

# **Poems of Emily Bronte**

**by Emily Bronte**

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# FAITH AND DESPONDENCY.

"The winter wind is loud and wild,  
Come close to me, my darling child;  
Forsake thy books, and mateless play;  
And, while the night is gathering gray,  
We'll talk its pensive hours away;--

"Ierne, round our sheltered hall  
November's gusts unheeded call;  
Not one faint breath can enter here  
Enough to wave my daughter's hair,  
And I am glad to watch the blaze  
Glance from her eyes, with mimic rays;  
To feel her cheek, so softly pressed,  
In happy quiet on my breast,

"But, yet, even this tranquillity  
Brings bitter, restless thoughts to me;  
And, in the red fire's cheerful glow,  
I think of deep glens, blocked with snow;  
I dream of moor, and misty hill,  
Where evening closes dark and chill;  
For, lone, among the mountains cold,  
Lie those that I have loved of old.  
And my heart aches, in hopeless pain,  
Exhausted with repinings vain,  
That I shall greet them ne'er again!"

"Father, in early infancy,  
When you were far beyond the sea,  
Such thoughts were tyrants over me!  
I often sat, for hours together,  
Through the long nights of angry weather,  
Raised on my pillow, to descry  
The dim moon struggling in the sky;  
Or, with strained ear, to catch the shock,  
Of rock with wave, and wave with rock;  
So would I fearful vigil keep,  
And, all for listening, never sleep.  
But this world's life has much to dread,  
Not so, my Father, with the dead.

"Oh! not for them, should we despair,  
The grave is drear, but they are not there;  
Their dust is mingled with the sod,

Their happy souls are gone to God!  
You told me this, and yet you sigh,  
And murmur that your friends must die.  
Ah! my dear father, tell me why?  
For, if your former words were true,  
How useless would such sorrow be;  
As wise, to mourn the seed which grew  
Unnoticed on its parent tree,  
Because it fell in fertile earth,  
And sprang up to a glorious birth—  
Struck deep its root, and lifted high  
Its green boughs in the breezy sky.

"But, I'll not fear, I will not weep  
For those whose bodies rest in sleep,—  
I know there is a blessed shore,  
Opening its ports for me and mine;  
And, gazing Time's wide waters o'er,  
I weary for that land divine,  
Where we were born, where you and I  
Shall meet our dearest, when we die;  
From suffering and corruption free,  
Restored into the Deity."

"Well hast thou spoken, sweet, trustful child!  
And wiser than thy sire;  
And worldly tempests, raging wild,  
Shall strengthen thy desire—  
Thy fervent hope, through storm and foam,  
Through wind and ocean's roar,  
To reach, at last, the eternal home,  
The steadfast, changeless shore!"

# STARS.

Ah! why, because the dazzling sun  
Restored our Earth to joy,  
Have you departed, every one,  
And left a desert sky?

All through the night, your glorious eyes  
Were gazing down in mine,  
And, with a full heart's thankful sighs,  
I blessed that watch divine.

I was at peace, and drank your beams  
As they were life to me;  
And revelled in my changeful dreams,  
Like petrel on the sea.

Thought followed thought, star followed star,  
Through boundless regions, on;  
While one sweet influence, near and far,  
Thrilled through, and proved us one!

Why did the morning dawn to break  
So great, so pure, a spell;  
And scorch with fire the tranquil cheek,  
Where your cool radiance fell?

Blood-red, he rose, and, arrow-straight,  
His fierce beams struck my brow;  
The soul of nature sprang, elate,  
But mine sank sad and low!

My lids closed down, yet through their veil  
I saw him, blazing, still,  
And steep in gold the misty dale,  
And flash upon the hill.

I turned me to the pillow, then,  
To call back night, and see  
Your worlds of solemn light, again,  
Throb with my heart, and me!

It would not do--the pillow glowed,  
And glowed both roof and floor;  
And birds sang loudly in the wood,  
And fresh winds shook the door;

The curtains waved, the wakened flies  
Were murmuring round my room,  
Imprisoned there, till I should rise,  
And give them leave to roam.

