

Between two songs of Petrarch
I've a purple rose-leaf prest,
More sweet than common rose-
leaves,
For it once lay in her breast.
When she gave me that her eyes
were wet,
The rose was full of dew.
The rose is withered long ago ;
The page is blistered too.

There's a blue flower in my garden,
The bee loves more than all :
The bee and I, we love it both,
Though it is frail and small.
She loved it too—long, long ago :
Her love was less than mine.
Still we are friends, but only
friends,
My lost love, Leoline !

SPRING AND WINTER.

THE world buds every year :
But the heart just once, and when
The blossom falls off sere
No new blossom comes again.
Ah, the rose goes with the wind :
But the thorns remain behind.

Was it well in him, if he
Felt not love, to speak of love so ?
If he still unmoved must be,
Was it nobly sought to move so ?
—Pluck the flower, and yet not wear
it—
Spurn, despise it, yet not spare it ?

Need he say that I was fair,
With such meaning in his tone,
Just to speak of one whose hair
Had the same tinge as my own ?
Pluck my life up, root and bloom,
Just to plant it on her tomb ?

And she'd scarce so fair a face
(So he used to say) as mine :
And her form had far less grace :
And her brow was far less fine :
But 'twas just that he loved then
More than he can love again.

Why, if Beauty could not bind him,
Need he praise me, speaking low :
Use my face just to remind him
How no face could please him
now ?

Why, if loving could not move him
Did he teach me still to love him ?

And he said my eyes were bright,
But his own, he said, were dim :
And my hand, he said, was white,
But what was that to him ?
"For," he said, "in gazing at you
I seem gazing at a statue."

"Yes," he said, "he had grown
wise now :
He had suffered much of yore :
But, a fair face to his eyes now,
Was a fair face, and no more.
Yet the anguish and the bliss,
And the dream too, had been his."

Then, why talk of "lost romances"
Being "sick of sentiment !"
And what meant those tones and
glances

If real love was never neant ?
Why, if his own youth were with-
ered,
Must mine also have been gathered ?

Why those words a thought too
tender
For the commonplaces spoken ?
Looks whose meaning seemed to
render
Help to words when speech came
broken ?

Why so late in July moonlight
Just to say what's said by noon-
light ?

And why praise my youth for glad-
ness,
Keeping something in his smile
Which turned all my youth to sad-
ness,

He still smiling all the while ?
Since, when so my youth was over
He said—"Seek some younger
lover !"

"For the world buds once a year,
But the heart just once," he said.
True ! . . . so now that Spring is
here

All my flowers, like his, are dead.
And the rose drops in the wind.
But the thorns remain behind.

KING HERMANDIAZ.

THEN, standing by the shore, I saw
the moon
Change hue, and dwindle in the
west, as when
Warm looks fade inward out of dying
eyes,

And the dim sea began to moan.
I knew
My hour had come, and to the bark
I went.

Still were the stately decks, and hung
with silk
Of stoled crimson : at the mast-head
burned
A steadfast fire with influence like a
star,

And underneath a couch of gold. I
loosed
The dripping chain. There was not
any wind :

But all at once the magic sails began
To belly and heave, and like a bat
that wakes

And flits by night, beneath her
swarthy wings
The black ship rocked and moved.

I heard anon
A humming in the cordage and a
sound

Like bees in summer, and the bark
went on,
And on, and on, until at last the
world

Was rolled away and folded out of
sight,

And I was all alone on the great sea.
There a deep awe fell on my spirit.
My wound
Began to bite. I, gazing round, be-
held

A lady sitting silent at the helm,

A woman white as death, and fair as
dreams.

I would have asked her "Whither
do we sail ?"

And "how ?" but that my fear
clung at my heart,

And held me still. She, answering
my doubt,

Said slowly, "To the Isle of Ava-
lon."

And straightway we were nigh a
strand all gold,

That glittered in the moon between
the dusk

Of hanging bowers made rich with
blooms and balms,

From which faint gusts came to me ;
and I heard

A sound of lutes among the vales,
and songs

And voices faint like voices through
a dream

That said or seemed to say, "Hail,
Hermandiaz !"

SONG.

IN the warm, black mill-pool wink-
ing,

The first doubtful star shines blue :
And alone here I lie thinking
O such happy thoughts of you !

Up the porch the roses clamber,
And the flowers we sowed last
June ;

And the casement of your chamber
Shines between them to the moon.

