

But all man's faculties are for delight ;
 But all man's life is compassed with what seems
 Framed for enjoyment : but from all that sight
 And sense reveal a magic murmur streams
 Into man's heart, which says, or seems to say,
 "Be happy !" . . . and the heart of man replies,
 "Leave happiness to brutes : I would be wise :
 Give me, not peace, but science, glory, art."
 Therefore, age, sickness, and mortality [pain :
 Are but the lightest portion of his
 Therefore, shut out from joy, incessantly
 Death finds him toiling at a task that's vain. have :
 I weep the want of all he pines for
 I weep the loss of all he leaves behind :—
 Contentment, and repose, and peace of mind,
 Pawned for the purchase of a little grave :
 I weep the hundred centuries of time ;
 I weep the millions that have squandered them
 In error, doubt, anxiety, and crime,
 Here, where the free birds sing from leaf and stem :
 I weep . . . but what are tears ?
 What I deplore
 I knew not, half a hundred years ago :
 And half a hundred years from hence, I know
 That what I weep for I shall know no more.
 The spirit of that wide and leafless wind
 That wanders o'er the uncompanioned sea,

Searching for what it never seems to find,
 Stirred in my hair, and moved my heart in me,
 To follow it, far over land and main :
 And everywhere over this earth's scarred face
 The footsteps of a God I seemed to trace ;
 But everywhere steps of a God in pain.
 If, haply, he that made this heart of mine,
 Himself in sorrow walked the world erewhile,
 What then am I, to marvel or repine
 That I go mourning ever in the smile
 Of universal nature, searching ever
 The phantom of a joy which here I miss ?
 My heart inhabits other worlds than this,
 Therefore my search is here a vain endeavor.
 Methought, . . . (it was the midnight of my soul,
 Déad midnight) that I stood on Calvary :
 I found the cross, but not the Christ.
 The whole
 Of heaven was dark : and I went bitterly
 Weeping, because I found him not.
 Methought, . . .
 (It was the twilight of the dawn and mist)
 I stood before the sepulchre of Christ :
 The sepulchre was vacant, void of aught
 Saving the cere-clothes of the grave, which were
 Upfolden straight and empty : bitterly
 Weeping I stood, because not even there
 I found him. Then a voice spake unto me,

"Whom seekest thou ? Why is thy heart dismayed ?
 Jesus of Nazareth, he is not here :
 Behold, the Lord is risen. Be of cheer :
 Approach, behold the place where he was laid."
 And while he spake, the sunrise smote the world.
 "Go forth, and tell thy brethren," spake the voice :
 "The Lord is risen." Suddenly unfurled,
 The whole unclouded Orient did rejoice
 In glory. Wherefore should I mourn that here
 My heart feels vacant of what most it needs ?
 Christ is risen ! . . . the cere-clothes and the weeds
 That wrapped him lying in his sepulchre
 Of earth, he hath abandoned ; being gone
 Back into heaven, where we too must turn
 Our gaze to find him. Pour, O risen Sun
 Of Righteousness, the light for which I yearn
 Upon the darkness of this mortal hour,
 This track of night in which I walk forlorn :
 Behold the night is now far spent.
 The morn
 Breaks, breaking from afar through a night shower.

All single sweetnesss in one sweet face.
 I could not build it worthy her mute merit,
 Nor worthy her white brows and holy eyes,
 Nor worthy of her perfect and pure spirit,
 Nor of my own immortal memories.
 But as some wrapt artificer of old,
 To enshrine the ashes of a virgin saint,
 Might scheme to work with ivory, and fine gold,
 And carven gems, and legended and quaint
 Seraphic heraldries ; searching far lands,
 Orient and occident, for all things rare,
 To consecrate the toil of reverent hands,
 And make his labor, like her virtue, fair ;
 Knowing no beauty beautiful as she,
 And all his labor void, but to beguile
 A sacred sorrow ; so I worked. Ah, see
 Here are the fragments of my shattered pile !
 I keep them, and the flowers that sprang between
 Their broken workmanship—the flowers and weeds !
 Sleep soft among the violets, O my Queen,—
 Lie calm among my ruined thoughts and deeds.

EPILOGUE.

PART I.

