



→*ONLY:A:WOMAN.*←

BY DINAH MARIA MULOCK.

“She loves with love that cannot tire;
And if, ah, woe! she loves alone,
Through passionate duty love flames higher,
As grass grows taller round a stone.”

COVENTRY PATMORE.



O, the truth 's out. I'll grasp it like a snake,—
It will not slay me. My heart shall not break
Awhile, if only for the children's sake.

For his, too, somewhat. Let him stand
unblamed;
None say, he gave me less than honor claimed,
Except—one trifle scarcely worth being
named—

The *heart*. That's gone. The corrupt dead might be
As easily raised up, breathing,—fair to see,
As he could bring his whole heart back to me.

I never sought him in coquettish sport,
Or courted him as silly maidens court,
And wonder when the longed-for prize falls short.

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I only loved him,—any woman would:
But shut my love up till he came and sued,
Then poured it o'er his dry life like a flood.

I was so happy I could make him blest!—
So happy that I was his first and best,
As he mine,—when he took me to his breast.

Ah me! if only then he had been true!
If for one little year, a month or two,
He had given me love for love, as was my due!

Or had he told me, ere the deed was done,
He only raised me to his heart's dear throne—
Poor substitute—because the queen was gone!

O, had he whispered, when his sweetest kiss
Was warm upon my mouth in fancied bliss,
He had kissed another woman even as this,—

It were less bitter! Sometimes I could weep
To be thus cheated, like a child asleep;—
Were not my anguish far too dry and deep.

So I built my house upon another's ground;
Mocked with a heart just caught at the rebound,—
A cankered thing that looked so firm and sound.

And when that heart grew colder,—colder still,
I, ignorant, tried all duties to fulfil,
Blaming my foolish pain, exacting will,

All,—anything but him. It was to be
The full draught others drink up carelessly
Was made this bitter Tantalus-cup for me.

I say again,—he gives me all I claimed,
I and my children never shall be shamed:
He is a just man,—he will live unblamed.

Only—O God, O God, to cry for bread,
And get a stone! Daily to lay my head
Upon a bosom where the old love's dead!

Dead?—Fool! It never lived. It only stirred
Galvanic, like an hour-cold corpse. None heard:
So let me bury it without a word.

He'll keep that other woman from my sight.
I know not if her face be foul or bright;
I only know that it was his delight—

As his was mine; I only know he stands
Pale, at the touch of their long-severed hands,
Then to a flickering smile his lips commands,

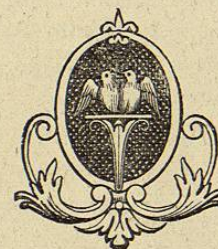
Lest I should grieve, or jealous anger show.
He need not. When the ship's gone down, I trow,
We little reck whatever wind may blow.

And so my silent moan begins and ends,
No world's laugh or world's taunt, no pity of friends
Or sneer of foes, with this my torment blends.

None knows,—none heeds. I have a little pride;
Enough to stand up, wifelike, by his side,
With the same smile as when I was his bride;

And I shall take his children to my arms;
They will not miss these fading, worthless charms;
Their kiss—ah! unlike his—all pain disarms.

And haply as the solemn years go by,
He will think sometimes, with regretful sigh,
The other woman was less true than I.





»*THE BELLS OF SHANDON.*«

BY FATHER PROUT.

Sabbata pango;
Funera plango;
Solemnia clango.

INSCRIPTION ON AN OLD BELL.



WITH deep affection
And recollection
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.

On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork of thee,—
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

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I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glib rate
Brass tongues would vibrate;
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine.

