

BALLADES AND VERSES VAIN

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BALLADES AND VERSES VAIN BY ANDREW LANG
AUTHOR OF "HBLBM OF TKOY "BranleSf virelaù, BaSades, and Vertes
vain.** — The Faerie Queene. NEW-YORK CHARLES SCRIBNER'S
SONS 1884 "Thie On ZDX0-F1T-T3GX I

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Luughter and song the fcet brings. And Unds tfum/orm and gives
tfum wingt; Then sets his chirping squadrcnfiree To post at will ky land tr
sea, Andjtnd their hamt, if that may be. Laugkter and song this poet^ toc, O
Ifestem brotturst sends toyou: ff^ith doubtJU l flight the darting train Hâve
crossed the bleak Atlantic main,— New warm them inyour hearts again / A.
D.

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Mr, AuttiH Dobttm hms hum » kmdas te suferiitUnd the
makùtfqfthe/olUwingseUctioHfrom " Ballads and LyrUs qf Old Pranc"
(187a). "BalleJes in Bitte Chuta" (zSte^ z88i, z8^). and ^om vers»*
préviens^ ut^rinteâ er nei eelleeted. • • • ▼ ui

BALLADES.

BALLADE DEDICATORY. TO MRS. ELTON OF WHITE
STAUNTON. THE painted Briton built his mound. And left his celts and
clay, On yon fair slope of sunlit ground That fronts your garden gay; The
Roman came, he bore the sway, He buUied, bought, and sold, Your fountain
sweeps his works away Beside your manor oldl 3

'BALLADES. But still his crumbling urns are found Within the
window-bay, Where once he listened to the sound That lured you day by
day; — The Sound of summer winds at play, The noise of waters cold To
Yarty wandering on their way, Beside your manor old ! The Roman fell: his
firm-set bound Became the Saxon's stay; The bells made music ail around
For monks in cloisters grey, Tili fled the monks in disarray From their warm
chantry's fold, The Abbots slumber as they may, Beside your manor old!
ENVOY. Creeds, empires, peoples, ail decay, Down into darkness, rolled;
May life that 's fleet be sweet, I pray, Beside your manor old!

BALLADE OF LITERARY FAME. « Ail thèse for Fourpence.'
OH, where are the endless Romances Our grandmothers used to adore? The
Knights with their helms and their lances, Their shields and the favours they
wore? And the Monks with their magical lore? They hâve passed to
Oblivion and Nox^ They hâve fled to the shadowy shore, — They are ail in
the Fourpenny Box I And where the poetical fancies Our fathers were fond
of, of yore ? The lyric's melodious expanses, The Epies in cantos a score ?
They hâve been and are not: no more Shall the shepherds drive silvery
flocks, Nor the ladies their long words déplore, — They are ail in the
Fourpenny Boxl 5

'BALLADES. And the Music ! The songs and the dances ? The
tunes that Time may not restore ? And the tomes where Divinity prances?
And the pamphlets where Heretics roar? They hâve ceased to be even a
bore, — The Divine, and the Sceptic who mocks, — They are "cropped,"
they are "foxed" to the core, — They are ail in the Fourpenny Boxl
ENVOY. Suns beat on them; tempests downpour, On the chest without
cover or locks, Where they lie by the Bookseller's door, — They are ail in
the Fourpenny Box I

BALLADE OF BLUE CHINA. THERE 'S a joy without canker
or cark, There *s a pleasure eternally new, 'T is to gloat on the glaze and the
mark Of china that 's ancient and blue ; Unchipp'd, ail the centuries through
It has pass'd, since the chime of it rang, And they fashion'd it, figure and
hue, In the reign of the Emperor Hwang. Thèse dragons (their tails, you
remark, Into bunches of gillyflowers grew), — When Noah came out of the
ark, Did thèse lie in wait for his crew? They snorted, they snapp'd, and they
slew, They were mighty of fin and of fang, And their portraits Celestials
drew In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

'BALLADES. Hère 's a pot with a cot in a park. In a parle where
the peach-blossoms blew, Where the lovers eloped in the dark, Lived, diedy
and were changed into two Bright birds that etemally flew Through the
boughs of the may, as they sang; 'T is a taie was undoubtdly true In the
reign of the Emperor Hwang. ENVOY. Corne, snarl at my ecstasies, do,
Kind critic; your "tongue has a tang/" But — a sage never heeded a shrew In
the reign of the Emperor Hwang. 8

BALLADE OF THE BOOK-HUNTER. IN torrid heats of late
July, In March, beneath the bitter âisBy He book-hunts while the loungers
fly, — He book-hunts, though December freeze ; In breeches baggy at the
knees, And heedless of the public jeers, For thèse, for thèse, he hoards his
fées, — Âldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs. No dismal stall escapes his eye, He
tums o'er tomes of low degrees, There soiled romanticists may lie. Or
Restoration comédies; Each tract that flutters in the breeze For him is
charged with hopes and fears, In mouldy novels fancy sees Aldines,
Bodonis, Elzevirs. 9

'BALLADES. With restless eyes that peer and spy, Sad eyes that
heed not skies nor trees, In dismal nooks he loves to pry, Whose motto ever
more is Spesf But ah! the fabled treasure fiées; Grown rarer with the
fleeting years, In rich men's shelves they take their ease, — Aldines,
Bodonis, Elzeviis! ENVOY. Prince, ail the things that tease and please, —
Famé, hope, wealth, kisses, cheers, and tears, What are they but such toys
as thèse — Âldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs? xo

BALLADE TO THEOCRITUS. IN WINTER. c<ropwv ràv
ZuecAàv cv ôAa. Id. viiL 56. AH ! leave the smoke, the wealth, the roar Of
London, leave the bustling street, For still, by the Sicilian shore, The
murmur of the Muse is sweet. Still, stilly the suns of summer greet The
mountain-grave of Helikê, And shepherds still their songs repeat Where
breaks the blue Sicilian sea. What though they worship Pan no more, That
guarded once the shepherd's seat, They chatter of their rustic lore, They
watch the wind among the wheat: Cicalas chirp, the young lambs bleat,
Where whispers pine to cypress tree ; They count the waves that idly beat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea. XX

'BALLADES. Theocritus! thou canst restore The pleasant years,
and over-fleet; With thee we live as men of yore, We rest where running
waters meet : And then we turn unwilling feet And seek the world — so
must it be — We may not linger in the heat Where breaks the blue Sicilian
sea! ENVOY. Master, — when rain, and snow, and sleet And northern
winds are wild, to thee We come, we rest in thy retreat, Where breaks the
blue Sicilian sea! n

VALENTINE IN FORM OF BALLADE, THE soft wind from the
south land sped, He set his strength to blow, From forests where Adonis
bled, And lily flowers a-row: He crossed the straits like streams that flow,
The océan dark as wine, To my true love to whisper low, To be your
Valentine. The Spring half-raised her drowsy head, Besprent with drifted
snow, " I *11 send an April day," she said, '* To lands of wintry woe." He
came, — the winter*s overthrow, — With showers that sing and shine, Pied
daisies round your path to strow^ To be your Valentine. X3

'BALLADES. Where sands of Egrypt, swart and red, 'Neath suns
Egyptian glow, In places of the princely dead, By the Nile's overflow, The
swallow preened her wings to go, And for the North did pine. And fain
would brave the frost, her foc, To be your Valentine. ENVOY. Spring,
Swallow, South Wind, even so, Their various voice combine; But that they
crave on me bestow, To be your Valentine. X4

BALLADE OF SUMMER. TO C. H. A. WHEN strawberry
pottles are common and cheap, Ere elms be black, or limes be sere, When
midnight dances are murdering sleep, Then comes in the sweet o' the year !
And far from Fleet street, far from hère, The Summer is Queen in the length
of the land, And moonlit nights they are soft and clear, When fans for a
penny are sold in the StrandI When clamour that doves in the lindens keep
Mingles with musical plash of the weir, Where drowned green tresses of
crowsfoot creep, Then comes in the sweet o* the year ! And better a crust
and a beaker of b  er, With rose-hung hedges on either hand, Than a palace
in town and a prince's cheer, When fans for a penny are sold in the Strand 1
«5

'BALLADES. When big trout late in the twilight leap, When
cuckoo clamoureth far and near, When glittering scythes in the hayfield
reap, Then cornes in the sweet o* the year ! And it 's oh to sail, with the
wind to steer, While kine knee deep in the water stand, On a Highiand loch,
on a Lowland mère, When fans for a penny are sold in the StrandI ENVOY.
Friend, with the fops, while we dawdle hère, Then cornes in the sweet o' the
year ! And the Summer runs out, like grains of sand, When fans for a penny
are sold in the Strand! z6

BALLADE OF AUTUMN. WE built a castle in the air, In
summer weather, you and I, The wind and sun were in your hair, — Gold
hair against a sapphire sky: When Autumn came, with leaves that fly Before
the storm, across the plain, You fled from me, with scarce a sigh — My
Love returns no more again I The windy Ughts of Autumn flare: I watch the
moonlit sails go by ; I marvel how men toil and fare, The weary business
that they plyl Their voyaging is vanity. And fairy gold is ail their gain. And
ail the winds of winter cry, "My Love returns no more again I" 17

'BALLADES. Hère, in my castle of Despair, I sit alone with
memory; The wind-fed wolf has left his lair, To keep the outcast company.
The brooding owl he hoots hard by, The hare shall kindle on thy hearth-
stane^ The Rhymer's soothest prophecy, — • My Love retums no more
again ! ENVOY. Lady, my home until I die Is hère, where youth and hope
were slain; They Ait, the ghosts of our July, My Love retums no more again
! * Thomas of Ercildoune. x8

BALLADE OF OLD PLAYS. TO BRANDER MATTHEWS.

(Les Œuvres de Monsieur Molière, A Parisy chez Louys Billaine^ à la
Palme, -[.D.C.LXVI.) LA COUR. WHEN thèse Old Plays were new, the
King, Beside the CardinaPs chair, Applauded, 'mid the courtly ring, The
verses of Molière ; Point-lace was then the only wear, Old Corneille came
to woo, And bright Du Parc was young and fair, When thèse Old Plays were
newl i9

^BALLADES, LA COMEDIE. How shrill the butcher's cat-calls
ring, How loud the lackeys swear I Black pipe-bowls on the stage they
fling, At Brécourt, fuming there ! The Porter 's stabbed I a Mousquetaire
Breaks in with noisy crew — 'T was ail a commonplace affair When thèse
Old Plays were new I LA VILLE. When thèse Old Plays were new I They
bring A host of phantoms rare : Old jests that float, old jibes that sting, Old
faces peaked with care: Ménageas smirk, de Visé's stare, The thefts of Jean
Ribou, — • Ah, publishers were hard to bear When thèse Old Plays were
new. ENVOY. Ghosts, at your Poet's word ye dare To break Death*s
dungeons through, And frisk, as in that golden air, When thèse Old Plays
were new I * A knavish publisher. 30

BALLADE OF ROULETTE. TO R. R. THIS life — one was thinking to-day, In the midst of a medley of fancies — Is a game, and the board where we play Green earth with her poppies and pansies. Let manque be faded romances, Be passe remorse and regret ; Hearts dance with the wheel as it dances — The wheel of Dame Fortunées roulette. The lover will stake as he may His heart on his Peggies and Nancies; The girl has her beauty to lay; The saint has his prayers and his trances; The poet bets endless expanses In Dreamland; the scamp has his debt: How they gaze at the wheel as it glances — The wheel of Dame Fortunées roulette! 31

'BALLADES. The Kaiser will stake his array Of sabres, of
Krupps, and of lances ; An Englishman punts with his pay, And glory the
jeton of France is ; Your artists, or Whistlers or Vances, Hâve voices or
colours to bet; Will you moan that its motion askance is The wheel of Dame
Fortune's roulette? ENVOY. The prize that the pleasure enhances? The
prize is — at last to forget The changes, the chops, and the chances The
wheel of Dame Fortunées roulette. 22

BALLADE OF FRERE LUBIN. (Qement Marot's Frère Lubin, though transUted by Longfellow and others, has not hitherto been rendered into the original measure, of ballade à double refrain.) SOME ten or twenty times a day, To bustle to the town with speed, To dabble in what dirt he may,— Le Frère Lubin *s the man you need I But any sober life to lead Upon an exemplary plan, Requires a Christian indeed, — Le Frère Lubin is not the man î Another's " pile " on his to lay, With ail the craft of guile and greed, To leave you bare of pence or pay, — Le Frère Lubin 's the man you need I But watch him with the closest heed, And dun him with what force you can, — He '11 not refund, howe'er you plead, — Le Frère Lubin is not the man ! «3

'BALLADES. An honest girl to lead astray, With subtle saw and
promised mead, Requires no cunning crone and grey, — Le Frère Lubin 's
the man you need I He preaches an ascetic creed. But, — try him with the
water can — A dog will drink, whate'er his breed, — Le Frère Lubin is not
the man ! ENVOY. In good to fail, in ill succeed, Le Frère Lubin 's the man
you need I In honest works to lead the van, Le Frère Lubin is not the man !
24

BALLADE OF QJUEEN ANNE THE modish Airs, The Tansey
Brew, The Swains and Fairs In curtained Pew; Nymphs Kneller drew,
Books Bentley read, — Who knows them, who? QuEEN Anne is dead I We
buy her Chairs, Her China blue, Her red-brick Squares We build anew; But
ah ! we rue, When ail is said, The taie o'er-true, QuEEN Anne is dead I 25

'BALLADES. Now Bulls and Bears, A ruffling Crew, With Stocks
and Shares, With Turk and Jew, Go bubbling through The Town ill-bred:
The World 's askew, QUEEN Anne is dead î ENVOY. Friend, praise the
new; The old is fled: Vivat Frou-Frou I QuEEN Anne is deadi 36

BALLADE OF PRIMITIVE MAN. TO J. A. FARRER. HE lived
in a cave by the seas, He lived upon oysters and foes, But his list of
forbidden degrees, An extensive morality shows; Geological évidence goes
To prove he had never a pan, But he shaved with a shell when he chose, —
'T was the manner of Primitive Man. He worshipp*d the rain and the
breeze, He worshipp'd the river that flows. And the Dawn, and the Moon,
and the trees, And bogies, and serpents, and crows; He buried his dead with
their toes Tucked-up, an original plan, TiU their knees came right under
their nose, — *T was the manner of Primitive Man. 87