REQUIESCAT.
 I SOUGHT to build a deathless monument
 To my dead love. Therein I meant to place
 All precious things, and rare : as Nature blent

CHANGE without term, and strife without result,
 Persons that pass, and shadows that remain,
 One strange, impenetrable, and occult

Suggestion of a hope, that's hoped
in vain,
Behold the world man reigns in !
His delight
Deceives ; his power fatigues ;
his strength is brief ;
Even his religion presupposes
grief,
His morning is not certain of the
night.

I have beheld, without regret, the
trunk,
Which propped three hundred
summers on its boughs,
Which housed, of old, the merry
bird, and drunk
The divine dews of air, and gave
carouse
To the free winds of heaven, lie
overthrown
Amidst the trees which its own
fruitage bore.
Its promise is fulfilled. It is no
more,
But it hath been. Its destiny is
done.

But the wild ash, that springs above
the marsh !
Strong and superb it rises o'er the
wild,
Vain energy of being ! For the
harsh
And fetid ooze already hath de-
filed
The roots by whose sap it lives by.
Heaven doth give
No blessing to its boughs. The
humid wind
Rots them. The vapors warp
them. All declined,
Its life hath ceased, ere it hath
ceased to live.

Child of the waste, and nursling of
the pest !
A kindred fate hath watched and
wept thy own.
Thine epitaph is written in my
breast.

Years change. Day treads out
day. For me alone
No change is nursed within the
brooding bud.
Satiety I have not known, and
yet,
I wither in the void of life, and
fret
A futile time, with an unpeaceful
blood.

The days are all too long, the nights
too fair,
And too much redness satiates the
rose.
O blissful season ! blest and balmy
air !
Waves ! moonlight ! silence !
years of lost repose !
Bowers and shades that echoed to
the tread
Of young Romance ! birds that,
from woodland bars,
Sang, serenading forth the timid
stars !
Youth ! beauty ! passion ! whither
are ye fled ?
I wait, and long have waited, and
yet wait
The coming of the footsteps which
ye told
My heart to watch for. Yet the
hour is late,
And ye have left me. Did they
lie, of old,
Your thousand voices prophesying
bliss ?
That troubled all the current of a
fate
Which else might have been peace-
ful ! I await
The thing I have not found, yet
would not miss.

To face out childhood, and grow
up to man,
To make a noise, and question all
one sees,
The astral orbit of a world to span,
And, after a few days, to take one's
ease

Under the graveyard grasses,—this,
my friend,
Appears to me a thing too strange
but what
I wish to know its meaning. I
would not
Depart before I have perceived the
end.

And I would know what, here below
the sun,
He is, and what is his place, that
being which seems
The end of all means, yet the means
of none ;
Who searches and combines,
aspires and dreams ;
Seeking new things with ever the
same hope,
Seeking new hopes in ever the
same thing ;
A king without the powers of a
king,
A beggar with a kingdom in his
scope ;

Who only sees in what he hath at-
tained
The means whereby he may attain
to more ;
Who only finds in that which he
hath gained
The want of what he did not want
before ;
Whom weakness strengthens ; who
is soothed by strife ;
Who seeks new joys to prize the
absent most ;
Still from illusion to illusion tost,
Himself the great illusion of his
life !

Why is it, all deep emotion makes
us sigh
To quit this world ? What better
thing than death
Can follow after rapture ? " Let us
die ! "

This is the last wish on the lover's
breath.

If thou wouldst live, content thee.
To enjoy
Is to begin to perish. What is
bliss,
But transit to some other state
from this ?
That which we live for must our life
destroy.

Hast thou not ever longed for death ?
If not,
Not yet thy life's experience is at-
tained.
But if thy days be favored, if thy lot
Be easy, if hope's summit thou
hast gained,
Die ! Death is the sole future left
to thee.
The knowledge of this life is
bound, for each,
By his own powers. Death lies
between our reach
And all which, living, we have lived
to be.

Death is no evil, since it comes to
all.
For evil is the exception, not the
law.
What is it in the tempest that doth
call
Our spirits down its pathways ?
or the awe
Of that abyss and solitude beneath
High mountain passes, which doth
aye attract
Such strange desire ? or in the cat-
aract ?
The sea ? It is the sentiment of
death.

