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The Cloud

P.B. Shelley

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
   From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
   In their noon-day dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
   The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
   As she dances about the Sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
   And whiten the green plains under,
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
   And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
   And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
   While I sleep in the arms of the blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,
   Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,
   It struggles and howls at fits;
Over Earth and Ocean, with gentle motion,
   This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile, 30
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead;
As on the jag of a mountain crag,
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit Sea beneath,
Its ardours of rest and of love, 40
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of Heaven above,
With wings folded I rest, on mine æery nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the Moon,
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
   Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof, of my tent's thin roof,
   The stars peep behind her, and peer;
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
   Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,
   Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
   Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone
   And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanos are dim and the stars reel and swim
   When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
   Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof --
   The mountains its columns be!
The triumphal arch, through which I march
   With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the Powers of the Air, are chained to my chair,
   Is the million-coloured Bow;
The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove
   While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the Sky;
I pass through the pores, of the ocean and shores;
   I change, but I cannot die --
For after the rain, when with never a stain
   The pavilion of Heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams, with their convex gleams,
   Build up the blue dome of Air --
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph
   And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, live a ghost from the tomb,
   I arise, and unbuild it again. --

The Moon

P.B. Shelley

I.

And, like a dying lady lean and pale,
Who totters forth, wrapp'd in a gauzy veil,
Out of her chamber, led by the insane
And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,
The moon arose up in the murky east
A white and shapeless mass.

II.

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?
The Lady of Shalott

Alfred Lord Tennyson

Part I

On either side the river lie
Long fields of barley and of rye,
That clothe the wold and meet the sky;
And through the field the road runs by
To many-towered Camelot;
And up and down the people go,
Gazing where the lilies blow
Round an island there below,
The island of Shalott.

Willows whiten, aspens quiver,
Little breezes dusk and shiver
Through the wave that runs for ever
By the island in the river
Flowing down to Camelot.
Four grey walls, and four grey towers,
Overlook a space of flowers,
And the silent isle imbowers
The Lady of Shalott.

By the margin, willow-veiled,
Slide the heavy barges trailed
By slow horses; and unhauled
The shallop flitteth silken-sailed
Skimming down to Camelot:
But who hath seen her wave her hand?
Or at the casement seen her stand?
Or is she known in all the land,
The Lady of Shalott?

Only reapers, reaping early
In among the bearded barley,
Hear a song that echoes cheerily
From the river winding clearly,
Down to towered Camelot:
And by the moon the reaper weary,
Piling sheaves in uplands airy,
Listening, whispers "Tis the fairy
Lady of Shalott."

Part II

There she weaves by night and day
A magic web with colours gay.
She has heard a whisper say,
A curse is on her if she stay
To look down to Camelot.
She knows not what the curse may be,
And so she weaveth steadily,
And little other care hath she,
   The Lady of Shalott.

And moving through a mirror clear
That hangs before her all the year,
Shadows of the world appear.
There she sees the highway near
   Winding down to Camelot:
There the river eddy whirls,
And there the surly village-churls,
And the red cloaks of market girls,
   Pass onward from Shalott.

Sometimes a troop of damsels glad,
An abbot on an ambling pad,
Sometimes a curly shepherd-lad,
Or long-haired page in crimson clad,
   Goes by to towered Camelot;
And sometimes through the mirror blue
The knights come riding two and two:
She hath no loyal knight and true,
   The Lady of Shalott.

But in her web she still delights
To weave the mirror's magic sights,
For often through the silent nights
A funeral, with plumes and lights
   And music, went to Camelot:
Or when the moon was overhead,
Came two young lovers lately wed;
"I am half sick of shadows," said
   The Lady of Shalott.

Part III

A bow-shot from her bower-eaves,
He rode between the barley-sheaves,
The sun came dazzling through the leaves,
And flamed upon the brazen greaves
   Of bold Sir Lancelot.
A red-cross knight for ever kneeled
To a lady in his shield,
That sparkled on the yellow field,
   Beside remote Shalott.

The gemmy bridle glittered free,
Like to some branch of stars we see
Hung in the golden Galaxy.
The bridle bells rang merrily
   As he rode down to Camelot:
And from his blazoned baldric slung
A mighty silver bugle hung,
And as he rode his armour rung,
   Beside remote Shalott.

All in the blue unclouded weather
Thick-jewelled shone the saddle-leather,
The helmet and the helmet-feather
Burned like one burning flame together,
As he rode down to Camelot.
As often through the purple night,
Below the starry clusters bright,
Some bearded meteor, trailing light,
Moves over still Shalott.

His broad clear brow in sunlight glowed;
On burnished hooves his war-horse trode;
From underneath his helmet flowed
His coal-black curls as on he rode,
As he rode down to Camelot.
From the bank and from the river
He flashed into the crystal mirror,
"Tirra lirra," by the river
Sang Sir Lancelot.

She left the web, she left the loom,
She made three paces through the room,
She saw the water-lily bloom,
She saw the helmet and the plume,
She looked down to Camelot.
Out flew the web and floated wide;
The mirror cracked from side to side;
"The curse is come upon me," cried
The Lady of Shalott.

Part IV

In the stormy east-wind straining,
The pale yellow woods were waning,
The broad stream in his banks complaining,
Heavily the low sky raining
Over towered Camelot;
Down she came and found a boat
Beneath a willow left afloat,
And round about the prow she wrote
The Lady of Shalott.

And down the river's dim expanse,
Like some bold seër in a trance
Seeing all his own mischance--
With a glassy countenance
Did she look to Camelot.
And at the closing of the day
She loosed the chain, and down she lay;
The broad stream bore her far away,
The Lady of Shalott.

Lying, robed in snowy white
That loosely flew to left and right--
The leaves upon her falling light--
Through the noises of the night
She floated down to Camelot:
And as the boat-head wound along
The willowy hills and fields among,
They heard her singing her last song,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

Heard a carol, mournful, holy,  
Chanted loudly, chanted lowly,  
Till her blood was frozen slowly,  
And her eyes were darkened wholly,  
    Turned to towered Camelot.
For ere she reached upon the tide  
The first house by the water-side,  
Singing in her song she died,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

Under tower and balcony,  
By garden-wall and gallery,  
A gleaming shape she floated by,  
Dead-pale between the houses high,  
    Silent into Camelot.
Out upon the wharfs they came,  
Knight and burgher, lord and dame,  
And round the prow they read her name,  
    The Lady of Shalott.

Who is this? and what is here?  
And in the lighted palace near  
Died the sound of royal cheer;  
And they crossed themselves for fear,  
    All the knights at Camelot:
But Lancelot mused a little space;  
He said, "She has a lovely face;  
God in his mercy lend her grace,  
    The Lady of Shalott."

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**Charge of the Light Brigade**

*Alfred Lord Tennyson*

1.

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 dismay'd?
Not tho' the soldier knew
Someone had blunder'd:
Their's not to make reply,
Their's not to reason why,
Their's 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;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
Boldly they rode and well,
Into the jaws of Death,
Into the mouth of Hell
Rode the six hundred.

Flash'd all their sabres bare,
Flash'd as they turn'd in air,
Sabring the gunners there,
Charging an army, while
All the world wonder'd:
Plunged in the battery-smoke
Right thro' the line they broke;
Cossack and Russian
Reel'd from the sabre stroke
Shatter'd and sunder'd.
Then they rode back, but not
Not the six hundred.
Cannon to right of them,
Cannon to left of them,
Cannon behind them
Volley'd and thunder'd;
Storm'd at with shot and shell,
While horse and hero fell,
They that had fought so well
Came thro' the jaws of Death
Back from the mouth of Hell,
All that was left of them,
Left of six hundred.

6.

When can their glory fade?
O the wild charge they made!
All the world wondered.
Honor the charge they made,
Honor the Light Brigade,
Noble six hundred.

_In Memoriam A. H. H._

STRONG Son of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove;
Thine are these orbs of light and shade;
Thou madest Life in man and brute;
Thou madest Death; and lo, thy foot
Is on the skull which thou hast made.
Thou wilt not leave us in the dust:
Thou madest man, he knows not why,
He thinks he was not made to die;
And thou hast made him: thou art just.
Thou seest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood, thou:
Our wills are ours, we know not how;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.
Our little systems have their day;
They have their day and cease to be:
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.
We have but faith: we cannot know;
   For knowledge is of things we see;
   And yet we trust it comes from thee,
A beam in darkness: let it grow.
Let knowledge grow from more to more,
   But more of reverence in us dwell;
   That mind and soul, according well,
May make one music as before,
But vaster. We are fools and slight;
   We mock thee when we do not fear:
   But help thy foolish ones to bear;
Help thy vain worlds to bear thy light.
Forgive what seem’d my sin in me;
   What seem’d my worth since I began;
   For merit lives from man to man,
And not from man, O Lord, to thee.
Forgive my grief for one removed,
   Thy creature, whom I found so fair.
   I trust he lives in thee, and there
I find him worthier to be loved.
Forgive these wild and wandering cries,
   Confusions of a wasted youth;
   Forgive them where they fail in truth,
And in thy wisdom make me wise.
1849.

I.
I held it truth, with him who sings
   To one clear harp in divers tones,
   That men may rise on stepping-stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.
But who shall so forecast the years
   And find in loss a gain to match?
   Or reach a hand thro’ time to catch
The far-off interest of tears?
Let Love clasp Grief lest both be drown’d,
   Let darkness keep her raven gloss:
   Ah, sweeter to be drunk with loss,
To dance with death, to beat the ground,
Than that the victor Hours should scorn
   The long result of love, and boast,
‘Behold the man that loved and lost,
But all he was is overworn.’
II.
Old Yew, which graspest at the stones
That name the under-lying dead,
Thy fibres net the dreamless head,
Thy roots are wrapt about the bones.
The seasons bring the flower again,
And bring the firstling to the flock;
And in the dusk of thee, the clock
Beats out the little lives of men.
O not for thee the glow, the bloom,
Who changest not in any gale,
Nor branding summer suns avail
To touch thy thousand years of gloom:
And gazing on thee, sullen tree,
Sick for thy stubborn hardihood,
I seem to fail from out my blood
And grow incorporate into thee.

III.
O Sorrow, cruel fellowship,
O Priestess in the vaults of Death,
O sweet and bitter in a breath,
What whispers from thy lying lip?
‘The stars,’ she whispers, ‘blindly run;
A web is wov’n across the sky;
From out waste places comes a cry,
And murmurs from the dying sun:
‘And all the phantom, Nature, stands—
With all the music in her tone,
A hollow echo of my own,—
A hollow form with empty hands.’
And shall I take a thing so blind,
Embrace her as my natural good;
Or crush her, like a vice of blood,
Upon the threshold of the mind?

IV.
To Sleep I give my powers away;
My will is bondsman to the dark;
I sit within a helmless bark,
And with my heart I muse and say:
O heart, how fares it with thee now,
That thou should’st fail from thy desire,
Who scarcely darest to inquire,
‘What is it makes me beat so low?’
Something it is which thou hast lost,
Some pleasure from thine early years.
Break, thou deep vase of chilling tears,
That grief hath shaken into frost!
Such clouds of nameless trouble cross
All night below the darken’d eyes;
With morning wakes the will, and cries,
‘Thou shalt not be the fool of loss.’

V.
I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel;
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within.
But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
A use in measured language lies;
The sad mechanic exercise,
Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.
In words, like weeds, I’ll wrap me o’er,
Like coarsest clothes against the cold:
But that large grief which these enfold
Is given in outline and no more.

VI.
One writes, that ‘Other friends remain,’
That ‘Loss is common to the race’—
And common is the commonplace,
And vacant chaff well meant for grain.
That loss is common would not make
My own less bitter, rather more:
Too common! Never morning wore
To evening, but some heart did break.
O father, wheresoe’er thou be,
Who plegest now thy gallant son;
A shot, ere half thy draught be done,
Hath still’d the life that beat from thee.
O mother, praying God will save
Thy sailor,—while thy head is bow’d,
His heavy-shotted hammock-shroud
Drops in his vast and wandering grave.
Ye know no more than I who wrought
At that last hour to please him well;
Who mused on all I had to tell,
And something written, something thought;
Expecting still his advent home;
And ever met him on his way
With wishes, thinking, ‘here to-day,’
Or ‘here to-morrow will he come.’
O somewhere, meek, unconscious dove,
That sittest ranging golden hair;
And glad to find thyself so fair,
Poor child, that waitest for thy love!
For now her father’s chimney glows
In expectation of a guest;
And thinking ‘this will please him best,’
She takes a riband or a rose;
For he will see them on to-night;
And with the thought her colour burns;
And, having left the glass, she turns
Once more to set a ringlet right;
And, even when she turn’d, the curse
Had fallen, and her future Lord
Was drown’d in passing thro’ the ford,
Or kill’d in falling from his horse.
O what to her shall be the end?
And what to me remains of good?
To her, perpetual maidenhood,
And unto me no second friend.

VII.

Dark house, by which once more I stand
Here in the long unlovely street,
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
So quickly, waiting for a hand,
A hand that can be clasp’d no more—
Behold me, for I cannot sleep,
And like a guilty thing I creep
At earliest morning to the door.
He is not here; but far away
The noise of life begins again,
And ghastly thro’ the drizzling rain
On the bald street breaks the blank day.

VIII.

A happy lover who has come
To look on her that loves him well,
Who ’lights and rings the gateway bell,
And learns her gone and far from home;
He saddens, all the magic light
Dies off at once from bower and hall,
And all the place is dark, and all
The chambers emptied of delight:
So find I every pleasant spot
In which we two were wont to meet,
The field, the chamber and the street,
For all is dark where thou art not.
Yet as that other, wandering there
   In those deserted walks, may find
A flower beat with rain and wind,
Which once she foster’d up with care;
So seems it in my deep regret,
   O my forsaken heart, with thee
And this poor flower of poesy
Which little cared for fades not yet.
But since it pleased a vanish’d eye,
   I go to plant it on his tomb,
That if it can it there may bloom,
Or dying, there at least may die.

