
APPENDIX

His friends, and went to learn the gipsy lore,
 And roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood,
 And came, as most men deem'd, to little good, 40
 But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

But once, years after in the country lanes,
 Two scholars whom at college erst he knew
 Met him, and of his way of life enquir'd.
 Whereat he answer'd, that the Gipsy crew, 45
 His mates, had arts to rule as they desir'd
 The workings of men's brains;
 And they can bind them to what thoughts they will.
 'And I,' he said, 'the secret of their art,
 When fully learn'd will to the world impart; 50
 But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill.'

This said, he left them, and return'd no more.---
 But rumours hung about the country-side
 That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,
 Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied, 55
 In hat of antique shape, and cloak of gray,
 the same the gipsies wore.

Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring;
 At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,
 On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frock'd boors 60
 Had found him seated at their entering,

But, 'mid their drink and clatter, he would fly; --
 And I myself seem half to know thy looks,
 And put the shepherds, wanderer, on thy trace;
 And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks 65
 I ask if thou hast pass'd their quiet place;
 Or in my boat I lie
 Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer heats,
 'Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,
 And watch the warm green-muffled Cumner hills, 70
 And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground!
 Thee, at the ferry, Oxford riders hithe,
 Returning home on summer nights, have met
 Crossing the stripling Thames at Bab-lock-hithe, 75
 Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
 As the slow punt swings round
 And leaning backward in a pensive dream,

And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
 Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood 80
 bowers,
 And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream!

And then they land, and thou art seen no more!
 Maidens who from the distant hamlets come
 To dance around the Fyfield elm in May, 85
 Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,
 Or cross a stile into the public way.
 Oft thou hast given them store
 Of flowers-the frail-leaf'd, white anemone,
 Back bluebells drench'd with dewes of summer 90
 eves,
 And purple orchises with spotted leaves --
 But none has words she can report of thee.

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time's here
 In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames, 95
 Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass
 Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering
 Thames,
 To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass,
 Have often pass'd thee near 100
 Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown:
 Mark'd thy outlandish garb, thy figure spare,
 Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air --
 But, when they came from bathing, thou wert gone!
 At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills, 105
 Where at her open door the housewife darns,
 Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate
 To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
 Childern, who early range these slopes and late
 For cresses from the rills,
 Have known thee watching, all an April day, 110
 The-springing pastures and the feeding kine;
 And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and shine,
 Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley-wood, 115
 Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged way
 Pitch their smok'd tents, and every bush you see
 With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of gray,
 Above the forest-ground call'd Thessaly --
 The blackbird picking food 120
 Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all;

So often has he known thee past him stray
Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,
And waiting for the spark from heaven to fall.

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill 125
Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go,
Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden bridge
Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow,
Thy face towards Hinksey and its wintry ridge?
And thou hast climb'd the hill 130
And gain'd the white brow of the Cumner range;
Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snowflakes fall,
The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall--
Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd grange.

But what --I dream! Two hundred years are flown 135
Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,
And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe
That thou wert wander'd from the studious walls
To learn strange arts, and join a Gipsy bribe.
And thou from earth art gone 140
Long since, and in some quiet chruchyard laid!
Some country nook, where o'er thy unknown grave
Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave --
Under a dark red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

--No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours! 145
For what wears out the life of mortal men?
'Tis that from change to change their being rolls;
'This that repeated shocks, again, again,
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls,
And numb the elastic powers. 150
Till having used our nerves with bliss and teen,
And tired upon a thousand schemes our wit,
To the just-pausing Genius we remit
Our well-worn life, and are --what we have been!

Thou hast not lived, why shouldst thou perish, so? 155
Thou hadst one air, one business, one desire :
Else wert thou long since number'd with the dead--

Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire!
 The generations of thy peers are fled,
 And we ourselves shall go; 160
 But thou possessest an immortal lot,
 And we imagine thee exempt from age
 And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,
 Because thou hadst-- what we, alas, have not!

For early didst thou leave the world, with powers 165
 Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
 Firm to their mark, not spent on other things;
 Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,
 Which much to have tried, in much been baffled,
 brings. 170
 O Life unlike to ours!
 Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
 Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives
 And each half lives a hundred different lives;
 Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope 175

Thou waitest for the spark from Heaven:and we,
 Vague half-believers of our casual creeds,
 Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
 Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
 Whose weak resolves never been fulfill'd; 180
 For whom each year we see
 Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new;
 Who hesitate and falter life away,
 And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day--
 Ah, do not we, Wanderer, await it too? 185

Yes! we await it, but it still delays,
 And then we suffer and amongst us one,
 Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly
 His seat upon the intellectual throne;
 And all his store of sad experience he 190
 Lays bare of wretched days;
 Tell us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
 And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
 And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,
 And all his hourly varied anodynes. 195

This for our wisest! and we others pine,
 And wish the long unhappy dream would end,
 And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear

With close-lipp'd patience for our only friend,
 Sad patience, too near neighbour to despair; 200
 But none has hope like thine!
 Thou through the fields and through the woods
 dost stray,
 Roaming the country-side, a truant boy,
 Nursing thy project in unclouded joy, 205
 And every doubt long blown by time away.