Look out, Love ! fling wide the lat-
tice :

Wind the red rose in your hair,
And the little white clematis
Which I plucked for you to wear :

Or come down, and let me hear you
Singing in the scented grass,
Through tall cowslips nodding near
you,

Just to touch you as you pass

For, where you pass, the air
With warm hints of love grows
wise :
You—the dew on your dim hair,
And the smile in your soft eyes !

From the hayfield comes your
brother :
There your sisters stand together,
Singing clear to one another
Through the dark blue summer
weather,

And the maid the latch is clinking
As she lets her lover through :
But alone, Love, I lie thinking
O such tender thoughts of you !

THE SWALLOW.

O SWALLOW chirping in the spark-
ling eyes,
Why hast thou left far south thy
fairy homes,
To build between these drenched
April leaves,
And sing me songs of Spring be-
fore it comes ?

Too soon thou singest ! Yon black
stubborn thorn
Bursts not a bud : the sneaping
wind drifts on.
She that once flung thee crumbs,
and in the morn
Sang from the lattice where thou
sing'st, is gone.
Here is no Spring. Thy flight yet
further follow.
Fly off, vain swallow !

Thou com'st to mock me with re-
membered things.
I love thee not, O bird for me too
gay.
That which I want thou hast,—the
gift of wings :
Grief—which I have—thou hast
not. Fly away !
What hath my roof for thee ? My
cold dark roof,

Beneath whose weeping thatch
thine eggs will freeze !
Summer will halt not here, so keep
aloof.
Others are gone ; go thou. In those
wet trees
I see no Spring, though thou still
singest of it.
Fare hence, false prophet !

CONTRABAND.

A HEAP of low, dark, rocky coast,
Where the blue-black sea sleeps
smooth and even :
And the sun, just over the reefs at
most,
In the amber part of a pale blue
heaven :

A village asleep below the pines,
Hid up the gray shore from the
low slow sun :
And a maiden that lingers among
the vines,
With her feet in the dew, and her
locks undone :

The half-moon melting out of the
sky ;
And, just to be seen still, a star
here, a star there,
Faint, high up in the heart of the
heaven ; so high
And so faint, you can scarcely be
sure that they are there.

And one of that small, black, raking
craft ;
Two swivel guns on a round deck
handy ;
And a great sloop sail with the wind
abaft ;
And four brown thieves round a
cask of brandy.

That's my life, as I left it last.
And what it may be henceforth I
know not.
But all that I keep of the merry
Past
Are trifles like these, which I care
to show not :—

A leathern flask, and a necklace of
pearl ;
These rusty pistols, this tattered
chart, Friend,
And the soft dark half of a raven
curl ;
And, at evening, the thought of a
true, true heart, Friend.

EVENING.

ALREADY evening ! In the duskiest
nook
Of yon dusk corner, under the
Death's-head,
Between the alembecs, thrust this
legended,
And iron-bound, and melancholy
book,
For I will read no longer. The loud
brook
Shelves his sharp light up shallow
banks thin-spread ;
The slumbrous west grows slowly
red, and red :
Up from the ripened corn her silver
hook
The moon is lifting : and deli-
ciously
Along the warm blue hills the day
declines :
The first star brightens while she
waits for me,
And round her swelling heart the
zone grows tight :
Musing, half-sad, in her soft hair
she twines
The white rose, whispering, "he
will come to-night !"

ADON.

I WILL not weep for Adon !
I will not waste my breath to draw
thick sighs
For Spring's dead greenness. All
the orient skies
Are rusht, and breathing out a
bright surprise
Round morning's marshalling star :
Rise, Eos, rise !

Day's dazzling spears are up : the
faint stars fade on
The white hills,—cold, like Adon !

O'er crag, and spar, and splinter
Break down, and roll the amber mist,
stern light.
The black pines dream of dawn.
The skirts of night
Are ravelled in the East. And
planted bright
In heaven, the roots of ice shine,
sharp and white,
In frozen ray, and spar, and spike,
and splinter.
Within me and without, all's Win-
ter.

Why should I weep for Adon ?
Am I, because the sweet Past is no
more,
Dead, as the leaves upon the graves
of yore ?
I will breathe boldly, though the air
be froze
With freezing fire. Life still beats
at the core
Of the world's heart, though Death
his awe hath laid on
This dumb white corpse of Adon.

THE PROPHET.