'BALLADES. His communal wives, at his ease, He would curb
with occasional blows ; Or his State had a queen, like the bées (As another
philosopher trows) : When he spoke, it was never in prose, But lie sang in a
strain that would scan, For (to doubt it, perchance, were morose) 'T was the
manner of Primitive Man I ENVOY. Max, proudly your Aryans pose. But
their rigs they undoubtedly ran, For, as every Darwinian knows, 'T was the
manner of Primitive Man I a8

BALLADE OF SLEEP. " Of ail Gods, Sleep is dearest to the
Muses." — Pausantas. THE hours are passing slow, I hear their weary tread
Clang from the tower, and go Back to their kinsfolk dead. Sleep ! death's
twin brother dread I Why dost thou scorn me so? The wind's voice overhead
Long wakeful hère I know, And music from the steep Where waters fall and
flow. Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep? AU sounds that might bestow Rest on
the fever'd bed, AU slumb'rous sounds and low Are mingled hère and wed,
And bring no drowsihed. 29

'BALLADES. Shy dreams ait to and fro With shadowy hair
dispread; With wistful eyes that glow, And silent robes that sweep. Thou
wilt not hear me; no? Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep? What cause hast thou to
show Of sacrifice unsped? Of ail thy slaves below I most hâve labourèd
With service sung and said; Hâve cull'd such buds as blow, Soft poppies
white and red, Where thy still gardens grow, And Lethe's waters weep.
Why, then, art thou my foe? Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep? ENVOY. Prince,
ère the dark be shred By golden shafts, ère low And long the shadows
creep: Lord of the wand of lead, Soft-footed as the snow, Wilt thou not hear
me, Sleep? 30

BALLADE OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE. Y£ giant shades of Ra
and TUM, Ye ghosts of gods £g>'ptian, If murmurs of our planet corne To
exiles in the precincts wan Where, fetish or Olympian, To help or harm no
more ye list, Look down, if look ye may, and scan This monument in
London mist I Behold, the hieroglyphs are dumb That once were read of
him that ran When seistron, cymbal, trump, and drum ! Wild music of the
Bull began ; When through the chanting priestly clan | Walk*d Ramses, and
the high sun kiss'd This stone, with blessing scored and ban — This
monument in London mist. 3X

'BALLADES. The stone endures though gods be numb; Though
human effort, plot, and plan Be sifled, drifled, like the sum Of sands in
wastes Arabian. What king may deem him more than man, What priest says
Faith can Time resist While this endures to mark their span — This
monument in London mist? ENVOY. Prince, the stone's shade on your
divan Falls ; it is longer than ye wist : It preaches, as Time's gnomon can,
This monument in London mist ! 3»

BALLADE OF TRUE WISDOM. WHILE others are asking for beauty or fame, Or praying to know that for which they should pray, Or courting Queen Venus, that affable dame, Or chasing the Muses the weary and grey, The sage has found out a more excellent way — To Pan and to Pallas his incense he showers, And his humble petition puts up day by day, For a house fiill of books, and a garden of flowers. Inventors may bow to the God that is lame. And crave from the fire on his stithy a ray; Philosophers kneel to the God without name, Like the people of Athens, agnostics are they ; The hunter a fawn to Diana will slay, The maiden wild roses will wreath for the Hours ; But the wise man will ask, ère libation he pay. For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers. 33

BALLADES. Oh ! grant me a life without pleasure or blâme (As mortals count pleasure who rush through their day With a speed to which that of the tempest is tame) ! O grant me a house by the beach of a bay, Where the waves can be surly in winter, and play With the sea-weed in summer, ye bountiful powers ! And I 'd leave ail the hurry, the noise, and the fray, For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers. ENVOY. Gods, grant or withhold it; your "yea" and your "nay" Are immutable, heedless of outcry of ours : But life is worth living, and hère we would stay For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers. 34

BALLADE OF THE MUSE. Quem tUt Melpomene^ semeL THE
man whom once, Melpomene, Thou look'st on with benignant sight, Shall
never at the Isthmus be A boxer eminent in fight, Nor fares he foremost in
the flight Of Grecian cars to victory, Nor goes with Delian laurels dight,
The man thou lov*st, Melpomene I Not him the Capitol shall see, As who
hath crush'd the threats and might Of monarchs, march triumphantly ; But
Famé shall crown him, in his right Of ail the Roman lyre that smite The first
; so woods of Tivoli Proclaim him, so her waters bright, The man thou
lov'st, Melpomene I 35

BALLADES. The sons of queenly Rome count me, Me too, with
them whose chants delight, — The poets* kindly company; Now broken is
the tooth of spite, But thou, that temperest aright The golden lyre, ail, ail
tothee He owes — life, fame, and fortune's height— The man thou lov'st,
Melpomene ! ENVOY. Queen, that to mute lips could'st unité The wild
swan's dying melody ! Thy gifts, ah ! how shall he requite — The man thou
lov'st, Melpomene? 36

BALLADE FOR A BABY. (FROM "THE GARLAND OF
RACHEL.") 'HT^IS distance lends, the poet says, 1 Enchantment to the
view, And this makes possible the praise Which I bestow on you. For babies
rosy-pink of hue I do not always care, But distance paints the mountains
blue, And Rachel always fair. Ah Time, speed on her flying days, Brin g
back my youth that flew, That she may listen to my lays Where Merton
stock-doves coo; That I may sing afresh, anew, My songs, now faint and
rare, Time, make me always twenty-two, And Rachel always fair. 37

BALLADES. Nay, long ago, down dusky ways Fled Cupid and
his crew; Life brings not back the morning haze, The dawning and the dew;
And other lips must sigh and sue, And younger lovers dare To hint that
Loye is always true, And Rachel always fair. ENVOY. Princess, let Age bid
Youth adieu, Adieu to this despair, To me, who thus despairing woo, And
Rachel always fair. 38

BALLADE OF HIS OWN COUNTRY. I scribbled on a fly-
book's leaves Among the shining salmon-flies ; A song for summer-dme
that grieves I scribbled on a fly-book's leaves. Between grey sea and golden
sheaves, Beneadi the soft wet Morvern sldes, I scribbled on a fly-book's
leaves Among the shining salmon-flies. TO C. H. ARKCOLL. LET them
boast of Arabia, oppressed By the odour of myrrh on the breeze; In the isles
of the East and the West That are sweet with the cinnamon trees Let the
sandal-wood perfume the seas ; Give the roses to Rhodes and to Crète, We
are more than content, if you please, With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat
I 39

BALLADES. Though Dan Virgil enjoyed himself best With the
scent of the limes, when the bees Hummed low 'round the doves in their
nest, While the vintagers lay at their ease, Had he sung in our northern
degrees, He 'd have sought a securer retreat, He 'd have dwelt, where the
heart of us flees, With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat ! Oh, the broom has
a chivalrous crest And the daffodil 's fair on the leas, And the soul of the
Southron might rest, And be perfectly happy with these; But way that were
nursed on the knees Of the hills of the North, we would fleet Where our
hearts might their longing appease With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat I
ENVOY. Princess, the domain of our quest It is far from the sounds of the
street, Where the Kingdom of Galloway 's blest With the smell of bog-
myrtle and peat I 40

BALLADE OF THE TWEED. (lowland scotch.) to t. w. lang.

THE ferox rins in rough Loch Awe, A weary cry frae ony toun; The Spey,
that louns o'er linn and fa', They praise a' ither streams aboon; They boast
their braes o' bonny Doon: Gie me to hear the ringing réel, Where shilfas
sing, and cushats croon By fair Tweed-side, at Ashiesteel! There 's Ettrick,
Meggat, Ail, and a', Where trout swim thick in May and June; Ye 41 see
them take in showers o' snaw Some blinking, cauldrie April noon: Rax
ower the palmer and march-broun. And syne we *11 show a bonny creel, In
spring or simmer, late or soon, By fair Tweed-side, at Ashiesteel I 4»

BALLADES. There 's mony a water, great or sma', Gaes singing
in his siller tune, Through glen and heugh, and hope and shaw, Beneath the
sun-licht or the moon: But set us in our fishing-shoon Between the Caddon-
bum and Peel, And syne we '11 cross the heather broun By fair Tweed-side
at Ashiesteel! ENVOY. Deil take the dirty, trading loon Wad gar the water
ca' his wheel, And drift his dyes and poisons doun By fair Tweed-side at
Ashiesteel I 4»

BALLADE OF THE ROYAL GAME OF GOLF. TO LESLIE
BALFOUR.* (East Fifeshire,) THERE are laddies will drive ye a ba* To
the bum frae tlie farthestmost tee, But ye mauna think driving is a', Ye may
heel her, and send her ajee, Ye may land in the sand or the sea; And ye *re
dune, sir, ye 're no worth a preen, Tak* the word that an auld man *11 gie,
Tak* aye tent.to be up on the green ! The auld folk are crouse, and they
crawl That their putting is pawky and slee; In a bunker they 're nae gude
ava*, But to gim, and to gar the sand flee. 43

BALLADES. And a lassie can putt — ony she, — Be she Maggy,
or Bessie, or Jean, But a cleek-shot 's the billy for me, Tak* aye tent to be
up on the green I I hae play'd in the frost and the thaw, I hae play*d since
the year thirty-three, I hae play'd in the rain and the snaw. And I trust I may
play till I dee; And I tell'ye the truth and nae lee. For I speak o' the thing I
hae seen — Tom Morris, I ken, will agrée — Tak' aye tent to be up on the
green! ENVOY. Prince, faith you 're improving a wee, And, Lord, man,
they tell me you 're keen ; Tak' the best o' advice that can be, Tak' aye tent to
be up on the green I 44

BALLADE OF THE MIDNIGHT FOREST. AFTER

THEODORE DE BANVILLE. STILL sing the mocking fairies, as of old,
Beneath the shade of thorn and holly-tree ; The west wind breathes upon
them, pure and cold, And wolves still dread Diana roaming free In secret
woodland with her company. 'T is thought the peasants' hovels know her
rite When now the wolds are bathed in silver light, And first the moonrise
breaks the dusky grey, Then down the dells, with blown soft hair and bright,
And through the dim wood Dian threads her way. With water-weeds twined
in their locks of gold, The strange cold forest-fairies dance in glee; Sylphs
over-timorous and over-bold Haunt the dark hollows where the dwarf may
be, The wild red dwarf, the nixies' enemy; 45

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BALLADES AND VERSES VAIN BY ANDREW LANG
AUTHOR OF "HBLBM OP TROY "Branles, virelais. Ballades, and Verses
vain.** — TAe Faerie Qneene, NEW-YORK CHARLES SCRIBNER'S
SONS 1884 XHAe On ^ ZDX0-F1T-T3GX

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Laughter and soñ the pœt brings. And tends thetñ/orm and gives
them vings; Then sets his chirping squatlrenji^ee To fost at will Ify land or
sea, Andjlnð their honte, if that tne^f àe. Laughter and scng this peet, tco, O
Western brothers, sends te yen: With doubtJU! Jligkt the darting train Hâve
crossed the bleak Atlantic maint — New varm them inytmr hearts again / A.
D.

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Mr. AusHn Dobatn htu been so ktndeu to superintend the makingifthe/oUowingseUetteHfrom " Baltads and Lyrics qf Old France" (1873). "BalleuUs m Blue China" (x88o^ x88i, 1883), and /^otn vertes Previausfy unfmrtd or not eotl^ted. vui

BALLADES.

BALLADE DEDICATORY. TO MRS. ELTON OF WHITE
STAUNTON. THE painted Briton built his mound, And lefl his celts and
clay, On yon fair slope of sunlit ground That fronts your garden gay; The
Roman came, he bore the sway, He buUied, bought, and sold, Your fountain
sweeps his works away Beside your manor old! 3

'BALLADES. But still his crumbling urns are found Within the
window-bay, Where once he listened to the sound That lulls you day by day
; — The Sound of summer winds at play, The noise of waters cold To Yarty
wandering on their way, Beside your manor old ! The Roman fell : his firm-
set bound Became the Saxon's stay; The bells made music ail around For
monks in cloisters grey, Till fled the monks in disarray From their warm
chantry*s fold, The Abbots slumber as they may, Beside your manor old
ENVOY. Creeds, empires, peoples, ail decay, Down into darkness, rolled ;
May life that 's fleet be sweet, I pray, Beside your manor old!

BALLADE OF LITERARY FAME. « Ail diese for Fouxpenoe.'
OH, where are the endless Romances Our grandmothers used to adore? The
Knights with their helms and their lances, Their shields and the favours they
wore? And the Monks with their magical lore? They hâve passed to
Oblivion and NoXy They hâve fled to the shadowy shore, — They are ail in
the Fourpenny Box ! And where the poetical fancies Our fathers were fond
of, of yore ? The lyric's melodious expanses, The Epies in cantos a score?
They hâve been and are not: no more Shall the shepherds drive silvery
flocks, Nor the ladies their long words déplore, — They are ail in the
Fourpenny Box! 5

'BALLADES. And the Music ! The songs and the dances ? The
tunes that Time may not restore ? And the tomes where Divinity prances?
And the pamphlets where Heretics roar? They hâve ceased to be even a
bore, — The Divine, and the Sceptic who mocks, — They are "cropped,"
they are **foxed" to the core, — They are ail in the Fourpenny Box!
ENVOY. Suns beat on them; tempests downpour, On the chest without
cover or locks, Where they lie by the Bookseller's door, — They are ail in
the Fourpenny Box I

BALLADE OF BLUE CHINA. THERE 'S a joy without canker
or cark, There 's a pleasure eternally new, 'T is to gloat on the glaze and the
mark Of china that 's ancient and blue ; Unchipp'd, ail the centuries through
It has pass'd, since the chime of it rang, And they fashion'd it, figure and
hue, In the reign of the Emperor Hwang. Thèse dragons (their tails, you
remark, Into bunches of gillyflowers grew), — When Noah came out of the
ark, Did thèse lie in wait for his érew? They snorted, they snapp'd, and they
slew, They were mighty of fin and of fang. And their portraits Celestials
drew In the reign of the Emperor Hwang.

