THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

EDGAR ALLAN POE,

WITH ORIGINAL MEMOIR.

ILLUSTRATED BY F. R. PICKERSGILL, R.A.
JOHN TENNIEL, BIRKET FOSTER, FELIX DARLEY, JASPAR CROPSEY,
P. DUGGAN, PERCIVAL SKELTON, AND A. M. MADOT.

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PREFACE.

These trifles are collected and republished chiefly with a view to their redemption from the many improvements to which they have been subjected while going at random "the rounds of the press." I am naturally anxious that what I have written should circulate as I wrote it, if it circulate at all. In defence of my own taste, nevertheless, it is incumbent upon me to say that I think nothing in this volume of much value to the public, or very creditable to myself. Events not to be controlled have prevented me from making, at any time, any serious effort in what, under happier circumstances, would have been the field of my choice. With me poetry has been not a purpose, but a passion; and the passions should be held in reverence; they must not—they cannot at will be excited, with an eye to the paltry compensations, or the more paltry commendations of mankind.

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THE RAVEN.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.

"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!"

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door.

LENORE.

The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes—
The life still there, upon her hair—the death upon her eyes.

The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope, that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy bride.

THE COLISEUM.

Put stay! these walls—these ivy-clad arcades—
These mouldering plinths—these sad and blackened shafts.

TO HELEN.

It was a July midnight; and from out
A full-orbed moon,
There fell a silvery-silken veil of light.

Clad all in white, upon a violet bank
I saw thee half reclining.

And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees
Didst glide away.
ILLUSTRATIONS.

ULALUME.

It was down by the dark tarn of Auber,
In the ghoUL-liked woodland of Weir.

That I brought a dread burden down here—
On this night of all nights in the year.

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Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!

Hear the loud alarum bells—
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire.
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright.

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For the moon never beams,
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Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost take!

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Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride—
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Such language holds the solemn sea
To the sands upon the shore.

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Shrouded forms that start and sigh
As they pass the wanderer by.

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THE SLEEPER.

At midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.

And she prayed to the angels
To keep me from harm.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow.

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore.

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone.

The waves have now a redder glow—
The hours are breathing faint and low.

SCENES FROM “POLITIAN.”

View of Rome.

Heard I aright?
I speak to him—he speaks of Lalage!

A garden.

Think of eternal things;
Give up thy soul to penitence, and pray!

Politian, it doth grieve me
To see thee thus.

Listen now—listen!—the faintest sound,
And yet the sweetest that ear ever heard!
A lady’s voice!—and sorrow in the tone!

Weep not! oh, sob not thus!—thy bitter tears
Will madden me. Oh, mourn not, Lalage!

Hist! hush! within the gloom
Of yonder trees methought a figure passed.

The suburbs of Rome.

Of her who loved a mortal—and so died

AL AARAAF.

O! nothing earthly save the thrill
Of melody in woodland rill,
Of her who loved a mortal—and so died

FOR ANNIE.

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As sprang that yellow star from downy hours,
Up rose the maiden from her shrine of flowers.

High on a mountain of enamelled head—
. . . . . . . arose a pile
Of gorgeous columns.

On its margin is sleeping
Full many a maid.

Was a proud Temple called the Parthenon

For in his heart, as in thy stream,
Her image deeply lies.

We grew in age—and love—together—
Roaming the forest, and the wild.

We walked together on the crown
Of a high mountain.

A voice came from the threshold stone
Of one whom I had earlier known.

The bowers whereat, in dreams, I see
The wantonest singing birds.

Dim vales—and shadowy floods—
And cloudy-looking woods.

A wild lake, with black rock bound,
And the tall pines that towered around.

The Head and Tail-pieces and Initial Letters.

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Under the Superintendence of Joseph Cundall.

W. Harry Rogers . E. Evans.
MEMOIR.

It would be well for all poets if nothing more were known of their lives than what they themselves infuse into their poetry. Too close a knowledge of the weaknesses and errors of the inspired children of Parnassus cannot but impair, in some degree, the delicate aroma of their songs. The inner life of the poet, the secrets of his inspiration, the mysterious processes by which his pearls of thought are produced, can never be made known, and the accidents of his daily life have but little more interest than those which fall to common men. Under all circumstances the poet is a mystery, and the utterances of his fancy are but the drapery of the veiled
statue which still leaves the figure itself unknown. A dissection of the
song-bird gives us no insight into the secret of his melodious notes. Some
of the great modern poets have had their whole lives exposed with minute
accuracy; but in what are we the wiser for the knowledge we have obtained
of them? We only know they lived and suffered like other men, and their
inspirations are still a cause of wonder and delight. The subtle secret of
their power is still hidden from our search; and though we know more of
the daily habits of the men, we know no more of the hidden power of the
poet. But there is still a yearning to know how the men lived whose
genius has charmed and instructed us, and a vague feeling exists, that in
probing the lives of poets we may learn something of the art by which
they produced their works. But it is like the useless labour of Reynolds,
who scraped a painting by Titian to learn the secret of his colouring.

Of all the poets whose lives have been a puzzle and a mystery to the
world, there is no one more difficult to be understood than Edgar Allan
Poe. It is impossible to carry in the mind a double idea of a man, and to
believe him to be both a saint and a fiend; yet such is the embarrassment
felt by those who have first read the poems of this strange being, and then
read any of the biographies of him which pretend to anything like an
accurate account of his life. Like his own Raven, he is, to his readers,
“bird or fiend,” they know not which. But a close study of his works will
reveal the fact, which may serve in some degree to remove this embarras-
m ent, that there is nowhere discoverable in them a consciousness of moral
responsibility. They are full of the subtleness of passion, of grief, despair
and longing, but they contain nothing that indicates a sense of moral
rectitude. They are the productions of one whose religion was a worship
of the Beautiful, and who knew no beauty but that which was purely
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sensuous. There were but two kinds of beauty for him, and they were Form and Colour. He revelled in an ideal world of perfect shows, and was made wretched by any imperfections of art. The Lenore whose loss he deplored was a being fair to the eye, a beautiful creature, like Undine, without a soul. With this key to the character of the poet, there is no difficulty in fully comprehending the strange inconsistencies, the basenesses and nobleness which his wayward life exhibited.

Some of the biographers of Poe have been harshly judged for the view given of his character, and it has naturally been supposed that private pique has led to the exaggeration of his personal defects. But such imputations are unjust; a truthful delineation of his career would give a darker hue to his character than it has received from any of his biographers. In fact, he has been more fortunate than most poets in his historians. Lowell and Willis have sketched him with gentleness and a reverent feeling for his genius; and Griswold, his literary executor, in his fuller biography, has generously suppressed much that he might have given. This is neither the proper time nor place to write a full history of this unhappy genius; those who scan his marvellous poems closely may find therein the man, for it is impossible for the true poet to veil himself from his readers. What he writes he is.

The waywardness of Poe was an inheritance: though descended from a family of great respectability, his immediate parents were dissolute in their morals, and members of a profession which almost always begets irregularity of habits. The paternal grandfather of the poet was a distinguished officer in the Maryland line during the war of the Revolution, and his great grandfather, John Poe, married a daughter of Admiral McBride, of the
British Navy. His father, the fourth son of the Revolutionary officer, was a native of Maryland, and studied for the bar; but becoming enamoured of a beautiful actress named Elizabeth Arnold, he abandoned the law and adopted the stage as a profession. They lived together six or seven years, wandering from theatre to theatre, when they both died within a very short time of each other, in Richmond, Virginia, leaving three children in utter destitution. Edgar, the second child, who was born in Baltimore in January 1811, was a remarkably bright and beautiful boy; and he attracted the attention of a wealthy merchant in Richmond, who had known his parents, and who had no children of his own. Mr. Allan adopted the little orphan, and he was afterwards called Edgar Allan. The precocious child was petted by his adopted parents, who took pride in his forwardness and beauty; he was sent to the best schools, and was regarded as the heir to their property. In 1816 Mr. and Mrs. Allan made a journey to Europe, and Edgar accompanied them. He was placed at the school of the Rev. Dr. Bransby, at Stoke Newington, near London, where he remained some four or five years; but all that we know of him during this period of his life, is what he has himself told us in the tale entitled "William Wilson," wherein he describes with great minuteness his recollections of his school-days in England, and gives a characteristic picture of the school-house and its surroundings.

On his return to the United States, in the year 1822, he was placed for a few months at an academy at Richmond, and then was transferred to the University of Virginia, at Charlottesville. The students at Charlottesville were noted, at that time, for their reckless and dissolute manner of life, and young Poe was the most dissolute and reckless among them. Though extremely slight in person, and almost effeminate in his manner, he is
represented to have been foremost in all athletic sports and games, and there is good testimony to his having performed the almost impossible feat of swimming for a wager, from Richmond to Warwick, a distance of seven miles, against a current of two or three knots an hour. Notwithstanding his dissolute habits and extravagance at the University, he excelled in his studies, was always at the head of his class, and would, doubtless, have graduated with honour, had he not been expelled on account of his profligacy and wild excesses.

His allowance of money had been liberal at the University, but he quitted it in debt; and when his indulgent friend refused to accept his drafts to meet his gambling losses, Poe wrote him an abusive letter, and quitted the country with the design of offering his services to the Greeks, who were then fighting for their emancipation from the Turks. But he never reached Greece, and all that is known of his career in Europe is, that he found himself in St. Petersburg, in extreme destitution, where the American Minister, Mr. Middleton, was called upon to save him from arrest, on account of an indiscretion; through the kind offices of this gentleman the young adventurer was sent home to America, and, on his arrival in Richmond, Mr. Allan received him with kindness, forgave him his past misconduct, and procured him a cadetship at the United States Military Academy at West Point. Unfortunately for him, just before he left Richmond for his new appointment, Mrs. Allan, the wife of his benefactor, died. She had always treated him with motherly affection, and he had paid more deference to her than to any one else. At West Point he applied himself with great energy and success for a while to his new course of studies; but the rigid discipline of that institution ill sorted with the irrepressible recklessness of his nature, and after ten months he was ignominiously expelled.
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After leaving "the Point" he returned to Richmond, and was again kindly received and welcomed to his home by Mr. Allan. But there was a change in the house where the wayward boy had been a pet. There was a new and a younger mistress. Mr. Allan had taken a second wife, a lady much younger than himself, and who was disposed to treat the expelled cadet as a son. But he soon contrived to quarrel with her, and was compelled to abandon the house of his adopted father, never to return. The cause of the quarrel which led to this final disruption between Poe and his generous patron has been variously stated; the family of Mr. Allan give a version of it which throws a dark shade on the character of the poet; but let it have been as it may, it must have been of a very grave nature, for, on the death of Mr. Allan, shortly after, in 1834, the name of his adopted son, who it was supposed would have inherited all his wealth, was not mentioned in his will.

On leaving the house of his benefactor for the last time, Poe was left without a friend, and thrown upon his own resources. He had published a volume of poems in Baltimore, just after his expulsion from West Point, under the title of "Al Aaraaf" and "Tamerlane," to which a few smaller poems were added. These were the production of his early years, probably between his fifteenth and sixteenth years, though the exact date of their production cannot be ascertained. The commendations bestowed upon these precocious poems encouraged him to devote himself to literature for a profession. But his first attempts to earn a living by literature must have been discouraging, for soon after publishing his first volume, he was driven by his necessities to enlist as a private soldier in the army. Here he was recognized by officers who had known him at West Point, and who interested themselves to obtain his discharge, and, if possible, a commission. But their kind intentions were
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frustrated by his desertion. The next attempt he made in literature proved more successful; he had fruitlessly tried to find a publisher for a volume of stories; but on a premium of one hundred dollars, for a tale in prose, and a similar reward for a poem, being offered by the publisher of a literary periodical in Baltimore, Poe obtained both prizes; though he was only allowed to retain the prize for the tale, as it was thought not prudent to give both prizes to the same writer. The tale chosen was the "Manuscript Found in a Bottle," a composition which contains many of his most marked peculiarities of style and invention. The award was made in October 1833, and, fortunately for the young author, there was one gentleman on the committee who made the decision, who had it in his power to render him essential service.

This was John P. Kennedy, the novelist, author of "Horse-Shoe Robinson," and eminent as a lawyer and a statesman. To this gentleman Poe came on hearing of his success, poorly clad, pale, and emaciated; he told his story, and his ambition, and at once gained the confidence and affection of the more prosperous author. He was in utter want, and had not yet received the amount to which he was entitled for his story. Mr. Kennedy took him by the hand, furnished him with means to render him immediately comfortable, and enabled him to make a respectable appearance; and in a short time afterwards procured for him a situation as editor of the "Literary Messenger," a monthly magazine published in Richmond. In his new place he continued for a while to work with great industry, and wrote a great number of reviews and tales; but he fell into his old habits, and after a debauch quarrelled with the proprietor of the "Messenger," and was dismissed.

It was one of the strange peculiarities of Poe to make humble and
penitent appeals for forgiveness and reconciliation to those he had offended by his abuse and insolence, and he was no sooner conscious of his error in quarrelling with the publisher of the "Messenger" than he endeavoured to regain the position he had lost. He was successful; and though he often fell into his old habits, yet he retained his connection with the work until January, 1837, when he abandoned the "Messenger" and left Richmond for New York. During his last residence in Richmond, while working for a salary of ten dollars a week, he married his cousin, Virginia Clemm, a young, amiable, and gentle girl, without fortune or friends, and as ill-calculated as himself to buffet the waves of an adverse fortune. In New York he wrote for the literary periodicals, but soon removed to Philadelphia, where he was employed as editor of "Burton's Gentleman's Magazine;" he continued but a year in his post, and after several quarrels with the proprietor of the magazine, left him to establish a magazine of his own. To have a magazine of his own, which he could manage as he pleased, was always the great ambition of his life. He had invented a title, selected a motto, written an introduction, and made the entire plans for the great work, which was to be called the "Stylus;" it was the chimera which he nursed, the castle in the air which he longed for, the rainbow of his cloudy hopes. But he did not succeed in establishing it then, and was soon installed as editor of "Graham's Magazine." As a matter of course he quarrelled with Graham, and then went to New York, where he engaged as a sub-editor of the "Mirror," a daily paper, of which his friend Willis was editor. But he did not remain long at this employment, which was wholly unsuited to him, and he left the "Mirror" without quarrelling with the proprietor. During his engagements with these different periodicals, he had written some of his finest prose tales, had published an anonymous work in the style of Robinson Crusoe, entitled the "Adventures of Arthur
Gordon Pym," and a collection of his tales in a volume, which he called "Tales of the Grotesque and the Arabesque," and gained another prize by his story of the Gold Bug. He was beginning to be known as a fierce and terrible critic, rather than as a poet or a writer of tales, when the publication of his poem of the Raven in the "American Review," a New York monthly magazine, first attracted the attention of the literary world to his singular and powerful genius. Up to the appearance of this wild fantasy, he had not been generally recognized as a poet, and had known nothing of society. But he became at once a lion, and his writings were eagerly sought after by publishers. The prospect lay bright before him; he abandoned for awhile the vices which so fearfully beset him; he was living quietly in a pleasant rural neighbourhood in Westchester, near the city, with his delicate wife and her mother and a brilliant future appeared to be in store for him. But he could never keep clear from magazine editing, and he joined Mr. C. F. Briggs in publishing the "Broadway Journal," a literary weekly periodical; but the inevitable quarrel ensued, and this project was abandoned at the end of a year. It was while editing the "Broadway Journal" that he engaged in a furious onslaught upon Longfellow, whom he accused of plagiarising from his poems, and, at the same time, involved himself in numberless disputes and quarrels with other authors. But he also gained the affection and admiration of many estimable literary people, some of whom he alienated by appearing before them when in a state of intoxication. He delivered a lecture on poetry, but attracted no hearers, and he was so chagrined by his disappointment, that he fell again into his old habits, and disgusted his new friends by his gross misconduct; he involved himself in another quarrel with some of the literati of Boston, and to show his contempt for them, went there and delivered a poem in public, which he pretended to have written in his tenth
year. On his return to New York he was again reduced to great straits; and in 1848 he advertised a series of lectures, in order to raise sufficient means to put into execution his long-cherished plan of a magazine; but he delivered only one lecture on the Cosmogony of the Universe, which was afterwards published under the title of "Eureka, a Prose Poem." His wife had died the year previously, and during her illness he was reduced to such extremities that public appeals, which were generously responded to, were made in his behalf by the papers of New York.

