

## ONE WORD MORE.

TO E. B. B.

*London, September, 1855.*

## I.

THERE they are, my fifty men and women  
 Naming me the fifty poems finished !  
 Take them, love, the book and me together :  
 Where the heart lies, let the brain lie also.

## II.

Rafael made a century of sonnets,  
 Made and wrote them in a certain volume  
 Dinted with the silver-pointed pencil  
 Else he only used to draw Madonnas :  
 These, the world might view—but one, the volume.  
 Who that one, you ask ? Your heart instructs you.  
 Did she live and love it all her life-time ?  
 Did she drop, his lady of the sonnets,  
 Die and let it drop beside her pillow  
 Where it lay in place of Rafael's glory,  
 Rafael's cheek so duteous and so loving—  
 Cheek, the world was wont to hail a painter's,  
 Rafael's cheek, her love had turned a poet's ?

## III.

You and I would rather read that volume,  
 (Taken to his beating bosom by it)  
 Lean and list the bosom-beats of Rafael,  
 Would we not ? than wonder at Madonnas—

Her, San Sisto names, and Her, Foligno,  
 Her, that visits Florence in a vision,  
 Her, that 's left with lilies in the Louvre—  
 Seen by us and all the world in circle.

## IV.

You and I will never read that volume.  
 Guido Reni, like his own eye's apple,  
 Guarded long the treasure-book and loved it.  
 Guido Reni dying, all Bologna  
 Cried, and the world cried too " Ours, the treasure !"  
 Suddenly, as rare things will, it vanished.

## V.

Dante once prepared to paint an angel :  
 Whom to please ? You whisper " Beatrice."  
 While he mused and traced it and retraced it,  
 (Peradventure with a pen corroded  
 Still by drops of that hot ink he dipped for,  
 When, his left hand i' the hair o' the wicked,  
 Back he held the brow and pricked its stigma,  
 Bit into the live man's flesh for parchment,  
 Loosed him, laughed to see the writing rankle,  
 Let the wretch go festering through Florence)—  
 Dante, who loved well because he hated,  
 Hated wickedness that hinders loving,  
 Dante standing, studying his angel,—  
 In there broke the folk of his Inferno.  
 Says he—" Certain people of importance"  
 (Such he gave his daily dreadful line to)  
 " Entered and would seize, forsooth, the poet."  
 Says the poet—" Then I stopped my painting."

## VI.

You and I would rather see that angel,  
Painted by the tenderness of Dante,  
Would we not?—than read a fresh Inferno.

## ·VII.

You and I will never see that picture.  
While he mused on love and Beatrice,  
While he softened o'er his outlined angel.  
In they broke, those "people of importance :"  
We and Bice bear the loss for ever.

## VIII.

What of Rafael's sonnets, Dante's picture?  
This : no artist lives and loves, that longs not  
Once, and only once, and for one only,  
(Ah, the prize !) to find his love a language  
Fit and fair and simple and sufficient—  
Using nature that 's an art to others,  
Not, this one time, art that 's turned his nature.  
Ay, of all the artists living, loving,  
None but would forego his proper dowry,—  
Does he paint? he fain would write a poem,—  
Does he write? he fain would paint a picture,  
Put to proof art alien to the artist's,  
Once, and only once, and for one only.  
So to be the man and leave the artist,  
Gain the man's joy, miss the artist's sorrow.

## IX.

Wherefore? Heaven's gift takes earth's abatement!  
He who smites the rock and spreads the water,  
Bidding drink and live a crowd beneath him,  
Even he, the minute makes immortal,  
Proves, perchance, but mortal in the minute.  
Desecrates, belike, the deed in doing.  
While he smites, how can he but remember,  
So he smote before, in such a peril,  
When they stood and mocked—" Shall smiting help us?"  
When they drank and sneered—" A stroke is easy!"  
When they wiped their mouths and went their journey,  
Throwing him for thanks—" But drought was pleasant."  
Thus old memories mar the actual triumph;  
Thus the doing savours of disrelish;  
Thus achievement lacks a gracious somewhat;  
O'er-importuned brows becloud the mandate,  
Carelessness or consciousness—the gesture.  
For he bears an ancient wrong about him,  
Sees and knows again those phalanxed faces,  
Hears, yet one time more, the 'customed prelude—  
" How should'st thou, of all men, smite, and save us?"  
Guesses what is like to prove the sequel—  
" Egypt's flesh-pots—nay, the drought was better."