Oh, stars, and dreams, and gentle night;  
Oh, night and stars, return!  
And hide me from the hostile light  
That does not warm, but burn;

That drains the blood of suffering men;  
Drinks tears, instead of dew;  
Let me sleep through his blinding reign,  
And only wake with you!

# THE PHILOSOPHER.

Enough of thought, philosopher!  
Too long hast thou been dreaming  
Unlightened, in this chamber drear,  
While summer's sun is beaming!  
Space—sweeping soul, what sad refrain  
Concludes thy musings once again?

"Oh, for the time when I shall sleep  
Without identity.  
And never care how rain may steep,  
Or snow may cover me!  
No promised heaven, these wild desires  
Could all, or half fulfil;  
No threatened hell, with quenchless fires,  
Subdue this quenchless will!"

"So said I, and still say the same;  
Still, to my death, will say—  
Three gods, within this little frame,  
Are warring night; and day;  
Heaven could not hold them all, and yet  
They all are held in me;  
And must be mine till I forget  
My present entity!  
Oh, for the time, when in my breast  
Their struggles will be o'er!  
Oh, for the day, when I shall rest,  
And never suffer more!"

"I saw a spirit, standing, man,  
Where thou dost stand—an hour ago,  
And round his feet three rivers ran,  
Of equal depth, and equal flow—  
A golden stream—and one like blood;  
And one like sapphire seemed to be;  
But, where they joined their triple flood  
It tumbled in an inky sea  
The spirit sent his dazzling gaze  
Down through that ocean's gloomy night;  
Then, kindling all, with sudden blaze,  
The glad deep sparkled wide and bright—  
White as the sun, far, far more fair  
Than its divided sources were!"

"And even for that spirit, seer,  
I've watched and sought my life—time long;  
Sought him in heaven, hell, earth, and air,  
An endless search, and always wrong.  
Had I but seen his glorious eye  
ONCE light the clouds that wilder me;  
I ne'er had raised this coward cry  
To cease to think, and cease to be;

I ne'er had called oblivion blest,  
Nor stretching eager hands to death,  
Implored to change for senseless rest  
This sentient soul, this living breath—  
Oh, let me die—that power and will  
Their cruel strife may close;  
And conquered good, and conquering ill  
Be lost in one repose!"

# REMEMBRANCE.

Cold in the earth—and the deep snow piled above thee,  
Far, far, removed, cold in the dreary grave!  
Have I forgot, my only Love, to love thee,  
Severed at last by Time's all-severing wave?

Now, when alone, do my thoughts no longer hover  
Over the mountains, on that northern shore,  
Resting their wings where heath and fern-leaves cover  
Thy noble heart for ever, ever more?

Cold in the earth—and fifteen wild Decembers,  
From those brown hills, have melted into spring:  
Faithful, indeed, is the spirit that remembers  
After such years of change and suffering!

Sweet Love of youth, forgive, if I forget thee,  
While the world's tide is bearing me along;  
Other desires and other hopes beset me,  
Hopes which obscure, but cannot do thee wrong!

No later light has lightened up my heaven,  
No second morn has ever shone for me;  
All my life's bliss from thy dear life was given,  
All my life's bliss is in the grave with thee.

But, when the days of golden dreams had perished,  
And even Despair was powerless to destroy;  
Then did I learn how existence could be cherished,  
Strengthened, and fed without the aid of joy.

Then did I check the tears of useless passion—  
Weaned my young soul from yearning after thine;  
Sternly denied its burning wish to hasten  
Down to that tomb already more than mine.

And, even yet, I dare not let it languish,  
Dare not indulge in memory's rapturous pain;  
Once drinking deep of that divinest anguish,  
How could I seek the empty world again?

## A DEATH-SCENE.

"O day! he cannot die  
When thou so fair art shining!  
O Sun, in such a glorious sky,  
So tranquilly declining;

He cannot leave thee now,  
While fresh west winds are blowing,  
And all around his youthful brow  
Thy cheerful light is glowing!

