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# Elizabeth Barrett Browning - poems -

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# Elizabeth Barrett Browning(6 March 1806 – 29 June 1861)

Elizabeth Barrett Browning was one of the most prominent poets of the Victorian era. Her poetry was widely popular in both England and the United States during her lifetime. A collection of her last poems was published by her husband, Robert Browning, shortly after her death.

## <b>Early Life</b>

Some of Barrett's family had lived in Jamaica for several centuries. The main wealth of Barrett's household derived from Edward Barrett (1734–1798), landowner of 10,000 acres (40 km<sup>2</sup>) in Cinnamon Hill, Cornwall, Cambridge, and Oxford estates in northern Jamaica. Barrett Browning's maternal grandfather owned sugar plantations, mills, glassworks and ships that traded between Jamaica and Newcastle. Biographer Julia Markus stated that the poet 'believed that she had African blood through her grandfather Charles Moulton'. There is no evidence to suggest her line of the Barrett family had any African ancestry, although other branches did, through the children of plantation owners and slaves. What the family believed to be their genealogy over several hundred years in the West Indies, is unclear.

The family wished to hand down their name as well as their wealth, stipulating that Barrett should be held as a surname. In some cases inheritance was given on the prerequisite that the name Barrett had to be used by the beneficiary. Given the strong tradition, Elizabeth used 'Elizabeth Barrett Moulton Barrett' on legal documents and before she was married often signed herself as 'Elizabeth Barrett Barrett', or 'EBB' (initials she was able to keep after her wedding). Elizabeth's father chose to raise his family in England while his fortune grew in Jamaica. The Graham Clarke family wealth, also derived in part from slave labour, was also considerable.

Elizabeth Barrett Moulton-Barrett was born on 6 March 1806, in Coxhoe Hall, between the villages of Coxhoe and Kelloe in County Durham, England. Her parents were Edward Barrett Moulton Barrett and Mary Graham Clarke; Elizabeth was the eldest of their 12 children (eight boys and four girls). All the children lived to adulthood except for one girl, who died at the age of three when Elizabeth was eight. The children in her family all had nicknames: Elizabeth's was "Ba". Elizabeth was baptized in 1809 at Kelloe Parish Church, though she had already been baptized by a family friend in the first week after she was born.

Later that year, after the fifth child, Henrietta, was born, their father bought Hope End, a 500-acre (2.0 km<sup>2</sup>) estate near the Malvern Hills in Ledbury, Herefordshire, where Elizabeth spent her childhood. Her time at Hope End would inspire her in later life to write *Aurora Leigh*.

She was educated at home and attended lessons with her brothers' tutor. During the Hope End period, she was an intensely studious, precocious child. She writes that at six she was reading novels, at eight she was entranced by Pope's translations of Homer, studying Greek at ten and writing her own Homeric epic *The Battle of Marathon*. Her mother compiled early efforts of the child's poetry into collections of "Poems by Elizabeth B. Barrett". Her father called her the 'Poet Laureate of Hope End' and encouraged her work. The result is one of the largest collections of juvenilia of any English writer.

On her 14th birthday her father gave the gift of 50 printed copies of the epic. She went on to delight in reading Virgil in the original Latin, Shakespeare and Milton. By 1821 she had read Mary Wollstonecraft's *Vindication of the Rights of Woman* (1792), and she became a passionate supporter of Wollstonecraft's ideas. She watched her brothers go off to school knowing that there was no chance of that education for herself. The child's intellectual fascination with the classics and metaphysics was reflected in a religious intensity which she later described as "not the deep persuasion of the mild Christian but the wild visions of an enthusiast". The Barretts attended services at the nearest Dissenting chapel, and Edward was active in Bible and Missionary societies.

Elizabeth was very close to her siblings and had great respect for her father: she claimed that life was no fun without him, and her mother agreed.

### <b>Publication</b>

Barrett Browning's first known poem was written at the age of six or eight, "On the Cruelty of Forcement to Man". The manuscript is currently in the Berg Collection of the New York Public Library; the exact date is controversial because the "2" in the date 1812 is written over something else that is scratched out. Her first independent publication was "Stanzas Excited by Reflections on the Present State of Greece" in *The New Monthly Magazine* of May 1821; this was followed in the same publication two months later by "Thoughts Awakened by Contemplating a Piece of the Palm which Grows on the Summit of the Acropolis at Athens".

Her first collection of poems, *An Essay on Mind, with Other Poems*, was published in 1826 and reflected her passion for Byron and Greek politics. Its publication drew the attention of a blind scholar of the Greek language, Hugh Stuart Boyd,

and that of another Greek scholar, Uvedale Price, with whom she maintained a sustained scholarly correspondence.

Among other neighbours was Mrs. James Martin from Colwall, with whom she also corresponded throughout her life. Later, at Boyd's suggestion, she translated Aeschylus' Prometheus Bound (published in 1833; retranslated in 1850). During their friendship Barrett studied Greek literature, including Homer, Pindar and Aristophanes.

At about age 15 Barrett Browning began to battle with a lifelong illness, which the medical science of the time was unable to diagnose. All three sisters came down with the syndrome although it lasted only with Elizabeth. She had intense head and spinal pain with loss of mobility. Apocryphally it was told that she fell while trying to saddle a horse or was creating the illness but there is strong evidence that she was seriously sick. The illnesses of this time were, however, unrelated to the lung disease she suffered in 1837. This illness caused her to be frail and weak.

Mary Russell Mitford described the young Barrett Browning at this time, as having "a slight, delicate figure, with a shower of dark curls falling on each side of a most expressive face; large, tender eyes, richly fringed by dark eyelashes, and a smile like a sunbeam". She began to take opiates for the pain, Laudanum (and opium concoction) then morphine, commonly prescribed at the time. She would become dependent on them for much of her adulthood; the use from an early age would have contributed to her frail health. Biographers such as Alethea Hayter have suggested that this may have contributed to the wild vividness of her imagination and the poetry it produced.

In 1828, Barrett Browning's mother died. She wrote "scarcely I was a woman when I lost my mother". She is buried at the Parish Church of St Michael and All Angels in Ledbury, next to her daughter Mary. Sarah Graham-Clarke, Elizabeth Barrett Browning's aunt, helped to care of the children and was known to clash with the strong will of Elizabeth. In 1831 Barrett Browning's grandmother, Elizabeth Moulton, died. The family moved three times between 1832 and 1837, first to a white Georgian building in Sidmouth, Devonshire, where they remained for three years. Later they moved on to Gloucester Place in London.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning opposed slavery and published two poems highlighting the barbarity of slavers and her support for the abolitionist cause. The poems opposing slavery include "The Runaway Slave at Pilgrim's Point" and "A Curse for a Nation"; in the first she describes the experience of a slave woman who is whipped, raped, and made pregnant as she curses the slavers. She

declared herself glad that the slaves were "virtually free" when the Emancipation Act abolishing slavery in British colonies was passed in 1833, despite the fact that her father believed that Abolitionism would ruin his business.

The date of publication of these poems is in dispute but her position on slavery in the poems is clear and may have led to a rift between Elizabeth and her father. She wrote to John Ruskin in 1855 "I belong to a family of West Indian slaveholders, and if I believed in curses, I should be afraid". After the Jamaican slave uprising of 1831–2 her father and uncle continued to treat the slaves humanely but the family became mired in thirty-eight years of chancery litigation over the division of land and other property. Following lawsuits and the abolition of slavery Mr. Barrett incurred great financial and investment losses that forced him to sell Hope End.

Although the family were never poor, the place was seized and put up for sale to satisfy creditors. Always secret in his financial dealings, he would not discuss his situation and the family was haunted by the idea that they might have to move to Jamaica. In 1838, some years after the sale of Hope End the family settled at 50 Wimpole Street.

In London John Kenyon, a distant cousin, introduced her to literary figures including William Wordsworth, Mary Russell Mitford, Samuel Taylor Coleridge, Alfred Lord Tennyson and Thomas Carlyle. Barrett Browning continued to write, contributing "The Romaunt of Margaret", "The Romaunt of the Page", "The Poet's Vow", and other pieces to various periodicals.

She corresponded with other writers, including Mary Russell Mitford, who would become a close friend and support Barrett Browning in furthering her literary ambitions. In 1838 *The Seraphim and Other Poems* appeared, the first volume of Elizabeth's mature poetry to appear under her own name. During 1837–8 the poet was struck with illness again, with symptoms today suggesting tuberculous ulceration of the lungs. In 1838, at her physician's insistence, Barrett Browning moved from London to Torquay, on the Devonshire coast. Two tragedies then struck: in February 1840 her brother Samuel died of a fever in Jamaica and her brother Edward ('Bro'), with whom she was very close, went with her to Torquay and was drowned in a sailing accident in July.

This had a serious effect on her already fragile health; when they found his body after a couple of days, she had no strength for tears or words. She felt guilty as her father had disapproved of Edward's trip to Torquay but did not hinder the visit. She wrote to Mitford "That was a very near escape from madness, absolute hopeless madness". The family returned to Wimpole Street in 1841.

## <b>Success</b>

At Wimpole Street Barrett Browning spent most of her time in her upstairs room, and her health began to recover, though she saw few people other than her immediate family. One of those she did see was Kenyon, a wealthy friend of the family and patron of the arts. She received comfort from her spaniel named "Flush", which had been a gift from Mary Mitford. (Virginia Woolf later fictionalised the life of the dog, making him the protagonist of her 1933 novel *Flush: A Biography*).

Between 1841–4 Barrett Browning was prolific in poetry, translation and prose. The poem "The Cry of the Children", published in 1842 in *Blackwoods*, condemned child labour and helped bring about child labour reforms by rousing support for Lord Shaftesbury's Ten Hours Bill (1844). At about the same time, she contributed some critical prose pieces to Richard Henry Horne's *A New Spirit of the Age*. In 1844 she published two volumes of *Poems*, which included "A Drama of Exile", "A Vision of Poets", and "Lady Geraldine's Courtship" and two substantial critical essays for 1842 issues of *The Athenaeum*. "Since she was not burdened with any domestic duties expected of her sisters, Elizabeth could now devote herself entirely to the life of the mind, cultivating an enormous correspondence, reading widely". Her prolific output made her a rival to Tennyson's as a candidate for poet laureate in 1850 on the death of Wordsworth.

## <b>Robert Browning and Italy</b>

Her 1844 volume *Poems* made her one of the most popular writers in the country at the time and inspired Robert Browning to write to her, telling her how much he loved her work. He had been an admirer of her poetry for a long time and wrote "I love your verses with all my heart, dear Miss Barrett" praising their "fresh strange music, the affluent language, the exquisite pathos and true new brave thought". Kenyon arranged for Robert Browning to meet Elizabeth on 20 May 1845, in her rooms, and so began one of the most famous courtships in literature. Elizabeth had produced a large amount of work and had been writing long before Robert Browning had.

However, he had a great influence on her writing, as did she on his: two of Barrett's most famous pieces were produced after she met Browning, *Sonnets from the Portuguese* and *Aurora Leigh*. Robert's *Men and Women* is a product of that time. Some critics, however, point to him as an undermining influence: "Until her relationship with Robert Browning began in 1845, Barrett's willingness to engage in public discourse about social issues and about aesthetic issues in

poetry, which had been so strong in her youth, gradually diminished, as did her physical health. As an intellectual presence and a physical being, she was becoming a shadow of herself". Her doctors strongly encouraged her to go to the warmer climates of Italy to avoid another English winter, but her father would not hear of it.

"Portuguese" was a pet name Browning used. Sonnets from the Portuguese also refers to the series of sonnets of the 16th-century Portuguese poet Luís de Camões; in all these poems she used rhyme schemes typical of the Portuguese sonnets. The verse-novel *Aurora Leigh*, her most ambitious and perhaps the most popular of her longer poems, appeared in 1856. It is the story of a female writer making her way in life, balancing work and love. The writings depicted in this novel are based on similar, personal experiences that Elizabeth suffered through herself. The *North American Review* praised Elizabeth's poem in these words: "Mrs. Browning's poems are, in all respects, the utterance of a woman—of a woman of great learning, rich experience, and powerful genius, uniting to her woman's nature the strength which is sometimes thought peculiar to a man".

The courtship and marriage between Robert Browning and Elizabeth were carried out secretly as she and her siblings were convinced their father would disapprove. Six years his elder and an invalid, she could not believe that the vigorous and worldly Robert Browning really loved her as much as he professed to. After a private marriage at St. Marylebone Parish Church, they honeymooned in Paris. Browning then imitated his hero Shelley by spiriting his wife off to Italy, in September 1846, which became her home almost continuously until her death. Elizabeth's loyal nurse, Wilson, who witnessed the marriage, accompanied the couple to Italy.

Mr. Barrett disinherited Elizabeth, as he did each of his children who married. Elizabeth had foreseen her father's anger but not expected the disgust of her brothers, who saw Browning as a lower-class gold-digger and refused to see him.

As Elizabeth had some money of her own, the couple were reasonably comfortable in Italy, and their relationship together was harmonious. The Brownings were well respected in Italy, and even famous. Elizabeth grew stronger and in 1849, at the age of 43, between four miscarriages, she gave birth to a son, Robert Wiedemann Barrett Browning, whom they called Pen. Their son later married but had no legitimate children. At her husband's insistence, the second edition of Elizabeth's *Poems* included her love sonnets; as a result, her popularity increased (as well as critical regard), and her position was confirmed.

The couple came to know a wide circle of artists and writers including, in Italy,

William Makepeace Thackeray, sculptor Harriet Hosmer (who, she wrote, seemed to be the "perfectly emancipated female") and Harriet Beecher Stowe. In 1849 she met Margaret Fuller and the female French novelist George Sand in 1852, whom she had long admired. They met with Lord Tennyson in Paris, and John Forster, Samuel Rogers, and the Carlyles in London, later befriending Charles Kingsley and John Ruskin.

### <b>Decline</b>

At the death of an old friend, G.B. Hunter, and then of her father, her health faded again, centering around deteriorating lung function. She was moved from Florence to Siena, residing at the Villa Alberti. Deeply engrossed in Italian politics, she issued a small volume of political poems titled *Poems before Congress* (1860) "most of which were written to express her sympathy with the Italian cause after the outbreak of fighting in 1859". They caused a furore in England and she was labelled as a fanatic by conservative magazines *Blackwood's* and the *Saturday Review*. She dedicated this book to her husband. Her last work was *A Musical Instrument*, published posthumously.

In 1860 they returned to Rome, only to find that Elizabeth's sister Henrietta had died, news which made Elizabeth weak and depressed. She became gradually weaker, using morphine to ease her pain. She died on 29 June 1861 in her husband's arms. Browning said that she died "smilingly, happily, and with a face like a girl's. ... Her last word was—... 'Beautiful'". She was buried in the Protestant English Cemetery of Florence. "On Monday July 1 the shops in the section of the city around Casa Guidi were closed, while Elizabeth was mourned with unusual demonstrations." The nature of her illness is still unclear, although medical and literary scholars have speculated that longstanding pulmonary problems, combined with palliative opiates, contributed to her decline.

