

MY THOUGHTS OF YE.

("À quoi je songe?")

{XXIII., July, 1836.}

What do I dream of? Far from the low roof,
Where now ye are, children, I dream of you;
Of your young heads that are the hope and crown
Of my full summer, ripening to its fall.
Branches whose shadow grows along my wall,
Sweet souls scarce open to the breath of day,
Still dazzled with the brightness of your dawn.
I dream of those two little ones at play,
Making the threshold vocal with their cries,
Half tears, half laughter, mingled sport and strife,
Like two flowers knocked together by the wind.
Or of the elder two—more anxious thought—
Breasting already broader waves of life,
A conscious innocence on either face,
My pensive daughter and my curious boy.
Thus do I dream, while the light sailors sing,
At even moored beneath some steepy shore,
While the waves opening all their nostrils breathe
A thousand sea-scents to the wandering wind,
And the whole air is full of wondrous sounds,
From sea to strand, from land to sea, given back
Alone and sad, thus do I dream of you.

Children, and house and home, the table set,
The glowing hearth, and all the pious care
Of tender mother, and of grandsire kind;
And while before me, spotted with white sails,
The limpid ocean mirrors all the stars,
And while the pilot, from the infinite main,
Looks with calm eye into the infinite heaven,
I dreaming of you only, seek to scan
And fathom all my soul's deep love for you—
Love sweet, and powerful, and everlasting—
And find that the great sea is small beside it.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE BEACON IN THE STORM.

("Quels sont ces bruits sourds?")

{XXIV., July 17, 1836.}

Hark to that solemn sound!

It steals towards the strand.—

Whose is that voice profound

Which mourns the swallowed land,

With moans,

Or groans,
New threats of ruin close at hand?
It is Triton—the storm to scorn
Who doth wind his sonorous horn.

How thick the rain to-night!
And all along the coast
The sky shows naught of light
Is it a storm, my host?

Too soon
The boon
Of pleasant weather will be lost
Yes, 'tis Triton, etc.

Are seamen on that speck
Afar in deepening dark?
Is that a splitting deck
Of some ill-fated bark?
Fend harm!
Send calm!
O Venus! show thy starry spark!
Though 'tis Triton, etc.

The thousand-toothèd gale,—
Adventurers too bold!—
Rips up your toughest sail

And tears your anchor-hold.
 You forge
 Through surge,
To be in rending breakers rolled.
While old Triton, etc.

Do sailors stare this way,
 Cramped on the Needle's sheaf,
To hail the sudden ray
Which promises relief?
 Then, bright;
 Shine, light!
Of hope upon the beacon reef!
Though 'tis Triton, etc.

LOVE'S TREACHEROUS POOL

("Jeune fille, l'amour c'est un miroir.")

{XXVI., February, 1835.}

Young maiden, true love is a pool all mirroring clear,
 Where coquettish girls come to linger in long delight,
For it banishes afar from the face all the clouds that besmear
 The soul truly bright;

But tempts you to ruffle its surface; drawing your foot
To subtlest sinking! and farther and farther the brink
That vainly you snatch—for repentance, 'tis weed without root,—
And struggling, you sink!

THE ROSE AND THE GRAVE.

("La tombe dit à la rose.")

{XXXI., June 3, 1837}

The Grave said to the rose

"What of the dews of dawn,

Love's flower, what end is theirs?"

"And what of spirits flown,

The souls whereon doth close

The tomb's mouth unawares?"

The Rose said to the Grave.

The Rose said: "In the shade

From the dawn's tears is made

A perfume faint and strange,

Amber and honey sweet."

"And all the spirits fleet

Do suffer a sky-change,

More strangely than the dew,
To God's own angels new,"
The Grave said to the Rose.

A. LANG.

LES RAYONS ET LES OMBRES.—1840.

HOLYROOD PALACE.

("O palais, sois bénié.")

{ll., June, 1839.}

Palace and ruin, bless thee evermore!
Grateful we bow thy gloomy tow'rs before;
For the old King of France{1} hath found in thee
That melancholy hospitality
Which in their royal fortune's evil day,
Stuarts and Bourbons to each other pay.

Fraser's Magazine.

{Footnote 1: King Charles X.}

THE HUMBLE HOME.

("L'église est vaste et haute.")

{IV., June 29, 1839.}

The Church{1} is vast; its towering pride, its steeples loom on high;

The bristling stones with leaf and flower are sculptured wondrously;

 The portal glows resplendent with its "rose,"

And 'neath the vault immense at evening swarm

Figures of angel, saint, or demon's form,

 As oft a fearful world our dreams disclose.

But not the huge Cathedral's height, nor yet its vault sublime,

Nor porch, nor glass, nor streaks of light, nor shadows deep with time;

 Nor massy towers, that fascinate mine eyes;

No, 'tis that spot—the mind's tranquillity—

Chamber wherefrom the song mounts cheerily,

 Placed like a joyful nest well nigh the skies.

Yea! glorious is the Church, I ween, but Meekness dwelleth here;

Less do I love the lofty oak than mossy nest it bear;

More dear is meadow breath than stormy wind:
And when my mind for meditation's meant,
The seaweed is preferred to the shore's extent,—
The swallow to the main it leaves behind.

Author of "Critical Essays."

{Footnote 1: The Cathedral Nôtre Dame of Paris, which is the scene of the author's romance, "Nôtre Dame."}

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY.

("O dix-huitième siècle!")

{IV. vi}

O Eighteenth Century! by Heaven chastised!
Godless thou livedst, by God thy doom was fixed.
Thou in one ruin sword and sceptre mixed,
Then outraged love, and pity's claim despised.
Thy life a banquet—but its board a scaffold at the close,
Where far from Christ's beatic reign, Satanic deeds arose!
Thy writers, like thyself, by good men scorned—
Yet, from thy crimes, renown has decked thy name,
As the smoke emplumes the furnace flame,

A revolution's deeds have thine adorned!

Author of "Critical Essays."

STILL BE A CHILD.

("O vous que votre âge défende")

{IX., February, 1840.}

In youthful spirits wild,

Smile, for all beams on thee;

Sport, sing, be still the child,

The flower, the honey-bee.

Bring not the future near,

For Joy too soon declines—

What is man's mission here?

Toil, where no sunlight shines!

Our lot is hard, we know;

From eyes so gayly beaming,

Whence rays of beauty flow,

Salt tears most oft are streaming.

Free from emotions past,
All joy and hope possessing,
With mind in pureness cast,
Sweet ignorance confessing.

Plant, safe from winds and showers,
Heart with soft visions glowing,
In childhood's happy hours
A mother's rapture showing.

Loved by each anxious friend,
No carking care within—
When summer gambols end,
My winter sports begin.

