

FRIENDSHIP

A RUDDY drop of manly blood
The surging sea outweighs,
The world uncertain comes and goes;
The lover rooted stays.
I fancied he was fled, —
And, after many a year,
Glowed unexhausted kindliness,
Like daily sunrise there.
My careful heart was free again,
O friend, my bosom said,
Through thee alone the sky is arched,
Through thee the rose is red;
All things through thee take nobler form,
And look beyond the earth,
The mill-round of our fate appears
A sun-path in thy worth.
Me too thy nobleness has taught
To master my despair;
The fountains of my hidden life
Are through thy friendship fair.

SPIRITUAL LAWS

THE living Heaven thy prayers respect,
House at once and architect,
Quarrying man's rejected hours,
Builds therewith eternal towers;
Sole and self-commanded works,
Fears not undermining days,
Grows by decays,
And, by the famous might that lurks
In reaction and recoil,
Makes flame to freeze and ice to boil;
Forging, through swart arms of Offence,
The silver seat of Innocence.

BEAUTY

WAS never form and never face
So sweet to SEYD as only grace
Which did not slumber like a stone,
But hovered gleaming and was gone.
Beauty chased he everywhere,
In flame, in storm, in clouds of air.
He smote the lake to feed his eye

With the beryl beam of the broken wave ;
 He flung in pebbles well to hear
 The moment's music which they gave.
 Oft pealed for him a lofty tone
 From nodding pole and belting zone.
 He heard a voice none else could hear
 From centred and from errant sphere.
 The quaking earth did quake in rhyme,
 Seas ebb'd and flow'd in epic chime.
 In dens of passion, and pits of woe,
 He saw strong Eros struggling through,
 To sun the dark and solve the curse,
 And beam to the bounds of the universe.
 While thus to love he gave his days
 In loyal worship, scorning praise,
 How spread their lures for him in vain
 Thieving Ambition and paltering Gain !
 He thought it happier to be dead,
 To die for Beauty, than live for bread.

MANNERS

GRACE, Beauty and Caprice
 Build this golden portal ;
 Graceful women, chosen men,
 Dazzle every mortal.
 Their sweet and lofty countenance

His enchanted food ;
 He need not go to them, their forms
 Beset his solitude.
 He looketh seldom in their face,
 His eyes explore the ground, —
 The green grass is a looking-glass
 Whereon their traits are found.
 Little and less he says to them,
 So dances his heart in his breast ;
 Their tranquil mien bereaveth him
 Of wit, of words, of rest.
 Too weak to win, too fond to shun
 The tyrants of his doom,
 The much deceived Endymion
 Slips behind a tomb.

ART

GIVE to barrows, trays and pans
 Grace and glimmer of romance ;
 Bring the moonlight into noon
 Hid in gleaming piles of stone ;
 On the city's paved street
 Plant gardens lined with lilacs sweet ;
 Let spouting fountains cool the air,
 Singing in the sun-baked square ;
 Let statue, picture, park and hall,

ART

Ballad, flag and festival,
 The past restore, the day adorn,
 And make to-morrow a new morn.
 So shall the drudge in dusty frock
 Spy behind the city clock
 Retinues of airy kings,
 Skirts of angels, starry wings,
 His fathers shining in bright fables,
 His children fed at heavenly tables.
 'T is the privilege of Art
 Thus to play its cheerful part,
 Man on earth to acclimate
 And bend the exile to his fate,
 And, moulded of one element
 With the days and firmament,
 Teach him on these as stairs to climb,
 And live on even terms with Time;
 Whilst upper life the slender rill
 Of human sense doth overflow.

UNITY

SPACE is ample, east and west,
 But two cannot go abreast,
 Cannot travel in it two:
 Yonder masterful cuckoo
 Crowds every egg out of the nest,
 Quick or dead, except its own;
 A spell is laid on sod and stone,
 Night and Day were tampered with,
 Every quality and pith
 Surcharged and sultry with a power
 That works its will on age and hour.

WORSHIP

THIS is he, who, felled by foes,
 Sprung harmless up, refreshed by blows:
 He to captivity was sold,
 But him no prison-bars would hold:
 Though they sealed him in a rock,
 Mountain chains he can unlock:
 Thrown to lions for their meat,
 The crouching lion kissed his feet;