

A close-up photograph of a person's hands holding an open book. The person is wearing a light pink, long-sleeved shirt. The book is open, and the pages are visible, though the text is slightly blurred. The background is a soft, out-of-focus pink fabric. The overall mood is quiet and focused.

***MATTHEW  
ARNOLD***

***POEMS***

**MATTHEW  
ARNOLD**



**POEMS**

**Matthew Arnold**

# Poems

EAN 8596547018803

DigiCat, 2022

Contact: [DigiCat@okpublishing.info](mailto:DigiCat@okpublishing.info)



## TABLE OF CONTENTS

EARLY POEMS. SONNETS.

QUIET WORK.

TO A FRIEND.

SHAKSPEARE.

WRITTEN IN EMERSON'S ESSAYS.

WRITTEN IN BUTLER'S SERMONS.

TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON. ON HEARING HIM  
MISPRAISED.

IN HARMONY WITH NATURE. TO A PREACHER.

TO GEORGE CRUIKSHANK. ON SEEING, IN THE COUNTRY,  
HIS PICTURE OF "THE BOTTLE."

TO A REPUBLICAN FRIEND, 1848.

CONTINUED.

RELIGIOUS ISOLATION. TO THE SAME FRIEND.

MYCERINUS.

THE CHURCH OF BROU.

A MODERN SAPPHO.

REQUIESCAT.

YOUTH AND CALM.

A MEMORY-PICTURE.

THE NEW SIRENS.

THE VOICE.

YOUTH'S AGITATIONS.

THE WORLD'S TRIUMPHS.

STAGIRIUS.

HUMAN LIFE.

TO A GYPSY CHILD BY THE SEASHORE ; DOUGLAS, ISLE OF  
MAN.

A QUESTION. TO FAUSTA.

IN UTRUMQUE PARATUS.

THE WORLD AND THE QUIETIST. TO CRITIAS.

THE SECOND BEST.

CONSOLATION.

RESIGNATION. TO FAUSTA.

NARRATIVE POEMS.

SOHRAB AND RUSTUM. AN EPISODE.

THE SICK KING IN BOKHARA.

BALDER DEAD.

TRISTRAM AND ISEULT.

TRISTRAM AND ISEULT.

TRISTRAM AND ISEULT.

SAINT BRANDAN.

THE NECKAN.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN.

SONNETS.

AUSTERITY OF POETRY.

A PICTURE AT NEWSTEAD.

RACHEL.

WORLDLY PLACE.

EAST LONDON.

WEST LONDON.

EAST AND WEST.

THE BETTER PART.

THE DIVINITY.

IMMORTALITY.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD WITH THE KID.

MONICA'S LAST PRAYER.  
LYRIC AND DRAMATIC POEMS.  
SWITZERLAND.  
THE STRAYED REVELLER.  
FRAGMENT OF AN "ANTIGONE."  
FRAGMENT OF CHORUS OF A "DEJANEIRA."  
EARLY DEATH AND FAME.  
PHILOMELA.  
URANIA.  
EUPHROSYNE.  
CALAIS SANDS.  
FADED LEAVES.  
DESPONDENCY.  
SELF-DECEPTION.  
DOVER BEACH.  
GROWING OLD.  
THE PROGRESS OF POESY. A VARIATION.  
PIS ALLER.  
THE LAST WORD.  
A NAMELESS EPITAPH.  
EMPEDOCLES ON ETNA. A DRAMATIC POEM.  
ACT I.  
ACT II. Evening. The Summit of Etna.  
BACCHANALIA; OR, THE NEW AGE.  
EPILOGUE TO LESSING'S LAOCOÖN.  
PERSISTENCY OF POETRY.  
A CAUTION TO POETS.  
THE YOUTH OF NATURE.  
THE YOUTH OF MAN.

PALLADIUM.

PROGRESS.

REVOLUTIONS.

SELF-DEPENDENCE.

MORALITY.

A SUMMER NIGHT.

THE BURIED LIFE.

LINES WRITTEN IN KENSINGTON GARDENS.