IX.
Fair ship, that from the Italian shore
   Sailest the placid ocean-plains
With my lost Arthur’s loved remains,
Spread thy full wings, and waft him o’er.
So draw him home to those that mourn
   In vain; a favourable speed
Ruffle thy mirror’d mast, and lead
Thro’ prosperous floods his holy urn.
All night no ruder air perplex
   Thy sliding keel, till Phosphor, bright
As our pure love, thro’ early light
Shall glimmer on the dewy decks.
Sphere all your lights around, above;
   Sleep, gentle heavens, before the prow;
Sleep, gentle winds, as he sleeps now,
My friend, the brother of my love;
My Arthur, whom I shall not see
   Till all my widow’d race be run;
Dear as the mother to the son,
More than my brothers are to me.

X.
I hear the noise about thy keel;
   I hear the bell struck in the night:
I see the cabin-window bright;
I see the sailor at the wheel.
Thou bring’st the sailor to his wife,
   And travell’d men from foreign lands;
And letters unto trembling hands;
And, thy dark freight, a vanish’d life.
So bring him: we have idle dreams:
    This look of quiet flatters thus
    Our home-bred fancies: O to us,
The fools of habit, sweeter seems
To rest beneath the clover sod,
    That takes the sunshine and the rains,
    Or where the kneeling hamlet drains
The chalice of the grapes of God;
Than if with thee the roaring wells
    Should gulf him fathom-deep in brine;
And hands so often clasp’d in mine,
Should toss with tangle and with shells.

    XI.
Calm is the morn without a sound,
    Calm as to suit a calmer grief,
    And only thro’ the faded leaf
The chestnut pattering to the ground:
Calm and deep peace on this high wold,
    And on these dews that drench the furze,
    And all the silvery gossamers
That twinkle into green and gold:
Calm and still light on yon great plain
    That sweeps with all its autumn bowers,
    And crowded farms and lessening towers,
To mingle with the bounding main:
Calm and deep peace in this wide air,
    These leaves that redder to the fall;
    And in my heart, if calm at all,
If any calm, a calm despair:
Calm on the seas, and silver sleep,
    And waves that sway themselves in rest,
    And dead calm in that noble breast
Which heaves but with the heaving deep.

    XII.
Lo, as a dove when up she springs
    To bear thro’ Heaven a tale of woe,
Some dolorous message knit below
The wild pulsation of her wings;
Like her I go; I cannot stay;
    I leave this mortal ark behind,
A weight of nerves without a mind,
And leave the cliffs, and haste away
O’er ocean-mirrors rounded large,
And reach the glow of southern skies,
And see the sails at distance rise,
And linger weeping on the marge,
And saying; ‘Comes he thus, my friend?
Is this the end of all my care?’
And circle moaning in the air:
‘Is this the end? Is this the end?’
And forward dart again, and play
About the prow, and back return
To where the body sits, and learn
That I have been an hour away.

XIII.

Tears of the widower, when he sees
A late-lost form that sleep reveals,
And moves his doubtful arms, and feels
Her place is empty, fall like these;
Which weep a loss for ever new,
A void where heart on heart reposed;
And, where warm hands have prest and closed,
Silence, till I be silent too.
Which weeps the comrade of my choice,
An awful thought, a life removed,
The human-hearted man I loved,
A Spirit, not a breathing voice.
Come Time, and teach me, many years,
I do not suffer in a dream;
For now so strange do these things seem,
Mine eyes have leisure for their tears;
My fancies time to rise on wing,
And glance about the approaching sails,
As tho’ they brought but merchants’ bales,
And not the burthen that they bring.

XIV.

If one should bring me this report,
That thou hadst touch’d the land to-day,
And I went down unto the quay,
And found thee lying in the port;
And standing, muffled round with woe,
Should see thy passengers in rank
Come stepping lightly down the plank,
And beckoning unto those they know;
And if along with these should come
The man I held as half-divine;
Should strike a sudden hand in mine,
And ask a thousand things of home;
And I should tell him all my pain,
    And how my life had droop’d of late,
    And he should sorrow o’er my state
And marvel what possess’d my brain;
And I perceived no touch of change,
    No hint of death in all his frame,
    But found him all in all the same,
I should not feel it to be strange.

XV.
To-night the winds begin to rise
    And roar from yonder dropping day:
The last red leaf is whirl’d away,
The rooks are blown about the skies;
The forest crack’d, the waters curl’d,
    The cattle huddled on the lea;
    And wildly dash’d on tower and tree
The sunbeam strikes along the world:
    And but for fancies, which aver
        That all thy motions gently pass
    Athwart a plane of molten glass,
I scarce could brook the strain and stir
That makes the barren branches loud;
    And but for fear it is not so,
The wild unrest that lives in woe
Would dote and pore on yonder cloud
That rises upward always higher,
    And onward drags a labouring breast,
    And topples round the dreary west,
A looming bastion fringed with fire.

XVI.
What words are these have fall’n from me?
    Can calm despair and wild unrest
    Be tenants of a single breast,
Or sorrow such a changeling be?
Or doth she only seem to take
    The touch of change in calm or storm;
    But knows no more of transient form
In her deep self, than some dead lake
That holds the shadow of a lark
    Hung in the shadow of a heaven?
Or has the shock, so harshly given,
Confused me like the unhappy bark
That strikes by night a craggy shelf,
And staggers blindly ere she sink?
And stunn’d me from my power to think
And all my knowledge of myself;
And made me that delirious man
    Whose fancy fuses old and new,
    And flashes into false and true,
And mingles all without a plan?

XVII.
Thou comest, much wept for: such a breeze
    Compell’d thy canvas, and my prayer
    Was as the whisper of an air
To breathe thee over lonely seas.
For I in spirit saw thee move
    Thro’ circles of the bounding sky,
    Week after week: the days go by:
Come quick, thou bringest all I love.
Henceforth, wherever thou may’st roam,
    My blessing, like a line of light,
    Is on the waters day and night,
And like a beacon guards thee home.
So may whatever tempest mars
    Mid-ocean, spare thee, sacred bark;
    And balmy drops in summer dark
Slide from the bosom of the stars.
So kind an office hath been done,
    Such precious relics brought by thee;
    The dust of him I shall not see
Till all my widow’d race be run.

XVIII.
’Tis well; ’tis something: we may stand
    Where he in English earth is laid,
    And from his ashes may be made
The violet of his native land.
’Tis little; but it looks in truth
    As if the quiet bones were blest
    Among familiar names to rest
And in the places of his youth.
Come then, pure hands, and bear the head
    That sleeps or wears the mask of sleep,
    And come, whatever loves to weep,
And hear the ritual of the dead.
Ah yet, ev’n yet, if this might be,
    I, falling on his faithful heart,
    Would breathing thro’ his lips impart
The life that almost dies in me;
That dies not, but endures with pain,
   And slowly forms the firmer mind,
Treasuring the look it cannot find,
The words that are not heard again.

**XIX.**
The Danube to the Severn gave
   The darken’d heart that beat no more;
They laid him by the pleasant shore,
And in the hearing of the wave.
There twice a day the Severn fills;
   That salt sea-water passes by,
And hushes half the babbling Wye,
And makes a silence in the hills.
The Wye is hush’d nor moved along,
   And hush’d my deepest grief of all,
When fill’d with tears that cannot fall,
I brim with sorrow drowning song.
The tide flows down, the wave again
   Is vocal in its wooded walls;
My deeper anguish also falls,
And I can speak a little then.

**XX.**
The lesser griefs that may be said,
   That breathe a thousand tender vows,
Are but as servants in a house
Where lies the master newly dead;
Who speak their feeling as it is,
   And weep the fulness from the mind:
‘It will be hard,’ they say, ‘to find
Another service such as this.’
My lighter moods are like to these,
   That out of words a comfort win;
But there are other griefs within,
And tears that at their fountain freeze;
For by the hearth the children sit
   Cold in that atmosphere of Death,
And scarce endure to draw the breath,
Or like to noiseless phantoms flit:
But open converse is there none,
   So much the vital spirits sink
To see the vacant chair, and think,
‘How good! how kind! and he is gone.’
XXI.
I sing to him that rests below,
   And, since the grasses round me wave,
I take the grasses of the grave,
And make them pipes whereon to blow.
The traveller hears me now and then,
   And sometimes harshly will he speak:
   ‘This fellow would make weakness weak,
And melt the waxen hearts of men.’
Another answers, ‘Let him be,
   He loves to make parade of pain,
   That with his piping he may gain
The praise that comes to constancy.’
A third is wroth: ‘Is this an hour
   For private sorrow’s barren song,
   When more and more the people throng
The chairs and thrones of civil power?
   ‘A time to sicken and to swoon,
   When Science reaches forth her arms
   To feel from world to world, and charms
Her secret from the latest moon?’
Behold, ye speak an idle thing:
   Ye never knew the sacred dust:
I do but sing because I must,
And pipe but as the linnets sing:
And one is glad; her note is gay,
   For now her little ones have ranged;
And one is sad; her note is changed,
Because her brood is stol’n away.
XXII.
The path by which we twain did go,
   Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
Thro’ four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow:
And we with singing cheer’d the way,
   And, crown’d with all the season lent,
From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May:
But where the path we walk’d began
To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
As we descended following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear’d of man;
Who broke our fair companionship,
   And spread his mantle dark and cold,
And wrapt thee formless in the fold,  
And dull’d the murmur on thy lip,  
And bore thee where I could not see  
Nor follow, tho’ I walk in haste,  
And think, that somewhere in the waste  
The Shadow sits and waits for me.

XXIII.
Now, sometimes in my sorrow shut,  
Or breaking into song by fits,  
Alone, alone, to where he sits,  
The Shadow cloak’d from head to foot,  
Who keeps the keys of all the creeds,  
I wander, often falling lame,  
And looking back to whence I came,  
Or on to where the pathway leads;  
And crying, How changed from where it ran  
Thro’ lands where not a leaf was dumb;  
But all the lavish hills would hum
The murmur of a happy Pan:  
When each by turns was guide to each,  
And Fancy light from Fancy caught,  
And Thought leapt out to wed with Thought  
Ere Thought could wed itself with Speech;  
And all we met was fair and good,  
And all was good that Time could bring,  
And all the secret of the Spring  
Moved in the chambers of the blood;  
And many an old philosophy  
On Argive heights divinely sang,  
And round us all the thicket rang  
To many a flute of Arcady.

XXIV.
And was the day of my delight  
As pure and perfect as I say?  
The very source and fount of Day  
Is dash’d with wandering isles of night.  
If all was good and fair we met,  
This earth had been the Paradise  
It never look’d to human eyes  
Since our first Sun arose and set.  
And is it that the haze of grief  
Makes former gladness loom so great?  
The lowness of the present state,  
That sets the past in this relief?
Or that the past will always win
    A glory from its being far;
    And orb into the perfect star
We saw not, when we moved therein?

XXV.

I know that this was Life,—the track
    Whereon with equal feet we fared;
    And then, as now, the day prepared
The daily burden for the back.

But this it was that made me move
    As light as carrier-birds in air;
    I loved the weight I had to bear,
Because it needed help of Love:

Nor could I weary, heart or limb,
    When mighty Love would cleave in twain
    The lading of a single pain,
And part it, giving half to him.

XXVI.

Still onward winds the dreary way;
    I with it; for I long to prove
No lapse of moons can canker Love,
    Whatever fickle tongues may say.
And if that eye which watches guilt
    And goodness, and hath power to see
Within the green the moulder’d tree,
And towers fall’n as soon as built—

Oh, if indeed that eye foresee
    Or see (in Him is no before)
In more of life true life no more
And Love the indifference to be,
Then might I find, ere yet the morn
    Breaks hither over Indian seas,
    That Shadow waiting with the keys,
To shroud me from my proper scorn.

XXVII.

I envy not in any moods
    The captive void of noble rage,
    The linnet born within the cage,
That never knew the summer woods:

I envy not the beast that takes
    His license in the field of time,
    Unfetter’d by the sense of crime,
Nor, what may count itself as blest,
The heart that never plighted troth
But stagnates in the weeds of sloth;
Nor any want-begotten rest.
I hold it true, whate’er befall;
I feel it, when I sorrow most;
’Tis better to have loved and lost
Than never to have loved at all.

XXVIII.
The time draws near the birth of Christ:
The moon is hid; the night is still;
The Christmas bells from hill to hill
Answer each other in the mist.
Four voices of four hamlets round,
From far and near, on mead and moor,
Swell out and fail, as if a door
Were shut between me and the sound:
Each voice four changes on the wind,
That now dilate, and now decrease,
Peace and goodwill, goodwill and peace,
Peace and goodwill, to all mankind.
This year I slept and woke with pain,
I almost wish’d no more to wake,
And that my hold on life would break
Before I heard those bells again:
But they my troubled spirit rule,
For they controll’d me when a boy;
They bring me sorrow touch’d with joy,
The merry merry bells of Yule.

XXIX.
With such compelling cause to grieve
As daily vexes household peace,
And chains regret to his decease,
How dare we keep our Christmas-eve;
Which brings no more a welcome guest
To enrich the threshold of the night
With shower’d largess of delight
In dance and song and game and jest?
Yet go, and while the holly boughs
Entwine the cold baptismal font,
Make one wreath more for Use and Wont,
That guard the portals of the house;
Old sisters of a day gone by,
Gray nurses, loving nothing new;
Why should they miss their yearly due
Before their time? They too will die.

XXX.

With trembling fingers did we weave
   The holly round the Christmas hearth;
   A rainy cloud possess’d the earth,
And sadly fell our Christmas-eve.
At our old pastimes in the hall
   We gambol’d, making vain pretence
   Of gladness, with an awful sense
Of one mute Shadow watching all.
We paused: the winds were in the beech:
   We heard them sweep the winter land;
   And in a circle hand-in-hand
Sat silent, looking each at each.
Then echo-like our voices rang;
   We sung, tho’ every eye was dim,
   A merry song we sang with him
Last year: impetuously we sang:
We ceased: a gentler feeling crept
   Upon us: surely rest is meet:
   ‘They rest,’ we said, ‘their sleep is sweet,’
And silence follow’d, and we wept.
Our voices took a higher range;
   Once more we sang: ‘They do not die
   Nor lose their mortal sympathy,
Nor change to us, although they change;
   ‘Rapt from the fickle and the frail
   With gather’d power, yet the same,
Pierces the keen seraphic flame
From orb to orb, from veil to veil.’
Rise, happy mom, rise, holy morn,
   Draw forth the cheerful day from night:
   O Father, touch the east, and light
The light that shone when Hope was born.