## X.

Oh, the crowd must have emphatic warrant!  
Theirs, the Sinai-forehead's cloven brilliance,  
Right-arm's rod-sweep, tongue's imperial fiat.  
Never dares the man put off the prophet.

## XI.

Did he love one face from out the thousands,  
 (Were she Jethro's daughter, white and wifely,  
 Were she but the Æthiopian bond-slave,)  
 He would envy yon dumb patient camel,  
 Keeping a reserve of scanty water  
 Meant to save his own life in the desert ;  
 Ready in the desert to deliver  
 (Kneeling down to let his breast be opened)  
 Hoard and life together for his mistress.

## XII.

I shall never, in the years remaining,  
 Paint you pictures, no, nor carve you statues,  
 Make you music that should all-express me ;  
 So it seems : I stand on my attainment.  
 This of verse alone, one life allows me ;  
 Verse and nothing else have I to give you.  
 Other heights in other lives, God willing :  
 All the gifts from all the heights, your own, love !

## XIII.

Yet a semblance of resource avails us—  
 Shade so finely touched, love's sense must seize it.  
 Take these lines, look lovingly and nearly,  
 Lines I write the first time and the last time.  
 He who works in fresco, steals a hair-brush,  
 Curbs the liberal hand, subservient proudly,

Cramps his spirit, crowds its all in little,  
 Makes a strange art of an art familiar,  
 Fills his lady's missal-marge with flowerets.  
 He who blows through bronze, may breathe through silver,  
 Fitly serenade a slumbrous princess.  
 He who writes, may write for once as I do.

## XIV.

Love, you saw me gather men and women,  
 Live or dead or fashioned by my fancy,  
 Enter each and all, and use their service,  
 Speak from every mouth,—the speech, a poem.  
 Hardly shall I tell my joys and sorrows,  
 Hopes and fears, belief and disbelieving :  
 I am mine and yours—the rest be all men's,  
 Karshish, Cleon, Norbert and the fifty.  
 Let me speak this once in my true person,  
 Not as Lippo, Roland or Andrea,  
 Though the fruit of speech be just this sentence—  
 Pray you, look on these my men and women,  
 Take and keep my fifty poems finished ;  
 Where my heart lies, let my brain lie also !  
 Poor the speech ; be how I speak, for all things.

## XV.

Not but that you know me ! Lo, the moon's self !  
 Here in London, yonder late in Florence,  
 Still we find her face, the thrice-transfigured.  
 Curving on a sky imbrued with colour,  
 Drifted over Fiesole by twilight,  
 Came she, our new crescent of a hair's-breadth.

Full she flared it, lamping Samminiato,  
 Rounder 'twixt the cypresses and rounder,  
 Perfect till the nightingales applauded.  
 Now, a piece of her old self, impoverished.  
 Hard to greet, she traverses the houseroofs,  
 Hurries with unhandsome thrift of silver,  
 Goes dispiritedly, glad to finish.

## XVI.

What, there's nothing in the moon note-worthy?  
 Nay: for if that moon could love a mortal,  
 Use, to charm him (so to fit a fancy)  
 All her magic ('t is the old sweet mythos)  
 She would turn a new side to her mortal,  
 Side unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steersman—  
 Blank to Zoroaster on his terrace,  
 Blind to Galileo on his turret,  
 Dumb to Homer, dumb to Keats—him, even!  
 Think, the wonder of the moon-struck mortal—  
 When she turns round, comes again in heaven,  
 Opens out anew for worse or better!  
 Proves she like some portent of an iceberg  
 Swimming full upon the ship it founders,  
 Hungry with huge teeth of splintered crystals?  
 Proves she as the paved work of a sapphire  
 Seen by Moses when he climbed the mountain?  
 Moses, Aaron, Nadab and Abihu  
 Climbed and saw the very God, the Highest,  
 Stand upon the paved work of a sapphire.  
 Like the bodied heaven in his clearness  
 Shone the stone, the sapphire of that paved work,  
 When they ate and drank and saw God also!

## XVII.

What were seen? None knows, none ever shall know  
 Only this is sure—the sight were other,  
 Not the moon's same side, born late in Florence,  
 Dying now impoverished here in London.  
 God be thanked, the meanest of his creatures  
 Boasts two soul-sides, one to face the world with,  
 One to show a woman when he loves her!