Sweet poesy from heaven
Around thy form is placed,
A mother's beauty given,
By father's thought is graced!

Seize, then, each blissful second,
Live, for joy *sinks in night*,
And those whose tale is reckoned,
Have had their days of light.

Then, oh! before we part,

The poet's blessing take,
Ere bleeds that aged heart,
Or child the woman make.

Dublin University Magazine.

THE POOL AND THE SOUL.

("Comme dans les étangs.")

{X., May, 1839.}

As in some stagnant pool by forest-side,
In human souls two things are oft descried;
The sky,—which tints the surface of the pool
With all its rays, and all its shadows cool;
The basin next,—where gloomy, dark and deep,
Through slime and mud black reptiles vaguely creep.

R.F. HODGSON

YE MARINERS WHO SPREAD YOUR SAILS.

("Matelôts, vous déploirez les voiles.")

{XVI., May 5, 1839.}

Ye mariners! ye mariners! each sail to the breeze unfurled,
In joy or sorrow still pursue your course around the world;
And when the stars next sunset shine, ye anxiously will gaze
Upon the shore, a friend or foe, as the windy quarter lays.

Ye envious souls, with spiteful tooth, the statue's base will bite;
Ye birds will sing, ye bending boughs with verdure glad the sight;
The ivy root in the stone entwined, will cause old gates to fall;
The church-bell sound to work or rest the villagers will call.

Ye glorious oaks will still increase in solitude profound,
Where the far west in distance lies as evening veils around;
Ye willows, to the earth your arms in mournful trail will bend,
And back again your mirror'd forms the water's surface send.

Ye nests will oscillate beneath the youthful progeny;
Embraced in furrows of the earth the germinating grain will lie;
Ye lightning-torches still your streams will cast into the air,
Which like a troubled spirit's course float wildly here and there.

Ye thunder-peals will God proclaim, as doth the ocean wave;
Ye violets will nourish still the flower that April gave;

Upon your ambient tides will be man's sternest shadow cast;
Your waters ever will roll on when man himself is past.

All things that are, or being have, or those that mutely lie,
Have each its course to follow out, or object to descry;
Contributing its little share to that stupendous whole,
Where with man's teeming race combined creation's wonders roll.

The poet, too, will contemplate th' Almighty Father's love,
Who to our restless minds, with light and darkness from above,
Hath given the heavens that glorious urn of tranquil majesty,
Whence in unceasing stores we draw calm and serenity.

Author of "Critical Essays."

ON A FLEMISH WINDOW-PANE.

("J'aime le carillon dans tes cités antiques.")

{XVIII., August, 1837.}

Within thy cities of the olden time
Dearly I love to list the ringing chime,
Thou faithful guardian of domestic worth,
Noble old Flanders! where the rigid North

A flush of rich meridian glow doth feel,
Caught from reflected suns of bright Castile.
The chime, the clinking chime! To Fancy's eye—
Prompt her affections to personify—
It is the fresh and frolic hour, arrayed
In guise of Andalusian dancing maid,
Appealing by a crevice fine and rare,
As of a door oped in "th' incorporal air."
She comes! o'er drowsy roofs, inert and dull,
Shaking her lap, of silv'ry music full,
Rousing without remorse the drones abed,
Tripping like joyous bird with tiniest tread,
Quiv'ring like dart that trembles in the targe,
By a frail crystal stair, whose viewless marge
Bears her slight footfall, tim'rous half, yet free,
In innocent extravagance of glee
The graceful elf alights from out the spheres,
While the quick spirit—thing of eyes and ears—
As now she goes, now comes, mounts, and anon
Descends, those delicate degrees upon,
Hears her melodious spirit from step to step run on.

Fraser's Magazine

THE PRECEPTOR.

("Homme chauve et noir.")

{XIX., May, 1839.}

A gruesome man, bald, clad in black,
Who kept us youthful drudges in the track,
Thinking it good for them to leave home care,
And for a while a harsher yoke to bear;
Surrender all the careless ease of home,
And be forbid from schoolyard bounds to roam;
For this with blandest smiles he softly asks
That they with him will prosecute their tasks;
Receives them in his solemn chilly lair,
The rigid lot of discipline to share.
At dingy desks they toil by day; at night
To gloomy chambers go uncheered by light,
Where pillars rudely grayed by rusty nail
Of heavy hours reveal the weary tale;
Where spiteful ushers grin, all pleased to make
Long scribbled lines the price of each mistake.
By four unpitying walls environed there
The homesick students pace the pavements bare.

E.E. FREWER

GASTIBELZA.

("Gastibelza, l'homme à la carabine.")

{XXII., March, 1837.}

Gastibelza, with gun the measure beating,

 Would often sing:

"Has one o' ye with sweet Sabine been meeting,

 As, gay, ye bring

Your songs and steps which, by the music,

 Are reconciled—

Oh! this chill wind across the mountain rushing

 Will drive me wild!

"You stare as though you hardly knew my lady—

 Sabine's her name!

Her dam inhabits yonder cavern shady,

 A witch of shame,

Who shrieks o' nights upon the Haunted Tower,

 With horrors piled—

Oh! this chill wind, etc.

"Sing on and leap—enjoying all the favors

Good heaven sends;
She, too, was young—her lips had peachy savors
With honey blends;
Give to that hag—not always old—a penny,
Though crime-defiled—
Oh! this chill wind, etc.

"The queen beside her looked a wench uncomely,
When, near to-night,
She proudly stalked a-past the maids so homely,
In bodice tight
And collar old as reign of wicked Julian,
By fiend beguiled—
Oh! this chill wind, etc.

"The king himself proclaimed her peerless beauty
Before the court,
And held it were to win a kiss his duty
To give a fort,
Or, more, to sign away all bright Dorado,
Tho' gold-plate tiled—
Oh! this chill wind, etc.

"Love her? at least, I know I am most lonely
Without her nigh;
I'm but a hound to follow her, and only

At her feet die.

I'd gayly spend of toilsome years a dozen—

A felon styled—

Oh! this chill wind, etc.

"One summer day when long—so long? I'd missed her,

She came anew,

To play i' the fount alone but for her sister,

And bared to view

The finest, rosiest, most tempting ankle,

Like that of child—

Oh! this chill wind, etc.

"When I beheld her, I—a lowly shepherd—

Grew in my mind

Till I was Caesar—she that crownèd leopard

He crouched behind,

No Roman stern, but in her silken leashes

A captive mild—

Oh! this chill wind, etc.

"Yet dance and sing, tho' night be thickly falling;—

In selfsame time

Poor Sabine heard in ecstasy the calling,

In winning rhyme,

Of Saldane's earl so noble, ay, and wealthy,

Name e'er reviled—

Oh! this chill wind, etc.