For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfry, knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

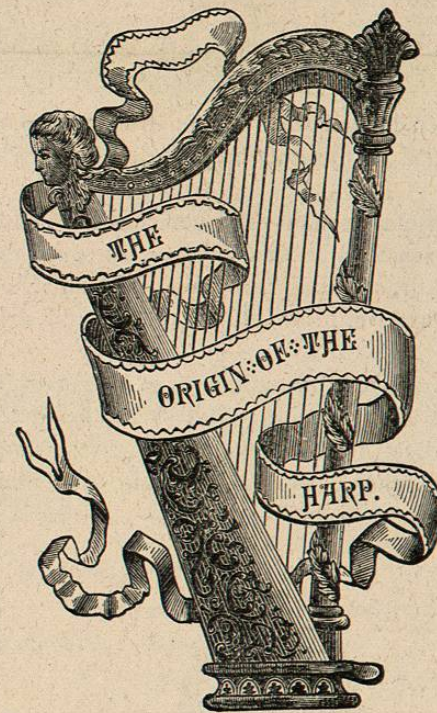
I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,—
And symbols glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame;

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly.

Oh! the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.

There 's a bell in Moscow;
 While on tower and kiosk O
 In St. Sophia
 The Turkman gets,
 And loud in air
 Calls men to prayer,
 From the tapering summit
 Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
 I freely grant them;
 But there 's an anthem
 More dear to me,—
 'T is the bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
 The pleasant waters
 Of the river Lee.



BY THOMAS MOORE.



T is believed that this harp which I wake now for
 thee
 Was a siren of old who sung under the sea;
 And who often at eve through the bright billow
 roved
 To meet on the green shore a youth whom she
 loved.

But she loved him in vain, for he left her to weep,
 And in tears all the night her gold ringlets to steep,

Till Heaven looked with pity on true love so warm,
And changed to this soft harp the sea-maiden's form!

Still her bosom rose fair—still her cheek smiled the same—
While her sea-beauties gracefully curled round the frame;
And her hair, shedding tear-drops from all its bright rings,
Fell over her white arm, to make the gold strings!

Hence it came that this soft harp so long hath been known
To mingle love's language with sorrow's sad tone;
Till *thou* didst divide them, and teach the fond lay
To be love when I'm near thee and grief when away!



✻ TO MARY IN HEAVEN ✻

BY ROBERT BURNS.

[Composed by Burns, in September, 1789, on the anniversary of the day on which he heard of the death of his early love, Mary Campbell.]

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,—
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met
To live one day of parting love!
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr, gurgling, kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene;

The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,—
 Till soon, too soon, the glowing west
 Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser care!
 Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear
 My Mary! dear departed shade!
 Where is thy place of blissful rest?
 Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?



BY JAMES THOMSON.

DPRISING the lark
 Shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of
 morn:
 Ere yet the shadows fly, he mounted sings
 Amid the dawning clouds, and from their
 haunts
 Calls up the tuneful nations. Every copse
 Deep-tangled, tree irregular, and bush
 Bending with dewy moisture, o'er the heads
 Of the coy quiristers that lodge within,
 Are prodigal of harmony. The thrush
 And woodlark, o'er the kind-contending throng

Superior heard, run through the sweetest length
 Of notes; when listening Philomela deigns
 To let them joy, and purposes, in thought
 Elate, to make her night excel their day.
 The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake;
 The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove;
 Nor are the linnets, o'er the flowering furze
 Poured out profusely, silent: joined to these
 Innumerable songsters, in the freshening shade
 Of new-sprung leaves, their modulations mix
 Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
 And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
 Aid the full concert; while the stockdove breathes
 A melancholy murmur through the whole.

'T is love creates their melody, and all
 This waste of music is the voice of love;
 That even to birds and beasts the tender arts
 Of pleasing teaches.



»THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS.«

BY WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.



He walked along, while bright and red
 Uprose the morning sun;
 And Matthew stopped, he looked and said,
 "The will of God be done!"

A village schoolmaster was he,
 With hair of glittering gray;
 As blithe a man as you could see
 On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass
 And by the steaming rills
 We traveled merrily, to pass
 A day among the hills.

"Our work," said I, "was well begun;
 Then from thy breast what thought,
 Beneath so beautiful a sun,
 So sad a sigh has brought?"