## XVIII.

This I say of me, but think of you, Love!  
 This to you—yourself my moon of poets!  
 Ah, but that's the world's side, there's the wonder,  
 Thus they see you, praise you, think they know you!  
 There, in turn I stand with them and praise you—  
 Out of my own self, I dare to phrase it.  
 But the best is when I glide from out them,  
 Cross a step or two of dubious twilight,  
 Come out on the other side, the novel  
 Silent silver lights and darks undreamed of,  
 Where I hush and bless myself with silence.

## XIX.

Oh, their Rafael of the dear Madonnas,  
 Oh, their Dante of the dread Inferno,  
 Wrote one song—and in my brain I sing it,  
 Drew one angel—borne, see, on my bosom!

"Men and Women," a collection of fifty poems, first published in 1855,  
 is probably the best known of our author's numerous volumes. Some of  
 the very finest of his work is in it. To this collection "One Word More"

is an appendix, in the form of a dedication of the fifty poems to his wife, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. As we learn from stanza 13, this work differs from all others in having been dashed off, the first time of writing being also the last time; and yet (such is the inspiration of love) it stands with the very highest of his works. It needs careful reading, but presents no such difficulties as "Abt Vogler."

Rafael, painter for the world, becomes for once a poet for his dearest. If only these wonderful sonnets could be found, how we should prize them; but the volume is hopelessly lost (stanzas 2—4).

Dante, poet for the world, prepares for once to paint an angel for *his* dearest. But, alas! he is hindered by the breaking in of some "people of importance" of the city, the sort of people who served as character models for "the folk of his Inferno" (5—7).

There would evidently be less of art and more of nature in such an outpouring of soul; and, therefore, the true artist would long to do it "once, and only once, and for one only." "The man's joy" would be found in the mere utterance of his soul to his dearest, without any thought of art, which, to the true artist, lifts so high an ideal that his shortcoming is always a "sorrow" (8).

So is it with the prophet, the exercise of whose high calling can never be dissociated from its burdens and cares (9). If he dared, which he may not (10), how gladly for the one that he loved would he "put off the prophet" and provide water, not by the forth putting of power, but simply as the man, through the self-denial of love (11).

Browning himself has only the one art, so cannot leave his poetry to paint, or carve, or "make music" (12); but as the nearest equivalent possible to him will write "once, and only once, and for one only," a purely extemporaneous production (13), which shall not, like his other works, be dramatic in principle, but spoken in his own "true person" (14).

Then follows the wonderful moon illustration, so marvellously wrought out, based upon the familiar astronomical fact that, through all her phases and movements she always presents exactly the same face to the earth (15), the other remaining entirely concealed ("unseen of herdsman, huntsman, steersman," &c.), and therefore available as a new revelation (who knows of what grandeur?) for the loved and specially-favoured mortal (16).

The application of the illustration in stanzas 17 and 18 is exquisitely beautiful, as is the gem-like quatrain with which the poem closes.

## SAUL.

[The three selections which fill up the rest of this little volume are given as specimens of the distinctively Christian poems of our author. The first gives us Christ in the Old Testament; the second, Christ in the New; the third, Christianity in its essential truth and practical application. As only a portion of "Saul" can be given, a few words will be necessary to prepare the reader unacquainted with the whole for taking up the thread at the 14th stanza, from which, in the selection, the poem is continued uninterruptedly to the end]

Young David is telling over to himself (see "my voice to my heart," in stanza 14) the story of his mission to Saul, when, as an inspired poet-musician, he charmed the evil spirit away from him. Stanza 16, consisting of one line, is the hinge of the entire poem; for David has just reached the point where, after several unsuccessful, or very partially successful, attempts—first, by playing one and another and another tune, which might awaken some chord in the apathetic spirit of the king, and then by singing, accompanied by the harp, first, of the joy of life, then of the splendid results of a royal life like Saul's in the great future of the world—he at last, the truth coming upon him, strikes the high key where full relief is found. As he approaches this crisis in the tale, he cannot go on without an earnest invocation for help to tell what he had been so wonderfully led to sing:—

## XIV.

AND behold while I sang . . . but O Thou who didst grant  
me, that day,  
And, before it, not seldom hast granted thy help to essay,  
Carry on and complete an adventure,—my shield and my  
sword  
In that act where my soul was thy servant, thy word was my  
word,—  
Still help me, who then at the summit of human endeavour  
And scaling the highest, man's thought could, gazed hopeless  
as ever

On the new stretch of heaven above me—till, mighty to save,  
Just one lift of thy hand cleared that distance—God's throne  
from man's grave!