A WISH.

THE FUTURE.

ELEGIAC POEMS.

THE SCHOLAR-GYPSY.

THYRSIS. [18]

MEMORIAL VERSES.

STANZAS.

STANZAS FROM CARNAC.

A SOUTHERN NIGHT.

HAWORTH CHURCHYARD.

EPILOGUE.

RUGBY CHAPEL. NOVEMBER, 1857.

HEINE'S GRAVE.

STANZAS FROM THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE.

STANZAS IN MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR OF OBERMANN.

OBERMANN ONCE MORE.

# **EARLY POEMS.**

## **SONNETS.**

[Table of Contents](#)

## **QUIET WORK.**

[Table of Contents](#)



ONE lesson, Nature, let me learn of thee,  
One lesson which in every wind is blown,  
One lesson of two duties kept at one  
Though the loud world proclaim their enmity,—

Of toil unsevered from tranquillity;  
Of labor, that in lasting fruit outgrows  
Far noisier schemes, accomplished in repose,  
Too great for haste, too high for rivalry.

Yes, while on earth a thousand discords ring,  
Man's senseless uproar mingling with his toil,  
Still do thy quiet ministers move on,

Their glorious tasks in silence perfecting;  
Still working, blaming still our vain turmoil,  
Laborers that shall not fail, when man is gone.

---

## **TO A FRIEND.**

[Table of Contents](#)

WHO prop, thou ask'st, in these bad days, my mind?—  
He much, the old man, who, clearest-souled of men,  
Saw The Wide Prospect, and the Asian Fen,[\[1\]](#)  
And Tmolus hill, and Smyrna bay, though blind.

Much he, whose friendship I not long since won,  
That halting slave, who in Nicopolis  
Taught Arrian, when Vespasian's brutal son  
Cleared Rome of what most shamed him. But be his

My special thanks, whose even-balanced soul,  
From first youth tested up to extreme old age,  
Business could not make dull, nor passion wild;

Who saw life steadily, and saw it whole;  
The mellow glory of the Attic stage,  
Singer of sweet Colonus, and its child.

---

## **SHAKSPEARE.**

[Table of Contents](#)

OTHERS abide our question. Thou art free.  
We ask and ask. Thou smilest, and art still,  
Out-topping knowledge. For the loftiest hill,  
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,

Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,  
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,  
Spares but the cloudy border of his base  
To the foiled searching of mortality;

And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,  
Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honored, self-secure,  
Didst tread on earth unguessed at.—Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,  
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,  
Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

---

## **WRITTEN IN EMERSON'S ESSAYS.**

## Table of Contents

“O MONSTROUS, dead, unprofitable world,  
That thou canst hear, and hearing hold thy way!  
A voice oracular hath pealed to-day,  
To-day a hero’s banner is unfurled;

Hast thou no lip for welcome?”—So I said.  
Man after man, the world smiled and passed by;  
A smile of wistful incredulity,  
As though one spake of life unto the dead,—

Scornful, and strange, and sorrowful, and full  
Of bitter knowledge. Yet the will is free;  
Strong is the soul, and wise, and beautiful;

The seeds of godlike power are in us still;  
Gods are we, bards, saints, heroes, if we will!—  
Dumb judges, answer, truth or mockery?

---

## **WRITTEN IN BUTLER’S SERMONS.**

### Table of Contents

AFFECTIONS, Instincts, Principles, and Powers,  
Impulse and Reason, Freedom and Control,—  
So men, unravelling God’s harmonious whole,  
Rend in a thousand shreds this life of ours.

Vain labor! Deep and broad, where none may see,  
Spring the foundations of that shadowy throne  
Where man’s one nature, queen-like, sits alone,  
Centred in a majestic unity;

And rays her powers, like sister-islands seen  
Linking their coral arms under the sea,  
Or clustered peaks with plunging gulfs between,

Spanned by aërial arches all of gold,  
Whereo'er the chariot-wheels of life are rolled  
In cloudy circles to eternity.