If life no more than a mere seeming
be,
Away with the imposture ! If it
tend
To nothing, and to have lived seem-
ingly
Prove to be vain and futile in the
end,

Then let us die, that we may really live,
Or cease to feign to live. Let us possess
Lasting delight, or lasting quietness.
What life desires, death, only death, can give.
Where are the violets of vanished years?
The sunsets Rachel watched by Laban's well?
Where is Fidele's face? where Juliet's tears?
There comes no answer. There is none to tell
What we go questioning, till our mouths are stopt
By a clod of earth. Ask of the plangent sea,
The wild wind walling through the leafless tree,
Ask of the meteor from the midnight dropt!

Dome, Death, and bring the beauty back to all!
I do not seek thee, but I will not shun.
And let thy coming be at even-fall,
Thy pathway through the setting of the sun.
And let us go together, I with thee,
What time the lamps in Eden bowers are lit,
And Melancholy, all alone, doth sit
By the wide marge of some neglected sea.

PART II.

ONE hour of English twilight once again!
Lo! in the rosy regions of the dew
The confines of the world begin to wane,
And Hesper doth his trembling lamp renew.
Now is the inauguration of the night!

Nature's release to wearied earth and skies!
Sweet truce of Care! Labor's brief armistice!
Best, loveliest interlude of dark and light!

The rookery, babbling in the sunken wood;
The watchdog, barking from the distant farm,
The dim light fading from the hornéd flood,
That winds the woodland in its silver arm;
The massed and immemorial oaks, whose leaves
Tremble in yonder healthy dells below;
The fragrance of the meadows that I know;
The bat, that now his wavering circle weaves

Around these antique towers, and casements deep
That glimmer, through the ivy and the rose,
To the faint moon, which doth begin to creep
Out of the inmost heart o' the heavens' repose,
To wander all night long, without a sound,
Above the fields my feet oft wandered once;
The larches tall and dark, which do enconce
The little churchyard, in whose hallowed ground

Sleep half the simple friends my childhood knew:
All, all the sounds and sights of this blest hour,
Sinking within my heart of hearts, like dew,
Revive that so long parcht and drooping flower
Of youth, the world's hot breath for many years

Hath burned and withered; till once more, once more,
The revelation and the dream of yore
Return to solace these sad eyes with tears!

Where now, alone, a solitary man,
I pace once more the pathways of my home,
Light-hearted, and together, once we ran,
I, and the infant guide that used to roam
With me, the meads and meadow-banks among,
At dusk and dawn. How light those little feet
Danced through the dancing grass and waving wheat,
Where'er, far off, we heard the cuckoo's song!

I know now, little Ella, what the flowers
Said to you then, to make your cheek so pale;
And why the blackbird in our laurel bowers
Spake to you, only; and the poor, pink snail
Feared less your steps than those of the May-shower.
It was not strange these creatures loved you so,
And told you all. 'Twas not so long ago
You were, yourself, a bird, or else a flower

And, little Ella, you were pale, because
So soon you were to die. I know that now.
And why there ever seemed a sort of gauze
Over your deep blue eyes, and sad young brow.
You were too good to grow up, Ella, you,
And be a woman, such as I have known!

And so upon your heart they put a stone,
And left you, dear, amongst the flowers and dew.

God's will is good. He knew what would be best.
I will not weep thee, darling, any more;
I have not wept thee; though my heart, opprest
With many memories, for thy sake is sore.
God's will is good, and great His wisdom is.
Thou wast a little star, and thou didst shine
Upon my cradle; but thou wast not mine,
Thou wast not mine, my darling; thou art His.

My morning star! twin sister of my soul!
My little elfin friend from Fairy Land!
Whose memory is yet innocent of the whole
Of that which makes me doubly need thy hand,
Thy little guiding hand so soon withdrawn!
Here where I find so little like to thee.
For thou wert as the breath of dawn to me,
Starry, and pure, and brief as is the dawn.