Let me tell out my tale to its ending—my voice to my heart  
Which scarce dares believe in what marvels last night I took  
part,

As this morning I gather the fragments, alone with my sheep!  
And fear lest the terrible glory evanish like sleep,  
For I wake in the grey dewy covert, while Hebron upheaves  
Dawn struggling with night on his shoulder, and Kidron  
retrieves

Slow the damage of yesterday's sunshine.

## XV.

I say then,—my song

While I sang thus, assuring the monarch, and, ever more  
strong,

Made a proffer of good to console him—he slowly resumed  
His old motions and habitudes kingly. The right hand  
replumed

His black locks to their wonted composure, adjusted the  
swathes

Of his turban, and see—the huge sweat that his countenance  
bathes,

He wipes off with the robe; and he girds now his loins as of  
yore,

And feels slow for the armlets of price, with the clasp set  
before.

He is Saul, ye remember in glory,—ere error had bent  
The broad brow from the daily communion; and still, though  
much spent

Be the life and the bearing that front you, the same, God did  
choose,

To receive what a man may waste, desecrate, never quite  
lose.

So sank he along by the tent-prop, still, stayed by the pile  
Of his armour and war-cloak and garments, he leaned there  
awhile,

And sat out my singing,—one arm round the tent-prop, to  
raise

His bent head, and the other hung slack—till I touched on  
the praise

I foresaw from all men in all time, to the man patient there;  
And thus ended, the harp falling forward. Then first I was  
'ware

That he sat, as I say, with my head just above his vast knees  
Which were thrust out on each side around me, like oak  
roots which please

To encircle a lamb when it slumbers. I looked up to know  
If the best I could do had brought solace: he spoke not, but  
slow

Lifted up the hand slack at his side, till he laid it with care  
Soft and grave, but in mild settled will, on my brow: thro'  
my hair

The large fingers were pushed, and he bent back my head,  
with kind power—

All my face back, intent to peruse it, as men do a flower.  
Thus held he me there with his great eyes that scrutinized  
mine—

And oh, all my heart how it loved him! but where was the  
sign?

I yearned—"Could I help thee, my father, inventing a bliss,

"I would add, to that life of the past, both the future and  
this ;  
"I would give thee new life altogether, as good, ages hence,  
"As this moment,—had love but the warrant, love's heart  
to dispense !"

## XVI.

Then the truth came upon me. No harp more—no song  
more ! outbroke—

## XVII.

"I have gone the whole round of creation : I saw and I  
spoke ;  
"I, a work of God's hand for that purpose, received in my  
brain  
"And pronounced on the rest of his handwork—returned  
him again  
"His creation's approval or censure : I spoke as I saw,  
"Reported, as man may of God's work—all 's love, yet all 's  
law.  
"Now I lay down the judgeship he lent me. Each faculty  
tasked  
"To perceive him has gained an abyss, where a dew-drop  
was asked.  
"Have I knowledge ? confounded it shrivels at Wisdom laid  
bare.  
"Have I forethought ? how purblind, how blank, to the  
Infinite Care !  
"Do I task any faculty highest, to image success ?  
"I but open my eyes,—and perfection, no more and no less,

"In the kind I imagined, full-fronts me, and God is seen God  
"In the star, in the stone, in the flesh, in the soul and the  
clod.  
"And thus looking within and around me, I ever renew  
"(With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it  
too)  
"The submission of man's nothing-perfect to God's all-  
complete,  
"As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to his feet.  
"Yet with all this abounding experience, this deity known,  
"I shall dare to discover some province, some gift of my  
own.  
"There 's a faculty pleasant to exercise, hard to hood-wink,  
"I am fain to keep still in abeyance, (I laugh as I think)  
"Lest, insisting to claim and parade in it, wot ye, I worst  
"E'en the Giver in one gift.—Behold, I could love if I durst !  
"But I sink the pretension as fearing a man may o'ertake  
"God's own speed in the one way of love : I abstain for  
love's sake.  
—"What, my soul ? see thus far and no farther ? when doors  
great and small,  
"Nine-and-ninety flew ope at our touch, should the hundredth  
appal ?  
"In the least things have faith, yet distrust in the greatest of  
all ?  
"Do I find love so full in my nature, God's ultimate gift,  
"That I doubt his own love can compete with it ? Here, the  
parts shift ?  
' Here, the creature surpass the Creator,—the end what  
began ?  
"Would I fain in my impotent yearning do all for this man,