XXXI.

When Lazarus left his charnel-cave,
   And home to Mary’s house return’d,
   Was this demanded—if he yearn’d
To hear her weeping by his grave?
   ‘Where wert thou, brother, those four days?’
   There lives no record of reply,
Which telling what it is to die
Had surely added praise to praise.
From every house the neighbours met,
The streets were fill’d with joyful sound,
A solemn gladness even crown’d
The purple brows of Olivet.
Behold a man raised up by Christ!
The rest remaineth unreveal’d;
He told it not; or something seal’d
The lips of that Evangelist.

XXXII.
Her eyes are homes of silent prayer,
Nor other thought her mind admits
But, he was dead, and there he sits,
And he that brought him back is there.
Then one deep love doth supersede
All other, when her ardent gaze
Roves from the living brother’s face,
And rests upon the Life indeed.
All subtle thought, all curious fears,
Borne down by gladness so complete,
She bows, she bathes the Saviour’s feet
With costly spikenard and with tears.
Thrice blest whose lives are faithful prayers,
Whose loves in higher love endure;
What souls possess themselves so pure,
Or is there blessedness like theirs?

XXXIII.
O thou that after toil and storm
Mayst seem to have reach’d a purer air,
Whose faith has centre everywhere,
Nor cares to fix itself to form,
Leave thou thy sister when she prays,
Her early Heaven, her happy views;
Nor thou with shadow’d hint confuse
A life that leads melodious days.
Her faith thro’ form is pure as thine,
Her hands are quicker unto good:
Oh, sacred be the flesh and blood
To which she links a truth divine!
See thou, that countest reason ripe
In holding by the law within,
Thou fail not in a world of sin,
And ev’n for want of such a type.

XXXIV.
My own dim life should teach me this,
That life shall live for evermore,
Else earth is darkness at the core,  
And dust and ashes all that is;  
This round of green, this orb of flame,  
    Fantastic beauty; such as lurks  
    In some wild Poet, when he works  
Without a conscience or an aim.  
What then were God to such as I?  
    'Twere hardly worth my while to choose  
    Of things all mortal, or to use  
A little patience ere I die;  
    'Twere best at once to sink to peace,  
    Like birds the charming serpent draws,  
    To drop head-foremost in the jaws  
Of vacant darkness and to cease.

XXXV.

Yet if some voice that man could trust  
    Should murmur from the narrow house,  
    'The cheeks drop in; the body bows;  
Man dies: nor is there hope in dust:’  
Might I not say? 'Yet even here,  
    But for one hour, O Love, I strive  
    To keep so sweet a thing alive:’  
But I should turn mine ears and hear  
The moanings of the homeless sea,  
    The sound of streams that swift or slow  
    Draw down Æonian hills, and sow  
The dust of continents to be;  
And Love would answer with a sigh,  
    'The sound of that forgetful shore  
    Will change my sweetness more and more,  
Half-dead to know that I shall die.’  
O me, what profits it to put  
    And idle case? If Death were seen  
At first as Death, Love had not been,  
Or been in narrowest working shut,  
Mere fellowship of sluggish moods,  
    Or in his coarsest Satyr-shape  
    Had bruised the herb and crush’d the grape,  
And bask’d and batten’d in the woods.

XXXVI.

Tho’ truths in manhood darkly join,  
    Deep-seated in our mystic frame,  
    We yield all blessing to the name  
Of Him that made them current coin;
For Wisdom dealt with mortal powers,
    Where truth in closest words shall fail,
    When truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors.
And so the Word had breath, and wrought
    With human hands the creed of creeds
    In loveliness of perfect deeds,
More strong than all poetic thought;
Which he may read that binds the sheaf,
    Or builds the house, or digs the grave,
    And those wild eyes that watch the wave
In roarings round the coral reef.

XXXVII.

Urania speaks with darken’d brow:
    ‘Thou pratest here where thou art least;
    This faith has many a purer priest,
And many an abler voice than thou.
    ‘Go down beside thy native rill,
    On thy Parnassus set thy feet,
    And hear thy laurel whisper sweet
About the ledges of the hill.’
And my Melpomene replies,
    A touch of shame upon her cheek:
    ‘I am not worthy ev’n to speak
Of thy prevailing mysteries;
    ‘For I am but an earthly Muse,
    And owning but a little art
    To lull with song an aching heart,
And render human love his dues;
    ‘But brooding on the dear one dead,
    And all he said of things divine,
    (And dear to me as sacred wine
To dying lips is all he said),
    ‘I murmur’d, as I came along,
    Of comfort clasp’d in truth reveal’d;
    And loiter’d in the master’s field,
And darken’d sanctities with song.’

XXXVIII.

With weary steps I loiter on,
    Tho’ always under alter’d skies
The purple from the distance dies,
My prospect and horizon gone.
No joy the blowing season gives,
    The herald melodies of spring,
But in the songs I love to sing
A doubtful gleam of solace lives.
If any care for what is here
Survive in spirits render’d free,
Then are these songs I sing of thee
Not all ungrateful to thine ear.

XXXIX.
Old warder of these buried bones,
And answering now my random stroke
With fruitful cloud and living smoke,
Dark yew, that graspest at the stones
And dippest toward the dreamless head,
To thee too comes the golden hour
When flower is feeling after flower;
But Sorrow—fixt upon the dead,
And darkening the dark graves of men,—
What whisper’d from her lying lips?
Thy gloom is kindled at the tips,
And passes into gloom again.

XL.
Could we forget the widow’d hour
And look on Spirits breathed away,
As on a maiden in the day
When first she wears her orange-flower!
When crown’d with blessing she doth rise
To take her latest leave of home,
And hopes and light regrets that come
Make April of her tender eyes;
And doubtful joys the father move,
And tears are on the mother’s face,
As parting with a long embrace
She enters other realms of love;
Her office there to rear, to teach,
Becoming as is meet and fit
A link among the days, to knit
The generations each with each;
And, doubtless, unto thee is given
A life that bears immortal fruit
In those great offices that suit
The full-grown energies of heaven.
Ay me, the difference I discern!
How often shall her old fireside
Be cheer’d with tidings of the bride,
How often she herself return,
And tell them all they would have told,
   And bring her babe, and make her boast,
   Till even those that miss’d her most
Shall count new things as dear as old:
But thou and I have shaken hands,
   Till growing winters lay me low;
   My paths are in the fields I know,
And thine in undiscover’d lands.

XLI.
The path by which we twain did go,
   Which led by tracts that pleased us well,
   Thro’ four sweet years arose and fell,
From flower to flower, from snow to snow:
And we with singing cheer’d the way,
   And, crown’d with all the season lent,
   From April on to April went,
And glad at heart from May to May:
But where the path we walk’d began
   To slant the fifth autumnal slope,
   As we descended following Hope,
There sat the Shadow fear’d of man;
The spirit ere our fatal loss
   Did ever rise from high to higher;
   As mounts the heavenward altar-fire,
As flies the lighter thro’ the gross.
But thou art turn’d to something strange,
   And I have lost the links that bound
    Thy changes; here upon the ground,
No more partaker of thy change.
Deep folly! yet that this could be—
   That I could wing my will with might
   To leap the grades of life and light,
And flash at once, my friend, to thee.
For tho’ my nature rarely yields
   To that vague fear implied in death;
     Nor shudders at the gulfs beneath,
The howlings from forgotten fields;
Yet oft when sundown skirts the moor
   An inner trouble I behold,
     A spectral doubt which makes me cold,
That I shall be thy mate no more,
Tho’ following with an upward mind
   The wonders that have come to thee,
Thro’ all the secular to-be,
But evermore a life behind.

XLII.
I vex my heart with fancies dim:
He still outstript me in the race;
It was but unity of place
That made me dream I rank’d with him.
And so may Place retain us still,
And he the much-beloved again,
A lord of large experience, train
To riper growth the mind and will:
And what delights can equal those
That stir the spirit’s inner deeps,
When one that loves but knows not, reaps
A truth from one that loves and knows?

XLIII.
If Sleep and Death be truly one,
And every spirit’s folded bloom
Thro’ all its intervital gloom
In some long trance should slumber on;
Unconscious of the sliding hour,
Bare of the body, might it last,
And silent traces of the past
Be all the colour of the flower:
So then were nothing lost to man;
So that still garden of the souls
In many a figured leaf enrolls
The total world since life began;
And love will last as pure and whole
As when he loved me here in Time,
And at the spiritual prime
Rewaken with the dawning soul.

XLIV.
How fares it with the happy dead?
For here the man is more and more;
But he forgets the days before
God shut the doorways of his head.
The days have vanish’d, tone and tint,
And yet perhaps the hoarding sense
Gives out at times (he knows not whence)
A little flash, a mystic hint;
And in the long harmonious years
(If Death so taste Lethean springs),
May some dim touch of earthly things
Surprise thee ranging with thy peers.
If such a dreamy touch should fall,
   O turn thee round, resolve the doubt;
   My guardian angel will speak out
In that high place, and tell thee all.

**XLV.**
The baby new to earth and sky,
   What time his tender palm is prest
   Against the circle of the breast,
Has never thought that ‘this is I:’
But as he grows he gathers much,
   And learns the use of ‘I,’ and ‘me,’
   And finds ‘I am not what I see,
And other than the things I touch.’
So rounds he to a separate mind
   From whence clear memory may begin,
   As thro’ the frame that binds him in
His isolation grows defined.
This use may lie in blood and breath,
   Which else were fruitless of their due,
   Had man to learn himself anew
Beyond the second birth of Death.

**XLVI.**
We ranging down this lower track,
   The path we came by, thorn and flower,
   Is shadow’d by the growing hour,
Lest life should fail in looking back.
So be it: there no shade can last
   In that deep dawn behind the tomb,
   But clear from marge to marge shall bloom
The eternal landscape of the past;
A lifelong tract of time reveal’d;
   The fruitful hours of still increase;
   Days order’d in a wealthy peace,
And those five years its richest field.
O Love, thy province were not large,
   A bounded field, nor stretching far;
   Look also, Love, a brooding star,
A rosy warmth from marge to marge.

**XLVII.**
That each, who seems a separate whole,
   Should move his rounds, and fusing all
   The skirts of self again, should fall
Remerging in the general Soul,
Is faith as vague as all unsweet:
   Eternal form shall still divide
   The eternal soul from all beside;
And I shall know him when we meet:
And we shall sit at endless feast,
   Enjoying each the other’s good:
   What vaster dream can hit the mood
Of Love on earth? He seeks at least
Upon the last and sharpest height,
   Before the spirits fade away,
   Some landing-place, to clasp and say,
   ‘Farewell! We lose ourselves in light.’

XLVIII.
If these brief lays, of Sorrow born,
   Were taken to be such as closed
   Grave doubts and answers here proposed,
Then these were such as men might scorn:
Her care is not to part and prove;
   She takes, when harsher moods remit,
   What slender shade of doubt may flit,
And makes it vassal unto love:
And hence, indeed, she sports with words,
   But better serves a wholesome law,
   And holds it sin and shame to draw
The deepest measure from the chords:
Nor dare she trust a larger lay,
   But rather loosens from the lip
   Short swallow-flights of song, that dip
Their wings in tears, and skim away.

XLIX.
From art, from nature, from the schools,
   Let random influences glance,
   Like light in many a shiver’d lance
That breaks about the dappled pools:
The lightest wave of thought shall lisp,
   The fancy’s tenderest eddy wreathe,
   The slightest air of song shall breathe
To make the sullen surface crisp.
And look thy look, and go thy way,
   But blame not thou the winds that make
   The seeming-wanton ripple break,
The tender-pencil’d shadow play.
Beneath all fancied hopes and fears
   Ay me, the sorrow deepens down,
Whose muffled motions blindly drown
The bases of my life in tears.

L.
Be near me when my light is low,
   When the blood creeps, and the nerves prick
   And tingle; and the heart is sick,
And all the wheels of Being slow.
Be near me when the sensuous frame
   Is rack’d with pangs that conquer trust;
   And Time, a maniac scattering dust,
And Life, a Fury slinging flame.
Be near me when my faith is dry,
   And men the flies of latter spring,
   That lay their eggs, and sting and sing
And weave their petty cells and die.
Be near me when I fade away,
   To point the term of human strife,
   And on the low dark verge of life
The twilight of eternal day.

LI.
Do we indeed desire the dead
   Should still be near us at our side?
   Is there no baseness we would hide?
No inner vileness that we dread?
Shall he for whose applause I strove,
   I had such reverence for his blame,
   See with clear eye some hidden shame
And I be lessen’d in his love?
I wrong the grave with fears untrue:
   Shall love be blamed for want of faith?
   There must be wisdom with great Death:
The dead shall look me thro’ and thro’.
Be near us when we climb or fall:
   Ye watch, like God, the rolling hours
   With larger other eyes than ours,
To make allowance for us all.

LII.
I cannot love thee as I ought,
   For love reflects the thing beloved;
   My words are only words, and moved
Upon the topmost froth of thought.
‘Yet blame not thou thy plaintive song,’
   The Spirit of true love replied;
   ‘Thou canst not move me from thy side,
Nor human frailty do me wrong.
‘What keeps a spirit wholly true
To that ideal which he bears?
What record? not the sinless years
That breathed beneath the Syrian blue:
‘So fret not, like an idle girl,
That life is dash’d with flecks of sin.
Abide: thy wealth is gather’d in,
When Time hath sunder’d shell from pearl.’

LIII.
How many a father have I seen,
A sober man, among his boys,
Whose youth was full of foolish noise,
Who wears his manhood hale and green:
And dare we to this fancy give,
That had the wild oat not been sown,
The soil, left barren, scarce had grown
The grain by which a man may live?
Or, if we held the doctrine sound
For life outliving heats of youth,
Yet who would preach it as a truth
To those that eddy round and round?
Hold thou the good: define it well:
For fear divine Philosophy
Should push beyond her mark, and be
Procress to the Lords of Hell.