### <b>Spiritual Influence</b>

Much of Barrett Browning's work carries a religious theme. She had read and studied such famous literary works as Milton's *Paradise Lost* and Dante's *Inferno*. She says in her writing, "We want the sense of the saturation of Christ's blood upon the souls of our poets, that it may cry through them in answer to the ceaseless wail of the Sphinx of our humanity, expounding agony into renovation. Something of this has been perceived in art when its glory was at the fullest. Something of a yearning after this may be seen among the Greek Christian poets, something which would have been much with a stronger faculty". She believed that "Christ's religion is essentially poetry—poetry glorified". She explored the religious aspect in many of her poems, especially in her early work,



such as the sonnets. She was interested in theological debate, had learned Hebrew and read the Hebrew Bible. The poem *Aurora Leigh*, for example, features religious imagery and allusion to the apocalypse.

### <b>Critical Reception</b>

American poet Edgar Allan Poe was inspired by Barrett Browning's poem *Lady Geraldine's Courtship* and specifically borrowed the poem's meter for his poem *The Raven*. Poe had reviewed Barrett's work in the January 1845 issue of the *Broadway Journal* and said that "her poetic inspiration is the highest—we can conceive of nothing more august. Her sense of Art is pure in itself." In return, she praised *The Raven* and Poe dedicated his 1845 collection *The Raven and Other Poems* to her, referring to her as "the noblest of her sex".

Her poetry greatly influenced Emily Dickinson, who admired her as a woman of achievement. Her popularity in the United States and Britain was further advanced by her stands against social injustice, including slavery in the United States, injustice toward Italian citizens by foreign rulers, and child labour.

In Lilian Whiting's 1899 biography of Elizabeth she describes her as "the most philosophical poet" and depicts her life as "a Gospel of applied Christianity". To Whiting, the term "art for art's sake" did not apply to Barrett Browning's work for the reason that each poem, distinctively purposeful, was borne of a more "honest vision". In this critical analysis, Whiting portrays Barrett Browning as a poet who uses knowledge of Classical literature with an "intuitive gift of spiritual divination". In *Elizabeth Barrett Browning*, Angela Leighton suggests that the portrayal of Barrett Browning as the "pious iconography of womanhood" has distracted us from her poetic achievements. Leighton cites the 1931 play by Rudolf Besier, *The Barretts of Wimpole Street*, as evidence that 20th century literary criticism of Barrett Browning's work has suffered more as a result of her popularity than poetic ineptitude. The play was popularized by actress Katharine Cornell, for whom it became a signature role. It was an enormous success, both artistically and commercially, and was revived several times and adapted twice into movies.

Throughout the 20th century, literary criticism of Barrett Browning's poetry remained sparse until her poems were discovered by the women's movement. She once described herself as being inclined to reject several women's rights principles, suggesting in letters to Mary Russell Mitford and her husband that she believed that there was an inferiority of intellect in women. In *Aurora Leigh*, however, she created a strong and independent woman who embraces both work and love. Leighton writes that because she participates in the literary world,

where voice and diction are dominated by perceived masculine superiority, she "is defined only in mysterious opposition to everything that distinguishes the male subject who writes..." A five-volume scholarly edition of her works was published in 2010, the first in over a century.

# A Child Asleep

How he sleepeth! having drunken  
    Weary childhood's mandragore,  
From his pretty eyes have sunken  
    Pleasures, to make room for more- -  
Sleeping near the withered nosegay, which he pulled the day before.

Nosegays! leave them for the waking:  
    Throw them earthward where they grew.  
Dim are such, beside the breaking  
    Amaranths he looks unto- -  
Folded eyes see brighter colours than the open ever do.

Heaven-flowers, rayed by shadows golden  
    From the paths they sprang beneath,  
Now perhaps divinely holden,  
    Swing against him in a wreath- -  
We may think so from the quickening of his bloom and of his breath.

Vision unto vision calleth,  
    While the young child dreameth on.  
Fair, O dreamer, thee befalleth  
    With the glory thou hast won!  
Darker wert thou in the garden, yestermorn, by summer sun.

We should see the spirits ringing  
    Round thee,- -were the clouds away.  
'Tis the child-heart draws them, singing  
    In the silent-seeming clay- -  
Singing! - -Stars that seem the mutest, go in music all the way.

As the moths around a taper,  
    As the bees around a rose,  
As the gnats around a vapour,- -  
    So the Spirits group and close  
Round about a holy childhood, as if drinking its repose.

Shapes of brightness overlean thee,- -  
    Flash their diadems of youth  
On the ringlets which half screen thee,- -

While thou smilest,... not in sooth  
Thy smile... but the overfair one, dropt from some aethereal mouth.

Haply it is angels' duty,  
During slumber, shade by shade:  
To fine down this childish beauty  
To the thing it must be made,  
Ere the world shall bring it praises, or the tomb shall see it fade.

Softly, softly! make no noises!  
Now he lieth dead and dumb- -  
Now he hears the angels' voices  
Folding silence in the room- -  
Now he muses deep the meaning of the Heaven-words as they come.

Speak not! he is consecrated- -  
Breathe no breath across his eyes.  
Lifted up and separated,  
On the hand of God he lies,  
In a sweetness beyond touching- -held in cloistral sanctities.

Could ye bless him- -father- -mother?  
Bless the dimple in his cheek?  
Dare ye look at one another,  
And the benediction speak?  
Would ye not break out in weeping, and confess yourselves too weak?

He is harmless- -ye are sinful,- -  
Ye are troubled- -he, at ease:  
From his slumber, virtue winful  
Floweth outward with increase- -  
Dare not bless him! but be blessed by his peace- -and go in peace.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# A Curse For A Nation

I heard an angel speak last night,  
And he said 'Write!  
Write a Nation's curse for me,  
And send it over the Western Sea.'

I faltered, taking up the word:  
'Not so, my lord!  
If curses must be, choose another  
To send thy curse against my brother.

'For I am bound by gratitude,  
By love and blood,  
To brothers of mine across the sea,  
Who stretch out kindly hands to me.'

'Therefore,' the voice said, 'shalt thou write  
My curse to-night.  
From the summits of love a curse is driven,  
As lightning is from the tops of heaven.'

'Not so,' I answered. 'Evermore  
My heart is sore  
For my own land's sins: for little feet  
Of children bleeding along the street:

'For parked-up honors that gainsay  
The right of way:  
For almsgiving through a door that is  
Not open enough for two friends to kiss:

'For love of freedom which abates  
Beyond the Straits:  
For patriot virtue starved to vice on  
Self-praise, self-interest, and suspicion:

'For an oligarchic parliament,  
And bribes well-meant.  
What curse to another land assign,  
When heavy-souled for the sins of mine?'

'Therefore,' the voice said, 'shalt thou write  
My curse to-night.  
Because thou hast strength to see and hate  
A foul thing done within thy gate.'

'Not so,' I answered once again.  
'To curse, choose men.  
For I, a woman, have only known  
How the heart melts and the tears run down.'

'Therefore,' the voice said, 'shalt thou write  
My curse to-night.  
Some women weep and curse, I say  
(And no one marvels), night and day.

'And thou shalt take their part to-night,  
Weep and write.  
A curse from the depths of womanhood  
Is very salt, and bitter, and good.'

So thus I wrote, and mourned indeed,  
What all may read.  
And thus, as was enjoined on me,  
I send it over the Western Sea.

### The Curse

Because ye have broken your own chain  
With the strain  
Of brave men climbing a Nation's height,  
Yet thence bear down with brand and thong  
On souls of others, -- for this wrong  
This is the curse. Write.

Because yourselves are standing straight  
In the state  
Of Freedom's foremost acolyte,  
Yet keep calm footing all the time  
On writhing bond-slaves, -- for this crime  
This is the curse. Write.

Because ye prosper in God's name,  
    With a claim  
To honor in the old world's sight,  
Yet do the fiend's work perfectly  
    In strangling martyrs, -- for this lie  
    This is the curse. Write.

Ye shall watch while kings conspire  
Round the people's smouldering fire,  
    And, warm for your part,  
Shall never dare -- O shame!  
To utter the thought into flame  
    Which burns at your heart.  
    This is the curse. Write.

Ye shall watch while nations strive  
With the bloodhounds, die or survive,  
    Drop faint from their jaws,  
Or throttle them backward to death;  
And only under your breath  
    Shall favor the cause.  
    This is the curse. Write.

Ye shall watch while strong men draw  
The nets of feudal law  
    To strangle the weak;  
And, counting the sin for a sin,  
Your soul shall be sadder within  
    Than the word ye shall speak.  
    This is the curse. Write.

When good men are praying erect  
That Christ may avenge His elect  
    And deliver the earth,  
The prayer in your ears, said low,  
Shall sound like the tramp of a foe  
    That's driving you forth.  
    This is the curse. Write.

When wise men give you their praise,  
They shall praise in the heat of the phrase,  
    As if carried too far.

When ye boast your own charters kept true,  
Ye shall blush; for the thing which ye do  
Derides what ye are.

This is the curse. Write.

When fools cast taunts at your gate,  
Your scorn ye shall somewhat abate  
As ye look o'er the wall;  
For your conscience, tradition, and name  
Explode with a deadlier blame  
Than the worst of them all.

This is the curse. Write.

Go, wherever ill deeds shall be done,  
Go, plant your flag in the sun  
Beside the ill-doers!  
And recoil from clenching the curse  
Of God's witnessing Universe  
With a curse of yours.

This is the curse. Write.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



# A Dead Rose

O Rose! who dares to name thee?  
No longer roseate now, nor soft, nor sweet;  
But pale, and hard, and dry, as stubble-wheat,---  
Kept seven years in a drawer---thy titles shame thee.

The breeze that used to blow thee  
Between the hedgerow thorns, and take away  
An odour up the lane to last all day,---  
If breathing now,---unsweetened would forego thee.

The sun that used to smite thee,  
And mix his glory in thy gorgeous urn,  
Till beam appeared to bloom, and flower to burn,---  
If shining now,---with not a hue would light thee.

The dew that used to wet thee,  
And, white first, grow incarnadined, because  
It lay upon thee where the crimson was,---  
If dropping now,---would darken where it met thee.

The fly that lit upon thee,  
To stretch the tendrils of its tiny feet,  
Along thy leaf's pure edges, after heat,---  
If lighting now,---would coldly overrun thee.

The bee that once did suck thee,  
And build thy perfumed ambers up his hive,  
And swoon in thee for joy, till scarce alive,---  
If passing now,---would blindly overlook thee.

The heart doth recognise thee,  
Alone, alone! The heart doth smell thee sweet,  
Doth view thee fair, doth judge thee most complete,---  
Though seeing now those changes that disguise thee.

Yes, and the heart doth owe thee  
More love, dead rose! than to such roses bold  
As Julia wears at dances, smiling cold!---  
Lie still upon this heart---which breaks below thee!

## Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# A Man's Requirements

I

Love me Sweet, with all thou art,  
Feeling, thinking, seeing;  
Love me in the lightest part,  
Love me in full being.

II

Love me with thine open youth  
In its frank surrender;  
With the vowing of thy mouth,  
With its silence tender.

III

Love me with thine azure eyes,  
Made for earnest grantings;  
Taking colour from the skies,  
Can Heaven's truth be wanting?

IV

Love me with their lids, that fall  
Snow-like at first meeting;  
Love me with thine heart, that all  
Neighbours then see beating.

V

Love me with thine hand stretched out  
Freely -- open-minded:  
Love me with thy loitering foot, --  
Hearing one behind it.

VI

Love me with thy voice, that turns  
Sudden faint above me;

Love me with thy blush that burns  
When I murmur 'Love me!'

VII

Love me with thy thinking soul,  
Break it to love-sighing;  
Love me with thy thoughts that roll  
On through living -- dying.

VIII

Love me in thy gorgeous airs,  
When the world has crowned thee;  
Love me, kneeling at thy prayers,  
With the angels round thee.

IX

Love me pure, as muses do,  
Up the woodlands shady:  
Love me gaily, fast and true,  
As a winsome lady.

X

Through all hopes that keep us brave,  
Farther off or nigher,  
Love me for the house and grave,  
And for something higher.

XI

Thus, if thou wilt prove me, Dear,  
Woman's love no fable,  
I will love thee -- half a year --  
As a man is able.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# A Musical Instrument

What was he doing, the great god Pan,  
Down in the reeds by the river?  
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,  
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,  
And breaking the golden lilies afloat  
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,  
From the deep cool bed of the river:  
The limpid water turbidly ran,  
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,  
And the dragon-fly had fled away,  
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sat the great god Pan  
While turbidly flowed the river;  
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,  
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,  
Till there was not a sign of the leaf indeed  
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan,  
(How tall it stood in the river!)  
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,  
Steadily from the outside ring,  
And notched the poor dry empty thing  
In holes, as he sat by the river.

'This is the way,' laughed the great god Pan  
(Laughed while he sat by the river),  
'The only way, since gods began  
To make sweet music, they could succeed.'  
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,  
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan!  
Piercing sweet by the river!  
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan!  
The sun on the hill forgot to die,

And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly  
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,  
To laugh as he sits by the river,  
Making a poet out of a man:  
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain, --  
For the reed which grows nevermore again  
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# A Sea-Side Walk

We walked beside the sea,  
After a day which perished silently  
Of its own glory---like the Princess weird  
Who, combating the Genius, scorched and seared,  
Uttered with burning breath, 'Ho! victory!'  
And sank adown, an heap of ashes pale;  
So runs the Arab tale.

The sky above us showed  
An universal and unmoving cloud,  
On which, the cliffs permitted us to see  
Only the outline of their majesty,  
As master-minds, when gazed at by the crowd!  
And, shining with a gloom, the water grey  
Swang in its moon-taught way.

Nor moon nor stars were out.  
They did not dare to tread so soon about,  
Though trembling, in the footsteps of the sun.  
The light was neither night's nor day's, but one  
Which, life-like, had a beauty in its doubt;  
And Silence's impassioned breathings round  
Seemed wandering into sound.

O solemn-beating heart  
Of nature! I have knowledge that thou art  
Bound unto man's by cords he cannot sever---  
And, what time they are slackened by him ever,  
So to attest his own supernal part,  
Still runneth thy vibration fast and strong,  
The slackened cord along.