---

## **TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.**

### **ON HEARING HIM MISPRAISED.**

[Table of Contents](#)

BECAUSE thou hast believed, the wheels of life  
Stand never idle, but go always round;  
Not by their hands, who vex the patient ground,  
Moved only; but by genius, in the strife

Of all its chafing torrents after thaw,  
Urged; and to feed whose movement, spinning sand,  
The feeble sons of pleasure set their hand;  
And, in this vision of the general law,

Hast labored, but with purpose; hast become  
Laborious, persevering, serious, firm,—  
For this, thy track across the fretful foam

Of vehement actions without scope or term,  
Called history, keeps a splendor; due to wit,  
Which saw one clew to life, and followed it.

---

# IN HARMONY WITH NATURE.

## TO A PREACHER.

[Table of Contents](#)

“IN harmony with Nature?” Restless fool,  
Who with such heat dost preach what were to thee,  
When true, the last impossibility,—  
To be like Nature strong, like Nature cool!

Know, man hath all which Nature hath, but more,  
And in that *more* lie all his hopes of good.  
Nature is cruel, man is sick of blood;  
Nature is stubborn, man would fain adore;

Nature is fickle, man hath need of rest;  
Nature forgives no debt, and fears no grave;  
Man would be mild, and with safe conscience blest.

Man must begin, know this, where Nature ends;  
Nature and man can never be fast friends.  
Fool, if thou canst not pass her, rest her slave!

---

## TO GEORGE CRUIKSHANK.

### ON SEEING, IN THE COUNTRY, HIS PICTURE OF “THE BOTTLE.”

[Table of Contents](#)

ARTIST, whose hand, with horror winged, hath torn  
From the rank life of towns this leaf! and flung

The prodigy of full-blown crime among  
Valleys and men to middle fortune born,  
Not innocent, indeed, yet not forlorn,—  
Say, what shall calm us when such guests intrude  
Like comets on the heavenly solitude?  
Shall breathless glades, cheered by shy Dian's horn,

Cold-bubbling springs, or caves? Not so! The soul  
Breasts her own griefs; and, urged too fiercely, says,  
“Why tremble? True, the nobleness of man

May be by man effaced; man can control  
To pain, to death, the bent of his own days.  
Know thou the worst! So much, not more, he *can*.”

---

## **TO A REPUBLICAN FRIEND, 1848.**

### [Table of Contents](#)

God knows it, I am with you. If to prize  
Those virtues, prized and practised by too few,  
But prized, but loved, but eminent in you,  
Man's fundamental life; if to despise

The barren optimistic sophistries  
Of comfortable moles, whom what they do  
Teaches the limit of the just and true  
(And for such doing they require not eyes);

If sadness at the long heart-wasting show  
Wherein earth's great ones are disquieted;  
If thoughts, not idle, while before me flow

The armies of the homeless and unfed,—  
If these are yours, if this is what you are,  
Then am I yours, and what you feel, I share.

---

## **CONTINUED.**

[Table of Contents](#)

YET, when I muse on what life is, I seem  
Rather to patience prompted, than that proud  
Prospect of hope which France proclaims so loud,—  
France, famed in all great arts, in none supreme;

Seeing this vale, this earth, whereon we dream,  
Is on all sides o'ershadowed by the high  
Uno'erleaped mountains of necessity,  
Sparing us narrower margin than we deem.

Nor will that day dawn at a human nod,  
When, bursting through the network superposed  
By selfish occupation,—plot and plan,

Lust, avarice, envy,—liberated man,  
All difference with his fellow-mortal closed,  
Shall be left standing face to face with God.

---

## **RELIGIOUS ISOLATION.**

### **TO THE SAME FRIEND.**

[Table of Contents](#)

CHILDREN (as such forgive them) have I known,  
Ever in their own eager pastime bent  
To make the incurious bystander, intent  
On his own swarming thoughts, an interest own,—

Too fearful or too fond to play alone.  
Do thou, whom light in thine own inmost soul  
(Not less thy boast) illuminates, control  
Wishes unworthy of a man full-grown.