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,
 And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;
 Before this strange disease of modern life,
 With its sick hurry, its divided aims, 210
 Its head o'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife--
 Fly hence, our contact fear!
 Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood!
 Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern
 From her false friend's approach in Hades turn, 215
 Wave us away, and keep thy solitude!

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
 Still clutching the inviolable shade,
 With a free onward impulse brushing through,
 By night, the silver'd branches of the glade-- 220
 Far on the forest-skirts where none pursue
 On some mild pastoral slope
 Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales,
 Freshen thy flowers, as in former years,
 With dew, or listen with enchanted ears 225
 From the dark dingles, to the nightingales!

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!
 For strong the infection of our mental strife,
 Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;
 And we should win thee from thy own fair life, 230
 Like us distracted, and like us unblest!
 Soon, Soon thy cheer would die,
 Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy powers,
 And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made;
 And then thy glad perennial youth would fade, 235
 Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles!
 -- As some grave Tyrian trader from the sea
 Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
 Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily, 240
 The fringes of a southward-facing brow
 Among the Aegean isles;
 And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
 Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
 Green bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine; 245
 And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

 The young light-hearted masters of the waves;
 And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail,
 And day and night held on indignantly
 O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale, 250
 Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,
 To where the Atlantic raves
 Outside the western straits, and unbent sails
 There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of
 foam, 255
 shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;
 And on the beach undid his corded bales.

2. THYRSIS

How changed is here each spot man makes or fills!
 In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same;
 The village street its haunted mansion lacks,
 And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,
 And from the roofs the twisted chimney- 5
 stacks--
 Are ye too changed, ye hills?
 See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men
 Tonight from Oxfrord up your pathway strays!
 Here came I often, often, in old days -- 10
 Thyrsis and ; we still had Thyrsis then.

Runs it not here, the track by Childsworth Farm,
 Past the high wood, to where the elm tree crowns
 The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames?
 The single-elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs, 15
 The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful
 Thames?--
 This winter eve is warm,
 Humid the air! leafless, yet soft as spring,
 The tender purple spray on copse and briers! 20
 And that sweet city with her dreaming spires,
 She needs not June for beauty's heightening,

Lovely all times she lies, lovely tonight!--
 Only, methinks, some loss of habit's power
 Befalls me wandering through this upland 25
 dim
 Once passed I blindfold here, at any hour;
 Now seldom come I, since I came with him.
 That single elm tree bright
 Against the west--I miss it! is it gone? 30
 We prized it dearly; while it stood, we said,
 Our friend, the Gypsy Scholar, was not dead;
 While the tree lived, he in these fields lived on.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here,
 But once I knew each field, each flower, each 35
 stick'
 And with the country-folk acquaintance made
 By barn in threshing time, by new-built rick.
 Here too, our shepherd pipes we first assay'd



Ah me! this many a year 40
 My pipe is lost, my shepherd's holiday!
 Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy
 heart
 Into the world and wave of men depart;
 But Thyrsis of his own will went away. 45

It irked him to be here, he could not rest.
 He loved each simple joy the country yields,
 He loved his mates; but he could not keep,
 For that a shadow lowered on the fields,
 Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep. 50
 Some life of men unblest
 He knew, which made him droop, and filled his
 head
 He went; his piping took a troubled sound
 Of storms that rage outside our happy ground; 55
 He could not wait their passing, he is dead.

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,
 When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,
 Before the roses and the longest day--
 When garden-walks and all the grassy floor 60
 With blossoms red and white of fallen May
 And chestnut-flowers are strewn--
 So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,
 From the wet field, through the vext garden-trees,
 Come with volleying rain and tossing breeze: 65
 The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go I!

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go?
 Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,
 Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,
 Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon, 70
 Sweet-William with his homely cottage smell,
 And stocks in fragrant blow;
 Roses that down the alleys shine afar,
 And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,
 And groups under the dreaming garden-trees, 75
 And the full moon, and the white evening star.

He hearkens not! light comer, he is flown!
 What matters it? next year he will return,
 And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,
 With whitening hedges, and uncrumpling fern, 80
 And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,

And scent of hayt new-mown.
 But thyrsis is never more we swains shall see;
 See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,
 And blow a strain the world at last shall heed-- 85
 For Time, not Corydon, hath conquered thee!

Alack, for Corydon no rival now!--
 But when Sicilian shepherds lost a mate,
 Some good survivor with his flute would go,
 Piping a ditty sad for Bion's fate; 90
 And cross the unpermitted ferry's flow,
 And relax Pluto's brow,
 And make leap up with joy the beauteous head
 Of Proserpine, among whose crowned hair
 Are flowers first open'd on Sicilian air, 95
 And flute his friend, like Orpheus, from the dead.

O easy access to the hearer's grace
 When Dorian shepherds sang to Prosperpine!
 For She herself had trod Sicilian fields.
 She knew the Dorian water's gush divine, 100
 She knew each lily white which Enna yields,
 Each rose with blushing face;
 She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain.
 But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard!
 Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirred; 105
 And we should tease her with our plaint in vain.