'BALLADES. Hère 's a pot with a cot in a park. In a park where
the peach-blossoms blew, Where the lovers eloped in the dark, Lived, died,
and were changed into two Bright birds that eternaliy flew Through the
boughs of the may, as they sang; *T is a taie was undoubtedly true In the
reign of the Emperor Hwang. ENVOY. Corne, snarl at my ecstasies, do,
Kind critic; your "tongue has a tang," But — a sage never heeded a shrew
In the reign of the Emperor Hwang. 8

BALLADE OF THE BOOK-HUNTER. IN torrid beats of late
July, In March, beneath the bitter bisBy He book-bunts while the loungers
fly, — He book-huntSy though December freeze ; In breeches baggy at the
knees, And heedless of the public jeers, For thèse, for thèse, he hoards his
fées, — Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs. No dismal stall escapes his eye, He
tums o'er tomes of low degrees, There soiled romanticists may lie. Or
Restoration comédies; Each tract that flutters in the breeze For him is
charged with hopes and fears, In mouldy novels fancy sees Aldines,
Bodonis, Elzevirs. 9

'BALLADES. With restless eyes that peer and spy, Sad eyes that
heed not skies nor trees, In dismal nooks he loves to pry, Whose motto ever
more is Sfes/ But ah! the fabled treasure fiées; Grown rarer with the fleeting
years, In rich men's shelves they take their ease, — Aldines, Bodonis,
Elzevirs! ENVOY. Priiice, ail the things that tease and please, Fame, hope,
wealth, kisses, cheers, and tears, What are they but such toys as thèse —
Aldines, Bodonis, Elzevirs? zo

BALLADE TO THEOCRITUS, IN WINTER. c<ropwv ràv
SuccAàv cç âAa> Id. viiL 56. AH ! leave the smoke, the wealth, the roar Of
London, leave the bustling street, For still, by the Sicilian shore, The
murmur of the Muse is sweet. Still, still^ the suns of summer greet The
mountain-grave of Helikê, And shepherds still their songs repeat Where
breaks the blue Sicilian sea. What though they worship Pan no more, That
guarded once the shepherd's seat, They chatter of their nistic lore, They
watch the wind among the wheat: Cicalas chirp, the young lambs bleat,
Where whispers pine to cypress tree ; They count the waves that idly beat
Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea. XX

^BALLADES. Theocritus! thou canst restore The pleasant years,
and over-fleet; With thee we live as men of yore, We rest where running
waters meet: And then we tum unwilling feet And seek the world — so
must it beWe may not linger in the heat Where breaks the blue Sicilian sea!
ENVOY. Master, — when rain, and snow, and sleet And northem winds are
wild, to thee We corne, we rest in thy retreat, Where breaks the blue Sicilian
sea! la

VALENTINE IN FORM OF BALLADE, THE soft wind from the
south land sped, He set his strength to blow, From forests where Adonis
bled, And lily flowers a-row: He crossed the straits like streams that flow,
The océan dark as wine, To my true love to whisper low, To be your
Valentine. The Spring half-raised her drowsy head, Besprent with drifted
snow, " I will send an April day," she said, " To lands of wintry woe." He
came, — the winter's overthrow, — With showers that sing and shine, Pied
daisies round your path to strow, To be your Valentine. 13

'BALLADES. Where sands of Egypt, swart and red, *Neath suns
Egyptian glow, In places of the princely dead, By the Nile's overflow, The
swallow preened her wings to go, And for the North did pine, And fain
would brave the frost, her foe, To be your Valentine. ENVOY. Spring,
Swallow, South Wind, even so, Their various voice combine; But that they
crave on tne bestow, To be your Valentine.

BALLADE OF SUMMER. TO C. H. A. WHEN strawberry
pottles are common and cheap, Ere elms be black, or limes be sere, When
midnight dances are murdering sleep, Then comes in the sweet o' the year !
And far from Fleet street, far from hère, The Summer is Queen in the length
of the land, And moonUt nights they are soft and clear, When fans for a
penny are sold in the Strand ! When clamour that doves in the lindens keep
Mingles with musical plash of the weir, Where drowned green tresses of
crowsfoot creep, Then comes in the sweet o' the year ! And better a crust
and a beaker of bée, With rose-hung hedges on either hand, Than a palace
in town and a prince's cheer, When fans for a penny are sold in the Strand !
X5

'BALLADES. When big trout late in the twilight leap, When
cuckoo clamoureth far and near, When glittering scythes in the hayfield
reap, Then cornes in the sweet o' the year ! And it 's oh to sail, with the
wind to steer, While kine knee deep in the water stand, On a Highland loch,
on a Lowland mère, When fans for a penny are sold in the Strand! BNVOY.
Friendly with the fops, while we dawdle hère, Then cornes in the sweet o'
the year I And the Summer runs out, Uke grains of sand, When fans for a
penny are sold in the Strand! i6

BALLADE OF AUTUMN. We built a castle in the air, In
summer weather, you and I, The wind and sun were in your hair, — Gold
hair against a sapphire sky: When Autumn came, with leaves that fly Before
the storm, across the plain, You fled from me, with scarce a sigh — My
Love returns no more again ! The windy Ughts of Autumn flare: I watch the
moonUt sails go by ; I marvel how men toil and fare, The weary business
that they piyl Their voyaging is vanity. And fairy gold is ail their gain. And
ail the winds of winter cry, "My Love returns no more again!" 17

'BALLADES. Hère, in my castle of Despair, I sit alone with
memory; The wind-fed wolf has left his lair, To keep the outcast company.
The brooding owl he hoots hard by, The hare shall kindU on thy hearth-
stane^ The Rhymer's soothest prophecy, — • My Love retums no more
again I ENVOY. Lady, my home until I die Is hère, where youth and hope
were slain ; They Ait, the ghosts of our July, My Love retums no more
again ! * Thomas of Ercildoune. x8

BALLADE OF OLD PLAYS. TO BRANDER MATTHEWS.

(Les Œuvres de Monsieur Molière. A Paris chez Louys Billaitte, à la
Palme, ■1.D.C.LXVI.) LA COUR. WHEN these Old Plays were new, the
King, Beside the Cardinals chair, Applauded 'mid the courtly ring, The
verses of Molière; Point-lace was then the only wear, Old Corneille came to
woo, And bright Du Parc was young and fair, When these Old Plays were
new! 19

'BALLADES, LA COMEDIE. How shrill the butcher's cat-calls
ring, How loud the lackeys swear! Black pipe-bowls on the stage they fling,
At Brécourt, fuming there ! The Porter 's stabbed ! a Mousquetaire Breaks
in with noisy crew — 'T was ail a commonplace affair When thèse Old
Plays were new I LA VILLE. When thèse Old Plays were new I They bring
A host of phantoms rare : Old jests that float, old jibes that sting, Old faces
peaked with care: Ménageas smirk, de Visées stare, The thefts of Jean
Ribou, — • Ah, publishers were hard to bear When thèse Old Plays were
new. ENVOY. Ghosts, at your Poet's word ye dare To break Death*s
dungeons through, And frisk, as in that golden air, When thèse Old Plays
were new I * A knavish publisher. ao

BALLADE OF ROULETTE. TO R. R. THIS life — one was
thinking to-day, In the midst of a medley of fancies — Is a game, and the
board where we play Green earth with her poppies and pansies. Let manque
be faded romances, Be passe rembrse and regret ; Hearts dance with the
wheel as it dances — The wheel of Dame Fortunées roulette. The lover will
stake as he may His heart on his Peggies and Nancies; The girl has her
beauty to lay ; The saint has his prayers and his trances; The poet bets
endless expanses In Dreamland; the scamp has his debt: How they gaze at
the wheel as it glances — The wheel of Dame Fortunées roulette! 21

'BALLADES, The Kaiser will stake his array Of sabres, of
Krupps, and of lances ; An Englishman punts with his pay. And glory the
Jeton of France is ; Your artists, or Whistlers or Vances, Hâve voices or
colours to bet; Will you moan that its motion askance is The wheel of Dame
Fortunées roulette? ENVOY. The prize that the pleasure enhances? The
prize is — at last to forget The changes, the chops, and the chances The
wheel of Dame Fortunées roulette. 22

BALLADE OF FRERE LUBIN. (Clément Marot's Frère Lubin, though translated by Longfellow and others, has not hitherto been rendered into the original measure, of ballade à double refrain.) SOME ten or twenty times a day, To bustle to the town with speed, To dabble in what dirt he may, — Le Frère Lubin *s the man you need I But any sober life to lead Upon an exemplary plan, Requires a Christian indeed, — Le Frère Lubin is not the man I Another's "pile" on his to lay, With ail the craft of guile and greed, To leave you bare of pence or pay, — Le Frère Lubin *s the man you need ! But watch him with the closest heed, And dun him with what force you can, — He *ll not refund, howe'er you plead, — Le Frère Lubin is not the man ! 23

'BALLADES. An honest girl to lead astray, With subtle saw and
promised mead, Requires no cunning crone and grey, — Le Frère Lubin 's
the man you need ! He preaches an ascetic creed, But, — try him with the
water can — A dog will drink, whate'er his breed, — Le Frère Lubin is not
the man I ENVOY. In good to fail, in ill succeed, Le Frère Lubin *s the man
you need I In honest works to lead the van, Le Frère Lubin is not the man !
24

BALLADE OF dUEEN ANNE, THE modish Airs, The Tansey
Brew, The Swains and Fairs In curtained Pew; Nymphs Kneller drew,
Books Bentley read, — Who knows them, who? QuEEN Anne is dead I We
buy her Chairs, Her China blue, Her red-brick Squares We build anew; But
ah ! we rue, When ail is said, The taie o^er-true, QUEEN Anne is dead ! 25

'BALLADES. Now Bulls and Bears, A ruffling Crew, With
Stocks and Shares, With Turk and Jew, Go bubbling through The Town ill-
bred: The World *s askew, QUEEN Anne is dead ! ENVOY. Friend, praise
the new; The old is fled: Vivat Frou-Frou I QuEEN Anne is dead! a6

BALLADE OF PRIMITIVE MAN. TO J. A. FARRER. HE lived
in a cave by the seas, He lived upon oysters and foes, But his list of
forbidden degrees, An extensive morality shows; Geological évidence goes
To prove he had never a pan, But he shaved with a shell when he chose, —
'T was the manner of Primitive Man. He worshipp*d the rain and the
breeze, He worshipp'd the river that flows, And the Dawn, and the Moon,
and the trees, And bogies, and serpents, and crows; He buried his dead with
their toes Tucked-up, an original plan, Till their knees came right under
their nose, *T was the manner of Primitive Man. 97

'BALLADES. His communal wives, at his ease, He would curb
with occasional blows; Or his State had a queen, like the bées (As another
philosopher trows) : When he spoke, it was never in prose, But lie sang in a
strain that would scan, For (to doubt it, perchance, were morose) 'T was the
manner of Primitive Man ! ENVOY. Max, proudly your Aryans pose, But
their rigs they undoubtedly ran, For, as every Darwinian knows, *T was the
manner of Primitive Man ! a8

BALLADE OF SLEEP. " Of ail Gods, Sleep is dearest to the
Muses." — Pausanias. THE hours are passing slow, I hear their weaiy tread
Clang from the tower, and go Back to their kinsfolk dead. Sleep I death's
twin brother dread I Why dost thou scorn me so? The wind^s voice
overhead Long wakeful hère I know, And music from the steep Where
waters fall and flow. Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep? AU sounds that might
bestow Rest on the fever'd bed, AU slumb'rous sounds and low Are mingled
hère and wed. And brîng no drowsihed. 29

'BALLADES, Shy dreatns Ait to and fro With shadowy hair
dispread; With wistful eyes that glow, And silent robes that sweep. Thou
wilt not hear me; no? Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep? What cause hast thou to
show Of sacrifice unsped ? Of ail thy slaves below I most hâve labourèd
With service sung and said; Hâve culPd such buds as blow, Soft poppies
white and red, Where thy still gardens grow, And Lethe's waters weep.
Why, then, art thou my foe? Wilt thou not hear me, Sleep? ENVOY. Prince,
ère the dark be shred By golden shafts, ère low And long the shadows
creep: Lord of the wand of lead, Soft-footed as the snow, Wilt thou not hear
me, Sleep? 30

BALLADE OF CLEOPATRA'S NEEDLE. YE giant shades of Ra
and TUM, Ye ghosts of gods Eg>'ptian, If murmurs of our planet corne To
exiles in the precincts wan Where, fetish or Olympian, To help or harm no
more ye list, Look down, if look ye may, and scan This monument in
London mist ! Behold, the hieroglyphs are dumb That once were read of
him that ran When seistron, cymbal, trump, and drum Wild music of the
Bull began ; When through the chanting priestly clan Walk*d Ramses, and
the high sun kiss*d This stone, with blessing scored and ban — This
monument in London mist. 3ï

'BALLADES. The stone endures though gods be numb; Though
human effort, plot, and plan Be sifted, drifted, like the sum Of sands in
wastes Arabian. What king may deem him more than man, What priest says
Faith can Time resist While this endures to mark their span — This
monument in London mist? ENVOY. Prince, the stone's shade on your
divan Falls; it is longer than ye wist: It preaches, as Time*s gnomon can,
This monument in London mist! 32

BALLADE OF TRUE WISDOM. WHILE others are asking for beauty or fame, Or praying to know that for which they should pray, Or courting Queen Venus, that affable dame, Or chasing the Muses the weary and grey, The sage has found out a more excellent way — To Pan and to Pallas his incense he showers. And his humble petition puts up day by day, For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers. Inventors may bow to the God that is lame, And crave from the fire on his stithy a ray; Philosophers kneel to the God without name, Like the people of Athens, agnostics are they ; The hunter a fawn to Diana will slay, The maiden wild roses will wreath for the Hours ; But the wise man will ask, ere libation he pay. For a house full of books, and a garden of flowers. 33

BALLADES. Oh I grant me a life without pleasure or blâme (As mortals count pleasure who rush through their day With a speed to which that of the tempest is tame) I O grant me a house by the beach of a bay, Where the waves can be surly in winter, and play With the sea-weed in summer, ye bountiful powers ! And I *d leave ail the hurry, the noise, and the fray, For a house fuU of books, and a garden of flowers. ENVOY. Gods, grant or withhold it; your "yea" and your "nay" Are immutable, heedless of outcry of ours : But life is worth living, and hère we would stay For a house fuU of books, and a garden of flowers. 34

BALLADE OF THE MUSE. Quem iUt Melpcmenty semeL THE
man whom once, Melpomene, Thou look'st on with benignant sight, Shall
ne ver at the Isthmus be A boxer eminent in fight, Nor fares he foremost in
the flight Of Grecian cars to victory, Nor goes with DeUan laurels dight,
The man thou lov'st, Melpomene \ Not him the Capitol shall see, As who
hath crush'd the threats and might Of monarchs, march triumphantly ; But
Famé shall crown him, in his right Of ail the Roman lyre that smite The first
; so woods of Tivoli Proclaim him, so her waters bright, The man thou
lov'st, Melpomene I 35

