

ON YARROW BRAES.

THE wind, the summer wind of June,
Was on our cheeks as, in the heathier,
We lay that happy afternoon
On Yarrow braes together.

Far down below was Yarrow Manse,
Within its little woodland hiding,
And by it, like a silver glance,
The stream itself was gliding.

And farther up in greyer light,
The "dowie dens" lay in their shadow,
And only half made out to sight
By spots of corn and meadow.

And Tinnis hill rose huge and steep,
Its ridge against the sky receding;
And white upon its breast the sheep
By twos and threes were feeding.

Westward from Yarrow Kirk, within
A field that speaks of love and loving,
A single stone was seen to win
The eye from all its roving.

Ah! well it might, for round that stone
Such tender consecration hovers,
That love might rest his cheek thereon
And weep for hapless lovers.

And in the wind, that came and went,
We heard a music weird and lonely;
The past was in its tones and blent
With human sorrow only.

And pity for all things that love
Has set in legendary story,

ON YARROW BRAES

To haunt grey crag and hill, and move
Round ruins black and hoary.

The dim old world of song that sings
Of tender love in old romances,
Was with us, touching all the strings
That woke our saddest fancies.

We heard the sounds of wail and pain,
Faint from that far-off time of sorrow;
The misty years came back again,
And looked with us on Yarrow.

All this, and more, that summer day,
Was with us as among the heather,
A ballad on our lips, we lay
On Yarrow braes together.

AN OLD COPY OF DANTE.

AN old worn copy of Dante,
With its faded pencil notes,
But yet from out its pages
A stern high music floats.

And my thoughts, along with the music
Which the great sad poet sings,
Flow back to a time that mingles
With the crash of railway things.

A time as thin as a shadow,
And so very far away
That it seems but a strange faint echo
That is heard from a former day.

Only this copy of Dante,
Which I have not seen for years,

AN OLD COPY OF DANTE

Brings back in fitful snatches
A season of hopes and fears.

When I would out and in from toiling
By the Tuscan followed be,
And slowly, slowly his music
Unfolded its secret to me.

Ah, these were years of striving
If striving were ever mine,
Yet my footsteps were led by the footsteps
Of the mighty Florentine.

He spake in an unknown language,
In a strange sad melody,
And I had to learn it as children
Their own by their mother's knee.

I went through the threefold vision
Of pain and sorrow and love,
And stood at last with the poet
In the paradise above.

And yet it but seems like a shadow
Of things that can never be—
Did I ever work on a railway?
And did Dante follow me?

THE BLIND READER.

JUST at the corner of the street,
Where meet the tides of human feet,
She sits; a pity on her face,
That will not pass nor change its place,
Rests, mixing with a look that fain
Would hint of uncomplaining pain;

THE BLIND READER

And that expectant gaze that lies
Forever in unseeing eyes,
As if in thought she, too, must wait
Beside the thronging city gate,
For Him, whose gentle finger-tips
Once drew from eyes their long eclipse.
All this is on her pale sad face,
As still her thin white fingers trace
The words her patient lips repeat
To passers-by upon the street,
Who hear them not, or, if they hear,
It is but with a feverish ear,
That, deadened with the city's din,
Has lost the power of drinking in
Those quiet messages that speak
Of comfort to the worn and weak.
Thus, day by day, she sits and reads,
A tone within her voice that pleads;
And, just at times for listeners
Who look up to those eyes of hers,
Children, who gather round her knee,
In silent awe to hear and see,
And watch with motionless surprise
Her speaking lips and sightless eyes.
Is it the story as of old,
In answer to the over-bold,
That Truth, before she bows her head
To enter with her gracious tread,
To give her welcome sweet and fair,
Must find a child's heart beating there?

AN APRIL SONGSTER.

I HEAR the lark to-day; he sings
 Against a hazy April cloud—
The glorious little soul with wings!
 Who sings so sweet and clear and loud,
That all the fields that lie around
Seem tingling with melodious sound.