For though we never spoke  
Of the grey water anal the shaded rock,---  
Dark wave and stone, unconsciously, were fused  
Into the plaintive speaking that we used,  
Of absent friends and memories unforsook;  
And, had we seen each other's face, we had  
Seen haply, each was sad.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



# A Thought For A Lonely Death-Bed

IF God compel thee to this destiny,  
To die alone, with none beside thy bed  
To ruffle round with sobs thy last word said  
And mark with tears the pulses ebb from thee,--  
Pray then alone, ' O Christ, come tenderly !  
By thy forsaken Sonship in the red  
Drear wine-press,--by the wilderness out-spread,--  
And the lone garden where thine agony  
Fell bloody from thy brow,--by all of those  
Permitted desolations, comfort mine !  
No earthly friend being near me, interpose  
No deathly angel 'twixt my face and thine,  
But stoop Thyself to gather my life's rose,  
And smile away my mortal to Divine ! '

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## A Woman's Shortcomings

She has laughed as softly as if she sighed,  
She has counted six, and over,  
Of a purse well filled, and a heart well tried -  
Oh, each a worthy lover!  
They "give her time"; for her soul must slip  
Where the world has set the grooving;  
She will lie to none with her fair red lip:  
But love seeks truer loving.

She trembles her fan in a sweetness dumb,  
As her thoughts were beyond recalling;  
With a glance for one, and a glance for some,  
From her eyelids rising and falling;  
Speaks common words with a blushful air,  
Hears bold words, unproving;  
But her silence says - what she never will swear -  
And love seeks better loving.

Go, lady! lean to the night-guitar,  
And drop a smile to the bringer;  
Then smile as sweetly, when he is far,  
At the voice of an in-door singer.  
Bask tenderly beneath tender eyes;  
Glance lightly, on their removing;  
And join new vows to old perjuries -  
But dare not call it loving!

Unless you can think, when the song is done,  
No other is soft in the rhythm;  
Unless you can feel, when left by One,  
That all men else go with him;  
Unless you can know, when unpraised by his breath,  
That your beauty itself wants proving;  
Unless you can swear "For life, for death!" -  
Oh, fear to call it loving!

Unless you can muse in a crowd all day  
On the absent face that fixed you;  
Unless you can love, as the angels may,

With the breadth of heaven betwixt you;  
Unless you can dream that his faith is fast,  
Through behoving and unbehoving;  
Unless you can die when the dream is past -  
Oh, never call it loving!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# A Year's Spinning

1

He listened at the porch that day,  
To hear the wheel go on, and on;  
And then it stopped, ran back away,  
While through the door he brought the sun:  
But now my spinning is all done.

2

He sat beside me, with an oath  
That love ne'er ended, once begun;  
I smiled--believing for us both,  
What was the truth for only one:  
And now my spinning is all done.

3

My mother cursed me that I heard  
A young man's wooing as I spun:  
Thanks, cruel mother, for that word--  
For I have, since, a harder known!  
And now my spinning is all done.

4

I thought--O God!--my first-born's cry  
Both voices to mine ear would drown:  
I listened in mine agony--  
It was the silence made me groan!  
And now my spinning is all done.

5

Bury me 'twixt my mother's grave,  
(Who cursed me on her death-bed lone)  
And my dead baby's (God it save!)  
Who, not to bless me, would not moan.  
And now my spinning is all done.

6

A stone upon my heart and head,  
But no name written on the stone!  
Sweet neighbours, whisper low instead,

"This sinner was a loving one--  
And now her spinning is all done."

7

And let the door ajar remain,  
In case he should pass by anon;  
And leave the wheel out very plain,--  
That HE, when passing in the sun,  
May see the spinning is all done.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Adequacy

NOW, by the verdure on thy thousand hills,  
Beloved England, doth the earth appear  
Quite good enough for men to overbear  
The will of God in, with rebellious wills !  
We cannot say the morning-sun fulfil  
Ingloriously its course, nor that the clear  
Strong stars without significance insphere  
Our habitation: we, meantime, our ills  
Heap up against this good and lift a cry  
Against this work-day world, this ill-spread feast,  
As if ourselves were better certainly  
Than what we come to. Maker and High Priest,  
I ask thee not my joys to multiply,--  
Only to make me worthier of the least.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# An Apprehension

IF all the gentlest-hearted friends I know  
Concentred in one heart their gentleness,  
That still grew gentler till its pulse was less  
For life than pity,--I should yet be slow  
To bring my own heart nakedly below  
The palm of such a friend, that he should press  
Motive, condition, means, appliances,

My false ideal joy and fickle woe,  
Out full to light and knowledge; I should fear  
Some plait between the brows, some rougher chime  
In the free voice. O angels, let your flood  
Of bitter scorn dash on me ! do ye hear  
What I say who hear calmly all the time  
This everlasting face to face with GOD ?

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Aurora Leigh (Excerpts)

[Book 1]

I am like,  
They tell me, my dear father. Broader brows  
Howbeit, upon a slenderer undergrowth  
Of delicate features, -- paler, near as grave ;  
But then my mother's smile breaks up the whole,  
And makes it better sometimes than itself.  
So, nine full years, our days were hid with God  
Among his mountains : I was just thirteen,  
Still growing like the plants from unseen roots  
In tongue-tied Springs, -- and suddenly awoke  
To full life and life 's needs and agonies,  
With an intense, strong, struggling heart beside  
A stone-dead father. Life, struck sharp on death,  
Makes awful lightning. His last word was, `Love --'  
`Love, my child, love, love !' -- (then he had done with grief)  
`Love, my child.' Ere I answered he was gone,  
And none was left to love in all the world.  
There, ended childhood. What succeeded next  
I recollect as, after fevers, men  
Thread back the passage of delirium,  
Missing the turn still, baffled by the door ;  
Smooth endless days, notched here and there with knives ;  
A weary, wormy darkness, spurr'd i' the flank  
With flame, that it should eat and end itself  
Like some tormented scorpion. Then at last  
I do remember clearly, how there came  
A stranger with authority, not right,  
(I thought not) who commanded, caught me up  
From old Assunta's neck ; how, with a shriek,  
She let me go, -- while I, with ears too full  
Of my father's silence, to shriek back a word,  
In all a child's astonishment at grief  
Stared at the wharf-edge where she stood and moaned,  
My poor Assunta, where she stood and moaned !  
The white walls, the blue hills, my Italy,  
Drawn backward from the shuddering steamer-deck,  
Like one in anger drawing back her skirts  
Which supplicants catch at. Then the bitter sea



Inexorably pushed between us both,  
And sweeping up the ship with my despair  
Threw us out as a pasture to the stars.  
Ten nights and days we voyaged on the deep ;  
Ten nights and days, without the common face  
Of any day or night ; the moon and sun  
Cut off from the green reconciling earth,  
To starve into a blind ferocity  
And glare unnatural ; the very sky  
(Dropping its bell-net down upon the sea  
As if no human heart should 'scape alive,)  
Bedraggled with the desolating salt,  
Until it seemed no more that holy heaven  
To which my father went. All new and strange  
The universe turned stranger, for a child.  
Then, land ! -- then, England ! oh, the frosty cliffs  
Looked cold upon me. Could I find a home  
Among those mean red houses through the fog ?  
And when I heard my father's language first  
From alien lips which had no kiss for mine  
I wept aloud, then laughed, then wept, then wept,  
And some one near me said the child was mad  
Through much sea-sickness. The train swept us on.  
Was this my father's England ? the great isle ?  
The ground seemed cut up from the fellowship  
Of verdure, field from field, as man from man ;  
The skies themselves looked low and positive,  
As almost you could touch them with a hand,  
And dared to do it they were so far off  
From God's celestial crystals ; all things blurred  
And dull and vague. Did Shakspeare and his mates  
Absorb the light here ? -- not a hill or stone  
With heart to strike a radiant colour up  
Or active outline on the indifferent air.  
I think I see my father's sister stand  
Upon the hall-step of her country-house  
To give me welcome. She stood straight and calm,  
Her somewhat narrow forehead braided tight  
As if for taming accidental thoughts  
From possible pulses ; brown hair pricked with grey  
By frigid use of life, (she was not old  
Although my father's elder by a year)

A nose drawn sharply yet in delicate lines ;  
A close mild mouth, a little soured about  
The ends, through speaking unrequited loves  
Or peradventure niggardly half-truths ;  
Eyes of no colour, -- once they might have smiled,  
But never, never have forgot themselves  
In smiling ; cheeks, in which was yet a rose  
Of perished summers, like a rose in a book,  
Kept more for ruth than pleasure, -- if past bloom,  
Past fading also.

                    She had lived, we'll say,  
A harmless life, she called a virtuous life,  
A quiet life, which was not life at all,  
(But that, she had not lived enough to know)  
Between the vicar and the country squires,  
The lord-lieutenant looking down sometimes  
From the empyrean to assure their souls  
Against chance-vulgarisms, and, in the abyss  
The apothecary, looked on once a year  
To prove their soundness of humility.  
The poor-club exercised her Christian gifts  
Of knitting stockings, stitching petticoats,  
Because we are of one flesh after all  
And need one flannel (with a proper sense  
Of difference in the quality) -- and still  
The book-club, guarded from your modern trick  
Of shaking dangerous questions from the crease,  
Preserved her intellectual. She had lived  
A sort of cage-bird life, born in a cage,  
Accounting that to leap from perch to perch  
Was act and joy enough for any bird.  
Dear heaven, how silly are the things that live  
In thickets, and eat berries !

                    I, alas,  
A wild bird scarcely fledged, was brought to her cage,  
And she was there to meet me. Very kind.  
Bring the clean water, give out the fresh seed.  
She stood upon the steps to welcome me,  
Calm, in black garb. I clung about her neck, --  
Young babes, who catch at every shred of wool  
To draw the new light closer, catch and cling  
Less blindly. In my ears, my father's word

Hummed ignorantly, as the sea in shells,  
`Love, love, my child.' She, black there with my grief,  
Might feel my love -- she was his sister once,  
I clung to her. A moment, she seemed moved,  
Kissed me with cold lips, suffered me to cling,  
And drew me feebly through the hall into  
The room she sate in.

                  There, with some strange spasm  
Of pain and passion, she wrung loose my hands  
Imperiously, and held me at arm's length,  
And with two grey-steel naked-bladed eyes  
Searched through my face, -- ay, stabbed it through and through,  
Through brows and cheeks and chin, as if to find  
A wicked murderer in my innocent face,  
If not here, there perhaps. Then, drawing breath,  
She struggled for her ordinary calm  
And missed it rather, -- told me not to shrink,  
As if she had told me not to lie or swear, --  
`She loved my father, and would love me too  
As long as I deserved it.' Very kind.

[Book 5]

AURORA LEIGH, be humble. Shall I hope  
To speak my poems in mysterious tune  
With man and nature ? -- with the lava-lymph  
That trickles from successive galaxies  
Still drop by drop adown the finger of God  
In still new worlds ? -- with summer-days in this ?  
That scarce dare breathe they are so beautiful ?--  
With spring's delicious trouble in the ground,  
Tormented by the quickened blood of roots,  
And softly pricked by golden crocus-sheaves  
In token of the harvest-time of flowers ?--  
With winters and with autumns, -- and beyond,  
With the human heart's large seasons, when it hopes  
And fears, joys, grieves, and loves ? -- with all that strain  
Of sexual passion, which devours the flesh  
In a sacrament of souls ? with mother's breasts  
Which, round the new-made creatures hanging there,  
Throb luminous and harmonious like pure spheres ? --  
With multitudinous life, and finally

With the great escapings of ecstatic souls,  
Who, in a rush of too long prisoned flame,  
Their radiant faces upward, burn away  
This dark of the body, issuing on a world,  
Beyond our mortal ? -- can I speak my verse  
Sp plainly in tune to these things and the rest,  
That men shall feel it catch them on the quick,  
As having the same warrant over them  
To hold and move them if they will or no,  
Alike imperious as the primal rhythm  
Of that theurgic nature ? I must fail,  
Who fail at the beginning to hold and move  
One man, -- and he my cousin, and he my friend,  
And he born tender, made intelligent,  
Inclined to ponder the precipitous sides  
Of difficult questions ; yet, obtuse to me,  
Of me, incurious ! likes me very well,  
And wishes me a paradise of good,  
Good looks, good means, and good digestion, -- ay,  
But otherwise evades me, puts me off  
With kindness, with a tolerant gentleness, --  
Too light a book for a grave man's reading ! Go,  
Aurora Leigh : be humble.

There it is,

We women are too apt to look to One,  
Which proves a certain impotence in art.  
We strain our natures at doing something great,  
Far less because it 's something great to do,  
Than haply that we, so, commend ourselves  
As being not small, and more appreciable  
To some one friend. We must have mediators  
Betwixt our highest conscience and the judge ;  
Some sweet saint's blood must quicken in our palms  
Or all the life in heaven seems slow and cold :  
Good only being perceived as the end of good,  
And God alone pleased, -- that's too poor, we think,  
And not enough for us by any means.  
Ay, Romney, I remember, told me once  
We miss the abstract when we comprehend.  
We miss it most when we aspire, -- and fail.  
Yet, so, I will not. -- This vile woman's way  
Of trailing garments, shall not trip me up :

I 'll have no traffic with the personal thought  
In art's pure temple. Must I work in vain,  
Without the approbation of a man ?  
It cannot be ; it shall not. Fame itself,  
That approbation of the general race,  
Presents a poor end, (though the arrow speed,  
Shot straight with vigorous finger to the white,)  
And the highest fame was never reached except  
By what was aimed above it. Art for art,  
And good for God Himself, the essential Good !  
We 'll keep our aims sublime, our eyes erect,  
Although our woman-hands should shake and fail ;  
And if we fail .. But must we ? --

Shall I fail ?

The Greeks said grandly in their tragic phrase,  
' Let no one be called happy till his death.'  
To which I add, -- Let no one till his death  
Be called unhappy. Measure not the work  
Until the day 's out and the labour done,  
Then bring your gauges. If the day's work 's scant,  
Why, call it scant ; affect no compromise ;  
And, in that we have nobly striven at least,  
Deal with us nobly, women though we be.  
And honour us with truth if not with praise.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Change Upon Change

Five months ago the stream did flow,  
The lilies bloomed within the sedge,  
And we were lingering to and fro,  
Where none will track thee in this snow,  
Along the stream, beside the hedge.  
Ah, Sweet, be free to love and go!  
For if I do not hear thy foot,  
The frozen river is as mute,  
The flowers have dried down to the root:  
And why, since these be changed since May,  
Shouldst thou change less than they.