BALLADES, The sons of queenly Rome count tne, Me too, with
them whose chants delight, — The poets' kindly company; Now broken is
the tooth of spite, But thou, that temperest aright The golden lyre, ail, ail
tothee He owes — life, famé, and fortunées height— The man thou lov'st,
Melpomene ! ENVOY. Queen, that to mute lips could'st unité The wild
swan's dying melody ! Thy gifts, ah ! how shall he requite — The man thou
lov'st, Melpomene ? 36

BALLADE FOR A BABY. (FROM "THE GARLAND OF
RACHEL.") 'np^IS distance lends, the poet says, 1 Enchantment to the
view, And this makes possible the praise Which I bestow on you. For babies
rosy-pink of hue I do not always care, But distance paints the mountains
blue, And Rachel always fair. Ah Time, speed on her flying days, Brin g
back my youth that flew, That she may listen to my lays Where Merton
stock-doves coo; That I may sing afresh, anew, My songs, now faint and
rare, Time, make me always twenty-two, And Rachel always fair. 37

BALLADES. Nay, long ago, down dusky ways Fled Cupid and
his crew; Life brings not back the moming haze, The dawning and the dew;
And other lips must sigh and sue, And younger lovers dare To hint that
Loye is always true, And Rachel always fair. ENVOY. Princess, let Age bid
Youth adieu, Adieu to this despair, To me, who thus despairing woo, And
Rachel always fair. 38

BALLADE OF HIS OWN COUNTRY. I scribbled on a fly-
book's leaves Among the shining salmon-flies ; A song for summer-dme
that grieves I scribbled on a fly-book's leaves. Between grey sea and golden
sheaves, Beneath the soft wet Morvern slides, I scribbled on a fly-book's
leaves Among die shining salmon-flies. TO C. H. ARKCOLL. L&T them
boast of Arabia, oppressed By the odour of myrrh on the breeze ; In the
isles of the East and the West That are sweet with the cinnamon trees Let
the sandal-wood perfume the seas; Give the roses to Rhodes and to Crète,
We are more than content, if you please, With the smell of bog-myrtle and
peat I 39

BALLADES. Though Dan Virgil enjoyed himself best With the
scent of the limes, when the bees Hummed low 'round the doves in their
nest, While the vintagers lay at their ease, Had he sung in our northern
degrees, He 'd have sought a securer retreat, He 'd have dwelt, where the
heart of us flees, With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat I Oh, the broom has
a chivalrous crest And the daffodil 's fair on the leas, And the soul of the
Southron might rest, And be perfectly happy with these; But we, that were
nursed on the knees Of the hills of the North, we would fleet Where our
hearts might their longing appease With the smell of bog-myrtle and peat I
ENVOY. Princess, the domain of our quest It is far from the sounds of the
street, Where the Kingdom of Galloway 's blest With the smell of bog-
myrtle and peat I 40

BALLADE OF THE TWEED. (LOWLAND SCOTCH.) TO T.
W. LANG. THE ferox rins in rough Loch Awe, A weary cry frae ony toun;
The Spey, that louns o'er linn and fa*, They praise a' ither streams aboon;
They boast their braes o' bonny Doon: Gie me to hear the ringing réel,
Where shilfas sing, and cushats croon By fair Tweed-side, at Ashiesteel!
There 's Ettrick, Meggat, Ail, and a', Where trout swim thick in May and
June; Ye 'll see them take in showers o' snaw Some blinking, cauld rife
April noon: Rax ower the palmer and march-broun. And syne we 'll show a
bonny creel. In spring or simmer, late or soon, By fair Tweed-side, at
Ashiesteel ! 41

BALLADES, There 's mony a water, great or sma', Gaes singing
in his siller tune, Through glen and heugh, and hope and shaw, Beneath the
sun-licht or the moon: But set us in our fishing-shoon Between the Caddon-
burn and Peel, And syne we *11 cross the heather broun By fair Tweed-side
at Ashiesteel! ENVOY. Deil take the dirty, trading loon Wad gar the water
ca* his wheel, And drift his dyes and poisons doun By fair Tweed-side at
Ashiesteel I 42

BALLADE OF THE ROYAL GAME OF GOLF. TO LESLIE

BALFOUR.* (East Fifeshire,) THERE are laddies will drive ye a ba' To the
bum frae tlie farthestmost tee, But ye mauna think driving is a', Ye may heel
her, and send her ajee, Ye may land in the sand or the sea; And ye *re dune,
sir, ye *re no worth a preen, Tak* the word that an auld man *11 gie, Tak*
aye tent.to be up on the green ! The auld folk are crouse, and they craw That
their putting is pawky and slee; In a bunker they *re nae gude ava*, But to
gim, and to gar the sand flee. 43

BALLADES. And a lassie can putt — ony she, — Be she Maggy,
or Bessie, or Jean, But a cleek-shot *s the billy for me, Tak' aye tent to be
up on the green I I hae play'd in the frost and the thaw, I hae play'd since the
year thirty-three, I hae play'd in the rain and the snaw. And I trust I may
play till I dee; And I tell*ye the truth and nae lee, For I speak o' the thing I
hae seen — Tom Morris, I ken, will agrée — Tak' aye tent to be up on the
green I ENVOY. Prince, faith you *re improving a wee. And, Lord, man,
they tell me you *re keen ; Tak' the best o' advice that can be, Tak' aye tent
to be up on the green ! 44

BALLADE OF THE MIDNIGHT FOREST. AFTER

THÉODORE DE BANVILLE. STILL sing the mockîng faines, as of old,
Beneath the shade of thorn and hoUy-tree ; The west wind breathes upon
them, pure and cold, And wolves still dread Diana roaming free In secret
woodland with her company. 'T is thought the peasants* hovels know her
rite When now the wolds are bathed in silver light, And first the moonrise
breaks the dusky grey, Then down the dells, with blown soft hair and bright,
And through the dim wood Dian threads her way. With water-weeds twined
in their locks of gold, The strange cold forest-fairies dance in glee; Sylphs
over-timorous and over-bold Haunt the dark hoUows where the dwarf may
be, The wild red dwarf, the nixies' enemy; 45

BALLADES. Then 'mid their mirth, and laughter, and affright,
The sudden Goddess enters, tall and white, With one long sigh for summers
pass'd away; The swift feet tear the ivy nets outright, ,And through the dim
wood Dian threads her way. She gleans her silvan trophies; down the wold
She hears the sobbing of the stags that flee Mixed with the music of the
hunting rolPd, But her delight is ail in archery, And naught of ruth and pity
wotteth she More than her hounds that foUow on the flight; The Goddess
draws a golden bow of might And thick she rains the gentle shafts that slay.
She tosses loose her locks upon the night, And through the dim wood Dian
threads her way. ENVOY. Prince, let us leave the din, the dust, the spite,
The gloom and glare of towns, the plague, the blight : Amid the forest
leaves and fountain spray There is the mystic home of our delight, And
through the dim wood Dian threads her way. 46

BALLADE OF CRICKET. TO T. W. LANG. THE burden of hard
hitting : slog away I Hère shalt thou score a **five" and there a "four,**
And then upon thy bat shalt lean, and say, That thou art in for an uncommon
score. Yea, the loud ring applauding thee shall roar, And thou to rival
Thornton shalt aspire, When lo, the Umpire gives thee "leg before," — "
This is the end of every man's désire ! " The burden of much bowling, when
the stay Of ail thy team is " coUared," swift or slower, When "bailers" break
not in their wonted way, And ** Yorkers" come not off as here-to-fore,
When length balls shoot no more, ah never more, When ail deliveries lose
their former fire, When bats seem broader than the broad bam-door, — "
This is the end of every man's désire ! " 47

BALLADES. The burden of long fielding, when the clay Clings
to thy shoon in sudden shower's downpour, And running still thou
stumblest, or the ray Of blazing suns doth bite and bum thee sore, And blind
thee till, forgetful of thy lore, Thou dost most mournfuUy misjudge a
"skyer," And lose a match the Fates cannot restore, — " This is the end of
every man's désire !" ENVOY. Alas, yet liefer on Life's hither shore Would
I be some poor Player on scant hire, Than King among the old, who play no
more, — " This is the end of every man's désire I " 48

BALLADE OF THE BOOK-MAN'S PARADISE. THERE is a
Heaven, or hère, or there, A Heaven there is, for me and you, Where
bargains meet for purses spare, Like ours, are not so far and few. Thuanus'
bées go humming through The leamed groves, *neath rainless skies, O'er
volumes old and volumes new, Within that Book-man's Paradise ! There
treasures bound for Longepierre Keep brilliant their morocco blue, There
Hookes' Amanda is not rare, Nor early tracts upon Peru ! Racine is common
as Rotrou, No Shakespeare Quarto search défies, And Caxtons grow as
blossoms grew, Within that Book-man*s Paradise! 49

BALLADES. There *s Eve, — not our first mother fair, But
Clovis Eve, a binder true; Thither does Bauzonnet repair, Derome, Le
Gascon, Padeloup \ But never come the cropping crew That dock a
volume's honest size, Nor they that "letter" backs askew, Within that Book-
man's Paradise! ENVOY. Friend, do riot Heber and De Thou, And Scott,
and Southey, kind and wise, La chasse au boUquin still pursue Within that
Book-man's Paradise? so

BALLADE OF WORLDLY WEALTH. (OLD FRENCH.)

MONEY taketh town and wall, Fort and ramp without a blow; Money
moves the merchants ail, While the tides shall ebb and flow; Money maketh
Evil show Like the Good, and Truth like lies: Thèse alone can ne'er bestow
Youth, and health, and Paradise. Money maketh festival, Wine she buys,
and beds can strow; Round the necks of captains tall, Money wins them
chains to throw, Marches soldiers to and fro, Gaineth ladies with sweet
eyes: Thèse alone can ne'er bestow Youth, and health, and Paradise. 51

BALLADES. Money wins the priest his stall; Money mitres buys,
I trow, Red hats for the Cardinal, Abbeys for the novice low; Money maketh
sin as snow, Place of pénitence supplies : Thèse alone can ne*er bestow
Youth, and health, and Paradise. 5»

BALLADE OF THE MAY TERM. (Betng a PetitioHy ùt the/orm
qfa BaUadiy praying the Untversiiy Commissûmers to spare the Summer
Tenu.) WHEN Lent and Responsions are ended, When May with fritillaries
waits, When the flower of the chestnut is splendid, When drags are at ail of
the gâtes (Those drags the philosopher **slates" With a scorn that is truly
sublime),* Life wins from the grasp of the Fates Sweet hours and the
fleetest of time I When wickets are bowPd and defended, When Isis is glad
with "the Eights," When music and sunset are blended, When youth and the
summer are mates, When Freshmen are heedless of "Greats," And when
note-books are cover'd with rhyme, Ah, thèse are the hours that one rates —
Sweet hours and the fleetest of time! * Cf. " Suggestions for Académie
Reorganization." 53

BALLADES. When the brow of the Dean is unbended At
luncheons and mild tête-à-têtes, When the Tutor 's in love, nor offended By
blunders in tenses or dates; When bouquets are purchased of Bâtes, When
the bells in their melody chime, When unheeded the Lecturer prates —
Sweet hours and the fleetest of time ! ENVOY. Reformers of Schools and of
States, Is mirth so tremendous a crime? Ah! spare what grim pedantry hâtes
Sweet hours and the fleetest of time. 54

BALLADE OF DEAD CITIES. TO E. W. GOSSE. THE dust of
Carthage and the dust Of Babel on the désert wold, The loves of Corinth,
and the lust, Orchomenos increased with gold; The town of Jason, over-
bold, And Cherson, smitten in her prime — What are they but a dream half-
told? Where are the cities of old time ? In towns that were a kingdom's
trust, In dim Atlantic forests' fold, The marble wasteth to a crust, The
granité crumbles into mould; O'er these — left nameless from of old — As
over Shinar's brick and slime, One vast forgetfulness is rolPd — Where are
the cities of old time ? 55

BALLADES. The lapse of âges, and the rust, The fire, the frost,
the waters cold, Efface the evil and the just ; From Thebes, that Eriphyle
sold, To drown'd Caer-Is, whose sweet bells toll'd Beneath the wave a
dreamy chime That echo*d from the mountain-hold, — "Where are the
cities of old time?" ENVOY. Prince, ail thy towns and cities must Decay as
thèse, till ail their crime, And mirth, and wealth, and toil are thrust Where
are the cities of old time. 56

BALLADE OF THE VOYAGE TO CYTHERA. AFTER
THEODORE DE BANVILLE. IKNOW Cythera long is desolate; I know
the winds hâve stripp'd the gardens green. Alas, my friends ! beneath the
fierce sun's weight A barren reef lies where Love's flowers hâve been, Nor
ever lover on that coast is seen I So be it, but we seek a fabled shore, To lull
our vague desires with mystic lore, To wander where Love's labyrinths
beguile ; There let us land, there dream for evermore: **It may be we shall
touch the happy isle." The sea may be our sepulchre. If Fate, If tempests
wreak their wrath on us, serene We watch the boit of heaven, and scorn the
hâte Of angry gods that smite us in their spleen. 57

BALLADES, Perchance the jealous mists are but the screen That
veils the fairy coast we would explore. Come, though the sea be vex'd, and
breakers roar. Come, for the air of this old world is vile, Haste we, and toil,
and faint not at the oar; " It may be we shall touch the happy isle." Grey
serpents trail in temples desecrate Where Cypris smiled, the golden maid,
the queen, And ruined is the palace of our state ; But happy Loves Ait round
the mast, and keen The shrill wind sings the silken cords between. Heroes
are we, with wearied hearts and sore, Whose flower is faded and whose
locks are hoar, Yet haste, light skiffs, where myrtle thickets smile; Love's
panthers sleep *mid roses, as of yore : "It may be we shall touch the happy
isle ! " ENVOY. Sad eyes ! the blue sea laughs, as heretofore. Ah, singing
birds your happy music pour I Ah, poets, leave the sordid earth awhile ; Flit
to these ancient gods we still adore : " It may be we shall touch the happy
isle \ " 58