I see him not, nor do I care
 To strain with upward view the sight.
Enough for me to know the air
 Is full of his intense delight.
I stand, nor do I care to miss
One falling rapture of his bliss.

He sings; the snow is on the hill,
 And over hedge and tree is seen,
When Spring has wandered at her will,
 A prophecy of misty green,
In which a bud or two displays
A soft desire for summer days.

But he—he knows that thus to pipe
 Brings on the summer that shall be,
That all his perfect song is ripe
 To wake the grass and touch the tree,
Until the toying day-wind weaves
A web of universal leaves.

All this he knows, and hence his song
 Throbs with the joy of what it brings;
And, being hid himself among
 The folding of the clouds, he sings
Knowing full well his song will be
The deeper for its mystery.

AN APRIL SONGSTER

Thou poet of heaven, for of this earth
We deem thee not: I stand to-day
With all the ripple of thy mirth
Around, and, driving thoughts away,
Hearing thy glorious music fall
In one continuous madrigal.

And as I listen in this mood
I leap to feel thy minstrel strain
Draw the street-fever from the blood,
The city from the weary brain,
Till I am left such boon to bless,
Full of unthinking happiness.

LIKE MISTS THAT TRAIL.

LIKE mists that trail along the hill,
Dim playthings for the winds to toss,
We pass away, and all is still,
Our little circle suffers loss.

A newer grave is in the plot
Men set apart to hold their dead,
Another shares the common lot,
And all is said that can be said.

The days come in, the days go out,
They make the years, the years go by;
Our very name is touched with doubt,
But still the light is in the sky.

We take our fate, whatever shape
The gods may mould our fleeting breath;
And yet, like him who fought the Cape,*
I cannot round this point of death.

* *Vasco da Gama.*

LIKE MISTS THAT TRAIL

A coward I—I dare not sing,
Of battlefields and blood and war;
Nor lay my finger on the string
That hymns the god of things that are.

My pulse is weak, I lack the strength
To grasp the force of human things,
And, being weak, I touch, at length,
With feeble fingers feebler strings.

I have no vision, I but see
The narrow range of narrow creeds,
And cannot grasp the things that be
Nor know the spirit of their needs.

I stand not on the hill; I keep
The valley, where all things are sweet
And all the winds have gentler sweep—
I leave the heights to bolder feet.

I dare not follow where they climb—
Those eager spirits in whose eyes
The thirst to solve this world and time
Far down like stricken hunger lies.

They front the light and in that light
They solve it, each within his breast;
And after all their weary fight
They put their armour off and rest.

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

SHADOW and light are lying
On all the hills I see;
Flicker of shadow and sunshine
On wood and stream and tree.

SHADOW AND SUNSHINE

And I who am lying watching,
With a dreamer's idle eye,
The changes coming and going
Between the earth and sky.

I think of the human ocean
With its dreary ebb and flow,
Foam on the crests of the surges,
And dead men lying below.

Flicker of light and shadow,
On wood and stream and tree;
Coming and going of changes
As far as the eye can see.

What is it all but a symbol
Of your petty hopes and fears,
A rainbow over the shadows,
And sunshine through our tears.

IN THE LIGHT OF BOYHOOD.

I LAY where the winds were seeking
The nooks of the streams they love;
The shadows were slowly shifting
With the great white clouds above.

Afar in the hazy distance
The slanting sunlight fell,
And meadow and field and woodland
Were underneath its spell.

Beneath me the long sweet valley
Lay wide to the dreaming eye,
And through it the river was shining
Like a mirror turned up to the sky.

IN THE LIGHT OF BOYHOOD

The winds in fitful pauses,
Came slowly up the stream,
They touched the ferns with their footsteps
Then left them again to dream.

The thick green grass beside me,
At once with life grew full;
The blue-bells nodded together,
And a ripple ran over the pool.

