

Seethed in mists of Penmanmaur,  
 Taught by Plinlimmon's Druid power,  
 England's genius filled all measure  
 Of heart and soul, of strength and pleasure,  
 Gave to the mind its emperor,  
 And life was larger than before :  
 Nor sequent centuries could hit  
 Orbit and sum of SHAKESPEARE'S wit.  
 The men who lived with him became  
 Poets, for the air was fame.

Far in the North, where polar night  
 Holds in check the frolic light,  
 In trance upborne past mortal goal  
 The Swede EMANUEL leads the soul.  
 Through snows above, mines underground,  
 The inks of Erebus he found;  
 Rehearsed to men the damnèd wails  
 On which the seraph music sails.  
 In spirit-worlds he trod alone,  
 But walked the earth unmarked, unknown.  
 The near bystander caught no sound, —  
 Yet they who listened far aloof  
 Heard rendings of the skyey roof,  
 And felt, beneath, the quaking ground;  
 And his air-sown, unheeded words,  
 In the next age, are flaming swords.

In newer days of war and trade,  
 Romance forgot, and faith decayed,  
 When Science armed and guided war,  
 And clerks the Janus-gates unbar,  
 When France, where poet never grew,  
 Halved and dealt the globe anew,  
 GOETHE, raised o'er joy and strife,  
 Drew the firm lines of Fate and Life  
 And brought Olympian wisdom down  
 To court and mart, to gown and town.  
 Stooping, his finger wrote in clay  
 The open secret of to-day.

So bloom the unfading petals five,  
 And verses that all verse outlive.

## HYMN

SUNG AT THE SECOND CHURCH, AT THE ORDINATION  
 OF REV. CHANDLER ROBBINS

WE love the venerable house  
 Our fathers built to God; —  
 In heaven are kept their grateful vows,  
 Their dust endears the sod.

## HYMN

Here holy thoughts a light have shed  
 From many a radiant face,  
 And prayers of humble virtue made  
 The perfume of the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here  
 The mystery of life,  
 And prayed the eternal Light to clear  
 Their doubts, and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around  
 Came up the pensive train,  
 And in the church a blessing found  
 That filled their homes again;

For faith and peace and mighty love  
 That from the Godhead flow,  
 Showed them the life of Heaven above  
 Springs from the life below.

They live with God; their homes are dust;  
 Yet here their children pray,  
 And in this fleeting lifetime trust  
 To find the narrow way.

On him who by the altar stands,  
 On him thy blessing fall,  
 Speak through his lips thy pure commands,  
 Thou heart that lovest all.

## NATURE

## I

WINTERS know  
 Easily to shed the snow,  
 And the untaught Spring is wise  
 In cowslips and anemonies.  
 Nature, hating art and pains,  
 Baulks and baffles plotting brains;  
 Casualty and Surprise  
 Are the apples of her eyes;  
 But she dearly loves the poor,  
 And, by marvel of her own,  
 Strikes the loud pretender down.  
 For Nature listens in the rose  
 And hearkens in the berry's bell  
 To help her friends, to plague her foes,  
 And like wise God she judges well.  
 Yet doth much her love excel  
 To the souls that never fell,  
 To swains that live in happiness  
 And do well because they please,  
 Who walk in ways that are unfamed,  
 And feats achieve before they're named.

## NATURE

### II

SHE is gamesome and good,  
But of mutable mood, —  
No dreary repeater now and again,  
(She will be all things to all men.)  
She who is old, but nowise feeble,  
Pours her power into the people,  
Merry and manifold without bar,  
Makes and moulds them what they are,  
And what they call their city way  
Is not their way, but hers,  
And what they say they made to-day,  
They learned of the oaks and firs.  
She spawneth men as mallows fresh,  
Hero and maiden, flesh of her flesh ;  
She drugs her water and her wheat  
With the flavors she finds meet,  
And gives them what to drink and eat ;  
And having thus their bread and growth,  
They do her bidding, nothing loath,  
What 's most theirs is not their own,  
But borrowed in atoms from iron and stone,  
And in their vaunted works of Art  
The master-stroke is still her part.

## THE ROMANY GIRL

THE sun goes down, and with him takes  
The coarseness of my poor attire ;  
The fair moon mounts, and aye the flame  
Of Gypsy beauty blazes higher.

Pale Northern girls ! you scorn our race ;  
You captives of your air-tight halls,  
Wear out indoors your sickly days,  
But leave us the horizon walls.

And if I take you, dames, to task,  
And say it frankly without guile,  
Then you are Gypsies in a mask,  
And I the lady all the while.

If on the heath, below the moon,  
I court and play with paler blood,  
Me false to mine dare whisper none, —  
One sallow horseman knows me good.

