

THE WANDERER.

DEDICATION.

To J. F.

As, in the laurel's murmurous leaves
'Twas fabled, once, a Virgin dwelt;
Within the poet's page yet heaves
The poet's Heart, and loves or grieves
Or triumphs, as it felt.

A human spirit here records
The annals of its human strife.
A human hand hath touched these
chords.
These songs may all be idle words :
And yet—they once were life.

I gave my harp to Memory.
She sung of hope, when hope was
young,
Of youth, as youth no more may be;
And, since she sung of youth, to
thee,
Friend of my youth, she sung.

For all youth seeks, all manhood
needs,
All youth and manhood rarely
find :
A strength more strong than codes
or creeds,
In lofty thoughts and lovely deeds
Revealed to heart and mind ;

A staff to stay, a star to guide ;
A spell to soothe, a power to raise ;
A faith by fortune firmly tried ;
A judgment resolute to preside
O'er days at strife with days.

(172)

O large in lore, in nature sound !
O man to me, of all men, dear !
All these in thine my life hath found,
And force to tread the rugged ground
Of daily toil, with cheer.

Accept—not these, the broken cries
Of days receding far from me—
But all the love that in them lies,
The man's heart in the melodies,
The man's heart honoring thee !
Sighing I sung ; for some sublime
Emotion made my music jar :
The forehead of this restless time
Pales in a fervid, passionate clime,
Lit by a changeful star ;

And o'er the Age's threshold, traced
In characters of hectic fire,
The name of that keen, fervent-faced
And toiling seraph, hath been placed,
Which men have called Desire.

But thou art strong where, even of
old,
The old heroic strength was rare,
In high emotions self-controlled,
And insight keen, but never cold,
To lay all falsehood bare ;

Despising all those glittering lies
Which in these days can fool man-
kind ;
But full of noble sympathies
For what is genuinely wise,
And beautiful, and kind.

And thou wilt pardon all the much
Of weakness which doth here
abound,
Till music, little prized as such,
With thee find worth from one true
touch
Of nature in its sound.

Though mighty spirits are no more,
Yet spirits of beauty still remain.
Gone is the Seer that, by the shore
Of lakes as limpid as his lore,
Lived to one ceaseless strain

And strenuous melody of mind.
But one there rests that hath the
power [bind
To charm the midnight moon, and
All spirits of the sweet south-wind,
And steal from every shower

That sweeps green England cool and
clear,
The violet of tender song.
Great Alfred ! long may England's
ear
His music fill, his name be dear
To English bosoms long !

And one . . . in sacred silence
sheathed
That name I keep, my verse would
shame.
The name my lips in prayer first
breathed
Was his : and prayer hath yet be-
queathed
Its silence to that name ;—

Which yet an age remote shall hear,
Borne on the fourfold wind sub-
lime
By Fame, where, with some faded
year
These songs shall sink, like leaflets
sere,
In avenues of Time.

Love on my harp his finger lays ;
His hand is held against the
chords.
My heart upon the music weighs,
And, beating, hushes foolish praise
From desultory words :

And Childhood steals, with wistful
grace,
'Twixt him and me ; an infant
hand [chase
Chides gently back the thoughts that
The forward hour, and turns my
face
To that remembered land

Of legend, and the Summer sky,
And all the wild Welsh waterfalls,
And haunts where he, and thou,
and I
Once wandered with the wandering
Wye,
And scaled the airy walls

Of Chepstow, from whose ancient
height
We watched the liberal sun go
down ; [night
Then onward, through the gradual
Till, ere the moon was fully bright,
We supped in Monmouth Town.

And though, dear friend, thy love
retains
The choicest sons of song in fee,
To thee not less I pour these strains,
Knowing that in thy heart remains
A little place for me.

Nor wilt thou all forget the time
Though it be past, in which to-
gether,
On many an eve, with many a rhyme
Of old and modern bards sublime
We soothed the summer weather :

And, citing all he said or sung
With praise reserved for bards like
him,
Spake of that friend who dwells
among
The Apennine, and there hath strung
A harp of Anakim ;

Than whom a mightier master never
Touched the deep chords of hid-
den things ;
Nor error did from truth dis sever
With keener glance ; nor made en-
deavor
To rise on bolder wings

Love's footsteps through the waning
Past to explore
Undaunted ; and to carve, in the
wan light
Of Hope's last outposts, on Song's
utmost height
The sad resemblance of an hour no
more.