"(Let me upon this bench be shortly resting,

So weary, I!)

That noble bore her smiling, unresisting,

By yonder high

And ragged road that snakes towards the summit

Where crags are piled—

Oh! this chill wind, etc.

"I saw her pass beside my lofty station—

A glance—'twas all!

And yet I loathe my daily honest ration,

The air's turned gall!

My soul's in chase, my body chafes to wander—

My dagger's filed—

Oh! this chill wind may change, and o'er the mountain

May drive me wild!"

HENRY L. WILLIAMS.

GUITAR SONG.

("Comment, disaient-ils.")

{XXIII., July 18, 1838.}

How shall we flee sorrow—flee sorrow? said he.

How, how! How shall we flee sorrow—flee sorrow? said he.

How—how—how? answered she.

How shall we see pleasure—see pleasure? said he.

How, how! How shall we see pleasure—see pleasure? said he.

Dream—dream—dream! answered she.

How shall we be happy—be happy? said he.

How, how! How shall we be happy—be happy? said he.

Love—love—love! whispered she.

EVELYN JERROLD

COME WHEN I SLEEP.

("Oh, quand je dors.")

{XXVII.}

Oh! when I sleep, come near my resting-place,

As Laura came to bless her poet's heart,

And let thy breath in passing touch my face—

At once a space

My lips will part.

And on my brow where too long weighed supreme

A vision—haply spent now—black as night,

Let thy look as a star arise and beam—

At once my dream

Will seem of light.

Then press my lips, where plays a flame of bliss—

A pure and holy love-light—and forsake

The angel for the woman in a kiss—

At once, I wis,

My soul will wake!

WM. W. TOMLINSON.

EARLY LOVE REVISITED.

("O douleur! j'ai voulu savoir.")

{XXXIV. i., October, 183-.}

I have wished in the grief of my heart to know

If the vase yet treasured that nectar so clear,
And to see what this beautiful valley could show
Of all that was once to my soul most dear.
In how short a span doth all Nature change,
How quickly she smoothes with her hand serene—
And how rarely she snaps, in her ceaseless range,
The links that bound our hearts to the scene.

Our beautiful bowers are all laid waste;
The fir is felled that our names once bore;
Our rows of roses, by urchins' haste,
Are destroyed where they leap the barrier o'er.
The fount is walled in where, at noonday pride,
She so gayly drank, from the wood descending;
In her fairy hand was transformed the tide,
And it turned to pearls through her fingers wending

The wild, rugged path is paved with spars,
Where erst in the sand her footsteps were traced,
When so small were the prints that the surface mars,
That they seemed *to smile* ere by mine effaced.

The bank on the side of the road, day by day,
Where of old she awaited my loved approach,
Is now become the traveller's way
To avoid the track of the thundering coach.

Here the forest contracts, there the mead extends,
Of all that was ours, there is little left—
Like the ashes that wildly are whisked by winds,
Of all souvenirs is the place bereft.
Do we live no more—is our hour then gone?
Will it give back naught to our hungry cry?
The breeze answers my call with a mocking tone,
The house that was mine makes no reply.

True! others shall pass, as we have passed,
As we have come, so others shall meet,
And the dream that our mind had sketched in haste,
Shall others continue, but never complete.
For none upon earth can achieve his scheme,
The best as the worst are futile here:
We awake at the selfsame point of the dream—
All is here begun, and finished elsewhere.

Yes! others shall come in the bloom of the heart,
To enjoy in this pure and happy retreat,
All that nature to timid love can impart
Of solemn repose and communion sweet.
In *our* fields, in *our* paths, shall strangers stray,
In *thy* wood, my dearest, new lovers go lost,
And other fair forms in the stream shall play
Which of old thy delicate feet have crossed.

Author of "Critical Essays."

SWEET MEMORY OF LOVE.

("Toutes les passions s'éloignent avec l'âge.")

{XXXIV. ii., October, 183-.}

As life wanes on, the passions slow depart,
One with his grinning mask, one with his steel;
Like to a strolling troupe of Thespian art,
Whose pace decreases, winding past the hill.
But naught can Love's all charming power efface,
That light, our misty tracks suspended o'er,
In joy thou'rt ours, more dear thy tearful grace,
The young may curse thee, but the old adore.

But when the weight of years bow down the head,
And man feels all his energies decline,
His projects gone, himself tomb'd with the dead,
Where virtues lie, nor more illusions shine,
When all our lofty thoughts dispersed and o'er,
We count within our hearts so near congealed,
Each grief that's past, each dream, exhausted ore!

As counting dead upon the battle-field.

As one who walks by the lamp's flickering blaze,
Far from the hum of men, the joys of earth—
Our mind arrives at last by tortuous ways,
At that drear gulf where but despair has birth.
E'en there, amid the darkness of that night,
When all seems closing round in empty air,
Is seen through thickening gloom one trembling light!
'Tis Love's sweet memory that lingers there!

Author of "Critical Essays."

THE MARBLE FAUN.

("Il semblait grelotter.")

{XXXVI., December, 1837.}

He seemed to shiver, for the wind was keen.
'Twas a poor statue underneath a mass
Of leafless branches, with a blackened back
And a green foot—an isolated Faun
In old deserted park, who, bending forward,
Half-merged himself in the entangled boughs,

Half in his marble settings. He was there,
Pensive, and bound to earth; and, as all things
Devoid of movement, he was there—forgotten.

Trees were around him, whipped by icy blasts—
Gigantic chestnuts, without leaf or bird,
And, like himself, grown old in that same place.
Through the dark network of their undergrowth,
Pallid his aspect; and the earth was brown.
Starless and moonless, a rough winter's night
Was letting down her lappets o'er the mist.
This—nothing more: old Faun, dull sky, dark wood.

Poor, helpless marble, how I've pitied it!
Less often man—the harder of the two.

So, then, without a word that might offend
His ear deformed—for well the marble hears
The voice of thought—I said to him: "You hail
From the gay amorous age. O Faun, what saw you
When you were happy? Were you of the Court?"

"Speak to me, comely Faun, as you would speak
To tree, or zephyr, or untrodden grass.
Have you, O Greek, O mocker of old days,
Have you not sometimes with that oblique eye

Winked at the Farnese Hercules?—Alone,
Have you, O Faun, considerately turned
From side to side when counsel-seekers came,
And now advised as shepherd, now as satyr?—
Have you sometimes, upon this very bench,
Seen, at mid-day, Vincent de Paul instilling
Grace into Gondi?—Have you ever thrown
That searching glance on Louis with Fontange,
On Anne with Buckingham; and did they not
Start, with flushed cheeks, to hear your laugh ring forth
From corner of the wood?—Was your advice
As to the thyrsis or the ivy asked,
When, in grand ballet of fantastic form,
God Phoebus, or God Pan, and all his court,
Turned the fair head of the proud Montespan,
Calling her Amaryllis?—La Fontaine,
Flying the courtiers' ears of stone, came he,
Tears on his eyelids, to reveal to you
The sorrows of his nymphs of Vaux?—What said
Boileau to you—to you—O lettered Faun,
Who once with Virgil, in the Eclogue, held
That charming dialogue?—Say, have you seen
Young beauties sporting on the sward?—Have you
Been honored with a sight of Molière
In dreamy mood?—Has he perchance, at eve,
When here the thinker homeward went, has he,

Who—seeing souls all naked—could not fear
Your nudity, in his inquiring mind,
Confronted you with Man?"