Thy knight was I, and thou my Fairy Queen.
('Twas in the days of love and chivalry!)
And thou didst hide thee in a bower of green.
But thou so well hast hidden thee, that I
Have never found thee since. And thou didst set
Many a task, and quest, and high emprise,

Ere I should win my guerdon from
thine eyes,
So many, and so many, that not yet
My tasks are ended, or my wander-
ings o'er.
But some day thou wilt send across
the main
A magic bark, and I shall quit this
shore
Of care, and find thee, in thy
bower, again ;
And thou wilt say, " My brother,
hast thou found
Our home, at last ? " . . . Whilst I,
in answer, Sweet,
Shall heap my life's last booty at
thy feet,
And bare my breast with many a
bleeding wound.

The spoils of time ! the trophies of
the world !
The keys of conquered towns, and
captived kings ;
And many a broken sword, and ban-
ner furled ;
The heads of giants, and swart
Soldan's rings ;
And many a maiden's scarf ; and
many a wand
Of baffled wizard ; many an amu-
let ;
And many a shield, with mine
own heart's blood wet ;
And jewels, dear, from many a dis-
tant land !

God's will is good. He knew what
would be best.
I thought last year to pass away
from life.
I thought my toils were ended, and
my quest
Completed, and my part in this
world's strife
Accomplish'd. And, behold ! about
me now
There rest the gloom, the glory,
and the awe

Of a new martyrdom, no dreams
foresaw ;
And the thorn-crown hath blossomed
on my brow.

A martyrdom, but with a martyr's
joy !
A hope I never hoped for ! and a
sense
That nothing henceforth ever can
destroy :—
Within my breast the serene con-
fidence
Of mercy in the misery of things ;
Of meaning in the mystery of all ;
Of blessing in whatever may be-
fall ;
Of rest predestined to all wanderings.

How sweet, with thee, my sister, to
renew,
In lands of light, the search for
those bright birds
Of plumage, so ethereal in its hue,
And music sweeter than all mortal
words,
Which some good angel to our child-
hood sent
With messages from Paradisal
flowers,
So lately left, the scent of Eden
bowers
Yet lingered in our hair, where'er
we went !

Now, they are all fled by, this many
a year,
A down the viewless valleys of the
wind,
And never more will cross this
hemisphere,
Those birds of passage ! Never
shall I find,
Dropt from the flight, you followed,
dear, so far
That you will never come again,
I know,
One plumelet on the paths by
which I go,
Missing thy light there, O my morn-
ing star !

Soft, over all, doth ancient twilight
cast
Her dim gray robe, vague as fu-
turity,
And sad and hoary as the ghostly
past,
Till earth assumes invisibility.
I hear the night-bird's note, where-
with she starts
The bee within the blossom from
his dream.
A light, like hope, from yonder
pane doth beam,
And now, like hope, it silently de-
parts.

Hush ! from the clock within yon
dark church spire,
Another hour broke, clanging, out
of time,
And passed me, throbbing like my
my own desire,
Into the seven-fold heavens. And
now, the chime
Over the vale, the woodland, and
the river,
More faint, more far, a quivering
echo, strays
From that small twelve-houred
circle of our days,
And spreads, and spreads, to the
great round Forever.

Pensive, the sombre ivied porch I
pass.
Through the dark hall, the sound
of my own feet
Pursues me, like the ghost of what I
was,
Into this silent chamber, where I
meet
From wall to wall the fathers of my
race ;
The pictures of the past from wall
to wall ;
Wandering o'er which, my wistful
glances fall,
To sink, at last, on little Ella's face.
This is my home. And hither I re-
turn,
After much wandering in the ways
of men,

Weary but not outworn. Here, with
her urn
Shall Memory come, and be my
denizen.
And blue-eyed Hope shall through
the window look,
And lean her fair child's face into
the room,
What time the hawthorn buds
anew, and bloom
The bright forget-me-nots beside the
brook.

Father of all which is, or yet may be,
Ere to the pillow which my child-
hood prest
This night restores my troubled
brows, by Thee
May this, the last prayer I have
learned, be blest !
Grant me to live that I may need
from life
No more than life hath given me,
and to die
That I may give to death no more
than I
Have long abandoned. And, if toil
and strife

Yet in the portion of my days must
be,
Firm be my faith, and quiet be my
heart !
That so my work may with my will
agree,
And strength be mine to calmly
fill my part
In Nature's purpose, questioning not
the end.
For love is more than raiment or
than food.
Shall I not take the evil with the
good ?
Blesséd to me be all which thou dost
send !