Midnight, and love, and youth, and
Italy !
Love in the land where love most
lovely seems !
Land of my love, though I be far
from thee,
Lend, for love's sake, the light of
thy moonbeams,
The spirit of thy cypress-groves, and
all
Thy dark-eyed beauty, for a little
while
To my desire. Yet once more let
her smile
Fall o'er me : o'er me let her long
hair fall,

The lady of my life, whose lovely
eyes
Dreaming, or waking, lure me. I
shall know her
By Love's own planet o'er her in the
skies,
And Beauty's blossom in the grass
below her !
Dreaming, or waking, in her soft,
sad gaze
Let my heart bathe, as on that
fated night
I saw her, when my life took in
the sight
Of her sweet face for all its nights
and days.

Her winsome head was bare : and
she had twined
Through its rich curls wild red
anemones ;
One stream of her soft hair strayed
unconfined
Down her ripe cheek, and shad-
owed her deep eyes.

The bunch of sword-grass fell from
her loose hand.
Her modest foot beneath its snowy
skirt
Peeped, and the golden daisy was
not hurt.
Stately, yet slight, she stood, as fair-
ies stand.

Under the blessed darkness unre-
proved
We were alone, in that blest hour
of time,
Which first revealed to us how much
we loved,
'Neath the thick starlight. The
young night sublime
Hung trembling o'er us. At her
feet I knelt,
And gazed up from her feet into
her eyes.
Her face was bowed : we breathed
each other's sighs :
We did not speak : not move : we
looked : we felt.

The night said not a word. The
breeze was dead.
The leaf lay without whispering
on the tree,
As I lay at her feet. Droopt was her
head :
One hand in mine : and one still
pensively
Went wandering through my hair.
We were together.
How ? Where ? What matter ?
Somewhere in a dream,
Drifting, slow drifting, down a
wizard stream :
Whither ? Together : then what
matter whither ?

It was enough for me to clasp her
hand
To blend with her love-looks my
own : no more.
Enough (with thoughts like ships
that cannot land,
Blown by faint winds about a
magic shore)

To realize, in each mysterious feel-
ing,
The droop of the warm cheek so
near my own :
The cool white arm about my
shoulder thrown :
Those exquisite frail feet, where I
was kneeling.

How little know they life's divinest
bliss,
That know not to possess and yet
refrain !
Let the young Psyche roam, a fleet-
ing kiss :—
Grasp it—a few poor grains of dust
remain.
See how those floating flowers, the
butterflies,
Hover the garden through, and
take no root !
Desire forever hath a flying foot.
Free pleasure comes and goes be-
neath the skies.

Close not thy hand upon the inno-
cent joy
That trusts itself within thy reach.
It may,
Or may not, linger. Thou canst but
destroy
The winged wanderer. Let it go
or stay.
Love thou the rose, yet leave it on
its stem.
Think ! Midas starved by turning
all to gold.
Blesséd are those that spare, and
that withhold.
Because the whole world shall be
trusted then.

The foolish Faun pursues the unwill-
ing Nymph
That culls her flowers beside the
precipice,
Or dips her shining ankles in the
lymph :
But, just when she must perish or
be his,
Heaven puts an arm out. She is
safe. The shore

Gains some new fountain ; or the
lilled lawn
A rarer sort of rose : but, ah, poor
Faun !
To thee she shall be changed for-
evermore.

Chase not too close the fading rap-
ture. Leave ^{[seen.}
To Love his long auroras, slowly
Be ready to release, as to receive.
Deem those the nearest, soul to
soul, between
Whose lips yet lingers reverence on
a sigh.
Judge what thy sense can reach
not, most thine own,
If once thy soul hath seized it.
The unknown
Is life to love, religion, poetry.

The moon had set. There was not
any light,
Save of the lonely legioned watch-
stars pale ^{[bright}
In outer air, and what by fits made
Hot oleanders in a rosy vale
Searched by the lamping fly, whose
little spark
Went in and out, like passion's
bashful hope.
Meanwhile the sleepy globe began
to slope
A ponderous shoulder sunward
through the dark.

And the night passed in beauty like
a dream.
Aloof in these dark heavens paus-
ed Destiny,
With her last star descending in the
gleam
Of the cold morrow, from the
emptied sky.
The hour, the distance from her old
self, all
The novelty and loneness of the
place,
Had left a lovely awe on that fair
face,
And all the land grew strange and
magical.