It was a time for a dreamer
To have no thoughts of men,
To let the fancy go backward
To the early time again.

When field and meadow and woodland,
And the golden stream at my feet,
Lay warm in the light of boyhood
And a glory once so sweet.

THE LARK'S SONG.

THE winds have their sweetest whisper,
This golden summer day,
And the yellow corn is bowing
Wherever their footsteps stray.

The lark above me is singing,
As only a lark can sing,
When the sweet blue vault is above him,
And sunshine is on his wing.

I lie in the light and listen
To his perfect melody,
He sings for the joy of singing,
And not for the sake of me.

THE LARK'S SONG

It is meant for the long green meadows,
The streams that ripple by,
For the clouds that uprear their banners
In the pomp of their march through the sky.

For violets deep in the woodland,
The daisies bright and gay,
That scatter their snowy blossoms
Like a lower milky way.

All these drink deep of his music,
Wherever it may fall,
But the note of a lower mortal
Would shake discord through all.

THE TIME OF THE ROSE IS OVER.

LOVE, turn thy gentle feet away,
How can I be thy lover?
The years pass onward to decay
And the bloom of the rose is over.

The sweet light fails from out the sky,
The weary wind is wailing,
The rain, like tears, is falling nigh
From the grey cloud o'er us sailing.

O rare, glad time when youth was sweet
With all its pulses beating,
When music led thy gentle feet,
And a rainbow was o'er our meeting.

The rose was bright, but brighter still,
The eyes that shone like heaven;
O Love, come back again and thrill
Our souls like a soul forgiven.

THE TIME OF THE ROSE IS OVER

When heart to heart spoke soft and low,
As lovers' words are spoken.
When truth was truth and youth was youth,
And never a vow was broken.

Love, turn thy gentle feet away,
How can I be thy lover?
A low wind grieves among the leaves,
And the time of the rose is over.

WHERE MAUDIE BIDES.

O, CAIRN row saft where Maudie bides,
Row saft as saft can be,
There's no' a flower upon thy banks
Can be sae fair to see.
Let a' her dreams be saft as licht
That fa's through simmer heat—
O, Cairn row saft where Maudie bides,
For Maudie's unco sweet.

O, Cairn row saft where Maudie bides,
Where a' the hale day lang
She moves as licht as ony bird
An' in her heart a sang.
An' a' her ain pure thochts to thee
Her tender notes repeat—
O, Cairn row saft where Maudie bides,
For Maudie's unco sweet.

O, Cairn row saft where Maudie bides,
Row saft as saft can be,
They canna boast a fairer flower
Frae Nith richt on to Dee.

WHERE MAUDIE BIDES

An' he wha tak's her by the han'
Maun guide her gentle feet;
Then, Cairn, row saft where Maudie bides,
For Maudie's unco sweet.

THE HILLS AROON' OOR AIN WEE TOON.

THE hills aroon' oor ain wee toon
Are no' like ither hills to me,
They're sweet to see in simmer licht,
An' sweet when winter sweeps the lea.
They dinna change, but year by year
They dearer grow an' look mair braw;
The hills aroon' oor ain bit toon,
Are no' like ither hills ava.

What though they talk o' ither hills
That lift their tappans to the sky,
An' catch a glisk o' richer licht
To please the passing stranger's eye.
I wadna gi'e oor ain green hills
Though half the year they lay in snaw;
The hills aroon' oor ain bit toon,
Are no' like ither hills ava.

For boyhood lends to sober age
The past that saw them long ago;
They rise within oor dreams, and fill
That fairy land with fairy glow.
What hopes we had when life was high,
Still took their licht, though far awa',
The hills aroon' oor ain bit toon,
Are no' like ither hills ava.

THE HAPPY EARTH.

So beautiful, so beautiful
Is all this happy earth to-day;
I sit within the shadows cool,
I sit and dream with naught to say.

