

LINES

WRITTEN BY ELLEN LOUISA TUCKER SHORTLY BEFORE
HER MARRIAGE TO MR. EMERSON

LOVE scatters oil
On Life's dark sea,
Sweetens its toil—
Our helmsman he.

Around him hover
Odorous clouds;
Under this cover
His arrows he shrouds.

The cloud was around me,
I knew not why
Such sweetness crowned me,
While Time shot by.

No pain was within,
But calm delight,
Like a world without sin,
Or a day without night.

The shafts of the god
Were tipped with down,

THE VIOLET

97

For they drew no blood,
And they knit no frown.

I knew of them not
Until Cupid laughed loud,
And saying "You're caught!"
Flew off in the cloud.

O then I awoke,
And I lived but to sigh,
Till a clear voice spoke,—
And my tears are dry.

THE VIOLET

BY ELLEN LOUISA TUCKER

WHY lingerest thou, pale violet, to see the dying year;
Are Autumn's blasts fit music for thee, fragile one, to
hear;
Will thy clear blue eye, upward bent, still keep its
chastened glow,
Still tearless lift its slender form above the wintry snow?

Why wilt thou live when none around reflects thy
pensive ray?
Thou bloomest here a lonely thing in the clear autumn
day.

The tall green trees, that shelter thee, their last gay
dress put on ;
There will be nought to shelter thee when their sweet
leaves are gone.

O Violet, like thee, how blest could I lie down and
die,
When summer light is fading, and autumn breezes
sigh ;
When Winter reigned I'd close my eye, but wake with
bursting Spring,
And live with living nature, a pure rejoicing thing.

I had a sister once who seemed just like a violet ;
Her morning sun shone bright and calmly purely
set ;
When the violets were in their shrouds, and Summer
in its pride,
She laid her hopes at rest, and in the year's rich beauty
died.

THE AMULET

Your picture smiles as first it smiled ;
The ring you gave is still the same ;
Your letter tells, O changing child !
No tidings *since* it came.

Give me an amulet
That keeps intelligence with you,—
Red when you love, and rosier red,
And when you love not, pale and blue.

Alas! that neither bonds nor vows
Can certify possession ;
Torments me still the fear that love
Died in its last expression.

THINE EYES STILL SHINED

THINE eyes still shined for me, though far
I lonely roved the land or sea :
As I behold yon evening star,
Which yet beholds not me.

This morn I climbed the misty hill
And roamed the pastures through ;
How danced thy form before my path
Amidst the deep-eyed dew !

When the redbird spread his sable wing,
And showed his side of flame ;
When the rosebud ripened to the rose,
In both I read thy name.

EROS

THE sense of the world is short, —
Long and various the report, —
To love and be beloved;
Men and gods have not outlearned it;
And, how oft so'er they've turned it,
Not to be improved.

HERMIONE

ON a mound an Arab lay,
And sung his sweet regrets
And told his amulets:
The summer bird
His sorrow heard,
And, when he heaved a sigh profound,
The sympathetic swallow swept the ground.

' If it be, as they said, she was not fair,
Beauty's not beautiful to me,
But sceptred genius, aye inorbed,
Culminating in her sphere.
This Hermione absorbed
The lustre of the land and ocean,

HERMIONE

101

Hills and islands, cloud and tree,
In her form and motion.

' I ask no bauble miniature,
Nor ringlets dead
Shorn from her comely head,
Now that morning not disdains
Mountains and the misty plains
Her colossal portraiture;
They her heralds be,
Steeped in her quality,
And singers of her fame
Who is their Muse and dame.

' Higher, dear swallows! mind not what I say.
Ah! heedless how the weak are strong,
Say, was it just,
In thee to frame, in me to trust,
Thou to the Syrian couldst belong?

' I am of a lineage
That each for each doth fast engage;
In old Bassora's schools, I seemed
Hermit vowed to books and gloom, —
Ill-bestead for gay bridegroom.
I was by thy touch redeemed;
When thy meteor glances came,
We talked at large of worldly fate,
And drew truly every trait.

‘Once I dwelt apart,
Now I live with all;
As shepherd’s lamp on far hill-side
Seems, by the traveller espied,
A door into the mountain heart,
So didst thou quarry and unlock
Highways for me through the rock.

‘Now, deceived, thou wanderest
In strange lands unblest;
And my kindred come to soothe me.
Southwind is my next of blood;
He is come through fragrant wood,
Drugged with spice from climates warm,
And in every twinkling glade,
And twilight nook,
Unveils thy form.
Out of the forest way
Forth paced it yesterday;
And when I sat by the watercourse,
Watching the daylight fade,
It throbbed up from the brook.

‘River and rose and crag and bird,
Frost and sun and eldest night,
To me their aid preferred,
To me their comfort plight; —
“Courage! we are thine allies,
And with this hint be wise,—

The chains of kind
The distant bind;
Deed thou doest she must do,
Above her will, be true;
And, in her strict resort
To winds and waterfalls
And autumn’s sunlit festivals,
To music, and to music’s thought,
Inextricably bound,
She shall find thee, and be found.
Follow not her flying feet;
Come to us herself to meet.”’

INITIAL, DÆMONIC AND CELESTIAL
LOVE

I

THE INITIAL LOVE

VENUS, when her son was lost,
Cried him up and down the coast,
In hamlets, palaces and parks,
And told the truant by his marks,—
Golden curls, and quiver and bow.
This befell how long ago!
Time and tide are strangely changed,
Men and manners much deranged: