

Like lava roll'd thy stream of blood,  
 And swept down empires with its flood;  
 Earth rock'd beneath thee to her base.  
 As thou didst lighten through all space  
 And the shorn sun grew dim in air,  
 And set while thou wert dwelling there.

\* \* \*

Before thee rose, and with thee grew,  
 A rainbow of the loveliest hue,  
 Of three bright colours, each divine<sup>(1)</sup>,  
 And fit for that celestial sign;  
 For Freedom's hand had blended them,  
 Like tints in an immortal gem.

\* \* \*

One tint was of the sunbeam's dyes;  
 One, the blue depth of seraph's eyes;  
 One, the pure spirit's veil of white  
 Had rob'd in radiance of its light<sup>(2)</sup>:  
 The three so mingled did beseem  
 The texture of a heavenly dream.

\* \* \*

Star of the brave! thy ray is pale,  
 And darkness must again prevail!  
 But, O thou Rainbow of the free!  
 Our tears and blood must flow for thee.  
 When thy bright promise fades away,  
 Our life is but a load of clay.

(1) The tricolour (Lord Byron's own note).

(2) Construe: *the pure spirit's veil of white had rob'd one (the third) in radiance of its light.*

And Freedom hallows with her tread  
 The silent cities of the dead;  
 For beautiful in death are they  
 Who proudly fall in her array;  
 And soon, O Goddess<sup>(1)</sup>! may we be  
 For evermore with them or thee!

### THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold,  
 And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;  
 And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the sea,  
 When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

\* \* \*

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
 That host with their banners at sunset were seen;  
 Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
 That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strewn.

\* \* \*

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the blast,  
 And breathed in the face of the foe as he passed;  
 And the eyes of the sleepers waxed deadly and chill,  
 And their hearts but once heaved and for ever grew still.

\* \* \*

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,  
 But through it there rolled not the breath of his pride;  
 And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,  
 And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

(1) O Goddess! (*Liberty*).



And there lay the rider distorted and pale,  
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his mail;  
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,  
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

\* \* \*

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,  
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal,  
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the sword,  
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord.

*Hebrew Melodies.*

### CHILDE HAROLD'S FAREWELL TO ENGLAND

“Adieu, adieu, my native shore  
Fades o'er the waters blue;  
The night-winds sigh, the breakers roar,  
And shrieks the wild sea-mew.  
Yon sun that sets upon the sea  
We follow in his flight;  
Farewell awhile to him and thee,  
My native land — Good night!

\* \* \*

“A few short hours and he will rise  
To give the morrow birth:  
And I shall hail the main and skies,  
But not my mother earth.  
Deserted is my own good hall,  
Its hearth is desolate;  
Wild weeds are gath'ring on the wall;  
My dog howls at the gate.

“Come hither, hither, my little page;  
Why dost thou weep and wail?  
Or dost thou dread the billow's rage,  
Or tremble at the gale?  
But dash the tear-drop from thine eye;  
Our ship is swift and strong:  
Our fleetest falcon scarce can fly  
More merrily along.” —

\* \* \*

“Let winds be shrill, let waves roll high,  
I fear not wave nor wind;  
Yet marvel not, Sir Childe, that I  
Am sorrowful in mind;  
For I have from my father gone,  
A mother whom I love,  
And have no friend, save these alone,  
But thee — and one above.

\* \* \*

“My father bless'd me fervently,  
Yet did not much complain;  
But sorely will my mother sigh  
Till I come back again.” —  
“Enough, enough, my little lad,  
Such tears become thine eye;  
If I thy guileless bosom had,  
Mine own would not be dry.

\* \* \*

“Come hither, hither, my staunch yeoman,  
Why dost thou look so pale?  
Or dost thou dread a French foeman,  
Or shiver at the gale?



“— Deem'st thou I tremble for my life?  
 Sir Childe, I'm not so weak;  
 But thinking on an absent wife  
 Will blanch a faithful cheek.

\*  
\*  
\*

“My spouse and boys dwell near thy hall,  
 Along the bord'ring lake,  
 And when they on their father call,  
 What answer shall she make?”  
 “— Enough, enough, my yeoman good,  
 Thy grief let none gainsay;  
 But I, who am of lighter mood,  
 Will laugh to flee away.

\*  
\*  
\*

“For pleasures past I do not grieve,  
 Nor perils gath'ring near;  
 My greatest grief is that I leave  
 Nothing that claims a tear.

\*  
\*  
\*

“And now I'm in the world alone,  
 Upon the wide, wide sea;  
 But why should I for others groan,  
 When none will sigh for me?  
 Perchance my dog will whine in vain,  
 Till fed by stranger hands;  
 But long ere I come back again,  
 He'd tear me where he stands.

\*  
\*  
\*

“With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go  
 Athwart the foaming brine;  
 Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,  
 So not again to mine.

Welcome, welcome, ye dark blue waves,  
 And when you fail my sight,  
 Welcome, ye deserts, and ye caves!  
 My native land — Good night!”

*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

### THE DYING GLADIATOR

I see before me the gladiator lie;  
 He leans upon his hand, — his manly brow  
 Consents to death, but conquers agony,  
 And his droop'd head sinks gradually low,  
 And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow  
 From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,  
 Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now  
 The arena swims around him — he is gone,  
 Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who  
 [won.

\*  
\*  
\*

He heard it, but he heeded not — his eyes  
 Were with his heart, and that was far away:  
 He reck'd not of the life he lost nor prize,  
 But where his rude hut by the Danube lay,  
 There were his young barbarians all at play,  
 There was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,  
 Butcher'd to make a Roman holiday —  
 All this rush'd with his blood — shall he expire,  
 And unavenged? — Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire.

*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

### ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — Roll!  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin — his control  
 Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain



The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknell'd, uncoffin'd and unknown.

\* \*

His steps are not upon thy paths, -- thy fields  
 Are not a spoil for him, -- thou dost arise  
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields  
 For earth's destruction, thou dost all despise,  
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
 And send'st him, shivering on thy playful spray,  
 And howling to his gods, where haply lies  
 His petty hope, in some near port or bay,  
 And dashest him again to earth: -- there let him lay.

\* \*

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
 Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war --  
 These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,  
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

\* \*

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee --  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,  
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey  
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts: -- not so thou; --  
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow;  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,  
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or, in the torrid clime,  
 Dark-heaving -- boundless, endless, and sublime,  
 The image of eternity, the throne  
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

\* \*

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy  
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be  
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy  
 I wanton'd with thy breakers -- they to me  
 Were a delight; and if the freshening sea  
 Made them a terror -- 't was a pleasing fear,  
 For I was, as it were, a child of thee,  
 And trusted to thy billows, far and near,  
 And laid my hand upon thy mane -- as I do here.

*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.*

### THE SONG OF THE GREEK BARD

The isles of Greece; the isles of Greece!  
 Where burning Sappho loved and sung,  
 Where grew the arts of war and peace,  
 Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!  
 Eternal summer gilds them yet,  
 But all, except their sun, is set.

\* \*

The Scian and the Teian muse,  
 The hero's harp, the lover's lute,  
 Have found the fame your shores refuse;  
 Their place of birth alone is mute



To sounds which echo farther west  
Than your sires' "Islands of the Blest".

\* \* \*

The mountains look on Marathon —  
And Marathon looks on the sea; —  
And musing there an hour alone,  
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;  
For, standing on the Persian's grave,  
I could not deem myself a slave.

\* \* \*

A king sate on the rocky brow  
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis:  
And ships, by thousands, lay below,  
And men in nations; — all were his!  
He counted them at break of day —  
And, when the sun set, where were they?

\* \* \*

And where are they? and where art thou,  
My country? On thy voiceless shore,  
The heroic lay is tuneless now —  
The heroic bosom beats no more!  
And must thy lyre, so long divine,  
Degenerate into hands like mine?

\* \* \*

'Tis something, in the dearth of fame,  
Though linked among a fettered race,  
To feel at least a patriot's shame,  
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;  
For what is left the poet here?  
For Greeks a blush — for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?  
Must *we* but blush? Our fathers bled.  
Earth! render back from out thy breast  
A remnant of our Spartan dead!  
Of the three hundred grant but three,  
To make a new Thermopylæ?

\* \* \*

What, silent still? and silent all?  
Ah! no, the voices of the dead  
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,  
And answer: "Let one living head,  
But one, arise" — we come, we come!  
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

\* \* \*

In vain, in vain: strike other chords;  
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!  
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,  
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!  
Hark! rising to the ignoble call —  
How answers each bold bacchanal!

\* \* \*

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet,  
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?  
Of two such lessons, why forget  
The nobler and the manlier one?  
You have the letters Cadmus gave —  
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

\* \* \*

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
We will not think of themes like these?  
It made Anacreon's song divine:  
He served — but served Polycrates,



A tyrant; but our masters then  
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

\* \* \*

The tyrant of the Chersonese  
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;  
*That* tyrant was Miltiades!  
Oh! that the present hour would lend  
Another despot of the kind!  
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

\* \* \*

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,  
Exists the remnant of a line  
Such as the Doric mothers bore;  
And there perhaps, some seed is sown  
The Heracleidan blood might own.

\* \* \*

Trust not for freedom to the Franks —  
They have a king who buys and sells!  
In native swords, and native ranks,  
The only hope of courage dwells;  
But Turkish force, and Latin fraud,  
Would break your shield, however broad.

\* \* \*

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!  
Our virgins dance beneath the shade  
I see their glorious black eyes shine;  
But gazing on each glowing maid,  
My own the burning tear-drop laves,  
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,  
Where nothing, save the waves and I,  
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;  
There, swan-like, let me sing and die;  
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine,  
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

*Don Juan.*

### Barry Cornwall (1)

(1790-1874).

### THE SEA

The sea! the sea! the open sea!  
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!  
Without a mark, without a bound,  
It runneth the earth's wide regions round;  
It plays with the clouds, it mocks the skies,  
Or like a cradled creature lies.

\* \* \*

I'm on the sea! I'm on the sea!  
I am where I would ever be;  
With the blue above, and the blue below,  
And silence wheresoe'er I go!  
If a storm should come and awake the deep,  
What matter! I shall ride and sleep.

\* \* \*

I love, oh! *how* I love, to ride  
On the fierce foaming, bursting tide,  
When every mad wave drowns the moon,  
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,  
And tells how goeth the world below,  
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

(1) The literary name (in English, *nom de plume*) adopted by Bryan Waller Procter.



I never was on the dull tame shore,  
 But I lov'd the great sea more and more,  
 And backward flew to her billowy breast,  
 Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;  
 And a mother she was and is to me;  
 For I was born on the open sea!

\* \* \*

The waves were white, and red the morn,  
 In the noisy hour when I was born;  
 And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,  
 And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;  
 And never was heard such an outcry wild  
 As welcomed to life the Ocean-child!

\* \* \*

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,  
 Full fifty summers a sailor's life,  
 With wealth to spend, and a power to range,  
 But never have sought, nor sighed for change;  
 And Death, whenever he comes to me,  
 Shall come on the wild unbounded sea!

### TO A FLOWER

Dawn, gentle flower!  
 From the morning earth,  
 We will gaze and wonder  
 At thy wondrous birth!

\* \* \*

Bloom, gentle flower!  
 Lover of the light;  
 Sought by wind and shower,  
 Fondled by the night!

Fade, gentle flower!  
 All thy white leaves close;  
 Having shown thy beauty,  
 Time 'tis for repose.

\* \* \*

Die, gentle flower,  
 In the silent sun!  
 So, -- all pangs are over,  
 All thy tasks are done!

\* \* \*

Day hath no more glory,  
 Though he soars so high;  
 Thine is all man's story,  
 Live, -- and bloom, -- and die!

**Thomas Babington, Lord Macaulay**

(1800-1859).

### THE BATTLE OF IVRY (1590)

After the death of Henry III, King of France, Henry of Navarre won, against the army of the League, the celebrated battle of Ivry; and, being acknowledged sovereign of France by all but the party of the League, then in possession of Paris, he laid siege to the city, which must have capitulated, but for the help of Philippe II of Spain.