LIV.
Oh yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;
That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy’d,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;
That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell’d in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another’s gain.
Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last–far off–at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.
So runs my dream: but what am I?
An infant crying in the night:
   An infant crying for the light:
And with no language but a cry.

LV.
The wish, that of the living whole
   No life may fail beyond the grave,
Derives it not from what we have
The likest God within the soul?
Are God and Nature then at strife,
   That Nature lends such evil dreams?
So careful of the type she seems,
So careless of the single life;
That I, considering everywhere
   Her secret meaning in her deeds,
And finding that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear,
I falter where I firmly trod,
   And falling with my weight of cares
Upon the great world’s altar-stairs
That slope thro’ darkness up to God,
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
   And gather dust and chaff, and call
To what I feel is Lord of all,
And faintly trust the larger hope.

LVI.
‘So careful of the type?’ but no.
   From scarped cliff and quarried stone
She cries, ‘A thousand types are gone:
I care for nothing, all shall go.
‘Thou makest thine appeal to me:
   I bring to life, I bring to death:
The spirit does but mean the breath:
I know no more.’ And he, shall he,
Man, her last work, who seem’d so fair,
   Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
Who roll’d the psalm to wintry skies,
Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,
Who trusted God was love indeed
   And love Creation’s final law—
Tho’ Nature, red in tooth and claw
With ravine, shriek’d against his creed—
Who loved, who suffer’d countless ills,
   Who battled for the True, the Just,
Be blown about the desert dust,
Or seal’d within the iron hills?
No more? A monster then, a dream,
    A discord. Dragons of the prime,
    That tare each other in their slime,
Were mellow music match’d with him.
O life as futile, then, as frail!
    O for thy voice to soothe and bless!
What hope of answer, or redress?
Behind the veil, behind the veil.

**LVII.**

Peace; come away: the song of woe
    Is after all an earthly song:
Peace; come away: we do him wrong
To sing so wildly: let us go.
Come; let us go: your cheeks are pale;
    But half my life I leave behind:
Methinks my friend is richly shrined;
But I shall pass; my work will fail.
Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
    One set slow bell will seem to toll
The passing of the sweetest soul
That ever look’d with human eyes.
I hear it now, and o’er and o’er,
    Eternal greetings to the dead;
And ‘Ave, Ave, Ave,’ said,
‘Adieu, adieu’ for evermore.

**LVIII.**

In those sad words I took farewell:
    Like echoes in sepulchral halls,
As drop by drop the water falls
In vaults and catacombs, they fell;
And, falling, idly broke the peace
    Of hearts that beat from day to day,
Half-conscious of their dying clay,
And those cold crypts where they shall cease.
The high Muse answer’d: ‘Wherefore grieve
    Thy brethren with a fruitless tear?
Abide a little longer here,
And thou shalt take a nobler leave.’

**LIX.**

O Sorrow, wilt thou live with me
    No casual mistress, but a wife,
My bosom-friend and half of life;
As I confess it needs must be;
O Sorrow, wilt thou rule my blood,
    Be sometimes lovely like a bride,
    And put thy harsher moods aside,
If thou wilt have me wise and good.
My centred passion cannot move,
    Nor will it lessen from to-day;
    But I’ll have leave at times to play
As with the creature of my love;
And set thee forth, for thou art mine,
    With so much hope for years to come,
    That, howsoe’er I know thee, some
Could hardly tell what name were thine.

LX.
He past; a soul of nobler tone:
    My spirit loved and loves him yet,
    Like some poor girl whose heart is set
On one whose rank exceeds her own.
He mixing with his proper sphere,
    She finds the baseness of her lot,
    Half jealous of she knows not what,
And envying all that meet him there.
The little village looks forlorn;
    She sighs amid her narrow days,
    Moving about the household ways,
In that dark house where she was born.
The foolish neighbours come and go,
    And tease her till the day draws by:
    At night she weeps, ‘How vain am I!
How should he love a thing so low?’

LXI.
If, in thy second state sublime,
    Thy ransom’d reason change replies
    With all the circle of the wise,
The perfect flower of human time;
And if thou cast thine eyes below,
    How dimly character’d and slight,
    How dwarf’d a growth of cold and night,
How blanch’d with darkness must I grow!
Yet turn thee to the doubtful shore,
    Where thy first form was made a man:
    I loved thee, Spirit, and love, nor can
The soul of Shakespeare love thee more.

LXII.
Tho’ if an eye that’s downward cast
   Could make thee somewhat blench or fail,
Then be my love an idle tale,
And fading legend of the past;
And thou, as one that once declined,
   When he was little more than boy,
On some unworthy heart with joy,
But lives to wed an equal mind;
And breathes a novel world, the while
   His other passion wholly dies,
Or in the light of deeper eyes
Is matter for a flying smile.
   LXIII.
Yet pity for a horse o’er-driven,
   And love in which my hound has part,
Can hang no weight upon my heart
In its assumptions up to heaven;
And I am so much more than these,
   As thou, perchance, art more than I,
And yet I spare them sympathy,
And I would set their pains at ease.
So mayst thou watch me where I weep,
   As, unto vaster motions bound,
The circuits of thine orbit round
A higher height, a deeper deep.
   LXIV.
Dost thou look back on what hath been,
   As some divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began
And on a simple village green;
Who breaks his birth’s invidious bar,
   And grasps the skirts of happy chance,
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;
Who makes by force his merit known
   And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state’s decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne;
And moving up from high to higher,
   Becomes on Fortune’s crowning slope
The pillar of a people’s hope,
The centre of a world’s desire;
Yet feels, as in a pensive dream,
   When all his active powers are still,
A distant dearness in the hill,
A secret sweetness in the stream,
The limit of his narrower fate,
While yet beside its vocal springs
He play’d at counsellors and kings,
With one that was his earliest mate;
Who ploughs with pain his native lea
And reaps the labour of his hands,
Or in the furrow musing stands;
‘Does my old friend remember me?’

**LXV.**

Sweet soul, do with me as thou wilt;
I lull a fancy trouble-tost
With ‘Love’s too precious to be lost,
A little grain shall not be spilt.’
And in that solace can I sing,
Till out of painful phases wrought
There flutters up a happy thought,
Self-balanced on a lightsome wing:
Since we deserved the name of friends,
And thine effect so lives in me,
A part of mine may live in thee
And move thee on to noble ends.

**LXVI.**

You thought my heart too far diseased;
You wonder when my fancies play
To find me gay among the gay,
Like one with any trifle pleased.
The shade by which my life was crost,
Which makes a desert in the mind,
Has made me kindly with my kind,
And like to him whose sight is lost;
Whose feet are guided thro’ the land,
Whose jest among his friends is free,
Who takes the children on his knee,
And winds their curls about his hand:
He plays with threads, he beats his chair
For pastime, dreaming of the sky;
His inner day can never die,
His night of loss is always there.

**LXVII.**

When on my bed the moonlight falls,
I know that in thy place of rest
By that broad water of the west,
There comes a glory on the walls:
Thy marble bright in dark appears,
   As slowly steals a silver flame
   Along the letters of thy name,
And o’er the number of thy years.
The mystic glory swims away;
   >From off my bed the moonlight dies;
   And closing eaves of wearied eyes
I sleep till dusk is dipt in gray:
And then I know the mist is drawn
   A lucid veil from coast to coast,
   And in the dark church like a ghost
Thy tablet glimmers to the dawn.

   LXVIII.
When in the down I sink my head,
   Sleep, Death’s twin-brother, times my breath;
   Sleep, Death’s twin-brother, knows not Death,
Nor can I dream of thee as dead:
I walk as ere I walk’d forlorn,
   When all our path was fresh with dew,
   And all the bugle breezes blew
Reveillé to the breaking morn.
But what is this? I turn about,
   I find a trouble in thine eye,
   Which makes me sad I know not why,
Nor can my dream resolve the doubt:
But ere the lark hath left the lea
   I wake, and I discern the truth;
   It is the trouble of my youth
That foolish sleep transfers to thee.

   LXIX.
I dream’d there would be Spring no more,
   That Nature’s ancient power was lost:
   The streets were black with smoke and frost,
They chatter’d trifles at the door:
I wander’d from the noisy town,
   I found a wood with thorny boughs:
   I took the thorns to bind my brows,
I wore them like a civic crown:
I met with scoffs, I met with scorns
   >From youth and babe and hoary hairs:
   They call’d me in the public squares
The fool that wears a crown of thorns:
They call’d me fool, they call’d me child:
I found an angel of the night;
The voice was low, the look was bright;
He look’d upon my crown and smiled:
He reach’d the glory of a hand,
    That seem’d to touch it into leaf:
The voice was not the voice of grief,
The words were hard to understand.

LXX.
I cannot see the features right,
    When on the gloom I strive to paint
The face I know; the hues are faint
And mix with hollow masks of night;
Cloud-towers by ghostly masons wrought,
    A gulf that ever shuts and gapes,
A hand that points, and palled shapes
In shadowy thoroughfares of thought;
And crowds that stream from yawning doors,
    And shoals of pucker’d faces drive;
Dark bulks that tumble half alive,
And lazy lengths on boundless shores;
Till all at once beyond the will
    I hear a wizard music roll,
And thro’ a lattice on the soul
Looks thy fair face and makes it still.

LXXI.
Sleep, kinsman thou to death and trance
    And madness, thou hast forged at last
A night-long Present of the Past
In which we went thro’ summer France.
Hadst thou such credit with the soul?
    Then bring an opiate trebly strong,
Drug down the blindfold sense of wrong
That so my pleasure may be whole;
While now we talk as once we talk’d
    Of men and minds, the dust of change,
The days that grow to something strange,
In walking as of old we walk’d
Beside the river’s wooded reach,
    The fortress, and the mountain ridge,
The cataract flashing from the bridge,
The breaker breaking on the beach.

LXXII.
Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,
    And howlest, issuing out of night,
With blasts that blow the poplar white,
And lash with storm the streaming pane?
Day, when my crown’d estate begun
To pine in that reverse of doom,
Which sicken’d every living bloom,
And blurr’d the splendour of the sun;
Who usherest in the dolorous hour
With thy quick tears that make the rose
Pull sideways, and the daisy close
Her crimson fringes to the shower;
Who might’st have heaved a windless flame
Up the deep East, or, whispering, play’d
A chequer-work of beam and shade
Along the hills, yet look’d the same.
As wan, as chill, as wild as now;
Day, mark’d as with some hideous crime,
When the dark hand struck down thro’ time,
And cancell’d nature’s best: but thou,
Lift as thou may’st thy burthen’d brows
Thro’ clouds that drench the morning star,
And whirl the ungarner’d sheaf afar,
And sow the sky with flying boughs,
And up thy vault with roaring sound
Climb thy thick noon, disastrous day;
Touch thy dull goal of joyless gray,
And hide thy shame beneath the ground.

LXXIII.

So many worlds, so much to do,
So little done, such things to be,
How know I what had need of thee,
For thou wert strong as thou wert true?
The fame is quench’d that I foresaw,
The head hath miss’d an earthly wreath:
I curse not nature, no, nor death;
For nothing is that errs from law.
We pass; the path that each man trod
Is dim, or will be dim, with weeds:
What fame is left for human deeds
In endless age? It rests with God.
O hollow wraith of dying fame,
Fade wholly, while the soul exults,
And self-infolds the large results
Of force that would have forged a name.

LXXIV.
As sometimes in a dead man’s face,
    To those that watch it more and more,
    A likeness, hardly seen before,
Comes out—to some one of his race:
So, dearest, now thy brows are cold,
    I see thee what thou art, and know
    Thy likeness to the wise below,
Thy kindred with the great of old.
But there is more than I can see,
    And what I see I leave unsaid,
Nor speak it, knowing Death has made
His darkness beautiful with thee.

LXXV.
I leave thy praises unexpress’d
    In verse that brings myself relief,
    And by the measure of my grief
I leave thy greatness to be guess’d;
What practice howsoe’er expert
    In fitting aptest words to things,
Or voice the richest-toned that sings,
Hath power to give thee as thou wert?
I care not in these fading days
    To raise a cry that lasts not long,
    And round thee with the breeze of song
To stir a little dust of praise.
Thy leaf has perish’d in the green,
    And, while we breathe beneath the sun,
    The world which credits what is done
Is cold to all that might have been.
So here shall silence guard thy fame;
    But somewhere, out of human view,
    Whate’er thy hands are set to do
Is wrought with tumult of acclaim.

LXXVI.
Take wings of fancy, and ascend,
    And in a moment set thy face
Where all the starry heavens of space
Are sharpen’d to a needle’s end;
Take wings of foresight; lighten thro’
    The secular abyss to come,
And lo, thy deepest lays are dumb
Before the mouldering of a yew;
And if the matin songs, that woke
    The darkness of our planet, last,
Thine own shall wither in the vast,
Ere half the lifetime of an oak.
Ere these have clothed their branchy bowers
With fifty Mays, thy songs are vain;
And what are they when these remain
The ruin’d shells of hollow towers?

LXXVII.
What hope is here for modern rhyme
To him, who turns a musing eye
On songs, and deeds, and lives, that lie
Foreshorten’d in the tract of time?
These mortal lullabies of pain
May bind a book, may line a box,
May serve to curl a maiden’s locks;
Or when a thousand moons shall wane
A man upon a stall may find,
And, passing, turn the page that tells
A grief, then changed to something else,
Sung by a long-forgotten mind.
But what of that? My darken’d ways
Shall ring with music all the same;
To breathe my loss is more than fame,
To utter love more sweet than praise.