The flowers in the garden nigh,
They think a thousand simple things;
Above them floats a butterfly
With all their purple on his wings.

He is the guardian of their band,
He watches how their blossoms blow,
Then hies him back to fairyland
And tells them all they wish to know.

A fancy this, but fancies come
With all the changing of the mood;
The swaying wind, the distant hum
Of joyous life within the wood.

The tinkle of the little streams,
The murmur of the bees that win
Their way from where the moorland gleams,
To swell their golden store within.

So much of life around me lies,
This summer day, to stir and call,
A sadder look would dim my eyes
If I could think that death was all.

ANVIL AND NEWSPAPER.

HE lays his heavy toil aside
To take his mid-day rest;
The anvil, silent, shakes no more
His labour-pulsing breast.

ANVIL AND NEWSPAPER

The forge sleeps like a sullen thing,
With half-awakened eye,
Ready to leap, and rush, and rear
Its great red arms on high.

The hammer rests, its master's hand
Grips a more potent power,
Whose unheard beats throughout the land
Are throbbing every hour.

That moulds the iron into shape
Of all device and plan;
This moulds a subtler power than all—
The intellect of man.

All day the forges flare and flume,
Like giants in despair,
And belch from out their murky throats
Their black breath on the air.

All night the forges of the mind,
Without one single sound,
Have welded thought to thought, and flung
Their light the world around.

The chains are struck from off the slave,
And quaking tyrants feel
A mightier weapon cross their own,
And snap their blood-red steel.

Sound on, thou hammer sure and strong,
And fashion in thy toil
The wedge to split the stubborn rock,
The plough to rend the soil.

Sound on, too, hammer of the thought,
To widen human good,
And forge between each yearning heart
The links of brotherhood.

THE LARK.

THOU feathered happiness, come down to me,
For I am sick with sorrow. If I sing
My heart will darken as I touch the string,
And yet this summer day is fair to see.
Come nearer to me, O thou glorious bird!
The half of heaven is somewhere in thy song;
Caught when some angel left the full-voiced throng
To hear thee and in turn by thee was heard.
Art thou not coming? Lo! against the sky
A single speck is fading, but I hear
A perfect rain of music to the ear,
Though thou art sightless to the eager eye.
Sing on, and singing lift an upward wing,
It is a perfect bliss to hear thee sing.

I SAW THE ARRAN HILLS.

I SAW the Arran Hills shine through
A tender veil of shining haze;
Goatfell was seen—a fainter blue,
And Ailsa where the ocean plays
Around, a perfect silver blaze,
You think that sky and ocean kiss—
The first of all September days,
Was never such a day as this.

And nearer was the Ballast Bank,
And farther on the Lady Isle;
And each and all they seemed to thank
The day for having such a smile.

I SAW THE ARRAN HILLS

Dear heart, how sweet it was the while
To feel the wind upon my cheek,
To walk in silence for a mile,
To think and think and never speak.

And farther down the spires of Ayr
Rose up, and with them one grand name,
As wide as summer winds that bear
To all the ends of earth the same.
It boasts a century of fame
That widens; even the winds that blow,
They seem to babble and acclaim
One dead a hundred years ago.

And this the sea of Homer's song,
As swift as swiftest steeds are fleet;
An incommunicable wrong
Is in the waves, and they repeat
The same old sorrow at my feet.
The very light this summer day,
And all the winds that rush along
They cannot take their grief away.

THE MUIRLAN' LASSIE.

Twa miles frae here, or maybe mair,
A herd's hoose sits atween twa wuds,
An' there a lassie bides as fair
An' sweet as heathèr purple buds.

She's just awee ayont sixteen,
An' pure as gowans on the braes;
The spring o' love is in her een,
Whose dew weets a' she thinks an' says.

THE MUIRLAN' LASSIE

An' aye, at hame or Sanquhar toon,
She hings her head sae bonnilie,
As I ha'e seen the flowers hing doon
In howms o' Kello wi' the bee.