BALLADE OF LIFE. " ' Dead and gone/ — a sorry burden of the
Ballad of Life' Death's Jesi Book. S A Y, fair maids, maying In gardens
green, In deep dells straying, What end hath been Two Mays between Of
the flowers that shone And your own sweet queen — " They are dead and
gone!" Say, grave priests, praying In dule and teen, From cells decaying
What hâve ye seen Of the proud and mean, Of Judas and John, Of the foui
and clean? — "They are dead and gone !" 59

BALLADES. Say, kings, arraying Loud wars to win, Of your
manslaying What gain ye glean? ** They are fierce and keen, But they fall
anon, On the sword that lean, — They are dead and gone \ " ENVOY.
Through the mad world's scène, We are drifting on, To this tune, I ween, "
They are dead and gone ! " 60

BALLADE OF ïïSTHETIC ADJECTIVES. THERE be "subtle"
and "sweet," that are bad ones to beat, There are "lives unlovely," and
"soûls astray"; There is much to be done yet with "moody" and **meet,"
And "ghastly," and "grimly," and "gaunt," and "grey"; We should ever be
"blithesome," but never be gay, And "splendid" is suited to "summer" and
**sea"; "Consummate," they say, is enjoying its day, — "Intense ** is the
adjective dearest to me I The Snows and the Rose they are "windy" and
"fleet," And "frantic" and "faint" are Delight and Dismay; Yea, "sanguine,"
it seems, as the juice of the beet, Are "the hands of the King" in a gênerai
way : There be loves that quicken, and sicken, and slay ; "Suprême" is the
song of the Bard of the free; But of adjectives ail that I name in my lay, "
Intense " is the adjective dearest to me I 6z

' BALLADES, The Matron intense — let us sit at her feet, And
pelt her with lilies as long as we may; The Maiden intense — is not always
discreet; But the Singer intense, in his "singfing array," Will win ail the
world with his roundelay: While "blithe" birds carol from tree to tree, And
Art unto Nature doth simper, and say, — ** ' Intense ' is the adjective
dearest to me ! " ENVOY. Prince, it is surely as good as a play To mark
how the poets and painters agrée ; But of plumage sesthetic that feathers the
jay, " Intense " is the adjective dearest to me I 6a

BALLADE OF DEAD LADIES. AFTER VILLON. NAY, tell me
now in what strange air The Roman Flora dwells to-day. Where
Archippiada hides, and where Beautiful Thais has passed away? Whence
answers Echo, afield, astray, By mère or stream, — around, below?
Lovelier she than a woman of clay; Nay, but where is the last year's snow?
Where is wise Héloïse, that care Brought on Abeilard, and dismay? AU for
her love he found a snare, A maimed poor monk in orders grey; And where
's the Queen who willed to slay Buridan, that in a sack must go Afloat down
Seine, — a perilous way — Nay, but where is the last year's snow? 63

BALLADES. Where 's that White Queen, a lily rare, With her
sweet song, the Siren's lay? Where 's Bertha Broad-foot, Béatrice fair ? Alys
and Ermengarde, where are they? Good Joan, whom English did betray In
Rouen town, and burned her? No, Maiden and Queen, no man may say;
Nay, but where is the last year's snow? ENVOY. Prince, ail this week thou
need'st not pray, Nor yet this year the thing to know. One burden answers,
ever and aye, ^* Nay, but where is the last year's snow ? " 64

VILLON'S BALLADE. OF GOOD COUNSEL, TO HIS
FRIENDS OF EVIL LIFE. NAY, be you pardoner or cheat, Or cogger keen,
or mumper shy, You '11 burn your fingers at the feat, And howl like other
folks that fry. AU evil folks that love a lie ! And where goes gain that greed
amasses, By wile, and guile, and thievery? 'T is ail to taverns and to lasses !
Rhyme, rail, dance, play the cymbals sweet, ' With game, and shame, and
joUity, Go jigging through the field and street, With mysfty and morality;
Win gold at gleek, — and that will fly, Where ail you gain at passage
passes, — And that *s? You know as well as I, 'T is ail to taverns and to
lasses I 65

By ILL/IDES. Nay, forth from ail such filth retreat, Go delve and ditch, in wet or dry, Turn groom, give horse and mule their méat, If you Ve no clerkly skill to ply ; You 'll gain enough, with husbandry, But — sow hempseed and such wild grasses, And where goes ail you take thereby? — 'T is ail to taverns and to lasses ! ENVOY. Your clothes, your hose, your broidery, Your linen that the snow surpasses. Or ère they 're worn, off, off they fly, 'T is ail to taverns and to lasses ! 66

BALLADE AMOUREUSE. AFTER FROISSART. NOT Jason
nor Medea wise, I crave to see, nor win much lore, Nor list to Orpheus'
minstrelsies ; Nor Her*cles would I see, that o'er The wide world roamed
from shore to shore; Nor, by St. James, Pénélope, — Nor pure Lucrèce,
such wrong that bore : To see my Love suffices me I Virgil and Cato, no
man vies With them in wealth of clerkly store ; I would not see them with
mine eyes; Nor him that sailed, sans sail nor oar, Across the barren sea and
hoar, And ail for love of his ladye ; Nor pearl nor sapphire takes me more:
To see my Love suffices me î 67

BALLADES. I heed not Pegasus, that Aies As swift as shafts the
bowmen pour; Nor famed Pygmalion's artifice, Whereof the like was ne'er
before ; Nor Oléus, that drank of yore The sait wave of the whole great sea :
Why ? dost thou ask ? 'T is as I swore To see my Love suffices me I 68

BALLADE AGAINST THE JESUITS. AFTER LA FONTAINE.

ROME does right well to censure ail the vain Talk of Jansenius, and of
them who preach That earthly joys are damnable î 'T is plain We need not
charge at Heaven as at a breach; No, amble on ! We '11 gain it, one and ail ;
The narrow path 's a dream fantastical, And Arnauld *s quite superfluously
driven Mirth from the world. We '11 scale the heavenly wall, Escobar
makes a primrose path to heaven ! He does not hold a man may well be
slain Who vexes with unseasonable speciji, You may dç murder for five
ducats gain, Not for a pin, a ribbon, or a peach ; He ventures (most
consistently) to teach 69

BALLADES. That there are certain cases which befall When
perjury need no good man appal. And life of love (he says) may keep a
leaven. Sure, hearing this, a grateful world will bawl, " Escobar makes a
primrose path to heaven ! " "For God's sake read me somewhat in the strain
Of his most cheering volumes, I beseech ! " Why should I name them ail? a
mighty train — So many, none may know the name of each. Make thèse
your compass to the heavenly beach, Thèse only in your library instal: Bum
Pascal and his fellows, great and small, Doits that in vain with Escobar hâve
striven ; I tell you, and the common voice doth call, Escobar makes a
primrose path to heaven ! ENVOY. Satan, that pride did hurry to thy fall,
Thou porter of the grim infernal hall — Thou keeper of Ihe courts of soûls
unshriven ! To shun thy shafts, to 'scape thy hellish thrall, Escobar makes a
primrose path to heaven ! 70

BALLADE OF BLIND LOVE. WHO hâve loved and ceased to love, forget That ever they loved in their lives, they say ; Only remember the fever and fret, And the pain of Love, that was ail his pay ; AU the delight of him passes away From hearts that hoped, and from lips that met — Too late did I love you, my love, and yet I shall never forget till my dying day. Too late were we Vare of the secret net That meshes the feet in the flowers that stray; There were we taken and snared, Lisette, In the dungeon of %a Sfau4éz Xmietté ; Help was there none in the wide world's fray, Joy was there none in the gift and the debt; Too late we knew it, too long regret — I shall never forget till my dying day f 7»

B/ILL/IDES. We must live our lives, though the sun be set, Must
meet in the masque where parts we play, Must cross in the maze of Life's
minuet ; Our yea is yea, and our nay is nay: But while snows of winter or
flowers of May Are the sad year's shroud or coronet, In the season of rose
or of violet, I shall never forget till my dying day! ENVOY. Queen, when
the clay is my coverlet, When I am dead, and when you are grey, Vow,
where the grass of the grave is wet, " I shall never forget till my dying day !
" 7a

BALLADE OF HIS CHOICE OF A SEPULCHRE. HERE I 'd
come when weariest I Hère the breast Of the Windburg's * tufted over
Deep with bracken ; hère his crest Takes the west, Where the wide-winged
hawk doth hover. Silent hère are lark and plover; In the cover Deep below
the cushat best Loves his mate, and croons above her O*er their nest, Where
the wide-winged hawk doth hover. * A hill on the Teviot in Roxburghshire.

'BALLADES. Bring me hère, Life's tired-out guest, To the blest
Bed that waits the weary rover, Hère should failure be confessed; Enis my
quest, Where the wide-winged hawk doth hover! ENVOY. Friend, or
stranger kind, or lover, Ah, fulfil a last behest, Let me rest Where the wide-
winged hawk doth hover! GRACE À LA Muse, et je lui dis merci, J'AI
COMPOSÉ MES TRENTE SIX BALLADES ! 74

DIZAIN. /tSy to the pipe^ with rhythmic feet ^-^-^ In windings
of some old-world dance, The stniling couples cross and meet^ Join handsy
and then in Une advance^ Soy to thèse fair old tunes of France^ Through ail
their maze of to-andfro, The light'heeled numbers laughing go, Reireatf
retum, and ère they flee, One moment pause in panting rowy And seem to
say, — Vos plaudite. AUSTIN DOBSON. 7S

VERSES VAIN. 77

ALMAE MATRES. (St, Andrews j 1862. Oxford^ 1865.) ^^T'.
Andrews by the Northern sea^ k^J A haunted tawn it is to me/ A little city,
worn and grey, The grey North Océan girds it round. And o'er the rocks, and
up the bay, The long sea-rollers surge and sound. And still the thin and
biting spray Drives down the melancholy street, And still endure, and still
decay, Towers that the sait winds vainly beat. Ghost-like and shadowy they
stand Clear mirrored in the wet sea-sand. O, ruined chapel, long ago We
loitered idly where the tall Fresh budded mountain ashes blow Within thy
deseccrated wall: 79

PERSES VAIN. The tough roots broke the tomb below, The April
birds sang clamorous, We did not dream, we could not know How soon the
Fates would sunder us! O, broken minster, looking forth Beyond the bay,
above the town, O, winter of the kindly North, O, collège of the scarlet
gown, And shining sands beside the sea, And stretch of links beyond the
sand, Once more I watch you, and to me It is as if I touched his hand ! And
therefore art thou yet more dear, O, little city, grey and sere, Though
shrunk from thine ancient pride And lonely by thy lonely sea, Than these
fair halls on Isis' side, Where Youth an hour came back to me! A land of
waters green and clear, Of willows and of poplars tall. And, in the spring
time of the year, The white may breaking over ail, 80

And Pleasure quick to come at call. And summer rides by marsh
and wold, And Autumn with her crimson pall About the towers of
Magdalen* roUed ; And strange enchantments from the past, And memories
of the friends of old. And strong Tradition, binding fast The "flying terms"
with bands of gold,Ail thèse hath Oxford : ail are dear, But dearer far the
little town, The drifting surf, the wintry year, The collège of the scarlet
gown, , Si, Andrews by the Northern sea, That is a haunted town to me! *
Pronounced " Maudlin." 8x

NIGHTINGALE WEATHER. ' Serai-je nonnette, oui ou non ?
Serai-je nonnette ? je crois que non. Derrière chez mon père Il est un bois
taillis, Le rossignol y chante Et le jour et la nuit Il chante pour les filles Qui
n'ont pas d*ami; Il ne chante pas pour moi, J'en ai un. Dieu mercL' — Old
French. I'LL never be a nun, I trow, While apple bloom is white as snow.
But far more fair to see; I '11 never wear nun's black and white While
nightingales make sweet the night Within the apple tree. Ah, listen ! 'tis the
nightingale, And in the wood he makes his wail, Within the apple tree ; He
singeth of the sore distress Of many ladies loverless; Thank God, no song
for me. 8a

PERSES VAIN. For when the broad May moon is low, A gold
fruit seen where blossoms blow In the boughs of the apple tree, A step I
know is at the gate; Ah love, but it is long to wait Until night's noon bring
thee I Between lark's song and nightingale's A silent space, while dawning
pales, The birds leave still and free For words and kisses musical, For
silence and for sighs that in the dawn, 'twixt him and me. 83

COLINETTE. FOR A SKETCH BY MR. G. LESLIE, A.R.A.

FRANCE your country, as we know; Room enough for guessing yet, What
lips now or long ago, Kissed and named you — Colinette. In what fields
from sea to sea, By what stream your home was set, Loire or Seine was glad
of thee, Marne or Rhône, O Colinette? Did you stand with ^'maidens ten,
Fairer maids were never seen," When the young king and his men Passed
among the orchards green? Nay, old ballads hâve a note Mournful, we
would fain forget; No such sad old air should float Round your young
brows, Colinette. 84

PERSES VAIN, Say, did Ronsard sing to you, Shepherdess, to lull
his pain, When the court went wandering through Rose pleasantries of
Touraine? Ronsard and his famous Rose Long are dust the breezes fret;
You, within the garden close, You are blooming, Colinette. Have I seen you
proud and gay, With a patched and perfumed beau, Dancing through the
summer day, Misty summer of Watteau? Nay, so sweet a maid as you Never
walked a minuet With the splendid courtly crew; Nay, forgive me,
Colinette. Not from Greuze's canvasses Do you cast a glance, a smile; You
are not as one of these, Yours is beauty without guile. Round your maiden
brows and hair Maidenhood and Childhood met, Crown and kiss you, sweet
and fair, New art's blossom, Colinette. 8s

FROM THE EAST TO THE WEST. RETURNING from what
other seas Dost thou renew thy murmuring, Weak Tide, and hast thou aught
of these To tell, the shores where float and clmg My love, my hope, my
memories? Say does my lady wake to note The gold light into silver die? Or
do thy waves make lullaby, While dreams of hers, like angels, float Through
star-sown spaces of the sky ? Ah, would such angels came to me That
dreams of mine might speak with hers, Nor wake the slumber of the sea
With words as low as winds that be Awake among the gossamers! 86

A DREAM. WHY will you haunt my sleep? You know it may not be, The grave is wide and deep, That sunders you and me; In bitter dreams we reap The sorrow we have sown, And I would I were asleep, Forgotten and alone ! We knew and did not know, We saw and did not see, The nets that long ago Fate wove for you and me; The cruel nets that keep The birds that sob and moan, And I would we were asleep, Forgotten and alone ! 87