Edward, awake, awake—  
The golden evening gleams  
Warm and bright on Arden's lake—  
Arouse thee from thy dreams!

Beside thee, on my knee,  
My dearest friend, I pray  
That thou, to cross the eternal sea,  
Wouldst yet one hour delay:

I hear its billows roar—  
I see them foaming high;  
But no glimpse of a further shore  
Has blest my straining eye.

Believe not what they urge  
Of Eden isles beyond;  
Turn back, from that tempestuous surge,  
To thy own native land.

It is not death, but pain  
That struggles in thy breast—  
Nay, rally, Edward, rouse again;  
I cannot let thee rest!"

One long look, that sore reproved me  
For the woe I could not bear—  
One mute look of suffering moved me  
To repent my useless prayer:

And, with sudden check, the heaving  
Of distraction passed away;  
Not a sign of further grieving  
Stirred my soul that awful day.

Paled, at length, the sweet sun setting;  
Sunk to peace the twilight breeze:  
Summer dews fell softly, wetting  
Glen, and glade, and silent trees.

Then his eyes began to weary,  
Weighed beneath a mortal sleep;  
And their orbs grew strangely dreary,  
Clouded, even as they would weep.

But they wept not, but they changed not,  
Never moved, and never closed;  
Troubled still, and still they ranged not—  
Wandered not, nor yet reposed!

So I knew that he was dying—  
Stooped, and raised his languid head;  
Felt no breath, and heard no sighing,  
So I knew that he was dead.

## SONG.

The linnet in the rocky dells,  
The moor-lark in the air,  
The bee among the heather bells  
That hide my lady fair:

The wild deer browse above her breast;  
The wild birds raise their brood;  
And they, her smiles of love caressed,  
Have left her solitude!

I ween, that when the grave's dark wall  
Did first her form retain,  
They thought their hearts could ne'er recall  
The light of joy again.

They thought the tide of grief would flow  
Unchecked through future years;  
But where is all their anguish now,  
And where are all their tears?

Well, let them fight for honour's breath,  
Or pleasure's shade pursue--  
The dweller in the land of death  
Is changed and careless too.

And, if their eyes should watch and weep  
Till sorrow's source were dry,  
She would not, in her tranquil sleep,  
Return a single sigh!

Blow, west-wind, by the lonely mound,  
And murmur, summer-streams--  
There is no need of other sound  
To soothe my lady's dreams.

# ANTICIPATION.

How beautiful the earth is still,  
To thee—how full of happiness?  
How little fraught with real ill,  
Or unreal phantoms of distress!  
How spring can bring thee glory, yet,  
And summer win thee to forget  
December's sullen time!  
Why dost thou hold the treasure fast,  
Of youth's delight, when youth is past,  
And thou art near thy prime?

When those who were thy own compeers,  
Equals in fortune and in years,  
Have seen their morning melt in tears,  
To clouded, smileless day;  
Blest, had they died untried and young,  
Before their hearts went wandering wrong,—  
Poor slaves, subdued by passions strong,  
A weak and helpless prey!

'Because, I hoped while they enjoyed,  
And by fulfilment, hope destroyed;  
As children hope, with trustful breast,  
I waited bliss—and cherished rest.  
A thoughtful spirit taught me soon,  
That we must long till life be done;  
That every phase of earthly joy  
Must always fade, and always cloy:

'This I foresaw—and would not chase  
The fleeting treacheries;  
But, with firm foot and tranquil face,  
Held backward from that tempting race,  
Gazed o'er the sands the waves efface,  
To the enduring seas—  
There cast my anchor of desire  
Deep in unknown eternity;  
Nor ever let my spirit tire,  
With looking for WHAT IS TO BE!

"It is hope's spell that glorifies,  
Like youth, to my maturer eyes,  
All Nature's million mysteries,  
The fearful and the fair—

Hope soothes me in the griefs I know;  
She lulls my pain for others' woe,  
And makes me strong to undergo  
What I am born to bear.