She's tall an' stately in her mien,
Like foxglove growin' richly fair,
An' slim as some straucht hazel seen
Alang the edge o' Craigengair.

Sweet is the glint alang the West
When o'er braid Corsencon's steep heicht
The simmer sun sinks into rest,
An' Nith lies glowin' in his licht.

But sweeter is the glow o' youth
Upon her bloomin' cheek to see,
As if a rosebud, saft an' smooth,
Was there, half-blawn, to tak' the ee.

Noo, he who wins the lassie's heart,
An' tak's her frae her muirlan' cot,
Maun keep her simple life frae smart,
An' croon wi' love her happy lot.

But come what may in life's quick thrang,
Where crood together gude an' ill,
May she aye quately slip alang,
A simple, artless lassie still.

KILLED ON THE TELEGRAPH WIRE.

Within the rough four-foot he lay,
A touch of blood on breast and wing—
His life-blood, that had sent away
This only singer of the spring.

KILLED ON THE TELEGRAPH WIRE

For he, while morning yet was dim,
And all his singing soul on fire,
And throbbing with an unsung hymn,
Had dashed against the heedless wire.

And in the dark he fell to lie
The cold, unheeding rails between,
A song within his heart to die
Unheard, and he himself unseen.

I took him up; he lay so light,
That in my heart I did him wrong
To think a thing so frail and slight
Could have such splendid wealth of song.

Was this the bird I could not see?
That somewhere from the wooded hill
Poured forth such music from a tree
That even the very stream grew still.

Was this the spirit who sang and shot
The soul of summer through the air,
Till all the buds grew quick with thought,
And sweet, green births were everywhere?

The very bird! And this was all
His crown of song for such display—
To strike against the wire, and fall,
And bleed his little life away.

He sang of Spring in fond delight,
He would not see her blossoming;
He sang of Summer, but its light
Would never strike against his wing.

Yet these were throbbing in his song,
As yearns some poet in his rhyme,
To flash against a burning wrong
The sunshine of a happier time.

KILLED ON THE TELEGRAPH WIRE

But ere the light, for which he woke
His song, dawns upward, faint and dim,
He, bleeding from an unseen stroke,
Sinks in the dark, and dies like him.

THE LOVE-LILT O' THE LARK.

A LARK lap up frae the daisied field,
An', O, but his sang was sweet;
His wee wings shook till the draps o' dew
Fell doon beside my feet.

My heart grew fain as I heard him sing,
An' the tears were in my een,
For it thrilled wi' the love o' the fields and hills,
An' the banks sae sweet an' green.

"What gars ye sing, thou bonnie bird,
Sae high in the simmer air?
An' what is the secret o' your sang,
That I fain wad like to share?"

"Is your lilt sae sweet for the sake o' the flowers—
The daisies sae braw and bricht—
Or the burnies that row by the gowden broom,
Where the blue-bells nod in the licht?"

"Is your sang sae sweet for the sake o' the trees
That wave their leaves in the win'?
Or that, as ye mount to the sunny sky,
Ye are leavin' the earth ahin'?"

Then he faulded his wings and doon he cam'
Frae the sky sae blue an' clear,
An' aye, as nearer he cam' to the earth,
His sang was sweeter to hear.

THE LOVE-LILT O' THE LARK

“It's no' for the flowers nor the hingin' blue-bells,”
Sang the bonnie bird to me,
“Nor yet for the trees nor the burnies that row
An' murmur an' rin in their glee.
“But my sang is sweet for the sake o' the love
That is loupin' within my breast,
For I ken as I sing there is ane wha hears,
An' she's sittin' upon her nest.

IN SELKIRK.

I WALKED for an hour in Selkirk,
In the folds of a noonday dream;
And through it there ran for music
The murmur of Yarrow stream.

Murmur of Yarrow and Etrick,
With their song and their old-world deed;
And then like a far-off organ
The monotone of the Tweed.