Not long after the death of his wife he formed an intimacy with an accomplished literary lady of Rhode Island, a widow, and was engaged to be married to her. It was to her that he addressed the poem "Annabel Lee;" the day was appointed for their marriage; but he had, in the meantime, formed other plans; and, to disentangle himself from this engagement, he visited the house of his affianced bride, where he conducted himself with such indecent violence that the aid of the police had to be called in to expel him. This, of course, put an end to the engagement. In a short time after he went to Richmond, and there gained the confidence and affections of a lady of good family and considerable fortune. The day was appointed for their marriage, and he left Virginia to return to New York to fulfil some literary arrangements previous to the consummation of this new engagement. He had written to his friends that he had, at last, a prospect of happiness. The Lost Lenore was found. He arrived in Baltimore on his way to the north, and gave his baggage into the charge of a porter, intending to leave in an hour for Philadelphia. Stepping into an hotel to obtain some refreshments, he met some of his former companions, who invited him to drink with them. In a few moments all was over with him. He spent the night in revelry, wandered
out into the street in a state of insanity, and was found in the morning literally dying from exposure and a single night's excesses. He was taken to a hospital, and, on the 7th October, 1849, at the age of thirty-eight, he closed his troubled life. Three days before he had left his newly affianced bride to prepare for their nuptials. He lies in a burying-ground in Baltimore, his native city, without a stone to mark the place of his last rest.

In person Edgar Allan Poe was slight, and hardly of the medium height; his motions were quick and nervous, his air was abstracted, and his countenance generally serious and pale. He never laughed, and rarely smiled; but in conversation he was vivacious, earnest, and respectful; and though he appeared generally under restraint, as though guarding against a half-subdued passion, yet his manners were engaging, and he never failed to win the confidence and kind feelings of those with whom he conversed for the first time; and there were a few who knew him long and intimately who could never believe that he was ever otherwise than the pleasant, intelligent, respectful, and earnest companion he appeared to them. Though he was at times so reckless and profligate in his conduct, and so indifferent to external proprieties, he was generally scrupulously exact in everything he did. He dressed with extreme neatness and perfectly good taste, avoiding all ornaments and everything of a bizarre appearance. He was painfully alive to all imperfections of art; and a false rhyme, an ambiguous sentence, or even a typographical error, threw him into an ecstacy of passion. It was this sensitiveness to all artistic imperfections, rather than any malignity of feeling, which made his criticisms so severe, and procured him a host of enemies among persons towards whom he never entertained any personal ill-will. He criticized his own productions with the same severity that he exercised towards the writings of others; and all
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his poems, though he sometimes represented them as offsprings of a sudden inspiration, were the work of elaborate study. His handwriting was always neat and singularly uniform, and his manuscripts were invariably on long slips of paper about four inches wide, which he never folded, but always made into a roll. Nothing he ever did had the appearance of haste or slovenliness, and he preserved with religious care every scrap he had ever written, and every letter he ever received, so that he left behind him the amplest materials for the composition of his literary life. At his own request these remnants of his existence were entrusted to Dr. Griswold, a gentleman with whom he had quarrelled, and had lampooned in his lectures; Doctor Griswold, in a generous spirit, accepted the charge, and produced from the papers entrusted to him the best biography of the strange being that has been published, which was appended to the collection of his works in four volumes issued in New York.

June, 1857.
THE RAVEN.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary, 
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore— 
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping, 
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door. 
"Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door— 
Only this and nothing more."
Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow;—vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—

Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating,
"'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door;

This it is and nothing more."

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
"Sir," said I, "or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you"—here I opened wide the door;—

Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, "Lenore!"
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, "Lenore!"

Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
"Surely," said I, "surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore;—
'T is the wind and nothing more."

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
THE RAVEN.

But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,

Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian shore!”

Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing farther then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered, “Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow he will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before.”

Then the bird said, “Nevermore.”

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,

“Doubtless,” said I, “what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmereiful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore

Of ‘Never—nevermore.’”
But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking

Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."
THE RAVEN.

Thus I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom’s core:
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion’s velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o’er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamp-light gloating o’er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by Seraphim whose foot-falls tinkled on the tufted floor.
“Wretch,” I cried, “thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh quaff this kind nepenthe and forget this lost Lenore!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—is there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Prophet!” said I, “thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore—
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore.”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

“Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!” I shrieked, upstarting—
“Get thee back into the tempest, and the Night’s Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!”
THE RAVEN.

Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!
LENORE.

Ahh, broken is the golden bowl! the spirit flown for ever!
Let the bell toll!—a saintly soul floats on the Stygian river
And, Guy De Vere, hast thou no tear?—weep now or never more!
LENORE.

See! on yon drear and rigid bier low lies thy love, Lenore!
Come! let the burial rite be read—the funeral song be sung!—
An anthem for the queenliest dead that ever died so young—
A dirge for her the doubly dead in that she died so young.

WRETCHES! ye loved her for her wealth and hated her for
her pride,
And when she fell in feeble health, ye blessed her—that she
died!
How shall the ritual, then, be read?—the requiem how be
sung
By you—by yours, the evil eye,—by yours, the slanderous
tongue
That did to death the innocence that died, and died so young?"

Peccavimus; but rave not thus! and let a Sabbath song
Go up to God so solemnly the dead may feel no wrong!
The sweet Lenore hath "gone before," with Hope, that flew beside,
Leaving thee wild for the dear child that should have been thy
bride—
For her, the fair and débonnaire, that now so lowly lies,
The life upon her yellow hair, but not within her eyes—
The life still there, upon her hair—the death upon her eyes.

"Avaunt! to-night my heart is light. No dirge will I upraise,
But waft the angel on her flight with a paean of old days!
Let no bell toll!—lest her sweet soul, amid its hallowed mirth.
LENORE.

Should catch the note, as it doth float up from the damnèd Earth.
To friends above, from fiends below, the indignant ghost is riven—

From Hell unto a high estate far up within the Heaven—
From grief and groan, to a golden throne, beside the King of Heaven."
A VALENTINE.

For her this rhyme is penned, whose luminous eyes,
Brightly expressive as the twins of Loëda,
Shall find her own sweet name, that, nestling lies
Upon the page, enwrapped from every reader.

Search narrowly the lines!—they hold a treasure
Divine—a talisman—an amulet
That must be worn at heart. Search well the measure—
The words—the syllables! Do not forget
The trivialest point, or you may lose your labour!
And yet there is in this no Gordian knot
Which one might not undo without a sabre,

If one could merely comprehend the plot.
Enwritten upon the leaf where now are peering
Eyes' scintillating soul, there lie perdus
Three eloquent words oft uttered in the hearing
Of poets, by poets—as the name is a poet's, too.
Its letters, although naturally lying
Like the knight Pinto—Mendez Ferdinando—
Still form a synonym for Truth.—Cease trying!
You will not read the riddle, though you do the best you can do.

[To translate the address, read the first letter of the first line in connexion with the second letter of the second line, the third letter of the third line, the fourth of the fourth, and so on to the end. The name will thus appear]
THE COLISEUM.

Type of the antique Rome! Rich reliquary
Of lofty contemplation left to Time
By buried centuries of pomp and power!
At length—at length—after so many days
Of weary pilgrimage and burning thirst.
THE COLISEUM.

(Thirst for the springs of lore that in thee lie,)
I kneel, an altered and an humble man,
Amid thy shadows, and so drink within
My very soul thy grandeur, gloom, and glory!

Vastness! and Age! and Memories of Eld!
Silence! and Desolation! and dim Night!
I feel ye now—I feel ye in your strength—
O spells more sure than e'er Judæan king
Taught in the gardens of Gethsemane!
O charms more potent than the rapt Chaldee
Ever drew down from out the quiet stars!

Here, where a hero fell, a column falls!
Here, where the mimic eagle glaring in gold,
A midnight vigil holds the swarthy bat!
Here, where the dames of Rome their gilded hair
Waved to the wind, now wave the reed and thistle!
Here, where on golden throne the monarch lolled,
Glides, spectre-like, unto his marble home,
Lit by the wan light of the hornèd moon,
The swift and silent lizard of the stones!

But stay! these walls—these ivy-clad arcades—
These mouldering plinths—these sad and blackened shafts—
These vague entablatures—this crumbling frieze—
These shattered cornices—this wreck—this ruin—
These stones—alas! these grey stones—are they all—
All of the famed and the colossal left
By the corrosive Hours to Fate and me?
THE COLISEUM.

"Not all"—the Echoes answer me—"not all!"
Prophetic sounds and loud arise for ever
From us, and from all Ruin, unto the wise,
As melody from Memnon to the Sun.
We rule the hearts of mightiest men—we rule
With a despotic sway all giant minds.
We are not impotent—we pallid stones.
Not all our power is gone—not all our fame—
Not all the magic of our high renown—
Not all the wonder that encircles us—
Not all the mysteries that in us lie—
Not all the memories that hang upon
And cling around about us as a garment,
Clothing us in a robe of more than glory."
OT long ago, the writer of these lines,
   In the mad pride of intellectuality,
       Maintained ‘the power of words,’ denied that ever
A thought arose within the human brain
Beyond the utterance of the human tongue:
And now, as if in mockery of that boast,
Two words—two foreign soft dissyllables—
Italian tones, made only to be murmured
By angels dreaming in the moonlit "dew
That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill,"—
Have stirred from out the abysses of his heart,
Unthought-like thoughts that are the souls of thought,
Richer, far wilder, far diviner visions
Than even the seraph harper, Israfel,
(Who has "the sweetest voice of all God's creatures,")
Could hope to utter. And I! my spells are broken.
The pen falls powerless from my shivering hand.
With thy dear name as text, though bidden by thee,
I cannot write—I cannot speak or think—
Alas, I cannot feel; for 'tis not feeling,
This standing motionless upon the golden
Threshold of the wide-open gate of dreams,
Gazing, entranced, adown the gorgeous vista,
And thrilling as I see, upon the right,
Upon the left, and all the way along,
Amid unpurpled vapours, far away
To where the prospect terminates—\textit{thee only}. 
I saw thee once—once only—years ago:
I must not say how many—but not many.
It was a July midnight; and from out
A full-orbed moon, that, like thine own soul, soaring,
Sought a precipitate pathway up through heaven,
There fell a silvery-silken veil of light,
With quietude, and sultriness, and slumber,
Upon the upturn'd faces of a thousand
Roses that grew in an enchanted garden,
Where no wind dared to stir, unless on tiptoe—
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses,
That gave out, in return for the love-light,
Their odorous souls in an ecstatic death—
Fell on the upturn'd faces of these roses
That smiled and died in this parterre, enchanted
By thee, and by the poetry of thy presence:

Was it not Fate, that, on this July midnight—
Was it not Fate (whose name is also Sorrow)
That bade me pause before that garden-gate,
To breathe the incense of those slumbering roses?
No footstep stirred: the hated world all slept,
Save only thee and me. (Oh, Heaven!—oh, God!
How my heart beats in coupling those two words!)
Save only thee and me. I paused—I looked—
And in an instant all things disappeared.
(Ah, bear in mind this garden was enchanted!)
The pearly lustre of the moon went out:
The mossy banks and the meandering paths,
TO HELEN.

The happy flowers and the repining trees,
Were seen no more: the very roses' odours
Died in the arms of the adoring airs.

All—all expired save thee—save less than thou:
Save only the divine light in thine eyes—
Save but the soul in thine uplifted eyes.
TO HELEN.

I saw but them—they were the world to me.
I saw but them—saw only them for hours—
Saw only them until the moon went down.

What wild heart-histories seemed to lie enwritten
Upon those crystalline, celestial spheres!
How dark a woe! yet how sublime a hope!
TO HELEN.

How silently serene a sea of pride!
How daring an ambition! yet how deep—
How fathomless a capacity for love!

But now, at length, dear Dian sank from sight,
Into a western couch of thunder-cloud;
And thou, a ghost, amid the entombing trees
Didst glide away. Only thine eyes remained.
They would not go—they never yet have gone.
Lighting my lonely pathway home that night,
They have not left me (as my hopes have) since.
They follow me—they lead me through the years.
They are my ministers—yet I their slave.
Their office is to illumine and enkindle—
My duty, to be saved by their bright light,
And purified in their electric fire,
And sanctified in their elysian fire.
They fill my soul with Beauty (which is Hope),
And are far up in heaven—the stars I kneel to
In the sad, silent watches of my night;
While even in the meridian glare of day
I see them still—two sweetly scintillant
Venuses, unextinguished by the sun!
AN ENIGMA.

"Eldom we find," says Solomon Don Dunce, "Half an idea in the profoundest sonnet. Through all the flimsy things we see at once As easily as through a Naples bonnet— Trash of all trash!—how can a lady don it? Yet heavier far than your Petrarchan stuff— Owl-downy nonsense that the faintest puff Twirls into trunk-paper the while you con it." And, veritably, Sol is right enough. The general tuckermanities are arrant Bubbles—ephemeral and so transparent— But this is, now,—you may depend upon it— Stable, opaque, immortal—all by dint Of the dear names that lie conceal'd within 't.

ULALUME.