Under the thickly-tangled branches, thus
Did I speak to him; he no answer gave.

I shook my head, and moved myself away;
Then, from the copses, and from secret caves
Hid in the wood, methought a ghostly voice
Came forth and woke an echo in my souls
As in the hollow of an amphora.

"Imprudent poet," thus it seemed to say,
"What dost thou here? Leave the forsaken Fauns
In peace beneath their trees! Dost thou not know,
Poet, that ever it is impious deemed,
In desert spots where drowsy shades repose—
Though love itself might prompt thee—to shake down
The moss that hangs from ruined centuries,
And, with the vain noise of throe ill-timed words,
To mar the recollections of the dead?"

Then to the gardens all enwrapped in mist
I hurried, dreaming of the vanished days,
And still behind me—hieroglyph obscure

Of antique alphabet—the lonely Faun
Held to his laughter, through the falling night.

I went my way; but yet—in saddened spirit
Pondering on all that had my vision crossed,
Leaves of old summers, fair ones of old time—
Through all, at distance, would my fancy see,
In the woods, statues; shadows in the past!

WILLIAM YOUNG

A LOVE FOR WINGED THINGS.

{XXXVII., April 12, 1840.}

My love flowed e'er for things with wings.

When boy I sought for forest fowl,
And caged them in rude rushes' mesh,
And fed them with my breakfast roll;
So that, though fragile were the door,
They rarely fled, and even then
Would flutter back at faintest call!

Man-grown, I charm for men.

BABY'S SEASIDE GRAVE.

("Vieux lierre, frais gazon.")

{XXXVIII., 1840.}

Brown ivy old, green herbage new;

Soft seaweed stealing up the shingle;

An ancient chapel where a crew,

Ere sailing, in the prayer commingle.

A far-off forest's darkling frown,

Which makes the prudent start and tremble,

Whilst rotten nuts are rattling down,

And clouds in demon hordes assemble.

Land birds which twit the mews that scream

Round walls where lolls the languid lizard;

Brine-bubbling brooks where fishes stream

Past caves fit for an ocean wizard.

Alow, aloft, no lull—all life,

But far aside its whirls are keeping,

As wishfully to let its strife

Spare still the mother vainly weeping

O'er baby, lost not long, a-sleeping.

LES CHÂTIMENTS.—1853.

INDIGNATION!

("Toi qu'aimais Juvénal.")

{Nox (PRELUDE) ix., Jersey, November, 1852.}

Thou who loved Juvenal, and filed

His style so sharp to scar imperial brows,

And lent the lustre lightening

The gloom in Dante's murky verse that flows—

Muse Indignation! haste, and help

My building up before this roseate realm,

And its so fruitless victories,

Whence transient shame Right's prophets overwhelm,

So many pillories, deserved!

That eyes to come will pry without avail,

Upon the wood impenetrant,

And spy no glimmer of its tarnished tale.

IMPERIAL REVELS.

(*"Courtisans! attablés dans le splendide orgie."*)

{Bk. I. x., Jersey, December, 1852.}

Cheer, courtiers! round the banquet spread—

The board that groans with shame and plate,

Still fawning to the sham-crowned head

That hopes front brazen turneth fate!

Drink till the comer last is full,

And never hear in revels' lull,

Grim Vengeance forging arrows fleet,

 Whilst I gnaw at the crust

 Of Exile in the dust—

But *Honor* makes it sweet!

Ye cheaters in the tricksters' fane,

Who dupe yourself and trickster-chief,

In blazing *cafés* spend the gain,

But draw the blind, lest at *his* thief

Some fresh-made beggar gives a glance

And interrupts with steel the dance!

But let him toilsomely tramp by,

 As I myself afar

 Follow no gilded car

In ways of *Honesty*.

Ye troopers who shot mothers down,
And marshals whose brave cannonade
Broke infant arms and split the stone
Where slumbered age and guileless maid—
Though blood is in the cup you fill,
Pretend it "rosy" wine, and still
Hail Cannon "King!" and Steel the "Queen!"
But I prefer to sup
From Philip Sidney's cup—
True soldier's draught serene.

Oh, workmen, seen by me sublime,
When from the tyrant wrenched ye peace,
Can you be dazed by tinselled crime,
And spy no wolf beneath the fleece?
Build palaces where Fortunes feast,
And bear your loads like well-trained beast,
Though once such masters you made flee!
But then, like me, you ate
Food of a blessed *fête*—
The bread of *Liberty*!

H.L.W.

POOR LITTLE CHILDREN.

("La femelle! elle est morte.")

{Bk. I. xiii., Jersey, February, 1853.}

Mother birdie stiff and cold,
Puss has hushed the other's singing;
Winds go whistling o'er the wold,—
Empty nest in sport a-flinging.
Poor little birdies!

Faithless shepherd strayed afar,
Playful dog the gadflies catching;
Wolves bound boldly o'er the bar,
Not a friend the fold is watching—
Poor little lambkins!

Father into prison fell,
Mother begging through the parish;
Baby's cot they, too, will sell,—
Who will now feed, clothe and cherish?
Poor little children!

APOSTROPHE TO NATURE.

("O Soleil!")

{Bk. II. iv., Anniversary of the Coup d'État, 1852.}

O Sun! thou countenance divine!

Wild flowers of the glen,

Caves swoll'n with shadow, where sunshine

Has pierced not, far from men;

Ye sacred hills and antique rocks,

Ye oaks that worsted time,

Ye limpid lakes which snow-slide shocks

Hurl up in storms sublime;

And sky above, unruffled blue,

Chaste rills that alway ran

From stainless source a course still true,

What think ye of this man?

NAPOLEON "THE LITTLE."

("Ah! tu finiras bien par hurler!")

{Bk. III. ii., Jersey, August, 1852.}

How well I knew this stealthy wolf would howl,
When in the eagle talons ta'en in air!
Aglow, I snatched thee from thy prey—thou fowl—
I held thee, abject conqueror, just where
All see the stigma of a fitting name
As deeply red as deeply black thy shame!
And though thy matchless impudence may frame
Some mask of seeming courage—spite thy sneer,
And thou assurest sloth and skunk: "It does not smart!"
Thou feel'st it burning, in and in,—and fear
None will forget it till shall fall the deadly dart!