As droops some billowing cloud to
the crouched hill,
Heavy with all heaven's tears, for
all earth's care,
She drooped unto me, without force
or will,
And sank upon my bosom, mur-
muring there,
A woman's inarticulate, passionate
words. [earth!
O moment of all moments upon
O life's supreme! How worth,
how wildly worth,
Whole worlds of flame, to know this
world affords

What even Eternity cannot restore!
When all the ends of life take
hands, and meet
Round centres of sweet fire. Ah,
never more,
Ah never, shall the bitter with the
sweet
Be mingled so in the pale after-
years!
One hour of life immortal spirits
possess.
This drains the world, and leaves
but weariness,
And parching passion, and perplex-
ing tears.

Sad is it, that we cannot even keep
That hour to sweeten life's last
toil: but Youth
Grasps all, and leaves us: and, when
we would weep,
We dare not let our tears flow
lest, in truth,
They fall upon our work which must
be done.
And so we bind up our torn hearts
from breaking:
Our eyes from weeping, and our
brows from aching:
And follow the long pathway all
alone.

O moment of sweet peril, perilous
sweet!
When woman joins herself to man;
and man

Assumes the full-lived woman, to
complete
The end of life, since human life
began!
When in the perfect bliss of union,
Body and soul triumphal rapture
claim,
When there's a spirit in blood, in
spirit a flame,
And earth's lone hemispheres glow,
fused in one!

Rare moment of rare peril! . . . The
bard's song,
The mystic's musing fancy. Did
there ever
Two perfect souls, in perfect forms,
belong
Perfectly to each other? Never,
never!
Perilous were such moments, for a
touch
Might mar their clear perfection.
Exquisite
Even for the peril of their frail de-
light.
Such things man feigns: such seeks:
but finds not such.

No! for 'tis in ourselves our love
doth grow:
And, when our love is fully risen
within us,
Round the first object doth it over-
flow,
Which, be it fair or foul, is sure to
win us
Out of ourselves. We clothe with
our own nature
The man or woman its first want
doth find.
The leafless prop with our own
buds we bind,
And hide in blossoms: fill the empty
feature

With our own meanings: even prize
defects
Which keep the mark of our own
choice upon
The chosen: bless each fault whose
spot protects

Our choice from possible confu-
sion
With the world's other creatures:
we believe them
What most we wish, the more we
find they are not:
Our choice once made, with our
own choice we war not:
We worship them for what ourselves
we give them.

Doubt is this otherwise. . . . When
fate removes
The unworthy one from our re-
luctant arms,
We die with that lost love to other
loves,
And turn to its defects from other
charms.
And nobler forms, where moved
those forms, may move
With lingering looks: our cold
farewells we wave them.
We loved our lost loves for the
love we gave them,
And not for anything they gave our
love.

Old things return not as they were
in Time.
Trust nothing to the recompense
of Chance,
Which deals with novel forms. This
falling rhyme
Falls from the flowery steeps of
old romance,
Down that abyss which Memory
droops above,
And, gazing out of hopelessness
down there,
I see the shadow creep through
Youth's gold hair
And white Death watching over red-
lipped Love.

PART II.

The soul lives on. What lives on
with the soul?
Glimpses of something better than
her best;

Truer than her truest: motion to a
pole
Beyond the zones of this orb's dim-
ness guest:
And (since life dies not with the first
dead bliss)
Blind notions of some meaning
moved through time,
Some purpose in the deeps of the
sublime,
That stirs a pulse here, could we find
out this.

Visions and noises rouse us. I dis-
cern
Even in change some comfort, O
Beloved!
Suns rise and set; stars vanish and
return;
But never quite the same. And
life is moved
Toward new experience. Every eve
and morn
Descends and springs with increase
on the world.
And what is death but life in this
life furled?
The outward cracks, the inward life
is born.

Friends pass beyond the borders of
this Known,
And draw our thoughts up after
them. We say
"They are: but their relations now
are done
With Nature, and the plan of night
and day."
If never mortal man from this world's
light
Did pass away to that surrounding
gloom,
'Twere well to doubt the life be-
yond the tomb;
But now is Truth's dark side revealed
to sight.

Father of spirits! Thine all secrets
be.
I bless Thee for the light Thou
hast revealed,

And that Thou hidest. Part of me
I see,
And part of me Thy wisdom hath
concealed,
Till the new life divulge it. Lord,
imbue me
With will to work in this diurnal
sphere,
Knowing myself my life's day-la-
borer here,
Where evening brings the day's
work's wages to me.