Nor blest the least, recalling what
hath been,
The knowledge of the evil I have
known
Without me, and within me. Since,
to lean

Upon a strength far mightier than
my own
Such knowledge brought me. In
whose strength I stand,
Firmly upheld, even though, in
ruin hurled,
The fixed foundations of this roll-
ing world
Should topple at the waving of Thy
hand.

PART III.

HAIL thou! sole Muse that, in an
age of toil,
Of all the old Uranian sisterhood,
Art left to light us o'er the furrowed
soil
Of this laborious star! Muse, un-
subdued
By that strong hand which hath in
ruin razed
The temples of dread Jove! Muse
most divine,
Albeit but ill by these pale lips of
mine,
In days degenerate, first named and
praised!
Now the high airy kingdoms of the
day
Hyperion holds not. The disloyal
seas
Have broken from Poseidon's purple
sway.
Through Heaven's harmonious
golden palaces
No more the silver-sandalled mes-
sengers
Slide to sweet airs. Upon Olym-
pus brow
The gods' great citadel is vacant
now.
And not a lute to Love in Lesbos
stirs.
But thou wert born not on the
Forkéd Hill,
Nor fed from Hybla's hives by
Attic bees,
Nor on the honey Cretan oaks distil,

Or once distilled, when gods had
homes in trees,
And young Apollo knew thee not.
Yet thou
With Ceres wast, when the pale
mother trod
The gloomy pathway to the nether
god,
And spake with that dim Power
which dwells below

The surface of whatever, where he
wends,
The circling sun illumineth. And
thou
Wast aye a friend to man. Of all
his friends,
Perchance the friend most needed:
needed now
Yet more than ever; in a complex
age
Which changes while we gaze at
it: from heaven
Seeking a sign, and finding no
sign given,
And questioning Life's worn book
at every page.

Nor ever yet, was song, untaught by
thee,
Worthy to live immortally with
man.
Wherefore, divine Experience, bond
on me
Thy deep and searching eyes.
Since life began,
Meek at thy mighty knees, though
oft reproved,
I have sat, spelling out slow time
with tears,
Where down the riddling alphabet
of years
Thy guiding finger o'er the horn-
book moved.

And I have put together many
names:
Sorrow, and Joy, and Hope, and
Memory,
And Love, and Anger; as an infant
frames

The initials of a language wherein
he
In manhood must with men com-
municate.
And oft, the words were hard to
understand,
Harder to utter; still the solemn
hand
Would pause, and point, and wait,
and move, and wait;
Till words grew into language. Lan-
guage grew
To utterance. Utterance into mu-
sic passed.
I sang of all I learned, and all I
knew.
And, looking upward in thy face,
at last,
Beheld it flusht, as when a mother
hears
Her infant feebly singing his first
hymn,
And dreams she sees, albeit unseen
of him,
Some radiant listener lured from
other spheres.
Such songs have been my solace
many a while
And oft, when other solace I had
none,
From grief which lay heart-broken
on a smile,
And joy that glittered like a win-
ter sun,
And froze, and fevered: from the
great man's scorn,
The mean man's envy; friend's
unfriendliness;
Love's want of human kindness,
and the stress
Of nights that hoped for nothing
from the morn.
From these, and worse than these,
did song unbar
A refuge through the ivory gate of
dreams,
Wherein my spirit grew familiar
With spirits that glide by spiritual
streams:

Song hath, for me, unsealed the
genii sleeping
Under mid seas, and lured out of
their lair
Beings with wondering eyes, and
wondrous hair,
Tame to my feet at twilight softly
creeping.
And song hath been my cymbal in
the hours
Of triumph; when behind me, far
away,
Lay Egypt, with its plagues; and,
by strange powers,
Not mine, upheld, life's heaped
ocean lay
On either side a passage for my soul.
A passage to the Land of Prom-
ise! trod
By giants, where the chosen race
of God
Shall find, at last, its long predes-
tined goal.

The breath which stirred these songs
a little while
Has fled by; and, with it,
fled too
The days I sought, thus singing, to
beguile
Of thoughts that spring like
weeds, which will creep
through
The blank interstices of ruined
fanés,
Where Youth, adoring, sacri-
ficed—its heart,
To gods forever fallen.
Now, we part,
My songs and I. We part, and what
remains?