LXXVIII.
Again at Christmas did we weave
The holly round the Christmas hearth;
The silent snow possess’d the earth,
And calmly fell our Christmas-eve:
The yule-clog sparkled keen with frost,
No wing of wind the region swept,
But over all things brooding slept
The quiet sense of something lost.
As in the winters left behind,
Again our ancient games had place,
The mimic picture’s breathing grace,
And dance and song and hoodman-blind.
Who show’d a token of distress?
No single tear, no mark of pain:
O sorrow, then can sorrow wane?
O grief, can grief be changed to less?
O last regret, regret can die!
No–mixt with all this mystic frame,
Her deep relations are the same,
But with long use her tears are dry.
LXXIX.
‘More than my brothers are to me,’—
Let this not vex thee, noble heart!
I know thee of what force thou art
To hold the costliest love in fee.
But thou and I are one in kind,
As moulded like in Nature’s mint;
And hill and wood and field did print
The same sweet forms in either mind.
For us the same cold streamlet curl’d
Thro’ all his eddying coves; the same
All winds that roam the twilight came
In whispers of the beauteous world.
At one dear knee we proffer’d vows,
One lesson from one book we learn’d,
Ere childhood’s flaxen ringlet turn’d
To black and brown on kindred brows.
And so my wealth resembles thine,
But he was rich where I was poor,
And he supplied my want the more
As his unlikeness fitted mine.

LXXX.
If any vague desire should rise,
That holy Death ere Arthur died
Had moved me kindly from his side,
And dropt the dust on tearless eyes;
Then fancy shapes, as fancy can,
The grief my loss in him had wrought,
A grief as deep as life or thought,
But stay’d in peace with God and man.
I make a picture in the brain;
I hear the sentence that he speaks;
He bears the burthen of the weeks
But turns his burthen into gain.
His credit thus shall set me free;
And, influence-rich to soothe and save,
Unused example from the grave
Reach out dead hands to comfort me.

Could I have said while he was here,
‘My love shall now no further range;
There cannot come a mellower change,
For now is love mature in ear.’
Love, then, had hope of richer store:
What end is here to my complaint?
This haunting whisper makes me faint,
‘More years had made me love thee more.’
But Death returns an answer sweet:
‘My sudden frost was sudden gain,
And gave all ripeness to the grain,
It might have drawn from after-heat.’

LXXXII.
I wage not any feud with Death
   For changes wrought on form and face;
   No lower life that earth’s embrace
May breed with him, can fright my faith.
Eternal process moving on,
   From state to state the spirit walks;
And these are but the shatter’d stalks,
Or ruin’d chrysalis of one.
Nor blame I Death, because he bare
   The use of virtue out of earth:
I know transplanted human worth
Will bloom to profit, otherwhere.
For this alone on Death I wreak
   The wrath that garners in my heart;
He put our lives so far apart
We cannot hear each other speak.

LXXXIII.
Dip down upon the northern shore,
   O sweet new-year delaying long;
Thou doest expectant nature wrong;
Delaying long, delay no more.
What stays thee from the clouded noons,
   Thy sweetness from its proper place?
Can trouble live with April days,
Or sadness in the summer moons?
Bring orchis, bring the foxglove spire,
   The little speedwell’s darling blue,
Deep tulips dash’d with fiery dew,
Laburnums, dropping-wells of fire.
O thou, new-year, delaying long,
   Delayest the sorrow in my blood,
That longs to burst a frozen bud
And flood a fresher throat with song.

LXXXIV.
When I contemplate all alone
   The life that had been thine below,
And fix my thoughts on all the glow
To which thy crescent would have grown;
I see thee sitting crown’d with good,
A central warmth diffusing bliss
In glance and smile, and clasp and kiss,
On all the branches of thy blood;
Thy blood, my friend, and partly mine;
For now the day was drawing on,
When thou should’st link thy life with one
Of mine own house, and boys of thine
Had babbled ‘Uncle’ on my knee;
But that remorseless iron hour
Made cypress of her orange flower,
Despair of Hope, and earth of thee.
I seem to meet their least desire,
To clap their cheeks, to call them mine.
I see their unborn faces shine
Beside the never-lighted fire.
I see myself an honour’d guest,
Thy partner in the flowery walk
Of letters, genial table-talk,
Or deep dispute, and graceful jest;
While now thy prosperous labour fills
The lips of men with honest praise,
And sun by sun the happy days
Descend below the golden hills
With promise of a morn as fair;
And all the train of bounteous hours
Conduct by paths of growing powers,
To reverence and the silver hair;
Till slowly worn her earthly robe,
Her lavish mission richly wrought,
Leaving great legacies of thought,
Thy spirit should fail from off the globe;
What time mine own might also flee,
As link’d with thine in love and fate,
And, hovering o’er the dolorous strait
To the other shore, involved in thee,
Arrive at last the blessed goal,
And He that died in Holy Land
Would reach us out the shining hand,
And take us as a single soul.
What reed was that on which I leant?
Ah, backward fancy, wherefore wake
The old bitterness again, and break
The low beginnings of content.

LXXXV.
This truth came borne with bier and pall,
   I felt it, when I sorrow’d most,
’Tis better to have loved and lost,
Than never to have loved at all–
O true in word, and tried in deed,
   Demanding, so to bring relief
To this which is our common grief,
What kind of life is that I lead;
And whether trust in things above
   Be dimm’d of sorrow, or sustain’d;
And whether love for him have drain’d
My capabilities of love;
Your words have virtue such as draws
   A faithful answer from the breast,
Thro’ light reproaches, half exprest,
And loyal unto kindly laws.
My blood an even tenor kept,
   Till on mine ear this message falls,
That in Vienna’s fatal walls
God’s finger touch’d him, and he slept.
The great Intelligences fair
   That range above our mortal state,
In circle round the blessed gate,
Received and gave him welcome there;
And led him thro’ the blissful climes,
   And show’d him in the fountain fresh
All knowledge that the sons of flesh
Shall gather in the cycled times.
But I remained, whose hopes were dim,
   Whose life, whose thoughts were little worth,
To wander on a darkened earth,
Where all things round me breathed of him.
O friendship, equal poised control,
   O heart, with kindliest motion warm,
O sacred essence, other form,
O solemn ghost, O crowned soul!
Yet none could better know than I,
   How much of act at human hands
The sense of human will demands
By which we dare to live or die.
Whatever way my days decline,
I felt and feel, tho’ left alone,
His being working in mine own,
The footsteps of his life in mine;
A life that all the Muses decked
   With gifts of grace, that might express
   All comprehensive tenderness,
All-subtilising intellect:
And so my passion hath not swerved
   To works of weakness, but I find
   An image comforting the mind,
And in my grief a strength reserved.
Likewise the imaginative woe,
   That loved to handle spiritual strife,
   Diffused the shock thro’ all my life,
But in the present broke the blow.
My pulses therefore beat again
   For other friends that once I met;
   Nor can it suit me to forget
The mighty hopes that make us men.
I woo your love: I count it crime
   To mourn for any overmuch;
   I, the divided half of such
A friendship as had master’d Time;
Which masters Time indeed, and is
   Eternal, separate from fears:
   The all-assuming months and years
Can take no part away from this:
But Summer on the steaming floods,
   And Spring that swells the narrow brooks,
   And Autumn, with a noise of rooks,
That gather in the waning woods,
And every pulse of wind and wave
   Recalls, in change of light or gloom,
   My old affection of the tomb,
And my prime passion in the grave:
My old affection of the tomb,
   A part of stillness, yearns to speak:
   ‘Arise, and get thee forth and seek
A friendship for the years to come.
   ‘I watch thee from the quiet shore;
   Thy spirit up to mine can reach;
   But in dear words of human speech
We two communicate no more.’
And I, ‘Can clouds of nature stain
The starry clearness of the free?
How is it? Canst thou feel for me
Some painless sympathy with pain?’
And lightly does the whisper fall;
‘‘Tis hard for thee to fathom this;
I triumph in conclusive bliss,
And that serene result of all.’
So hold I commerce with the dead;
Or so methinks the dead would say;
Or so shall grief with symbols play
And pining life be fancy-fed.
Now looking to some settled end,
That these things pass, and I shall prove
A meeting somewhere, love with love,
I crave your pardon, O my friend;
If not so fresh, with love as true,
I, clasping brother-hands aver
I could not, if I would, transfer
The whole I felt for him to you.
For which be they that hold apart
The promise of the golden hours?
First love, first friendship, equal powers,
That marry with the virgin heart.
Still mine, that cannot but deplore,
That beats within a lonely place,
That yet remembers his embrace,
But at his footstep leaps no more,
My heart, tho’ widow’d, may not rest
Quite in the love of what is gone,
But seeks to beat in time with one
That warms another living breast.
Ah, take the imperfect gift I bring,
Knowing the primrose yet is dear,
The primrose of the later year,
As not unlike to that of Spring.

LXXXVI.
Sweet after showers, ambrosial air,
That rollest from the gorgeous gloom
Of evening over brake and bloom
And meadow, slowly breathing bare
The round of space, and rapt below
Thro’ all the dewy-tassell’d wood,
And shadowing down the horned flood
In ripples, fan my brows and blow
The fever from my cheek, and sigh
   The full new life that feeds thy breath
   Throughout my frame, till Doubt and Death,
Ill brethren, let the fancy fly
From belt to belt of crimson seas
   On leagues of odour streaming far,
   To where in yonder orient star
A hundred spirits whisper ‘Peace.’

LXXXVII.
I past beside the reverend walls
   In which of old I wore the gown;
I roved at random thro’ the town,
And saw the tumult of the halls;
And heard one more in college fanes
   The storm their high-built organs make,
   And thunder-music, rolling, shake
The prophet blazon’d on the panes;
And caught one more the distant shout,
   The measured pulse of racing oars
   Among the willows; paced the shores
And many a bridge, and all about
The same gray flats again, and felt
   The same, but not the same; and last
   Up that long walk of times I past
To see the rooms in which he dwelt.
Another name was on the door;
   I linger’d; all within was noise
   Of songs, and clapping hands, and boys
That crash’d the glass and beat the floor;
Where once we held debate, a band
   Of youthful friends, on mind and art,
   And labour, and the changing mart,
And all the framework of the land;
When one would aim an arrow fair,
   But send it slackly from the string;
   And one would pierce an outer ring,
And one an inner, here and there;
And last the master-bowman, he,
   Would cleave the mark. A willing ear
   We lent him. Who, but hung to hear
The rapt oration flowing free
From point to point, with power and grace
   And music in the bounds of law,
   To those conclusions when we saw
The God within him light his face,
And seem to lift the form, and glow
    In azure orbits heavenly wise;
    And over those ethereal eyes
The bar of Michael Angelo.

LXXXVIII.
Wild bird, whose warble, liquid sweet,
    Rings Eden thro’ the budded quicks,
O tell me where the senses mix,
O tell me where the passions meet,
Whence radiate: fierce extremes employ
    Thy spirits in the darkening leaf,
And in the midmost heart of grief
Thy passion clasps a secret joy:
And I—my harp would prelude woe—
    I cannot all command the strings;
The glory of the sum of things
Will flash along the chords and go.

LXXXIX.
Witch-elms that counterchange the floor
    Of this flat lawn with dusk and bright;
And thou, with all thy breadth and height
Of foliage, towering sycamore:
How often, hither wandering down,
    My Arthur found your shadows fair,
And shook to all the liberal air
The dust and din and steam of town:
He brought an eye for all he saw;
    He mixt in all our simple sports;
They pleased him, fresh from brawling courts
And dusty purlicues of the law.
O joy to him in this retreat,
    Immantled in ambrosial dark,
To drink the cooler air, and mark
The landscape winking thro’ the heat:
O sound to rout the brood of cares,
    The sweep of scythe in morning dew,
The gust that round the garden flew,
And tumbled half the mellowing pears!
O bliss, when all in circle drawn
    About him, heart and ear were fed
To hear him, as he lay and read
The Tuscan poets on the lawn:
Or in the all-golden afternoon
A guest, or happy sister, sung,
Or here she brought the harp and flung
A ballad to the brightening moon:
Nor less it pleased in livelier moods,
Beyond the bounding hill to stray,
And break the livelong summer day
With banquet in the distant woods;
Whereat we glanced from theme to theme,
Discuss’d the books to love or hate,
Or touch’d the changes of the state,
Or threaded some Socratic dream;
But if I praised the busy town,
He loved to rail against it still,
For ‘ground in yonder social mill
We rub each other’s angles down,
‘And merge’ he said ‘in form and gloss
The picturesque of man and man.’
We talk’d: the stream beneath us ran,
The wine-flask lying couch’d in moss,
Or cool’d within the glooming wave;
And last, returning from afar,
Before the crimson-circled star
Had fall’n into her father’s grave,
And brushing ankle-deep in flowers.
We heard behind the woodbine veil
The milk that bubbled in the pail,
And buzzings of the honied hours.

XC.

He tasted love with half his mind,
Nor ever drank the inviolate spring
Where nighest heaven, who first could fling
This bitter seed among mankind;
That could the dead, whose dying eyes
Were closed with wail, resume their life,
They would but find in child and wife
An iron welcome when they rise:
’Twas well, indeed, when warm with wine,
To pledge them with a kindly tear,
To talk them o’er, to wish them here,
To count their memories half divine;
But if they came who past away,
Behold their brides in other hands;
The hard heir strides about their lands,
And will not yield them for a day.
Yea, tho’ their sons were none of these,
Not less the yet-loved sire would make
Confusion worse than death, and shake
The pillars of domestic peace.
Ah dear, but come thou back to me:
Whatever change the years have wrought,
I find not yet one lonely thought
That cries against my wish for thee.

**XCI.**

When rosy plumelets tuft the larch,
And rarely pipes the mounted thrush;
Or underneath the barren bush
Flits by the sea-blue bird of March;
Come, wear the form by which I know
Thy spirit in time among thy peers;
The hope of unaccomplish’d years
Be large and lucid round thy brow.
When summer’s hourly-mellowing change
May breathe, with many roses sweet,
Upon the thousand waves of wheat,
That ripple round the lonely grange;
Come: not in watches of the night,
But where the sunbeam broodeth warm,
Come, beauteous in thine after form,
And like a finer light in light.

**XCII.**

If any vision should reveal
Thy likeness, I might count it vain
As but the canker of the brain;
Yea, tho’ it spake and made appeal
To chances where our lots were cast
Together in the days behind,
I might but say, I hear a wind
Of memory murmuring the past.
Yea, tho’ it spake and bared to view
A fact within the coming year;
And tho’ the months, revolving near,
Should prove the phantom-warning true,
They might not seem thy prophecies,
But spiritual presentiments,
And such refraction of events
As often rises ere they rise.