What though the holy secret, which moulds thee,  
Moulds not the solid earth? though never winds  
Have whispered it to the complaining sea,

Nature's great law, and law of all men's minds?  
To its own impulse every creature stirs:  
Live by thy light, and earth will live by hers!

---

## **MYCERINUS.[2]**

### [Table of Contents](#)

“NOT by the justice that my father spurned,  
Not for the thousands whom my father slew,  
Altars unfed and temples overturned,  
Cold hearts and thankless tongues, where thanks are due;  
Fell this dread voice from lips that cannot lie,  
Stern sentence of the Powers of Destiny.

“I will unfold my sentence and my crime.  
My crime,—that, rapt in reverential awe,  
I sate obedient, in the fiery prime



Of youth, self-governed, at the feet of Law;  
Ennobling this dull pomp, the life of kings,  
By contemplation of diviner things.

“My father loved injustice, and lived long;  
Crowned with gray hairs he died, and full of sway.  
I loved the good he scorned, and hated wrong—  
The gods declare my recompense to-day.  
I looked for life more lasting, rule more high;  
And when six years are measured, lo, I die!

“Yet surely, O my people, did I deem  
Man’s justice from the all-just gods was given;  
A light that from some upper fount did beam,  
Some better archetype, whose seat was heaven;  
A light that, shining from the blest abodes,  
Did shadow somewhat of the life of gods.

“Mere phantoms of man’s self-tormenting heart,  
Which on the sweets that woo it dares not feed!  
Vain dreams, which quench our pleasures, then depart,  
When the duped soul, self-mastered, claims its meed;  
When, on the strenuous just man, Heaven bestows,  
Crown of his struggling life, an unjust close!

“Seems it so light a thing, then, austere powers,  
To spurn man’s common lure, life’s pleasant things?  
Seems there no joy in dances crowned with flowers,  
Love free to range, and regal banquetings?  
Bend ye on these indeed an unmoved eye,  
Not gods, but ghosts, in frozen apathy?

“Or is it that some force, too stern, too strong,  
Even for yourselves to conquer or beguile,  
Bears earth and heaven and men and gods along,  
Like the broad volume of the insurgent Nile?  
And the great powers we serve, themselves may be  
Slaves of a tyrannous necessity?

“Or in mid-heaven, perhaps, your golden cars,  
Where earthly voice climbs never, wing their flight,  
And in wild hunt, through mazy tracts of stars,  
Sweep in the sounding stillness of the night?  
Or in deaf ease, on thrones of dazzling sheen,  
Drinking deep draughts of joy, ye dwell serene?

“Oh, wherefore cheat our youth, if thus it be,  
Of one short joy, one lust, one pleasant dream?  
Stringing vain words of powers we cannot see,  
Blind divinations of a will supreme;  
Lost labor! when the circumambient gloom  
But hides, if gods, gods careless of our doom?

“The rest I give to joy. Even while I speak,  
My sand runs short; and as yon star-shot ray,  
Hemmed by two banks of cloud, peers pale and weak,  
Now, as the barrier closes, dies away,—  
Even so do past and future intertwine,  
Blotting this six years’ space, which yet is mine.

“Six years,—six little years,—six drops of time!  
Yet suns shall rise, and many moons shall wane,  
And old men die, and young men pass their prime,  
And languid pleasure fade and flower again,

And the dull gods behold, ere these are flown,  
Revels more deep, joy keener than their own.

“Into the silence of the groves and woods  
I will go forth; though something would I say,—  
Something,—yet what, I know not: for the gods  
The doom they pass revoke not nor delay;  
And prayers and gifts and tears are fruitless all,  
And the night waxes, and the shadows fall.

“Ye men of Egypt, ye have heard your king!  
I go, and I return not. But the will  
Of the great gods is plain; and ye must bring  
Ill deeds, ill passions, zealous to fulfil  
Their pleasure, to their feet; and reap their praise,—  
The praise of gods, rich boon! and length of days.”