Then up through my dreaming rose visions,
And about me their spell was cast;
Till the present vanished around me,
And I was deep in the past.

I saw one stalwart figure,
With the stoop of one at the plough;
The tan of the winds of Ayrshire
Deep upon cheek and brow.

There was light on his swarthy forehead,
As he strode in thought along;
For his sensitive lips were moving
With the tremulous throbbing of song.

IN SELKIRK

And just an arm's length from me,
Hot with the winds and dark,
I saw, but just for a moment,
The figure of Mungo Park.

One walked for a little beside me,
With a shepherd's crook in his hand;
On his lips were snatches of music
He had heard in fairyland.

Then right in front came onward,
Halting a little and lame;
The Merlin of the Border
With the magic none may claim.

The last of the mighty minstrels
That will ever be born to sing;
His cheek wore a touch of the colour
Which the winds of Etrick bring.

I brushed his elbow in passing,
And my heart beat high at the thought
That I, in the streets of Selkirk,
Had touched Sir Walter Scott.

A change came over my vision;
And from out the past and its might,
Like the wind that sweeps the moorland,
When not a star is in sight,

Came upward an infinite sorrow
That human things will yield;
And through it there ran the wailing
For the dead on Flodden Field.

Mothers hushing their children
And ever weeping between;
And the long, deep sigh of maidens
Whose lovers would never be seen.

IN SELKIRK

I saw old men at the harvest,
 Bending over the sheaf;
Their long, thin fingers shaking,
 And gray hairs hiding their grief.

But ever behind this picture,
 One firm-set, terrible ring
Of faces and red-tipped lances
 Around a fallen king.

All this was born of the murmur
 Of Yarrow and Ettrick stream,
As I walked for an hour in Selkirk
 In the folds of a noonday dream.

BY SAINT MARY'S LAKE.

Away from all the restless street,
 The whirlpool of the toiling race,
Where Traffic in the dusty heat
 Toils with the sweat upon his face.

Away from this; and far away,
 Fight the strong wind upon the hill;
Or rest upon the brackened brae,
 And shape our dreamland as we will.

What boon to lie as now I lie,
 And see in silver at my feet
Saint Mary's Lake, as if the sky
 Had fallen between those hills so sweet.

And this old churchyard on the hill,
 That keeps the graves of olden time,
So calm, so sweet, so lone and still,
 Where solitude is in its prime.

Ah! here they lie, the simple race
Who lived their little flight of years,
Then laid them in this quiet place,
At rest for ever from their fears.

The winds sing as they sang to them;
The waving bracken is the same;
The hills still wear their diadem
Of heather and the sunset's flame.

No change in these; the waves still break
In ripple or in foam upon
The green shore of Saint Mary's Lake
As in the ages dead and gone.

Beneath the hills, whose shadows seem
Fit haunt for lonely sounds that be,
Flows, half in sunshine, Yarrow stream,
The spirit of all I hear and see.

Thou Yarrow of my early dreams,
When Fancy heard thee murmur on,
A light has left all other streams,
And seems to shine on thee alone.

It crowns thee with a magic dower;
It makes thy windings ever sweet;
The Mary Scott of Dryhope Tower
Still follows thee with unseen feet.

Her name is wed to thine; the vale
Is witness as thou rollest on,
And with thee all the tender wail
Of song with sorrow in its tone.

Men pass from thee; the years prolong
No name of theirs for ear or eye;
But she—a little whirl of song
Has caught her, and she cannot die.

BY SAINT MARY'S LAKE

And, lying on the brackened hill,
The sunshine on my brow to-day,
The old love-ballad echoes still
In throbs that will not pass away.

And, as I listen, like a dream
That changes into softer things,
Saint Mary's Lake and Yarrow stream
Take all the sorrow which it sings.

TO AN ENGLISH GIRL.