Glad comforter! will I not brave,  
Unawed, the darkness of the grave?  
Nay, smile to hear Death's billows rave—  
Sustained, my guide, by thee?  
The more unjust seems present fate,  
The more my spirit swells elate,  
Strong, in thy strength, to anticipate  
Rewarding destiny!

# THE PRISONER.

A FRAGMENT.

In the dungeon—crypts idly did I stray,  
Reckless of the lives wasting there away;  
"Draw the ponderous bars! open, Warder stern!"  
He dared not say me nay—the hinges harshly turn.

"Our guests are darkly lodged," I whisper'd, gazing through  
The vault, whose grated eye showed heaven more gray than blue;  
(This was when glad Spring laughed in awaking pride;)  
"Ay, darkly lodged enough!" returned my sullen guide.

Then, God forgive my youth; forgive my careless tongue;  
I scoffed, as the chill chains on the damp flagstones rung:  
"Confined in triple walls, art thou so much to fear,  
That we must bind thee down and clench thy fetters here?"

The captive raised her face; it was as soft and mild  
As sculptured marble saint, or slumbering unwean'd child;  
It was so soft and mild, it was so sweet and fair,  
Pain could not trace a line, nor grief a shadow there!

The captive raised her hand and pressed it to her brow;  
"I have been struck," she said, "and I am suffering now;  
Yet these are little worth, your bolts and irons strong;  
And, were they forged in steel, they could not hold me long."

Hoarse laughed the jailor grim: "Shall I be won to hear;  
Dost think, fond, dreaming wretch, that I shall grant thy prayer?  
Or, better still, wilt melt my master's heart with groans?  
Ah! sooner might the sun thaw down these granite stones.

"My master's voice is low, his aspect bland and kind,  
But hard as hardest flint the soul that lurks behind;  
And I am rough and rude, yet not more rough to see  
Than is the hidden ghost that has its home in me."

About her lips there played a smile of almost scorn,  
"My friend," she gently said, "you have not heard me mourn;  
When you my kindred's lives, MY lost life, can restore,  
Then may I weep and sue,—but never, friend, before!

"Still, let my tyrants know, I am not doomed to wear  
Year after year in gloom, and desolate despair;

A messenger of Hope comes every night to me,  
And offers for short life, eternal liberty.

"He comes with western winds, with evening's wandering airs,  
With that clear dusk of heaven that brings the thickest stars.  
Winds take a pensive tone, and stars a tender fire,  
And visions rise, and change, that kill me with desire.

"Desire for nothing known in my maturer years,  
When Joy grew mad with awe, at counting future tears.  
When, if my spirit's sky was full of flashes warm,  
I knew not whence they came, from sun or thunder—storm.

"But, first, a hush of peace—a soundless calm descends;  
The struggle of distress, and fierce impatience ends;  
Mute music soothes my breast—unuttered harmony,  
That I could never dream, till Earth was lost to me.

"Then dawns the Invisible; the Unseen its truth reveals;  
My outward sense is gone, my inward essence feels:  
Its wings are almost free—its home, its harbour found,  
Measuring the gulph, it stoops and dares the final bound,

"Oh I dreadful is the check—intense the agony—  
When the ear begins to hear, and the eye begins to see;  
When the pulse begins to throb, the brain to think again;  
The soul to feel the flesh, and the flesh to feel the chain.

"Yet I would lose no sting, would wish no torture less;  
The more that anguish racks, the earlier it will bless;  
And robed in fires of hell, or bright with heavenly shine,  
If it but herald death, the vision is divine!"

She ceased to speak, and we, unanswering, turned to go—  
We had no further power to work the captive woe:  
Her cheek, her gleaming eye, declared that man had given  
A sentence, unapproved, and overruled by Heaven.

# HOPE.

Hope Was but a timid friend;  
She sat without the grated den,  
Watching how my fate would tend,  
Even as selfish-hearted men.

She was cruel in her fear;  
Through the bars one dreary day,  
I looked out to see her there,  
And she turned her face away!

Like a false guard, false watch keeping,  
Still, in strife, she whispered peace;  
She would sing while I was weeping;  
If I listened, she would cease.