—So spake he, half in anger, half in scorn;  
And one loud cry of grief and of amaze  
Broke from his sorrowing people; so he spake,  
And turning, left them there: and with brief pause,  
Girt with a throng of revellers, bent his way  
To the cool region of the groves he loved.  
There by the river-banks he wandered on,  
From palm-grove on to palm-grove, happy trees,  
Their smooth tops shining sunward, and beneath  
Burying their unsunned stems in grass and flowers;  
Where in one dream the feverish time of youth  
Might fade in slumber, and the feet of joy  
Might wander all day long and never tire.  
Here came the king, holding high feast, at morn,

Rose-crowned; and ever, when the sun went down,  
A hundred lamps beamed in the tranquil gloom,  
From tree to tree all through the twinkling grove,  
Revealing all the tumult of the feast,—  
Flushed guests, and golden goblets foamed with wine;  
While the deep-burnished foliage overhead  
Splintered the silver arrows of the moon.  
It may be that sometimes his wondering soul  
From the loud joyful laughter of his lips  
Might shrink half startled, like a guilty man  
Who wrestles with his dream; as some pale shape,  
Gliding half hidden through the dusky stems,  
Would thrust a hand before the lifted bowl,  
Whispering, *A little space, and thou art mine!*  
It may be, on that joyless feast his eye  
Dwelt with mere outward seeming; he, within,  
Took measure of his soul, and knew its strength,  
And by that silent knowledge, day by day,  
Was calmed, ennobled, comforted, sustained.  
It may be; but not less his brow was smooth,  
And his clear laugh fled ringing through the gloom,  
And his mirth quailed not at the mild reproof  
Sighed out by winter's sad tranquillity;  
Nor, palled with its own fulness, ebbed and died  
In the rich languor of long summer-days;  
Nor withered when the palm-tree plumes, that roofed  
With their mild dark his grassy banquet-hall,  
Bent to the cold winds of the showerless spring;  
No, nor grew dark when autumn brought the clouds.  
So six long years he revelled, night and day.

And when the mirth waxed loudest, with dull sound  
Sometimes from the grove's centre echoes came,  
To tell his wondering people of their king;  
In the still night, across the steaming flats,  
Mixed with the murmur of the moving Nile.

---

## ***THE CHURCH OF BROU.***

[Table of Contents](#)

### **I. The Castle.**

DOWN the Savoy valleys sounding,  
Echoing round this castle old,  
'Mid the distant mountain-chalets  
Hark! what bell for church is tolled?

In the bright October morning  
Savoy's Duke had left his bride.  
From the castle, past the drawbridge,  
Flowed the hunters' merry tide.

Steeds are neighing, gallants glittering.  
Gay, her smiling lord to greet,  
From her mullioned chamber-casement  
Smiles the Duchess Marguerite.

From Vienna, by the Danube,  
Here she came, a bride, in spring.  
Now the autumn crisps the forest;  
Hunters gather, bugles ring.

Hounds are pulling, prickers swearing,  
Horses fret, and boar-spears glance.  
Off!—They sweep the marshy forests,  
Westward on the side of France.

Hark! the game's on foot; they scatter!  
Down the forest-ridings lone,  
Furious, single horsemen gallop.  
Hark! a shout—a crash—a groan!

Pale and breathless, came the hunters—  
On the turf dead lies the boar.  
God! the duke lies stretched beside him,  
Senseless, weltering in his gore.

In the dull October evening,  
Down the leaf-strewn forest-road,  
To the castle, past the drawbridge,  
Came the hunters with their load.

In the hall, with sconces blazing,  
Ladies waiting round her seat,  
Clothed in smiles, beneath the dais  
Sate the Duchess Marguerite.

Hark! below the gates unbarring!  
Tramp of men, and quick commands!  
“’Tis my lord come back from hunting;”  
And the duchess claps her hands.

Slow and tired, came the hunters;  
Stopped in darkness in the court.

“Ho, this way, ye laggard hunters!  
To the hall! What sport, what sport?”