Well! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be,
 Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour
 In the old haunt, and find our tree-topped hill!
 Who, if not I, for questing here hath power? 110
 I know the Fyfield tree,
 I know what white, what purple fritillaries
 The grassy harvest of the river-fields,
 Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields, 115
 And what sedg'd brooks are Thames's tributaries;

I know these slopes; who knows them if not I?--
 But many a dingle on the loved hillside,
 With thorns once studded, old, white-blossomed
 trees 120
 Whgere thick the cowslips griew, and far descried
 High towered the spikes of purple orchises,
 Hath since our day put by
 The coronals of that forgotten time;

Down each green bank hath gone the plow- 12^m
 boy's team,
 And only in the hidden brookside gleam
 Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

Where is the girl, who by the boatmans, door, . 13^m
 Above the locks, above the boating throng,
 Unmoored our skiff when through the Wytham
 flats,
 Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among
 And darting swallows and light water-gnats,
 We tracked the shy Thames shore? 13^m

Where are the mowers, whos as the tiny swell
 Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,
 Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass?--
 They all are gone, and thou art gone as well!

Yes, thou art gone! and round me too the night 140
 In ever-nearing circle weaves her shade.
 I see her veil draw soft across the day,
 I feel her slowly chilling breath invade
 The cheek grown thin, the brown hair sprent
 with gray; 14^m
 I feel her finger light
 Laid pausefully upon life's headlong train;--
 The foot less prompt to meet the morning dew,
 The heart less bounding at emotion new,
 And hope, once crushed, less quick to spring again 15^m

And long the way appears which seemed so short
 To the less practiced eye of sanguine youth;
 And high the mountain-tops, in cloudy air,
 the mountain-tops where is the throne of Truth,
 Tops in life's morning-sun so bright and bare! 15^m
 Unbreachable the fort
 Of the long-battered world uplifts its wall;
 And strange and vain the earthly turmoil grows,
 And near and real the charm of thy repose,
 And night as welcome as a friend would fall 16^m

But hush! the upland hath a sudden loss
 Of quiet!-- Look, adown the dusk hill-side,
 A troop of Oxford hunters going home,
 As in old days, jovial and talking, ride!
 From hunting with the Berkshire hounds they 16^m
 come.

Quick! let me fly, and cross
 Into yon farther field!--'This done; and see,
 Back'd by the sunset, which doth glorify
 The orange and pale violet evening sky, 170
 Bare on its lonely ridge, the Tree! the Tree!

I take the omen! Eve lets down her veil,
 The white fog creeps from bush to bush about,
 The west unflushes, the high stars grow bright,
 And in the scattered farms the lights come out. 175
 I cannot reach the single tree to-night,
 Yet, happy omen, hail!
 Hear it from thy broad lucent Arno-vale
 (For there thine earth-forgetting eyelids keep
 The morningless and unawakening sleep 180
 Under the flowery oleanders pale).

Hear it, O Thyrsis, still our tree is there!--
 Ah vain! These English fields, this upland dim,
 These brambles pale with mist engarlanded,
 That lone sky-pointing tree are not for him; 185
 To a boon southern country he is fled,
 And now in happier air,
 Wandering with the great Mother's train divine
 (And purer or more subtle soul than thee,
 I trow, the mighty Mother doth not see) 190
 Within a folding of the Apennine,

Thou hearest the immortal chants of old!--
 Putting his sickle to the perilous grain
 In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian king,
 For thee the Lityerses, song again 195
 Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing;
 Sings his Sicilian fold,
 His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eyes--
 And how a call celestial round him rang,
 And heavenward from the fountain brink he 200
 sprang,
 And all the marvel of the golden skies.

There thou art gone, and me thou leavest here
 Sole in these fields! yet will I not despair.
 Despair I will not, while I yet descry 205

'Neath the mild canopy of English air
That lonely tree against the western sky.
Still, still these slopes, 'tis clear,
Our Gypsy Scholar haunts, outliving thee!
Fields where soft sheep from cages pull the hay, 210
Woods with anemonies in flower till May,
Know him a wanderer still; then why not me?

A fugitive and gracious light he seeks,
Shy to illumine; and I seek it too.
This does not come with houses or with gold, 215
With place, with honour, and a flattering crew;
'Tis not in the world's market bought and sold--
But the smooth-slipping weeks
Drop by, and leave its seeker still untired;
Out of the heed of mortals he is gone, 220
He wends unfollowed, he must house alone;
Yet on he fares, by his own heart inspired.

Thou too, O Thyrsis, on like quest wast bound;
Thou wanderedst with me for a little hour!
Men gave thee nothing; but this happy quest, 225
If men esteemed thee feeble, gave thee power,
If men procured thee trouble, gave thee rest.
And this rude cummer ground,
Its fir-topped Hurst, its farms, its quiet fields,
Here cam'st thou in thy jocund youthful time, 230
Here was thine height of strength, thy golden
prime!
And still the haunt beloved a virtue yields.