You smile, and half in jest you ask
A song from me. A simple task,
If he who sings had all the youth
And freshness of thy maiden truth,
To give to words the glow and light,
Without which who can sing aright?
But other years than those which make
Thy brow a splendour for thy sake
Are mine, and at their touch I feel
A certain sadness upward steal,
That whispers, only heard by me:
"He must be young who sings to thee."

You answer: "It is said or sung
That poets must be always young—
That unto them the years pass by,
And leave no shade on brow or eye—
That youth still keeps its summer day,
And age is ever far away."
Alas! a sage* has said, who dwelt
Where beauty like a sun is felt,

*Wordsworth.

TO AN ENGLISH GIRL

That poets start this life in gladness,
But in the end there cometh madness.
Sad truth; for when we journey on,
The golden mists of fancy gone,
Which, fools of our own dreams, we threw
O'er all that came within our view,
We catch with sadness in our eye,
Dull hills beneath a duller sky,
And miss the light that came and went
Like music o'er an instrument.
Enough! No threnody from me;
No sorrow when I sing to thee.

But what to say or sing? In sooth,
My muse must be thy blooming youth,
And that fair face and cheeks, whereon
Love has his sweetest roses thrown,
And touched with dainty finger-tips
The dewy crimson of thy lips.
And set in light, with half a sigh,
His own sweet language in thine eye—
This must my inspiration be,
Or how else could I sing to thee?

I dream, and dreaming, place thy feet
In woodland paths when spring is sweet,
Where, in the silence scarcely stirred,
The bursting of the leaves is heard,
And like a murmur through the air
The new life throbs, and all is fair.
Or better, on an afternoon
In some rich English lane in June,
With all the hedge on either side
Aglow with roses in their pride;
The winds of summer in thy hair,
As loth to wander elsewhere;

TO AN ENGLISH GIRL

And overhead a sky serene,
Where not a single cloud is seen;
And humming as you trip along
Stray snatches of an English song,
Of lovers talking as they pass
Through meadows thick with springing grass,
Or plighting love-troth at the stile,
And I to see thee all the while,
Deeming thy voice—ah, who would not?—
The fairy echo of the spot.

This, this, were sweeter for your prime,
An English lane in summer-time,
Than this cold city, where the dust
Of streets corrodes and eats like rust;
Where life roars on, and pulses beat
With throbbing blood at fever-heat,
And all the weary waves we see
Of this strange, sad humanity,
Flow and re-flow without a pause,
Like tidal-breaths that ocean draws,
Till weary of such yearning quest,
They moan at midnight into rest.

Ah, wherefore ask a song from me,
As if it could be aught to thee?
For sweeter far than verse is all
Thy young heart's happy madrigal,
Which, sung to thee when all is still
And fancy wanders at her will,
Wafts thee, as light as clouds are blown,
To that fair realm where dreams alone
May enter, and where, low and clear,
Love, with his lips against thine ear,
Whispers those words that, said or sung,
Remould this world, and make it young,

TO AN ENGLISH GIRL

Till fields and woods, and seas and skies
Draw back the light of Paradise,
And in its sunshine thou dost stand,
Full maiden in a maiden's land,
And on thy brow, as horoscope,
The golden aureole of hope.

Ah, wherefore ask a song from me?
He must be young who sings to thee.

ON BEING SHOWN A FEW HAIRS FROM
THE HEAD OF NAPOLEON.

THE great Napoleon! and these simple hairs
Are from his head! Behind him I can see
A lurid background, which the cannon tears
Apart, as clouds are by the bolt. And he,
The pigmy reaper of the human grain,
Stands, with no catch or quiver in his breath,
While the dread messengers of sudden death
Belch forth in thunder all their iron rain.
Then one blood ocean slowly covers all,
On which a million faces of the dead
Float, with their eyes to God. The shame-struck years
Fall back in time, with failing footsteps red,
And mix with his their bitter, blood-shot tears,
Alas for glory when these hairs are all.