

## CONTRASTED SONGS.

## SAILING BEYOND SEAS.

*(Old Style.)*

METHOUGHT the stars were blinking bright,  
 And the old brig's sails unfurled ;  
 I said, " I will sail to my love this night  
 At the other side of the world."  
 I stepped aboard, — we sailed so fast, —  
 The sun shot up from the bourn ;  
 But a dove that perched upon the mast  
 Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn.

O fair dove! O fond dove!  
 And dove with the white breast,  
 Let me alone, the dream is my own,  
 And my heart is full of rest.

My true love fares on this great hill,  
 Feeding his sheep for aye ;  
 I looked in his hut, but all was still,  
 My love was gone away.  
 I went to gaze in the forest creek,  
 And the dove mourned on apace ;  
 No flame did flash, nor fair blue reek  
 Rose up to show me his place.

O last love! O first love!  
 My love with the true heart,  
 To think I have come to this your home,  
 And yet — we are apart!

My love! He stood at my right hand,  
 His eyes were grave and sweet.  
 Methought he said, " In this far land,  
 Oh, is it thus we meet?"

Ah, maid most dear, I am not here ;  
 I have no place, — no part, —  
 No dwelling more by sea or shore,  
 But only in thy heart."  
 O fair dove! O fond dove!  
 Till night rose over the bourn,  
 The dove on the mast, as we sailed fast,  
 Did mourn, and mourn, and mourn.

## REMONSTRANCE.

DAUGHTERS of Eve! your mother did not well:  
 She laid the apple in your father's hand,  
 And we have read, O wonder! what befell, —  
 The man was not deceived, nor yet could stand,  
 He chose to lose, for love of her, his throne, —  
 With her could die, but could not live alone.

Daughters of Eve! he did not fall so low,  
 Nor fall so far, as that sweet woman fell:  
 For something better, than as gods to know,  
 That husband in that home left off to dwell:  
 For this, till love be reckoned less than lore,  
 Shall man be first and best for evermore.

Daughters of Eve! it was for your dear sake  
 The world's first hero died an uncrowned king  
 For God's great pity touched the grand mistake,  
 And made his married love a sacred thing:  
 For yet his nobler sons, if aught be true,  
 Find the lost Eden in their love to you.

SONG FOR THE NIGHT OF CHRIST'S RESUR-  
RECTION.*(An Humble Imitation.)*

—  
 "And birds of calm sit brooding on the charmèd wave."

—  
 It is the noon of night,  
 And the world's Great Light  
 Gone out, she widow-like doth carry her :  
 The moon hath veiled her face,  
 Nor looks on that dread place  
 Where He lieth dead in sealèd sepulchre ;  
 And heaven and hades, emptied, lend  
 Their flocking multitudes to watch and wait the end

—  
 Tier above tier they rise,  
 Their wings new line the skies,  
 And shed out comforting light among the stars ;  
 But they of the other place  
 The heavenly signs deface,  
 The gloomy brand of hell their brightness mars ;  
 Yet high they sit in thronèd state, —  
 It is the hour of darkness to them dedicate.

—  
 And first and highest set,  
 Where the black shades are met,  
 The lord of night and hades leans him down ;  
 His gleaming eyeballs show  
 More awful than the glow  
 Which hangeth by the points of his dread crown ;  
 And at his feet, where lightnings play,  
 The fatal sisters sit and weep, and curse their day.

—  
 Lo ! one, with eyes all wide,  
 As she were sight denied,  
 Sits blindly feeling at her distaff old ;  
 One, as distraught with woe,  
 Letting the spindle go,  
 Her starry-sprinkled gown doth shivering fold ;  
 And one right mournful hangs her head,  
 Complaining, " Woe is me ! I may not cut the thread.

—  
 " All men, of every birth,  
 Yea, great ones of the earth,  
 Kings and their councillors, have I drawn down ;  
 But I am held of Thee, —  
 Why dost Thou trouble me,  
 To bring me up, dead King, that keep'st Thy  
 crown ?  
 Yet for all courtiers hast but ten  
 Lowly, unlettered, Galilean fishermen.