Perchance an echo, and perchance
no more,
Harp of my heart, from thy brief
music dwells
In hearts, unknown, afar: as the
wide shore
Retains within its hundred hollow
shells
The voices of the spirits of the foam,

Which murmur in the language
of the deeps,
Though haply far away, to one
who keeps
Such ocean wealth to grace an in-
land home.

Within these cells of song, how frail
soe'er,
The vast and wandering tides of
human life
Have murmured once ; and left, in
passing, there,
Faint echoes of the tumult and the
strife
Of the great ocean of humanity.
Fairies have danced within these
hollow caves,
And Memory mused above the
moonlit waves,
And Youth, the lover, here hath
lingered by.

I sung of life, as life would have me
sing,
Of falsehood, and of evil, and of
wrong ;
For many a false, and many an evil
thing,
I found in life ; and by my life my
song
Was shaped within me while I sung :
I sung
Of Good, for good is life's prede-
stined end ;
Of Sorrow, for I knew her as my
friend ;
Of Love, for by his hand my harp
was strung.

I have not scrawled above the tomb
of Youth
Those lying epitaphs, which rep-
resent
All virtues, and all excellence, save
truth.
'Twere easy, thus, to have been
eloquent,
If I had held the fashion of the age
Which loves to hear its sounding
flattery

Blown by all dusty winds from sky
to sky,
And finds its praises blotting every
page.

And yet, the Poet and the Age are
one.
And if the age be flawed, howe'er
minute,
Deep through the poet's heart that
rent doth run,
And shakes and mars the music
of his lute.

It is not that his sympathy is less
With all that lives and all that
feels around him,
But that so close a sympathy hath
bound him
To these, that he must utter their
distress.

We build the bridge, and swing the
wondrous wire,
Bind with an iron hoop the rolling
world ;
Sport with the spirits of the ductile
fire ;
And leave our spells upon the va-
por furled ;
And cry—Behold the progress of the
time !
Yet are we tending in an unknown
land,
Whither, we neither ask nor un-
derstand,
Far from the peace of our unvalued
prime !

And Strength and Force, the fiends
which minister
To some new-risen Power beyond
our span,
On either hand, with hook and nail,
confer
To rivet the Promethean heart of
man
Under the ravening and relentless
beak
Of unappeasable Desire, which yet
The very vitals of the age doth fret.
The limbs are mighty, but the heart
is weak.

Writhe on, Prometheus ! or whate'er
thou art,
Thou giant sufferer, groaning for
a race
Thou canst not save, for all thy
bleeding heart !
Thy wail my harp hath wakened ;
and my place
Shall be beside thee ; and my bless-
ing be
On all that makes me worthy yet
to share
Thy lonely martyrdom, and with
thee wear
That crown of anguish given to
poets, and thee !

If to have wept, and wildly ; to have
loved
Till love grew torture ; to have
grieved till grief
Became a part of life ; if to have
proved
The want of all things ; if, to draw
relief
From poesy for passion, this avail,
I lack no title to my crown. The
sea
Hath sent up nymphs for my so-
ciety,
The mountains have been moved to
hear my wail.

Nature and man were children long
ago
In glad simplicity of heart and
speech.
Now they are stranger's to each
other's woe ;
And each hath language different
from each.
The simplest songs sound sweetest
and most good.
The simplest loves are the most
loving ones.
Happier were song's forefathers
than their sons.
And Homer sung as Byron never
could.

But Homer cannot come again : nor
ever

The quiet of the age in which he
sung.
This age is one of tumult and en-
deavor,
And by a fevered hand its harps
are strung.
And yet, I do not quarrel with the
time ;
Nor quarrel with the tumult of my
heart,
Which of the tumult of the age is
part ;
Because its very weakness is sublime.

The passions are as winds on the
wide sea
Of human life ; which do impel
the sails
Of man's great enterprise, whate'er
that be.
The reckless helmsman, caught
upon these gales,
Under the roaring gulfs goes down
aghast.
The prudent pilot to the steadying
breeze
Sparsely gives head ; and, over
perilous seas,
Drops anchor 'mid the Fortunate
Isles, at last.