FACT OR FABLE?

(BISMARCK AND NAPOLEON III.)

("Un jour, sentant un royal appétit.")

{Bk. III. iii., Jersey, September, 1852.}

One fasting day, itched by his appetite,
A monkey took a fallen tiger's hide,
And, where the wearer had been savage, tried
To overpass his model. Scratch and bite

Gave place, however, to mere gnash of teeth and screams,
But, as he prowled, he made his hearers fly
With crying often: "See the Terror of your dreams!"
Till, for too long, none ventured thither nigh.
Left undisturbed to snatch, and clog his brambled den,
With sleepers' bones and plumes of daunted doves,
And other spoil of beasts as timid as the men,
Who shrank when he mock-roared, from glens and groves—
He begged his fellows view the crannies crammed with pelf
Sordid and tawdry, stained and tinselled things,
As ample proof he was the Royal Tiger's self!
Year in, year out, thus still he purrs and sings
Till tramps a butcher by—he risks his head—
In darts the hand and crushes out the yell,
And plucks the hide—as from a nut the shell—
He holds him nude, and sneers: "An ape you dread!"

H.L.W.

A LAMENT.

("Sentiers où l'herbe se balance.")

{Bk. III. xi., July, 1853.}

O paths whereon wild grasses wave!

O valleys! hillsides! forests hoar!

Why are ye silent as the grave?

For One, who came, and comes no more!

Why is thy window closed of late?

And why thy garden in its sear?

O house! where doth thy master wait?

I only know he is not here.

Good dog! thou watchest; yet no hand

Will feed thee. In the house is none.

Whom weapest thou? child! My father. And

O wife! whom weapest thou? The Gone.

Where is he gone? Into the dark.—

O sad, and ever-plaining surge!

Whence art thou? From the convict-bark.

And why thy mournful voice? A dirge.

EDWIN ARNOLD, C.S.I.

NO ASSASSINATION.

("Laissons le glaive à Rome.")

{Bk. III. xvi., October, 1852.}

Pray Rome put up her poniard!
And Sparta sheathe the sword;
Be none too prompt to punish,
And cast indignant word!
Bear back your spectral Brutus
From robber Bonaparte;
Time rarely will refute us
Who doom the hateful heart.

Ye shall be o'ercontented,
My banished mates from home,
But be no rashness vented
Ere time for joy shall come.
No crime can outspeed Justice,
Who, resting, seems delayed—
Full faith accord the angel
Who points the patient blade.

The traitor still may nestle
In balmy bed of state,
But mark the Warder, watching
His guardsman at his gate.
He wears the crown, a monarch—
Of knaves and stony hearts;
But though they're blessed by Senates,
None can escape the darts!

Though shored by spear and crozier,
All know the arrant cheat,
And shun the square of pavement
Uncertain at his feet!
Yea, spare the wretch, each brooding
And secret-leaguers' chief,
And make no pistol-target
Of stars upon the thief.

The knell of God strikes seldom
But in the aptest hour;
And when the life is sweetest,
The worm will feel His power!

THE DESPATCH OF THE DOOM.

("Pendant que dans l'auberge.")

{Bk. IV. xiii., Jersey, November, 1852.}

While in the jolly tavern, the bandits gayly drink,
Upon the haunted highway, sharp hoof-beats loudly clink?
Yea; past scant-buried victims, hard-spurring sturdy steed,
A mute and grisly rider is trampling grass and weed,

And by the black-sealed warrant which in his grasp shines clear,
I know it is *the Future*—God's Justicer is here!

THE SEAMAN'S SONG.

("Adieu, patrie.")

{Bk. V. ix., Aug. 1, 1852.}

Farewell the strand,

The sails expand

Above!

Farewell the land

We love!

Farewell, old home where apples swing!

Farewell, gay song-birds on the wing!

Farewell, riff-raff

Of Customs' clerks who laugh

And shout:

"Farewell!" We'll quaff

One bout

To thee, young lass, with kisses sweet!

Farewell, my dear—the ship flies fleet!

The fog shuts out the last fond peep,
As 'neath the prow the cast drops weep.
Farewell, old home, young lass, the bird!
The whistling wind alone is heard:
 Farewell! Farewell!

THE RETREAT FROM MOSCOW.

("Il neigeait.")

{Bk. V. xiii., Nov. 25-30, 1852.}

It snowed. A defeat was our conquest red!
For once the eagle was hanging its head.
Sad days! the Emperor turned slowly his back
On smoking Moscow, blent orange and black.
The winter burst, avalanche-like, to reign
Over the endless blanched sheet of the plain.
Nor chief nor banner in order could keep,
The wolves of warfare were 'wildered like sheep.
The wings from centre could hardly be known
Through snow o'er horses and carts o'erthrown,
Where froze the wounded. In the bivouacs forlorn
Strange sights and gruesome met the breaking morn:
Mute were the bugles, while the men bestrode

Steeds turned to marble, unheeding the goad.
The shells and bullets came down with the snow
As though the heavens hated these poor troops below.
Surprised at trembling, though it was with cold,
Who ne'er had trembled out of fear, the veterans bold
Marched stern; to grizzled moustache hoarfrost clung
'Neath banners that in leaden masses hung.

It snowed, went snowing still. And chill the breeze
Whistled upon the glassy endless seas,
Where naked feet on, on for ever went,
With naught to eat, and not a sheltering tent.
They were not living troops as seen in war,
But merely phantoms of a dream, afar
In darkness wandering, amid the vapor dim,—
A mystery; of shadows a procession grim,
Nearing a blackening sky, unto its rim.
Frightful, since boundless, solitude behold
Where only Nemesis wove, mute and cold,
A net all snowy with its soft meshes dense,
A shroud of magnitude for host immense;
Till every one felt as if left alone
In a wide wilderness where no light shone,
To die, with pity none, and none to see
That from this mournful realm none should get free.
Their foes the frozen North and Czar—That, worst.

Cannon were broken up in haste accurst
To burn the frames and make the pale fire high,
Where those lay down who never woke or woke to die.
Sad and commingled, groups that blindly fled
Were swallowed smoothly by the desert dread.