—  
 " Olympian heights are bare  
 Of whom men worshipped there,  
 Immortal feet their snows may print no more ;  
 Their stately powers below  
 Lie desolate, nor know  
 This thirty years Thessalian grove or shore ;  
 But I am elder far than they ; —  
 Where is the sentence writ that I must pass away ?

—  
 " Art thou come up for this,  
 Dark regent, awful Dis ?  
 And hast thou moved the deep to mark our ending ?  
 And stirred the dens beneath  
 To see us eat of death,  
 With all the scoffing heavens toward us bending ?  
 Help ! powers of ill, see not us die !"  
 But neither demon dares, nor angel deigns, reply.

Her sisters, fallen on sleep,  
 Fade in the upper deep,  
 And their grim lord sits on, in doleful trance;  
 Till her black veil she rends,  
 And with her death-shriek bends  
 Downward the terrors of her countenance;  
 Then, whelmed in night and no more seen,  
 They leave the world a doubt if ever such have been.

And the winged armies twain  
 Their awful watch maintain;  
 They mark the earth at rest with her Great Dead;  
 Behold, from Antres wide,  
 Green Atlas heave his side;  
 His moving woods their scarlet clusters shed,  
 The swathing coif his front that cools,  
 And tawny lions lapping at his palm-edged pools.

Then like a heap of snow,  
 Lying where grasses grow,  
 See glimmering, while the moony lustres creep,  
 Mild-mannered Athens, dight  
 In dewy marbles white,  
 Among her goddesses and gods asleep;  
 And, swaying on a purple sea,  
 The many moorèd galleys clustering at her quay.

Also, 'neath palm-trees' shade,  
 Amid their camels laid,  
 The pastoral tribes with all their flocks at rest;  
 Like to those old-world folk  
 With whom two angels broke  
 The bread of men at Abram's courteous 'quest,  
 When, listening as they prophesied,  
 His desert princess, being reproved, her laugh denied.

Or from the Morians' land  
 See worshipped Nilus bland,

Taking the silver road he gave the world,  
 To wet his ancient shrine  
 With waters held divine,  
 And touch his temple steps with wavelets curled,  
 And list, ere darkness change to gray,  
 Old minstrel-throated Memnon chanting in the day

Moreover, Indian glades,  
 Where kneel the sun-swart maids,  
 On Gunga's flood their votive flowers to throw,  
 And launch 't the sultry night  
 Their burning cressets bright,  
 Most like a fleet of stars that southing go,  
 Till on her bosom prosperously  
 She floats them shining forth to sail the lullèd sea.

Nor bend they not their eyn  
 Where the watch-fires shine,  
 By shepherds fed, on hills of Bethlehem:  
 They mark, in goodly wise,  
 The city of David rise,  
 The gates and towers of rare Jerusalem;  
 And hear the 'scapèd Kedron fret,  
 And night dews dropping from the leaves of Olivet

But now the setting moon  
 To curtained lands must soon,  
 In her obedient fashion, minister;  
 She first, as loath to go,  
 Lets her last silver flow  
 Upon her Master's sealèd sepulchre;  
 And trees that in the garden spread,  
 She kisseth all for sake of His low-lying head,

Then 'neath the rim goes down;  
 And night with darker frown  
 Sinks on the fateful garden watchèd long;

When some despairing eyes,  
Far in the murky skies,  
The unwishèd waking by their gloom foretell ;  
And blackness up the welkin swings,  
And drinks the mild effulgence from celestial wings.

Last, with amazèd cry,  
The hosts asunder fly,  
Leaving an empty gulf of blackest hue ;  
Whence straightway shooteth down,  
By the Great Father thrown,  
A mighty angel, strong and dread to view ;  
And at his fall the rocks are rent,  
The waiting world doth quake with mortal tremble-  
ment ;

The regions far and near  
Quail with a pause of fear,  
More terrible than aught since time began ;  
The winds, that dare not fleet,  
Drop at his awful feet,  
And in its bed wails the wide ocean ;  
The flower of dawn forbears to blow,  
And the oldest running river cannot skill to flow.