What though the music of thy rustic flute
Kept not for long its happy, country tone; 235
Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note
Of men contention-tost, of men who groan,
Which tasked thy pipe too sore, and tired thy
throat--
It failed, and thou was mute! 240
Yet hadst thou always visions of our light,
And long with men of care thou couldst not stay,
And soon thy foot resumed its wandering way,
Left human haunt, and on alone till night.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here! 245
'Mid city noise, not, as with thee of yore,
Thyrsis! in reach of sheep-bells is my home.

--Then through the great town's harsh, heart-
wearying roar,
Let in thy voice a whisper often come, 250
To chase fatigue and fear :
Why faintest thou? I wander'd till I died.
Roam on! The light we sought is shining still.
Dost thou ask proof? Our tree yet crowns the
hill, 255
Our Scholar travels yet the loved hillside.

3. RUGBY CHAPEL :
NOVEMBER 1857

Coldly, sadly descends
The autumn-evening. The field
Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
Of withered leaves, and the elms,
Fade into dimness apace, 5
Silent;-hardly a shout
From a few boys late at their play !
The lights come out in the street,
In the school-room windows; - but cold,
Solemn, unlighted, austere, 10
Through the gathering darkness, arise
The chaple-walls, in whose bound
Thou, my father ! art laid.

There thou dost lie, in the gloom
Of the autumn evening, But ah ! 15
That word, gloom, to my mind
Brings thee back, in the light
Of thy radiant vigour, again ;
In the gloom of November we passed
Days not dark at thy side; 20
Seasons impaired not the ray
Of thy buoyant cheerfulness clear.
Such thou wast ! and I stand
In the autumn evening, and think
Of bygone autumns with thee. 25
Fifteen years have gone round
Since thou arosest to tread,
In the summer-morning, the road
Of death, at a call unforeseen,
Sudden. For fifteen years, 30
We who till then in thy shade

Rested as under the boughs
Of a mighty oak, have endured
Sunshine and rain as we might,
Bare, Unshaded, alone, 35
Lacking the shelter of thee.

O strong soul, by what shore,
 Tarriest thou now ? For that force,
 Surely, has not been left vain !
 Somewhere, surely, afar, 40
 In the sounding labour-house vast
 Of being is practised that strength,
 Zealous, beneficent, firm !
 Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
 Conscious or not of the past, 45
 Still thou performest the word
 Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live-
 Prompt, unwearied, as here !
 Still thou upraisest with zeal
 The humble good from the ground, 50
 Sternly represses the bad !
 Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
 Those who with half-open eyes
 Tread the border-land dim
 'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st, 55
 Succourest ! -this was thy work,
 This was thy life upon earth.

What is the course of the life
 Of mortal men on the earth ?
 Most men eddy about 60
 Here and there-eat and drink,
 Chatter and love and hate,
 Gather and squander, are raised
 Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust.
 Striving blindly, achieving
 Nothing; and then they die- 65
 Perish;-and no one asks
 Who or what they have been,

More than he asks what waves,
 In the moonlight solitudes mild
 Of the midmost Ocean, have swell'd, 70
 Foam'd for a moment and gone.

And there are some, whom a thirst
 Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
 Not with the crowd to be spent, 75
 Not without aim to go round
 In an eddy of purposeless dust,



Effort unmeaning and vain.
 Ah, yes ! some of us strive
 Not without action to die 80
 Fruitless, but something to snatch
 From dull oblivion, nor all
 Glut the devouring grave !
 We, we have chosen our path-
 Path to a clear-purposed goal, 85
 Path of advance !-but it leads
 A long, steep journey, through sunk
 Gorges, o'er mountains in snow.
 Cheerful, with friends, we set forth-
 Then, on the height, comes the storm. 90
 Thunder crashes from rock
 To rock, the cataracts reply,
 Lightnings dazzle our eyes.
 Roaring torrents have breach'd
 The track, the stream-bed descends 95
 In the place where the wayfarer once
 Planted his footstep-the spray
 Boils o'er its borders ! aloft
 The unseen snow-beds dislodge
 Their hanging ruin ! alas, 100
 Havoc is made in our train !
 Friends, who set forth at our side,
 Falter, are lost in the storm.
 We, we only are left !
 With frowning foreheads, with lips 105
 Sternly compress'd, we strain on,

On-and at nightfall at last
 Come to the end of our way,
 To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks;
 Where the gaunt and taciturn host 110
 Stands on the threshold, the wind
 Shanking his thin white hairs -
 Holds his lantern to scan
 Our storm-beat figures, and asks:
 Whom in our party we bring ? 115
 Whom we have left in the snow ?

Sadly we answer: We bring
 Only ourselves ! we lost
 Sight of the rest in the storm.
 Hardly ourselves we fought through, 120
 Stripped, without friends, as we are.

Friends, companions, and train,
The avalanche swept form our side.

But thou would'st not alone
Be saved, my father! alone 125
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.