The skies they were ashen and sober; The leaves they were crisped and sere— The leaves they were withering and sere; It was night in the lonesome October Of my most immemorial year; It was hard by the dim lake of Auber, In the misty mid region of Weir—
ULALUME.

It was down by the dank tarn of Auber,
In the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.
Here once, through an alley Titanic,
Of cypress, I roamed with my Soul—
Of cypress, with Psyche, my Soul.

These were days when my heart was volcanic
As the scoriac rivers that roll—
As the lavas that restlessly roll
Their sulphurous currents down Yaanek
ULALUME.

In the ultimate climes of the pole—
That groan as they roll down Mount Yaanek
In the realms of the boreal pole.

Our talk had been serious and sober,
But our thoughts they were palsied and sere—
Our memories were treacherous and sere—
For we knew not the month was October,
And we marked not the night of the year—
(Oh, night of all nights in the year!)
We noted not the dim lake of Auber—
(Though once we had journeyed down here)—
Remembered not the dank tarn of Auber,
Nor the ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.

And now, as the night was senescent,
And star-dials pointed to morn—
As the star-dials hinted of morn—
At the end of our path a liquecent
And nebulous lustre was born,
Out of which a miraculous crescent
Arose with a duplicate horn—
Astarte's bediamonded crescent
Distinct with its duplicate horn.

And I said—"She is warmer than Dian:
She rolls through an ether of sighs—
She revels in a region of sighs:
She has seen that the tears are not dry on
These cheeks, where the worm never dies,
And has come past the stars of the Lion
To point us the path to the skies—
To the Lethean peace of the skies—
ULALUME.

Come up, in despite of the Lion,
   To shine on us with her bright eyes—
Come up through the lair of the Lion,
   With love in her luminous eyes."

But Psyche, uplifting her finger,
   Said—"Sadly this star I mistrust—
   Her pallor I strangely mistrust :—
Oh, hasten!—oh, let us not linger!
   Oh, fly! let us fly!—for we must."
In terror she spoke, letting sink her
   Wings until they trailed in the dust—
In agony sobbed, letting sink her
   Plumes till they trailed in the dust—
   Till they sorrowfully trailed in the dust.

I replied—"This is nothing but dreaming:
   Let us on by this tremulous light!
   Let us bathe in this crystalline light!
Its Sybilic splendour is beaming
   With Hope and in Beauty to-night:—
   See!—it flickers up the sky through the night!
Ah, we safely may trust to its gleaming,
   And be sure it will lead us aright—
We safely may trust to a gleaming
   That cannot but guide us aright,
   Since it flickers up to Heaven through the night."

Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
   And tempted her out of her gloom—
   And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we passed to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb;

And I said "What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?"
She replied—"Ulalume—Ulalume—
"Tis the vault of thy lost Ulalume!"
Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crispèd and sere—
As the leaves that were withering and sere,
And I cried—"It was surely October
On this very night of last year
That I journeyed—I journeyed drown here—
That I brought a dread burden down here—
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know, now, this dim lake of Auber—
This misty mid region of Weir—
Well I know, now, this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir."

I HEED not that my earthly lot
Hath—little of Earth in it—
That years of love have been forgot
In the hatred of a minute:—
I mourn not that the desolate
Are happier, sweet, than I,
But that you sorrow for my fate
Who am a passèr by.

TO ——.

TO ——.
TO MY MOTHER.

BECAUSE I feel that, in the heavens above,

The angels, whispering to one another,

Can find, among their burning terms of love,

None so devotional as that of "Mother,"

Therefore by that dear name I long have called you—

You who are more than mother unto me,

And fill my heart of hearts, where Death installed you.

In setting my Virginia’s spirit free.

My mother—my own mother, who died early,

Was but the mother of myself; but you

Are mother to the one I loved so dearly,

And thus are dearer than the mother I knew

By that infinity with which my wife

Was dearer to my soul than its soul-life.
THE BELLS.

1.

Hear the sledges with the bells—

Silver bells!

What a world of merriment their melody foretells!

How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,

In the icy air of night!
THE BELLS.

While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle

With a crystalline delight:
Keeping time, time, time
THE BELLS.

In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
   Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

II.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
   Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
   Through the balmy air of night
   How they ring out their delight!
   From the molten-golden notes,
      And all in tune,
   What a liquid ditty floats
   To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
      On the moon!
   Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
   How it swells!
   How it dwells
   On the Future! how it tells
   Of the rapture that impels
   To the swinging and the ringing
   Of the bells, bells, bells,
   Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
      Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells!
THE BELLS.

III.

EAR the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire.
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour,
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh, the bells, bells, bells!
What a tale their terror tells
Of Despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows:
THE BELLS.

Yet the ear distinctly tells
In the jangling
And the wrangling,

How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
THE BELLS.

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

iv.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A paean from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the paean of the bells!
And he dances, and he yells;
THE BELLS.

Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the paean of the bells—

Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
THE BELLS.

In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.
THE CONQUEROR WORM.

O! 'tis a gala night
Within the lonesome latter years!
An angel throng, bewinged, bedight
In veils, and drowned in tears,
Sit in a theatre, to see
A play of hopes and fears,
While the orchestra breathes fitfully
The music of the spheres.

Mimes, in the form of God on high,
Mutter and mumble low,
And hither and thither fly—
Mere puppets they, who come and go
At bidding of vast formless things
That shift the scenery to and fro,
Flapping from out their Condor wings
Invisible Woe!

That motley drama—oh, be sure
It shall not be forgot!
With its Phantom chased for evermore,
By a crowd that seize it not,
Through a circle that ever returneth in
To the self-same spot,
And much of Madness, and more of Sin.
And Horror the soul of the plot.
THE CONQUEROR WORM.

But see, amid the mimic rout
   A crawling shape intrude!
A blood-red thing that writhes from out
   The scenic solitude!
It writhes!—it writhes!—with mortal pangs
   The mimes become its food,
And the angels sob at vermin fangs
   In human gore imbued.

Out—out are the lights—out all!
   And, over each quivering form,
The curtain, a funeral pall,
   Comes down with the rush of a storm,
And the angels, all pallid and wan,
   Uprising, unveiling, affirm
That the play is the tragedy "Man,"
   And its hero the Conqueror Worm.
ANNABEL LEE.

It was many and many a year ago,  
In a kingdom by the sea,  
That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
By the name of ANNABEL LEE
And this maiden she lived with no other thought
    Than to love and be loved by me.

I was a child and she was a child
    In this kingdom by the sea:
But we loved with a love that was more than love—
    I and my ANNABEL LEE;
With a love that the wingèd seraphs of heaven
    Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,
    In this kingdom by the sea,
A wind blew out of a cloud, chilling
    My beautiful ANNABEL LEE
So that her high-born kinsman came
    And bore her away from me,
To shut her up in a sepulchre
    In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in heaven,
    Went envying her and me—
Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,
    In this kingdom by the sea)
That the wind came out of the cloud by night,
    Chilling and killing my ANNABEL LEE.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love
    Of those who were older than we—
    Of many far wiser than we—
And neither the angels in heaven above,
    Nor the demons down under the sea,
ANNABEL LEE.

Can ever dissemble my soul from the soul
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:

For the moon never beams, without bringing me dreams
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE;
And the stars never rise, but I feel the bright eyes
Of the beautiful ANNABEL LEE:
And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side
Of my darling—my darling—my life and my bride,
    In the sepulchre there by the sea,
    In her tomb by the sounding sea.

NCE it smiled a silent dell
    Where the people did not dwell;
They had gone unto the wars,
    Trusting to the mild-eyed stars,
Nightly, from their azure towers,
    To keep watch above the flowers,
In the midst of which all day
    The red sun-light lazily lay.
Now each visitor shall confess
The sad valley’s restlessness.
Nothing there is motionless—
Nothing save the airs that brood
Over the magic solitude.
Ah, by no wind are stirred those trees
That palpitate like the chill seas
Around the misty Hebrides!
Ah, by no wind those clouds are driven
That rustle through the unquiet heaven
Uneasily, from morn till even,
Over the violets there that lie
In myriad types of the human eye—
Over the lilies there that wave
And weep above a nameless grave!
They wave:—from out their fragrant tops
Eternal dews come down in drops.
They weep:—from off their delicate stems
Perennial tears descend in gems.
ISRAFEL.*

In heaven a spirit doth dwell

"Whose heart-strings are a lute;"

* "And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute, and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures."—KORAN.
None sing so wildly well
As the angel Israfel,
And the giddy stars (so legends tell)
Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell
Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above
In her highest noon,
The enamoured moon
Blushes with love,
While, to listen, the red levin
(With the rapid Pleiads, even,
Which were seven)
Pauses in heaven.

And they say (the starry choir
And the other listening things)
That Israfeli's fire
Is owing to that lyre
By which he sits and sings—
The trembling living wire
Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,
Where deep thoughts are a duty—
Where Love's a grown-up God—
Where the Houri glances are
Imbued with all the beauty
Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,
Israfeli, who despisest
An unimpassioned song;
To thee the laurels belong,
    Best bard, because the wisest!
Merrily live, and long!

The eacstacies above
    With thy burning measures suit—
Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,
    With the fervour of thy lute—
Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, heaven is thine; but this
    Is a world of sweets and sours;
Our flowers are merely—flowers,
And the shadow of thy perfect bliss
    Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell
Where Israfel
    Hath dwelt, and he where I,
He might not sing so wildly well
    A mortal melody,
While a bolder note than this might swell
    From my lyre within the sky.
SILENCE.

Here are some qualities—some incorporate things,
That have a double life, which thus is made
A type of that twin entity which springs
From matter and light, evinc'd in solid and shade.
There is a two-fold Silence—sea and shore—
Body and soul. One dwells in lonely places,
Newly with grass o'ergrown; some solemn graces,
Some human memories and tearful lore,
Render him terrorless: his name's "No More."
He is the corporate Silence: dread him not!
No power hath he of evil in himself;
But should some urgent fate (untimely lot!)
Bring thee to meet his shadow (nameless elf,
That haunteth the lone regions where hath trod
No foot of man), commend thyself to God!

TO F——S S. O——D.

HOU wouldst be loved?—then let thy heart
From its present pathway part not!
Being everything which now thou art,
Be nothing which thou art not.
So with the world thy gentle ways,
Thy grace, thy more than beauty,
Shall be an endless theme of praise,
And love—a simple duty.
TO ZANTE.

FAIR isle, that from the fairest of all flowers.
Thy gentlest of all gentle names dost take!
How many memories of what radiant hours
At sight of thee and thine at once awake!
TO ZANTE.

How many scenes of what departed bliss!
How many thoughts of what entombèd hopes!
How many visions of a maiden that is
No more—no more upon thy verdant slopes!

*No more!* alas, that magical sad sound
Transforming all! Thy charms shall please no more—

Thy memory *no more!* Accursèd ground!
Henceforth I hold thy flower-enamelled shore,
O hyacinthine isle! O purple Zante!

"Isola d'oro! Fior di Levante!"

BRIDAL BALLAD.

HE ring is on my hand,
And the wreath is on my brow;
Satins and jewels grand
Are all at my command,
And I am happy now.

And my lord he loves me well;
But, when first he breathed his vow,
I felt my bosom swell—
For the words rang as a knell,
And the voice seemed his who fell
In the battle down the dell,
And who is happy now
BRIDAL BALLAD.

But he spoke to reassure me,
   And he kissed my pallid brow,
While a reverie came o'er me,
   And to the church-yard bore me,
And I sighed to him before me,
Thinking him dead D'Elormie,
   "Oh, I am happy now!"

And thus the words were spoken,
   And thus the plighted vow;
And though my faith be broken,
   And though my heart be broken,
Behold the golden token
   That proves me happy now!

Would God I could awaken!
   For I dream I know not how,
And my soul is sorely shaken
Lest an evil step be taken,—
Lest the dead who is forsaken
   May not be happy now.
THE HAUNTED PALACE.

In the greenest of our valleys
By good angels tenanted,
Once a fair and stately palace—
Radiant palace—reared its head.
THE HAUNTED PALACE.

In the monarch Thought's dominion—
   It stood there!
Never seraph spread a pinion
   Over fabric half so fair!

Banners yellow, glorious, golden,
   On its roof did float and flow,
(This—all this—was in the olden
   Time long ago,)
And every gentle air that dallied,
   In that sweet day,
Along the ramparts plumed and pallid,
   A wingèd odour went away.

Wanderers in that happy valley,
   Through two luminous windows, saw
Spirits moving musically,
   To a lute's well-tunèd law,
Round about a throne where, sitting
   (Porphyrogenè!)
In state his glory well befitting,
   The ruler of the realm was seen.

And all with pearl and ruby glowing
   Was the fair palace-door,
Through which came flowing, flowing, flowing,
   And sparkling evermore,
A troop of Echoes, whose sweet duty
   Was but to sing,
In voices of surpassing beauty,
   The wit and wisdom of their king.
THE HAUNTED PALACE.

But evil things, in robes of sorrow,
Assailed the monarch's high estate.
(Ah, let us mourn!—for never morrow
Shall dawn upon him desolate!)
And round about his home, the glory
That blushed and bloomed
Is but a dim-remembered story
Of the old time entombed.

And travellers now, within that valley,
Through the red-litten windows see
Vast forms, that move fantastically
To a discordant melody,
While, like a ghastly rapid river,
Through the pale door
A hideous throng rush out for ever
And laugh—but smile no more.
EULALIE.

I dwelt alone
In a world of moan,
And my soul was a stagnant tide,
Till the fair and gentle Eulalie became my blushing bride—
Till the yellow-haired young Eulalie became my smiling bride.
EULALIE.

Ah less—less bright
The stars of the night
Than the eyes of the radiant girl!
And never a flake
That the vapour can make
With the moon-tints of purple and pearl,
Can vie with the modest Eulalie’s most unregarded curl—
Can compare with the bright-eyed Eulalie’s most humble and careless curl.

Now Doubt—now Pain
Come never again,
For her soul gives me sigh for sigh,
And all day long
Shines, bright and strong,
Astartè within the sky,
While ever to her dear Eulalie upturns her matron eye—
While ever to her young Eulalie upturns her violet eye.
TO F——

ELOVED! amid the earnest woes
That crowd around my earthly path—
(Drear path, alas! where grows
Not even one lonely rose)—
My soul at least a solace hath
In dreams of thee, and therein knows
An Eden of bland repose.

And thus thy memory is to me
Like some enchanted far-off isle
In some tumultuous sea—
Some ocean throbbing far and free
With storms—but where meanwhile
Serenest skies continually
Just o'er that one bright island smile.
TO ONE IN PARADISE.

How wast that all to me, love,
For which my soul did pine—
A green isle in the sea, love,
A fountain and a shrine,
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,
And all the flowers were mine.
TO ONE IN PARADISE.