TWILIGHT ON TWEED. THREE crests against the saffron sky,
Beyond the purple plain, The dear remembered melody Of Tweed once
more again. Wan water from the border hills, Dear voice from the old years,
Thy distant music lulls and stills, And moves to quiet tears. Like a loved
ghost thy fabled flood Fleets through the dusky land; Where Scott, come
home to die, has stood, My feet returning stand. A mist of memory broods
and floats, The border waters flow; The air is full of ballad notes, Borne out
of long ago. 88

VERSES VAIN. Old songs that sung themselves to me, Sweet
through a boy's day dream, While trout below the blossom'd tree Plashed in
the golden stream. Twilighy and Tweed, and Eildon Hill, Fair and thrice
fair you be; You tell me that the voice is still That should hâve welcomed
me. 1870. 89

A SUNSET OF WATTEAU. LUI. THE silk sail fills, the soft
winds wake, Arise and tempt the seas; Our océan is the Palace lake, Our
waves the ripples that we make Among the mirrored trees. ELLE. Nay,
sweet the shore, and 'sweet the song, And dear the languid dream; The music
mingled all day long With paces of the dancing throng, And murmur of the
stream. An hour ago, an hour ago, We rested in the shade; And now, why
should we seek to know What way the wilful waters flow? There is no
fairer glade. 90

VERSES VAIN. LUI. Nay, pleasure flits, and we must sail, And
seek him everywhere; Perchance in sunset's golden pale He listens to the
nightingale, Amid the perfumed air. Corne, he has fled; you are not you,
And I no ihore am I; Delight is changeftil as the hue Of heaven, that is no
longer blue In yonder sunset sky. ELLE. Nay, if we seek we shall not find,
If we knock none openeth ; Nay, see, the sunset fades behind The
mountains, and the cold night wind Blows from the house of Death. 91

ROMANCE. MY Love dwelt in a Northern land. A grey tower in
a forest green Was his, and far on either hand The long wash of the waves
was seen, And leagues on leagues of yellow sand, The woven forest boughs
betweeni And through the clear faint Northern night The sunset slowly died
away, And herds of strange deer, silver-white, Stole forth among the
branches grey; About the coming of the light, They fled like ghosts before
the day! I know not if the forest green Still girdles round that castle grey; I
know not if the boughs between The white deer vanish ere the day; Above
my Love the grass is green, My heart is colder than the clay I 93

A SUNSET ON YARROW. THE wind and the day had lived together, They died together, and far away Spoke farewell in the sultry weather, Out of the sunset, over the heather, The dying wind and the dying day. Far in the south, the summer levin Flushed, a flame in the grey soft air: We seemed to look on the hills of heaven ; You saw within, but to me 'twas given To see your face, as an angel's, there. Never again, ah surely never, Shall we wait and watch, where of old we stood, The low good-night of the hill and the river, The faint light fade, and the wan stars quiver, Twain grown one in the solitude. 93

A PORTRAIT OF 1783. YOUR hair and chin are like the hair
And chin Burne-Jones's ladies wear; You were unfashionably fair In '83 ;
And sad you were when girls are gay, You read a book about Le vrai Mérite
de V homme ^ alone in May. What can it be, Le vrai mérite de V homme f
Not gold, Not titles that are bought and sold, Not wit that flashes and is
cold, But Virtue merely I Instructed by Jean- Jacques Rousseau (And Jean-
Jacques, surely, ought to know), You bade the crowd of foplings go, You
glanced severely, 94

PERSES VAIN. Dreaming beneath the spreading shade Of " that
vast hat the Grâces made "; * So Rouget sang — while yet he played With
courtly rhyme, And hymned great Doisi's red perruque, And Nice's eyes,
and Zulmé*s look, And dead Canaries, ère he shook The sultry time With
strains like thunder. Loud and low Methinks I hear the murmur grow, The
tramp of men that come and go With j&re and sword. They war against the
quick and dead, Their flying feet are dashed with red, As theirs the
vintaging that tread Before the Lord. O head unfashionably fair, What end
was thine, for ail thy care? We only see thee dreaming there : We cannot see
*Vous y verrez, bdlc Julie, Que ce chapeau tout maltraité Fut, dans un
instant de folie. Par les Grâces même inventé. "À Julie." JStsaù en Prose et
en Fiers, par Joseph Lisle; Paris, An. V. de la République. 95

VERSES VÂiN. The breaking of thy vision, when The Rights of
Man were lords of men, When virtue won her own again In »93. I 96

THE BARBAROUS BIRD-GODS: A SAVAGE PARABASIS.

[The myth in the " Birds " of Aristophanes, which represents Birds as older than the Gods, may have been a genuine Greek tradition. The following lines show how prevalent is the myth among widely severed races. The Mexican Bird-gods I omit; who can rhyme to Huitzilopochtli ?] The Birds Sing : WE would have you to wit, that on eggs though we sit, and are spiked on the spit, and are baked in the pan, Birds are older by far than your ancestors are, and made love and made war ere the making of Man ! For when all things were dark, not a glimmer nor spark, and the world like a barque without rudder or sail Floated on through the night, 't was a Bird struck a light, 't was a flash from the bright feather'd Tonatiuh's tail!
*Tonatiuh, the Thunder Bird; well known to the Aztecs and Aztecs. 97

PERSES l^yilMThen the Hawk* with some dry wood flew up in
 the sky, and afar, safe and high, the Hawk lit Sun and Moon, And the Birds
 of the air they rejoiced everjnwhere, and they recked not of care that should
 come on them soon. For the Hawk, so they tell, was then known as
 Pundjel,f and a-musing he fell at the close of the day; Then he went on the
 quest, as we thought, of a nest, with some bark of the best, and a clawful of
 clay.t And with thèse did he frame two birds lacking a name, without
 feathers (his game was a puzzle to ail) ; Next around them he fluttered a-
 dancing, and muttered ; and, lastly, he uttered a magical call : Then the
 figures of clay, as they featherless lay, they leaped up, who but they, and
 embracing they fell, And tAts was the baking of Man, and his making; but
 now he 's forsaking his Father, Pundjel 1 Now thèse créatures of mire, they
 kept whining for fire, and to crown their désire who was found but the
 Wren? *The Hawk,- in the myth of the Galinameros of Central California,
 lit up the Sun. t Pundjel, the Eagle Hawk, is the démiurge and *' culture-
 hero " of several Australian tribes. X The Création of Man is thus described
 by the Australians. 98

PERSES yAlN. To the high heaven he came, from the Sun stole
he flame, and for this has a name in the memory of men I * And in India
who for the Soma juice âew, and to men brought it through without falter or
fail? Why the Hawk 't was again, and great Indra to men would appear, now
and then, in the shape of a Quail, While the Thlinkeet's delight is the Bird of
the Night, the beak and the bright ebon plumage of Yehl.f And who for
man's need brought the famed Suttung's mead? why *t is told in the creed of
the Sagamen strong, 'T was the Eagle god who brought the drink from the
blue, and gave mortals the brew that 's the fountain of song.t Next, who
gave men their laws? and what reason or cause the young brave overawes
when in need of a squaw, Till he thinks it a shame to wed one of his name,
and his conduct you blâme if he thus breaks the law? * In Andaman,
Thlinkeet, Melanesian, and other myths, a Bird is the Prometheus
Purphoros ; in Normandy this part is played by the Wren. t Yehl : the Raven
God of the Thlinkeets. X Indra stole Soma as a Hawk and as a Quail. For
Odin's feat as a Bird, see Bragi's Telling in the Younger Edda. 99

For you still hold it wrong if a /uâru* belong to the self-same
kobong] that is Father of you, To take her as a bride to your ebony side ;
nay, you give her a wide berth ; quite right of you, too. For her father, you
know, is your father, the Crow, and no blessing but woe from the wedding
would spring. Well, thèse rules they were made in the wattle-gum shade,
and were strictly obeyed, when the Crow was the King.t Thus on Earth's
little bail to the Birds you owe ail, yet your gratitude *s small for the
favours they Ve donc, And their feathers you pill, and you eat them at will,
yes, you plunder and kill the bright birds one by one ; There *s a price on
their head, and the Dodo is dead, and the Moa has fled from the sight of the
sun ! * Pundjel, the Eagle Hawk, gave Australians their marriage laws.
\Lubra, a woman ; kobong, "totem"; or, to please Mr. Max MuUer. "otem."
X The Crow was the Hawk' s rival. XOO

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POST HOMERICA IOI

HESPEROTHEN. By the example of certain Grecian mariners, who, betng safely returned from the war about Troy, leave yet again tfaeir old lands and gods, seeking they know not what, and choosing neither to abide in the fair Phaeacian island, nor to dwell and die with the Sûrens, at length end miserably in a désert country by the sea, is set forth the Vaniiy of Melanckoly. And by theland of Phacacia is to be understood the place of Art and of fair Pleasures ; and by Circe's Isle, the places of bodily delights, whereof men, Êdling aweary attain to Eld, and to die darkness of that âge. Which thing Master Fraaçoys Rabelais feigned, under the similitude of the Isle of the Macraeones. THE SEEKERS FOR PHy^ACIA. THERE is a land in the remotest day, Where the soft night is born, and sunset dies ; The eastern shores see faint tides fade away, That wash the lands where laughter, tears, and sighs, Make Hfe, — the lands beneath the blue of common skies.

X03

POST HOMERIC^ But in the west is a mysterious sea, (What
sails have seen it, or what shipmen known?) With coasts enchanted where
the Sirens be, With islands where a Goddess walks alone, And in the cedar
trees the magic winds make moan. Eastward the human cares of house and
home, Cities, and ships, and unknown Gods, and loves; Westward, strange
maidens fairer than the foam, And lawless lives of men, and haunted
groves, Wherein a God may dwell, and where the Dryad roves. The Gods
are careless of the days and death Of toilsome men, beyond the western
seas; The Gods are heedless of their painful breath, And love them not, for
they are not as these; But in the golden west they live and lie at ease. Yet the
Phaeacians well they love, who live At the light's hour, passing careless
hours, Most like the Gods; and they have gifts to give, Even wine, and
fountains musical, and flowers. And song, and if they will, swift ships, and
magic powers. X04

POST HOMERICA. It is a quiet midland; in the cool Of twilight
comes the God, though no man prayed, To watch the maids and young men
beautiful Dance, and they see him, and are not afraid, For they are near of
kin to Gods, and undismayed. Ah, would the bright red prows might bring
us nigh The dreamy isles that the Immortals keep 1 But with a mist they
hide them wondrously, And far the path and dim to where they sleep, —
The loved, the shadowy lands along the shadowy deep. xos

THE DEPARTURE FROM PHytACIA THE PHiCACIANS.

WHY from the dreamy meadows, More fair than any dream, Why will you seek the shadows Beyond the océan stream? Through straits of storm and péril, Through firths unsailed before, Why make you for the stérile, The dark Kimmerian shore? There no bright streams are flowing, There day and night are one, No harvest time, no sowing, No sight of any sun; No Sound of song or tabor, No dance shall greet you there; No noise of mortal labour, Breaks on the blind chill air. xo6

POST HOMERICÂ. Are ours not happy places, Where Gods with
mortals trod? Saw not our sires the faces Of many a présent God? THE
SEEKERS. Nay, now no God comes hither, In shape that men may see ;
They fare we know not whither, We know not what they be. Yea, though the
sunset lingers Far in your fairy glades, Though yours the sweetest singers,
Though yours the kindest maids, Yet hère be the true shadows, Hère in the
doubtful light; Amid the dreamy meadows No shadow haunts the night. We-
seek a city splendid, With light beyond the sun ; Or lands where dreams are
ended, And Works and days are done. 107

A BALLAD OF DEPARTURE.» F AIR white bird, what song art thou singing In wintry weather of lands o'er sea? Dear white bird, what way art thou winging, Where no grass grows, and no green tree? I looked at the far off fields and grey, There grew no tree but the cypress tree, That bears sad fruits with the flowers of May, And whoso looks on it, woe is he. And whoso eats of the fruit thereof Has no more sorrow, and no more love ; And who sets the same in his garden stead. In a little space he is waste and dead. We seek a city splendid, With light beyond the sun ; Or lands where dreams are ended, And Works and days are done. *From the Romaic. xo8

THEY HEAR THE SIRENS FOR THE SECOND TIME. THE
weary sails a moment slept, The oars were silent for a space. As past
Hesperian shores we swept, That were as a remembered face Seen after
lapse of hopeless years, In HadeS; when the shadows meet, Dim through
the mist of many tears, And strange, and though a shadow, sweet. So
seemed the half-remembered shore, That slumbered, mirrored in the blue,
With havens where we touched of yore, And ports that over well we knew.
Then broke the calm before a breeze That sought the secret of the west; And
listless ail we swept the seas Towards the Islands of the Blest. X09

POST HOMERIC^, Beside a golden sanded bay We saw the
Sirens, very fair The flowery hill whereon they lay, The flowers set upon
their hair. Their old sweet song came down the wind, Remembered music
waxing strong, Ah now no need of cords to bind, No need had we of Orphie
song. It once had seemed a little thing, To lay our lives down at their feet,
That dying we might hear them sing, And dying see their faces sweet; But
now, we glanced, and passing by. No care had we to tarry long; Faint hope,
and rest, and memory Were more than any Siren's song. xxo

CIRCE^S ISLE REVISITED. AH, Circe, Circe ! in the wood we
cried ; Ah, Circe, Circe ! but no voice replied ; No voice from bowers
o'ergrown and ruinous As £dlen rocks upon the mountain side. There was
no sound of singing in the air; Faded or fled the maidens that were fair. No
more for sorrow or joy were seen of us. No Ught of laughing eyes, or
floating hair. The perfume, and the music, and the flame Had passed away;
the memory of shame Alone abode, and stings of faint désire, And puises of
vague quiet went and came. Ah, Circe l in thy sad changed fairy place, Our
dead Youth came and looked on us a space, With drooping wings, and eyes
of faded fire. And wasted hair about a weary face. XXI

POST HOMER^Qa. Why had we ever sought the magic isle That
seemed so happy in the days erewhile? Why did we ever leave it, where we
met A world of happy wonders in one smile ? Back to the westward and the
waning light We turned, we fled ; the solitude of night Was better than the
infinite regret, In fallen places of our dead delight. XX9