**XCIII.**

I shall not see thee. Dare I say
No spirit ever brake the band
That stays him from the native land
Where first he walk’d when claspt in clay?
No visual shade of some one lost,
But he, the Spirit himself, may come
Where all the nerve of sense is numb;
Spirit to Spirit, Ghost to Ghost.
O, therefore from thy sightless range
With gods in unconjectured bliss,
O, from the distance of the abyss
Of tenfold-complicated change,
Descend, and touch, and enter; hear
The wish too strong for words to name;
That in this blindness of the frame
My Ghost may feel that thine is near.

XCIV.
How pure at heart and sound in head,
With what divine affections bold
Should be the man whose thought would hold
An hour’s communion with the dead.
In vain shalt thou, or any, call
The spirits from their golden day,
Except, like them, thou too canst say,
My spirit is at peace with all.
They haunt the silence of the breast,
Imaginations calm and fair,
The memory like a cloudless air,
The conscience as a sea at rest:
But when the heart is full of din,
And doubt beside the portal waits,
They can but listen at the gates,
And hear the household jar within.

XCV.
By night we linger’d on the lawn,
For underfoot the herb was dry;
And genial warmth; and o’er the sky
The silvery haze of summer drawn;
And calm that let the tapers burn
Unwavering: not a cricket chirr’d:
The brook alone far-off was heard,
And on the board the fluttering urn:
And bats went round in fragrant skies,
And wheel’d or lit the filmy shapes
That haunt the dusk, with ermine capes
And woolly breasts and beaded eyes;
While now we sang old songs that peal’d
  From knoll to knoll, where, couch’d at ease,
  The white kine glimmer’d, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field.
But when those others, one by one,
  Withdrew themselves from me and night,
  And in the house light after light
Went out, and I was all alone,
A hunger seized my heart; I read
  Of that glad year which once had been,
  In those fall’n leaves which kept their green,
The noble letters of the dead:
And strangely on the silence broke
  The silent-speaking words, and strange
  Was love’s dumb cry defying change
To test his worth; and strangely spoke
The faith, the vigour, bold to dwell
  On doubts that drive the coward back,
  And keen thro’ wordy snares to track
Suggestion to her inmost cell.
So word by word, and line by line,
  The dead man touch’d me from the past,
  And all at once it seem’d at last
The living soul was flash’d on mine,
And mine in this was wound, and whirl’d
  About empyreal heights of thought,
  And came on that which is, and caught
The deep pulsations of the world,
Æonian music measuring out
  The steps of Time—the shocks of Chance—
  The blows of Death. At length my trance
Was cancell’d, stricken thro’ with doubt.
Vague words! but ah, how hard to frame
  In matter-moulded forms of speech,
  Or ev’n for intellect to reach
Thro’ memory that which I became:
Till now the doubtful dusk reveal’d
  The knolls once more where, couch’d at ease,
  The white kine glimmer’d, and the trees
Laid their dark arms about the field:
And suck’d from out the distant gloom
  A breeze began to tremble o’er
  The large leaves of the sycamore,
And fluctuate all the still perfume,
And gathering freshlier overhead,
    Rock’d the full-foliaged elms, and swung
    The heavy-folded rose, and flung
The lilies to and fro, and said
‘The dawn, the dawn,’ and died away;
    And East and West, without a breath,
    Mixt their dim lights, like life and death,
To broaden into boundless day.

XCVI.
You say, but with no touch of scorn,
    Sweet-hearted, you, whose light-blue eyes
Are tender over drowning flies,
You tell me, doubt is Devil-born.
I know not: one indeed I knew
    In many a subtle question versed,
Who touch’d a jarring lyre at first,
But ever strove to make it true:
Perplex in faith, but pure in deeds,
    At last he beat his music out.
There lives more faith in honest doubt,
Believe me, than in half the creeds.
He fought his doubts and gather’d strength,
    He would not make his judgment blind,
He faced the spectres of the mind
And laid them: thus he came at length
To find a stronger faith his own:
    And Power was with him in the night,
Which makes the darkness and the light,
And dwells not in the light alone,
But in the darkness and the cloud,
    As over Sinai’s peaks of old,
While Israel made their gods of gold,
Altho’ the trumpet blew so loud.

XCVII.
My love has talk’d with rocks and trees;
    He finds on misty mountain-ground
His own vast shadow glory-crown’d;
He sees himself in all he sees.
Two partners of a married life–
    I look’d on these and thought of thee
In vastness and in mystery,
And of my spirit as of a wife.
These two—they dwelt with eye on eye,
Their hearts of old have beat in tune,
Their meetings made December June,
Their every parting was to die.
Their love has never past away;
The days she never can forget
Are earnest that he loves her yet,
Whate’er the faithless people say.
Her life is lone, he sits apart,
He loves her yet, she will not weep,
Tho’ rapt in matters dark and deep
He seems to slight her simple heart.
He thrids the labyrinth of the mind,
He reads the secret of the star,
He seems so near and yet so far,
He looks so cold: she thinks him kind.
She keeps the gift of years before,
A wither’d violet is her bliss:
She knows not what his greatness is,
For that, for all, she loves him more.
For him she plays, to him she sings
Of early faith and plighted vows;
She knows but matters of the house,
And he, he knows a thousand things.
Her faith is fixt and cannot move;
She darkly feels him great and wise,
She dwells on him with faithful eyes,
‘I cannot understand: I love.’

XCVIII.
You leave us: you will see the Rhine,
And those fair hills I sail’d below,
When I was there with him; and go
By summer belts of wheat and vine
To where he breathed his latest breath,
That City. All her splendour seems
No livelier than the wisp that gleams
On Lethe in the eyes of Death.
Let her great Danube rolling fair
Enwind her isles, unmark’d of me:
I have not seen, I will not see
Vienna; rather dream that there,
A treble darkness, Evil haunts
The birth, the bridal; friend from friend
Is oftener parted, fathers bend
Above more graves, a thousand wants
Gnarr at the heels of men, and prey
    By each cold hearth, and sadness flings
    Her shadow on the blaze of kings:
And yet myself have heard him say,
That not in any mother town
    With statelier progress to and fro
    The double tides of chariots flow
By park and suburb under brown
Of lustier leaves; nor more content,
    He told me, lives in any crowd,
    When all is gay with lamps, and loud
With sport and song, in booth and tent,
Imperial halls, or open plain;
    And wheels the circled dance, and breaks
    The rocket molten into flakes
Of crimson or in emerald rain.

XCIX.
Risest thou thus, dim dawn, again,
    So loud with voices of the birds,
    So thick with lowings of the herds,
Day, when I lost the flower of men;
Who tremblest thro’ thy darkling red
    On yon swoll’n brook that bubbles fast
By meadows breathing of the past,
And woodlands holy to the dead;
Who murmurest in the foliaged eaves
    A song that slights the coming care,
    And Autumn laying here and there
A fiery finger on the leaves;
Who wakenest with thy balmy breath
    To myriads on the genial earth,
    Memories of bridal, or of birth,
And unto myriads more, of death.
O wheresoe’er those may be,
    Betwixt the slumber of the poles,
    To-day they count as kindred souls;
They know me not, but mourn with me.

C.
I climb the hill: from end to end
    Of all the landscape underneath,
    I find no place that does not breathe
Some gracious memory of my friend;
No gray old grange, or lonely fold,
    Or low morass and whispering reed,
Or simple stile from mead to mead,
Or sheepwalk up the windy wold;
Nor hoary knoll of ash and haw
That hears the latest linnet trill,
Nor quarry trench’d along the hill
And haunted by the wrangling daw;
Nor runlet tinkling from the rock;
Nor pastoral rivulet that swerves
To left and right thro’ meadowy curves,
That feed the mothers of the flock;
But each has pleased a kindred eye,
And each reflects a kindlier day;
And, leaving these, to pass away,
I think once more he seems to die.

CI.
Unwatch’d, the garden bough shall sway,
The tender blossom flutter down,
Unloved, that beech will gather brown,
This maple burn itself away;
Unloved, the sun-flower, shining fair,
Ray round with flames her disk of seed,
And many a rose-carnation feed
With summer spice the humming air;
Unloved, by many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star;
Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
And flood the haunts of hern and crake;
Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove;
Till from the garden and the wild
A fresh association blow,
And year by year the landscape grow
Familiar to the stranger’s child;
As year by year the labourer tills
His wonted glebe, or lops the glades;
And year by year our memory fades
From all the circle of the hills.

CII.
We leave the well-beloved place
Where first we gazed upon the sky;
The roofs, that heard our earliest cry,
Will shelter one of stranger race.
We go, but ere we go from home,
   As down the garden-walks I move,
   Two spirits of a diverse love
Contend for loving masterdom.
One whispers, ‘Here thy boyhood sung
   Long since its matin song, and heard
   The low love-language of the bird
In native hazels tassel-hung.’
The other answers, ‘Yea, but here
   Thy feet have stray’d in after hours
   With thy lost friend among the bowers,
And this hath made them trebly dear.’
These two have striven half the day,
   And each prefers his separate claim,
   Poor rivals in a losing game,
That will not yield each other way.
I turn to go: my feet are set
   To leave the pleasant fields and farms;
   They mix in one another’s arms
To one pure image of regret.

CIII.
On that last night before we went
   From out the doors where I was bred,
   I dream’d a vision of the dead,
Which left my after-morn content.
Methought I dwelt within a hall,
   And maidens with me: distant hills
   From hidden summits fed with rills
A river sliding by the wall.
The hall with harp and carol rang.
   They sang of what is wise and good
   And graceful: In the centre stood
A statue veil’d, to which they sang;
And which, tho’ veil’d, was known to me,
   The shape of him I loved, and love
   For ever: then flew in a dove
And brought a summons from the sea:
And when they learnt that I must go
   They wept and wail’d, but led the way
   To where a little shallop lay
At anchor in the flood below;
And on by many a level mead,
   And shadowing bluff that made the banks,
We glided winding under ranks
Of iris, and the golden reed;
And still as vaster grew the shore
    And roll’d the floods in grander space,
The maidens gather’d strength and grace
And presence, lordlier than before;
And I myself, who sat apart
    And watch’d them, wax’d in every limb;
I felt the thews of Anakim,
The pulses of a Titan’s heart;
As one would sing the death of war,
    And one would chant the history
Of that great race, which is to be,
And one the shaping of a star;
Until the forward-creeping tides
    Began to foam, and we to draw
From deep to deep, to where we saw
A great ship lift her shining sides.
The man we loved was there on deck,
    But thrice as large as man he bent
To greet us. Up the side I went,
And fell in silence on his neck:
Whereat those maidens with one mind
    Bewail’d their lot; I did them wrong:
‘We served thee here’ they said, ‘so long,
And wilt thou leave us now behind?’
So rapt I was, they could not win
    An answer from my lips, but he
Replying, ‘Enter likewise ye
And go with us!’ they enter’d in.
And while the wind began to sweep
    A music out of sheet and shroud,
We steer’d her toward a crimson cloud
That landlike slept along the deep.

CIV.

The time draws near the birth of Christ;
    The moon is hid, the night is still;
A single church below the hill
Is pealing, folded in the mist.
A single peal of bells below,
    That wakens at this hour of rest
A single murmure in the breast,
That these are not the bells I know.
Like strangers’ voices here they sound,
In lands where not a memory strays,
Nor landmark breathes of other days,
But all is new unhallow’d ground.

CV.

To-night ungather’d let us leave
This laurel, let this holly stand:
We live within the stranger’s land,
And strangely falls our Christmas-eve.
Our father’s dust is left alone
And silent under other snows:
There in due time the woodbine blows,
The violet comes, but we are gone.
No more shall wayward grief abuse
The genial hour with mask and mime;
For change of place, like growth of time,
Has broke the bond of dying use.
Let cares that petty shadows cast,
By which our lives are chiefly proved,
A little spare the night I loved,
And hold it solemn to the past.
But let no footstep beat the floor,
Nor bowl of wassail mantle warm;
For who would keep an ancient form
Thro’ which the spirit breathes no more?
Be neither song, nor game, nor feast;
Nor harp be touch’d, nor flute be blown;
No dance, no motion, save alone
What lightens in the lucid east
Of rising worlds by yonder wood.
Long sleeps the summer in the seed;
Run out your measured arcs, and lead
The closing cycle rich in good.

CVI.

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.
Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.
Ring out a slowly dying cause,
    And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.
Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
    The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.
Ring out false pride in place and blood,
    The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.
Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
    Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
Ring in the valiant man and free,
    The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

CVII.
It is the day when he was born,
    A bitter day that early sank
Behind a purple-frosty bank
Of vapour, leaving night forlorn.
The time admits not flowers or leaves
    To deck the banquet. Fiercely flies
The blast of North and East, and ice
Makes daggers at the sharpen’d eaves,
And bristles all the brakes and thorns
    To yon hard crescent, as she hangs
Above the wood which grides and clangs
Its leafless ribs and iron horns
Together, in the drifts that pass
    To darken on the rolling brine
That breaks the coast. But fetch the wine,
Arrange the board and brim the glass;
Bring in great logs and let them lie,
    To make a solid core of heat;
Be cheerful-minded, talk and treat
Of all things ev’n as he were by;
We keep the day. With festal cheer,
    With books and music, surely we
Will drink to him, whate’er he be,  
And sing the songs he loved to hear.

CVIII.
I will not shut me from my kind,  
And, lest I stiffen into stone,  
I will not eat my heart alone,  
Nor feed with sighs a passing wind:

What profit lies in barren faith,  
And vacant yearning, tho’ with might  
To scale the heaven’s highest height,  
Or dive below the wells of Death?

What find I in the highest place,  
But mine own phantom chanting hymns?  
And on the depths of death there swims

The reflex of a human face.
I’ll rather take what fruit may be  
Of sorrow under human skies:  
’Tis held that sorrow makes us wise,

Whatever wisdom sleep with thee.