Ah, dream too bright to last!
   Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise
But to be overcast!
   A voice from out the Future cries,
"On! on!"—but o'er the Past
   (Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies
Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me
   The light of Life is o'er!
   "No more—no more—no more—"
(Such language holds the solemn sea
   To the sands upon the shore)
Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,
   Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,
   And all my nightly dreams
Are where thy dark eye glances,
   And where thy footstep gleams—
In what ethereal dances,
   By what eternal streams.
DREAM-LAND.

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named Night,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have reached these lands but newly
From an ultimate dim Thule—
From a wild weird clime that lieth, sublime,
Out of Space—out of Time.

Bottomless vales and boundless floods,
And chasms, and caves, and Titan woods,
With forms that no man can discover
For the dews that drip all over;
Mountains toppling evermore
Into seas without a shore;
Seas that restlessly aspire,
Surging, unto skies of fire;
Lakes that endlessly outspread
Their lone waters—lone and dead,—
Their still waters—still and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily.
By the lakes that thus outspread
Their lone waters, lone and dead,—
DREAM-LAND.

Their sad waters, sad and chilly
With the snows of the lolling lily,—

By the mountains—near the river
Murmuring lowly, murmuring ever,—
DREAM-LAND.

By the grey woods,—by the swamp
Where the toad and the newt encamp,—
By the dismal tarns and pools
   Where dwell the Ghouls,—
By each spot the most unholy—
In each nook most melancholy,—
There the traveller meets aghast
Sheeted Memories of the Past—
Shrouded forms that start and sigh
As they pass the wanderer by—
White-robed forms of friends long given,
In agony, to the Earth—and Heaven.
For the heart whose woes are legion
'Tis a peaceful, soothing region—
For the spirit that walks in shadow
'Tis—oh, 'tis an Eldorado!
But the traveller, travelling through it,
May not—dare not openly view it;
Never its mysteries are exposed
To the weak human eye unclosed;
So wills its King, who hath forbid
The uplifting of the fringed lid;
And thus the sad Soul that here passes
Beholds it but through darkened glasses.

By a route obscure and lonely,
Haunted by ill angels only,
Where an Eidolon, named Night,
On a black throne reigns upright,
I have wandered home but newly
From this ultimate dim Thule.
HYMN.

T morn—at noon—at twilight dim—
Maria! thou hast heard my hymn!
In joy and woe—in good and ill—
Mother of God, be with me still!

When the Hours flew brightly by,
And not a cloud obscured the sky,
My soul, lest it should truant be,
Thy grace did guide to thine and thee;
Now, when storms of Fate o’ercast
Darkly my Present and my Past,
Let my Future radiant shine
With sweet hopes of thee and thine!
At midnight, in the month of June,
I stand beneath the mystic moon.
An opiate vapour, dewy, dim,
Exhales from out her golden rim,
And, softly dripping, drop by drop,
Upon the quiet mountain top,
Steals drowsily and musically
Into the universal valley.
The rosemary nods upon the grave;
The lily lolls upon the wave;
Wrapping the fog about its breast,
The ruin moulders into rest;
Looking like Lethe, see! the lake
A conscious slumber seems to take,
And would not, for the world, awake.
All Beauty sleeps! and lo! where lies
(Her casement open to the skies)
Irene, with her Destinies?

Oh, lady bright! can it be right—
This window open to the night?
The wanton airs, from the tree-top,
Laughingly through the lattice drop—
The bodiless airs, a wizard rout,
Flit through thy chamber in and out,
And wave the curtain canopy
So fitfully—so fearfully—
Above the close and fringed lid
'Neath which thy slumb'ring soul lies hid,
That, o'er the floor and down the wall,
Like ghosts the shadows rise and fall!
Oh, lady dear, hast thou no fear?
Why and what art thou dreaming here?
Sure thou art come o'er far-off seas,
A wonder to these garden trees!
Strange is thy pallor! strange thy dress!
Strange, above all, thy length of tress,
And this all solemn silentness!

The lady sleeps. Oh, may her sleep,
Which is enduring, so be deep!
Heaven have her in its sacred keep!
This chamber changed for one more holy,
This bed for one more melancholy,
I pray to God that she may lie
For ever with unopened eye,
While the dim sheeted ghosts go by!

My love, she sleeps! Oh, may her sleep
As it is lasting, so be deep!
Soft may the worms about her creep!
Far in the forest, dim and old,
For her may some tall vault unfold—
Some vault that oft hath flung its black
And winged panels fluttering back,
Triumphant, o'er the crested palls,
Of her grand family funerals—
Some sepulchre, remote, alone,
Against whose portal she hath thrown,
In childhood, many an idle stone—
Some tomb from out whose sounding door
She ne'er shall force an echo more,
Thrilling to think, poor child of sin!
It was the dead who groaned within.
FOR ANNIE.

HANK Heaven! the crisis—
    The danger is past,
And the lingering illness
    Is over at last—
And the fever called "Living"
    Is conquered at last.

Sadly, I know
    I am shorn of my strength,
And no muscle I move
    As I lie at full length—
But no matter!—I feel
    I am better at length.

And I rest so composedly
    Now, in my bed,
That any beholder
    Might fancy me dead—
Might start at beholding me,
    Thinking me dead.

The moaning and groaning,
    The sighing and sobbing,
Are quieted now,
With that horrible throbbing
At heart:—ah, that horrible,
Horrible throbbing!

The sickness—the nausea—
The pitiless pain—
FOR ANNIE.

Have ceased, with the fever
    That maddened my brain—
With the fever called "Living"
    That burned in my brain.

And oh! of all tortures
    *That* torture the worst
Has abated—the terrible
    Torture of thirst
For the naphthaline river
    Of Passion accurst:—
I have drunk of a water
    That quenches all thirst:—

Of a water that flows,
    With a lullaby sound,
From a spring but a very few
    Feet under ground—
From a cavern not very far
    Down under ground.

And ah! let it never
    Be foolishly said
That my room it is gloomy
    And narrow my bed;
For man never slept
    In a different bed—
And, to *sleep*, you must slumber
    In just such a bed.

My tantalized spirit
    Here blandly reposes,
FOR ANNIE.

Forgetting, or never
     Regretting its roses—
Its old agitations
     Of myrtles and roses:

For now, while so quietly
     Lying, it fancies
A holier odour
     About it, of pansies—
A rosemary odour,
     Commingled with pansies—
With rue and the beautiful
     Puritan pansies.

And so it lies happily,
     Bathing in many
A dream of the truth
     And the beauty of Annie—
Drowned in a bath
     Of the tresses of Annie.

She tenderly kissed me,
     She fondly caressed,
And then I fell gently
     To sleep on her breast—
Deeply to sleep
     From the heaven of her breast.

When the light was extinguished,
     She covered me warm,
And she prayed to the angels
     To keep me from harm—
FOR ANNIE.

To the queen of the angels
   To shield me from harm.

And I lie so composedly,
   Now, in my bed,
(Knowing her love)
   That you fancy me dead—
And I rest so contentedly,
   Now in my bed,
(With her love at my breast)
   That you fancy me dead—
   That you shudder to look at me,
   Thinking me dead:—

But my heart it is brighter
   Than all of the many
Stars in the sky,
   For it sparkles with Annie—
It glows with the light
   Of the love of my Annie—
   With the thought of the light
   Of the eyes of my Annie.
Eldorado.

Gaily bedight,
A gallant knight,
ELDORADO.

In sunshine and in shadow,
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
This knight so bold—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And, as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow—
“Shadow,” said he,
“Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?”

“Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow,
Ride, boldly ride,”
The shade replied,—
“If you seek for Eldorado!”
A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

Take this kiss upon the brow!
And, in parting from you now,
Thus much let me avow—
A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM.

You are not wrong, who deem
That my days have been a dream;
Yet if hope has flown away
In a night, or in a day,
In a vision, or in none,
Is it therefore the less gone?
All that we see or seem
Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar
Of a surf-tormented shore,
And I hold within my hand
Grains of the golden sand—
How few! yet how they creep
Through my fingers to the deep,
While I weep—while I weep!
O God! can I not grasp
Them with a tighter clasp?
O God! can I not save
One from the pitiless wave?
Is all that we see or seem
But a dream within a dream?
THE CITY IN THE SEA.

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne
In a strange city lying alone
Far down within the dim West,
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best
Have gone to their eternal rest.
There shrines and palaces and towers
('Time-eaten towers that tremble not!')
Resemble nothing that is ours.
Around, by lifting winds forgot,
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down
On the long night-time of that town;
But light from out the lurid sea
Streams up the turrets silently—
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—
Up many and many a marvellous shrine
Whose wreathed friezes intertwine
The viol, the violet, and the vine
Resignedly beneath the sky
The melancholy waters lie.
So blend the turrets and shadows there
That all seem pendulous in air,
While from a proud tower in the town
Death looks gigantically down.
There open fanes and gaping graves
Yawn level with the luminous waves;
But not the riches there that lie
In each idol's diamond eye—
Not the gaily-jewelled dead
Tempt the waters from their bed;
For no ripples curl, alas!
Along that wilderness of glass—
No swellings tell that winds may be
Upon some far-off happier sea—
No heavings hint that winds have been
On seas less hideously serene.
THE CITY IN THE SEA.

But lo, a stir is in the air!
The wave—there is a movement there!
As if the towers had thrust aside,
In slightly sinking, the dull tide—
As if their tops had feebly given
A void within the filmy heaven.
The waves have now a redder glow—
The hours are breathing faint and low—
And when, amid no earthly moans,
Down, down that town shall settle hence,
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,
Shall do it reverence.
SCENES FROM "POLITIAN;"

AN UNPUBLISHED DRAMA.
I.

ROME.—A Hall in a Palace. Alessandra and Castiglione.

Alessandra. Thou art sad, Castiglione.

Castiglione. Sad!—not I.

Oh, I'm the happiest, happiest man in Rome!

A few days more, thou knowest, my Alessandra,

Will make thee mine. Oh, I am very happy!
ALESSANDRA. Methinks thou hast a singular way of showing
Thy happiness!—what ails thee, cousin of mine?
Why didst thou sigh so deeply?

CASTIGLIONE. Did I sigh?
I was not conscious of it. It is a fashion,
A silly—a most silly fashion I have
When I am very happy. Did I sigh?

ALESSANDRA. Thou didst. Thou art not well. Thou hast indulged
Too much of late, and I am vexed to see it.
Late hours and wine, Castiglione,—these
Will ruin thee! thou art already altered—
Thy looks are haggard—nothing so wears away
The constitution as late hours and wine.

CASTIGLIONE [musing]. Nothing, fair cousin, nothing—not even deep sorrow—
Wears it away like evil hours and wine.
I will amend.

ALESSANDRA. Do it! I would have thee drop
Thy riotous company, too—fellows low born—
Ill suit the like with old Di Broglio’s heir
And Alessandra’s husband.

CASTIGLIONE. I will drop them.

ALESSANDRA. Thou wilt—thou must. Attend thou also more
To thy dress and equipage—they are over plain
For thy lofty rank and fashion—much depends
Upon appearances.

CASTIGLIONE. I’ll see to it.

ALESSANDRA. Then see to it!—pay more attention, Sir,
To a becoming carriage—much thou wantest
In dignity.
SCENES FROM "POLITIAN."

CASTIGLIONE. Much, much, oh much I want
In proper dignity.

ALESSANDRA [haughtily]. Thou mockest me, Sir!
CASTIGLIONE [abstractedly], Sweet, gentle Lalage!
ALESSANDRA. Heard I aright?
SCENES FROM "POLITIAN."

I speak to him—he speaks of Lalage!

Sir Count! [Places her hand on his shoulder.] What, art thou dreaming? he's not well!

What ails thee, Sir?

CASTIGLIONE [starting]. Cousin! fair cousin!—madam!

I crave thy pardon—indeed I am not well—

Your hand from off my shoulder, if you please.

This air is most oppressive!—Madam—the Duke!

Enter DI BROGLIO.

DI BROGLIO. My son, I've news for thee!—hey?—what's the matter?

[Observing ALESSANDRA.

I' the pouts? Kiss her, Castiglione! kiss her,

You dog! and make it up, I say, this minute!

I've news for you both. Politian is expected

Hourly in Rome—Politian, Earl of Leicester!

We'll have him at the wedding. 'Tis his first visit

To the imperial city.

ALESSANDRA. What! Politian

Of Britain, Earl of Leicester?

DI BROGLIO. The same, my love.

We'll have him at the wedding. A man quite young

In years, but grey in fame. I have not seen him,

But Rumour speaks of him as of a prodigy

Pre-eminent in arts, and arms, and wealth,

And high descent. We'll have him at the wedding.

ALESSANDRA. I have heard much of this Politian.

Gay, volatile, and giddy—is he not?

And little given to thinking.

DI BROGLIO. Far from it, love.

No branch, they say, of all philosophy
SCENES FROM "POLITIAN."

So deep abstruse he has not mastered it.
Learned as few are learned.

ALESSANDRA. 'Tis very strange!
I have known men have seen Politian
And sought his company. They speak of him
As of one who entered madly into life,
Drinking the cup of pleasure to the dregs.

CASTIGLIONE. Ridiculous! Now, I have seen Politian,
And know him well—nor learned nor mirthful he.
He is a dreamer and a man shut out
From common passions.

DI BROGlio. Children, we disagree.
Let us go forth and taste the fragrant air
Of the garden. Did I dream, or did I hear
Politian was a melancholy man?

[Exeunt.]
II.

ROME.—A Lady's apartment, with a window open and looking into a garden. Lalage, in deep mourning, reading at a table on which lie some books and a hand mirror. In the background Jacinta (a servant maid) leans carelessly upon a chair.

LALAGE. Jacinta! is it thou?

JACINTA ['perty']. Yes, Ma'am, I'm here.

LALAGE. I did not know, Jacinta, you were in waiting.

Sit down!—let not my presence trouble you—

Sit down!—for I am humble, most humble.
SCENES FROM "POLITIAN."

JACINTA [aside]. 'Tis time.

[Jacinta seats herself in a side-long manner upon the chair, resting her elbows upon the back, and regarding her mistress with a contemptuous look. Lalage continues to read.]

LALAGE. "It in another climate, so he said,
Bore a bright golden flower, but not i' this soil!"

[Pauses—turns over some leaves, and resumes.

"No lingering winters there, nor snow, nor shower—
But Ocean ever to refresh mankind
Breathes the shrill spirit of the western wind."
O beautiful!—most beautiful!—how like
To what my fevered soul doth dream of Heaven!
O happy land! [Pauses.] She died!—the maiden died!
O still more happy maiden who couldst die!
Jacinta! [Jacinta returns no answer, and Lalage presently resumes.