Slow they entered with their master;  
In the hall they laid him down.  
On his coat were leaves and blood-stains,  
On his brow an angry frown.

Dead her princely youthful husband  
Lay before his youthful wife,  
Bloody 'neath the flaring sconces—  
And the sight froze all her life.

In Vienna, by the Danube,  
Kings hold revel, gallants meet.  
Gay of old amid the gayest  
Was the Duchess Marguerite.

In Vienna, by the Danube,  
Feast and dance her youth beguiled.  
Till that hour she never sorrowed;  
But from then she never smiled.

'Mid the Savoy mountain-valleys,  
Far from town or haunt of man,  
Stands a lonely church, unfinished,  
Which the Duchess Maud began.

Old, that duchess stern began it,  
In gray age, with palsied hands;  
But she died while it was building,  
And the church unfinished stands,—

Stands as erst the builders left it,  
When she sank into her grave;  
Mountain greensward paves the chancel,  
Harebells flower in the nave.

“In my castle all is sorrow,”  
Said the Duchess Marguerite then:  
“Guide me, some one, to the mountain;  
We will build the church again.”

Sandalled palmers, faring homeward,  
Austrian knights from Syria came.  
“Austrian wanderers bring, O warders!  
Homage to your Austrian dame.”

From the gate the warders answered,—  
“Gone, O knights, is she you knew!  
Dead our duke, and gone his duchess;  
Seek her at the church of Brou.”

Austrian knights and march-worn palmers  
Climb the winding mountain-way;  
Reach the valley, where the fabric  
Rises higher day by day.

Stones are sawing, hammers ringing;  
On the work the bright sun shines;  
In the Savoy mountain-meadows,  
By the stream, below the pines.

On her palfrey white the duchess  
Sate, and watched her working train,—



Flemish carvers, Lombard gilders,  
German masons, smiths from Spain.

Clad in black, on her white palfrey,  
Her old architect beside,—  
There they found her in the mountains,  
Morn and noon and eventide.

There she sate, and watched the builders,  
Till the church was roofed and done;  
Last of all, the builders reared her  
In the nave a tomb of stone.

On the tomb two forms they sculptured,  
Lifelike in the marble pale,—  
One, the duke in helm and armor;  
One, the duchess in her veil.

Round the tomb the carved stone fret-work  
Was at Easter-tide put on.  
Then the duchess closed her labors;  
And she died at the St. John.

## **II. The Church.**

UPON the glistening leaden roof  
Of the new pile, the sunlight shines;  
The stream goes leaping by.  
The hills are clothed with pines sun-proof;  
'Mid bright green fields, below the pines,  
Stands the church on high.

What church is this, from men aloof?  
'Tis the Church of Brou.

At sunrise, from their dewy lair  
Crossing the stream, the kine are seen  
Round the wall to stray,—  
The churchyard wall that clips the square  
Of open hill-sward fresh and green  
Where last year they lay.  
But all things now are ordered fair  
Round the Church of Brou.

On Sundays, at the matin-chime,  
The Alpine peasants, two and three,  
Climb up here to pray;  
Burghers and dames, at summer's prime,  
Ride out to church from Chambery,  
Dight with mantles gay.  
But else it is a lonely time  
Round the Church of Brou.

On Sundays, too, a priest doth come  
From the walled town beyond the pass,  
Down the mountain-way;  
And then you hear the organ's hum,  
You hear the white-robed priest say mass,  
And the people pray.  
But else the woods and fields are dumb  
Round the Church of Brou.

And after church, when mass is done,  
The people to the nave repair

Round the tomb to stray;  
And marvel at the forms of stone,  
And praise the chiselled broideries rare—  
Then they drop away.  
The princely pair are left alone  
In the Church of Brou.