And slow, slow as the winter snow  
The tears have drifted to mine eyes;  
And my poor cheeks, five months ago  
Set blushing at thy praises so,  
Put paleness on for a disguise.  
Ah, Sweet, be free to praise and go!  
For if my face is turned too pale,  
It was thine oath that first did fail, --  
It was thy love proved false and frail, --  
And why, since these be changed enow,  
Should I change less than thou.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Cheerfulness Taught By Reason

I THINK we are too ready with complaint  
In this fair world of God's. Had we no hope  
Indeed beyond the zenith and the slope  
Of yon gray blank of sky, we might grow faint  
To muse upon eternity's constraint  
Round our aspirant souls; but since the scope  
Must widen early, is it well to droop,  
For a few days consumed in loss and taint ?  
O pusillanimous Heart, be comforted  
And, like a cheerful traveller, take the road  
Singing beside the hedge. What if the bread  
Be bitter in thine inn, and thou unshod  
To meet the flints ? At least it may be said  
' Because the way is short, I thank thee, God. '

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Chorus Of Eden Spirits

HEARKEN, oh hearken! let your souls behind you  
Turn, gently moved!  
Our voices feel along the Dread to find you,  
O lost, beloved!  
Through the thick-shielded and strong-marshalled angels,  
They press and pierce:  
Our requiems follow fast on our evangels,—  
Voice throbs in verse.  
We are but orphaned spirits left in Eden  
A time ago:  
God gave us golden cups, and we were bidden  
To feed you so.  
But now our right hand hath no cup remaining,  
No work to do,  
The mystic hydromel is spilt, and staining  
The whole earth through.  
Most ineradicable stains, for showing  
(Not interfused!)  
That brighter colours were the world's foregoing,  
Than shall be used.  
Hearken, oh hearken! ye shall hearken surely  
For years and years,  
The noise beside you, dripping coldly, purely,  
Of spirits' tears.  
The yearning to a beautiful denied you,  
Shall strain your powers.  
Ideal sweetnesses shall over-glide you,  
Resumed from ours.  
In all your music, our pathetic minor  
Your ears shall cross;  
And all good gifts shall mind you of diviner,  
With sense of loss.  
We shall be near you in your poet-languors  
And wild extremes,  
What time ye vex the desert with vain angers,  
Or mock with dreams.  
And when upon you, weary after roaming,  
Death's seal is put,  
By the foregone ye shall discern the coming,



Through eyelids shut.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Comfort

SPEAK low to me, my Saviour, low and sweet  
From out the hallelujahs, sweet and low  
Lest I should fear and fall, and miss Thee so  
Who art not missed by any that entreat.  
Speak to me as to Mary at thy feet !  
And if no precious gums my hands bestow,  
Let my tears drop like amber while I go  
In reach of thy divinest voice complete  
In humanest affection -- thus, in sooth,  
To lose the sense of losing. As a child,  
Whose song-bird seeks the wood for evermore  
Is sung to in its stead by mother's mouth  
Till, sinking on her breast, love-reconciled,  
He sleeps the faster that he wept before.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Consolation

All are not taken; there are left behind  
Living Belovèds, tender looks to bring  
And make the daylight still a happy thing,  
And tender voices, to make soft the wind:  
But if it were not so—if I could find  
No love in all this world for comforting,  
Nor any path but hollowly did ring  
Where 'dust to dust' the love from life disjoin'd;  
And if, before those sepulchres unmoving  
I stood alone (as some forsaken lamb  
Goes bleating up the moors in weary dearth)  
Crying 'Where are ye, O my loved and loving?'—  
I know a voice would sound, 'Daughter, I AM.  
Can I suffice for Heaven and not for earth?'

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# De Profundis

## I

The face, which, duly as the sun,  
Rose up for me with life begun,  
To mark all bright hours of the day  
With hourly love, is dimmed away—  
And yet my days go on, go on.

## II

The tongue which, like a stream, could run  
Smooth music from the roughest stone,  
And every morning with ' Good day'  
Make each day good, is hushed away,  
And yet my days go on, go on.

## III

The heart which, like a staff, was one  
For mine to lean and rest upon,  
The strongest on the longest day  
With steadfast love, is caught away,  
And yet my days go on, go on.

## IV

And cold before my summer's done,  
And deaf in Nature's general tune,  
And fallen too low for special fear,  
And here, with hope no longer here,  
While the tears drop, my days go on.

## V

The world goes whispering to its own,  
'This anguish pierces to the bone;'  
And tender friends go sighing round,  
'What love can ever cure this wound ?'  
My days go on, my days go on.

## VI

The past rolls forward on the sun  
And makes all night. O dreams begun,  
Not to be ended! Ended bliss,  
And life that will not end in this!  
My days go on, my days go on.

## VII

Breath freezes on my lips to moan:  
As one alone, once not alone,  
I sit and knock at Nature's door,  
Heart-bare, heart-hungry, very poor,  
Whose desolated days go on.

## VIII

I knock and cry, —Undone, undone!  
Is there no help, no comfort, —none?  
No gleaning in the wide wheat plains  
Where others drive their loaded wains?  
My vacant days go on, go on.

## IX

This Nature, though the snows be down,  
Thinks kindly of the bird of June:  
The little red hip on the tree  
Is ripe for such. What is for me,  
Whose days so winterly go on?

## X

No bird am I, to sing in June,  
And dare not ask an equal boon.  
Good nests and berries red are Nature's  
To give away to better creatures, —  
And yet my days go on, go on.

## XI

I ask less kindness to be done, —  
Only to loose these pilgrim shoon,  
(Too early worn and grimed) with sweet  
Cool deadly touch to these tired feet.  
Till days go out which now go on.

XII

Only to lift the turf unmown  
From off the earth where it has grown,  
Some cubit-space, and say 'Behold,  
Creep in, poor Heart, beneath that fold,  
Forgetting how the days go on.'

XIII

What harm would that do? Green anon  
The sward would quicken, overshadowed  
By skies as blue; and crickets might  
Have leave to chirp there day and night  
While my new rest went on, went on.

XIV

From gracious Nature have I won  
Such liberal bounty? may I run  
So, lizard-like, within her side,  
And there be safe, who now am tried  
By days that painfully go on?

XV

—A Voice reproves me thereupon,  
More sweet than Nature's when the drone  
Of bees is sweetest, and more deep  
Than when the rivers overleap  
The shuddering pines, and thunder on.

XVI

God's Voice, not Nature's! Night and noon  
He sits upon the great white throne  
And listens for the creatures' praise.  
What babble we of days and days?  
The Day-spring He, whose days go on.

XVII

He reigns above, He reigns alone;  
Systems burn out and have his throne;  
Fair mists of seraphs melt and fall  
Around Him, changeless amid all,  
Ancient of Days, whose days go on.

XVIII

He reigns below, He reigns alone,  
And, having life in love forgone  
Beneath the crown of sovran thorns,  
He reigns the Jealous God. Who mourns  
Or rules with Him, while days go on?

XIX

By anguish which made pale the sun,  
I hear Him charge his saints that none  
Among his creatures anywhere  
Blaspheme against Him with despair,  
However darkly days go on.

XX

Take from my head the thorn-wreath brown!  
No mortal grief deserves that crown.  
O supreme Love, chief misery,  
The sharp regalia are for Thee  
Whose days eternally go on!

XXI

For us, —whatever's undergone,  
Thou knowest, willest what is done,

Grief may be joy misunderstood;  
Only the Good discerns the good.  
I trust Thee while my days go on.

XXII

Whatever's lost, it first was won;  
We will not struggle nor impugn.  
Perhaps the cup was broken here,  
That Heaven's new wine might show more clear.  
I praise Thee while my days go on.

XXIII

I praise Thee while my days go on;  
I love Thee while my days go on:  
Through dark and dearth, through fire and frost,  
With emptied arms and treasure lost,  
I thank Thee while my days go on.

XXIV

And having in thy life-depth thrown  
Being and suffering (which are one),  
As a child drops his pebble small  
Down some deep well, and hears it fall  
Smiling—so I. THY DAYS GO ON.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



# Discontent

LIGHT human nature is too lightly tost  
And ruffled without cause, complaining on--  
Restless with rest, until, being overthrown,  
It learneth to lie quiet. Let a frost  
Or a small wasp have crept to the inner-most  
Of our ripe peach, or let the wilful sun  
Shine westward of our window,--straight we run  
A furlong's sigh as if the world were lost.  
But what time through the heart and through the brain  
God hath transfixed us,--we, so moved before,  
Attain to a calm. Ay, shouldering weights of pain,  
We anchor in deep waters, safe from shore,  
And hear submissive o'er the stormy main  
God's chartered judgments walk for evermore.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Exaggeration

WE overstate the ills of life, and take  
Imagination (given us to bring down  
The choirs of singing angels overshadowed  
By God's clear glory) down our earth to rake  
The dismal snows instead, flake following flake,  
To cover all the corn; we walk upon  
The shadow of hills across a level thrown,  
And pant like climbers: near the alder brake  
We sigh so loud, the nightingale within  
Refuses to sing loud, as else she would.  
O brothers, let us leave the shame and sin  
Of taking vainly, in a plaintive mood,  
The holy name of GRIEF!--holy herein  
That by the grief of ONE came all our good.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Flush Or Faunus

You see this dog. It was but yesterday  
I mused, forgetful of his presence here,  
Till thought on thought drew downward tear on tear;  
When from the pillow, where wet-cheeked I lay,  
A head as hairy as Faunus, thrust its way  
Right sudden against my face,—two golden-clear  
Large eyes astonished mine,—a drooping ear  
Did flap me on either cheek, to dry the spray!  
I started first, as some Arcadian  
Amazed by goatly god in twilight grove:  
But as my bearded vision closelier ran  
My tears off, I knew Flush, and rose above  
Surprise and sadness; thanking the true Pan,  
Who, by low creatures, leads to heights of love.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## From 'the Soul's Travelling'

God, God!

With a child's voice I cry,

Weak, sad, confidingly—

God, God!

Thou knowest, eyelids, raised not always up

Unto Thy love (as none of ours are), droop

As ours, o'er many a tear!

Thou knowest, though Thy universe is broad,

Two little tears suffice to cover all:

Thou knowest, Thou, who art so prodigal

Of beauty, we are oft but stricken deer

Expiring in the woods—that care for none

Of those delightful flowers they die upon.

O blissful Mouth which breathed the mournful breath

We name our souls, self-spoilt!—by that strong passion

Which paled Thee once with sighs,—by that strong death

Which made Thee once unbreathing—from the wrack

Themselves have called around them, call them back,

Back to Thee in continuous aspiration!

For here, O Lord,

For here they travel vainly,—vainly pass

From city-pavement to untrodden sward,

Where the lark finds her deep nest in the grass

Cold with the earth's last dew. Yea, very vain

The greatest speed of all these souls of men

Unless they travel upward to the throne

Where sittest THOU, the satisfying ONE,

With help for sins and holy perfectings

For all requirements—while the archangel, raising

Unto Thy face his full ecstatic gazing,

Forgets the rush and rapture of his wings.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Futurity

AND, O beloved voices, upon which  
Ours passionately call because ere long  
Ye brake off in the middle of that song  
We sang together softly, to enrich  
The poor world with the sense of love, and witch,  
The heart out of things evil,--I am strong,  
Knowing ye are not lost for aye among

The hills, with last year's thrush. God keeps a niche  
In Heaven to hold our idols; and albeit  
He brake them to our faces and denied  
That our close kisses should impair their white,  
I know we shall behold them raised, complete,  
The dust swept from their beauty,--glorified  
New Memnons singing in the great God-light.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Grief

I TELL you, hopeless grief is passionless;  
That only men incredulous of despair,  
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air  
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access  
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness,  
In souls as countries, lieth silent-bare  
Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare  
Of the absolute Heavens. Deep-hearted man, express  
Grief for thy Dead in silence like to death--  
Most like a monumental statue set  
In everlasting watch and moveless woe  
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.  
Touch it; the marble eyelids are not wet:  
If it could weep, it could arise and go.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# How Do I Love Thee?

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love with a passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints, -- I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life! -- and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Human Life's Mystery

We sow the glebe, we reap the corn,  
We build the house where we may rest,  
And then, at moments, suddenly,  
We look up to the great wide sky,  
Inquiring wherefore we were born...  
For earnest or for jest?

The senses folding thick and dark  
About the stifled soul within,  
We guess diviner things beyond,  
And yearn to them with yearning fond;  
We strike out blindly to a mark  
Believed in, but not seen.

We vibrate to the pant and thrill  
Wherewith Eternity has curled  
In serpent-twine about God's seat;  
While, freshening upward to His feet,  
In gradual growth His full-leaved will  
Expands from world to world.

And, in the tumult and excess  
Of act and passion under sun,  
We sometimes hear—oh, soft and far,  
As silver star did touch with star,  
The kiss of Peace and Righteousness  
Through all things that are done.

God keeps His holy mysteries  
Just on the outside of man's dream;  
In diapason slow, we think  
To hear their pinions rise and sink,  
While they float pure beneath His eyes,  
Like swans adown a stream.

Abstractions, are they, from the forms  
Of His great beauty?—exaltations  
From His great glory?—strong previsions  
Of what we shall be?—intuitions



Of what we are—in calms and storms,  
Beyond our peace and passions?

Things nameless! which, in passing so,  
Do stroke us with a subtle grace.  
We say, 'Who passes?'—they are dumb.  
We cannot see them go or come:  
Their touches fall soft, cold, as snow  
Upon a blind man's face.

Yet, touching so, they draw above  
Our common thoughts to Heaven's unknown,  
Our daily joy and pain advance  
To a divine significance,  
Our human love—O mortal love,  
That light is not its own!

And sometimes horror chills our blood  
To be so near such mystic Things,  
And we wrap round us for defence  
Our purple manners, moods of sense—  
As angels from the face of God  
Stand hidden in their wings.

And sometimes through life's heavy swound  
We grope for them!—with strangled breath  
We stretch our hands abroad and try  
To reach them in our agony,—  
And widen, so, the broad life-wound  
Which soon is large enough for death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# I

I thought once how Theocritus had sung  
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,  
Who each one in a gracious hand appears  
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:  
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,  
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,  
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,  
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung  
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,  
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move  
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair:  
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,--  
'Guess now who holds thee ? '--' Death,' I said. But, there,  
The silver answer rang,--' Not Death, but Love.'

