

### ÉTIENNE DE LA BOËCE

I SERVE you not, if you I follow,  
Shadowlike, o'er hill and hollow ;  
And bend my fancy to your leading,  
All too nimble for my treading.  
When the pilgrimage is done,  
And we've the landscape overrun,  
I am bitter, vacant, thwarted,  
And your heart is unsupported.  
Vainly valiant, you have missed  
The manhood that should yours resist, —  
Its complement ; but if I could,  
In severe or cordial mood,  
Lead you rightly to my altar,  
Where the wisest Muses falter,  
And worship that world-warming spark  
Which dazzles me in midnight dark,  
Equalizing small and large,  
While the soul it doth surcharge,  
Till the poor is wealthy grown,  
And the hermit never alone, —  
The traveller and the road seem one  
With the errand to be done, —  
That were a man's and lover's part,  
That were Freedom's whitest chart.

### COMPENSATION

WHY should I keep holiday  
When other men have none ?  
Why but because, when these are gay,  
I sit and mourn alone ?

And why, when mirth unseals all tongues,  
Should mine alone be dumb ?  
Ah ! late I spoke to silent throngs,  
And now their hour is come.

### FORBEARANCE

HAST thou named all the birds without a gun ?  
Loved the wood-rose, and left it on its stalk ?  
At rich men's tables eaten bread and pulse ?  
Unarmed, faced danger with a heart of trust ?  
And loved so well a high behavior,  
In man or maid, that thou from speech refrained,  
Nobility more nobly to repay ?  
O, be my friend, and teach me to be thine !



### THE PARK

THE prosperous and beautiful  
To me seem not to wear  
The yoke of conscience masterful,  
Which galls me everywhere.

I cannot shake off the god ;  
On my neck he makes his seat ;  
I look at my face in the glass, —  
My eyes his eyeballs meet.

Enchanters ! Enchantresses !  
Your gold makes you seem wise ;  
The morning mist within your grounds  
More proudly rolls, more softly lies.

Yet spake yon purple mountain,  
Yet said yon ancient wood,  
That Night or Day, that Love or Crime,  
Leads all souls to the Good.

### FORERUNNERS

LONG I followed happy guides,  
I could never reach their sides ;  
Their step is forth, and, ere the day  
Breaks up their leaguer, and away.  
Keen my sense, my heart was young,  
Right good-will my sinews strung,  
But no speed of mine avails  
To hunt upon their shining trails.  
On and away, their hasting feet  
Make the morning proud and sweet ;  
Flowers they strew, — I catch the scent ;  
Or tone of silver instrument  
Leaves on the wind melodious trace ;  
Yet I could never see their face.  
On eastern hills I see their smokes,  
Mixed with mist by distant lochs.  
I met many travellers  
Who the road had surely kept ;  
They saw not my fine revellers, —  
These had crossed them while they slept.  
Some had heard their fair report,  
In the country or the court.  
Fleetest couriers alive  
Never yet could once arrive,



## SURSUM CORDA

As they went or they returned,  
 At the house where these sojourned.  
 Sometimes their strong speed they slacken,  
 Though they are not overtaken ;  
 In sleep their jubilant troop is near, —  
 I tuneful voices overhear ;  
 It may be in wood or waste, —  
 At unawares 't is come and past.  
 Their near camp my spirit knows  
 By signs gracious as rainbows.  
 I thenceforward and long after  
 Listen for their harp-like laughter,  
 And carry in my heart, for days,  
 Peace that hallows rudest ways.

## SURSUM CORDA

SEEK not the spirit, if it hide  
 Inexorable to thy zeal :  
 Trembler, do not whine and chide :  
 Art thou not also real ?  
 Stoop not then to poor excuse ;  
 Turn on the accuser roundly ; say,  
 ' Here am I, here will I abide  
 Forever to myself soothfast ;  
 Go thou, sweet Heaven, or at thy pleasure stay !'  
 Already Heaven with thee its lot has cast,  
 For only it can absolutely deal.

## ODE TO BEAUTY

Who gave thee, O Beauty,  
 The keys of this breast, —  
 Too credulous lover  
 Of blest and unblest ?  
 Say, when in lapsed ages  
 Thee knew I of old ?  
 Or what was the service  
 For which I was sold ?  
 When first my eyes saw thee,  
 I found me thy thrall,  
 By magical drawings,  
 Sweet tyrant of all !  
 I drank at thy fountain  
 False waters of thirst ;  
 Thou intimate stranger,  
 Thou latest and first !  
 Thy dangerous glances  
 Make women of men ;  
 New-born, we are melting  
 Into nature again.

Lavish, lavish promiser,  
 Nigh persuading gods to err !  
 Guest of million painted forms,