At stand, by that dread place,  
He lifts his radiant face,  
And looks to heaven with reverent love and fear ;  
Then, while the welkin quakes,  
And muttering thunder breaks,  
And lightnings shoot and ominous meteors drear,  
And all the daunted earth doth moan,  
He from the doors of death rolls back the sealèd  
stone. —

— In regal quiet deep,  
Lo, One new waked from sleep !

Behold, He standeth in the rock-hewn door !  
Thy children shall not die, —  
Peace, peace, thy Lord is by !  
He liveth ! — they shall live forevermore.  
Peace ! lo, He lifts a priestly hand,  
And blesseth all the sons of men in every land.

Then with great dread and wail,  
Fall down, like storms of hail,  
The legions of the lost in fearful wise.  
And they whose blissful race  
Peoples the better place  
Lift up their wings to cover their fair eyes,  
And through the waxing saffron brede,  
Till they are lost in light, recede, and yet recede.

So while the fields are dim,  
And the red sun his rim  
First heaves, in token of his reign benign,  
All stars the most admired,  
Into their blue retired,  
Lie hid, — the faded moon forgets to shine, —  
And, hurrying down the spherical way,  
Night flies and sweeps her shadow from the paths of  
day.

But look ! the Saviour blest,  
Calm after solemn rest,  
Stands in the garden 'neath His olive-boughs ;  
The earliest smile of day  
Doth on His vesture play,  
And light the majesty of His still brows ;  
While angels hang with wings outspread,  
Holding the new-won crown above His saintly head.

## SONG OF MARGARET.

Ay, I saw her, we have met, —  
 Married eyes, how sweet they be, —  
 Are you happier, Margaret,  
 Than you might have been with me?  
 Silence! make no more ado!  
 Did she think I should forget?  
 Matters nothing, though I knew,  
 Margaret, Margaret.  
 Once those eyes, full sweet, full shy,  
 Told a certain thing to mine;  
 What they told me I put by,  
 O, so careless of the sign.  
 Such an easy thing to take,  
 And I did not want it then;  
 Fool! I wish my heart would break,  
 Scorn is hard on hearts of men.  
 Scorn of self is bitter work, —  
 Each of us has felt it now:  
 Bluest skies she counted mirk,  
 Self-betrayed of eyes and brow;  
 As for me, I went my way,  
 And a better man drew nigh,  
 Fain to earn, with long essay,  
 What the winner's hand threw by.  
 Matters not in deserts old,  
 What was born, and waxed, and yearned,  
 Year to year its meaning told,  
 I am come, — its deeps are learned, —  
 Come, but there is naught to say, —  
 Married eyes with mine have met,  
 Silence! O, I had my day,  
 Margaret, Margaret.

## SONG OF THE GOING AWAY.

“OLD man, upon the green hillside,  
 With yellow flowers besprinkled o'er,  
 How long in silence wilt thou bide  
 At this low stone door?  
 “I stoop: within 'tis dark and still;  
 But shadowy paths methinks there be,  
 And lead they far into the hill?”  
 “Traveller, come and see.”  
 “'Tis dark, 'tis cold, and hung with gloom;  
 I care not now within to stay;  
 For thee and me is scarcely room,  
 I will hence away.”  
 “Not so, not so, thou youthful guest,  
 Thy foot shall issue forth no more:  
 Behold the chamber of thy rest,  
 And the closing door!”  
 “O, have I 'scaped the whistling ball,  
 And striven on smoky fields of fight,  
 And scaled the 'leaguered city's wall  
 In the dangerous night;  
 “And borne my life unharmèd still  
 Through foaming gulfs of yeasty spray,  
 To yield it on a grassy hill  
 At the noon of day?”  
 “Peace! Say thy prayers, and go to sleep,  
 Till *some time*, ONE my seal shall break,  
 And deep shall answer unto deep,  
 When He cryeth, ‘AWAKE!’”

## A LILY AND A LUTE.

*(Song of the uncommunicated Ideal.)*

I.