False she was, and unrelenting;  
When my last joys strewed the ground,  
Even Sorrow saw, repenting,  
Those sad relics scattered round;

Hope, whose whisper would have given  
Balm to all my frenzied pain,  
Stretched her wings, and soared to heaven,  
Went, and ne'er returned again!

# A DAY DREAM.

On a sunny brae alone I lay  
One summer afternoon;  
It was the marriage-time of May,  
With her young lover, June.

From her mother's heart seemed loath to part  
That queen of bridal charms,  
But her father smiled on the fairest child  
He ever held in his arms.

The trees did wave their plummy crests,  
The glad birds carolled clear;  
And I, of all the wedding guests,  
Was only sullen there!

There was not one, but wished to shun  
My aspect void of cheer;  
The very gray rocks, looking on,  
Asked, "What do you here?"

And I could utter no reply;  
In sooth, I did not know  
Why I had brought a clouded eye  
To greet the general glow.

So, resting on a heathy bank,  
I took my heart to me;  
And we together sadly sank  
Into a reverie.

We thought, "When winter comes again,  
Where will these bright things be?  
All vanished, like a vision vain,  
An unreal mockery!

"The birds that now so blithely sing,  
Through deserts, frozen dry,  
Poor spectres of the perished spring,  
In famished troops will fly.

"And why should we be glad at all?  
The leaf is hardly green,  
Before a token of its fall  
Is on the surface seen!"

Now, whether it were really so,  
I never could be sure;  
But as in fit of peevish woe,  
I stretched me on the moor,

A thousand thousand gleaming fires  
Seemed kindling in the air;  
A thousand thousand silvery lyres  
Resounded far and near:

Methought, the very breath I breathed  
Was full of sparks divine,  
And all my heather-couch was wreathed  
By that celestial shine!

And, while the wide earth echoing rung  
To that strange minstrelsy  
The little glittering spirits sung,  
Or seemed to sing, to me:

"O mortal! mortal! let them die;  
Let time and tears destroy,  
That we may overflow the sky  
With universal joy!

"Let grief distract the sufferer's breast,  
And night obscure his way;  
They hasten him to endless rest,  
And everlasting day.

"To thee the world is like a tomb,  
A desert's naked shore;  
To us, in unimagined bloom,  
It brightens more and more!

"And, could we lift the veil, and give  
One brief glimpse to thine eye,  
Thou wouldst rejoice for those that live,  
BECAUSE they live to die."

The music ceased; the noonday dream,  
Like dream of night, withdrew;  
But Fancy, still, will sometimes deem  
Her fond creation true.

# TO IMAGINATION.

When weary with the long day's care,  
And earthly change from pain to pain,  
And lost, and ready to despair,  
Thy kind voice calls me back again:  
Oh, my true friend! I am not lone,  
While then canst speak with such a tone!

So hopeless is the world without;  
The world within I doubly prize;  
Thy world, where guile, and hate, and doubt,  
And cold suspicion never rise;  
Where thou, and I, and Liberty,  
Have undisputed sovereignty.

What matters it, that all around  
Danger, and guilt, and darkness lie,  
If but within our bosom's bound  
We hold a bright, untroubled sky,  
Warm with ten thousand mingled rays  
Of suns that know no winter days?

Reason, indeed, may oft complain  
For Nature's sad reality,  
And tell the suffering heart how vain  
Its cherished dreams must always be;  
And Truth may rudely trample down  
The flowers of Fancy, newly-blown:

But thou art ever there, to bring  
The hovering vision back, and breathe  
New glories o'er the blighted spring,  
And call a lovelier Life from Death.  
And whisper, with a voice divine,  
Of real worlds, as bright as thine.

I trust not to thy phantom bliss,  
Yet, still, in evening's quiet hour,  
With never-failing thankfulness,  
I welcome thee, Benignant Power;  
Sure solacer of human cares,  
And sweeter hope, when hope despairs!