WHEN the East lightens with strange
hints of morn,
The first tinge of the growing glory
takes
The cold crown of some husht high
alp forlorn,
While yet o'er vales below the dark
is spread.
Even so the dawning Age, in silence,
breaks,
O solitary soul, on thy still head :
And we, that watch below with re-
verent fear,
Seeing thee crowned, do know that
day is near.

WEALTH.

Was it not enough to dream the day
to death
Grandly? and finely feed on faint
perfumes?
Between the heavy lilacs draw thick
breath,
While the noon hummed from
glowing citron-glooms?
Or walk with Morning in these
dewy bowers,
'Mid sheaved lilies, and the moth-
loved lips
Of purple asters, bearded flat sun-
flowers,
And milk-white crumpled pinks
with blood ' the tips?
But I must also, gazing upon thee,
Pine with delicious pain, and
subtle smart,
Till I felt heavy immortality,
Laden with looks of thine, weigh
on my heart!

WANT.

You swore you loved me all last
June:
And now December's come and
gone.
The Summer went with you—too
soon.
The Winter goes—alone.
Next Spring the leaves will all be
be green:
But love like ours, once turned to
pain,
Can be no more what it hath been,
Though roses bloom again.
Return, return the unvalued wealth
I gave! which scarcely profits
you—
The heart's lost youth—the soul's
lost health—
In vain! . . . false friend, adieu!

I keep one faded violet
Of all once ours,—you left no
more.
What I have lost I may forget,
But you cannot restore.

A BIRD AT SUNSET.

WILD bird, that wingest wide the
glimmering moors,
Whither, by belts of yellowing
woods away?
With pausing sunset thy wild heart
allures
Deep into dying day?
Would that my heart, on wings like
thine, could pass
Where stars their light in rosy re-
gions lose,—
A happy shadow o'er the warm
brown grass,
Falling with falling dews!

Hast thou, like me, some true-love
of thine own,
In fairy lands beyond the utmost
seas;
Who there, unsolaced, yearns for
thee alone,
And sings to silent trees?

O tell that woodbird that the Sum-
mer grieves,
And the suns darken and the days
grow cold;
And, tell her, love will fade with fad-
ing leaves,
And cease in common mould.

Fly from the winter of the world to
her!
Fly, happy bird! I follow in thy
flight,
Till thou art lost o'er yonder fringe
of fir
In baths of crimson light.

My love is dying far away from me.
She sits and saddens in the fading
west.

For her I mourn all day, and pine
to be
At night upon her breast.

IN TRAVEL.

Now our white sail flutters down:
Now it broadly takes the breeze:
Now the wharves upon the town,
Lessening, leave us by degrees.
Blithely blows the morning, shaking
On your cheek the loosened curls:
Round our prow the cleft wave,
breaking,
Tumbles off in heapéd pearls,
Which in forks of foam unite,
And run seething out to sea,
Where o'er gleams of briny light,
Dip the dancing gulls in glee.
Now the mountain serpentine
Slips out many a snaky line
Down the dark blue ocean-spine.
From the boatside, while we pass,
I can see, as in a glass,
Pirates on the flat sea-sand,
Carousing ere they put from land;
And the purple-pointed crests
Of hills whereon the morning rests
Whose ethereal vivid peaks
Glimmer in the lucid creeks.
Now these wind away; and now
Hamlets up the mountain-brow
Peep and peer from roof to roof;
And gray castle-walls aloof
O'er wide vineyards just in grape,
From whose serfs old Barons held
Tax and toll in feudal eld,
Creep out of the uncoiling cape.
Now the long low layer of mist
A slow trouble rolls and lifts,
With a broken billowy motion,
From the rocks and from the rifts,
Laying bare, just here and there,
Black stone-pines, at morn dew-kist
By salt winds from bound to bound
Of the great sea freshening round;
Wattled folds on bleak brown downs
Sloping high o'er sleepy towns;
Lengths of shore and breadths of
ocean.

Love, lean here upon my shoulder,
And look yonder, love, with me:
Now I think that I can see
In the merry market-places
Sudden warmths of sunny faces:
Many a lovely laughing maiden
Bearing on her loose dark locks
Rich fruit-baskets heavy-laden,
In and out among the rocks,
Knowing not that we behold her,
Now, love, tell me, can you hear,
Growing nearer, and more near,
Sound of song, and splash of oar,
From wild bays, and inlets hoar,
While above yon isles afar
Ghostlike sinks last night's last star?

CHANGES.