We were weary, and we
Fearful and we in our march
Fain to drop down and to die. 130
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand.

If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet, 135
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw

Nothing-to us thou wast still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm!
Therefore to thee it was given 140
Many to save with thyself;
And, at the end of thy day,
Of faithful shepherd! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

And thought thee I believe 145
In the noble and and great who are gone;
Pure souls honoured and blest
By former ages, who else-

Such, so soulless, so poor,
Is the race of men whom I see- 150
Seem'd but a dream of the heart,
Seem'd but a cry of desire.

Yes! I believe that there lived
Others, like thee in the past,
Not like the men of the crowd 155
Who all round me to-day

Bluster or cringe, and make life
Hideous, and arid, and vile;
But souls tempered with fire,
Fervent, heroic and good, 160
Helpers and friends of mankind.

Servants of God! - or sons
 Shall I not call you ? because
 Not as servants ye knew
 Your Father's innermost mind, 165
 His, who unwillingly sees
 One of his little ones lost-
 Yours is the praise, if mankind
 Hath not as yet in its march
 Fainted, and fallen, and died! 170

See! In the rocks of the world
 Marches the host of mankind,
 A feeble, wavering line.
 Where are they tending ? - A God
 Marshall'd them, gave them their goal. 175
 Ah, but the way is so long !
 Years they have been in the wild!
 Sore thirst plagues them, the rocks,
 Rising all round, overawe;
 Factions divide them, their host
 Threatens to break, to dissolve. 180
 -Ah, keep, keep them combined;
 Else, of the myriads who fill
 That army, not one shall arrive;
 Sole they shall stray; in the rocks 185
 Stagger for ever in vain,
 Die one by one in the waste.

Then, in such hour of need
 Of your fainting dispirited race, 190
 Ye, like angels appear,
 Radiant with ardour divine !
 Beacons of hope, ye appear !
 Languor is not in your heart,
 Weakness is not in your word,
 Weariness not on your brow. 195
 Ye alight in our van ! at your voice,
 Panic, despair, flee away.
 Ye move through the ranks, recall
 The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
 Praise, re-inspire the brave! 200
 Order, courage, return.
 Eyes rekindling and prayers
 Follow your steps as ye go.
 Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
 Strengthen the wavering line, 205



Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God.

MEMORIAL VERSES

Goethe in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,
Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease.
But one such death remain'd to come.
The last poetic voice is dumb.
What shall be said o'er Wordsworth's tomb ? 5

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
We bow'd our head and held our breath.
He taught us little : but our soul
Had felt him like the thunder's roll. 10
With shivering heart the strife we saw
Of Passion with Eternal Law;
And yet with reverential awe
We watch'd the fount of fiery life
Which serv'd for that Titanic strife.

When Goethe's death was told, we said- 15
Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.
Pyysician of the Iron Age,
Goethe has done his pilgrimage.
He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear, 20
And struck his finger on the place
And said-Thou ailest here, and here.
He look'd on Eurpoe's dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power;
His eye plung'd down the weltering strife, 25
The turmoil of Expiring live;
He said-The end is everywhere:
Art still has truth, take refuge there.
And he was happy, if to know 30
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness.

And wordworth :- Ah, pale Ghosts, rejoice !
 For never has such a soothing voice 35
 Been to your shadowy world convey'd,
 Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade
 Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
 Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.
 Wordsworth has gone from us - and ye, 40
 Ah, may ye feel his voice as we.
 He too upon a wintry clime
 Had fallen - on this iron time
 Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
 He found us when the age had bound 45
 Our souls in its benumbing round;
 He spoke, and loos'd our heart in tears.
 He laid us as we lay at birth
 On the cool flowery lap of earth;
 Smiles broke from us and we had ease. 50
 The hills were round us, and the breeze
 Went o'er the sun-lit fields again :
 Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
 Our youth returned for there was shed
 On spirits that had long been dead, 55
 Spirits dried up and closely-furl'd,
 The freshness of the early world.

Ah, since dark days still bring to light,
 Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
 Time may restore us in his course
 Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force : 60
 But where will Europe's latter hour
 Again find Wordsworth's healing power ?
 Others will teach us how to dare,
 And against fear our breast to steel : 65
 Others will strengthen us to bear-
 But who, ah! who, will make us feel ?
 The cloud of mortal destiny,
 Others will front it fearlessly-
 But who, like him, will put it by ? 70

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave,
 O Rotha ! with thy living wave.
 Sing him thy best ! for few or none
 Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