'Neath folds of blankness, monuments were raised
O'er regiments. And History, amazed,
Could not record the ruin of this retreat,
Unlike a downfall known before or the defeat
Of Hannibal—reversed and wrapped in gloom!
Of Attila, when nations met their doom!
Perished an army—fled French glory then,
Though there the Emperor! he stood and gazed
At the wild havoc, like a monarch dazed
In woodland hoar, who felt the shrieking saw—
He, living oak, beheld his branches fall, with awe.
Chiefs, soldiers, comrades died. But still warm love
Kept those that rose all dastard fear above,
As on his tent they saw his shadow pass—
Backwards and forwards, for they credited, alas!
His fortune's star! it could not, could not be
That he had not his work to do—a destiny?
To hurl him headlong from his high estate,
Would be high treason in his bondman, Fate.
But all the while he felt himself alone,

Stunned with disasters few have ever known.
Sudden, a fear came o'er his troubled soul,
What more was written on the Future's scroll?
Was this an expiation? It must be, yea!
He turned to God for one enlightening ray.
"Is this the vengeance, Lord of Hosts?" he sighed,
But the first murmur on his parched lips died.
"Is this the vengeance? Must my glory set?"
A pause: his name was called; of flame a jet
Sprang in the darkness;—a Voice answered; "No!
Not yet."

Outside still fell the smothering snow.
Was it a voice indeed? or but a dream?
It was the vulture's, but how like the *sea-bird's scream*.

TORU DUTT.

THE OCEAN'S SONG.

("Nous nous promenions à Rozel-Tower.")

{Bk. VI. iv., October, 1852.}

We walked amongst the ruins famed in story

Of Rozel-Tower,
And saw the boundless waters stretch in glory
And heave in power.

O ocean vast! we heard thy song with wonder,
Whilst waves marked time.

"Appeal, O Truth!" thou sang'st with tone of thunder,
"And shine sublime!

"The world's enslaved and hunted down by beagles,—
To despots sold,
Souls of deep thinkers, soar like mighty eagles,
The Right uphold.

"Be born; arise; o'er earth and wild waves bounding
Peoples and suns!
Let darkness vanish;—tocsins be resounding,
And flash, ye guns!

"And you,—who love no pomps of fog, or glamour,
Who fear no shocks,
Brave foam and lightning, hurricane and clamor,
Exiles—the rocks!"

TORU DUTT

THE TRUMPETS OF THE MIND.

("Sonnez, clairons de la pensée!")

{Bk. VII. i., March 19, 1853.}

Sound, sound for ever, Clarions of Thought!

When Joshua 'gainst the high-walled city fought,

He marched around it with his banner high,

His troops in serried order following nigh,

But not a sword was drawn, no shaft outsprang,

Only the trumpets the shrill onset rang.

At the first blast, smiled scornfully the king,

And at the second sneered, half wondering:

"Hop'st thou with noise my stronghold to break down?"

At the third round, the ark of old renown

Swept forward, still the trumpets sounding loud,

And then the troops with ensigns waving proud.

Stepped out upon the old walls children dark

With horns to mock the notes and hoot the ark.

At the fourth turn, braving the Israelites,

Women appeared upon the crenelated heights—

Those battlements embrowned with age and rust—

And hurled upon the Hebrews stones and dust,

And spun and sang when weary of the game.
At the fifth circuit came the blind and lame,
And with wild uproar clamorous and high
Railed at the clarion ringing to the sky.
At the sixth time, upon a tower's tall crest,
So high that there the eagle built his nest,
So hard that on it lightning lit in vain,
Appeared in merriment the king again:
"These Hebrew Jews musicians are, meseems!"
He scoffed, loud laughing, "but they live on dreams."
The princes laughed submissive to the king,
Laughed all the courtiers in their glittering ring,
And thence the laughter spread through all the town.

At the seventh blast—the city walls fell down.

TORU DUTT.

AFTER THE COUP D'ÉTAT.

("Devant les trahisons.")

{Bk. VII, xvi., Jersey, Dec. 2, 1852.}

Before foul treachery and heads hung down,

I'll fold my arms, indignant but serene.

Oh! faith in fallen things—be thou my crown,

My force, my joy, my prop on which I lean:

Yes, whilst *he's* there, or struggle some or fall,

O France, dear France, for whom I weep in vain.

Tomb of my sires, nest of my loves—my all,

I ne'er shall see thee with these eyes again.

I shall not see thy sad, sad sounding shore,

France, save my duty, I shall all forget;

Amongst the true and tried, I'll tug my oar,

And rest proscribed to brand the fawning set.

O bitter exile, hard, without a term,

Thee I accept, nor seek nor care to know

Who have down-truckled 'mid the men deemed firm,

And who have fled that should have fought the foe.

If true a thousand stand, with them I stand;

A hundred? 'tis enough: we'll Sylla brave;

Ten? put my name down foremost in the band;

One?—well, alone—until I find my grave.

TORU DUTT.

PATRIA.{1}

("Là-haut, qui sourit.")

{Bk. VII. vii., September, 1853.}

Who smiles there? Is it

A stray spirit,

Or woman fair?

Sombre yet soft the brow!

Bow, nations, bow;

O soul in air,

Speak—what art thou?

In grief the fair face seems—

What means those sudden gleams?

Our antique pride from dreams

Starts up, and beams

Its conquering glance,—

To make our sad hearts dance,

And wake in woods hushed long

The wild bird's song.

Angel of Day!

Our Hope, Love, Stay,

Thy countenance

Lights land and sea
Eternally,
Thy name is France
Or Verity.

Fair angel in thy glass
When vile things move or pass,
Clouds in the skies amass;
Terrible, alas!
Thy stern commands are then:
"Form your battalions, men,
The flag display!"
And all obey.
Angel of might
Sent kings to smite,
The words in dark skies glance,
"Mené, Mené," hiss
Bolts that never miss!
Thy name is France,
Or Nemesis.

As halcyons in May,
O nations, in his ray
Float and bask for aye,
Nor know decay!
One arm upraised to heaven

Seals the past forgiven;

One holds a sword

To quell hell's horde,

Angel of God!

Thy wings stretch broad

As heaven's expanse!

To shield and free

Humanity!

Thy name is France,

Or Liberty!

{Footnote 1: Written to music by Beethoven.}

THE UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC.

("Temps futurs.")

{Part "Lux," Jersey, Dec. 16-20, 1853.}

O vision of the coming time!

When man has 'scaped the trackless slime

And reached the desert spring;

When sands are crossed, the sward invites

The worn to rest 'mid rare delights

And gratefully to sing.

E'en now the eye that's levelled high,
Though dimly, can the hope espy
So solid soon, one day;
For every chain must then be broke,
And hatred none will dare evoke,
And June shall scatter May.

E'en now amid our misery
The germ of Union many see,
And through the hedge of thorn,
Like to a bee that dawn awakes,
On, Progress strides o'er shattered stakes,
With solemn, scathing scorn.

Behold the blackness shrink, and flee!
Behold the world rise up so free
Of coroneted things!
Whilst o'er the distant youthful States,
Like Amazonian bosom-plates,
Spread Freedom's shielding wings.