WHOM first we love, you know, we
seldom wed.
Time rules us all. And Life, in-
deed, is not
The thing we planned it out ere hope
was dead.
And then, we women cannot
choose our lot.
Much must be borne which it is hard
to bear:
Much given away which it were
sweet to keep.
God help us all! who need, indeed,
His care.
And yet, I know, the Shepherd
loves His sheep.
My little boy begins to babble now
Upon my knee his earliest infant
prayer.
He has his father's eager eyes, I
know.
And, they say too, his mother's
sunny hair.
But when he sleeps and smiles upon
my knee,
And I can feel his light breath
come and go,
I think of one (Heaven help and
pity me!)
Who loved me, and whom I loved,
long ago.

Who might have been . . . ah, what
I dare not think !
We all are changed. God judges
for us best.

God help us do our duty, and not
shrink,
And trust in heaven humbly for
the rest.

But blame us women not, if some
appear

Too cold at times ; and some too
gay and light.

Some griefs gnaw deep. Some woes
are hard to bear.

Who knows the Past ? and who
can judge us right ?

Ah, were we judged by what we
might have been,
And not by what we are, too apt
to fall !

My little child—he sleeps and smiles
between

These thoughts and me. In
heaven we shall know all !

JUDICIUM PARIDIS.

I SAID, when young, "Beauty's the
supreme joy.

Her I will choose, and in all forms
will face her ;

Eye to eye, lip to lip, and so em-
brace her

With my whole heart." I said this
being a boy.

"First, I will seek her,—naked, or
clad only

In her own godhead, as I know of
yore

Great bards beheld her." So by
sea and shore

I sought her, and among the moun-
tains lonely.

"There be great sunsets in the won-
drous West ;

And marvel in the orbings of the
moon :

And glory in the jubilees of June;
And power in the deep ocean. For
the rest,

"Green-glaring glaciers ; purple
clouds of pine

White walls of ever-roaring cata-
racts ;

Blue thunder drifting over thirsty
tracts ;

The homes of eagles ; these, too, are
divine,

"And terror shall not daunt me—so
it be

Beautiful— or in storm or in
eclipse :

Rocking pink shells, or wrecking
freighted ships,

I shall not shrink to find her in the
sea.

"Next, I will seek her—in all shapes
of wood,

Or brass, or marble ; or in colors
clad ;

And sensuous lines, to make my
spirit glad.

And she shall change her dress with
every mood.

"Rose-latticed casements, lone in
summer lands—

Some witch's bower : pale sailors
on the marge

Of magic seas, in an enchanted
barge

Stranded, at sunset, upon jewelled
sands :

"White nymphs among the lilies :
shepherd kings :

And pink-hooved Fawns : and
mooned Endymions :

From every channel through which
Beauty runs

To fertilize the world with lovely
things.

"I will draw freely, and be satisfied.
Also, all legends of her apparition

To men, in earliest times, in each
condition,
I will inscribe on portraits of my
bride.

"Then, that no single sense of her
be wanting,

Music ; and all voluptuous com-
binations

Of sound, with their melodious
palpitations

To charm the ear, the cells of fancy
haunting.

"And in her courts my life shall be
outrolled

As one unfurls some gorgeous
tapestry,

Wrought o'er with old Olympian
heraldry,

All purple-woven stiff with blazing
gold.

"And I will choose no sight for
tears to flow :

I will not look at sorrow : I will
see

Nothing less fair and full of
majesty

Than young Apollo leaning on his
bow.

"And I will let things come and go:
nor range

For knowledge : but from mo-
ments pluck delight,

The while the great days ope and
shut in light,

And wax and wane about me, rich
with change.

"Some cup of dim hills, where a
white moon lies,

Dropt out of weary skies without
a breath,

In a great pool : a slumbrous vale
beneath :

And blue damps prickling into white
fire-flies :

"Some sunset vision of an Oread,
less

Than half an hour ere moonrise
caught asleep

With a flushed cheek, among crusht
violets deep,—

A warm half-glimpse of milk-white
nakedness,

"On sumptuous summer eves: shall
wake for me

Rapture from all the various stops
of life :

Making it like some charmed Ar-
cadian fife

Filled by a wood-god with his
ecstasy."

These things I said while I was yet
a boy,

And the world showed as between
dream and waking

A man may see the face he loves.
So, breaking

Silence, I cried . . . "Thou art the
supreme Joy !"

My spirit, as a lark hid near the sun,
Carolled at morning. But ere

she had dropt
Half down the rainbow-colored
years that propped

Her gold cloud up, and broadly, one
by one

The world's great harvest-lands
broke on her eye,

She changed her tone, . . . "What
is it I may keep ?