Go, keep your cheek's rose from the rain,  
For teeth and hair with shopmen deal ;  
My swarthy tint is in the grain,  
The rocks and forest know it real.

## DAYS

The wild air bloweth in our lungs,  
 The keen stars twinkle in our eyes,  
 The birds gave us our wily tongues,  
 The panther in our dances flies.

You doubt we read the stars on high,  
 Nathless we read your fortunes true;  
 The stars may hide in the upper sky,  
 But without glass we fathom you.

## DAYS

DAUGHTERS of Time, the hypocritic Days,  
 Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,  
 And marching single in an endless file,  
 Bring diadems and fagots in their hands.  
 To each they offer gifts after his will,  
 Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them  
 all.

I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp,  
 Forgot my morning wishes, hastily  
 Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day  
 Turned and departed silent. I, too late,  
 Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

## MY GARDEN

If I could put my woods in song  
 And tell what's there enjoyed,  
 All men would to my gardens throng,  
 And leave the cities void.

In my plot no tulips blow,—  
 Snow-loving pines and oaks instead;  
 And rank the savage maples grow  
 From Spring's faint flush to Autumn red.

My garden is a forest ledge  
 Which older forests bound;  
 The banks slope down to the blue lake-edge,  
 Then plunge to depths profound.

Here once the Deluge ploughed,  
 Laid the terraces, one by one;  
 Ebbing later whence it flowed,  
 They bleach and dry in the sun.

The sowers made haste to depart,—  
 The wind and the birds which sowed it;  
 Not for fame, nor by rules of art,  
 Planted these, and tempests flowed it.

## MY GARDEN

Waters that wash my garden-side  
 Play not in Nature's lawful web,  
 They heed not moon or solar tide,—  
 Five years elapse from flood to ebb.

Hither hasted, in old time, Jove,  
 And every god,— none did refuse;  
 And be sure at last came Love,  
 And after Love, the Muse.

Keen ears can catch a syllable,  
 As if one spake to another,  
 In the hemlocks tall, untamable,  
 And what the whispering grasses smother.

Æolian harps in the pine  
 Ring with the song of the Fates;  
 Infant Bacchus in the vine,—  
 Far distant yet his chorus waits.

Canst thou copy in verse one chime  
 Of the wood-bell's peal and cry,  
 Write in a book the morning's prime,  
 Or match with words that tender sky?

Wonderful verse of the gods,  
 Of one import, of varied tone;  
 They chant the bliss of their abodes  
 To man imprisoned in his own.

## MY GARDEN

Ever the words of the gods resound;  
 But the porches of man's ear  
 Seldom in this low life's round  
 Are unsealed, that he may hear.

Wandering voices in the air  
 And murmurs in the wold  
 Speak what I cannot declare,  
 Yet cannot all withhold.

When the shadow fell on the lake,  
 The whirlwind in ripples wrote  
 Air-bells of fortune that shine and break,  
 And omens above thought.

But the meanings cleave to the lake,  
 Cannot be carried in book or urn;  
 Go thy ways now, come later back,  
 On waves and hedges still they burn.

These the fates of men forecast,  
 Of better men than live to-day;  
 If who can read them comes at last  
 He will spell in the sculpture, 'Stay.'

### THE CHARTIST'S COMPLAINT

DAY! hast thou two faces,  
Making one place two places?  
One, by humble farmer seen,  
Chill and wet, unlighted, mean,  
Useful only, triste and damp,  
Serving for a laborer's lamp?  
Have the same mists another side,  
To be the appanage of pride,  
Gracing the rich man's wood and lake,  
His park where amber mornings break,  
And treacherously bright to show  
His planted isle where roses glow?  
O Day! and is your mightiness  
A sycophant to smug success?  
Will the sweet sky and ocean broad  
Be fine accomplices to fraud?  
O Sun! I curse thy cruel ray:  
Back, back to chaos, harlot Day!

### THE TITMOUSE

You shall not be overbold  
When you deal with arctic cold,  
As late I found my lukewarm blood  
Chilled wading in the snow-choked wood.  
How should I fight? my foeman fine  
Has million arms to one of mine:  
East, west, for aid I looked in vain,  
East, west, north, south, are his domain.  
Miles off, three dangerous miles, is home;  
Must borrow his winds who there would  
    come.

Up and away for life! be fleet! —  
The frost-king ties my fumbling feet,  
Sings in my ears, my hands are stones,  
Curdles the blood to the marble bones,  
Tugs at the heart-strings, numbs the sense,  
And hems in life with narrowing fence.  
Well, in this broad bed lie and sleep, —  
The punctual stars will vigil keep, —  
Embalmed by purifying cold;  
The winds shall sing their dead-march old,  
The snow is no ignoble shroud,  
The moon thy mourner, and the cloud.