We pray against the tempest and
the strife,
The storm, the whirlwind, and the
troubulous hour,
Which vex the fretful element of life.
Me rather save, O dread disposing
Power,
From those dead calms, that flat and
hopeless lull,
In which the dull sea rots around
the bark,
And nothing moves save the sure-
creeping dark,
That slowly settles o'er an idle hull.

For in the storm, the tumult, and
the stir
That shakes the soul, man finds
his power and place
Among the elements. Deeps with
deeps confer,

And Nature's secret settles in her face.
 Let ocean to his inmost caves be stirred;
 Let the wild light be smitten from the cloud.
 The decks may reel, the masts be snapt and bowcd,
 But God hath spoken out, and man hath heard!

Farewell, you lost inhabitants of my mind,
 You fair ephemerals of faded hours!
 Farewell, you lands of exile, whence each wind
 Of memory steals with fragrance over flowers!
 Farewell, Cordelia! Ella! . . . But not so
 Farewell the memories of you which I have
 Till strangers shall be sitting on my grave
 And babbling of the dust which lies below.

Blesséd the man whose life, how sad soe'er,
 Hath felt the presence, and yet keeps the trace
 Of one pure woman! With religious care
 We close the doors, with reverent feet we pace
 The vacant chambers, where, of yore, a Queen
 One night hath rested. From my Past's pale walls
 Yet gleam the unfaded fair memorials
 Of her whose beauty there, awhile, hath been.

She passed, into my youth, at its night-time,
 When low the lamplight, and the music husht.
 She passed and passed away. Some broken rhyme

Scrawled on the panel or the pane: the crusht
 And faded rose she dropped: the page she turned
 And finished not: the ribbon or the knot
 That fluttered from her
 Stranger, harm them not!
 I keep these sacred relics undiscerned.

Men's truths are often lies, and women's lies
 Often the setting of a truth most tender
 In an unconscious poesy. The child cries
 To clutch the star that lights its rosy splendor
 In airy Edens of the west afar.
 "Ah, folly!" sighs the father, o'er his book.
 "Millions of miles above thy foolish nook
 Of infantile desire, the Hesperus-star
 "Descends not, child, to twinkle on thy cot."
 Then readjusts his blind-wise spectacles,
 While tears to sobs are changing, were it not
 The mother, with those tender syllables
 Which even Dutch mothers can make musical too,
 Murmurs, "Sleep, sleep, my little one! and I
 Will pluck thy star for thee, and by and by
 Lay it upon thy pillow bright with dew."

And the child sleeps, and dreams of stars whose light
 Beams in his own bright eyes when he awakes.
 So sleep! so dream! If aught I read aright
 That star, poor babe, which o'er thy cradle shakes,

Thy fate may fall, in after years, to be
 That other child that, like thee, loves the star,
 And, like thee, weeps to find it all so far,
 Feeling its force in his nativity:—

That other infant, all as weak, as wild,
 As passionate, and as helpless, as thou art,
 Whom men will call a Poet (Poet, or child,
 The star is still so distant from the heart!)
 If so, heaven grant that thou mayst find at last,
 Since such there are, some woman, whose sweet smile,
 Pitying, may thy fond fancy yet beguile
 To dream the star, which thou hast sought, thou hast!
 For men, if thou shouldst heed what they may say,
 Will break thy heart, or leave thee, like themselves,
 No heart for breaking. Wherefore I do pray
 My book may lie upon no learned shelves,
 But that in some deep summer eve, perchance,
 Some woman, melancholy-eyed, and pale,

Whose heart, like mine, hath suffered, may this tale
 Read by the soft light of her own romance.
 Go forth over the wide world, Song of mine!
 As Noah's dove out of his bosom flew
 Over the desolate, vast, and wandering brine.
 Seek thou thy nest afar. Thy plaint renew
 From heart to heart, and on from land to land
 Fly boldly, till thou find that unknown friend
 Whose face, in dreams, above my own doth bend,
 Then tell that spirit what it will understand,
 Why men can tell to strangers all the tale
 From friends reserved. And tell that spirit, my Song,
 Wherefore I have not faltered to unveil
 The cryptic forms of error and of wrong.
 And say, I suffered more than I recorded,
 That each man's life is all men's lesson. Say,
 And let the world believe thee, as it may,
 Thy tale is true, however weakly worded.