THE LIMIT OF LANDS. BETWEEN the circling océan sea And
the poplars of Persephone There lies a strip of barren sand, Flecked with the
sea's last spray, and strown With waste leaves of the poplars, blown From
gardens of the shadow land. With altars of old sacrifice The shore is set, in
mournful wise The mists upon the océan brood ; Between the water and the
air The clouds are born that Roar and fare Between the water and the wood.
Upon the grey sea never sail Of mortals passed within our hail, Where the
last weak waves faint and flow; We heard within the poplar pale The
murmur of a doubtful wail Of voices loved so long ago. 1x3

POST HOMERICà. We scarce had care to die or live, We had no
honey cake to give, No wine of sacrifice to shed ; There lies no new path
over sea, And now we know how faint they be, The feasts and voices of the
Dead. Ah, flowers and dance I ah, sun and snow I Glad life, sad life we did
forego. To dream of quietness and rest; Ah, would the fleet sweet roses
here Poured light and perfume through the drear Pale year, and wan land of
the west Sad youth, that let the spring go by Because the spring is swift to
fly, Sad youth, that feared to mourn or love, Behold how sadder far is this,
To know that rest is nowise bliss. And darkness is the end thereof. XX4

THE SHADE OF HELEN. SoME say that Helen went never to Troy, but abode in Egypt ; for the Gods, having made in her semblance a woman out of clouds and shadows, sent the same to be wife to Parb. For this shadow then the Greeks and Trojans slew each other. (Written in the Pyrénées,) WHY from the quiet hoUows of the hills, And extrême meeting place of light and shade, Wherein soft rains fell slowly, and became Clouds among sister clouds, where fair spent beams And dying glories of the sun would dwell, Why hâve they whom I know not, nor may know, Strange hands, unseen and ruthless, fashioned me, And borne me from the silent shadowy hills, Hither, to noise and glow of alien life, To harsh and clamorous swords, and sound of war? One speaks unto me words that would be sweet, Made harsh, made keen with love that knows me not, And some strange force, within me or around, 1x5

POST HO^{^^}ICÀ. Makes answer, kiss for IdsSy and sigh for
sigh. And somewhere there is fever in the halls, That troubles me, for no
such trouble came To vex the cool far hoUows of the hills. The foolish folk
crowd round me, and they cry, That house, and wife, and lands, and ail Troy
town. Are little to lose, if they may hold me hère. And see me Ait, a pale
and silent shade, Among the streets bereft, and helpless shrines. At other
hours another life seems mine, Where one great river runs unswollen of
rain, By pyramids of unremembered kings, And homes of men obedient to
the Dead. There dark and quiet faces come and go Around me, then again
the shriek of arms, And ail the turmoil of the Ilian men. What are they?
even shadows such as I. What make they? Even this — the sport of Gods —
The sport of Gods, however free they seem. Ah would the game were
cnded, and the light, The blinding light, and ail too mighty suns,
Withdrawn, and I once more with sister shades, Unloved, forgotten,
mingled with the mist, Dwelt in the hollows of the shadowy hills. xz6

PISIDICE. This incident is from the Love Stories of Parthenius, who preserved fragments of a lost epic on the expedition of Achilles against Lesbos, an island allied with Troy. THE daughter of the Lesbian king Within her bower she watched the war, Far off she heard the arrows ring, The smitten harness ring afar; And, fighting from the foremost car, Saw one that smote where ail must flee ; More fair than the Immortals are He seemed to fair Pisidicêl She saw, she loved him, and her heart Before Achilles, Peleus' son, Threw ail its guarded gates apart, A maiden fortress lightly won ! And, ere that day of fight was done, No more of land or faith recked she, But joyed in her new life begun, — Her life of love, Pisidicê I
1x7

POST HOMERICA. She took a gift into her hand, \s one that had
a boon to crave; She stole across the ruined land Where lay the dead
without a grave, And to Achilles* hand she gave Her gift, the secret
postem's key. " To-morrow let me be thy slave ! " Moaned to her love
Pisidicê. Ere dawn the Argives' Clarion call Rang down Methymna's
buming street ; They slew the sleeping warriors ail, They drove the women
to the fleet, Save one, that to Achilles* feet Clung, but, in sudden wrath,
cried he : " For her no dooin but death is meet." And there men stoned
Pisidicê. In havens of that haunted coast, Amid the myrtles of the shore, The
moon sees many a maiden ghost, — Lovées outcast now and evermore. The
silence hears the shades déplore Their hour of dear-bought love ; but thee
The waves luU, 'neath thine olives hoar, To dreamless rest, Pisidicê ! 1x8

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SONNETS 1x9

THE ODYSSEY. AS one that for a weary space has lain Lulled
by the song of Circe and her wine In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that JExan isle forgets the main, And only the low lûtes of love
complain, And only shadows of wan lovers pine, As such an one were glad
to know the brine Sait on his lips, and the large air again, — So gladly, from
the songs of modem speech Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers, And through the music of
the languid hours, They heaf like océan on a western beach The surge and
thunder of the Odyssey. X9Z

TWO SONNETS OF THE SIRENS. " Lbs Sirènes estoient tant intimes amies et fidelles compagnes de Proserpine, qu' elles estoient toujours ensemble. Esmues du juste deuil de la perte de leur chère compagne, et enuyées jusques au desespoir, elles s'arrestèrent à la mer Sicilienne, où par leurs chants elles attiroient les navigans, mais l'unique fin de la volupté de leur musique est la Mort." — Pàntus de Tyard X570I. THE Sirens once were maidens innocent That through the water-meads with Proserpine Plucked no fire-hearted flowers, but were content Cool fritillaries and flag-flowers to twine, With lilies woven and with wet woodbine; Till forth to seek ^Etnaeans buds they went, And their kind lady from their choir was rent By Hades, down the irremeable decHne. And they hâve sought her ail the wide world through, Till many years, and wisdom, and much wrong, Hâve filled and changed their song, and o*er the blue Rings deadly sweet the magie of the song, And whoso hears must listen till he die Far on the flowery shores of Sicily. zaa

SONNETS. II. So is it with this singing art of ours, That once
with maids went, maidenlike, and played With woven dances in the poplar-
shade, And ail her song was but of lady*s bowers And the returning
swallows, and spring-flowers, Till forth to seek a shadow-queen she
strayed, A shadowy land; and now hath overweighed Her singing chaplet
with the snow and showers. And running rivers for the bitter brine She left,
and by the margin of life*s sea Sings, and her song is full of the sea*s
moan, And wild with dread, and love of Proserpine; And whoso once has
listened to her, he His whole life long is slave to her alone. 133

LOVEES EASTER. SONNET. LOVE died hère Long ago ; O'er
his bier, Lying low, Poppies throw; Shed no tear; Year by year, Roses blow !
Year by year, Adon — dear To Love's Queen — Does not die I Wakes when
green May is nigh t X24

TWILIGHT. SONNET. (AFTER RICHEPIN.) LIGHT has flown
I Through the grey The wind*s way The sea's moan Sound alone I For the
day Thèse repay And atone I Scarce I know, Listening so To the streams Of
the sea, If old dreams Sing to me! X25

BION. THE wail of Moschus on the mountains crying The Muses heard, and loved it long ago; They heard the hoUows of the hills replying, They heard the weeping water's overflow; They winged the sacred strain — the song undying, The song that ail about the world must go, — When poets for a poet dead are sighing, The minstrels for a minstrel friend laid low. And dirge to dirge that answers, and the weeping For Adonais by the summer sea, The plaints for Lycidas, and Thyrsis (sleeping Far from "theforest ground called Thessaly"),— Thèse hold thy mcmory, Bion, in their keeping, And are but echoes of the moan for thee. X36

SAN TERENCE. (The village in the bay of Spezia, near which Shelley was living before the wreck of the Don Juan.) MID April seemed like some November day, When through the glassy waters, dull as lead, Our boat, like shadowy barques that bear the dead, Slipped down the curved shores of the Spezian bay, Rounded a point, — and San Terenzo lay Before us, that gay village, yellow and red, With walls that covered Shelley's homeless head, — His house, a place deserted, bleak and grey. The waves broke on the door-step; fishermen Cast their long nets, and drew, and cast again. Deep in the ilex woods we wandered free, When suddenly the forest glades were stirred With waving pinions, and a great sea bird Flew forth, like Shelley's spirit, to the sea! 127

o NATURAL THEOLOGY. circi jcol rovTOV ÀcoAtac
àBavârounv Od. m. 47. ^^/'^NCE Cagn was like a father, kind and good,
But He was spoiled by fighting many things ; He wars upon the lions in the
wood, And breaks the Thunder-bird*s tremendous wings; But still we cry to
Him, — I Ve are thy brood — O Cagn, be merciful I and us He brings To
herds of elands, and great store of food, And in the désert opens water-
springs." So Qing, King Nqsha's Bushman hunter, spoke, Beside the camp-
fire, by the fountain fair, When ail were weary, and soft clouds of smoke
Were fading, fragrant, in the twilit air: And suddenly in each man*s heart
there woke A pang, a sacred memory of prayer. xaS

HOMER. HOMER, thy song men liken to the sea, With ail the
notes of music in its tone, With tides that wash the dim dominion Of Hades,
and light waves that laugh in glee Around the isles enchanted ; nay, to me
Thy verse seems as the River of source unknown That glasses Egypt's
temples overthrown In his sky-nurtured stream, eternally. No wiser we than
men of heretofore To find thy sacred fountains guarded fast ; Enough, thy
flood makes green our human shore, As Nilus Egypt, roUing down his vast
His fertile flood, that murmurs evermore Of gods dethroned, and empires in
the past. zač

RONSARD. M ASTER, I see thee with the locks of grey,
Crowned by the Muses with the laurel-wreath ; I see the roses hiding
undemeath, Cassandra's gift; she was less dear than they. Thou, Master, first
hast roused the lyric lay, The sleeping song that the dead years bequeath,
Hast sung thine answer to the songs that breathe Through âges, and through
âges far away. And thou hast heard the puise of Pindar beat, Known Horace
by the fount Bardusian I Their deathless line thy hving strains repeat, But
ah, thy voice is sad, thy roses wan, But ah, thy honey is not cloying sweet,
Thy bées hâve fed on yews Sardinian. X30

GERARD DE NERVAL. OF ail that were thy prisons — ah,
untamed, Ah, light and sacred soûl ! — none holds thee now; No wall, no
bar, no body of flesh, but thou Art free and happy in the lands unnamed,
Within whose gâtes, with weary wings and maimed, Thou still would'st bear
that mystic golden bough The Sibyl doth to singing men allow, Yet thy
report folk heeded not, but blamed. And they would smile and wonder,
seeing where Thou stood'st, to watch light leaves, or clouds, or wind,
Dreamily murmuring a ballad air, Caught from the Valois peasants; dost
thou find A new life gladder than the old times were, A love as fair as
Sylvie, and more kind? 131

IN ITHACA. " Ain> now am I greatly repenting diat ever I left
my life with thee, and the tmmortality thou didst promise me." — LetUr 0/
Odyxstu* io Caly^so. Luciani Vera Hùioria. '^TT^IS thought Odysseus
when the strife was o'er 1 With ail the waves and wars, a weary whîle, Grew
restless in his disenchanted isle, And still would watch the sunset, from the
sHore, Go down the ways of gold, and evermore His sad heart followed
after, mile on mile, Back to the Goddess of the magie wile, Calypso, and the
love that was of yore. Tliou too, thy haven gained, must tum thee yet To
look across the sad and stormy space, Years of a youth as bitter as the sea,
Ah, with a heavy heart, and eyelids wet, Because, within a fair forsaken
place The life that might hâve been is lost to thee. 133

DREAMS. HE spake not truth, however wise,* who said " That happy, and that hapless men in sleep Have equal fortune, fallen from care as deep As countless, careless, races of the dead." Not so, for alien paths of dreams we tread, And one beholds the faces that he sighs In vain to bring before his daylit eyes, And waking, he remembers on his bed; And one with fainting heart and feeble hand Fights a dim battle in a doubtful land, Where strength and courage were of no avail ; And one is borne on fairy breezes far To the bright harbours of a golden star « Down fragrant fleeting waters rosy pale. *Aristotle. »33

HOMERIC UNITY. THE sacred keep of Ilion is rent With trench and shaft ; foiled waters wander slow Through plains where Simois and Scamander went To war with Gods and heroes long ago. Not yet to tired Cassandra, lying low In rich Mycenae, do the Fates relent: The bones of Agamemnon are a show, And ruined is his royal monument. The dust and awful treasures of the Dead, Hath Leaming scattered wide, but vainly thee, Homer, she meteth with her tool of lead, And strives to rend thy songs; too blind to see The crown that bums on thine immortal head Of indivisible supremacy ! «34

IDEAL. « SuGGBSTBD by a female head in wax, of imknown date, but supposed to be dther of the best Greek âge, or a work of Raphaël or Leonardo. It is now in the Lille Muséum. AH, mystic child of Beauty, nameless maid, Dateless and fatherless, how long ago, A Greek, with some rare sadness overweighed, Shaped thee, perchance, and quite forgot his woe I Or Raphaël thy sweetness did bestow, While magical his fingers o'er thee strayed, Or that great pupil of Verrocchio Redeemed thy still perfection from the shade That hides ail fair things lost, and things unborn, Where one has fled from me, that wore thy grâce. And that grave tendemess of thine awhile ; Nay, still in dreams I see her, but her face Is pale, is wasted with a touch of scom, And only on thy lips I find her smile. «35

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TRANSLATIONS. «37

HYMN TO THE WINDS. The winds are invoked by the
winnowers of corn. Du Bellay[^] 1550» TO you, troop so fleet, That with
winged wandering feet Through the wide world pass, And with soft
murmuring Toss the green shades of spring In woods and grass, Lily and
violet I give, and blossoms wet, Roses and dew; This branch of blushing
roses, Whose fresh bud uncloses, Wind-flowers too. Ah, winnow with sweet
breath, Winnow the holt and heath, Round this retreat; Where ail the golden
mom We fan the gold o' the corn In the sun's heat. 139

A VOW TO HEAVENLY VENUS. Du Bellay[^] ^S50, W£ that
with like hearts love, we lovers twain, New wedded in the village by thy
fane, Lady of ail chaste love, to thee it is We bring thèse amaranths, thèse
white lilies, A sign, and sacrifice ; may Love, we pray, Like amaranthine
ilowers, feel no decay; Like thèse cool lilies may our loves remain, Perfect
and pure, and know not any stain ; And be our hearts, from this thy holy
hour, Bound each to each, like ilower to wedded flower. 140