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!  
 And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!  
 Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance,  
 Through thy corn-fields green, and sunny vines, oh pleasant  
 [land of France.  
 And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the  
 [waters,  
 Again let raptur light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.



As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;  
For cold, and stiff, and still are they who wrought thy walls  
[annoy.

Hurrah! hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war,  
Hurrah! hurrah! for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre!

\* \* \*

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,  
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array,  
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,  
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.  
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land,  
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand,  
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled  
[flood,

And good Coligny's hoary hair, all dabbled with his blood,  
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,  
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

\* \* \*

The king is come to marshal us, in all his armour drest,  
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest;  
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;  
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and  
[high.

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,  
Down all our line, a deafening shout: "God save our Lord  
[the King!"

"And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may,  
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray,  
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks  
[of war,

And be your oriflamme, to-day, the helmet of Navarre.

\* \* \*

Hurrah! the foes are moving! Hark to the mingled din  
Of fife, and steed, and trump, and drum, and roaring culverin!

The fiery duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,  
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.  
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,  
Charge for the golden lilies now, upon them with the lance!  
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest;  
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white  
[crest;

And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding  
[star,  
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

\* \* \*

Now, God be praised, the day is ours! Mayenne hath turned  
[his rein;  
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is slain.  
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;  
The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and clo-  
[ven mail.

And then we thought on vengeance, and all along our van,  
"Remember saint Bartholomew!" was passed from man to  
[man.

But out spake gentle Henry: — "No Frenchman is my foe;  
Down, down with every foreigner! but let your brethren go".  
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,  
As our sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre!

\* \* \*

Ho! maidens of Vienna; Ho! matrons of Lucerne;  
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall  
[return.

Ho! Philip, send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,  
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spear-  
[men's souls;

Ho! gallant nobles of the League, look that your arms be  
[bright;

Ho! burghers of Saint-Genevieve, keep watch and ward to  
[night;







Dim grow its fancies,  
 Forgotten they lie;  
 Like coals in the ashes,  
 They darken and die.

\* \* \*

Song sinks into silence,  
 The story is told;  
 The windows are darkened,  
 The hearthstone is cold.

\* \* \*

Darker and darker  
 The black shadows fall;  
 Sleep and oblivion  
 Reign over all.

**The Hon. M<sup>rs</sup> Caroline Norton**

(1808-1877).

### WE HAVE BEEN FRIENDS TOGETHER

We have been friends together,  
 In sunshine and in shade;  
 Since first beneath the chestnut trees,  
 In infancy we play'd.  
 But coldness dwells within thy heart,  
 A cloud is on thy brow!  
 We have been friends together —  
 Shall a light word part us now?

\* \* \*

We have been gay together;  
 We have laugh'd at little jests;  
 For the fount of hope was gushing  
 Warm and joyous in our breasts.

But laughter now hath fled thy lip,  
 And sullen glooms thy brow;  
 We have been gay together —  
 Shall a light word part us now?

\* \* \*

We have been sad together,  
 We have wept with bitter tears,  
 O'er the grass-grown graves, where slumber'd  
 The hopes of early years.  
 The voices which are silent there  
 Would bid thee clear thy brow;  
 We have been sad together —  
 Oh! what shall part us now?

**Alfred Tennyson**

(1810-1892).

### THE WHEEL OF FORTUNE

Turn; Fortune, turn thy wheel and lower the proud;  
 Turn thy wild wheel through sunshine, storm, and cloud;  
 Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

\* \* \*

Turn, Fortune, turn thy wheel with smile or frown;  
 With that wild wheel we go not up or down;  
 Our hoard is little, but our hearts are great.

\* \* \*

Smile and we smile, the lords of many lands:  
 Frown and we smile, the lords of our own hands;  
 For man is man, and master of his fate.



Turn, turn thy wheel above the staring crowd;  
Thy wheel and thou are shadows in the cloud;  
Thy wheel and thee we neither love nor hate.