I work my work. All its results are
Thine.
I know the loyal deed becomes a
fact
Which Thou wilt deal with : nor will
I repine
Although I miss the value of the
act.
Thou carest for the creatures : and
the end
Thou seest. The world unto Thy
hands I leave :
And to Thy hands my life. I will
not grieve
Because I know not all Thou dost in-
tend.

Something I know. Oft, shall it
come about
When every heart is full with hope
for man
The horizon straight is darkened,
and a doubt
Clouds all. The work the world
so well began
Wastes down, and by some deed of
shame is finished.
Ah yet, I will not be dismayed :
nor though
The good cause flourish fair, and
Freedom flow
All round, my watch beyond shall
be diminished.

What seemed the triumph of the
Fiend at length
Might be the effort of some dying
Devil,

Permitted to put forth his fullest
strength
To lose it all forever. While, the
evil
Whose cloven crest our pæans float
above
Might have been less than what
unnoticed lies
'Neath our rejoicings. Which of
us is wise ?
We know not what we mourn : nor
why we love.

But teach me, O Omnipotent, since
strife,
Sorrow, and pain are but occur-
rences
Of that condition through which
flows my life,
Not part of me, the immortal,
whom distress
Cannot retain, to vex not thought
for these :
But to be patient, bear, forbear,
restrain,
And hold my spirit pure above my
pain.
No star that looks through life's dark
lattices,

But what gives token of a world
elsewhere.
I bless Thee for the loss of all
things here
Which proves the gain to be : the
hand of Care
That shades the eyes from earth,
and beckons near
The rest which sweetens all : the
shade Time throws
On Love's pale countenance, that
he may gaze
Across Eternity for better days
Unblinded ; and the wisdom of all
woes :
I bless Thee for the life Thou gavest,
albeit
It hath known sorrow : for the sor-
row's self
I bless Thee ; and the gift of wings
to flee it,

Led by this spirit of song,—this
ministering elf,
That to sweet uses doth unwind my
pain,
And spin his palace out of poison-
flowers,
To float, an impulse, through the
livelong hours,
from sky to sky, on Fancy's glitter-
ing skein.

Aid me, sweet Spirit, escaping from
the throng
Of those that raise the Corybantic
shout,
And barbarous, dissonant cymbal's
clash prolong,
In fear lest any hear the God cry
out,
Now that the night resumes her
bleak retreat
In these dear lands, footing the
unwandered waste
Of Loss, to walk in Italy, and
taste
A little while of what was once so
sweet.

PART III.

NURSE of an ailing world, beloved
Night !
Our days are fretful children, weak
to bear
A little pain : they wrangle, wound,
and fight
Each other, weep, and sicken, and
despair.
Thou, with thy motherly hand that
healeth care,
Stillest our little noise : rebukest
one,
Soothest another : blamest tasks
undone :
Refreshest jaded hope ; and teachest
prayer.

Thine is the mother's sweet hush-
hush, that stills
The flutterings of a plaintive heart
to rest.

Thine is the mother's medicining
hand that fills
Sleep's opiate : thine the mother's
patient breast :
Thine, too, the mother's mute re-
proachful eyes,
That gently look our angry noise
to shame
When all is done : we dare not
meet their blame :
They are so silent, and they are so
wise.
Thou that from this lone casement,
while I write,
Seen in the shadowy upspring,
swift dost post
Without a sound the polar star to
light,
Not idly did the Chaldee shepherds
boast
By thy stern lights man's life aright
to read.
All day he hides himself from his
own heart,
Swaggers and struts, and plays his
foolish part :
Thou only seest him as he is indeed.

For who could feign false worth, or
give the nod
Among his fellows, or this dust
disown,
With naught between him and those
lights of God,
Left awfully alone with the Alone ?
Who vaunt high words, whose least
heart's beating jars
The hush of sentinel worlds that
take mute note
Of all beneath yon judgment
plains remote ?—
A universal cognizance of stars !
And yet, O gentlest angel of the
Lord !
Thou leadeest by ~~the~~ hand the
artisan
Away from work. Thou bringest,
on ship-board,
When gleam the dead-lights, to the
lonely man

That turns the wheel, a blessed
memory
Of apple-blossoms, and the moun-
tain vales
About his little cottage in Green
Wales,
Miles o'er the ridges of the rolling
sea.