Ye, liberated lands, we hail!
Your sails are whole despite the gale!
Your masts are firm, and will not fail—
The triumph follows pain!

Hear forges roar! the hammer clanks—
It beats the time to nations' thanks—
At last, a *peaceful* strain!

'Tis rust, not gore, that gnaws the guns,
And shattered shells are but the runs
Where warring insects cope;
And all the headsman's racks and blades
And pincers, tools of tyrants' aids,
Are buried with the rope.

Upon the sky-line glows i' the dark
The Sun that now is but a spark;
But soon will be unfurled—
The glorious banner of us all,
The flag that rises ne'er to fall,
Republic of the World!

LES CONTEMPLATIONS.—1830-56.

THE VALE TO YOU, TO ME THE HEIGHTS.

A FABLE.

{Bk. III. vi., October, 1846.}

A lion camped beside a spring, where came the Bird

Of Jove to drink:

When, haply, sought two kings, without their courtier herd,

The moistened brink,

Beneath the palm—*they* always tempt pugnacious hands—

Both travel-sore;

But quickly, on the recognition, out flew brands

Straight to each core;

As dying breaths commingle, o'er them rose the call

Of Eagle shrill:

"Yon crownèd couple, who supposed the world too small,

Now one grave fill!

Chiefs blinded by your rage! each bleachèd sapless bone

Becomes a pipe

Through which siroccos whistle, trodden 'mong the stone

By quail and snipe.

Folly's liege-men, what boots such murd'rous raid,

And mortal feud?

I, Eagle, dwell as friend with Leo—none afraid—

In solitude:

At the same pool we bathe and quaff in placid mood.

Kings, he and I;

For I to him leave prairie, desert sands and wood,

And he to me the sky."

H.L.W.

CHILDHOOD.

("L'enfant chantait.")

{Bk. I. xxiii., Paris, January, 1835.}

The small child sang; the mother, outstretched on the low bed,

With anguish moaned,—fair Form pain should possess not long;

For, ever nigher, Death hovered around her head:

I hearkened there this moan, and heard even there that song.

The child was but five years, and, close to the lattice, aye

Made a sweet noise with games and with his laughter bright;

And the wan mother, aside this being the livelong day

Carolling joyously, coughed hoarsely all the night.

The mother went to sleep 'mong them that sleep away;

And the blithe little lad began anew to sing...

Sorrow is like a fruit: God doth not therewith weigh
Earthward the branch strong yet but for the blossoming.

NELSON R. TYERMAN.

SATIRE ON THE EARTH.

("Une terre au flanc maigre.")

{Bk. III. xi., October, 1840.}

A clod with rugged, meagre, rust-stained, weather-worried face,
Where care-filled creatures tug and delve to keep a worthless race;
And glean, begrudgedly, by all their unremitting toil,
Sour, scanty bread and fevered water from the ungrateful soil;
Made harder by their gloom than flints that gash their harried hands,
And harder in the things they call their hearts than wolfish bands,
Perpetuating faults, inventing crimes for paltry ends,
And yet, perversest beings! hating Death, their best of friends!
Pride in the powerful no more, no less than in the poor;
Hatred in both their bosoms; love in one, or, wondrous! two!
Fog in the valleys; on the mountains snowfields, ever new,
That only melt to send down waters for the liquid hell,
In which, their strongest sons and fairest daughters vilely fell!
No marvel, Justice, Modesty dwell far apart and high,

Where they can feebly hear, and, rarer, answer victims' cry.
At both extremes, unflinching frost, the centre scorching hot;
Land storms that strip the orchards nude, leave beaten grain to rot;
Oceans that rise with sudden force to wash the bloody land,
Where War, amid sob-drowning cheers, claps weapons in each hand.
And this to those who, luckily, abide afar—
This is, ha! ha! *a star!*

HOW BUTTERFLIES ARE BORN.

("Comme le matin rit sur les roses.")

{Bk. I. xii.}

The dawn is smiling on the dew that covers
The tearful roses—lo, the little lovers—
That kiss the buds and all the flutterings
In jasmine bloom, and privet, of white wings
That go and come, and fly, and peep, and hide
With muffled music, murmured far and wide!
Ah, Springtime, when we think of all the lays
That dreamy lovers send to dreamy Mays,
Of the proud hearts within a billet bound,
Of all the soft silk paper that men wound,
The messages of love that mortals write,

Filled with intoxication of delight,
Written in April, and before the Maytime
Shredded and flown, playthings for the winds' playtime.
We dream that all white butterflies above,
Who seek through clouds or waters souls to love,
And leave their lady mistress to despair,
To flirt with flowers, as tender and more fair,
Are but torn love-letters, that through the skies
Flutter, and float, and change to Butterflies.

A. LANG.

HAVE YOU NOTHING TO SAY FOR YOURSELF?

("Si vous n'avez rien à me dire.")

{Bk. II. iv., May, 18—.}

Speak, if you love me, gentle maiden!

Or haunt no more my lone retreat.

If not for me thy heart be laden,

Why trouble mine with smiles so sweet?

Ah! tell me why so mute, fair maiden,

Whene'er as thus so oft we meet?

If not for me thy heart be, Aideen,
Why trouble mine with smiles so sweet?

Why, when my hand unconscious pressing,
Still keep untold the maiden dream?
In fancy thou art thus caressing
The while we wander by the stream.

If thou art pained when I am near thee,
Why in my path so often stray?
For in my heart I love yet fear thee,
And fain would fly, yet fondly stay.

C.H. KENNY.

INSCRIPTION FOR A CRUCIFIX.{1}

("Vous qui pleurez, venez à ce Dieu.")

{Bk. III. iv., March, 1842.}

Ye weepers, the Mourner o'er mourners behold!
Ye wounded, come hither—the Healer enfold!
Ye gloomy ones, brighten 'neath smiles quelling care—
Or pass—for *this* Comfort is found ev'rywhere.

{Footnote 1: Music by Gounod.}

DEATH, IN LIFE.

("Ceux-ci partent.")

{Bk. III. v., February, 1843.}

We pass—these sleep
Beneath the shade where deep-leaved boughs
Bend o'er the furrows the Great Reaper ploughs,
And gentle summer winds in many sweep
Whirl in eddying waves
The dead leaves o'er the graves.

And the living sigh:
Forgotten ones, so soon your memories die.
Ye never more may list the wild bird's song,
Or mingle in the crowded city-throng.
Ye must ever dwell in gloom,
'Mid the silence of the tomb.

And the dead reply:
God giveth us His life. Ye die,

Your barren lives are tilled with tears,

For glory, ye are clad with fears.

Oh, living ones! oh, earthly shades!

We live; your beauty clouds and fades.

THE DYING CHILD TO ITS MOTHER.