*The Idylls of the King.*

## DORA

With farmer Allan, at the farm, abode  
William and Dora. William was his son,  
And she his niece. He often look'd at them,  
And often thought : " I'll make them man and wife. "  
Now Dora felt her uncle's will in all,  
And yearn'd towards William ; but the youth, because  
He had been always with her in the house,  
Thought not of Dora.

Then there came a day  
When Allan call'd his son, and said : " My son,  
I married late, but I would wish to see  
My grandchild on my knees before I die :  
And I have set my heart upon a match.  
Now therefore look to Dora : she is well  
To look to ; thrifty too beyond her age.  
She is my brother's daughter. He and I  
Had once hard words, and parted, and he died  
In foreign lands ; but, for his sake, I bred  
His daughter Dora : take her for your wife ;  
For I have wish'd this marriage, night and day,  
For many years.

" But William answer'd short :  
" I cannot marry Dora ; by my life,  
I will not marry Dora ". Then the old man  
Was wroth, and doubled up his hands, and said  
" You will not, boy ! you dare to answer thus !  
But in my time a father's word was law,  
And so it shall be now for me. Look to it ;

Consider, William : take a month to think,  
And let me have an answer to my wish ;  
Or, by the Lord that made me, you shall pack,  
And never more darken my doors again. "  
But William answered madly, bit his lips,  
And broke away. The more he looked at her  
The less he liked her ; and his ways were harsh ;  
But Dora bore them meekly. Then before  
The month was out, he left his father's house,  
And hired himself to work within the fields ;  
And half in love, half spite, he woo'd and wed  
A labourer's daughter, Mary Morisson.

Then, when the bells were ringing, Allan call'd  
His niece and said : " My girl I love you well ;  
But if you speak with him that was my son,  
Or change a word with her he calls his wife,  
My home is none of yours. My will is law. "  
And Dora promised, being meek. She thought :  
" It cannot be ; my uncle's mind will change. "  
And days went on, and there was born a boy  
To William ; then distresses came on him ;  
And day by day he pass'd his father's gate,  
Heart-broken, and his father help'd him not.  
But Dora stored what little she could save,  
And sent it them by stealth, nor did they know  
Who sent it ; till at last a fever seized  
On William, and in harvest time he died.

Then Dora went to Mary. Mary sat  
And look'd with tears upon her boy, and thought  
Hard things of Dora. Dora came and said :  
" I have obey'd my uncle until now,  
And I have sinn'd, for it was all thro'me  
This evil came on William at the first.  
But, Mary, for the sake of him that's gone,  
And for your sake, the woman that he chose,  
And for this orphan, I am come to you :  
You know there has not been for these five years



So full a harvest : let me take the boy,  
 And I will set him in my uncle's eye,  
 Among the wheat; that when his heart is glad  
 Of the full harvest, he may see the boy,  
 And bless him for the sake of him that's gone."

And Dora took the child, and went her way  
 Across the wheat, and sat upon a mound  
 That was unsown, where many poppies grew,  
 Far off the farmer came into the field  
 And spied her not, for none of all his men  
 Dare tell him Dora waited with the child;  
 And Dora would have risen and gone to him,  
 But her heart fail'd her; and the reapers reap'd,  
 And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

But when the morrow came, she rose and took  
 The child once more, and sat upon the mound;  
 And made a little wreath of all the flowers  
 That grew about, and tied it round his hat  
 To make him pleasing in her uncle's eye.  
 Then, when the farmer pass'd into the field,  
 He spied her, and he left his men at work,  
 And came and said : " Where were you yesterday?  
 Whose child is that? What are you doing here? "  
 So Dora cast her eyes upon the ground,  
 And answer'd softly : " This is William's child! "  
 " — And did I not," said Allan, " did I not  
 Forbid you, Dora? " Dora said again :  
 " Do with me as you will, but take the child,  
 And bless him for the sake of him that's gone!  
 And Allan said : " I see it is a trick  
 Got up betwixt you and the woman there.  
 I must be taught my duty, and by you!  
 You knew my word was law, and yet you dared  
 To slight it. Well! for I will take the boy;  
 But go you hence, and never see me more. "

So saying he took the boy, that cried aloud  
 And struggled hard. The wreath of flowers fell

At Dora's feet, She bow'd upon her hands,  
 And the boy's cry came to her from the field,  
 More and more distant. She bow'd down her head,  
 Remembering the day when first she came,  
 And all the things that had been. She bow'd down,  
 And wept in secret; and the reapers reap'd,  
 And the sun fell, and all the land was dark.