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Ii

But only three in all God's universe  
Have heard this word thou hast said,--Himself, beside  
Thee speaking, and me listening ! and replied  
One of us . . . that was God, . . . and laid the curse  
So darkly on my eyelids, as to amerce  
My sight from seeing thee,--that if I had died,  
The deathweights, placed there, would have signified  
Less absolute exclusion. 'Nay' is worse  
From God than from all others, O my friend !  
Men could not part us with their worldly jars,  
Nor the seas change us, nor the tempests bend;  
Our hands would touch for all the mountain-bars:  
And, heaven being rolled between us at the end,  
We should but vow the faster for the stars.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Iii

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart !  
Unlike our uses and our destinies.  
Our ministering two angels look surprise  
On one another, as they strike athwart  
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art  
A guest for queens to social pageantries,  
With gages from a hundred brighter eyes  
Than tears even can make mine, to play thy part  
Of chief musician. What hast thou to do  
With looking from the lattice-lights at me,  
A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through  
The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree ?  
The chrism is on thine head,--on mine, the dew,--  
And Death must dig the level where these agree.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Insufficiency

When I attain to utter forth in verse  
Some inward thought, my soul throbs audibly  
Along my pulses, yearning to be free  
And something farther, fuller, higher, rehearse  
To the individual, true, and the universe,  
In consummation of right harmony:  
But, like a wind-exposed distorted tree,  
We are blown against for ever by the curse  
Which breathes through Nature. Oh, the world is weak !  
The effluence of each is false to all,  
And what we best conceive we fail to speak.  
Wait, soul, until thine ashen garments fall,  
And then resume thy broken strains, and seek  
Fit peroration without let or thrall.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Irreparableness

I HAVE been in the meadows all the day  
And gathered there the nosegay that you see  
Singing within myself as bird or bee  
When such do field-work on a morn of May.  
But, now I look upon my flowers, decay  
Has met them in my hands more fatally  
Because more warmly clasped,--and sobs are free  
To come instead of songs. What do you say,  
Sweet counsellors, dear friends ? that I should go  
Back straightway to the fields and gather more ?  
Another, sooth, may do it, but not I !  
My heart is very tired, my strength is low,  
My hands are full of blossoms plucked before,  
Held dead within them till myself shall die.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Iv

Thou hast thy calling to some palace-floor,  
Most gracious singer of high poems ! where  
The dancers will break footing, from the care  
Of watching up thy pregnant lips for more.  
And dost thou lift this house's latch too poor  
For hand of thine ? and canst thou think and bear  
To let thy music drop here unaware  
In folds of golden fulness at my door ?  
Look up and see the casement broken in,  
The bats and owlets builders in the roof !  
My cricket chirps against thy mandolin.  
Hush, call no echo up in further proof  
Of desolation ! there 's a voice within  
That weeps . . . as thou must sing . . . alone, aloof

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Ix

Can it be right to give what I can give ?  
To let thee sit beneath the fall of tears  
As salt as mine, and hear the sighing years  
Re-sighing on my lips renunciative  
Through those infrequent smiles which fail to live  
For all thy adjurations ? O my fears,  
That this can scarce be right ! We are not peers,  
So to be lovers; and I own, and grieve,  
That givers of such gifts as mine are, must  
Be counted with the ungenerous. Out, alas !  
I will not soil thy purple with my dust,  
Nor breathe my poison on thy Venice-glass,  
Nor give thee any love--which were unjust.  
Beloved, I only love thee ! let it pass.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



# Lord Walter's Wife

I

'But where do you go?' said the lady, while both sat under the yew,  
And her eyes were alive in their depth, as the kraken beneath the sea-blue.

II

'Because I fear you,' he answered;--'because you are far too fair,  
And able to strangle my soul in a mesh of your golfd-coloured hair.'

III

'Oh that,' she said, 'is no reason! Such knots are quickly undone,  
And too much beauty, I reckon, is nothing but too much sun.'

IV

'Yet farewell so,' he answered; --'the sunstroke's fatal at times.  
I value your husband, Lord Walter, whose gallop rings still from the limes.

V

'Oh that,' she said, 'is no reason. You smell a rose through a fence:  
If two should smell it what matter? who grumbles, and where's the pretense?

VI

'But I,' he replied, 'have promised another, when love was free,  
To love her alone, alone, who alone from afar loves me.'

VII

'Why, that,' she said, 'is no reason. Love's always free I am told.  
Will you vow to be safe from the headache on Tuesday, and think it will hold?

VIII

'But you,' he replied, 'have a daughter, a young child, who was laid  
In your lap to be pure; so I leave you: the angels would make me afraid.'

IX

'Oh that,' she said, 'is no reason. The angels keep out of the way;  
And Dora, the child, observes nothing, although you should please me and stay.'

X

At which he rose up in his anger,--'Why now, you no longer are fair!  
Why, now, you no longer are fatal, but ugly and hateful, I swear.'

XI

At which she laughed out in her scorn: 'These men! Oh these men overnice,  
Who are shocked if a colour not virtuous is frankly put on by a vice.'

XII

Her eyes blazed upon him--'And you! You bring us your vices so near  
That we smell them! You think in our presence a thought 'twould defame us to  
hear!

XIII

'What reason had you, and what right,--I appeal to your soul from my life,--  
To find me so fair as a woman? Why, sir, I am pure, and a wife.

XIV

'Is the day-star too fair up above you? It burns you not. Dare you imply  
I brushed you more close than the star does, when Walter had set me as high?

XV

'If a man finds a woman too fair, he means simply adapted too much  
To use unlawful and fatal. The praise! --shall I thank you for such?

XVI

'Too fair?--not unless you misuse us! and surely if, once in a while,  
You attain to it, straightaway you call us no longer too fair, but too vile.

XVII

'A moment,--I pray your attention!--I have a poor word in my head  
I must utter, though womanly custom would set it down better unsaid.

XVIII

'You grew, sir, pale to impertinence, once when I showed you a ring.  
You kissed my fan when I dropped it. No matter! I've broken the thing.

XIX

'You did me the honour, perhaps, to be moved at my side now and then  
In the senses--a vice, I have heard, which is common to beasts and some men.

XX

'Love's a virtue for heroes!--as white as the snow on high hills,  
And immortal as every great soul is that struggles, endures, and fulfils.

XXI

'I love my Walter profoundly,--you, Maude, though you faltered a week,  
For the sake of . . . what is it--an eyebrow? or, less still, a mole on the cheek?

XXII

'And since, when all's said, you're too noble to stoop to the frivolous cant  
About crimes irresistible, virtues that swindle, betray and supplant.

XXIII

'I determined to prove to yourself that, whate'er you might dream or avow  
By illusion, you wanted precisely no more of me than you have now.

XXIV

'There! Look me full in the face!--in the face. Understand, if you can,  
That the eyes of such women as I am are clean as the palm of a man.

XXV

'Drop his hand, you insult him. Avoid us for fear we should cost you a scar--  
You take us for harlots, I tell you, and not for the women we are.

XXVI

'You wronged me: but then I considered . . . there's Walter! And so at the end  
I vowed that he should not be mulcted, by me, in the hand of a friend.

XXVII

'Have I hurt you indeed? We are quits then. Nay, friend of my Walter, be mine!  
Come, Dora, my darling, my angel, and help me to ask him to dine.'

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Love

We cannot live, except thus mutually  
We alternate, aware or unaware,  
The reflex act of life: and when we bear  
Our virtue onward most impulsively,  
Most full of invocation, and to be  
Most instantly compellant, certes, there  
We live most life, whoever breathes most air  
And counts his dying years by sun and sea.  
But when a soul, by choice and conscience, doth  
Throw out her full force on another soul,  
The conscience and the concentration both make  
mere life, Love. For Life in perfect whole  
And aim consummated, is Love in sooth,  
As nature's magnet-heat rounds pole with pole.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Minstrelsy

For ever, since my childish looks  
Could rest on Nature's pictured books;  
For ever, since my childish tongue  
Could name the themes our bards have sung;  
So long, the sweetness of their singing  
Hath been to me a rapture bringing!  
Yet ask me not the reason why  
I have delight in minstrelsy.

I know that much whereof I sing,  
Is shapen but for vanishing;  
I know that summer's flower and leaf  
And shine and shade are very brief,  
And that the heart they brighten, may,  
Before them all, be sheathed in clay! --  
I do not know the reason why  
I have delight in minstrelsy.

A few there are, whose smile and praise  
My minstrel hope, would kindly raise:  
But, of those few -- Death may impress  
The lips of some with silentness;  
While some may friendship's faith resign,  
And heed no more a song of mine. --  
Ask not, ask not the reason why  
I have delight in minstrelsy.

The sweetest song that minstrels sing,  
Will charm not Joy to tarrying;  
The greenest bay that earth can grow,  
Will shelter not in burning woe;  
A thousand voices will not cheer,  
When one is mute that aye is dear! --  
Is there, alas! no reason why  
I have delight in minstrelsy.

I do not know! The turf is green  
Beneath the rain's fast-dropping sheen,  
Yet asks not why that deeper hue

Doth all its tender leaves renew; --  
And I, like-minded, am content,  
While music to my soul is sent,  
To question not the reason why  
I have delight in minstrelsy.

Years pass -- my life with them shall pass:  
And soon, the cricket in the grass  
And summer bird, shall louder sing  
Than she who owns a minstrel's string.  
Oh then may some, the dear and few,  
Recall her love, whose truth they knew;  
When all forget to question why  
She had delight in minstrelsy!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Mother And Poet

I.

Dead ! One of them shot by the sea in the east,  
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.  
Dead ! both my boys ! When you sit at the feast  
And are wanting a great song for Italy free,  
Let none look at me !

II.

Yet I was a poetess only last year,  
And good at my art, for a woman, men said ;  
But this woman, this, who is agonized here,  
-- The east sea and west sea rhyme on in her head  
For ever instead.

III.

What art can a woman be good at ? Oh, vain !  
What art is she good at, but hurting her breast  
With the milk-teeth of babes, and a smile at the pain ?  
Ah boys, how you hurt ! you were strong as you pressed,  
And I proud, by that test.

IV.

What art's for a woman ? To hold on her knees  
Both darlings ! to feel all their arms round her throat,  
Cling, strangle a little ! to sew by degrees  
And 'broider the long-clothes and neat little coat ;  
To dream and to doat.

V.

To teach them ... It stings there ! I made them indeed  
Speak plain the word country. I taught them, no doubt,  
That a country's a thing men should die for at need.  
I prated of liberty, rights, and about  
The tyrant cast out.

VI.

And when their eyes flashed ... O my beautiful eyes ! ...  
I exulted ; nay, let them go forth at the wheels



Of the guns, and denied not. But then the surprise  
When one sits quite alone ! Then one weeps, then one kneels !  
God, how the house feels !

VII.

At first, happy news came, in gay letters moiled  
With my kisses, -- of camp-life and glory, and how  
They both loved me ; and, soon coming home to be spoiled  
In return would fan off every fly from my brow  
With their green laurel-bough.

VIII.

Then was triumph at Turin : `Ancona was free !'  
And some one came out of the cheers in the street,  
With a face pale as stone, to say something to me.  
My Guido was dead ! I fell down at his feet,  
While they cheered in the street.

IX.

I bore it ; friends soothed me ; my grief looked sublime  
As the ransom of Italy. One boy remained  
To be leant on and walked with, recalling the time  
When the first grew immortal, while both of us strained  
To the height he had gained.

X.

And letters still came, shorter, sadder, more strong,  
Writ now but in one hand, `I was not to faint, --  
One loved me for two -- would be with me ere long :  
And Viva l' Italia ! -- he died for, our saint,  
Who forbids our complaint."

XI.

My Nanni would add, `he was safe, and aware  
Of a presence that turned off the balls, -- was imprest  
It was Guido himself, who knew what I could bear,  
And how 'twas impossible, quite dispossessed,  
To live on for the rest."

XII.

On which, without pause, up the telegraph line  
Swept smoothly the next news from Gaeta : -- Shot.

Tell his mother. Ah, ah, ` his, ' ` their ' mother, -- not ` mine, '  
No voice says "My mother" again to me. What !  
You think Guido forgot ?

XIII.

Are souls straight so happy that, dizzy with Heaven,  
They drop earth's affections, conceive not of woe ?  
I think not. Themselves were too lately forgiven  
Through THAT Love and Sorrow which reconciled so  
The Above and Below.

XIV.

O Christ of the five wounds, who look'dst through the dark  
To the face of Thy mother ! consider, I pray,  
How we common mothers stand desolate, mark,  
Whose sons, not being Christs, die with eyes turned away,  
And no last word to say !

XV.

Both boys dead ? but that's out of nature. We all  
Have been patriots, yet each house must always keep one.  
'Twere imbecile, hewing out roads to a wall ;  
And, when Italy 's made, for what end is it done  
If we have not a son ?

XVI.

Ah, ah, ah ! when Gaeta's taken, what then ?  
When the fair wicked queen sits no more at her sport  
Of the fire-balls of death crashing souls out of men ?  
When the guns of Cavalli with final retort  
Have cut the game short ?

XVII.

When Venice and Rome keep their new jubilee,  
When your flag takes all heaven for its white, green, and red,  
When you have your country from mountain to sea,  
When King Victor has Italy's crown on his head,  
(And I have my Dead) --

XVIII.

What then ? Do not mock me. Ah, ring your bells low,  
And burn your lights faintly ! My country is there,

Above the star pricked by the last peak of snow :  
My Italy 's THERE, with my brave civic Pair,  
To disfranchise despair !

XIX.

Forgive me. Some women bear children in strength,  
And bite back the cry of their pain in self-scorn ;  
But the birth-pangs of nations will wring us at length  
Into wail such as this -- and we sit on forlorn  
When the man-child is born.

XX.

Dead ! One of them shot by the sea in the east,  
And one of them shot in the west by the sea.  
Both ! both my boys ! If in keeping the feast  
You want a great song for your Italy free,  
Let none look at me !

[This was Laura Savio, of Turin, a poetess and patriot, whose sons were killed at Ancona and Gaeta.]

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# My Heart And I

I.

ENOUGH ! we're tired, my heart and I.  
We sit beside the headstone thus,  
And wish that name were carved for us.  
The moss reprints more tenderly  
The hard types of the mason's knife,  
As heaven's sweet life renews earth's life  
With which we're tired, my heart and I.

II.

You see we're tired, my heart and I.  
We dealt with books, we trusted men,  
And in our own blood drenched the pen,  
As if such colours could not fly.  
We walked too straight for fortune's end,  
We loved too true to keep a friend ;  
At last we're tired, my heart and I.

III.

How tired we feel, my heart and I !  
We seem of no use in the world ;  
Our fancies hang grey and uncurled  
About men's eyes indifferently ;  
Our voice which thrilled you so, will let  
You sleep; our tears are only wet :  
What do we here, my heart and I ?

IV.

So tired, so tired, my heart and I !  
It was not thus in that old time  
When Ralph sat with me 'neath the lime  
To watch the sunset from the sky.  
'Dear love, you're looking tired,' he said;  
I, smiling at him, shook my head :  
'Tis now we're tired, my heart and I.

V.

So tired, so tired, my heart and I !

Though now none takes me on his arm  
To fold me close and kiss me warm  
Till each quick breath end in a sigh  
Of happy languor. Now, alone,  
We lean upon this graveyard stone,  
Uncheered, unkissed, my heart and I.

VI.

Tired out we are, my heart and I.  
Suppose the world brought diadems  
To tempt us, crusted with loose gems  
Of powers and pleasures ? Let it try.  
We scarcely care to look at even  
A pretty child, or God's blue heaven,  
We feel so tired, my heart and I.

VII.