"And dare doubt he alone shall not help him, who yet alone  
 can?  
 "Would it ever have entered my mind, the bare will, much-  
 less power,  
 "To bestow on this Saul what I sang of, the marvellous  
 dower  
 "Of the life he was gifted and filled with? to make such a  
 soul,  
 "Such a body, and then such an earth for insphering the  
 whole?  
 "And doth it not enter my mind (as my warm tears attest),  
 "These good things being given, to go on, and give one more,  
 the best?  
 "Ay, to save and redeem and restore him, maintain at the  
 height  
 "This perfection,—succeed, with life's dayspring, death's  
 minute of night:  
 "Interpose at the difficult minute, snatch Saul, the mistake,  
 "Saul, the failure, the ruin he seems now,—and bid him  
 awake  
 "From the dream, the probation, the prelude, to find himself  
 set  
 "Clear and safe in new light and new life,—a new harmony  
 yet  
 "To be run and continued, and ended—who knows?—or  
 endure!  
 "The man taught enough by life's dream, of the rest to make  
 sure;  
 "By the pain-throb, triumphantly winning intensified bliss,  
 "And the next world's reward and repose, by the struggles  
 in this.

## XVIII.

"I believe it! 'T is thou, God, that givest, 't is I who  
 receive:  
 "In the first is the last, in thy will is my power to believe.  
 "All's one gift: thou canst grant it, moreover, as prompt to  
 my prayer,  
 "As I breathe out this breath, as I open these arms to the  
 air.  
 "From thy will, stream the worlds, life and nature, thy dread  
 Sabaoth:  
 "I will?—the mere atoms despise me! Why am I not loth  
 "To look that, even that in the face too? Why is it I  
 dare  
 "Think but lightly of such impuissance? What stops my  
 despair?  
 "This;—'t is not what man Does which exalts him, but what  
 man Would do!  
 "See the King—I would help him, but cannot, the wishes  
 fall through.  
 "Could I wrestle to raise him from sorrow, grow poor to  
 enrich,  
 "To fill up his life, starve my own out, I would—knowing  
 which,  
 "I know that my service is perfect. Oh, speak through me  
 now!  
 "Would I suffer for him that I love? So wouldst thou—so  
 wilt thou!  
 "So shall crown thee the topmost, ineffablest, uttermost  
 crown—  
 "And thy love fill infinitude wholly, nor leave up nor down  
 "One spot for the creature to stand in! It is by no breath,



"Turn of eye, wave of hand, that salvation joins issue with  
death !

"As thy love is discovered almighty, almighty be proved

"Thy power, that exists with and for it, of being beloved !

"He who did most shall bear most ; the strongest shall stand  
the most weak.

"T is the weakness in strength that I cry for ! my flesh that  
I seek

"In the Godhead ! I seek and I find it. O Saul, it shall be

"A Face like my face that receives thee ; a Man like to me,

"Thou shalt love and be loved by, for ever : a Hand like this  
hand

"Shall throw open the gates of new life to thee ! See the  
Christ stand !"

## XIX.

I know not too well how I found my way home in the night.  
There were witnesses, cohorts about me, to left and to right,  
Angels, powers, the unuttered, unseen, the alive, the aware :  
I repressed, I got through them as hardly, as strugglingly  
there,

As a runner beset by the populace famished for news—  
Life or death. The whole earth was awakened, hell loosed  
with her crews ;

And the stars of night beat with emotion, and tingled and  
shot

Out in fire the strong pain of pent knowledge : but I fainted  
not,

For the Hand still impelled me at once and supported,  
suppressed

All the tumult, and quenched it with quiet, and holy behest,  
Till the rapture was shut in itself, and the earth sank to rest.