APRIL. Remy Belleau, J§60, APRIL, pride of woodland ways, Of
glad days, April, bringing hope of prime To the young flowers that beneath
Their bud sheath Are guarded in their tender time; April, pride of fields that
be Green and free, That in fashion glad and gay Stud with flowers red and
blue, Every hue, Their jewelled spring array ;

TRANSLATIONS. April, pride of murmuring Winds of spring,
That beneath the winnowed air Trap with subtle nets and sweet Flora's feet,
Flora's feet, the fleet and fair; April, by thy hand caressed, From her breast
Nature scatters everywhere Handfuls of ail sweet perfumes, Buds and
blooms, Making faint the earth and air. April, joy of the green hours,
Clothes with flowers Over ail her locks of gold My sweet Lady; and her
breast With the blest Buds of summer manifold. April, with thy gracious
wiles, Like the smiles, Smiles of Venus ; and thy breath Like her breath, the
Gods' delight, (From their height They take the happy air beneath ;) X4a

TRANSLATIONS. It is thou that, of thy grâce, From their place
In the far-off isles dost bring Swallows over earth and sea, Glad to be
Messengers of thee, and Spring. Daffodil and eglantine, And woodbine,
Lily, violet, and rose Plentiful in April fair, To the air, Their pretty petals do
unclose. Nightingales ye now may hear, Piercing clear, Singing in the
deepest shade ; Many and many a babbling note Chime and float, Woodland
music through the glade. April, hail to welcome thee, Spring sets free
Ancient flames, and with low breath Wakes the ashes grey and old That the
cold Chilled within our hearts to death. X43

TRANSLATIONS. Thou beholdest in the warm Hours, the swarm
Of the thievish bees, that Aies Evermore from bloom to bloom For perfume,
Hid away in tiny thighs. Her cool shadows May can boast, Fruits almost
Ripe, and gifts of fertile dew, Manna-sweet and honey-sweet, That
complète Her ilower garland fresh and new. Nay, but I will give my praise
To thèse days, Named with the glad name of her • That from eut the foam
o* the sea Came to be Sudden light on earth and air. ♦ Aphrodite — Avril.
144

OF HIS LADY'S OLD AGE. Ronsard, 1550, WHEN you are very old, at evening You *11 sit and spin beside the fire, and say, Humming my songs, **Ah well, ah well-a-day! When I was young, of me did Ronsard sing." None of your maidens that doth hear the thing, Albeit with her weary task foredone, But wakens at my name, and calls you one Blest, to be held in long remembering. I shall be low beneath the earth, and laid On sleep, a phantom in the myrtle shade, While you beside the fire, a grandame grey, My love, your pride, remember and regret; Ah, love me, love ! we may be happy yet. And gather roses, while 't is called to-day. Ì4S

SHADOWS OF HIS LAD Y. Jacques Tahureau^{^ ^5^-^555'}

WITHIN the sand of what far river lies The gold that gleams in tresses of
my Love ? What highest circle of the Heavens above Is jewelled with such
stars as are her eyes? And where is the rich sea whose coral vies With her
red lips, that cannot kiss enough? What dawn-lit garden knew the rose,
whereof The fled soûl lives in her cheeks' rosy guise? What Parian marble
that is loveliest, Can match the whiteness of her brow and breast? When
drew she breath from the Sabsean glade ? Oh happy rock and river, sky and
sea, Gardens, and glades Sabaeen, ail that be The far-off splendid
semblance of my maid 1 146

MOONLIGHT. Jacques Tahureau, 1527-133^' THE high
Midnight was garlanding her head With many a shining star in shining
skies, And, of her grâce, a slumber on mine eyes, And, after sorrow,
quietness was shed. Far in dim fields cicalas jargonéd A thin shrill clamour
of complaints and cries ; And ail the woods were pallid, in strange wise,
With pallor of the sad moon overspread. Then came my lady to that lonely
place, And, from her palfrey stooping, did embrace And hang upon my
neck, and kissed me over; Wherefore the day is far less dear than night, And
sweeter is the shadow than the light, Since night has made me such a happy
lover. 147

THE GRAVE AND THE ROSE VICTOR HUGO. THE Grave
said to the Rose, ** What of the dews of dawn, Love*s flower, what end is
theirs ? " " And what of spirits flown, The soûls whereon doth close The
tomb*s mouth unawares?" The Rose said to the Grave. The Rose said, ** In
the shade From the dawn*s tears is made A perfume faint and strange,
Amber and honey sweet." "And ail the spirits fleet Do suffer a sky-change,
More strangely than the dew, To God's own an gels new," The Grave said to
the Rose. 148

THE BIRTH OF BUTTERFLIES. VICTOR HUGO. THE dawn
is smiling on the dew that covers The tearful roses; lo, the little lovers That
kiss the buds, and ail the flutterings In jasmine bloom, and privet, of white
wings, That go and come, and fly, and peep and hide, With muffled music,
murmured far and wide ! Ah, Spring time, when we think of ail the lays
That dreamy lovers send to dreamy mays, Of the fond hearts with in a billet
bound, Of ail the soft silk paper that pens wound, The messages of love that
mortals write Filled with intoxication of delight, Written in April, and
before the May time Shredded and flown, play things for the wind's
playtime, We dream that ail white butterflies above, Who seek through
clouds or waters soûls to love, And leave their lady mistress in despair, To
Ait to flowers, as kinder and more fair. Are but tom love-letters, that
through the skies Flutter, and floàt, and change to Butterflies. »49

AN OLD TUNE. GERARD DE NERVAL. THERE is an air for which I would disown Mozart's, Rossini's, Weber's mélodies, — A sweet sad air that languishes and sighs, And keeps its secret charm for me alone. Whene'er I hear that music vague and old, Two hundred years are mist that roUs away; The thirteenth Louis reigns, and I behold A green land golden in the dying* day. An old red castle, strong with stony towers, The Windows gay with many coloured glass, Wide plains, and rivers flowing among flowers, That bathe the castle basement as they pass. In antique weed, with dark eyes and gold hair, A lady looks forth from her window high ; It may be that I knew and found her fair. In some forgotten life, long time gone by.

150

SPRING IN THE STUDENT'S QUARTER. HENRI MURGER.

WINTER is passing, and the bells For ever with their silver lay Murmur a melody that tells Of April and of Easter day. High in the sweet air the light vane sets, The weathercocks ail southward twirl; A sou will buy her violets And make Nini a happy g[^]rl. The winter to the poor was sore, Counting the weary winter days, Watching his little fire-wood store, The bitter snow-flakes fell always; And now his last log dimly gleamed, Lighting the room with feeble glare, Half cinder and half smoke it seemed That the wind wafted into air.

TRANSLATIONS. Pilgrims from océan and far isles See where
the east is reddening, The flocks that fly a thousand miles From sunsetting
to sunsetting; Look up, look out, behold the swallows, The throats that
twitter, the wings that beat; And on their song the summer follows, And in
the summer life is sweet. With the green tender buds that know The shoot
and sap of lusty spring My neighbour of a year ago Her casement, see, is
opening; Through ail the bitter months that were, Forth from her nest she
dared not flee, She was a study for Boucher, She now might sit to Gavarni.
iSa

SPRING. (After Me le âge r.) NOW the bright crocus flâmes, and
now The slim narcissus takes the rain, And, straying o'er the mountain's
brow, The daffodilies bud again. The thousand blossoms wax and wane On
wold, and heath, and fragrant bough ; But fairer than the flowers art thou,
Than any growth of hill or plain. Ye gardens, cast your leafy crown, That
my Love's feet may tread it down, Like lilies on the lilies set; My Love,
whose lips are softer far Than drowsy poppy petals are, And sweeter than
the violet I X53

OLD LOVES. HENRI MURGER. LOUISE, have you forgotten yet The corner of the flowery land, The ancient garden where we met, My hand that trembled in your hand? Our lips found words scarce sweet enough. As low beneath the willow-trees We sat ; have you forgotten, love ? Do you remember, love Louise ? Marie, have you forgotten yet The loving barter that we made ? The rings we changed, the suns that set, The woods fulfilled with sun and shade? The fountains that were musical By many an ancient trysting tree — Marie, have you forgotten ail? Do you remember, love Marie? IS4

TRANSLATIONS. Christine, do you remember yet Your room
with scents and roses gay? My garrot — near the sky 't was set — The April
hours, the nights of May ? The clear calm nights — the stars above That
whispered they were fairest seen Through no cloud-veil ? Remember, love I
Do you remember, love Christine ? Louise is dead, and, well-a-day ! Marie
a sadder path has ta'en ; And pale Christine has passed away In southern
suns to bloom again. Alas I for one and ail of us — Marie, Louise, Christine
forget; Our bower of love is ruinous, And I alone remember yet. ZSS

1ANNOULA. ROMAIC FOLK.SONG. ALL the maidens were
merry and wed AU to lovers so fair to see ; The lover I took to my bridai
bed He is not long for love and me. I spoke to him and he nothing said, I
gave him bread of the wheat so fine, He did not eat of the bridai bread, He
did not drink of the bridai wine. I made him a bed was soft and deep, I
made him a bed to sleep with me; " Look on me once before you sleep, And
look on the flower of my fair body. "Flowers of April, and fresh May-dew,
Dew of April and buds of May ; Two white blossoms that bud for you, Buds
that blossom before the day." is6

THE MILK WHITE DOE. FRENCH VOLKS-LIED. IT was a
mother and a maid That walked the woods among, And still the maid went
slow and sad, And still the mother sung. "What ails you, daughter
Margaret? Why go you pale and wan? Is it for a cast of bitter love, Or for a
false leman ? " " It is not for a false lover That I go sad to see ; But it is for
a weary life Beneath the greenwood tree. " For ever in the good daylight A
maiden may I go, But always on the ninth midnight I change to a milk
white doe. X57

TRANSLATIONS. ** They hunt me through the green forest
With hounds and hunting men; And ever it is my fair brother That is so
tierce and keen." " Good-morrow, mother." " Good-morrow, son ; Where
are your hounds so good?" "Oh, they are hunting a white doe Within the
glad greenwood. ** And three times have they hunted her, And thrice she *s
won away ; The fourth time that they follow her That white doe they shall
slay." Then out and spoke the forester, As he came from the wood, " Now
never saw I maid's gold hair Among the wild deer's blood. "And I have
hunted the wild deer In east lands and in west; And never saw I white doe
yet That had a maiden's breast." 158

TRANSLATIONS. Then up and spake her fair brother, Between
the wine and bread. " Behold, I had but one sister, And I hâve been her
dead. ** But ye must bury my sweet sister With a stone at her foot and her
head, And ye must cover her fair body With the white roses and red. " And I
must out to the greenwood, The roof shall never shelter me ; And I shall lie
for seven long years On the grass below the hawthorn tree." «59

A LA BELLE HELENE. (After Ronsard.) MORE closely than the
clinging vine About the wedded tree, Clasp thou thine arms, ah, mistress
mine ! About the heart of me. Or seem to sleep, and stoop your face Soft on
my sleeping eyes, Breathe in your life, your heart, your grâce, Through me,
in kissing wise. Bow down, bow down your face, I pray, To me, that swoon
to death, Breathe back the life you kissed away, Breathe back your kissing
breath. So by your eyes I swear and say, My mighty oath and sure, From
your kind arms no maiden may My loving heart allure. f6o

TRANSLATIONS. I '11 bear your yoke, that 's light enough. And
to the Elysian plain, When we are dead of love, my love, One boat shall
bear us twain. They '11 flock around you, fleet and fair, Ail tnie loves that
hâve been. And you of ail the shadows there, Shall be the shadow queen. Ah
shadow-loves, and shadow4ips ! Ahy while 7 is caUed Uhdlay^ Love me,
my love, for summer slips^ And August ebbs away. i6i

THE BURIAL OF MOLIERE. (AFTER J. TRUFFIER.) DEAD
— he is dead! The rouge has left a trace On that thin cheek where shone,
perchance, a tear, Even while the people laughed that held him dear But
yesterday. He died, — and not in grâce, And many a black-robed caitiff
starts apace To slander him whose Tartuffe made them fear, And gold must
win a passage for his hier. And bribe the crowd that guards his resting-
place. Ah, Molière, for that last time of ail, Man's hatred broke upon thee,
and went by, And did but make more fair thy funeral. Though in the dark
they hid thee stealthily, Thy coffin had the cope of night for pall. For torch,
the stars along the windy skyl 163

BEFORE THE SNOW. (AFTER ALBERT GLATIGNY.) THE
winter is upon us, not the snow, The hills are etched on the horizon bare,
The skies are iron grey, a bitter air, The meagre cloudlets shudder to and
fro. One yellow leaf the listless wind doth blow, Like some strange
butterfly, unclassed and rare. Your footsteps ring in frozen alleys, where
The black trees seem to shiver as you go. Beyond lie church and steeple,
with their old And rusty vanes that rattle as they veer, A sharper gust would
shake them from their hold, Yet up that path, in summer of the year, And
past that melancholy pile we strolled To pluck wild strawberries, with merry
cheer. 163

THE CLOUD CHORUS. (FROM ARISTOPHANES.) Sacrates speaks, HITHER, come hither, ye Clouds renowned, and unveil yourselves here ; Come, though ye dwell on the sacred crests of Olympian snow, Or whether ye dance with the Nereid choir in the gardens clear, Or whether your golden urns are dipped in Nile's overflow. Or whether you dwell by Maeotis mere Or the snows of Mimas, arise ! appear ! And hearken to us, and accept our gifts ere ye rise and go. The Clouds sing, Immortal Clouds from the echoing shore of the father of streams, from the sounding sea, Dewy and fleet, let us rise and soar. Dewy and gleaming, and fleet are we t
164

TRANSLATIONS. Let us look on the tree-clad mountain crest,
On the sacred earth where the fruits rejoice, On the waters that murmur east
and west, On the tumbling sea with his moaning voice, For unwearied
glitters the Eye of the Air, And the bright rays gleam ; Then cast we our
shadows of mist, and fare In our deathless shapes to glance everywhere
From the height of the heaven, on the land and air, And the Océan stream.
Let us on, ye Maidens that bring the Rain, Let us gaze on Pallas' citadel. In
the country of Cecrops, fair and dear The mystic land of the holy cell,
Where the Rites unspoken securely dwell. And the gifts of the Gods that
know not stain And a people of mortals that know not fear. For the temples
tall, and the statues fair, And the feasts of the Gods are holiest there, The
feasts of Immortals, the chaplets of flowers And the Bromian mirth at the
coming of spring, And the musical voices that fill the hours, And the
dancing feet of the Maids that sing I 165

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