Thou bearest divine forgiveness
amongst men.
Relenting Anger pauses by the bed
Where Sleep looks so like Death.
The absent then
Return; and Memory beckons
back the dead,
Thou helpest home (thy balmy hand
it is!)
The hard-worked husband to the
pale-cheeked wife,
And hushes up the poor day's
household strife
On marriage pillows, with a good-
night kiss.

Thou bringest to the wretched and
forlorn
Woman, that down the glimmer-
ing by-street hovers,
A dream of better days: the gleam
of corn
About her father's field, and her
first lover's
Grave, long forgotten in the green
churchyard:
Voices, long-stilled, from purer
hours, before
The rushlight, Hope, went out;
and, through the door
Of the lone garret, when the nights
were hard,

Hunger, the wolf, put in his paw,
and found her
Sewing the winding-sheet of
Youth, alone;
And griped away the last cold com-
forts round her:—
Her little bed; the mean clothes
she had on:
Her mother's picture—the sole saint
the knew:

'Till nothing else was left for the
last crust
But the poor body, and the heart's
young trust
In its own courage: and so these
went too.

Home from the heated Ball flush
Beauty stands,
Musing beside her costly couch
alone:
But while she loosens, faint, with
jewelled hands,
The diamonds from her dark hair.
one by one,
Thou whisperest in her empty heart
the name
Of one that died heart-broken for
her sake
Long since, and all at once the
coiled hell-snake
Turns stinging in his egg, — and
pomp is shame.

Thou comest to the man of many
pleasures
Without a joy, that, soulless, plays
for souls,
Whose life's a squandered heap of
plundered treasures,
While, listless loitering by, the
moment rolls
From nothing on to nothing. From
the shelf
Perchance he takes a cynic book.
Perchance
A dead flower stains the leaves.
The old romance
Returns. Ere morn, perchance, he
shoots himself.

Thou comest, with a touch of scorn,
to me,
That o'er the broken wine-cup of
my youth
Sit brooding here, and pointest
silently
To thine unchanging stars. Yes!
yes! in truth,
They seem more reckless now than
when of yore

Above the promised land I watcht
them shine,
And all among their cryptic ser-
pentine
Went climbing Hope, new planets to
explore.

Not for the flesh that fades — al-
though decay
This thronged metropolis of sense
o'erspread:
Not for the joys of youth, that fleet
away
When the wise swallows to the
south are fled;
Not that, beneath the law which
fades the flower,
An earthly hope should wither in
the cells
Of this poor earthly house of life,
where dwells
Unseen the solitary Thinking-
Power;

But that where fades the flower the
weed should flourish;
For all the baffled efforts to achieve
The imperishable from the things
that perish,
For broken vows, and weakened
will, I grieve.
Knowing that night of all is creeping
on
Wherein can no man work, I
sorrow most
For what is gained, and not for
what is lost;
Nor mourn alone what's undone,
but what's done.

What light, from yonder windless
cloud released,
Is widening up the peaks of yon
black hills?
It is the full moon in the mystic
east,
Whose coming half the the un-
ravished darkness fills
Till all among the ribbed light
cloudlets pale,
From shore to shore in sapphirine
deeps divine,

The orbéd splendor seems to slide
and shine
Aslope the roling vapors in the vale.

Abroad the stars' majestic light is
flung,
And they fade brightening up the
steps of Night.
Cold mysteries of the midnight!
that, among
The sleeps and pauses of this
world, in sight,
Reveal a doubtful hope to wild De-
sire;
Which, hungering for the sources
of the suns,
Makes moan beyond the blue Sep-
tentriions,
And spidery Saturn in his webs of
fire;

Whether the unconscious destinies of
man
Move with the motions of your
spheréd lights,
And his brief course, foredoomed
ere he began,
Your shining symbols fixed in
reachless heights,
Or whether all the purpose of his
pain
Be shut in his wild heart and
feverish will,
He knows no more than this:—
that you are still,
But he is moved: he goes, but you
remain.

Foiled was the human vanity that
wrote
Strange names in astral fire on
yonder pole.
Who and what were they—in what
age remote—
That scrawled weak boasts on yon
sidereal scroll?
Orion shines. Now seek for Nim-
rod. Where?
Osiris is a fable, and no more:
But Sirius burns as brightly as of
yore.
There is no shade on Berenice's hair.