Again!—a similar tale
Told of a beauteous dame beyond the sea!
Thus speaketh one Ferdinand in the words of the play—
"She died full young"—one Bossola answers him—
"I think not so—her infelicity
Seemed to have years too many"—Ah luckless lady!
Jacinta!

Here's a far sterner story,
But like—oh, very like in its despair—
Of that Egyptian queen, winning so easily
A thousand hearts—losing at length her own.
She died. Thus ended the history—and her maids
Lean over her and weep—two gentle maids
With gentle names—Eiros and Charmion!
Rainbow and Dove!—Jacinta! [Still no answer.]
SCENES FROM "POLITIAN."

JACINTA [pettishly]. Madam, what is it?

LALAGE. Wilt thou, my good Jacinta, be so kind
As go down in the library and bring me
The Holy Evangelists?

JACINTA. Pshaw! [Exit.

LALAGE. If there be balm
For the wounded spirit in Gilead, it is there!
Dew in the night-time of my bitter trouble
Will there be found—"dew sweeter far than that
Which hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill."

[Re-enter JACINTA, and throws a volume on the table.

JACINTA. There, Ma'am, 's the book. Indeed she is very troublesome.

LALAGE [astonished]. What didst thou say, Jacinta? Have I done
aught
To grieve thee or to vex thee?—I am sorry.
For thou hast served me long, and ever been
Trustworthy and respectful. [Resumes her reading.

JACINTA. I can't believe
She has any more jewels—no—no—she gave me all. [Aside.

LALAGE. What didst thou say, Jacinta? Now I bethink me
Thou hast not spoken lately of thy wedding.
How fares good Ugo?—and when is it to be?
Can I do aught?—is there no farther aid
Thou needest, Jacinta?

JACINTA. Is there no farther aid!
That's meant for me. [Aside.] I'm sure, Madam, you need not
Be always throwing those jewels in my teeth.

LALAGE. Jewels! Jacinta,—now indeed, Jacinta,
I thought not of the jewels..
SCENES FROM "POLITIAN."

JACINTA. Oh! perhaps not!
But then I might have sworn it. After all,
There's Ugo says the ring is only paste,
For he's sure the Count Castiglione never
Would have given a real diamond to such as you;
And at the best I'm certain, Madam, you cannot
Have use for jewels now. But I might have sworn it.

[Exit.

[LALAGE bursts into tears, and leans her head upon the
table—after a short pause raises it.

LALAGE. Poor Lalage!—and is it come to this?
Thy servant maid!—but courage!—'tis but a viper
Whom thou hast cherished to sting thee to the soul!

[Taking up the mirror.

Ha! here at least's a friend—too much a friend
In earlier days—a friend will not deceive thee.
Fair mirror and true! now tell me (for thou canst)
A tale—a pretty tale—and heed thou not
Though it be rife with woe. It answers me.
It speaks of sunken eyes, and wasted cheeks,
And Beauty long deceased—remembers me
Of Joy departed—Hope, the Seraph Hope,
Inurned and entombed!—now, in a tone
Low, sad, and solemn, but most audible,
Whispers of early grave untimely yawning
For ruined maid. Fair mirror and true!—thou liest not!
Thou hast no end to gain—no heart to break—
Castiglione lied who said he loved—
Thou true—he false!—false!—false!

[While she speaks, a Monk enters her apartment,
and approaches unobserved.
SCENES FROM "POLITIAN."

MONK. Refuge thou hast,
Sweet daughter! in Heaven. Think of eternal things;
Give up thy soul to penitence, and pray!

LALAGE [arising hurriedly]. I cannot pray!—My soul is at war
with God!
The frightful sounds of merriment below
Disturb my senses—go! I cannot pray—
The sweet airs from the garden worry me!
Thy presence grieves me—go!—thy priestly raiment
Fills me with dread—thy ebony crucifix
With horror and awe!

MONK. Think of thy precious soul!

LALAGE. Think of my early days!—think of my father
And mother in heaven! think of our quiet home,
And the rivulet that ran before the door!
Think of my little sisters!—think of them!
And think of me!—think of my trusting love
And confidence—his vows—my ruin—think—think
Of my unspeakable misery!—begrone!
Yet stay!—yet stay!—what was it thou saidst of prayer
And penitence? Didst thou not speak of faith
And vows before the Throne?

MONK. I did.

LALAGE. 'Tis well.
There is a vow were fitting should be made—
A sacred vow, imperative, and urgent,
A solemn vow!

MONK. Daughter, this zeal is well!

LALAGE. Father, this zeal is anything but well!
Hast thou a crucifix fit for this thing?
A crucifix whereon to register
This sacred vow!

[He hands her his own.
Not that—Oh!—no!—no!—no!—no! [Shuddering.

Not that! Not that!—I tell thee, holy man,
Thy raiments and thy ebony cross affright me!
Stand back! I have a crucifix myself,—
I have a crucifix! Methinks 'twere fitting
The deed—the vow—the symbol of the deed—
And the deed's register should tally, father!

[Draws a cross-handled dagger, and raises it on high.

Behold the cross wherewith a vow like mine
Is written in heaven!

Monk. Thy words are madness, daughter,
And speak a purpose unholy—thy lips are livid—
Thine eyes are wild—tempt not the wrath divine!
Pause ere too late!—oh be not—be not rash!
Swear not the oath—oh swear it not!

Lalage. 'Tis sworn!
III.

An Apartment in a Palace. Politian and Baldazzar.

Baldazzar. Arouse thee now, Politian!
Thou must not—nay, indeed, indeed, thou shalt not
Give way unto these humours. Be thyself!
Shake off the idle fancies that beset thee,
And live, for now thou diest!

Politian. Not so, Baldazzar!

Surely I live.

Surely I live.
Baldazzar. Politian, it doth grieve me.

To see thee thus.

Politian. Baldazzar, it doth grieve me

To give thee cause for grief, my honoured friend.

Command me, Sir! what wouldst thou have me do?

At thy behest I will shake off that nature

Which from my forefathers I did inherit,

Which with my mother's milk I did imbibe,

And be no more Politian, but some other.

Command me, Sir!

Baldazzar. To the field then—to the field—

To the senate or the field.

Politian. Alas! alas!

There is an imp would follow me even there!

There is an imp hath followed me even there!

There is—what voice was that?

Baldazzar. I heard it not.

I heard not any voice except thine own,

And the echo of thine own.

Politian. Then I but dreamed.

Baldazzar. Give not thy soul to dreams: the camp—the court

Befit thee—Fame awaits thee—Glory calls—

And her the trumpet-tongued thou wilt not hear

In hearkening to imaginary sounds

And phantom voices.

Politian. It is a phantom voice!

Didst thou not hear it then?

Baldazzar. I heard it not.

Politian. Thou hearest it not!—Baldazzar, speak no more

To me, Politian, of thy camps and courts.
Oh! I am sick, sick, sick, even unto death,
Of the hollow and high-sounding vanities
Of the populous Earth! Bear with me yet awhile!
We have been boys together—school-fellows—
And now are friends—yet shall not be so long—
For in the eternal city thou shalt do me
A kind and gentle office, and a Power—
A Power august, benignant and supreme—
Shall then absolve thee of all farther duties
Unto thy friend.

BALDAZZAR. Thou speakest a fearful riddle;
I will not understand.

POLITIAN. Yet now as Fate
Approaches, and the Hours are breathing low,
The sands of Time are changed to golden grains,
And dazzle me, Baldazzar. Alas! alas!
I cannot die, having within my heart
So keen a relish for the beautiful
As hath been kindled within it. Methinks the air
Is balmier now than it was wont to be—
Rich melodies are floating in the winds—
A rarer loveliness bedecks the earth—
And with a holier lustre the quiet moon
Sitteth in heaven.—Hist! hist! thou canst not say
Thou hearest not now, Baldazzar?

BALDAZZAR. Indeed I hear not.

POLITIAN. Not hear it!—listen now—listen!—the faintest sound,
And yet the sweetest that ear ever heard!
A lady's voice!—and sorrow in the tone!
Baldazzar, it oppresses me like a spell!
Again!—again!—how solemnly it falls
Into my heart of hearts! that eloquent voice

Surely I never heard—yet it were well
Had I but heard it with its thrilling tones
In earlier days!

BALDAZZAR. I myself hear it now.

Be still!—the voice if I mistake not greatly,
Proceeds from yonder lattice—which you may see
Very plainly through the window—it belongs,
Does it not? unto this palace of the Duke.
The singer is undoubtedly beneath
The roof of his Excellency—and perhaps
Is even that Alessandra of whom he spoke
As the betrothed of Castiglione,
His son and heir.

POLITIAN. Be still!—it comes again!

Voice [very faintly].

"And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus,
Who hath loved thee so long,
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay—say nay!"

BALDAZZAR. The song is English, and I oft have heard it
In merry England—never so plaintively—
Hist! hist! it comes again!

Voice [more loudly].

"Is it so strong
As for to leave me thus,
Who hath loved thee so long,
In wealth and woe among?
And is thy heart so strong
SCENES FROM "POLITIAN."

As for to leave me thus?
   Say nay—say nay!"
Baldazzar. "Tis hushed, and all is still!
Politian. All is not still.
Baldazzar. Let us go down.
Politian. Go down, Baldazzar, go!
Baldazzar. The hour is growing late—the Duke awaits us,—
Thy presence is expected in the hall
Below. What ails thee, Earl Politian?

Voice [distinctly].
   "Who hath loved thee so long,
   In wealth and woe among,
   And is thy heart so strong?
   Say nay—say nay!"

Baldazzar. Let us descend!—'tis time. Politian, give
These fancies to the wind. Remember, pray,
Your bearing lately savoured much of rudeness
Unto the Duke. Arouse thee! and remember!
Let us descend. Believe me, I would give,
Freely would give, the broad lands of my earldom
To look upon the face hidden by yon lattice—
"To gaze upon that veiled face, and hear
Once more that silent tongue."
Baldazzar. Let me beg you, Sir,
Descend with me—the Duke may be offended.
Let us go down, I pray you.

Voice [loudly].
   "Say nay!—say nay!"
SCENES FROM "POLITIAN."

POLITIAN [aside]. 'Tis strange!—'tis very strange—methought the voice
Chimed in with my desires and bade me stay!

[Approaching the window.]

Sweet voice! I heed thee, and will surely stay.
Now be this Fancy, by Heaven, or be it Fate,
Still will I not descend. Baldazzar, make
Apology unto the Duke for me;
I go not down to-night.

BALDAZZAR. Your lordship's pleasure
Shall be attended to. Good night, Politian.

POLITIAN. Good night, my friend, good night.
IV.


Lalage. And dost thou speak of love
To me, Politian?—dost thou speak of love
To Lalage?—ah woe—ah woe is me!
This mockery is most cruel—most cruel indeed!
SCENES FROM "POLITIAN."

POLITIAN. Weep not! oh, sob not thus!—thy bitter tears
Will madden me. Oh mourn not, Lalage—
Be comforted! I know—I know it all,
And still I speak of love. Look at me, brightest,
And beautiful Lalage!—turn here thine eyes!
Thou askest me if I could speak of love,
Knowing what I know, and seeing what I have seen.
Thou askest me that—and thus I answer thee—
Thus on my bended knee I answer thee.
Sweet Lalage, I love thee—love thee—love thee;
Thro' good and ill—thro' weal and woe I love thee.
Not mother, with her first-born on her knee,
Thrills with intenser love than I for thee,
Not on God's altar, in any time or clime,
Burned there a holier fire than burneth now
Within my spirit for thee. And do I love?
Even for thy woes I love thee—even for thy woes—
Thy beauty and thy woes.

LALAGE. Alas, proud Earl,
Thou dost forget thyself, remembering me!
How, in thy father's halls, among the maidens
Pure and reproachless of thy princely line,
Could the dishonoured Lalage abide?
Thy wife, and with a tainted memory—
My seared and blighted name, how would it tally
With the ancestral honours of thy house,
And with thy glory?

POLITIAN. Speak not to me of glory!
I hate—I loathe the name; I do abhor
The unsatisfactory and ideal thing.
Art thou not Lalage, and I Politian?
Do I not love—art thou not beautiful—
What need we more? Ha! glory!—now speak not of it:
By all I hold most sacred and most solemn—
By all my wishes now—my fears hereafter—
By all I scorn on earth and hope in heaven—
There is no deed I would more glory in,
Than in thy cause to scoff at this same glory
And trample it under foot. What matters it—
What matters it, my fairest, and my best,
That we go down unhonoured and forgotten
Into the dust—so we descend together.
Descend together—and then—and then perchance—

LALAGE. Why dost thou pause, Politian?

POLITIAN. And then perchance

Arise together, Lalage, and roam
The starry and quiet dwellings of the blest,
And still—

LALAGE. Why dost thou pause, Politian?

POLITIAN. And still together—together.

LALAGE. Now, Earl of Leicester!

Thou lovest me, and in my heart of hearts
I feel thou Lovest me truly,

POLITIAN. Oh, Lalage! [Throwing himself upon his knee. And Lovest thou me?

LALAGE. Hist! hush! within the gloom
Of yonder trees methought a figure pass’d—
A spectral figure, solemn, and slow, and noiseless—
Like the grim shadow Conscience, solemn and noiseless.

[Walks across and returns.]
SCENES FROM "POLITIAN."

I was mistaken—'twas but a giant bough
Stirred by the autumn wind. Politian!

Politian. My Lalage—my love! why art thou moved?
Why dost thou turn so pale? Not Conscience 'self,
SCENES FROM "POLITIAN."

Far less a shadow which thou likenest to it,
Should shake the firm spirit thus. But the night wind
Is chilly—and these melancholy boughs
Throw over all things a gloom.

LALAGE. Politian!
Thou speakest to me of love. Knowest thou the land
With which all tongues are busy—a land new found—
Miraculously found by one of Genoa—
A thousand leagues within the golden west?
A fairy land of flowers, and fruit, and sunshine,
And crystal lakes, and over-arching forests,
And mountains, around whose towering summits the winds
Of Heaven untrammelled flow—which air to breathe
Is Happiness now, and will be Freedom hereafter
In days that are to come?

POLITIAN. O, wilt thou—wilt thou
Fly to that Paradise—my Lalage, wilt thou
Fly thither with me? There Care shall be forgotten,
And Sorrow shall be no more, and Eros be all.
And life shall then be mine, for I will live
For thee, and in thine eyes—and thou shalt be
No more a mourner—but the radiant Joys
Shall wait upon thee, and the angel Hope
Attend thee ever; and I will kneel to thee
And worship thee, and call thee my beloved,
My own, my beautiful, my love, my wife,
My all;—oh, wilt thou—wilt thou, Lalage,
Fly thither with me?

LALAGE. A deed is to be done—
Castiglione lives!
POLITIAN. And he shall die!

LALAGE [after a pause]. And—he—shall—die!—alas!