CIX.
Heart-affluence in discursive talk  
From household fountains never dry;  
The critic clearness of an eye,  
That saw thro’ all the Muses’ walk;

Seraphic intellect and force  
To seize and throw the doubts of man;  
Impassion’d logic, which outran

The hearer in its fiery course;
High nature amorous of the good,  
But touch’d with no ascetic gloom;  
And passion pure in snowy bloom

Thro’ all the years of April blood;  
A love of freedom rarely felt,  
Of freedom in her regal seat  
Of England; not the schoolboy heat,

The blind hysterics of the Celt;  
And manhood fused with female grace  
In such a sort, the child would twine  
A trustful hand, unask’d, in thine,

And find his comfort in thy face;  
All these have been, and thee mine eyes  
Have look’d on: if they look’d in vain,  
My shame is greater who remain,

Nor let thy wisdom make me wise.
CX.
Thy converse drew us with delight,
    The men of rath and riper years:
    The feeble soul, a haunt of fears,
Forgot his weakness in thy sight.
On thee the loyal-hearted hung,
    The proud was half disarm’d of pride,
    Nor cared the serpent at thy side
To flicker with his double tongue.
The stern were mild when thou wert by,
    The flippant put himself to school
    And heard thee, and the brazen fool
Was soften’d, and he knew not why;
While I, thy nearest, sat apart,
    And felt thy triumph was as mine;
    And loved them more, that they were thine,
The graceful tact, the Christian art;
Nor mine the sweetness or the skill,
    But mine the love that will not tire,
    And, born of love, the vague desire
That spurs an imitative will.

CXI.
The churl in spirit, up or down
    Along the scale of ranks, thro’ all,
    To him who grasps a golden ball,
By blood a king, at heart a clown;
The churl in spirit, howe’er he veil
    His want in forms for fashion’s sake,
    Will let his coltish nature break
At seasons thro’ the gilded pale:
For who can always act? but he,
    To whom a thousand memories call,
    Not being less but more than all
The gentleness he seem’d to be,
Best seem’d the thing he was, and join’d
    Each office of the social hour
    To noble manners, as the flower
And native growth of noble mind;
Nor ever narrowness or spite,
    Or villain fancy fleeting by,
    Drew in the expression of an eye,
Where God and Nature met in light;
And thus he bore without abuse
    The grand old name of gentleman,
Defamed by every charlatan,
And soil’d with all ignoble use.

**CXII.**
High wisdom holds my wisdom less,
    That I, who gaze with temperate eyes
On glorious insufficiencies,
Set light by narrower perfectness.
But thou, that fillest all the room
    Of all my love, art reason why
I seem to cast a careless eye
On souls, the lesser lords of doom.
For what wert thou? some novel power
    Sprang up for ever at a touch,
And hope could never hope too much,
In watching thee from hour to hour,
Large elements in order brought,
    And tracts of calm from tempest made,
And world-wide fluctuation sway’d
In vassal tides that follow’d thought.

**CXIII.**
’Tis held that sorrow makes us wise;
    Yet how much wisdom sleeps with thee
Which not alone had guided me,
But served the seasons that may rise;
For can I doubt, who knew thee keen,
    In intellect, with force and skill
To strive, to fashion, to fulfil—
I doubt not what thou wouldst have been:
A life in civic action warm,
    A soul on highest mission sent,
A potent voice of Parliament,
A pillar steadfast in the storm,
Should licensed boldness gather force,
    Becoming, when the time has birth,
A lever to uplift the earth
And roll it in another course,
With thousand shocks that come and go,
    With agonies, with energies,
With overthrowings, and with cries,
And undulations to and fro.

**CXIV.**
Who loves not Knowledge? Who shall rail
Against her beauty? May she mix
With men and prosper! Who shall fix
Her pillars? Let her work prevail.
But on her forehead sits a fire:
    She sets her forward countenance
    And leaps into the future chance,
Submitting all things to desire.
Half-grown as yet, a child, and vain—
    She cannot fight the fear of death.
    What is she, cut from love and faith,
But some wild Pallas from the brain
Of Demons? fiery-hot to burst
    All barriers in her onward race
    For power. Let her know her place;
She is the second, not the first.
A higher hand must make her mild,
    If all be not in vain; and guide
    Her footsteps, moving side by side
With wisdom, like the younger child:
For she is earthly of the mind,
    But Wisdom heavenly of the soul.
    O, friend, who camest to thy goal
So early, leaving me behind,
I would the great world grew like thee,
    Who grewest not alone in power
    And knowledge, but by year and hour
In reverence and in charity.

CXV.
Now fades the last long streak of snow,
    Now burgeons every maze of quick
About the flowering squares, and thick
By ashen roots the violets blow.
Now rings the woodland loud and long,
    The distance takes a lovelier hue,
    And drown’d in yonder living blue
The lark becomes a sightless song.
Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,
    The flocks are whiter down the vale,
    And milkier every milky sail
On winding stream or distant sea;
Where now the seamew pipes, or dives
    In yonder greening gleam, and fly
    The happy birds, that change their sky
To build and brood; that live their lives
From land to land; and in my breast
    Spring wakens too; and my regret
Becomes an April violet,  
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

**CXVI.**
Is it, then, regret for buried time  
That keenlier in sweet April wakes,  
And meets the year, and gives and takes  
The colours of the crescent prime?  
Not all: the songs, the stirring air,  
The life re-orient out of dust,  
Cry thro’ the sense to hearten trust  
In that which made the world so fair.  
Not all regret: the face will shine  
Upon me, while I muse alone;  
And that dear voice, I once have known,  
Still speak to me of me and mine:  
Yet less of sorrow lives in me  
For days of happy commune dead;  
Less yearning for the friendship fled,  
Than some strong bond which is to be.

**CXVII.**
O days and hours, your work is this  
To hold me from my proper place,  
A little while from his embrace  
For fuller gain of after bliss:  
That out of distance might ensue  
Desire of nearness doubly sweet;  
And unto meeting when we meet,  
Delight a hundredfold accrue,  
For every grain of sand that runs,  
And every span of shade that steals,  
And every kiss of toothed wheels,  
And all the courses of the suns.

**CXVIII.**
Contemplate all this work of Time,  
The giant labouring in his youth;  
Nor dream of human love and truth,  
As dying Nature’s earth and lime;  
But trust that those we call the dead  
Are breathers of an ampler day  
For ever nobler ends. They say,  
The solid earth whereon we tread  
In tracts of fluent heat began,  
And grew to seeming-random forms,  
The seeming prey of cyclic storms,
Till at the last arose the man;
Who throve and branch’d from clime to clime,
   The herald of a higher race,
   And of himself in higher place,
If so he type this work of time
Within himself, from more to more;
   Or, crown’d with attributes of woe
Like glories, move his course, and show
That life is not as idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
   And heated hot with burning fears,
   And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And batter’d with the shocks of doom
To shape and use. Arise and fly
   The reeling Faun, the sensual feast;
   Move upward, working out the beast,
And let the ape and tiger die.

CXIX.
Doors, where my heart was used to beat
   So quickly, not as one that weeps
I come once more; the city sleeps;
I smell the meadow in the street;
I hear a chirp of birds; I see
   Betwixt the black fronts long-withdrawn
   A light-blue lane of early dawn.
And think of early days and thee,
And bless thee, for thy lips are bland,
   And bright the friendship of thine eye;
   And in my thoughts with scarce a sigh
I take the pressure of thine hand.

CXX.
I trust I have not wasted breath:
   I think we are not wholly brain,
Magnetic mockeries; not in vain,
Like Paul with beasts, I fought with Death;
Not only cunning casts in clay:
   Let Science prove we are, and then
What matters Science unto men,
At least to me? I would not stay.
Let him, the wiser man who springs
   Hereafter, up from childhood shape
His action like the greater ape,
But I was born to other things.
CXXI.
Sad Hesper o’er the buried sun
   And ready, thou, to die with him,
   Thou watchest all things ever dim
And dimmer, and a glory done:
The team is loosen’d from the wain,
   The boat is drawn upon the shore;
   Thou listenest to the closing door,
And life is darken’d in the brain.
Bright Phosphor, fresher for the night,
   By thee the world’s great work is heard
   Beginning, and the wakeful bird;
Behind thee comes the greater light:
The market boat is on the stream,
   And voices hail it from the brink;
   Thou hear’st the village hammer clink,
And see’st the moving of the team.
Sweet Hesper-Phosphor, double name
   For what is one, the first, the last,
   Thou, like my present and my past,
Thy place is changed; thou art the same.

CXXII.
Oh, wast thou with me, dearest, then,
   While I rose up against my doom,
   And yearn’d to burst the folded gloom,
To bare the eternal Heavens again,
To feel once more, in placid awe,
   The strong imagination roll
   A sphere of stars about my soul,
In all her motion one with law;
If thou wert with me, and the grave
   Divide us not, be with me now,
   And enter in at breast and brow,
Till all my blood, a fuller wave,
Be quicken’d with a livelier breath,
   And like an inconsiderate boy,
   As in the former flash of joy,
I slip the thoughts of life and death:
And all the breeze of Fancy blows,
   And every dew-drop paints a bow,
   The wizard lightnings deeply glow,
And every thought breaks out a rose.

CXXIII.
There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen!
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.
The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.
But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true;
For tho’ my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

CXXIV.
That which we dare invoke to bless;
Our dearest faith; our ghastliest doubt;
He, They, One, All; within, without;
The Power in darkness whom we guess;
I found Him not in world or sun,
Or eagle’s wing, or insect’s eye;
Nor thro’ the questions men may try.
The petty cobwebs we have spun:
If e’er when faith had fall’n asleep,
I heard a voice ‘believe no more’
And heard an ever-breaking shore
That tumbled in the Godless deep;
A warmth within the breast would melt
The freezing reason’s colder part,
And like a man in wrath the heart
Stood up and answer’d ‘I have felt.’
No, like a child in doubt and fear:
But that blind clamour made me wise;
Then was I as a child that cries,
But, crying, knows his father near;
And what I am beheld again
What is, and no man understands;
And out of darkness came the hands
That reach thro’ nature, moulding men.

CXXV.
Whatever I have said or sung,
Some bitter notes my harp would give,
Yea, tho’ there often seem’d to live
A contradiction on the tongue,
Yet Hope had never lost her youth;
She did but look through dimmer eyes;
Or Love but play’d with gracious lies,
Because he felt so fix’d in truth:
    And if the song were full of care,
          He breathed the spirit of the song;
          And if the words were sweet and strong
He set his royal signet there;
Abiding with me till I sail
    To seek thee on the mystic deeps,
          And this electric force, that keeps
A thousand pulses dancing, fail.

CXXVI.

Love is and was my Lord and King,
    And in his presence I attend
          To hear the tidings of my friend,
Which every hour his couriers bring.
Love is and was my King and Lord,
    And will be, tho’ as yet I keep
Within his court on earth, and sleep
Encompass’d by his faithful guard,
And hear at times a sentinel
    Who moves about from place to place,
          And whispers to the worlds of space,
In the deep night, that all is well.

CXXVII.

And all is well, tho’ faith and form
    Be sunder’d in the night of fear;
Well roars the storm to those that hear
A deeper voice across the storm.
Proclaiming social truth shall spread,
    And justice, ev’n tho’ thrice again
The red fool-fury of the Seine
Should pile her barricades with dead.
But ill for him that wears a crown,
    And him, the lazat, in his rags:
They tremble, the sustaining crags;
The spires of ice are toppled down,
And molten up, and roar in flood;
    The fortress crashes from on high,
The brute earth lightens to the sky,
And the great Æon sinks in blood,
And compass’d by the fires of Hell;
    While thou, dear spirit, happy star,
O’erlook’st the tumult from afar,
And smilest, knowing all is well.

CXXVIII.
The love that rose on stronger wings,
Unpalsied when he met with Death,
Is comrade of the lesser faith
That sees the course of human things.
No doubt vast eddies in the flood
Of onward time shall yet be made,
And throned races may degrade;
Yet O ye mysteries of good,
Wild Hours that fly with Hope and Fear,
If all your office had to do
With old results that look like new;
If this were all your mission here,
To draw, to sheathe a useless sword,
To fool the crowd with glorious lies,
To cleave a creed in sects and cries,
To change the bearing of a word,
To shift an arbitrary power,
To cramp the student at his desk,
To make old bareness picturesque
And tuft with grass a feudal tower;
Why then my scorn might well descend
On you and yours. I see in part
That all, as in some piece of art,
Is toil coöperant to an end.

**CXXIX.**

Dear friend, far off, my lost desire,
So far, so near in woe and weal;
O loved the most, when most I feel
There is a lower and a higher;
Known and unknown; human, divine;
Sweet human hand and lips and eye;
Dear heavenly friend that canst not die,
Mine, mine, for ever, ever mine;
Strange friend, past, present, and to be;
Loved deeplier, darklier understood;
Behold, I dream a dream of good,
And mingle all the world with thee.

**CXXX.**

Thy voice is on the rolling air;
I hear thee where the waters run;
Thou standest in the rising sun,
And in the setting thou art fair.
What art thou then? I cannot guess;
But tho’ I seem in star and flower
To feel thee some diffusive power,
I do not therefore love thee less:
My love involves the love before;
   My love is vaster passion now;
   Tho’ mix’d with God and Nature thou,
I seem to love thee more and more.
Far off thou art, but ever nigh;
   I have thee still, and I rejoice;
   I prosper, circled with thy voice;
I shall not lose thee tho’ I die.

CXXXI.
O living will that shalt endure
   When all that seems shall suffer shock,
   Rise in the spiritual rock,
Flow thro’ our deeds and make them pure,
That we may lift from out of dust
   A voice as unto him that hears,
   A cry above the conquer’d years
To one that with us works, and trust,
With faith that comes of self-control,
   The truths that never can be proved
Until we close with all we loved,
And all we flow from, soul in soul.