5. STANZAS FROM THE GRANDE CHARTREUSE

- THROUGH Alpine meadows soft-suffused
With rain, where thick the crocus blow,
Past the dark forges long disused,
The mule-track from Saint Laurent goes
The bridge is cross'd, and slow we ride, 5
Through forest, up the mountain-side.
- The autumnal evening darkens round,
The wind is up, and drives the rain;
While, hark! far down, with strangled sound
Doth the Dead Guier's stream complain, 10
Where that wet smoke, among the woods,
Over his boiling cauldron broods.
- Swift rush the spectral vapours white
Past limestone scars with ragged pines,
Showing-then blotting from our sight! 15
Halt-through the cloud-drift something shines!
High in the valley, wet and drear,
The huts of Courrierie appear.
- Strike Leftward! cries our guide; and higher
Mounts up the stony forest-way. 20
At last the encircling trees retire;
Look! through the showery twilight grey
What pointed roofs are these advance?-
A palace of the Kings of France?
- Approach, for what we seek is here! 25
Alight, and sparely sup, and wait
For rest in this outbuilding near;
Then cross the sward and reach that gate.
Knock; pass the wicket! Thou art come
To the Carthusians' world-famed home. 30



The silent courts, where night and day
Into their stone-carved basins cold
The splashing icy fountains play-
The humid corridors behold!
Where, ghostlike in the deepening night, 35
Cowl'd forms brush by in gleaming white.

The chapel, where no organ's peal
Invests the stern and naked prayer-
With penitential cries they kneel
And wrestle; rising then, with bare 40
And white uplifted faces stand,
Passing the Host from hand to hand;

Each takes, and then his visage wan
Is buried in his cowl once more.
The cells!-the suffering Son of Man 45
Upon the wall-the knee worn floor-
And where they sleep, that wooden bed,
Which shall their coffin be, when dead!

The library, where tract and tome
Not to feed priestly pride are there, 50
To hymn the conquering march of Rome,
Nor yet to amuse, as ours are!
They paint of souls the inner strife,
Their drops of blood, their death in life.

The garden, overgrown--yet mild, 55
See, fragrant herbs are flowering there!
Strong children of the Alpine wild
Whose culture is the brethren's care;
Of human tasks their only one,
And cheerful works beneath the sun. 60

Those halls, too, destined to contain
Each its own pilgrim-host of old,
From England, Germany, or Spain--
Al are before me! I behold
The House, the Brotherhood austere! 65
--And what am I, that I am here?

For rigorous teachers seized my youth,
And purged its faith, and trimm'd its fire,
Show'd me the high, white star of Truth,
There bade me gaze, and there aspire. 70
Even now their whispers pierce the gloom:
What dost thou in this living tomb?

Forgive me, masters of the mind!
At whose behest I long ago
So much unlearnt, so much resign'd-- 75
I come not here to be your foe!
I seek these anchorites, not in ruth,
To curse and to deny your truth;

Not as their friend, or child, I speak!
But as, on some far northern strand, 80
Thinking of his own Gods, a Greek
In pity and mournful awe might stand
Before some fallen Runic stone--
For both were faiths, and both are gone.

Wandering between two worlds, one dead, 85
The other powerless to be born,
With nowhere yet to rest my head,
Like these, on earth I wait forlorn.
Their faith, my tears, the world deride--
I come to shed them at their side. 90

Oh, hide me in your gloom profound,
Ye solemn seats of holy pain!
Take me, cowl'd forms, and fence me round,
Till I possess my soul again;
Till free my thoughts before me roll, 95
Not chafed by hourly false control!

For the world cries your faith is now
But a dead time's exploded dream;
My melancholy, sciolists say,
Is a pass'd mode, an outworn theme-- 100
As if the world had ever had
A faith, or sciolists been sad!

Ah, if it be pass'd take away,
Atleast, the restlessness, the pain;
Be man henceforth no more a prey 105
To these out-dated stings agin!
The nobleness of grief is gone--
Ah, leave us not the fret alone!

But-if you cannot give us ease--
Last of the race of them who grieve 110
Here leave us to die out with these
Last of the people who believe!
Silent, while years engrave the brow;
Silent-the best are silent now.

Achilles ponders in his tent, 115
The kings of modern thought are dumb;
Silent they are, though not content,
And wait to see the future come.
They have the grief men had of yore,
But they contend and cry no more. 120

Our fathers water'd with their tears
This sea of time whereon we sail,
Their voices were in all men's ears
Who pass'd within their puissant hail.
Still the same ocean round us raves, 125
But we stand mute, and watch the waves.

For what avail'd it, all the noise
And outcry of the former men?--
Say, have their sons achieved more joys,
Say, is life lighter now than then? 130
The sufferers died, they left their pain--
The pangs which tortured them remain.

What helps it now, that Byron bore,
With haughty scorn which mockd the smart,
Through Europe to the AEtolian shore 135
The pageant of his bleeding heart?
That thousands counted every groan,
And Europe made his woe her own?

What boots it, Shelley! that the breeze
Carried thy lovely wail away, 140
Musical through Italian trees
Which fringe thy soft blue spezzian bay?
Inheritors of thy distress
have restless hearts one throb the less?

Or are we easier, to have read, 145
O Obermann! the sad, stern page,
Which tells us how thou hidd'st thy head
From the fierce tempest of thine age
In the lone brakes of Fontainebleu,
Or chalets near the Alpine snow? 150

Ye slumber in your silent grave!--
The world, which for an idle day
Grace to your mood of sadness gave,
long since hath flung her weeds away.
The eternal trifler breaks your spell; 155
But we-- we learnt your lore too well!