For look here, how the merry
reapers reap :

Even children glean : and each puts
something by.

"The pomps of morning pass :
when evening comes,

What is retained of these which I
may show ?

If for the hills I leave the fields
below

I fear to die an exile from men's
homes.

"Though here I see the orient
pageants pass,
I am not richer than the merest
hind
That toils below, all day, among
his kind,
And clinks at eve glad horns in the
dry grass."

Then, pondering long, at length I
made confession.
"I have erred much, rejecting all
that man did :
For all my pains I shall go empty
handed :
And Beauty, of its nature foils pos-
session."

Thereafter, I said . . . "Knowledge
is most fair.
Surely to know is better than to
see
To see is loss : to know is gain :
and we
Grow old. I will store thriftily, with
care."

In which mood I endured for many
years,
Valuing all things for their further
uses :
And seeking knowledge at all
open sluices ;
Though oft the stream turned brack-
ish with my tears.

Yet not the less, for years in this
same mood
I rested : nor from any object
turned
That had its secret to be spelled
and learned,
Murmuring ever, "Knowledge is
most good."

Unto which end I shunned the
revelling
And ignorant crowd, that eat the
fruits and die :
And called out Plato from his
century
To be my helpmate : and made
Homer sing.

Until the awful Past in gathered
heaps
Weighed on my brain, and sunk
into my soul,
And saddened through my nature,
till the whole
Of life was darkened downward to
the deeps.

And, wave on wave, the melancholy
ages
Crept o'er my spirit : and the
years displaced
The landmarks of the days : life
waned, effaced
From action by the sorrows of the
sages :

And my identity became at last
The record of those others : or, if
more,
A hollow shell the sea sung in : a
shore
Of footprints which the waves
washed from it fast.

And all was as a dream whence,
holding breath,
It seemed, at times, just possible to
break
By some wild nervous effort, with
a shriek,
Into the real world of life and death.

But that thought saved me. Through
the dark I screamed
Against the darkness, and the
darkness broke,
And broke that nightmare : back
to life I woke,
Though weary with the dream
which I had dreamed.

O life ! life ! life ! With laughter
and with tears
I tried myself : I knew that I had
need
Of pain to prove that this was life
indeed,
With its warm privilege of hopes and
fears.

O Love of man made Life of man,
that saves !
O man, that standest looking on
the light :
That standest on the forces of the
night :
That standest up between the stars
and graves !

O man ! by man's dread privilege of
pain,
Dare not to scorn thine own soul
nor thy brother's :
Though thou be more or less than
all the others.
Man's life is all too sad for man's dis-
dain.

The smiles of seraphs are less awful
far
Than are the tears of this human-
ity,
That sound, in dropping, through
Eternity.
Heard in God's ear beyond the
furthest star.

If that be true,—the hereditary hate
Of Love's lost Rebel, since the
worlds began,—
The very Fiend, in hating, honors
Man :
Flattering with Devil-homage Man's
estate.

If two Eternities, at strife for us,
Around each human soul wage
silent war,
Dare we disdain ourselves, though
fall'n we are,
With Hell and Heaven looking on
us thus ?

Whom God hath loved, whom Devils
dare not scorn,
Despise not thou, — the meanest
human creature.
Climb, if thou canst, the heights
of thine own nature,
And look toward Paradise where
each was born.

So I spread sackcloth on my former
pride :
And sat down, clothed and covered
up with shame :
And cried to God to take away my
blame
Among my brethren : and to these
I cried

To come between my crime and my
despair,
That they might help my heart up,
When God sent
Upon my soul its proper punish-
ment,
Lest that should be too great for me
to bear.

And so I made my choice : and
learned to live
Again, and worship, as my spirit
yearned :
So much had been admired—so
much been learned—
So much been given me—O, how
much to give !

Here is the choice, and now the
time, O chooser !
Endless the consequence though
brief the choice.
Echoes are waked down ages by
thy voice :
Speak : and be thou the gainer or
the loser.

And I bethought me long . . .
"Though garners split,
If none but thou be fed art thou
more full ?"
For surely Knowledge and the
Beautiful
Are human ; must have love, or die
for it !

To Give is better than to Know or
See :
And both are means : and neither
is the end :
Knowing and seeing, if none call
thee friend,
Beauty and knowledge have done
naught for thee.

Though I at Aphroditè all day long
Gaze until sunset with a thirsty
eye,
I shall not drain her boundless
beauty dry
By that wild gaze : nor do her fair
face wrong.