Then Dora went to Mary's house, and stood  
 Upon the threshold : Mary saw the boy  
 Was not with Dora. She broke out in praise  
 To God, that help'd her in her widowhood.  
 And Dora said : " My uncle took the boy;  
 But, Mary, let me live and work with you;  
 He says that he will never see me more. "  
 Then answer'd Mary : " This shall never be,  
 That thou shouldst take my trouble on thyself.  
 And, now, I think he shall not have the boy,  
 For he will teach him hardness, and to slight  
 His mother; therefore thou and I will go,  
 And I will have my boy, and bring him home;  
 And I will beg of him to take thee back :  
 But if he will not take thee back again,  
 Then thou and I will live within one house,  
 And work for William's child, until he grows  
 Of age to help us. "

So the women kiss'd  
 Each other, and set out, and reach'd the farm.  
 The door was off the latch. They peep'd and saw  
 The boy set up betwixt his grandsire's knees,  
 Who thrust him in the hollows of his arm,  
 And clapt him on the hands and on the cheeks,  
 Like one that loved him : and the lad stretch'd out  
 And babbled for the golden seal that hung  
 From Allan's watch, and sparkled by the fire.  
 Then they came in : but when the boy beheld  
 His mother, he cried out to come to her;  
 And Allan set him down, and Mary said :



“ O father! if you let me call you so,  
 I never came a-begging for myself,  
 Or William, or this child; but now I come  
 For Dora : take her back; she loves you well.  
 O sir, when William died, he died at peace  
 With all men; for I ask'd him, and he said  
 He could not ever rue his marrying me;  
 I had been a patient wife; but, sir, he said  
 That he was wrong to cross his father thus :  
 “ God bless him! ” he said, “ and may he never know  
 The troubles I have gone thro'! ” Then he turn'd  
 His face and pass'd : unhappy that I am!  
 But now, sir, let me have my boy, for you  
 Will make him hard, and he will learn to slight  
 His father's memory; and take Dora back,  
 And let all this be as it was before. ”

So Mary said, and Dora hid her face  
 By Mary. There was silence in the room;  
 And all at once the old man burst in sobs :

“ I have been to blame, to blame, I have kill'd my son,  
 I have kill'd him; but I loved him, my dear son.  
 May God forgive me! I have been to blame.  
 Kiss me, my children. ”

Then they clung about  
 The old man's neck, and kiss'd him many times;  
 And all the man was broken with remorse;  
 And all his love came back a hundred fold;  
 And for three hours he sobb'd o'er William's child,  
 Thinking of William.

So those four abode  
 Within one house together; and as years  
 Went forward, Mary took another mate;  
 But Dora lived unmarried till her death.

## THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

At the battle of Balaklava, Oct. 1856, during the Crimean war, in which the armies of France and England fought side by side, the English light cavalry, commanded by Lord Cardigan, after receiving a misinterpreted order, dashed upon the Russian positions, defended by a formidable artillery, and was almost entirely annihilated. Had it not been for the timely help of a French detachment, not a single English soldier would have gone back into the trenches.

Half a league, half a league,  
 Half a league onward,  
 All in the valley of death,  
 Rode the six hundred.  
 “ Forward, the light Brigade!  
 Charge for the guns! ” he said;  
 Into the valley of death  
 Rode the six hundred.

\* \* \*

“ Forward, the light Brigade! ”  
 Was there a man dismayed!  
 No, tho' the soldier knew  
 Some one had blundered .  
 Theirs not to make reply,  
 Theirs not to reason why,  
 Theirs but to do and die.  
 Into the valley of death  
 Rode the six hundred.

\* \* \*

Cannon to right of them,  
 Cannon to left of them,  
 Cannon in front of them  
 Volley'd and thunder'd;