Yet who complains ? My heart and I ?  
In this abundant earth no doubt  
Is little room for things worn out :  
Disdain them, break them, throw them by  
And if before the days grew rough  
We once were loved, used, -- well enough,  
I think, we've fared, my heart and I.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# On A Portrait Of Wordsworth

WORDSWORTH upon Helvellyn ! Let the cloud  
Ebb audibly along the mountain-wind,  
Then break against the rock, and show behind  
The lowland valleys floating up to crowd  
The sense with beauty. He with forehead bowed  
And humble-lidded eyes, as one inclined  
Before the sovran thought of his own mind,  
And very meek with inspirations proud,  
Takes here his rightful place as poet-priest  
By the high altar, singing prayer and prayer

To the higher Heavens. A noble vision free  
Our Haydon's hand has flung out from the mist:  
No portrait this, with Academic air !  
This is the poet and his poetry.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Only A Curl.

I.

FRIENDS of faces unknown and a land  
Unvisited over the sea,  
Who tell me how lonely you stand  
With a single gold curl in the hand  
Held up to be looked at by me, --

II.

While you ask me to ponder and say  
What a father and mother can do,  
With the bright fellow-locks put away  
Out of reach, beyond kiss, in the clay  
Where the violets press nearer than you.

III.

Shall I speak like a poet, or run  
Into weak woman's tears for relief ?  
Oh, children ! -- I never lost one, --  
Yet my arm 's round my own little son,  
And Love knows the secret of Grief.

IV.

And I feel what it must be and is,  
When God draws a new angel so  
Through the house of a man up to His,  
With a murmur of music, you miss,  
And a rapture of light, you forgo.

V.

How you think, staring on at the door,  
Where the face of your angel flashed in,  
That its brightness, familiar before,  
Burns off from you ever the more  
For the dark of your sorrow and sin.

VI.

`God lent him and takes him,' you sigh ;  
-- Nay, there let me break with your pain :  
God 's generous in giving, say I, --  
And the thing which He gives, I deny  
That He ever can take back again.

VII.

He gives what He gives. I appeal  
To all who bear babes -- in the hour  
When the veil of the body we feel  
Rent round us, -- while torments reveal  
The motherhood's advent in power,

VIII.

And the babe cries ! -- has each of us known  
By apocalypse (God being there  
Full in nature) the child is our own,  
Life of life, love of love, moan of moan,  
Through all changes, all times, everywhere.

IX.

He 's ours and for ever. Believe,  
O father ! -- O mother, look back  
To the first love's assurance. To give  
Means with God not to tempt or deceive  
With a cup thrust in Benjamin's sack.

X.

He gives what He gives. Be content !  
He resumes nothing given, -- be sure !  
God lend ? Where the usurers lent  
In His temple, indignant He went  
And scourged away all those impure.

XI.



He lends not ; but gives to the end,  
As He loves to the end. If it seem  
That He draws back a gift, comprehend  
'Tis to add to it rather, -- amend,  
And finish it up to your dream, --

XII.

Or keep, -- as a mother will toys  
Too costly, though given by herself,  
Till the room shall be stiller from noise,  
And the children more fit for such joys,  
Kept over their heads on the shelf.

XIII.

So look up, friends ! you, who indeed  
Have possessed in your house a sweet piece  
Of the Heaven which men strive for, must need  
Be more earnest than others are,--speed  
Where they loiter, persist where they cease.

XIV.

You know how one angel smiles there.  
Then weep not. 'Tis easy for you  
To be drawn by a single gold hair  
Of that curl, from earth's storm and despair,  
To the safe place above us. Adieu.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Pain In Pleasure

A THOUGHT ay like a flower upon mine heart,  
And drew around it other thoughts like bees  
For multitude and thirst of sweetnesses;  
Whereat rejoicing, I desired the art  
Of the Greek whistler, who to wharf and mart  
Could lure those insect swarms from orange-trees  
That I might hive with me such thoughts and please  
My soul so, always. foolish counterpart  
Of a weak man's vain wishes ! While I spoke,  
The thought I called a flower grew nettle-rough  
The thoughts, called bees, stung me to festering:  
Oh, entertain (cried Reason as she woke)  
Your best and gladdest thoughts but long enough,  
And they will all prove sad enough to sting !

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Paraphrase on Anacreon: Ode to the Swallow

Thou indeed, little Swallow,  
A sweet yearly comer.  
Art building a hollow  
New nest every summer.  
And straight dost depart  
Where no gazing can follow.  
Past Memphis, down Nile!  
Ay! but love all the while  
Builds his nest in my heart,  
Through the cold winter-weeks:  
And as one Love takes flight.  
Comes another, O Swallow,  
In an egg warm and white,  
And another is callow.  
And the large gaping beaks  
Chirp all day and all night:  
And the Loves who are older  
Help the young and the poor Loves,  
And the young Loves grown bolder  
Increase by the score Loves—  
Why, what can be done?  
If a noise comes from one.  
Can I bear all this rout of a hundred and more Loves?

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Past And Future.

MY future will not copy fair my past  
On any leaf but Heaven's. Be fully done,  
Supernal Will ! I would not fain be one  
Who, satisfying thirst and breaking fast  
Upon the fulness of the heart, at last  
Saith no grace after meat. My wine hath run  
Indeed out of my cup, and there is none  
To gather up the bread of my repast  
Scattered and trampled ! Yet I find some good  
In earth's green herbs, and streams that bubble up  
Clear from the darkling ground, -- content until  
I sit with angels before better food.  
Dear Christ ! when thy new vintage fills my cup,  
This hand shall shake no more, nor that wine spill.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Patience Taught By Nature

'O DREARY life,' we cry, ' O dreary life ! '  
And still the generations of the birds  
Sing through our sighing, and the flocks and herds  
Serenely live while we are keeping strife  
With Heaven's true purpose in us, as a knife  
Against which we may struggle ! Ocean girds  
Unslackened the dry land, savannah-swards  
Unweary sweep, hills watch unworn, and rife  
Meek leaves drop year]y from the forest-trees  
To show, above, the unwasted stars that pass  
In their old glory: O thou God of old,  
Grant me some smaller grace than comes to these !--  
But so much patience as a blade of grass  
Grows by, contented through the heat and cold.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Perplexed Music

EXPERIENCE, like a pale musician, holds  
A dulcimer of patience in his hand,  
Whence harmonies, we cannot understand,  
Of God; will in his worlds, the strain unfolds  
In sad-perplexed minors: deathly colds  
Fall on us while we hear, and countermand  
Our sanguine heart back from the fancyland  
With nightingales in visionary wolds.  
We murmur ' Where is any certain tune  
Or measured music in such notes as these ? '  
But angels, leaning from the golden seat,  
Are not so minded their fine ear hath won  
The issue of completed cadences,  
And, smiling down the stars, they whisper--  
SWEET.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning







# Sonnet 01 - I Thought Once How Theocritus Had Sung

I

I thought once how Theocritus had sung  
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,  
Who each one in a gracious hand appears  
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:  
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,  
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,  
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,  
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung  
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,  
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move  
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair:  
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,—  
'Guess now who holds thee? —' Death,' I said. But, there,  
The silver answer rang,—' Not Death, but Love.'

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 02 - But Only Three In All God's Universe

II

But only three in all God's universe  
Have heard this word thou hast said,—Himself, beside  
Thee speaking, and me listening! and replied  
One of us . . . that was God, . . . and laid the curse  
So darkly on my eyelids, as to amerce  
My sight from seeing thee,—that if I had died,  
The deathweights, placed there, would have signified  
Less absolute exclusion. 'Nay' is worse  
From God than from all others, O my friend!  
Men could not part us with their worldly jars,  
Nor the seas change us, nor the tempests bend;  
Our hands would touch for all the mountain-bars:  
And, heaven being rolled between us at the end,  
We should but vow the faster for the stars.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 03 - Unlike Are We, Unlike, O Princely Heart!

III

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!  
Unlike our uses and our destinies.  
Our ministering two angels look surprise  
On one another, as they strike athwart  
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art  
A guest for queens to social pageantries,  
With gages from a hundred brighter eyes  
Than tears even can make mine, to play thy part  
Of chief musician. What hast thou to do  
With looking from the lattice-lights at me,  
A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through  
The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?  
The chrism is on thine head,—on mine, the dew,—  
And Death must dig the level where these agree.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 04 - Thou Hast Thy Calling To Some Palace-Floor

IV

Thou hast thy calling to some palace-floor,  
Most gracious singer of high poems! where  
The dancers will break footing, from the care  
Of watching up thy pregnant lips for more.  
And dost thou lift this house's latch too poor  
For hand of thine? and canst thou think and bear  
To let thy music drop here unaware  
In folds of golden fulness at my door?  
Look up and see the casement broken in,  
The bats and owlets builders in the roof!  
My cricket chirps against thy mandolin.  
Hush, call no echo up in further proof  
Of desolation! there 's a voice within  
That weeps . . . as thou must sing . . . alone, aloof

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet 05 - I Lift My Heavy Heart Up Solemnly

V

I lift my heavy heart up solemnly,  
As once Electra her sepulchral urn,  
And, looking in thine eyes, I overturn  
The ashes at thy feet. Behold and see  
What a great heap of grief lay hid in me,  
And how the red wild sparkles dimly burn  
Through the ashen grayness. If thy foot in scorn  
Could tread them out to darkness utterly,  
It might be well perhaps. But if instead  
Thou wait beside me for the wind to blow  
The gray dust up, . . . those laurels on thine head,  
O my Beloved, will not shield thee so,  
That none of all the fires shall scorch and shred  
The hair beneath. Stand farther off then! go.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet 06 - Go From Me. Yet I Feel That I Shall Stand

VI

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand  
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore  
Alone upon the threshold of my door  
Of individual life, I shall command  
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand  
Serenely in the sunshine as before,  
Without the sense of that which I forbore&mdash;  
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land  
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine  
With pulses that beat double. What I do  
And what I dream include thee, as the wine  
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue  
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,  
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 07 - The Face Of All The World Is Changed, I Think

VII

The face of all the world is changed, I think,  
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul  
Move still, oh, still, beside me, as they stole  
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink  
Of obvious death, where I, who thought to sink,  
Was caught up into love, and taught the whole  
Of life in a new rhythm. The cup of dole  
God gave for baptism, I am fain to drink,  
And praise its sweetness, Sweet, with thee anear.  
The names of country, heaven, are changed away  
For where thou art or shalt be, there or here;  
And this . . . this lute and song . . . loved yesterday,  
(The singing angels know) are only dear  
Because thy name moves right in what they say.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 08 - What Can I Give Thee Back, O Liberal

VIII

What can I give thee back, O liberal  
And princely giver, who hast brought the gold  
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,  
And laid them on the outside of the-wall  
For such as I to take or leave withal,  
In unexpected largesse? am I cold,  
Ungrateful, that for these most manifold  
High gifts, I render nothing back at all?  
Not so; not cold, &mdash; but very poor instead.  
Ask God who knows. For frequent tears have run  
The colors from my life, and left so dead  
And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done  
To give the same as pillow to thy head.  
Go farther! let it serve to trample on.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



# Sonnet 09 - Can It Be Right To Give What I Can Give?

IX

Can it be right to give what I can give?  
To let thee sit beneath the fall of tears  
As salt as mine, and hear the sighing years  
Re-sighing on my lips renunciative  
Through those infrequent smiles which fail to live  
For all thy adjurations? O my fears,  
That this can scarce be right! We are not peers,  
So to be lovers; and I own, and grieve,  
That givers of such gifts as mine are, must  
Be counted with the ungenerous. Out, alas!  
I will not soil thy purple with my dust,  
Nor breathe my poison on thy Venice-glass,  
Nor give thee any love&mdash;which were unjust.  
Beloved, I only love thee! let it pass.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 10 - Yet, Love, Mere Love, Is Beautiful Indeed

X

Yet, love, mere love, is beautiful indeed  
And worthy of acceptation. Fire is bright,  
Let temple burn, or flax; an equal light  
Leaps in the flame from cedar-plank or weed:  
And love is fire. And when I say at need  
I love thee . . . mark! . . . I love thee&mdash;in thy sight  
I stand transfigured, glorified aright,  
With conscience of the new rays that proceed  
Out of my face toward thine. There's nothing low  
In love, when love the lowest: meanest creatures  
Who love God, God accepts while loving so.  
And what I feel, across the inferior features  
Of what I am, doth flash itself, and show  
How that great work of Love enhances Nature's.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 11 - And Therefore If To Love Can Be Desert

XI

And therefore if to love can be desert,  
I am not all unworthy. Cheeks as pale  
As these you see, and trembling knees that fail  
To bear the burden of a heavy heart,—  
This weary minstrel-life that once was girt  
To climb Aornus, and can scarce avail  
To pipe now 'gainst the valley nightingale  
A melancholy music,—why advert  
To these things? O Beloved, it is plain  
I am not of thy worth nor for thy place!  
And yet, because I love thee, I obtain  
From that same love this vindicating grace,  
To live on still in love, and yet in vain,—  
To bless thee, yet renounce thee to thy face.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 12 - Indeed This Very Love Which Is My Boast

XII

Indeed this very love which is my boast,  
And which, when rising up from breast to brow,  
Doth crown me with a ruby large enow  
To draw men's eyes and prove the inner cost, &mdash;  
This love even, all my worth, to the uttermost,  
I should not love withal, unless that thou  
Hadst set me an example, shown me how,  
When first thine earnest eyes with mine were crossed,  
And love called love. And thus, I cannot speak  
Of love even, as a good thing of my own:  
Thy soul hath snatched up mine all faint and weak,  
And placed it by thee on a golden throne, &mdash;  
And that I love (O soul, we must be meek!)  
Is by thee only, whom I love alone.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 13 - And Wilt Thou Have Me Fashion Into Speech

XIII

And wilt thou have me fashion into speech  
The love I bear thee, finding words enough,  
And hold the torch out, while the winds are rough,  
Between our faces, to cast light on each? —  
I drop it at thy feet. I cannot teach  
My hand to hold my spirit so far off  
From myself—me—that I should bring thee proof  
In words, of love hid in me out of reach.  
Nay, let the silence of my womanhood  
Commend my woman-love to thy belief,—  
Seeing that I stand unwon, however wooed,  
And rend the garment of my life, in brief,  
By a most dauntless, voiceless fortitude,  
Lest one touch of this heart convey its grief

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 14 - If Thou Must Love Me, Let It Be For Nought

XIV

If thou must love me, let it be for nought  
Except for love's sake only. Do not say  
'I love her for her smile&ampmdashher look&ampmdashher way  
Of speaking gently,&ampmdashfor a trick of thought  
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought  
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day'&ampmdash  
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may  
Be changed, or change for thee,&ampmdashand love, so wrought,  
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,&ampmdash  
A creature might forget to weep, who bore  
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!  
But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 15 - Accuse Me Not, Beseech Thee, That I Wear