For who gives, giving, doth win back
his gift :
And knowledge by division grows
to more :
Who hides the Master's talent
shall die poor,
And starve at last of his own thank-
less thrift.

I did this for another : and, behold !
My work hath blood in it : but
thine hath none :
Done for thyself, it dies in being
done :
To what thou buyest thou thyself
art sold.

Give thyself utterly away. Be lost.
Choose someone, some thing : not
thyself, thine own :
Thou canst not perish : but, thrice
greater grown,—
Thy gain the greatest where thy loss
was most,—

Thou in another shalt thyself new-
find.
The single globule, lost in the wide
sea,
Becomes an ocean. Each iden-
tity
Is greatest in the greatness of its
kind.

Who serves for gain, a slave, by
thankless self
Is paid ; who gives himself is
priceless, free.
I give myself, a man, to God : lo,
He
Renders me back a saint unto my-
self !

NIGHT.

COME to me, not as once thou
camest, Night !
With light and splendor up the
gorgeous West ;
Easing the heart's rich sense of
thee with sighs
Sobbed out of all emotion on
Love's breast ;
While the dark world waned wav-
ering into rest,
Half seen athwart the dim delicious
light
Of languid eyes :
But softly, soberly ; and dark—more
dark !
Till my life's shadow lose itself in
thine.
Athwart the light of slowly-
gathering tears,
That come between me and the
starlight, shine
From distant melancholy deeps
divine,
While day slips downward through a
rosy arc
To other spheres.

SONG.

FLOW, freshly flow,
Dark stream, below !
While stars grow light above :
By willowy banks, through lonely
downs,
Past terraced walls in silent towns,
And bear me to my love !
Still, as we go,
Blow, gently blow,
Warm wind, and blithely move
These dreamy sails, that slowly
glide,—
A shadow on the shining tide
That bears me to my love.
Fade, sweetly fade
In dewy shade
On lonely grange and grove,
O lingering day ! and bring the
night

Through all her milk-white mazes
bright
That tremble o'er my love.
The sunset wanes
From twinkling panes.
Dim, misty myriads move
Down glimmering streets. One light
I see—
One happy light, that shines for me,
And lights me to my love !

FORBEARANCE.

CALL me not, Love, unthankful or
unkind,
That I have left my heart with
thee, and fled.
I were not worth that wealth which
I resigned,
Had I not chosen poverty instead.
Grant me but solitude ! I dare not
swerve
From my soul's law,—a slave,
though serving thee.
I but forbear more grandly to de-
serve :
The free gift only cometh of the
free.

HELIOS HYPERIONIDES.

HELIOS all day long his allotted
labor pursues ;
No rest to his passionate heart and
his panting horses given,
From the moment when roseate-fin-
gered Eos kindles the dews
And spurns the salt sea-floors,
ascending silvery the heaven,
Until from the hand of Eos Hesperos,
trembling, receives
His fragrant lamp, and faint in the
twilight hangs it up.
Then the over-wearied son of Hyper-
ion lightly leaves
His dusty chariot, and softly slips
into his golden cup :
And to holy Æthiopia, under the
ocean-stream,

Back from the sunken retreats of
the sweet Hesperides,
Leaving his unloved labor, leaving
his unyoked team,
He sails to his much-loved wife ;
and stretches his limbs at ease
In a laurelled lawn divine, on a bed
of beaten gold,
Where he pleasantly sleeps, forget-
ting his travel by lands and seas,
Till again the clear-eyed Eos comes
with a finger cold,
And again, from his white wife
severed, Hyperionides
Leaps into his flaming chariot,
angrily gathers the reins,
Headlong flings his course through
Uranos, much in wrath,
And over the seas and mountains,
over the rivers and plains,
Chafed at heart, tumultuous,
pushes his burning path.

ELISABETTA SIRANI.

1665.

JUST to begin,—and end ! so much,—
no more !
To touch upon the very point at
last
Where life should cling : to feel the
solid shore
Safe ; where, the seething sea's
strong toil o'erpast,
Peace seemed appointed ; then, with
all the store
Half-undivulged of the gleaned
ocean cast,
Like a discouraged wave's on the
bleak strand,
Where what appeared some temple
(whose glad Priest
To gather ocean's sparkling gift
should stand,
Bidding the wearied wave, from
toil releast,
Sleep in the marble harbors bathed
with bland
And quiet sunshine, flowing from
full east