Castiglione die? Who spoke the words?
Where am I?—what was it he said?—Politian!
Thou art not gone—thou art not gone, Politian!
I feel thou art not gone—yet dare not look,
Lest I behold thee not; thou couldst not go
With those words upon thy lips—O, speak to me!
And let me hear thy voice—one word—one word,
To say thou art not gone,—one little sentence,
To say how thou dost scorn—how thou dost hate
My womanly weakness. Ha! ha! thou art not gone—
O speak to me! I knew thou wouldst not go.
I knew thou wouldst not, couldst not, durst not go.
Villain, thou art not gone—thou mockest me!
And thus I clutch thee—thus!—He is gone, he is gone—
Gone—gone. Where am I?—'tis well—'tis very well!
So that the blade be keen—the blow be sure,
'Tis well, 'tis very well—alas! alas!
The Suburbs. Politian alone.

POLITIAN. This weakness grows upon me. I am faint, And much I fear me ill—it will not do To die ere I have lived!—Stay—stay thy hand, O Azrael, yet awhile!—Prince of the Powers Of Darkness and the Tomb, O pity me! O pity me! let me not perish now,
In the budding of my Paradisal Hope!
Give me to live yet—yet a little while:
'Tis I who pray for life—I who so late
Demand but to die!—what sayeth the Count?

Enter Baldazzar.

Baldazzar. That, knowing no cause of quarrel or of feud
Between the Earl Politian and himself,
He doth decline your cartel.

Politian. What didst thou say?
What answer was it you brought me, good Baldazzar?
With what excessive fragrance the zephyr comes
Laden from yonder bowers!—a fairer day,
Or one more worthy Italy, methinks
No mortal eyes have seen!—what said the Count?

Baldazzar. That he, Castiglione, not being aware
Of any feud existing, or any cause
Of quarrel between your lordship and himself,
Cannot accept the challenge.

Politian. It is most true—
All this is very true. When saw you, Sir,
When saw you now, Baldazzar, in the frigid
Ungenial Britain which we left so lately,
A heaven so calm as this—so utterly free
From the evil taint of clouds?—and he did say?

Baldazzar. No more, my Lord, than I have told you, Sir,
The Count Castiglione will not fight,
Having no cause for quarrel.

Politian. Now this is true—
All very true. Thou art my friend, Baldazzar,
And I have not forgotten it—thou'lt do me
SCENES FROM "POLITIAN."

A piece of service; wilt thou go back and say
Unto this man, that I, the Earl of Leicester,
Hold him a villain?—thus much, I pr'ythee, say
Unto the Count—it is exceeding just
He should have cause for quarrel.

BALDAZZAR. My Lord!—my friend!——

POLITIAN [aside]. 'Tis he—he comes himself! [aloud] thou reasonest well.

I know what thou wouldst say—not send the message—
Well!—I will think of it—I will not send it.
Now pr'ythee, leave me—hither doth come a person
With whom affairs of a most private nature
I would adjust.

BALDAZZAR. I go—to-morrow we meet,
Do we not?—at the Vatican.

POLITIAN. At the Vatican. [Exit BALDAZZAR.

Enter CASTIGLIONE.

CASTIGLIONE. The Earl of Leicester here!

POLITIAN. I am the Earl of Leicester, and thou seest,
Dost thou not? that I am here.

CASTIGLIONE. My Lord, some strange,
Some singular mistake—misunderstanding—
Hath without doubt arisen: thou hast been urged
Thereby, in heat of anger, to address
Some words most unaccountable, in writing,
To me, Castiglione; the bearer being
Baldaazzar, Duke of Surrey. I am aware
Of nothing which might warrant thee in this thing,
Having given thee no offence. Ha!—am I right?
'Twas a mistake?—undoubtedly—we all
Do err at times.
POLITIAN. Draw, villain, and prate no more!

CASTIGLIONE. Ha!—draw?—and villain? have at thee then at once, Proud Earl! [Draws.

POLITIAN [drawing]. Thus to the expiatory tomb, Untimely sepulchre, I do devote thee In the name of Lalage!

CASTIGLIONE [letting fall his sword and recoiling to the extremity of the stage]. Of Lalage! Hold off—thy sacred hand!—avaunt, I say! Avaunt—I will not fight thee—indeed I dare not.

POLITIAN. Thou wilt not fight with me didst say, Sir Count? Shall I be baffled thus?—now this is well; Didst say thou darest not? Ha!

CASTIGLIONE. I dare not—dare not— Hold off thy hand—with that beloved name So fresh upon thy lips I will not fight thee— I cannot—dare not.

POLITIAN. Now by my halidom I do believe thee!—coward, I do believe thee!

CASTIGLIONE. Ha!—coward!—this may not be! [Clutches his sword, and staggers towards Politian, but his purpose is changed before reaching him, and he falls upon his knee at the feet of the Earl. Alas! my Lord,

It is—it is—most true. In such a cause I am the veriest coward. O pity me!

POLITIAN [greatly softened]. Alas!—I do—indeed I pity thee.

CASTIGLIONE. And Lalage——

POLITIAN. Scoundrel! arise and die!

CASTIGLIONE. It needeth not be—thus—thus—O let me die Thus on my bended knee. It were most fitting
That in this deep humiliation I perish.
For in the fight I will not raise a hand
Against thee, Earl of Leicester. Strike thou home— [Baring his bosom.
Here is no let or hindrance to thy weapon—
Strike home. I will not fight thee.

POLITIAN. Now s'Death and Hell!
Am I not—am I not sorely—grievously tempted
To take thee at thy word? But mark me, Sir,
Think not to fly me thus. Do thou prepare
For public insult in the streets—before
The eyes of the citizens. I'll follow thee—
Like an avenging spirit I'll follow thee
Even unto death. Before those whom thou lovest—
Before all Rome I'll taunt thee, villain,—I'll taunt thee,
Dost hear? with cowardice—thou wilt not fight me?
Thou liest! thou shalt! [Exit.

CASTIGLIONE. Now this indeed is just!
Most righteous, and most just, avenging Heaven!
Private reasons—some of which have reference to the sin of plagiarism, and others to the date of Tennyson's first poems—have induced me, after some hesitation, to republish these, the crude compositions of my earliest boyhood. They are printed verbatim—without alteration from the original edition—the date of which is too remote to be judiciously acknowledged.

E. A. P.
O! nothing earthly save the ray
(Thrown back from flowers) of Beauty's eye,
As in those gardens where the day
Springs from the gems of Circassya—
AL AARAAF.

O! nothing earthly save the thrill
Of melody in woodland rill—
Or (music of the passion-hearted)
Joy's voice so peacefully departed
That, like the murmur in the shell,
Its echo dwelleth and will dwell—
Oh, nothing of the dross of ours—
Yet all the beauty—all the flowers
That list our Love, and deck our bowers—
Adorn yon world afar, afar—
The wandering star.

'Twas a sweet time for Nesace—for there
Her world lay lolling on the golden air,
Near four bright suns—a temporary rest—
An oasis in desert of the blest.
Away—away—'mid seas of rays that roll
Empyrean splendour o'er th' unchained soul—
The soul that scares (the billows are so dense)
Can struggle to its destined eminence—
To distant spheres, from time to time, she rode,
And late to ours, the favoured one of God—
But, now, the ruler of an anchored realm,
She throws aside the sceptre—leaves the helm,
And, amid incense and high spiritual hymns,
Laves in quadruple light her angel limbs.

Now happiest, loveliest in yon lovely Earth,
Whence sprang the "Idea of Beauty" into birth,
(Falling in wreaths thro' many a startled star,
Like woman's hair 'mid pearls, until, afar,
AL AARAAF.

It lit on hills Achaian, and there dwelt)  
She looked into Infinity—and knelt.  
Rich clouds, for canopies, about her curled—  
Fit emblems of the model of her world—  
Seen but in beauty—not impeding sight  
Of other beauty glittering thro' the light—  
A wreath that twined each starry form around,  
And all the opaled air in colour bound.  

All hurriedly she knelt upon a bed  
Of flowers: of lilies such as reared the head  
On the fair Capo Deucato, and sprang  
So eagerly around about to hang  
Upon the flying footsteps of—deep pride—  
Of her who loved a mortal—and so died.  
The Sephalica, budding with young bees,  
Upreared its purple stem around her knees:  
And gemmy flower, of Trebizond misnamed—  
Inmate of highest stars, where erst it shamed  
All other loveliness: its honied dew  
(The fabled nectar that the heathen knew),  
Deliriously sweet, was dropp'd from heaven,  
And fell on gardens of the unforgiven  
In Trebizond—and on a sunny flower  
So like its own above that, to this hour,  
It still remaineth, torturing the bee  
With madness, and unwonted reverie:  
In heaven, and all its environs, the leaf  
And blossom of the fairy plant, in grief  
Disconsolate linger—grief that hangs her head,  
Repenting follies that full long have fled,
Heaving her white breast to the balmy air,
Like guilty beauty, chastened, and more fair:
Nyctanthes too, as sacred as the light
She fears to perfume, perfuming the night:

And Clytia\(^5\) pondering between many a sun,
While pettish tears adown her petals run:
And that aspiring flower\(^6\) that sprang on Earth—
And died, ere scarce exalted into birth,
AL AARAAF.

Bursting its odorous heart in spirit to wing
Its way to heaven, from garden of a king:
And Valisnerian lotus
thither flown
From struggling with the waters of the Rhone:
And thy most lovely purple perfume,
Zante! Isola d’oro! — Fior di Levante!
And the Nelumbo bud that floats for ever;
With Indian Cupid down the holy river—
Fair flowers, and fairy! to whose care is given
To bear the Goddess song, in odours, up to heaven:

SPIRIT! that dwellest where,
   In the deep sky,
The terrible and fair
   In beauty vie!
Beyond the line of blue—
   The boundary of the star
Which turneth at the view
   Of thy barrier and thy bar—
Of the barrier overgone
   By the comets who were cast
From their pride, and from their throne
   To be drudges till the last—
To be carriers of fire
   (The red fire of their heart)
With speed that may not tire,
   And with pain that shall not part—
Who livest — that we know—
   In Eternity — we feel —
AL AARA’AF.

But the shadow of whose brow
   What spirit shall reveal?
Tho’ the beings whom the Nesace,
   Thy messenger hath known,
Have dreamed for thy Infinity
   A model\textsuperscript{11} of their own—
Thy will is done, O God!
   The star hath ridden high
Thro’ many a tempest, but she rode
   Beneath thy burning eye;
And here, in thought, to thee—
   In thought that can alone
Ascend thy empire and so be
   A partner of thy throne—
By winged Fantasy,\textsuperscript{12}
   My embassy is given,
Till secrecy shall knowledge be
   In the environs of Heaven.”

She ceased—and buried then her burning cheek
Abashed, amid the lilies there, to seek
A shelter from the fervour of His eye;
For the stars trembled at the Deity.
She stirred not—breathed not—for a voice was there
How solemnly pervading the calm air!
A sound of silence on the startled ear
Which dreamy poets name “the music of the sphere.”
Ours is a world of words: Quiet we call
“Silence”—which is the merest word of all.
All Nature speaks, and e’en ideal things
Flap shadowy sounds from visionary wings—
But ah! not so when, thus, in realms on high
The eternal voice of God is passing by,
And the red winds are withering in the sky!
AL AARAF.

“What tho’ in worlds which sightless\textsuperscript{13} cycles run, 
Linked to a little system, and one sun—
Where all my love is folly, and the crowd
Still think my terrors but the thunder cloud,
The storm, the earthquake, and the ocean-wrath—
(Ah! will they cross me in my angrier path?)
What tho’ in worlds which own a single sun
The sands of Time grow dimmer as they run,
Yet thine is my resplendency, so given
To bear my secrets thro’ the upper heaven.
Leave tenantless thy crystal home, and fly,
With all thy train, athwart the moony sky—
Apart—like fire-flies\textsuperscript{14} in Sicilian night,
And wing to other worlds another light!
Divulge the secrets of thy embassy
To the proud orbs that twinkle—and so be
To ev’ry heart a barrier and a ban
Lest the stars totter in the guilt of man!”

Up rose the maiden in the yellow night,
The single-mooned eve!—on Earth we plight
Our faith to one love—and one moon adore—
The birth-place of young Beauty had no more.
As sprang that yellow star from downy hours,
Up rose the maiden from her shrine of flowers,
And bent o’er sheeny mountain and dim plain
Her way—but left not yet her Therasæan\textsuperscript{15} reign.
PART II.

High on a mountain of enamelled head—
Such as the drowsy shepherd on his bed
Of giant pasturage lying at his ease,
Raising his heavy eyelid, starts and sees
With many a muttered "hope to be forgiven"
What time the moon is quadrated in heaven—
Of rosy head, that towering far away
Into the sunlit ether, caught the ray
Of sunken suns at eve—at noon of night,
While the moon danced with the fair stranger light—
Upreeard upon such height arose a pile
Of gorgeous columns on th' unburthened air,
Flashing from Parian marble that twin smile
Far down upon the wave that sparkled there,
And nursled the young mountain in its lair.
Of molten stars their pavement, such as fall
Thro' the ebon air, besilvering the pall
Of their own dissolution, while they die—
Adorning then the dwellings of the sky.
A dome, by linkèd light from heaven let down,
Sat gently on these columns as a crown—
A window of one circular diamond, there,
Looked out above into the purple air,
And rays from God shot down that meteor chain
And hallowed all the beauty twice again,
Save when, between th' Empyrean and that ring,
Some eager spirit flapped his dusky wing.
But on the pillars seraph eyes have seen
The dimness of this world: that greyish green
That Nature loves the best for Beauty's grave
Lurked in each cornice, round each architrave—
And every sculptured cherub thereabout,
That from his marble dwelling peerèd out,
Seemed earthly in the shadow of his niche—
Achaian statues in a world so rich?
Friezes from Tadmor and Persepolis—
From Balbec, and the stilly, clear abyss
Of beautiful Gomorrah! O, the wave
Is now upon thee—but too late to save!
AL AARAAF.

Sound loves to revel in a summer night:
Witness the murmur of the grey twilight
That stole upon the ear, in Eyraco,¹⁰
Of many a wild star-gazer long ago—
That stealeth ever on the ear of him
Who, musing, gazeth on the distance dim,
And sees the darkness coming as a cloud—
Is not its form—its voice—most palpable and loud?²⁰

But what is this?—it cometh—and it brings
A music with it—'tis the rush of wings—
A pause—and then a sweeping, falling strain,
And Nesace is in her halls again.
From the wild energy of wanton haste
Her cheeks were flushing, and her lips apart;
And zone that clung around her gentle waist
Had burst beneath the heaving of her heart.
Within the centre of that hall to breathe
She paused and panted, Zanthe! all beneath,
The fairy light that kissed her golden hair
And longed to rest, yet could but sparkle there!