# HOW CLEAR SHE SHINES.

How clear she shines! How quietly  
I lie beneath her guardian light;  
While heaven and earth are whispering me,  
"To morrow, wake, but dream to-night."  
Yes, Fancy, come, my Fairy love!  
These throbbing temples softly kiss;  
And bend my lonely couch above,  
And bring me rest, and bring me bliss.

The world is going; dark world, adieu!  
Grim world, conceal thee till the day;  
The heart thou canst not all subdue  
Must still resist, if thou delay!

Thy love I will not, will not share;  
Thy hatred only wakes a smile;  
Thy griefs may wound--thy wrongs may tear,  
But, oh, thy lies shall ne'er beguile!  
While gazing on the stars that glow  
Above me, in that stormless sea,  
I long to hope that all the woe  
Creation knows, is held in thee!

And this shall be my dream to-night;  
I'll think the heaven of glorious spheres  
Is rolling on its course of light  
In endless bliss, through endless years;  
I'll think, there's not one world above,  
Far as these straining eyes can see,  
Where Wisdom ever laughed at Love,  
Or Virtue crouched to Infamy;

Where, writhing 'neath the strokes of Fate,  
The mangled wretch was forced to smile;  
To match his patience 'gainst her hate,  
His heart rebellious all the while.  
Where Pleasure still will lead to wrong,  
And helpless Reason warn in vain;  
And Truth is weak, and Treachery strong;  
And Joy the surest path to Pain;  
And Peace, the lethargy of Grief;  
And Hope, a phantom of the soul;  
And life, a labour, void and brief;  
And Death, the despot of the whole!

# SYMPATHY.

There should be no despair for you  
While nightly stars are burning;  
While evening pours its silent dew,  
And sunshine gilds the morning.  
There should be no despair—though tears  
May flow down like a river:  
Are not the best beloved of years  
Around your heart for ever?

They weep, you weep, it must be so;  
Winds sigh as you are sighing,  
And winter sheds its grief in snow  
Where Autumn's leaves are lying:  
Yet, these revive, and from their fate  
Your fate cannot be parted:  
Then, journey on, if not elate,  
Still, NEVER broken-hearted!

# PLEAD FOR ME.

Oh, thy bright eyes must answer now,  
When Reason, with a scornful brow,  
Is mocking at my overthrow!  
Oh, thy sweet tongue must plead for me  
And tell why I have chosen thee!

Stern Reason is to judgment come,  
Arrayed in all her forms of gloom:  
Wilt thou, my advocate, be dumb?  
No, radiant angel, speak and say,  
Why I did cast the world away.

Why I have persevered to shun  
The common paths that others run;  
And on a strange road journeyed on,  
Heedless, alike of wealth and power—  
Of glory's wreath and pleasure's flower.

These, once, indeed, seemed Beings Divine;  
And they, perchance, heard vows of mine,  
And saw my offerings on their shrine;  
But careless gifts are seldom prized,  
And MINE were worthily despised.

So, with a ready heart, I swore  
To seek their altar—stone no more;  
And gave my spirit to adore  
Thee, ever—present, phantom thing—  
My slave, my comrade, and my king.

A slave, because I rule thee still;  
Incline thee to my changeful will,  
And make thy influence good or ill:  
A comrade, for by day and night  
Thou art my intimate delight,—

My darling pain that wounds and sears,  
And wrings a blessing out from tears  
By deadening me to earthly cares;  
And yet, a king, though Prudence well  
Have taught thy subject to rebel

And am I wrong to worship where  
Faith cannot doubt, nor hope despair,

Since my own soul can grant my prayer?  
Speak, God of visions, plead for me,  
And tell why I have chosen thee!

# SELF-INTEROGATION.

"The evening passes fast away.  
'Tis almost time to rest;  
What thoughts has left the vanished day,  
What feelings in thy breast?

"The vanished day? It leaves a sense  
Of labour hardly done;  
Of little gained with vast expense—  
A sense of grief alone?

"Time stands before the door of Death,  
Upbraiding bitterly  
And Conscience, with exhaustless breath,  
Pours black reproach on me:

"And though I've said that Conscience lies  
And Time should Fate condemn;  
Still, sad Repentance clouds my eyes,  
And makes me yield to them!