("Oh! vous aurez trop dit.")

{Bk. III. xiv., April, 1843.}

Ah, you said too often to your angel

There are other angels in the sky—

There, where nothing changes, nothing suffers,

Sweet it were to enter in on high.

To that dome on marvellous pilasters,

To that tent roofed o'er with colored bars,

That blue garden full of stars like lilies,

And of lilies beautiful as stars.

And you said it was a place most joyous,

All our poor imaginings above,

With the wingèd cherubim for playmates,

And the good God evermore to love.

Sweet it were to dwell there in all seasons,
Like a taper burning day and night,
Near to the child Jesus and the Virgin,
In that home so beautiful and bright.

But you should have told him, hapless mother,
Told your child so frail and gentle too,
That you were all his in life's beginning,
But that also he belonged to you.

For the mother watches o'er the infant,
He must rise up in her latter days,
She will need the man that was her baby
To stand by her when her strength decays.

Ah, you did not tell enough your darling
That God made us in this lower life,
Woman for the man, and man for woman,
In our pains, our pleasures and our strife.

So that one sad day, O loss, O sorrow!
The sweet creature left you all alone;
'Twas your own hand hung the cage door open,
Mother, and your pretty bird is flown.

BP. ALEXANDER.

EPITAPH.

("Il vivait, il jouait.")

{Bk. III. xv., May, 1843.}

He lived and ever played, the tender smiling thing.

What need, O Earth, to have plucked this flower from blossoming?

Hadst thou not then the birds with rainbow-colors bright,

The stars and the great woods, the wan wave, the blue sky?

What need to have rapt this child from her thou hadst placed him by—

Beneath those other flowers to have hid this flower from sight?

Because of this one child thou hast no more of might,

O star-girt Earth, his death yields thee not higher delight!

But, ah! the mother's heart with woe for ever wild,

This heart whose sovran bliss brought forth so bitter birth—

This world as vast as thou, even *thou*, O sorrowless Earth,

Is desolate and void because of this one child!

NELSON K. TYERMAN.

ST. JOHN.

("Un jour, le morne esprit.")

{Bk. VI. vii., Jersey, September, 1855.}

One day, the sombre soul, the Prophet most sublime

At Patmos who aye dreamed,

And tremblingly perused, without the vast of Time,

Words that with hell-fire gleamed,

Said to his eagle: "Bird, spread wings for loftiest flight—

Needs must I see His Face!"

The eagle soared. At length, far beyond day and night,

Lo! the all-sacred Place!

And John beheld the Way whereof no angel knows

The name, nor there hath trod;

And, lo! the Place fulfilled with shadow that aye glows

Because of very God.

NELSON R. TYERMAN.

THE POET'S SIMPLE FAITH.

You say, "Where goest thou?" I cannot tell,
And still go on. If but the way be straight,
It cannot go amiss! before me lies
Dawn and the Day; the Night behind me; that
Suffices me; I break the bounds; I see,
And nothing more; *believe*, and nothing less.
My future is not one of my concerns.

PROF. E. DOWDEN.

I AM CONTENT.

("J'habite l'ombre.")

{1855.}

True; I dwell lone,
Upon sea-beaten cape,
Mere raft of stone;
Whence all escape
Save one who shrinks not from the gloom,
And will not take the coward's leap i' the tomb.

My bedroom rocks

With breezes; quakes in storms,

When dangling locks
Of seaweed mock the forms
Of straggling clouds that trail o'erhead
Like tresses from disrupted coffin-lead.

Upon the sky
Crape palls are often nailed
With stars. Mine eye
Has scared the gull that sailed
To blacker depths with shrillest scream,
Still fainter, till like voices in a dream.

My days become
More plaintive, wan, and pale,
While o'er the foam
I see, borne by the gale,
Infinity! in kindness sent—
To find me ever saying: "I'm content!"

LA LÉGENDE DES SIÈCLES.

CAIN.

("Lorsque avec ses enfants Cain se fût enfui.")

{Bk. II}

Then, with his children, clothed in skins of brutes,
Dishevelled, livid, rushing through the storm,
Cain fled before Jehovah. As night fell
The dark man reached a mount in a great plain,
And his tired wife and his sons, out of breath,
Said: "Let us lie down on the earth and sleep."
Cain, sleeping not, dreamed at the mountain foot.
Raising his head, in that funereal heaven
He saw an eye, a great eye, in the night
Open, and staring at him in the gloom.
"I am too near," he said, and tremblingly woke up
His sleeping sons again, and his tired wife,
And fled through space and darkness. Thirty days
He went, and thirty nights, nor looked behind;
Pale, silent, watchful, shaking at each sound;
No rest, no sleep, till he attained the strand
Where the sea washes that which since was Asshur.
"Here pause," he said, "for this place is secure;
Here may we rest, for this is the world's end."
And he sat down; when, lo! in the sad sky,

The selfsame Eye on the horizon's verge,
And the wretch shook as in an ague fit.
"Hide me!" he cried; and all his watchful sons,
Their finger on their lip, stared at their sire.
Cain said to Jabal (father of them that dwell
In tents): "Spread here the curtain of thy tent,"
And they spread wide the floating canvas roof,
And made it fast and fixed it down with lead.
"You see naught now," said Zillah then, fair child
The daughter of his eldest, sweet as day.
But Cain replied, "That Eye—I see it still."
And Jubal cried (the father of all those
That handle harp and organ): "I will build
A sanctuary;" and he made a wall of bronze,
And set his sire behind it. But Cain moaned,
"That Eye is glaring at me ever." Henoch cried:
"Then must we make a circle vast of towers,
So terrible that nothing dare draw near;
Build we a city with a citadel;
Build we a city high and close it fast."
Then Tubal Cain (instructor of all them
That work in brass and iron) built a tower—
Enormous, superhuman. While he wrought,
His fiery brothers from the plain around
Hunted the sons of Enoch and of Seth;
They plucked the eyes out of whoever passed,

And hurled at even arrows to the stars.
They set strong granite for the canvas wall,
And every block was clamped with iron chains.
It seemed a city made for hell. Its towers,
With their huge masses made night in the land.
The walls were thick as mountains. On the door
They graved: "Let not God enter here." This done,
And having finished to cement and build
In a stone tower, they set him in the midst.
To him, still dark and haggard, "Oh, my sire,
Is the Eye gone?" quoth Zillah tremblingly.
But Cain replied: "Nay, it is even there."
Then added: "I will live beneath the earth,
As a lone man within his sepulchre.
I will see nothing; will be seen of none."
They digged a trench, and Cain said: "'Tis enow,"
As he went down alone into the vault;
But when he sat, so ghost-like, in his chair,
And they had closed the dungeon o'er his head,
The Eye was in the tomb and fixed on Cain.

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