Young flowers were whispering in melody²¹
To happy flowers that night—and tree to tree;
Fountains were gushing music as they fell
In many a star-lit grove, or moon-lit dell;
Yet silence came upon material things—
Fair flowers, bright waterfalls and angel wings—
And sound alone that from the spirit sprang
Bore burthen to the charm the maiden sang:
"'Neath blue-bell or streamer—
   Or tufted wild spray
That keeps, from the dreamer,
   The moonbeam away—
Bright beings! that ponder,
   With half closing eyes
On the stars, which your wonder
   Hath drawn from the skies,
Till they glance thro' the shade, and
   Come down to your brow
Like—eyes of the maiden
   Who calls on you now—
Arise! from your dreaming
   In violet bowers,
To duty beseeing
   These star-litten hours—
And shake from your tresses
   Encumbered with dew
The breath of those kisses
   That cumber them too—
(O! how, without you, Love!)
Could angels be blest?)
Those kisses of true love
   That lulled ye to rest!
Up!—shake from your wing
   Each hindering thing:
The dew of the night—
   It would weigh down your flight
And true love caresses—
   O! leave them apart!
They are light on the tresses,
   But lead on the heart.

"Ligeia! Ligeia!
   My beautiful one!
Whose harshest idea
   Will to melody run,
Oh! is it thy will
   On the breezes to toss?
Or, capriciously still,
   Like the lone Albatross,\textsuperscript{21}
Incumbent on night
   (As she on the air)
To keep watch with delight
   On the harmony there?

"Ligeia! wherever
   Thy image may be,
No magic shall sever
   Thy music from thee.
Thou hast bound many eyes
   In a dreamy sleep—
But the strains still arise
   Which \textit{thy} vigilance keep—
The sound of the rain
   Which leaps down to the flower,
And dances again
   In the rhythm of the shower—
The murmur that springs\textsuperscript{24}
   From the growing of grass
AL AARAAF.

Are the music of things—
    But are modelled, alas!—
Away, then, my dearest,
    Oh! hie thee away
To springs that lie clearest
    Beneath the moon-ray—
To lone lake that smiles,
    In its dream of deep rest,
At the many star-isles
    That enjewel its breast—
Where wild flowers, creeping,
    Have mingled their shade,
On its margin is sleeping
    Full many a maid—
Some have left the cool glade, and
    Have slept with the bee\(^2\)
Arouse them, my maiden,
    On moorland and lea—
Go! breathe on their slumber,
    All softly in ear,
The musical number
    They slumbered to hear—
For what can awaken
    An angel so soon
Whose sleep hath been taken
    Beneath the cold moon,
As the spell which no slumber
    Of witchery may test,
The rhythmical number
    Which lulled him to rest?"
AL AARAAF.

Spirits in wing, and angels to the view,
A thousand seraphs burst th' Empyrean thro',

Young dreams still hovering on their drowsy flight—
Seraphs in all but "Knowledge," the keen light
That fell, refracted, thro' thy bounds, afar,
O Death! from eye of God upon that star:
Sweet was that error—sweeter still that death—
Sweet was that error—c'en with us the breath
AL AARAAF.

Of Science dims the mirror of our joy—
To them 't were the Simoon, and would destroy—
For what (to them) availeth it to know
That Truth is Falsehood—or that Bliss is Woe?
Sweet was their death—with them to die was rife
With the last ecstasy of satiate life—
Beyond that death no immortality—
But sleep that pondereth and is not "to be"—
And there—oh! may my weary spirit dwell—
Apart from Heaven's Eternity—and yet how far from Hell? 126
What guilty spirit, in what shrubbery dim,
Heard not the stirring summons of that hymn?
But two: they fell: for Heaven no grace imparts
To those who hear not for their beating hearts.
A maiden-angel and her seraph-lover—
O! where (and ye may seek the wide skies over)
Was Love, the blind, near sober Duty known?
Unguided Love hath fallen—'mid "tears of perfect moan." 127

He was a goodly spirit—he who fell:
A wanderer by mossy-mantled well—
A gazer on the lights that shine above—
A dreamer in the moonbeam by his love:
What wonder? for each star is eye-like there,
And looks so sweetly down on Beauty's hair—
And they and ev'ry mossy spring were holy
To his love-haunted heart and melancholy.
The night had found (to him a night of woe)
Upon a mountain crag, young Angelo—
Beetling it bends athwart the solemn sky,
And scowls on starry worlds that down beneath it lie.
AL AARAAF.

Here sat he with his love—his dark eye bent
With eagle gaze along the firmament:
Now turned it upon her—but ever then
It trembled to the orb of EARTH again.

"Ianthe, dearest, see! how dim that ray!
How lovely 'tis to look so far away!
She seemed not thus upon that autumn eve
I left her gorgeous halls—nor mourned to leave.
That eve—that eve—I should remember well.—
The sun-ray dropped, in Lemnos, with a spell
On th' arabesque carving of a gilded hall
Wherein I sat, and on the draperied wall—
And on my eye-lids—O the heavy light!
Hów drowsily it weighed them into night!
On flowers, before, and mist, and love they ran
With Persian Saadi in his Gulistan!
But O that light!—I slumber'd—Death, the while
Stole o'er my senses in that lovely isle,
So softly that no single silken hair
Awoke that slept—or knew that he was there.

"The last spot of Earth's orb I trod upon
Was a Proud temple called the Parthenon
More beauty clung around her column'd wall
Than e'en thy glowing bosom beats withal:
And when old Time my wing did disenthral,
Thence sprang I—as the eagle from his tower,
And years I left behind me in an hour.
What time upon her airy bounds I hung
One half the garden of her globe was flung,
Unrolling as a chart unto my view—
Tenantless cities of the desert too!
Ianthe, beauty crowded on me then,
And half I wished to be again of men."

"My Angelo! and why of them to be?"
A brighter dwelling-place is here for thee—
And greener fields than in yon world above,
And woman's loveliness—and passionate love."
But, list, Iaethe! when the air so soft
Failed, as my pennon’d spirit leapt aloft,\(^3\)
Perhaps my brain grew dizzy—but the world
I left so late was into chaos hurled—
Sprang from her station, on the winds apart,
And rolled, a flame, the fiery heaven athwart.
Methought, my sweet one, then I ceased to soar,
And fell—not swiftly as I rose before,
But with a downward, tremulous motion thro’
Light, brazen rays, this golden star unto!
Nor long the measure of my falling hours,
For nearest of all stars was thine to ours—
Dread star! that came, amid a night of mirth,
A red Dædalion on the timid Earth.

"We came—and to thy Earth—but not to us
Be given our lady’s bidding to discuss:
We came, my love; around, above, below,
Gay fire-fly of the night we come and go,
Nor ask a reason save the angel-nod
She grants to us, as granted by her God—
But, Angelo, than thine grey Time unfurled
Never his fairy wing o’er fairier world!
Dim was its little disk, and angel eyes
Alone could see the phantom in the skies,
When first Al Aaraaf knew her course to be
Headlong thitherward o’er the starry sea—
But when its glory swelled upon the sky,
As glowing Beauty’s bust beneath man’s eye,
We paused before the heritage of men,
And thy star trembled—as doth Beauty then!"
AL AARAAF.

Thus, in discourse, the lovers whiled away
The night that waned and waned and brought no day.
They fell: for Heaven to them no hope imparts
Who hear not for the beating of their hearts.

SONNET—TO SCIENCE.

SCIENCE! true daughter of Old Time thou art!
Who alterest all things with thy peering eyes.
Why preyst thou thus upon the poet's heart,
Vulture, whose wings are dull realities?
How should he love thee? or how deem thee wise,
Who wouldst not leave him in his wandering
To seek for treasure in the jewelled skies,
Albeit he soared with an undaunted wing?
Hast thou not dragged Diana from her car?
And driven the Hamadryad from the wood
To seek a shelter in some happier star?
Hast thou not torn the Naiad from her flood,
The Elfin from the green grass, and from me
The summer dream beneath the tamarind tree?
TO THE RIVER

Fair river! in thy bright, clear flow
Of crystal, wandering water,
TO THE RIVER ———.

Thou art an emblem of the glow
   Of beauty—the unhidden heart—
   The playful maziness of art
   In old Alberto's daughter;

But when within thy wave she looks—
   Which glistens then, and trembles—
Why, then, the prettiest of brooks
   Her worshipper resembles;
For in his heart, as in thy stream,
   Her image deeply lies—
His heart which trembles at the beam
   Of her soul-searching eyes.
TAMERLANE.

I.

Kind solace in a dying hour!
Such, father, is not (now) my theme—
I will not madly deem that power
Of Earth may shrive me of the sin
Unearthly pride hath revelled in—
I have no time to dote or dream:
You call it hope—that fire of fire!
It is but agony of desire:
If I can hope—Oh God! I can—
Its fount is holier—more divine—
I would not call thee fool, old man,
But such is not a gift of thine.

II.

Know thou the secret of a spirit
Bowed from its wild pride into shame.
O yearning heart! I did inherit
Thy withering portion with the fame,
The searing glory which hath shone
Amid the Jewels of my throne,
Halo of Hell! and with a pain
Not Hell shall make me fear again—
O craving heart, for the lost flowers
And sunshine of my summer hours!
The undying voice of that dead time,
With its interminable chime,
Rings, in the spirit of a spell,
Upon thy emptiness—a knell.

III.

I have not always been as now,
The fevered diadem on my brow
   I claimed and won usurpingly—-
Hath not the same fierce heirdom given
   Rome to the Caesar—this to me?
   The heritage of a kingly mind,
And a proud spirit which hath striven
   Triumphantly with human kind.

IV.

On mountain soil I first drew life:
   The mists of the Taglay have shed
   Nightly their dews upon my head,
And, I believe, the wingèd strife
And tumult of the headlong air
Have nestled in my very hair.
TAMERLANE.

V.

So late from Heaven—that dew—it fell
(’Mid dreams of an unholy night)
Upon me with the touch of Hell,
While the red flashing of the light
From clouds that hung, like banners, o’er,
Appeared to my half-closing eye
The pageantry of monarchy,
And the deep trumpet-thunder’s roar
Came hurriedly upon me, telling
Of human battle, where my voice—
My own voice, silly child!—was swelling
(O! how my spirit would rejoice,
And leap within me at the cry)
The battle-cry of Victory!

VI.

The rain came down upon my head
Unsheltered—and the heavy wind
Rendered me mad and deaf and blind.
It was but man, I thought, who shed
Laurels upon me: and the rush—
The torrent of the chilly air
Gurgled within my ear the crush
Of empires—with the captive’s prayer—
The hum of suitors—and the tone
Of flattery round a sovereign’s throne.

VII.

My passions, from that hapless hour,
Usurped a tyranny which men
TAMERLANE.

Have deemed, since I have reached to power,
   My innate nature—be it so:
But, father, there lived one who, then,
Then—in my boyhood—when their fire
   Burned with a still intenser glow
(For passion must, with youth, expire),
   E’en then who knew this iron heart
In woman’s weakness had a part.

VIII.
I have no words—alas!—to tell
The loveliness of loving well!
Nor would I now attempt to trace
The more than beauty of a face
Whose lineaments, upon my mind,
   Are—shadows on th’ unstable wind
Thus I remember having dwelt
   Some page of early lore upon,
With loitering eye, till I have felt
The letters—with their meaning—melt
   To fantasies—with none.

IX.
O, she was worthy of all love!
   Love as in infancy was mine—
’T was such as angel minds above
   Might envy; her young heart the shrine
On which my every hope and thought
   Were incense—then a goodly gift,
For they were childish and upright—
Pure—as her young example taught:
Why did I leave it, and, adrift,
Trust to the fire within, for light?

We grew in age—and love—together—
Roaming the forest, and the wild;
TAMERLANE.

My breast her shield in wintry weather—
And, when the friendly sunshine smiled,
And she would mark the opening skies,
I saw no Heaven—but in her eyes.

XI.

Young Love's first lesson is—the heart:
For 'mid that sunshine, and those smiles,
When, from our little cares apart,
And laughing at her girlish wiles,
I'd throw me on her throbbing breast,
And pour my spirit out in tears—
There was no need to speak the rest—
No need to quiet any fears
Of her—who asked no reason why,
But turned on me her quiet eye!

XII.

Yet more than worthy of the love
My spirit struggled with, and strove,
When, on the mountain peak, alone,
Ambition lent it a new tone—
I had no being—but in thee:
The world, and all it did contain
In the earth—the air—the sea—
Its joy—its little lot of pain
That was new pleasure—the ideal,
Dim, vanities of dreams by night—
And dimmer nothings which were real—
(Shadows—and a more shadowy light!)
TAMERLANE.

Parted upon their misty wings,
And so, confusedly, became
Thine image and—a name—a name!
Two separate—yet most intimate things.

XIII.

I was ambitious—have you known
The passion, father? You have not:
A cottager, I marked a throne
Of half the world as all my own,
And murmured at such lowly lot—
But, just like any other dream,
Upon the vapour of the dew
My own had past, did not the beam
Of beauty which did while it thro’
The minute—the hour—the day—oppress
My mind with double loveliness.

XIV.

We walked together on the crown
Of a high mountain which looked down
Afar from its proud natural towers
Of rock and forest, on the hills—
The dwindled hills! begirt with bowers,
And shouting with a thousand rills.

XV.

I spoke to her of power and pride,
But mystically—in such guise
TAMERLANE.

That she might deem it nought beside
The moment's converse; in her eyes
I read, perhaps too carelessly—
A mingled feeling with my own—

The flush on her bright cheek to me
Seemed to become a queenly throne,
Too well that I should let it be
Light in the wilderness alone.
XVI.
I wrapped myself in grandeur then,
And donned a visionary crown—
Yet it was not that Fantasy
Had thrown her mantle over me—
But that, among the rabble—men,
Lion ambition is chained down—
And crouches to a keeper’s hand—
Not so in deserts where the grand—
The wild—the terrible conspire
With their own breath to fan his fire.

XVII.
Look round thee now on Samarcand!—
Is she not queen of Earth? her pride
Above all cities? in her hand
Their destinies! in all beside
Of glory which the world hath known
Stands she not nobly and alone?
Falling—her veriest stepping-stone
Shall form the pedestal of a throne—
And who her sovereign? Timour—he
Whom the astonished people saw
Striding o’er empires haughtily
A diademed outlaw!

XVIII.
O human love! thou spirit given,
On Earth, of all we hope in heaven!
TAMERLANE.

Which fall'st into the soul like rain
Upon the Siroc-withered plain,
And, failing in thy power to bless,
But leav'st the heart a wilderness!
Idea! which bindest life around
With music of so strange a sound
And beauty of so wild a birth—
Farewell! for I have won the Earth.

XIX.