You that outlast the Pyramids, as they
 Outlast their founders, tell us of
 our doom !
 You that see love depart, and Error
 stray,
 And Genius toiling at a splendid
 tomb,
 Like those Egyptian slaves : and
 Hope deceived :
 And strength still failing when the
 goal is near :
 And Passion parcht : and Rapture
 claspt to Fear :
 And Trust betrayed : and Memory
 bereaved !

Vain question ! Shall some other
 voice declare
 What my soul knows not of her-
 self? Ah no !
 Dumb patient Monster, grieving
 everywhere,
 Thou answerest nothing which I
 did not know.
 The broken fragments of ourselves
 we seek
 In alien forms, and leave our lives
 behind.
 In our own memories our graves
 we find.
 And when we lean upon our hearts,
 they break.

I seem to see 'mid yonder glimmer-
 ing spheres
 Another world :—not that our
 prayers record,
 Wherein our God shall wipe away all
 tears,
 And never voice of mourning shall
 be heard ;
 But one between the sunset and
 moonrise :
 Near night, yet neighboring day :
 a twilit land,
 And peopled by a melancholy
 band—
 The souls that loved and failed—
 with hopeless eyes ;

More like that Hades of the antique
 creeds ;—
 A land of vales forlorn, where
 Thought shall roam
 Regretful, void of wholesome human
 deeds, [home,
 An endless, homeless pining after
 To which all sights and sounds shall
 minister
 In vain :—white roses glimmering
 all alone
 In an evening light, and, with his
 haunting tone,
 The advancing twilight's shard-born
 trumpeter.

A world like this world's worst come
 back again ;
 Still groaning 'neath the burthen
 of a Fall :
 Eternal longing with eternal pain,
 Want without hope, and memory
 saddening all.
 All congregated failure and despair
 Shall wander there, through some
 old maze of wrong :—
 Ophelia drowning in her own
 death-song,
 And First-Love strangled in his
 golden hair.

Ah well, for those that overcome, no
 doubt
 The crowns are ready ; strength is
 to the strong.
 But we—but we—weak hearts that
 grope about
 In darkness, with a lamp that fails
 along
 The lengthening midnight, dying ere
 we reach
 The bridal doors ! O, what for us
 remains,
 But mortal effort with immortal
 pains ?
 And yet—God breathed a spirit into
 each !

I know this miracle of the soul is
 more
 Than all the marvels that it looks
 upon.

And we are kings whose heritage
 was before
 The spheres, and owes no homage
 to the sun.
 In my own breast a mightier world I
 bear
 Than all those orbs on orbs about
 me rolled ;
 Nor are you kinglier, stars, though
 throned on gold,
 And given the empires of the mid-
 night-air.

For I, too, am undying as you are.
 O teach me calm, and teach me
 self-control :—
 To sphere my spirit like yon fixed
 star
 That moves not ever in the utmost
 pole,
 But whirls, and sleeps, and turns all
 heaven one way.

So, strong as Atlas, should the
 spirit stand,
 And turn the great globe round in
 her right hand,
 For recreation of her sovereign sway.

Ah yet !—For all, I shall not use my
 power,
 Nor reign within the light of my
 own home,
 Till speculation fades, and that
 strange hour
 Of the departing of the soul is
 come ;
 Till all this wrinkled husk of care
 falls by,
 And my immortal nature stands
 upright
 In her perpetual morning, and the
 light
 Of suns that set not on Eternity !

BOOK I.—IN ITALY.

THE MAGIC LAND.

By woodland belt, by ocean bar,
 The full south breeze our fore-
 heads fanned,
 And, under many a yellow star,
 We dropped into the Magic Land.

There, every sound and every sight
 Means more than sight or sound
 elsewhere ;
 Each twilight star a twofold light ;
 Each rose a double redness, there.

By ocean bar, by woodland belt,
 Our silent course a syren led,
 Till dark in dawn began to melt,
 Through the wild wizard-work
 o'erhead.

A murmur from the violet vales !
 A glory in the goblin dell !

There Beauty all her breast unveils,
 And Music pours out all her shell.

We watched, toward the land of
 dreams,
 The fair moon draw the murmur-
 ing main ;
 A single thread of silver beams
 Was made the monster's rippling
 chain.

We heard far off the syren's song ;
 We caught the gleam of sea-maid's
 hair. [among,
 The glimmering isles and rocks
 We moved through sparkling pur-
 ple air.

Then Morning rose, and smote from
 far,
 Her elfin harps o'er land and sea ;
 And woodland belt, and ocean bar,
 To one sweet note, sighed " Italy !"