I OPENED the eyes of my soul.  
 And behold,  
 A white river-lily: a lily awake, and aware,—  
 For she set her face upward,— aware how in scarlet  
 and gold  
 A long wrinkled cloud, left behind of the wandering  
 air,  
 Lay over with fold upon fold,  
 With fold upon fold.

And the blushing sweet shame of the cloud made  
 her also ashamed,  
 The white river-lily, that suddenly knew she was  
 fair;  
 And over the far-away mountains that no man hath  
 named,  
 And that no foot hath trod,  
 Flung down out of heavenly places, there fell, as it  
 were,  
 A rose-bloom, a token of love, that should make  
 them endure,  
 Withdrawn in snow-silence forever, who keep them-  
 selves pure,  
 And look up to God.

Then I said, "In rosy air,  
 Cradled on thy reaches fair,  
 While the blushing early ray  
 Whitens into perfect day,  
 River-lily, sweetest known,  
 Art thou set for me alone?"

Nay, but I will bear thee far,  
 Where yon clustering steeples are,  
 And the bells ring out o'erhead,  
 And the stated prayers are said;  
 And the busy farmer's pace,  
 Trading in the market-place;  
 And the country lasses sit  
 By their butter, praising it;  
 And the latest news is told,  
 While the fruit and cream are sold;  
 And the friendly gossips greet,  
 Up and down the sunny street.  
 For," I said, "I have not met,  
 White one, any folk as yet  
 Who would send no blessing up,  
 Looking on a face like thine;  
 For thou art as Joseph's cup,  
 And by thee might they divine.

"Nay! but thou a spirit art;  
 Men shall take thee in the mart  
 For the ghost of their best thought,  
 Raised at noon, and near them brought;  
 Or the prayer they made last night,  
 Set before them all in white."

And I put out my rash hand,  
 For I thought to draw to land  
 The white lily. Was it fit  
 Such a blossom should expand,  
 Fair enough for a world's wonder,  
 And no mortal gather it?  
 No. I strove, and it went under,  
 And I drew, but it went down;  
 And the water-weeds' long tresses,  
 And the overlapping cresses,  
 Sullied its admired crown.

Then along the river strand,  
 Trailing, wrecked, it came to land,  
 Of its beauty half despoiled,  
 And its snowy pureness soiled :  
 O! I took it in my hand, —  
 You will never see it now,  
 White and golden as it grew :  
 No, I cannot show it you,  
 Nor the cheerful town endow  
 With the freshness of its brow.  
 If a royal painter, great  
 With the colors dedicate  
 To a dove's neck, a sea-bight  
 And the flickerings over white  
 Mountain summits far away, —  
 One content to give his mind  
 To the enrichment of mankind,  
 And the laying up of light  
 In men's houses, — on that day,  
 Could have passed in kingly mood,  
 Would he ever have endued  
 Canvas with the peerless thing,  
 In the grace that it did bring,  
 And the light that o'er it flowed,  
 With the pureness that it showed,  
 And the pureness that it meant?  
 Could he skill to make it seen  
 As he saw? For this, I ween,  
 He were likewise impotent.

## II.

I opened the doors of my heart.

And behold,

There was music within and a song,  
 And echoes did feed on the sweetness, repeating it  
 long.

I opened the doors of my heart. And behold,  
 There was music that played itself out in æolian  
 notes ;  
 Then was heard, as a far-away bell at long intervals  
 tolled,  
 That murmurs and floats,  
 And presently dieth, forgotten of forest and wold,  
 And comes in all passion again and a tremblement  
 soft,  
 That maketh the listener full oft  
 To whisper, " Ah! would I might hear it forever  
 and aye,  
 When I toil in the heat of the day,  
 When I walk in the cold."