When Hope, the eagle that towered, could see
No cliff beyond him in the sky,
His pinions were bent droopingly—
And homeward turned his softened eye.
'Twas sunset: when the sun will part
There comes a sullenness of heart
To him who still would look upon
The glory of the summer sun.
That soul will hate the ev'ning mist
So often lovely, and will list
To the sound of the coming darkness (known
To those whose spirits hearken) as one
Who, in a dream of night, would fly,
But cannot, from a danger nigh.

XX.

What tho' the moon—the white moon
Shed all the splendour of her noon,
Her smile is chilly—and her beam,
In that time of dreariness, will seem
(So like you gather in your breath)
A portrait taken after death.
And boyhood is a summer sun
Whose waning is the dreariest one—
For all we live to know is known,
And all we seek to keep hath flown—
Let life, then, as the day-flower, fall
With the noon-day beauty—which is all.

XXI.
I reached my home—my home no more—
   For all had flown who made it so.
I passed from out its mossy door,
   And, tho’ my tread was soft and low,
A voice came from the threshold stone
Of one whom I had earlier known—
O, I defy thee, Hell, to show
On beds of fire that burn below,
An humbler heart—a deeper woe.

XXII.
Father, I firmly do believe—
   I know—for Death who comes for me
   From regions of the blest afar,
Where there is nothing to deceive,
   Hath left his iron gate ajar,
And rays of truth you cannot see
   ‘Are flashing thro’ Eternity—
I do believe that Eblis hath
A snare in every human path—
Else how, when in the holy grove
I wandered of the idol, Love.
Who daily scents his snowy wings
With incense of burnt offerings
From the most unpolluted things,
Whose pleasant bowers are yet so riven
Above with trellised rays from Heaven
No mote may shun—no tiniest fly—
The lightning of his eagle eye—
How was it that Ambition crept,
    Unseen, amid the revels there,
Till growing bold, he laughed and leapt
    In the tangles of Love's very hair?
TO ——.

The bowers whereat, in dreams, I see
   The wantonest singing birds,
Are lips—and all thy melody
   Of lip-begotten words——

148
Thine eyes, in Heaven of heart enshrined,
   Then desolately fall,
O God! on my funeral mind
   Like starlight on a pall—

Thy heart—thy heart!—I wake and sigh,
   And sleep to dream till day
Of the truth that gold can never buy—
   Of the baubles that it may.
A DREAM.

In visions of the dark night
I have dreamed of joy departed—
But a waking dream of life and light
Hath left me broken-hearted.

Ah! what is not a dream by day
To him whose eyes are cast
On things around him with a ray
Turned back upon the past?

That holy dream—that holy dream,
While all the world were chiding,
Hath cheered me as a lovely beam
A lonely spirit guiding.

What though that light, thro’ storm and night,
So trembled from afar—
What could there be more purely bright
In Truth’s day-star?
ROMANCE.

ROMANCE, who loves to nod and sing,
   With drowsy head and folded wing,
 Among the green leaves as they shake
 Far down within some shadowy lake,
 To me a painted paroquet
 Hath been—a most familiar bird—
 Taught me my alphabet to say—
 To lisp my very earliest word
 While in the wild wood I did lie,
 A child—with a most knowing eye.

Of late, eternal Condor years
 So shake the very heaven on high
 With tumult as they thunder by,
 I have no time for idle cares
 Through gazing on the unquiet sky.
 And when an hour with calmer wings
 Its down upon my spirit flings—
ROMANCE.

That little time with lyre and rhyme.
To while away—forbidden things!
My heart would feel to be a crime
Unless it trembled with the strings.
FAIRY-LAND.

Dim vales—and shadowy floods—
And cloudy-looking woods,
Whose forms we can't discover
For the tears that drip all over—
Huge moons there wax and wane—
Again—again—again—
Every moment of the night—
For ever changing places—
And they put out the star-light
With the breath from their pale faces.
About twelve by the moon-dial
One more filmy than the rest
(A kind which, upon trial,
They have found to be the best)
Comes down—still down—and down
With its centre on the crown
Of a mountain's eminence,
While its wide circumference
In easy drapery falls
Over hamlets, over halls,
FAIRY-LAND.

Wherever they may be—
O'er the strange woods—o'er the sea—
Over spirits on the wing—
Over every drowsy thing—

And buries them up quite
In a labyrinth of light—
And then, how deep!—O, deep!
Is the passion of their sleep.
In the morning they arise,
And their moony covering
Is soaring in the skies,
With the tempests as they toss,
Like—almost any thing—
Or a yellow Albatross.
They use that moon no more
For the same end as before—
Videlicet a tent—
Which I think extravagant:
Its atomies, however,
Into a shower dissever,
Of which those butterflies
Of Earth, who seek the skies,
And so come down again,
(Never-contented things!)
Have brought a specimen
Upon their quivering wings.
THE LAKE.

TO —

In spring of youth it was my lot
To haunt of the wide world a spot
The which I could not love the less—
So lovely was the loneliness
Of a wild lake, with black rock bound,
And the tall pines that towered around.

But when the Night had thrown her pall
Upon that spot, as upon all,
And the mystic wind went by
Murmuring in melody—
Then—ah then I would awake
To the terror of the lone lake.

Yet that terror was not fright.
But a tremulous delight—
A feeling not the jewelled mine
Could teach or bribe me to define—
Nor Love—although the Love were thine.

Death was in that poisonous wave,
And in its gulf a fitting grave
For him who thence could solace bring
To his lone imagining—
Whose solitary soul could make
An Eden of that dim lake.
SONG.

SAW thee on thy bridal day—
    When a burning blush came o'er thee,
Though happiness around thee lay,
    The world all love before thee:

And in thine eye a kindling light
    (Whatever it might be)
Was all on Earth my aching sight
    Of Loveliness could see.

That blush, perhaps, was maiden shame—
    As such it well may pass—
Though its glow hath raised a fiercer flame
    In the breast of him, alas!

Who saw thee on that bridal day,
    When that deep blush would come o'er thee,
Though happiness around thee lay,
    The world all love before thee.
TO M. L. S.—

F all who hail thy presence as the morning—
Of all to whom thine absence is the night—
The blotting utterly from out high heaven
The sacred sun—of all who, weeping, bless thee
Hourly for hope—for life—ah! above all,
For the resurrection of deep-buried faith
In Truth—in Virtue—in Humanity—
Of all who, on Despair’s unhallowed bed
Lying down to die, have suddenly arisen
At thy soft-murmured words, “Let there be light!”
At the soft-murmured words that were fulfilled
In the seraphic glancing of thine eyes—
Of all who owe thee most—whose gratitude
Nearest resembles worship—oh, remember
The truest—the most fervently devoted,
And think that these weak lines are written by him—
By him who, as he pens them, thrills to think
His spirit is communing with an angel’s.
TO HELEN.

HELEN, thy beauty is to me
   Like those Nicéan barks of yore
That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,
   The weary way-worn wanderer bore
   To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,
   Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,
Thy Naiad airs have brought me home
   To the glory that was Greece,
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo, in yon brilliant window-niche
   How statue-like I see thee stand,
The agate lamp within thy hand
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which
   Are holy-land!
NOTES TO AL AARAAF.

Note 1 page 113. Al Aaraaf.

A star was discovered by Tycho Brahe which appeared suddenly in the heavens —attained, in a few days, a brilliancy surpassing that of Jupiter—then as suddenly disappeared, and has never been seen since.

2 P. 115. On the fair Capo Deucato.

On Santa Maura—olim Deucadia.

3 P. 115. Of her who loved a mortal—and so died. —Sappho.

4 P. 115. And gemmy flower, of Trebizond misnamed.

This flower is much noticed by Leuwenhoek and Tournefort. The bee, feeding upon its blossom, becomes intoxicated.
NOTES.

P. 116. *And Clytia pondering between many a sun.*

Clytia—The Chrysanthemum Peruvianum, or, to employ a better-known term—the turnsol—which turns continually towards the sun, covers itself, like Peru, the country from which it comes, with dewy clouds which cool and refresh its flowers during the most violent heat of the day.—*B. de St. Pierre.*

6 P. 117. *And that aspiring flower that sprang on Earth.*

There is cultivated in the king’s garden at Paris, a species of serpentine aloes without prickles, whose large and beautiful flower exhales a strong odour of the vanilla, during the time of its expansion, which is very short. It does not blow till towards the month of July—you then perceive it gradually open its petals—expand them—fade and die.—*St. Pierre.*

7 P. 117. *And Valisnerian lotus thither flown.*

There is found, in the Rhone, a beautiful lily of the Valisnerian kind. Its stem will stretch to the length of three or four feet—thus preserving its head above water in the swellings of the river.

8 P. 117. *And thy most lovely purple perfume, Zante!*—The Hyacinth.

9 P. 117. *And the Nelumbo bud that floats for ever; With Indian Cupid down the holy river.*

It is a fiction of the Indians, that Cupid was first seen floating in one of these down the river Ganges—and that he still loves the cradle of his childhood.
NOTES.

10 P. 117. To bear the Goddess' song, in odours, up to heaven.

"And golden vials full of odours which are the prayers of the saints."—Rev. St. John.

11 P. 118. A model of their own.

The Humanitarians held that God was to be understood as having really a human form.—Vide Clarke's Sermons, vol. i. page 26, fol. edit.

The drift of Milton's argument leads him to employ language which would appear, at first sight, to verge upon their doctrine; but it will be seen immediately, that he guards himself against the charge of having adopted one of the most ignorant errors of the dark ages of the Church.—Dr. Sumner's Notes on Milton's Christian Doctrine.

This opinion, in spite of many testimonies to the contrary, could never have been very general. Anteus, a Syrian of Mesopotamia, was condemned for the opinion, as heretical. He lived in the beginning of the fourth century. His disciples were called Anthropomorphites.—Vide Du Pin.

Among Milton's minor poems are these lines:

"Dicite sacrorum presides nemorum Deæ, &c.
Quis ille primus cujus ex imagine
Natura solers finxit humanum genus?
Eternus, incorruptus, sævævus polo,
Unusque et universus exemplar Dei."

And afterwards,—

"Non cui profundum Caætas lumen dedit
Direæus augur vidit hunc alto sinu," &c.

12 P. 118. By winged Fantasy.

Seltsamen Tochter Jovis
Seinem Schosskinde
Der Phantasie.—Göthe.
NOTES.

13 P. 120. *What tho' in worlds which sightless cycles run.*

Sightless—too small to be seen.—*Legge.*

14 P. 120. *Apart—like fire-flies in Sicilian night.*

I have often noticed a peculiar movement of the fire-flies;—they will collect in a body and fly off, from a common centre, into innumerable radii.

15 P. 120. *Her way—but left not yet her Therasæan reign.*

Therasæa, or Thersea, the island mentioned by Seneca, which, in a moment, arose from the sea to the eyes of astonished mariners.

16 P. 122. *Of molten stars their pavement, such as fall.*

*Thro' the ebon air.*

Some star which, from the ruin'd roof
Of shaked Olympus, by mischance, did fall.—*Milton.*

17 P. 122. *Friezea from Tadmor and Persepolis.*

Voltaire, in speaking of Persepolis, says, "Je connais bien l'admiration qu'inspirent ces ruines—mais un palais érigé au pied d'une chaine des rochers stérils—peut-il être un chef-d'œuvre des arts?"
NOTES.

18 P. 122. Of beautiful Gomorrah! O, the wave.

"Oh! the wave"—Ula Deguisi is the Turkish appellation; but, on its own shores, it is called Bahar Loth, or Almotanah. There were undoubtedly more than two cities engulfed in the "Dead Sea." In the valley of Siddim were five—Adrah, Zeboin, Zoar, Sodom and Gomorrah. Stephen of Byzantium mentions eight, and Strabo thirteen (engulfed)—but the last is out of all reason.

It is said, [Tacitus, Strabo, Josephus, Daniel of St. Saba, Nau, Maundrell, Troilo, D'Arvieux] that after an excessive drought, the vestiges of columns, walls, &c., are seen above the surface. At any season, such remains may be discovered by looking down into the transparent lake, and at such distances as would argue the existence of many settlements in the space now usurped by the "Asphaltites."

19 P. 123. That stole upon the ear, in Eyraco.]—Eyraco—Chaldeæ.

20 P. 123. Is not its form—its voice—most palpable and loud?

I have often thought I could distinctly hear the sound of the darkness as it stole over the horizon.

21 P. 123. Young flowers were whispering in melody.

Fairies use flowers for their charactery.—Merry Wives of Windsor.

22 P. 124. The moonbeam away.

In Scripture is this passage—"The sun shall not harm thee by day, nor the moon by night." It is perhaps not generally known that the moon, in Egypt, has the effect of producing blindness to those who sleep with the face exposed to its rays, to which circumstance the passage evidently alludes.
NOTES.

23 P. 125. Like the lone Albatross.

The Albatross is said to sleep on the wing.

24 P. 125. The murmure that springs.

I met with this idea in an old English tale, which I am now unable to obtain, and quote from memory:—"The verie essence and, as it were, springe-heade and origine of all musiche is the verie pleasaunte sounde which the trees of the forest do make when they growe."

26 P. 126. Have slept with the bee.

The wild bee will not sleep in the shade if there be moonlight.

The rhyme in this verse, as in one about sixty lines before, has an appearance of affectation. It is, however, imitated from Sir W. Scott, or rather from Claud Halcro—in whose mouth I admired its effect:

O! were there an island,
Tho' ever so wild,
Where woman might smile, and
No man be beguiled, &c.

25 P. 128. Apart from Heaven's Eternity—and yet how far from Hell!

With the Arabians there is a medium between Heaven and Hell, where men suffer no punishment, but yet do not attain that tranquil and even happiness which they suppose to be characteristic of heavenly enjoyment.

Un no rompido sueno—
Un dia puro—allegre—libre
Quiera—
Libre de amor—le zelo—
De odio—de esperanza—de rezelo.—*Luis Ponce de Leon.*
NOTES.

Sorrow is not excluded from "Al Aaraaf," but it is that sorrow which the living love to cherish for the dead, and which, in some minds, resembles the delirium of opium. The passionate excitement of Love and the buoyancy of spirit attendant upon intoxication are its less holy pleasures—the price of which, to those souls who make choice of "Al Aaraaf" as their residence after life, is final death and annihilation.

27 P. 128. Unguided Love hath fallen—'mid "tears of perfect moan."
There be tears of perfect moan
Wept for thee in Helicon.—Milton.

28 P. 129. Was a proud temple called the Parthenon.
It was entire in 1687—the most elevated spot in Athens.

29 P. 129. Than e'en thy glowing bosom beats withal.
Shadowing more beauty in their airy brows
Than have the white breasts of the Queen of Love.—Marlowe.

30 P. 130. Failed, as my pennoned spirit leapt aloft.
Pennon—for pinion.—Milton.