O true and tried, so well and long,
   Demand not thou a marriage lay;
   In that it is thy marriage day
Is music more than any song.
Nor have I felt so much of bliss
   Since first he told me that he loved
   A daughter of our house; nor proved
Since that dark day a day like this;
Tho’ I since then have number’d o’er
   Some thrice three years: they went and came,
   Remade the blood and changed the frame,
And yet is love not less, but more;
No longer caring to embalm
   In dying songs a dead regret,
   But like a statue solid-set,
And moulded in colossal calm.
Regret is dead, but love is more
   Than in the summers that are flown,
For I myself with these have grown
To something greater than before;
Which makes appear the songs I made
   As echoes out of weaker times,
   As half but idle brawling rhymes,
The sport of random sun and shade.
But where is she, the bridal flower,
   That must he made a wife ere noon?
She enters, glowing like the moon
Of Eden on its bridal bower:
On me she bends her blissful eyes
   And then on thee; they meet thy look
   And brighten like the star that shook
Betwixt the palms of paradise.
O when her life was yet in bud,
   He too foretold the perfect rose.
   For thee she grew, for thee she grows
For ever, and as fair as good.
And thou art worthy; full of power;
   As gentle; liberal-minded, great,
   Consistent; wearing all that weight
Of learning lightly like a flower.
But now set out: the noon is near,
   And I must give away the bride;
   She fears not, or with thee beside
And me behind her, will not fear.
For I that danced her on my knee,
   That watch’d her on her nurse’s arm,
   That shielded all her life from harm
At last must part with her to thee;
Now waiting to be made a wife,
   Her feet, my darling, on the dead;
   Their pensive tablets round her head,
And the most living words of life
Breathed in her ear. The ring is on,
   The ‘wilt thou’ answer’d, and again
   The ‘wilt thou’ ask’d, till out of twain
Her sweet ‘I will’ has made you one.
Now sign your names, which shall be read,
   Mute symbols of a joyful morn,
   By village eyes as yet unborn;
The names are sign’d, and overhead
Begins the clash and clang that tells
   The joy to every wandering breeze;
The blind wall rocks, and on the trees
The dead leaf trembles to the bells.
O happy hour, and happier hours
   Await them. Many a merry face
   Salutes them—maidens of the place,
That pelt us in the porch with flowers.
O happy hour, behold the bride
   With him to whom her hand I gave.
They leave the porch, they pass the grave
That has to-day its sunny side.
To-day the grave is bright for me,
   For them the light of life increased,
   Who stay to share the morning feast,
Who rest to-night beside the sea.
Let all my genial spirits advance
   To meet and greet a whiter sun;
   My drooping memory will not shun
The foaming grape of eastern France.
It circles round, and fancy plays,
   And hearts are warm’d and faces bloom,
   As drinking health to bride and groom
We wish them store of happy days.
Nor count me all to blame if I
   Conjecture of a stiller guest,
   Perchance, perchance, among the rest,
And, tho’ in silence, wishing joy.
But they must go, the time draws on,
   And those white-favour’d horses wait;
   They rise, but linger; it is late;
Farewell, we kiss, and they are gone.
A shade falls on us like the dark
   >From little cloudlets on the grass,
   But sweeps away as out we pass
To range the woods, to roam the park,
Discussing how their courtship grew,
   And talk of others that are wed,
   And how she look’d, and what he said,
And back we come at fall of dew.
Again the feast, the speech, the glee,
   The shade of passing thought, the wealth
   Of words and wit, the double health,
The crowning cup, the three-times-three,
And last the dance;—till I retire:
   Dumb is that tower which spake so loud,
And high in heaven the streaming cloud,
And on the downs a rising fire:
And rise, O moon, from yonder down,
    Till over down and over dale
    All night the shining vapour sail
And pass the silent-lighted town,
The white-faced halls, the glancing rills,
    And catch at every mountain head,
    And o’er the friths that branch and spread
Their sleeping silver thro’ the hills;
And touch with shade the bridal doors,
    With tender gloom the roof, the wall;
    And breaking let the splendour fall
To spangle all the happy shores
By which they rest, and ocean sounds,
    And, star and system rolling past,
    A soul shall draw from out the vast
And strike his being into bounds,
And, moved thro’ life of lower phase,
    Result in man, be born and think,
    And act and love, a closer link
Betwixt us and the crowning race
Of those that, eye to eye, shall look
    On knowledge; under whose command
Is Earth and Earth’s, and in their hand
Is Nature like an open book;
No longer half-akin to brute,
    For all we thought and loved and did,
    And hoped, and suffer’d, is but seed
Of what in them is flower and fruit;
Whereof the man, that with me trod
    This planet, was a noble type
    Appearing ere the times were ripe,
That friend of mine who lives in God,
That God, which ever lives and loves,
    One God, one law, one element,
    And one far-off divine event,
To which the whole creation moves.
Ode to Autumn

By John Keats

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'erbrimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,-
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing, and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.
Ode to a Nightingale

By John Keats

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,
That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South!
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainèd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:
Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.
I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet  
Wherewith the seasonable month endows  
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;  
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglandine;  
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
Call'd him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,  
To take into the air my quiet breath;  
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,  
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,  
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad  
In such an ecstasy!  
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—  
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!  
No hungry generations tread thee down;  
The voice I hear this passing night was heard  
In ancient days by emperor and clown:  
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path  
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,  
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;  
The same that ofttimes hath  
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam  
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!  
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well  
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.  
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades  
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,  
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep  
In the next valley-glades:  
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?  
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?
Ode on a Grecian Urn

By John Keats

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness,
Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearièd,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting, and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul, to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;  
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought  
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!  
When old age shall this generation waste,  
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe  
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,  
'Beauty is truth, truth beauty,—that is all  
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.'

**Home thoughts, From Abroad**

*by Robert Browning*

O, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That 's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

**Vision of Belshazzar**

*by Lord Byron*

I
The King was on his throne,
   The Satraps thron'd the hall;
A thousand bright lamps shone
   O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
   In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah’s vessels hold
    The godless Heathen’s wine!
In that same hour and hall,
    The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
    And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man;—
    A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
    And traced them like a wand.

   II
The monarch saw, and shook,
    And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless wax’d his look,
    And tremulous his voice.
"Let the men of lore appear,
    The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear
    Which mar our royal mirth."
Chaldea’s seers are good,
    But here they have no skill;
And the unknown letters stood
    Untold and awful still.
And Babel’s men of age
    Are wise and deep in lore;
But now they were not sage,
    They saw—but knew no more.

   III
A captive in the land,
    A stranger and a youth,
He heard the king’s command,
    He saw that writing’s truth.
The lamps around were bright,
    The prophecy in view;
He read it on that night,—
    The morrow proved it true.
Belshazzar’s grave is made,  
His kingdom pass’d away,  
He, in the balance weighed,  
Is light and worthless clay.  
The shroud, his robe of state,  
His canopy the stone;  
The Mede is at his gate!  
The Persian on his throne!

আমার কৈফিত্ব

বর্তমানের কবি আমি তাই, তবিষ্যাটের নই নবি;  
কবি ও অকবি মাহা বল মোরে, মুখ বুঝে তাই সই সবই।  
কেহ বলে, “তুমি তবিষ্যাটে যে, ঠিক পাবে কবি তবির সাথে যে,  
যেমন বেরোয় রবির হাতে, যে চিরকেলে বাপী কই, কবি?”

dুষ্টিতে সবাই, আমি তবু গাই শুধু গ্রভাটের ভিতরে।

কবি-বন্ধুরা হচ্ছে ইহো মার লেখা পড়ে যাস ফেলে  
বলে, কেজো ক্রম হচ্ছে আকেজো পন্ডিতজোর পাঁচ ফেলে।  
পড়ে নাকে বই, বয়ে গেছে ওটা –

কেহ বলে, বউয়ে গিলিয়াদে গোটা;  
কেহ বলে, মাটি হল হয়ে মোটা জেলে বসে শুধু তাস খেলে।  
কেহ বলে, তুই জেলে ছিলি ভালো, কের বেল তুই যাস জেলে।

গোরু কান্ন, তুই করেছিল গোরু আলোয়ার দিয়ে দাড়ি চাচা।

প্রতি শনিবারই চিঠিতে প্রেমী গালি দেন, তুমি হাড়িচাচা।

আমি বলি, প্রিয়ে, হাটে তথি হাঁড়ি?  
অননি বন্ধ চিঠি জড়াচাড়ি।
সব চেষ্টা দিয়ে করিলাম বিহে;  
হিন্দুরা কোন, আরি চাচা!  
খবন, না আমি কাফের ভাবিয়া  
খুঁজি টিকি-দাড়ি, নাড়ি কাছা।

মৌলিক যত মৌলিক আর মোল লাগা কাঁন হাত লেড়া,  
দুর্দুরী নাম মুখে আনে, সবে দাও পাকেটার জাত মেরে  
ফুটনা দিলাম, কাফের কাজী ও, যদিও শহীদ হইতে রাজি ও,  
আস্পাত্রা গড়া হামবড়া মোরা এখনো বেড়াই ভাত মেরে।  
হিন্দুরা ভাবে, ফারসী শব্দ কবিতা লেখে ও পাত লেড়া।

আনকোরা যত নন-ভায়লেন্ট নন-কোর দলও নন খুঁজি  
ভায়লেন্টের ভায়লিন নাকি আমি, বিপ্লবী মন ভুঁই।  
এটা আহিংস, বিপ্লবী ভাবে, নয় চরকার গান কেন গাও?  
গোঁড়া রাম ভাবে নানদিক আমি, পাতি রাম ভাবে কনকুসি।  
সন্তরাজিরা ভাবে নারাজি, সন্তরাজিরা ভাবে ভাবের অঙ্কুশ।

নর ভাবে, আমি বড় নারী-বেখে; নারী ভাবে, নারী-বিচেবে।  
বিলেত কেরলি? প্রামাণ বন্ধু কোন, এই তব বিদো, হংস।!  
ভক্তরা বলে, নবসূতা-রবি; কুঁগর না হই, হিউগর কবি  
বাট ভো রে দাদা, আমি মনে ভাবি, আর কথে কবি হংসপাঠী।
দুঃখানে চশমা আঁকিয়া ঘূমানু দিবি হতেছে নিদ বেশী।

কী যে লিখি ছাই মাথা ও মুঁচ, আমি ই কি বুঝি তার কিছু?
হাত উঁচু আর হল না তো ভাই, তাই লিখি করে ঘাড় নিচু।
বস্থু ভোমারা দিলে না ক দান, রাজসরকার রেখেছেন মান;
যাহা কিছু লিখি, অমূল্য বলে অ-মূল্য নেন
আর কিছু শোনে কি ই ইঁ,
ফিরিয়ে রাজার প্রহরী সদাই কার পিছু?

বস্থু, ভুমি তো দেখছ আমায় আমার মনের মন্দির,
হাড় কালি হল, শাস্ত্রে নাবিনু তবু পোড়া মন-বন্ধিরে,
বত্বার বাংধি ছেড়ে কে শিকল, তোমে মেরে তার করিল বিকল,
তবু যদি কথা শোনে সে পাগল মানিল না রবি-গায়িকে।
হঠাৎ আমিয়া যাষ খুঁজ ফেরে বিপাকে আঁধারে বল চিনে।

আমি বলি, ওরে কথা শোন খাপা, দিবি আহিস খুশালে
প্রায হাক্সেতা হয়ে উঠেছিস, এবার এ দাঁও কুসকালে,
ফুল-নেতা আর হিন্তে যে হয়
বক্তৃতা দিয়ে কাঁদিতে সত্যা,
ওঁড়ায় লক্ষ পকেটেতে বোকা, এইবেলা ঢোকায়।
সেই ভালে, নিস তোর ফুটো ঘরটাও দেখে, নয় পশ্চিম পেশকালে।
বোঝে না কেৰ কে সে, চারণের বেঁশে ফেলে দেশে দেশে গান গেয়ে
গান শুনে সবে ভাবে, ভাবনা কেন, দিন যায় এবং গান করে।
রবে না কেৰ ম্যালেরিয়া, মহামারী, সৃষ্টি আসিয়ে চড়ে জুড়েগড়ি;
চাঁদা চাই, তারা স্বুখার অন্য এখানে দেয়, কাঁদে ফেলে-মেয়ে -
মাতা কর, ওরে চূপ হতভাগা, সৃষ্টি আসে যে, দেখ চেঞ্যে।

স্বুখারের পিছ চায় না সৃষ্টি, চায় দুকটা ভাত, একটু ভুন
বেলা বয়ে গেল থায়নি ক বাছা, কচি পেটে তার শেল আওঁ
কেদে ছুটে আসি পাগলের প্রায়, সৃষ্টির নেশা কেথা ছুটে যায়
কেদে বলি, ওয়া ভগবান, তুমি আজিজ আছ কি, কালি ও চুন
কেন ওঠে না কেৰ তাহাদের গালে, যারা থায় এই শিশুর বুন?

আমরা ভো জালি, সৃষ্টি আসিয়ে পোড়া বার্ডাকু এলেছি থায়
কেত শত কেটু স্বুখার পিছে স্বুখা জিঙ্গিয়া কাড়ে প্রায়
এল কেটু টাকা, এল না সৃষ্টি, টাকা দিতে নাথে ভুঁথারি সমাজ ।

মাৰি বুক হতে ফেলে কেড়ে থায়, মোরা বলি বাগ, থাও হে থাস,
হিরিনু জননী মাসিশে বিহ্রা চেলে রেঁখে ঘরে ফেলে লাশ ।

বঙ্কু গো, আর বলিয়ে পারি না, বড়ো বিষ থালা এই বুকে;
দেথিয়া শুনিয়া কেদিয়া গিয়াছি, তাই বাহা আসে কুই মুখে
রক ফর্ডােত পারি না তোৰু একা, তাই লিখে যাইই এ রকমলোক।
বড়ো কথা, বড়ো ভাব আসে না কে মাথায়, বক্তু, বড়ো দুঃখ;
অসম কাব্য ভোমরা লিখিও, বক্তু, যাহারা আচ মূখে।

পরেরা করি না, বাঁচি যা না বাঁচি যুগের হরজুগ কেটে গেলে,
মাথায় উপরে আলিখেল রবি, রয়েছে সোলার শত থেলে জল;
প্রার্থনা করো, যাবা কেড়ে তায় ভোকিশ কোটি মুখের গ্রাস
বেন লেখা হয় আমার রক্ত-লেখায় তাদের সর্বনাশ।