215

Kerne, a farmer : 244. 199

Kest, cast: 165. 275

Knee, rocky projection : 131.
 300

Kydst, knewest : 274. 92

L

Latched, caught: 219. 93

Launch, to pierce : 47. 377 ; 61.
 410

Lay-stall, a rubbish heap : 77.
 470

Layd, faint: 261. 12

Leasing, a lie : 91. 424 ; 233.
 285 ; 256. 150

Leese, to lose : 256. 135

Leman, lady : 8. 52 ; 96. 126

Lere, lore : 233. 262 ; to learn:
 271; 4

Lever, rather: 130. 288; 230.
 167

Levin, lightning: 241. 91 ; 248.
 87

Libbard, leopard : 85. 224

Liefe, dear: 43. 252 ; 243. 165 ;
 251. 195 ; 275. 146

Lifull, living: 188. 118

Ligge, lie down : 229.125 ; 259.
 234

Lill, to put out the tongue : 72.
 301

Lin, to stop : 13. 212

Loord, lout: 239. 33

Lope, leapt: 219. 81

Lorell, loose idle fellow : 241. 93

Lome, left: 254. 57

Lout, to bow : 14. 262 ; 242. 137

M

- Make**, mate : 94. 62 ; 187. 87 ;
to write poetry : 221. 19
Mall, club : 106. 454
Mard, spoilt: 207. 24
Mart, Mars : 6. 25
Maske, **Masken**, masquerade :
225. 2 ; 265. 19
Mate, to stupefy : 124. 101
Maugre, in spite of: 269. 163
Mayne, strength : 95. 92 ; sea,
240. 59
Mazer, a richly ornamented bowl:
246. 26
Mealth, melteth : 130. 275
Melling, meddling : 244. 208
Merciabile, merciful: 257. 174
Mew, prison : 68. 175
Meynt, mingled : 241. 84
Mickle, much : 239. 16
Mirke, obscure : 255. 103
Miscraunce, false faith : 228. 91
Mister, manner of: 128. 200 ;
244. 201
Mizzle, to rain in little drops :
271. 208
Mochell, much : 246. 23
Moe, more : 77. 450
Mote, might: 43. 258; 129.
239 ; 263. 75
Mought, might : 218. 53
Myster, manner of: 255. 103

N

- Narre**, nearer : 241. 97
Nathemore, none the more:
128. 222
Nathless, nevertheless : 189. 165
Nephewes, grandchildren: 69.
196
Newell, a new thing : 233. 276
Nighly, nearly : 243. 171
Nill, will not: 229. 131 ; 256.
142
Note, **Ne wote**, **Ne wot**, know
not: 177. 148
Nould, **Ne would**, would not:
82. 152; 214. 192; 256. 149

- Noyous**, annoying: 75. 397;
118. 353; 171. 450
Nys, **Nis**, is not: 229. 144 ; 247.
38 ; 265. 9

O

- Origane**, a kind of marjoram :
33. 358
Ought, owned : 59. 349
Outgoe, to surpass : 236. 64
Overcraw, insult: 135. 446
Overgrast, overgrown : 256. 130
Overture, an open place : 239.
28
Overwent, **Overgone**, overcome:
216. 2 ; 249. 127
Owch, socket of gold to hold
precious stones : 25. 113 ;
146. 276

P

- Paddock**, a toad : 273. 70
Paire, impair : 103. 368
Paled, fenced : 64. 39
Parbreake, vomit: 12. 18c
Pardale, leopard : 85. 229
Pas, to surpass : 51. 93 ; 143.
212 ; to step : 161. 127
Passionate, to declare or fill with
passion : 177. 137
Peeced, imperfect: 263. 87
Perdie, par Dieu : 90. 375 ; 234.
304 ; 246. 19
Peregall, equal: 245. 8
Persaunt, piercing : 150. 419
Pert, open : 257. 162
Pight, fixed: 34. 376; 117.
330; 212. 106; 275. 134
Platane, plane tree : 9. 80
Plight, condition : 263. 87
Portesse, small prayer book : 53.
163
Pouldred, powdered : 95. 103
Pounce, claw : 162. 169
Pousse, pease : 247. 46
Poynant, piercing : 97. 169
Practicke, tricky: 182. 302
Prancke, to embellish : 52. 125

Peace, to press: 178. 166;
a crowd: 36. 21
Prick, to ride: 6. 1
Pricket, a buck: 272. 27
Priefe, proof: 119. 384; 126.
152; 143. 212
Prime, spring-time: 33. 355 ;
52. 147
Prowest, bravest: 59. 367 ; 66.
119
Pumie stones, pumice stones :
219. 89
Purchas, robbery : 39. 144
Purpled, embroidered : 25. 111
Pyne, pain : 239. 24

Q

Quaile, to be quelled : 135. 437
Queme, please : 226. 15
Quight, to free : 109. 85
Quite, to repay : 14. 263

R

Rafte, bereft: 247. 40
Raile, to flow : 90. 385
Rathe, Rather, early : 241. 78 ;
274.98; 211. 83
Raught, reached : 86. 254 ; 97.
155; 136.452
Raunch, to wrench : 248. 97
Ravine, prey : 64. 68 ; 160. 108
Read, Rede, Reede, to advise : 10.
116; 213. 137; advice: 239.
n
Reave, to snatch away : 45. 317
Red, seen : 88. 323 ; to call:
105. 412; to count: 150. 428
Red, saw : 190. 189
Renne, run : 236. 61
Riddes, removes : 16. 320
Rifelye, abundantly : 274. 94
Rifte, gash : 30. 269
Rine, rind : 212. 111
Rode, anchorage : 184. 371
Rontes, young bullocks : 209. 5
Rout, crowd : 261. 26
Rove, to shoot to a distance :
5. 21 ; 248. 79
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