Anon at the dawn, all that trouble had withered from earth—

Not so much, but I saw it die out in the day's tender birth ;

In the gathered intensity brought to the grey of the hills ;

In the shuddering forests' held breath ; in the sudden wind-  
thrills ;

In the startled wild beasts that bore off, each with eye sidling  
still,

Though averted with wonder and dread ; in the birds stiff  
and chill

That rose heavily as I approached them, made stupid with  
awe :

E'en the serpent that slid away silent—he felt the new law.

The same stared in the white humid faces upturned by the  
flowers ;

The same worked in the heart of the cedar and moved the  
vine-bowers :

And the little brooks witnessing murmured, persistent and  
low,

With their obstinate, all but hushed voices—"E'en so, it is  
so !"

*Stanza 14.*—Observe the meeting of the human and divine in the poet-  
prophet's inspiration. As poet, his powers were in their fullest exercise,  
and still there was an unfathomable heaven of the unknown above him, till  
"one lift of Thy hand cleared that distance."

The close of this stanza sets before us the scene of the writing of this  
reminiscence.

*Stanza 15.*—The soothing influence of the singing begins to appear. Be  
sure to keep in mind the picture, so wonderfully illustrated, of the attitude  
of the two ; and mark the words of David, "All my heart how it loved

him," connecting them carefully with the next stanza (16), "*Then* the truth came upon me." It is only to the earnestly-loving heart that such a revelation of God could be given. "God is Love, and he that loveth not knoweth not God." Observe, also, in this short stanza the effect of the intense earnestness of his soul, leading him to lay aside his harp and cease his singing, and simply break out in impassioned speech.

*Stanza 17.*—Shall God be infinitely above his creature man, in all faculties except one, and that "the greatest of all," viz., Love? (Note, in passing, the exquisite beauty of the lines: "With that stoop of the soul which in bending upraises it too," and "As by each new obeisance in spirit, I climb to his feet." The passage immediately following this line is of course ironical at his own expense, which is indicated by the parenthetical "I laugh as I think"; as if to say "how utterly foolish the thought that such a wide province, such a grand gift, as Love, should be mine quite apart from God, the great Ruler and Giver of all!")

*Stanza 18.*—Impossible! God is the giver: all that I have—Love, as well as everything else—is from him; I can wish, but cannot will the thing I would; but God can, therefore God will; his love cannot be frustrated as mine is; it must even for such as "Saul, the failure, the ruin he seems now," find Salvation; being infinite it must have its will, and find a way, however hard it be (see the striking line "it is by no breath," &c.); and *there it is!* See THE CHRIST stand!

Remember carefully the position as explained in the 15th stanza as you read the magnificent climax, beginning—

"O Saul, it shall be

A Face like my face that receives thee;"

observe also the effect of the spondee with which stanza 18 closes, instead of the usual anapaest; it gives wonderful dignity and strength to the thought. The same effect is produced several times in the early part of the poem by the same means, but nowhere with such power as in this, the grand climax.

What a contrast here to the petty mechanical notions of inspiration which have so often degraded the loftiest subject of human thought; and how marvellously is the presence and the power of the Unseen on such a soul as David's imaged forth in the lines of the closing stanza, in words which seem almost to utter the unutterable.

## AN EPISTLE

CONTAINING THE  
STRANGE MEDICAL EXPERIENCE OF KARSHISH,  
THE ARAB PHYSICIAN.

KARSHISH, the picker-up of learning's crumbs,  
The not-incurious in God's handiwork  
(This man's-flesh he hath admirably made,  
Blown like a bubble, kneaded like a paste,  
To coop up and keep down on earth a space  
That puff of vapour from his mouth, man's soul).  
—To Abib, all-sagacious in our art,  
Breeder in me of what poor skill I boast,  
Like me inquisitive how pricks and cracks  
Befall the flesh through too much stress and strain,  
Whereby the wily vapour fain would slip  
Back and rejoin its source before the term,—  
And aptest in contrivance (under God)  
To baffle it by deftly stopping such:—  
The vagrant Scholar to his Sage at home  
Sends greeting (health and knowledge, fame with peace)  
Three samples of true snake-stone—rarer still,  
One of the other sort, the melon-shaped,  
(But fitter, pounded fine, for charms than drugs)  
And writeth now the twenty-second time.

My journeyings were brought to Jericho:  
Thus I resume. Who studious in our art  
Shall count a little labour unrepaid?  
I have shed sweat enough, left flesh and bone