I opened the door of my heart. And behold,  
 There was music within, and a song.  
 But while I was hearkening, lo, blackness without,  
 thick and strong,  
 Came up and came over, and all that sweet fluting  
 was drowned,  
 I could hear it no more ;  
 For the welkin was moaning, the waters were stirred  
 on the shore,  
 And trees in the dark all around  
 Were shaken. It thundered. " Hark, hark! there  
 is thunder to-night!  
 The sullen long wave rears her head, and comes  
 down with a will ;  
 The awful white tongues are let loose, and the stars  
 are all dead ; —  
 There is thunder! it thunders! and ladders of light  
 Run up. There is thunder!" I said,  
 " Loud thunder! it thunders! and up in the dark  
 overhead,  
 A down-pouring cloud (there is thunder!), a down-  
 pouring cloud

Hails out her fierce message, and quivers the deep  
 in its bed,  
 And cowers the earth held at bay; and they mutter  
 aloud,  
 And pause with an ominous tremble, till, great in  
 their rage,  
 The heavens and earth come together, and meet with  
 a crash;  
 And the fight is so fell as if Time had come down  
 with a flash,  
 And the story of life was all read,  
 And the Giver had turned the last page.  
 Nor their bar the pent water-floods lash,  
 And the forest trees give out their language austere  
 with great age;  
 And there flieth o'er moor and o'er hill,  
 And there heaveth at intervals wide, [subside,  
 The long sob of nature's great passion, as loath to  
 Until quiet drop down on the tide,  
 And mad echo hath moaned herself still.

Lo! or ever I was 'ware,  
 In the silence of the air,  
 Through my heart's wide-open door,  
 Music floated forth once more,  
 Floated to the world's dark rim,  
 And looked over with a hymn;  
 Then came home with flutings fine,  
 And discoursed in tones divine  
 Of a certain grief of mine;  
 And went downward and went in,  
 Glimpses of my soul to win,  
 And discovered such a deep  
 That I could not choose but weep,  
 For it lay, a land-locked sea,  
 Fathomless and dim to me.

O the song! It came and went,  
 Went and came.

I have not learned  
 Half the lore whereto it yearned,  
 Half the magic that it meant.  
 Water booming in a cave;  
 Or the swell of some long wave,  
 Setting in from unrevealed  
 Countries; or a foreign tongue,  
 Sweetly talked and deftly sung,  
 While the meaning is half sealed;  
 May be like it. You have heard  
 Also;— can you find a word  
 For the naming of such song?  
 No; a name would do it wrong.  
 You have heard it in the night,  
 In the dropping rain's despite,  
 In the midnight darkness deep,  
 When the children were asleep,  
 And the wife— no, let that be;  
 SHE asleep! She knows right well  
 What the song to you and me,  
 While we breathe, can never tell;  
 She hath heard its faultless flow,  
 Where the roots of music grow.  
 While I listened, like young birds,  
 Hints were fluttering; almost words,—  
 Leaned and leaned, and nearer came;—  
 Everything had changed its name.  
 Sorrow was a ship, I found,  
 Wrecked with them that in her are,  
 On an island richer far  
 Than the port where they were bound.  
 Fear was but the awful boom  
 Of the old great bell of doom.



Tolling, far from earthly air,  
 For all worlds to go to prayer.  
 Pain, that to us mortal clings,  
 But the pushing of our wings,  
 That we have no use for yet,  
 And the uprooting of our feet  
 From the soil where they are set,  
 And the land we reckon sweet.  
 Love in growth, the grand deceit  
 Whereby men the perfect greet;  
 Love in wane, the blessing sent  
 To be (howsoe'er it went)  
 Nevermore with earth content.  
 O, full sweet, and O, full high,  
 Ran that music up the sky;  
 But I cannot sing it you,  
 More than I can make you view,  
 With my paintings labial,  
 Sitting up in awful row,  
 White old men majestical,  
 Mountains, in their gowns of snow,  
 Ghosts of kings; as my two eyes,  
 Looking over speckled skies,  
 See them now. About their knees,  
 Half in haze, there stands at ease  
 A great army of green hills,  
 Some bareheaded; and, behold,  
 Small green mosses creep on some.  
 Those be mighty forests old;  
 And white avalanches come  
 Through yon rents, where now distils  
 Sheeny silver, pouring down  
 To a tune of old renown,  
 Cutting narrow pathways through  
 Gentian belts of airy blue,  
 To a zone where starwort blows,  
 And long reaches of the rose.