"Then art thou glad to seek repose?  
Art glad to leave the sea,  
And anchor all thy weary woes  
In calm Eternity?

"Nothing regrets to see thee go—  
Not one voice sobs' farewell;  
And where thy heart has suffered so,  
Canst thou desire to dwell?"

"Alas! the countless links are strong  
That bind us to our clay;  
The loving spirit lingers long,  
And would not pass away!

"And rest is sweet, when laurelled fame  
Will crown the soldier's crest;  
But a brave heart, with a tarnished name,  
Would rather fight than rest.

"Well, thou hast fought for many a year,  
Hast fought thy whole life through,  
Hast humbled Falsehood, trampled Fear;  
What is there left to do?

"'Tis true, this arm has hotly striven,  
Has dared what few would dare;  
Much have I done, and freely given,  
But little learnt to bear!

"Look on the grave where thou must sleep  
Thy last, and strongest foe;  
It is endurance not to weep,  
If that repose seem woe.

"The long war closing in defeat--  
Defeat serenely borne,--  
Thy midnight rest may still be sweet,  
And break in glorious morn!"

# DEATH.

Death! that struck when I was most confiding.  
In my certain faith of joy to be—  
Strike again, Time's withered branch dividing  
From the fresh root of Eternity!

Leaves, upon Time's branch, were growing brightly,  
Full of sap, and full of silver dew;  
Birds beneath its shelter gathered nightly;  
Daily round its flowers the wild bees flew.

Sorrow passed, and plucked the golden blossom;  
Guilt stripped off the foliage in its pride  
But, within its parent's kindly bosom,  
Flowed for ever Life's restoring tide.

Little mourned I for the parted gladness,  
For the vacant nest and silent song—  
Hope was there, and laughed me out of sadness;  
Whispering, "Winter will not linger long!"

And, behold! with tenfold increase blessing,  
Spring adorned the beauty-burdened spray;  
Wind and rain and fervent heat, caressing,  
Lavished glory on that second May!

High it rose—no winged grief could sweep it;  
Sin was scared to distance with its shine;  
Love, and its own life, had power to keep it  
From all wrong—from every blight but thine!

Cruel Death! The young leaves droop and languish;  
Evening's gentle air may still restore—  
No! the morning sunshine mocks my anguish—  
Time, for me, must never blossom more!

Strike it down, that other boughs may flourish  
Where that perished sapling used to be;  
Thus, at least, its mouldering corpse will nourish  
That from which it sprung—Eternity.

## STANZAS TO -----

Well, some may hate, and some may scorn,  
And some may quite forget thy name;  
But my sad heart must ever mourn  
Thy ruined hopes, thy blighted fame!  
'Twas thus I thought, an hour ago,  
Even weeping o'er that wretch's woe;  
One word turned back my gushing tears,  
And lit my altered eye with sneers.  
Then "Bless the friendly dust," I said,  
"That hides thy unlamented head!  
Vain as thou wert, and weak as vain,  
The slave of Falsehood, Pride, and Pain--  
My heart has nought akin to thine;  
Thy soul is powerless over mine."  
But these were thoughts that vanished too;  
Unwise, unholy, and untrue:  
Do I despise the timid deer,  
Because his limbs are fleet with fear?  
Or, would I mock the wolf's death-howl,  
Because his form is gaunt and foul?  
Or, hear with joy the leveret's cry,  
Because it cannot bravely die?  
No! Then above his memory  
Let Pity's heart as tender be;  
Say, "Earth, lie lightly on that breast,  
And, kind Heaven, grant that spirit rest!"

# HONOUR'S MARTYR.

The moon is full this winter night;  
The stars are clear, though few;  
And every window glistens bright  
With leaves of frozen dew.

The sweet moon through your lattice gleams,  
And lights your room like day;  
And there you pass, in happy dreams,  
The peaceful hours away!

While I, with effort hardly quelling  
The anguish in my breast,  
Wander about the silent dwelling,  
And cannot think of rest.