XV

Accuse me not, beseech thee, that I wear  
Too calm and sad a face in front of thine;  
For we two look two ways, and cannot shine  
With the same sunlight on our brow and hair.  
On me thou lookest with no doubting care,  
As on a bee shut in a crystalline;  
Since sorrow hath shut me safe in love's divine,  
And to spread wing and fly in the outer air  
Were most impossible failure, if I strove  
To fail so. But I look on thee&mdash;on thee&mdash;  
Beholding, besides love, the end of love,  
Hearing oblivion beyond memory;  
As one who sits and gazes from above,  
Over the rivers to the bitter sea.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 16 - And Yet, Because Thou Overcomest So

XVI

And yet, because thou overcomest so,  
Because thou art more noble and like a king,  
Thou canst prevail against my fears and fling  
Thy purple round me, till my heart shall grow  
Too close against thine heart henceforth to know  
How it shook when alone. Why, conquering  
May prove as lordly and complete a thing  
In lifting upward, as in crushing low!  
And as a vanquished soldier yields his sword  
To one who lifts him from the bloody earth,  
Even so, Beloved, I at last record,  
Here ends my strife. If thou invite me forth,  
I rise above abasement at the word.  
Make thy love larger to enlarge my worth.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



# Sonnet 17 - My Poet, Thou Canst Touch On All The Notes

XVII

My poet, thou canst touch on all the notes  
God set between his After and Before,  
And strike up and strike off the general roar  
Of the rushing worlds a melody that floats  
In a serene air purely. Antidotes  
Of medicated music, answering for  
Mankind's forlornest uses, thou canst pour  
From thence into their ears. God's will devotes  
Thine to such ends, and mine to wait on thine.  
How, Dearest, wilt thou have me for most use?  
A hope, to sing by gladly? or a fine  
Sad memory, with thy songs to interfuse?  
A shade, in which to sing—of palm or pine?  
A grave, on which to rest from singing? Choose.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 18 - I Never Gave A Lock Of Hair Away

XVIII

I never gave a lock of hair away  
To a man, Dearest, except this to thee,  
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully,  
I ring out to the full brown length and say  
'Take it.' My day of youth went yesterday;  
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,  
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,  
As girls do, any more: it only may  
Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of tears,  
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside  
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-shears  
Would take this first, but Love is justified,—  
Take it thou,—finding pure, from all those years,  
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 19 - The Soul's Rialto Hath Its Merchandise

XIX

The soul's Rialto hath its merchandise;  
I barter curl for curl upon that mart,  
And from my poet's forehead to my heart  
Receive this lock which outweighs argosies, &mdash;  
As purple black, as erst to Pindar's eyes  
The dim purpureal tresses gloomed athwart  
The nine white Muse-brows. For this counterpart, . . .  
The bay-crown's shade, Beloved, I surmise,  
Still lingers on thy curl, it is so black!  
Thus, with a fillet of smooth-kissing breath,  
I tie the shadows safe from gliding back,  
And lay the gift where nothing hindereth;  
Here on my heart, as on thy brow, to lack  
No natural heat till mine grows cold in death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 21 - Say Over Again, And Yet Once Over Again

XXI

Say over again, and yet once over again,  
That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated  
Should seem 'a cuckoo-song,' as thou dost treat it,  
Remember, never to the hill or plain,  
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain  
Comes the fresh Spring in all her green completed.  
Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted  
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain  
Cry, 'Speak once more&mdash;thou lovest! 'Who can fear  
Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll,  
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?  
Say thou dost love me, love me, love me&mdash;toll  
The silver iterance!&mdash;only minding, Dear,  
To love me also in silence with thy soul.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 22 - When Our Two Souls Stand Up Erect And Strong

XXII

When our two souls stand up erect and strong,  
Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,  
Until the lengthening wings break into fire  
At either curved point,—what bitter wrong  
Can the earth do to us, that we should not long  
Be here contented? Think. In mounting higher,  
The angels would press on us and aspire  
To drop some golden orb of perfect song  
Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay  
Rather on earth, Beloved,—where the unfit  
Contrarious moods of men recoil away  
And isolate pure spirits, and permit  
A place to stand and love in for a day,  
With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 23 - Is It Indeed So? If I Lay Here Dead

XXIII

Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead,  
Wouldst thou miss any life in losing mine?  
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine  
Because of grave-damps falling round my head?  
I marvelled, my Beloved, when I read  
Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine&mdash;  
But . . . so much to thee? Can I pour thy wine  
While my hands tremble ? Then my soul, instead  
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range.  
Then, love me, Love! look on me&mdash;breathe on me!  
As brighter ladies do not count it strange,  
For love, to give up acres and degree,  
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange  
My near sweet view of Heaven, for earth with thee!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 24 - Let The World's Sharpness, Like A Claspng Knife

XXIV

Let the world's sharpness, like a claspng knife,  
Shut in upon itself and do no harm  
In this close hand of Love, now soft and warm,  
And let us hear no sound of human strife  
After the click of the shutting. Life to life&mdash;  
I lean upon thee, Dear, without alarm,  
And feel as safe as guarded by a charm  
Against the stab of worldlings, who if rife  
Are weak to injure. Very whitely still  
The lilies of our lives may reassure  
Their blossoms from their roots, accessible  
Alone to heavenly dews that drop not fewer,  
Growing straight, out of man's reach, on the hill.  
God only, who made us rich, can make us poor.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 25 - A Heavy Heart, Beloved, Have I Borne

XXV

A heavy heart, Beloved, have I borne  
From year to year until I saw thy face,  
And sorrow after sorrow took the place  
Of all those natural joys as lightly worn  
As the stringed pearls, each lifted in its turn  
By a beating heart at dance-time. Hopes apace  
Were changed to long despairs, till God's own grace  
Could scarcely lift above the world forlorn  
My heavy heart. Then thou didst bid me bring  
And let it drop adown thy calmly great  
Deep being! Fast it sinketh, as a thing  
Which its own nature doth precipitate,  
While thine doth close above it, mediating  
Betwixt the stars and the unaccomplished fate.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



# Sonnet 26 - I Lived With Visions For My Company

XXVI

I lived with visions for my company  
Instead of men and women, years ago,  
And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know  
A sweeter music than they played to me.  
But soon their trailing purple was not free  
Of this world's dust, their lutes did silent grow,  
And I myself grew faint and blind below  
Their vanishing eyes. Then THOU didst come&mdash;to be,  
Beloved, what they seemed. Their shining fronts,  
Their songs, their splendors (better, yet the same,  
As river-water hallowed into fountains),  
Met in thee, and from out thee overcame  
My soul with satisfaction of all wants:  
Because God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 27 - My Own Beloved, Who Hast Lifted Me

XXVII

My own Beloved, who hast lifted me  
From this drear flat of earth where I was thrown,  
And, in betwixt the languid ringlets, blown  
A life-breath, till the forehead hopefully  
Shines out again, as all the angels see,  
Before thy saving kiss! My own, my own,  
Who camest to me when the world was gone,  
And I who looked for only God, found thee!  
I find thee; I am safe, and strong, and glad.  
As one who stands in dewless asphodel  
Looks backward on the tedious time he had  
In the upper life,—so I, with bosom-swell,  
Make witness, here, between the good and bad,  
That Love, as strong as Death, retrieves as well.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 29 - I Think Of Thee!&Mdash;My Thoughts Do Twine And Bud

XXIX

I think of thee!&mdash;my thoughts do twine and bud  
About thee, as wild vines, about a tree,  
Put out broad leaves, and soon there 's nought to see  
Except the straggling green which hides the wood.  
Yet, O my palm-tree, be it understood  
I will not have my thoughts instead of thee  
Who art dearer, better! Rather, instantly  
Renew thy presence; as a strong tree should,  
Rustle thy boughs and set thy trunk all bare,  
And let these bands of greenery which insphere thee  
Drop heavily down,&mdash;burst, shattered, everywhere!  
Because, in this deep joy to see and hear thee  
And breathe within thy shadow a new air,  
I do not think of thee&mdash;I am too near thee.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 30 - I See Thine Image Through My Tears To-Night

XXX

I see thine image through my tears to-night,  
And yet to-day I saw thee smiling. How  
Refer the cause?—Beloved, is it thou  
Or I, who makes me sad? The acolyte  
Amid the chanted joy and thankful rite  
May so fall flat, with pale insensate brow,  
On the altar-stair. I hear thy voice and vow,  
Perplexed, uncertain, since thou art out of sight,  
As he, in his swooning ears, the choir's Amen.  
Beloved, dost thou love? or did I see all  
The glory as I dreamed, and fainted when  
Too vehement light dilated my ideal,  
For my soul's eyes? Will that light come again,  
As now these tears come—falling hot and real?

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 31 - Thou Comest! All Is Said Without A Word

XXXI

Thou comest! all is said without a word.  
I sit beneath thy looks, as children do  
In the noon-sun, with souls that tremble through  
Their happy eyelids from an unaverred  
Yet prodigal inward joy. Behold, I erred  
In that last doubt! and yet I cannot rue  
The sin most, but the occasion—;that we two  
Should for a moment stand unministered  
By a mutual presence. Ah, keep near and close,  
Thou dovelike help! and, when my fears would rise,  
With thy broad heart serenely interpose:  
Brood down with thy divine sufficiencies  
These thoughts which tremble when bereft of those,  
Like callow birds left desert to the skies.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 32 - The First Time That The Sun Rose On Thine Oath

XXXII

The first time that the sun rose on thine oath  
To love me, I looked forward to the moon  
To slacken all those bonds which seemed too soon  
And quickly tied to make a lasting troth.  
Quick-loving hearts, I thought, may quickly loathe;  
And, looking on myself, I seemed not one  
For such man's love!&mdash;more like an out-of-tune  
Worn viol, a good singer would be wroth  
To spoil his song with, and which, snatched in haste,  
Is laid down at the first ill-sounding note.  
I did not wrong myself so, but I placed  
A wrong on thee. For perfect strains may float  
'Neath master-hands, from instruments defaced,&mdash;  
And great souls, at one stroke, may do and doat.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 34 - With The Same Heart, I Said, I'll Answer Thee

XXXIV

With the same heart, I said, I'll answer thee  
As those, when thou shalt call me by my name&mdash;  
Lo, the vain promise! is the same, the same,  
Perplexed and ruffled by life's strategy?  
When called before, I told how hastily  
I dropped my flowers or brake off from a game,  
To run and answer with the smile that came  
At play last moment, and went on with me  
Through my obedience. When I answer now,  
I drop a grave thought, break from solitude;  
Yet still my heart goes to thee&mdash;ponder how&mdash;  
Not as to a single good, but all my good!  
Lay thy hand on it, best one, and allow  
That no child's foot could run fast as this blood.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 35 - If I Leave All For Thee, Wilt Thou Exchange

XXXV

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange  
And be all to me? Shall I never miss  
Home-talk and blessing and the common kiss  
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,  
When I look up, to drop on a new range  
Of walls and floors, another home than this?  
Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is  
Filled by dead eyes too tender to know change?  
That 's hardest. If to conquer love, has tried,  
To conquer grief, tries more, as all things prove;  
For grief indeed is love and grief beside.  
Alas, I have grieved sol am hard to love.  
Yet love me&mdash;wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,  
And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



# Sonnet 36 - When We Met First And Loved, I Did Not Build

XXXVI

When we met first and loved, I did not build  
Upon the event with marble. Could it mean  
To last, a love set pendulous between  
Sorrow and sorrow? Nay, I rather thrilled,  
Distrusting every light that seemed to gild  
The onward path, and feared to overlean  
A finger even. And, though I have grown serene  
And strong since then, I think that God has willed  
A still renewable fear . . . O love, O troth . . .  
Lest these enclasped hands should never hold,  
This mutual kiss drop down between us both  
As an unowned thing, once the lips being cold.  
And Love, be false! if he, to keep one oath,  
Must lose one joy, by his life's star foretold.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 37 - Pardon, Oh, Pardon, That My Soul Should Make

XXXVII

Pardon, oh, pardon, that my soul should make,  
Of all that strong divineness which I know  
For thine and thee, an image only so  
Formed of the sand, and fit to shift and break.  
It is that distant years which did not take  
Thy sovranly, recoiling with a blow,  
Have forced my swimming brain to undergo  
Their doubt and dread, and blindly to forsake  
Thy purity of likeness and distort  
Thy worthiest love to a worthless counterfeit:  
As if a shipwrecked Pagan, safe in port,  
His guardian sea-god to commemorate,  
Should set a sculptured porpoise, gills a-snort  
And vibrant tail, within the temple-gate.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 38 - First Time He Kissed Me, He But Only Kissed

XXXVIII

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed  
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;  
And ever since, it grew more clean and white,  
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its 'Oh, list,'  
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst  
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,  
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height  
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,  
Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed!  
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,  
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.  
The third upon my lips was folded down  
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,  
I have been proud and said, 'My love, my own.'

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 39 - Because Thou Hast The Power And Own'st The Grace

XXXIX

Because thou hast the power and own'st the grace  
To look through and behind this mask of me  
(Against which years have beat thus blanchingly  
With their rains), and behold my soul's true face,  
The dim and weary witness of life's race,—  
Because thou hast the faith and love to see,  
Through that same soul's distracting lethargy,  
The patient angel waiting for a place  
In the new Heavens,—because nor sin nor woe,  
Nor God's infliction, nor death's neighborhood,  
Nor all which others viewing, turn to go,  
Nor all which makes me tired of all, self-viewed,—  
Nothing repels thee, . . . Dearest, teach me so  
To pour out gratitude, as thou dost, good!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 40 - Oh, Yes! They Love Through All This World Of Ours!

XL

Oh, yes! they love through all this world of ours!  
I will not gainsay love, called love forsooth.  
I have heard love talked in my early youth,  
And since, not so long back but that the flowers  
Then gathered, smell still. Mussulmans and Giaours  
Throw kerchiefs at a smile, and have no ruth  
For any weeping. Polypheme's white tooth  
Slips on the nut if, after frequent showers,  
The shell is over-smooth, and not so much  
Will turn the thing called love, aside to hate  
Or else to oblivion. But thou art not such  
A lover, my Beloved! thou canst wait  
Through sorrow and sickness, to bring souls to touch,  
And think it soon when others cry 'Too late.'