Years hence, pehaps, may dawn an age,
More fortunate, alas! than we,
Which without hardness will be sage,
And gay without frivolity. 160
Sons of the world, oh, speed those years;
But, while we wait, allow our tears!

Allow them! We admire with awe
The exulting thunder of your race;
You give the universe your law, 165
You triumph over time and space!
Your pride of life, your tireless powers,
We laud them, but they are not ours.

We are like children rear'd in shade
Beneath some old-world abbey wall, 170
Forgotten in a forest-glade,
And secret from the eyes of all.
Deep, deep the greenwood round them waves,
Their abbey, and its close of graves!

But, where the road runs near the stream, 175
 Oft through the trees they catch a glance
 Of passing troops in the sun's beam--
 Pennon, and plume, and flashing lance!
 Forth to the world those soldiers fare,
 To life, to cities, and to war! 180

And through the wood, another way,
 Faint bugle-notes from far are borne,
 Where hunders gather, staghounds bay,
 Round some fair forest-lodge at morn.
 Gay dames are there, in sylvan green; 185
 Laughter and cries--those notes between!

The banners flashing through the trees
 make their blood dance and chain their eyes;
 That bugle-music on the breeze
 Arrests them with a charm'd surprise. 190
 Banner by turns and bugle woo:
Ye shy recluses, follow too!

O children, what do ye reply?--
 `Action and pleasure, will ye roam
 Through these secluded dells to cry 195
 And call us?--but too late ye come!
 Too late for us your call ye blow,
 Whose bent was taken long ago.

`Long since we pace this shadow'd nave;
 We watch those yellow tapers shine, 200
 Emblems of hope over the grave,

In the high altar's depth divine;
 The organ carries to our ear
 Its accents of another sphere.

`Fenced early in this cloistral round 205
 Of reverie, of shade, of prayer,
 How should we grow in other ground?
 How can we flower in foreign air?
 --Pass, banners, pass, and bugles, cease;
 And leave our desert to its peace! 210

6. STANZAS IN MEMORY OF THE AUTHOR OF 'OBERMANN'
NOVEMBER, 1849

IN front awful Alpine track
Crawls up its rocky stair;
The autumn storm-winds drive the rack,
Close o'er it, in the air.

Behind are the abandon'd baths 5
Mute in their meadows lone;
The leaves are on the valley-paths,
The mists are on the Rhone--

The white mists rolling like a sea!
I hear the torrents roar. 10
--Yes, Obermann, all speaks of thee;
I feel thee near once more!

I turn thy leaves! I feel their breath
Once more upon me roll;
That iar of langour, cold, and death, 15
Which brooded o'er thy soul.

Fly hence, poor wretch, whoe'er thou art,
Condemn'd to cast about,
All shipwreck in thy own weak heart,
For comfort from without! 20

A fever in these pages burns
Beneath the calm they feigh;
A wounded human spirit turns,
Here, on its bed of pain.

Yes, though the virgin mountain-air
Fresh though these pages blows;
Through to these leaves the glaciers spare
The soul of their white snows;

Though here a mountain-murmur swells
Of many a dark-bough'd pine; 30
Though, as you read, you hear the bells
of the high-pasturing kine--

Yet, through the hum of torrent lone,
And brooding mountain-bee,
There sobs I know not what ground-tone
Of human agony. 35

Is it for this, because the sound
Is fraught too deep with pain,
That, Obermann! the world around
So little loves thy strain? 40

Some secrets may the poet tell,
For the world loves new ways;
To tell too deep ones is not well--
It knows not what he says.

Yet, of the spirits who have reign'd
In this our troubled day,
I know but two, who have attain'd,
Save thee, to see their way. 45

By England's lakes, in grey old age,
his quiet home one keeps; 50
And one, the strong much-toiling sage,
In German Weimar sleeps.

but Wordsworth's eyes avert their ken
From half of human fate;
And Goethe's course few sons of men
May think to emulate. 55

For he pursued a lonely road,
His eyes on Nautre's plan;
Neither made man too much a God,
Nor God too much a man. 60

Strong was he, with a spirit free
From mists, and sane, and clear;
Clearer, how much! than ours--yet we
have a worse course to steer.

For though his manhood bore the blast
Of a tremendous time, 65
Yet in a tranquil world was pass'd
his tenderer youthful pirme.

But we, brought forth and rear'd in hours
 Of change, alarm, surprise-- 70
 What shelter to grow ripe is ours?
 What leisure to grow wise?

Like children bathing on the shore,
 Buried a wave beneath,
 The second wave succeeds, before 75
 We have had time to breathe.

Too fast we live, too much are tried,
 Too harass'd, to attain
 Wordsworth's sweet calm, or Goethe's wide
 And luminous view to gain. 80

And then we turn, thou sadder sage,
 To thee! we feel thy spell!
 --The hopeless tangle of our age,
 Thou too hast scann'd it well!