The old clock in the gloomy hall  
Ticks on, from hour to hour;  
And every time its measured call  
Seems lingering slow and slower:

And, oh, how slow that keen-eyed star  
Has tracked the chilly gray!  
What, watching yet! how very far  
The morning lies away!

Without your chamber door I stand;  
Love, are you slumbering still?  
My cold heart, underneath my hand,  
Has almost ceased to thrill.

Bleak, bleak the east wind sobs and sighs,  
And drowns the turret bell,  
Whose sad note, undistinguished, dies  
Unheard, like my farewell!

To-morrow, Scorn will blight my name,  
And Hate will trample me,  
Will load me with a coward's shame—  
A traitor's perjury.

False friends will launch their covert sneers;  
True friends will wish me dead;  
And I shall cause the bitterest tears  
That you have ever shed.

The dark deeds of my outlawed race  
Will then like virtues shine;  
And men will pardon their disgrace,  
Beside the guilt of mine.

For, who forgives the accursed crime  
Of dastard treachery?  
Rebellion, in its chosen time,  
May Freedom's champion be;

Revenge may stain a righteous sword,  
It may be just to slay;  
But, traitor, traitor,—from THAT word  
All true breasts shrink away!

Oh, I would give my heart to death,  
To keep my honour fair;  
Yet, I'll not give my inward faith  
My honour's NAME to spare!

Not even to keep your priceless love,  
Dare I, Beloved, deceive;  
This treason should the future prove,  
Then, only then, believe!

I know the path I ought to go  
I follow fearlessly,  
Inquiring not what deeper woe  
Stern duty stores for me.

So foes pursue, and cold allies  
Mistrust me, every one:  
Let me be false in others' eyes,  
If faithful in my own.

## STANZAS.

I'll not weep that thou art going to leave me,  
There's nothing lovely here;  
And doubly will the dark world grieve me,  
While thy heart suffers there.

I'll not weep, because the summer's glory  
Must always end in gloom;  
And, follow out the happiest story--  
It closes with a tomb!

And I am weary of the anguish  
Increasing winters bear;  
Weary to watch the spirit languish  
Through years of dead despair.

So, if a tear, when thou art dying,  
Should haply fall from me,  
It is but that my soul is sighing,  
To go and rest with thee.

# MY COMFORTER.

Well hast thou spoken, and yet not taught  
A feeling strange or new;  
Thou hast but roused a latent thought,  
A cloud-closed beam of sunshine brought  
To gleam in open view.

Deep down, concealed within my soul,  
That light lies hid from men;  
Yet glows unquenched--though shadows roll,  
Its gentle ray cannot control--  
About the sullen den.

Was I not vexed, in these gloomy ways  
To walk alone so long?  
Around me, wretches uttering praise,  
Or howling o'er their hopeless days,  
And each with Frenzy's tongue;--

A brotherhood of misery,  
Their smiles as sad as sighs;  
Whose madness daily maddened me,  
Distorting into agony  
The bliss before my eyes!

So stood I, in Heaven's glorious sun,  
And in the glare of Hell;  
My spirit drank a mingled tone,  
Of seraph's song, and demon's moan;  
What my soul bore, my soul alone  
Within itself may tell!

Like a soft, air above a sea,  
Tossed by the tempest's stir;  
A thaw-wind, melting quietly  
The snow-drift on some wintry lea;  
No: what sweet thing resembles thee,  
My thoughtful Comforter?

And yet a little longer speak,  
Calm this resentful mood;  
And while the savage heart grows meek,  
For other token do not seek,  
But let the tear upon my cheek  
Evince my gratitude!

# THE OLD STOIC.

Riches I hold in light esteem,  
And Love I laugh to scorn;  
And lust of fame was but a dream,  
That vanished with the morn:

And if I pray, the only prayer  
That moves my lips for me  
Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,  
And give me liberty!"

Yes, as my swift days near their goal:  
'Tis all that I implore ;  
In life and death a chainless soul,  
With courage to endure.