So, that haze all left behind,  
 Down the chestnut forests wind,  
 Pass yon jagged spires, where yet  
 Foot of man was never set;  
 Past a castle yawning wide,  
 With a great breach in its side,  
 To a nest-like valley, where,  
 Like a sparrow's egg in hue,  
 Lie two lakes, and teach the true  
 Color of the sea-maid's hair.

What beside? The world beside!

Drawing down and down to greet  
 Cottage clusters at our feet, —  
 Every scent of summer tide, —  
 Flowery pastures all aglow  
 (Men and women mowing go  
 Up and down them); also soft,  
 Floating of the film aloft,  
 Fluttering of the leaves alow.  
 Is this told? It is not told.  
 Where's the danger? where's the cold  
 Slippery danger up the steep?  
 Where yon shadow fallen asleep?  
 Chirping bird and tumbling spray,  
 Light, work, laughter, scent of hay,  
 Peace, and echo, where are they?

Ah, they sleep, sleep all untold;  
 Memory must their grace unfold  
 Silently; and that high song  
 Of the heart, it doth belong  
 To the hearers. Not a whit,  
 Though a chief musician heard,  
 Could he make a tune for it.

Though a lute full deftly strung,  
 And the sweetest bird e'er sung,

Could have tried it, — O, the lute  
 For that wondrous song were mute,  
 And the bird would do her part,  
 Falter, fail, and break her heart, —  
 Break her heart, and furl her wings,  
 On the unexpressive strings.

GLADYS AND HER ISLAND.

(On the Advantages of the Poetical Temperament.)

AN IMPERFECT FABLE WITH A DOUBTFUL MORAL.

O HAPPY Gladys! I rejoice with her,  
 For Gladys saw the island.

It was thus:

They gave a day for pleasure in the school  
 Where Gladys taught; and all the other girls  
 Were taken out to picnic in a wood.  
 But it was said, "We think it were not well  
 That little Gladys should acquire a taste  
 For pleasure, going about, and needless change.  
 It would not suit her station: discontent  
 Might come of it; and all her duties now  
 She does so pleasantly, that we were best  
 To keep her humble." So they said to her,  
 "Gladys, we shall not want you, all to-day.  
 Look, you are free; you need not sit at work:  
 No, you may take a long and pleasant walk  
 Over the sea-cliff, or upon the beach  
 Among the visitors."

Then Gladys blushed  
 For joy, and thanked them. What! a holiday,  
 A whole one, for herself! How good, how kind!  
 With that the marshalled carriages drove off;

And Gladys, sobered with her weight of joy,  
 Stole out beyond the groups upon the beach —  
 The children with their wooden spades, the band  
 That played for lovers, and the sunny stir  
 Of cheerful life and leisure — to the rocks,  
 For these she wanted most, and there was time  
 To mark them; how like ruined organs prone  
 They lay, or leaned their giant fluted pipes,  
 And let the great white-crested reckless wave  
 Beat out their booming melody.

The sea  
 Was filled with light; in clear blue caverns curled  
 The breakers, and they ran, and seemed to romp,  
 As playing at some rough and dangerous game,  
 While all the nearer waves rushed in to help,  
 And all the farther heaved their heads to peep,  
 And tossed the fishing-boats. Then Gladys laughed,  
 And said, "O happy tide, to be so lost  
 In sunshine, that one dare not look at it;  
 And lucky cliffs, to be so brown and warm;  
 And yet how lucky are the shadows, too,  
 That lurk beneath their ledges. It is strange,  
 That in remembrance though I lay them up,  
 They are forever, when I come to them,  
 Better than I had thought. O, something yet  
 I had forgotten. Oft I say, 'At least  
 This picture is imprinted; thus and thus,  
 The sharpened serried jags run up, run out,  
 Layer on layer.' And I look — up — up —  
 High, higher up again, till far aloft  
 They cut into their ether — brown, and clear,  
 And perfect. And I, saying, 'This is mine,  
 To keep,' retire; but shortly come again,  
 And they confound me with a glorious change.  
 The low sun out of rain-clouds stares at them;  
 They redden, and their edges drip with — what?