Immoveable thou sittest, still 85
 As death, composed to bear!
 thy head is clear, thy feeling chill,
 And icy thy despair.

yes, as the son of Thetis said,
 I hear thee saying now : 90
Greater by far than thou are dead;
Strive not! die also thou!

Ah! two desires toss about
 The poet's feverish blood.
 One drives him to the world without, 95
 And one to solitude.

The glow, he cries, the thrill of life,
Where, where do these abound?--
 Not in the world, not in the strife
 Of men, shall they be found. 100

He who hath watch'd, not shared, the strife,
 Knows how the day hath gone.
 He only lives with the world's life,
 Who hath renounced his own.

To thee we come, then! Clouds are roll'd Where thou, O seer! art set; Thy realm of thought is drear and cold-- The world is colder yet!	105
And thou hast pleasures, too, to share With those who come to thee-- Balms floating on thy mountain-air, and healing sights to see.	110
How often, where the slopes are green On Jaman, hast thou sate by some high chalet-door, and seen The summer-day grow late;	115
And darkness steal o'er the wet grass With the pale crocus starr'd And reach that glimmering sheet of glass Beneath the piny sward,	120
Lake Lemman's waters, far below! And watch'd the rosy light Fade from the distant peaks of snow; And on the air of night	
Heard accents of the eternal tongue Through the pine branches play-- Listen'd and felt thyself grow young! Listen'd and wept--Away!	125
Away the dreams that but deceive And thou, sad guide, adieu! I go, fate drives me; but I leave half of my life with you.	130
We, in some unknown Power's employ, Move on a rigorous line; Can neither, when we will, enjoy, Nor, when we will, resign.	135
I in the world must live; but thou, Thou melancholy shade! Wilt not, if thou canst see me now, Condemn me, nor upbraid	140

For thou art gone away from earth,
 and place with those dost claim,
 The children of the Second Birth,
 whom the world could not tame;

And with that small, transfigured band, 145
 Whom many a different way
 Conducted to their common land,
 Thou learn'st to think as they.

Christian and pagan, king and slave,
 Soldier and anchorite, 150
 Distinctions we esteem so grave
 Are nothing in their sight.

They do not ask, who pined unseen,
 Who was on action hurl'd,
 Whose one bond is, that alal have been 155
 Unspotted by the world.

There without anger thou wilt see
 Him who obeys thy spell
 No more, so he butrest, like thee,
 Unsoil'd!-- and so, farewell. 160

Farewell!-- Whether thou now liest near
 That much-loved inland sea,
 The ripples of whose blue waves cheer
 Vevey and Meilleire:

And in that gracious region bland, 165
 Where with clear-rustling wave
 The scented pines of Switzerland
 Stand dark round thy green grave,

Between the dusty vineyard-walls
 Issuing on that green place 170
 The early peasant still recalls
 The pensive stranger's face,

And stoops to clear thy moss-grown date
 Ere he plods on again;--
 Or whether, by maligner fate, 175
 Among the swarms of men,

Where between granite terraces
The blue Seine rolls her wave,
The Capital of Pleasure sees
The hardly-heard-of grave;--

180

Farewell! Under the sky we part,
in this stern Alpine dell.
O unstrung will! O broken heart!
A last, a last farewell!

167

7. STANZAS FROM CARNAC

FAR on its rocky knoll descried
Saint Michael's chapel cuts the sky
I climb'd;--beneath me, bright and wide,
Lay the lone coast of Brittany.

Bright in the sunset, weird and still, 5
It lay beside the Atlantic wave,
As thought the wizard Merlin's will
Yet charm'd it from his forest-grave.

Behind me on their grassy sweep,
Bearded with lichen, scrawl'd and grey, 10
The giant stones of Carnac sleep,
In the mild evening of the May.

No priestly stern procession now
Moves through their rows of pillars old;
No victims bleed, no Druids bow-- 15
Sheep make the daisied aisles their fold.

From bush to bush the cuckoo flies,
The Orchis red gleams everywhere;
Gold furze with broom in blossom vies,
the blue-bells perfume all the air. 20

And o'er the glistening, lonely land,
Rise up, all round, the Christian spires;
The church of Carnac, by the stand,
Catches the westering sun's last fires.

And there, across the watery way, 25
See, low above the tide at flood,
The sickle-sweep of Quiberon Bay,
Whose beach once ran with loyal blood!

And beyond that, the Atlantic wide!--
All round, no soul, no boat, no hail; 30
But, on the horizon's verge descried,
Hangs, touch'd with light, one snowy sail!

Ah! where is he, who should have come
Where that farsail is passing now,
Past the Loire's mouth, and by the foam
Of Finistere's unquiet brow, 35

Home, round into the English wave?
--He tarried where the Rock of Spain
Mediterranean waters love;
He enters not the Atlantic main. 40

Oh, could he once have reach'd this air
Freshen'd by plunging tides, by showers!
Have felt this breath he loved, of fair
Cool northern fields, and grass, and flowers!

He long'd for it-- press'd on.-- In vain! 45
At the Straits fail'd that spirit brave.
The south was parent of his pain,
The south is mistress of his grave.