### **III. The Tomb.**

So rest, forever rest, O princely pair!  
In your high church, 'mid the still mountain-air,  
Where horn, and hound, and vassals, never come.  
Only the blessed saints are smiling dumb  
From the rich painted windows of the nave  
On aisle, and transept, and your marble grave;  
Where thou, young prince, shalt never more arise  
From the fringed mattress where thy duchess lies,  
On autumn-mornings, when the bugle sounds,  
And ride across the drawbridge with thy hounds  
To hunt the boar in the crisp woods till eve;  
And thou, O princess, shalt no more receive,  
Thou and thy ladies, in the hall of state,  
The jaded hunters with their bloody freight,  
Coming benighted to the castle-gate.  
So sleep, forever sleep, O marble pair!  
Or, if ye wake, let it be then, when fair  
On the carved western front a flood of light  
Streams from the setting sun, and colors bright  
Prophets, transfigured saints, and martyrs brave,  
In the vast western window of the nave;

And on the pavement round the tomb there glints  
A checker-work of glowing sapphire-tints,  
And amethyst, and ruby,—then uncloseth  
Your eyelids on the stone where ye repose,  
And from your brodered pillows lift your heads,  
And rise upon your cold white marble beds;  
And looking down on the warm rosy tints  
Which checker, at your feet, the illumined flints,  
Say, *What is this? we are in bliss—forgiven—  
Behold the pavement of the courts of heaven!*  
Or let it be on autumn-nights, when rain  
Doth rustlingly above your heads complain  
On the smooth leaden roof, and on the walls  
Shedding her pensive light at intervals  
The moon through the clere-story windows shines,  
And the wind washes through the mountain-pines,—  
Then, gazing up 'mid the dim pillars high,  
The foliaged marble forest where ye lie,  
*Hush, ye will say, it is eternity!*  
*This is the glimmering verge of heaven, and these  
The columns of the heavenly palaces.*  
And in the sweeping of the wind your ear  
The passage of the angels' wings will hear,  
And on the lichen-crustled leads above  
The rustle of the eternal rain of love.

---

## **A MODERN SAPPHO.**

[Table of Contents](#)

THEY are gone—all is still! Foolish heart, dost thou quiver?  
Nothing stirs on the lawn but the quick lilac-shade.

Far up shines the house, and beneath flows the river:  
Here lean, my head, on this cold balustrade!

Ere he come,—ere the boat by the shining-branched border  
Of dark elms shoot round, dropping down the proud stream,  
—

Let me pause, let me strive, in myself make some order,  
Ere their boat-music sound, ere their broidered flags gleam.

Last night we stood earnestly talking together:  
She entered—that moment his eyes turned from me!  
Fastened on her dark hair, and her wreath of white heather.  
As yesterday was, so to-morrow will be.

Their love, let me know, must grow strong and yet stronger,  
Their passion burn more, ere it ceases to burn.  
They must love—while they must! but the hearts that love  
longer  
Are rare—ah! most loves but flow once, and return.

I shall suffer—but they will outlive their affection;  
I shall weep—but their love will be cooling; and he,  
As he drifts to fatigue, discontent, and dejection,  
Will be brought, thou poor heart, how much nearer to thee!

For cold is his eye to mere beauty, who, breaking  
The strong band which passion around him hath furled,  
Disenchanted by habit, and newly awaking,  
Looks languidly round on a gloom-buried world.

Through that gloom he will see but a shadow appearing,  
Perceive but a voice as I come to his side;  
—But deeper their voice grows, and nobler their bearing,  
Whose youth in the fires of anguish hath died.

So, to wait! But what notes down the wind, hark! are  
driving?

'Tis he! 'tis their flag, shooting round by the trees!  
—Let my turn, if it *will* come, be swift in arriving!  
Ah! hope cannot long lighten torments like these.

Hast thou yet dealt him, O life, thy full measure?  
World, have thy children yet bowed at his knee?  
Hast thou with myrtle-leaf crowned him, O pleasure?  
—Crown, crown him quickly, and leave him for me.

---

## ***REQUIESCAT.***

### [Table of Contents](#)

STREW on her roses, roses,  
And never a spray of yew:  
In quiet she reposes;  
Ah! would that I did too!

Her mirth the world required;  
She bathed it in smiles of glee.  
But her heart was tired, tired,  
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,  
In mazes of heat and sound;