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 41 - I Thank All Who Have Loved Me In Their Hearts

XLI

I thank all who have loved me in their hearts,  
With thanks and love from mine. Deep thanks to all  
Who paused a little near the prison-wall  
To hear my music in its louder parts  
Ere they went onward, each one to the mart's  
Or temple's occupation, beyond call.  
But thou, who, in my voice's sink and fall  
When the sob took it, thy divinest Art's  
Own instrument didst drop down at thy foot  
To hearken what I said between my tears, . . .  
Instruct me how to thank thee! Oh, to shoot  
My soul's full meaning into future years,  
That they should lend it utterance, and salute  
Love that endures, from Life that disappears!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 42 - 'My Future Will Not Copy Fair My Past'

XLII

'My future will not copy fair my past'—  
I wrote that once; and thinking at my side  
My ministering life-angel justified  
The word by his appealing look upcast  
To the white throne of God, I turned at last,  
And there, instead, saw thee, not unallied  
To angels in thy soul! Then I, long tried  
By natural ills, received the comfort fast,  
While budding, at thy sight, my pilgrim's staff  
Gave out green leaves with morning dews impearled.  
I seek no copy now of life's first half:  
Leave here the pages with long musing curled,  
And write me new my future's epigraph,  
New angel mine, unhopèd for in the world!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet 43 - How Do I Love Thee? Let Me Count The Ways

XLIII

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of everyday's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



# Sonnet 44 - Beloved, Thou Hast Brought Me Many Flowers

XLIV

Beloved, thou hast brought me many flowers  
Plucked in the garden, all the summer through  
And winter, and it seemed as if they grew  
In this close room, nor missed the sun and showers.  
So, in the like name of that love of ours,  
Take back these thoughts which here unfolded too,  
And which on warm and cold days I withdrew  
From my heart's ground. Indeed, those beds and bowers  
Be overgrown with bitter weeds and rue,  
And wait thy weeding; yet here's eglantine,  
Here 's ivy!&mdash;take them, as I used to do  
Thy fowers, and keep them where they shall not pine.  
Instruct thine eyes to keep their colors true,  
And tell thy soul their roots are left in mine.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Sonnet I

I thought once how Theocritus had sung  
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,  
Who each one in a gracious hand appears  
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:  
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,  
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,  
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,  
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung  
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,  
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move  
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair:  
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove,--  
'Guess now who holds thee ? '--' Death,' I said. But, there,  
The silver answer rang,--' Not Death, but Love.'

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet II

But only three in all God's universe  
Have heard this word thou hast said,--Himself, beside  
Thee speaking, and me listening ! and replied  
One of us . . . that was God, . . . and laid the curse  
So darkly on my eyelids, as to amerce  
My sight from seeing thee,--that if I had died,  
The deathweights, placed there, would have signified  
Less absolute exclusion. 'Nay' is worse  
From God than from all others, O my friend !  
Men could not part us with their worldly jars,  
Nor the seas change us, nor the tempests bend;  
Our hands would touch for all the mountain-bars:  
And, heaven being rolled between us at the end,  
We should but vow the faster for the stars.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet II: But Only Three In All God's Universe

But only three in all God's universe  
Have heard this word thou has said,--Himself, beside  
Thee speaking, and me listening! and replied  
One of us...that was God,...and laid the curse  
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Our hands would touch for all the mountain-bars:  
And, heaven being rolled between us at the end,  
We should but vow the faster for the stars.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Iii

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart !  
Unlike our uses and our destinies.  
Our ministering two angels look surprise  
On one another, as they strike athwart  
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art  
A guest for queens to social pageantries,  
With gages from a hundred brighter eyes  
Than tears even can make mine, to play thy part  
Of chief musician. What hast thou to do  
With looking from the lattice-lights at me,  
A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through  
The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree ?  
The chrism is on thine head,--on mine, the dew,--  
And Death must dig the level where these agree.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Iii: Unlike Are We, Unlike

Unlike are we, unlike, O princely Heart!  
Unlike our uses and our destinies.  
Our ministering two angels look surprise  
On one another, as they strike athwart  
Their wings in passing. Thou, bethink thee, art  
A guest for queens to social pageantries,  
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Of chief musician. What hast thou to do  
With looking from the lattice-lights at me,  
A poor, tired, wandering singer, singing through  
The dark, and leaning up a cypress tree?  
The chrism is on thine head,--on mine, the dew--  
And Death must dig the level where these agree.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Iv

Thou hast thy calling to some palace-floor,  
Most gracious singer of high poems ! where  
The dancers will break footing, from the care  
Of watching up thy pregnant lips for more.  
And dost thou lift this house's latch too poor  
For hand of thine ? and canst thou think and bear  
To let thy music drop here unaware  
In folds of golden fulness at my door ?  
Look up and see the casement broken in,  
The bats and owlets builders in the roof !  
My cricket chirps against thy mandolin.  
Hush, call no echo up in further proof  
Of desolation ! there 's a voice within  
That weeps . . . as thou must sing . . . alone, aloof

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Iv: Thou Hast Thy Calling

Thou hast thy calling to some palace-floor,  
Most gracious singer of high poems! where  
The dancers will break footing, from the care  
Of watching up thy pregnant lips for more.  
And dost thou lift this house's latch too poor  
For hand of thine? and canst thou think and bear  
To let thy music drip here unaware  
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The bats and owlets builders in the roof!  
My cricket chirps against thy mandolin.  
Hush, call no echo up in further proof  
Of desolation! there's a voice within  
That weeps...as thou must sing...alone, aloof.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



## Sonnet IX: Can It Be Right To Give

Can it be right to give what I can give?  
To let thee sit beneath the fall of tears  
As salt as mine, and hear the sighing years  
Re-sighing on my lips renunciative  
Through those infrequent smiles which fail to live  
For all thy adjurations? O my fears,  
That this can scarce be right! We are not peers,  
So to be lovers; and I own, and grieve,  
That givers of such gifts as mine are, must  
Be counted with the ungenerous. Out, alas!  
I will not soil thy purple with my dust,  
Nor breathe my poison on thy Venice-glass,  
Nor give thee any love--which were unjust.  
Beloved, I only love thee! let it pass.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet V: I Lift My Heavy Heart Up

I lift my heavy heart up solemnly,  
As once Electra her sepulchral urn,  
And, looking in thine eyes, I overturn  
The ashes at thy feet. Behold and see  
What a great heap of grief lay hid in me,  
And how the red wild sparkles dimly burn  
Through the ashen greyness. If thy foot in scorn  
Could tread them out to darkness utterly,  
It might be well perhaps. But if instead  
Thou wait beside me for the wind to blow  
The grey dust up,...those laurels on thine head,  
O my Belovèd, will not shield thee so,  
That none of all the fires shall scorch and shred  
The hair beneath. Stand farther off then! go.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Vi

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand  
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore  
Alone upon the threshold of my door  
Of individual life, I shall command  
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand  
Serenely in the sunshine as before,  
Without the sense of that which I forbore--  
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land  
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine  
With pulses that beat double. What I do  
And what I dream include thee, as the wine  
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue  
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,  
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Vi: Go From Me

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand  
Henceforth in thy shadow. Nevermore  
Alone upon the threshold of my door  
Of individual life, I shall command  
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand  
Serenely in the sunshine as before,  
Without the sense of that which I forbore--  
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land  
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And what I dream include thee, as the wine  
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue  
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,  
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet VII

The face of all the world is changed, I think,  
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul  
Move still, oh, still, beside me, as they stole  
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink  
Of obvious death, where I, who thought to sink,  
Was caught up into love, and taught the whole  
Of life in a new rhythm. The cup of dole  
God gave for baptism, I am fain to drink,  
And praise its sweetness, Sweet, with thee anear.  
The names of country, heaven, are changed away  
For where thou art or shalt be, there or here;  
And this . . . this lute and song . . . loved yesterday,  
(The singing angels know) are only dear  
Because thy name moves right in what they say.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet VII: The Face Of All The World

The face of all the world is changed, I think,  
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul  
Move still, oh, still, beside me, as they stole  
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink  
Of obvious death, where I, who thought to sink,  
Was caught up into love, and taught the whole  
Of life in a new rhythm. The cup of dole  
God gave for baptism, I am fain to drink,  
And praise its sweetness, Sweet, with thee anear.  
The names of country, heaven, are changed away  
For where thou art or shalt be, there or here;  
And this . . . this lute and song . . . loved yesterday,  
(The singing angels know) are only dear  
Because thy name moves right in what they say.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Viii

What can I give thee back, O liberal  
And princely giver, who hast brought the gold  
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,  
And laid them on the outside of the-wall  
For such as I to take or leave withal,  
In unexpected largesse ? am I cold,  
Ungrateful, that for these most manifold  
High gifts, I render nothing back at all ?  
Not so; not cold,--but very poor instead.  
Ask God who knows. For frequent tears have run  
The colors from my life, and left so dead  
And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done  
To give the same as pillow to thy head.  
Go farther ! let it serve to trample on.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet VIII: What Can I Give Thee Back

What can I give thee back, O liberal  
And princely giver, who hast brought the gold  
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,  
And laid them on the outside of the wall  
For such as I to take or leave withal,  
In unexpected largesse? am I cold,  
Ungrateful, that for these most manifold  
High gifts, I render nothing back at all?  
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The colours from my life, and left so dead  
And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done  
To give the same as pillow to thy head.  
Go farther! let it serve to trample on.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



## Sonnet X

Yet, love, mere love, is beautiful indeed  
And worthy of acceptation. Fire is bright,  
Let temple burn, or flax; an equal light  
Leaps in the flame from cedar-plank or weed:  
And love is fire. And when I say at need  
I love thee . . . mark ! . . . I love thee--in thy sight  
I stand transfigured, glorified aright,  
With conscience of the new rays that proceed  
Out of my face toward thine. There's nothing low  
In love, when love the lowest: meanest creatures  
Who love God, God accepts while loving so.  
And what I feel, across the inferior features  
Of what I am, doth flash itself, and show  
How that great work of Love enhances Nature's.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet X: Yet Love, Mere Love

Yet, love, mere love, is beautiful indeed  
And worthy of acceptation. Fire is bright,  
Let temple burn, or flax; an equal light  
Leaps in the flame from cedar-plank or weed:  
And love is fire. And when I say at need  
*I love thee*...mark!...*I love thee*--in thy sight  
I stand transfigured, glorified aright,  
With conscience of the new rays that proceed  
Out of my face toward thine. There's nothing low  
In love, when love the lowest: meanest creatures  
Who love God, God accepts while loving so.  
And what I *feel,* across the inferior features  
Of what I *am,* doth flash itself, and show  
How that great work of Love enhances Nature's.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xi

And therefore if to love can be desert,  
I am not all unworthy. Cheeks as pale  
As these you see, and trembling knees that fail  
To bear the burden of a heavy heart,--  
This weary minstrel-life that once was girt  
To climb Aornus, and can scarce avail  
To pipe now 'gainst the valley nightingale  
A melancholy music,--why advert  
To these things ? O Beloved, it is plain  
I am not of thy worth nor for thy place !  
And yet, because I love thee, I obtain  
From that same love this vindicating grace,  
To live on still in love, and yet in vain,--  
To bless thee, yet renounce thee to thy face.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xi: And Therefore If To Love

And therefore if to love can be desert,  
I am not all unworthy. Cheeks as pale  
As these you see, and trembling knees that fail  
To bear the burden of a heavy heart,--  
This weary minstrel-life that once was girt  
To climb Aornus, and can scarce avail  
To pipe now 'gainst the valley nightingale  
A melancholy music,--why advert  
To these things? O Belovèd, it is plain  
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From that same love this vindicating grace,  
To live on still in love, and yet in vain,--  
To bless thee, yet renounce thee to thy face.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xii

Indeed this very love which is my boast,  
And which, when rising up from breast to brow,  
Doth crown me with a ruby large enow  
To draw men's eyes and prove the inner cost,--  
This love even, all my worth, to the uttermost,  
I should not love withal, unless that thou  
Hadst set me an example, shown me how,  
When first thine earnest eyes with mine were crossed,  
And love called love. And thus, I cannot speak  
Of love even, as a good thing of my own:  
Thy soul hath snatched up mine all faint and weak,  
And placed it by thee on a golden throne,--  
And that I love (O soul, we must be meek !)  
Is by thee only, whom I love alone.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xii: Indeed This Very Love

Indeed this very love which is my boast,  
And which, when rising up from breast to brow,  
Doth crown me with ruby large enow  
To draw men's eyes and prove the inner cost,--  
This love even, all my worth, to the uttermost,  
I should not love withal, unless that thou  
Hadst set me an example, shown me how,  
When first thine earnest eyes with mine were crossed,  
And love called love. And thus, I cannot speak  
Of love even, as good thing of my own:  
Thy soul hath snatched up mine all faint and weak,  
And placed it by thee on a golden throne,--  
And that I love (O soul, we must be meek--)  
Is by thee only, whom I love alone.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xiii

And wilt thou have me fashion into speech  
The love I bear thee, finding words enough,  
And hold the torch out, while the winds are rough,  
Between our faces, to cast light on each ?--  
I drop it at thy feet. I cannot teach  
My hand to hold my spirit so far off  
From myself--me--that I should bring thee proof  
In words, of love hid in me out of reach.  
Nay, let the silence of my womanhood  
Commend my woman-love to thy belief,--  
Seeing that I stand unwon, however wooed,  
And rend the garment of my life, in brief,  
By a most dauntless, voiceless fortitude,  
Lest one touch of this heart convey its grief

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xiii: And Wilt Thou Have Me

And wilt thou have me fashion into speech  
The love I bear thee, finding words enough,  
And hold the torch out, while the winds are rough,  
Between our faces, to cast light upon each?  
I drop it at thy feet. I cannot teach  
My hand to hold my spirit so far off  
From myself.. me.. that I should bring thee proof,  
In words of love hid in me...out of reach.  
Nay, let the silence of my womanhood  
Commend my woman-love to thy belief,  
Seeing that I stand unwon (however wooed)  
And rend the garment of my life in brief  
By a most dauntless, voiceless fortitude,  
Lest one touch of this heart convey its grief.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



## Sonnet Xiv

If thou must love me, let it be for nought  
Except for love's sake only. Do not say  
'I love her for her smile--her look--her way  
Of speaking gently,--for a trick of thought  
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought  
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day'--  
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may  
Be changed, or change for thee,--and love, so wrought,  
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,--  
A creature might forget to weep, who bore  
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby !  
But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xiv: If Thou Must Love Me

If thou must love me, let it be for nought  
Except for love's sake only. Do not say  
*"I love her for her smile--her look--her way  
Of speaking gently,--for a trick of thought  
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought  
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"* -  
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may  
Be changed, or change for thee,--and love, so wrought,  
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry, -  
A creature might forget to weep, who bore  
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!  
But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
Thou may'st love on, through love's eternity.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xix

The soul's Rialto hath its merchandise;  
I barter curl for curl upon that mart,  
And from my poet's forehead to my heart  
Receive this lock which outweighs argosies,--  
As purple black, as erst to Pindar's eyes  
The dim purpureal tresses gloomed athwart  
The nine white Muse-brows. For this counterpart, . . .  
The bay-crown's shade, Beloved, I surmise,  
Still lingers on thy curl, it is so black !  
Thus, with a fillet of smooth-kissing breath,  
I tie the shadows safe from gliding back,  
And lay the gift where nothing hindereth;  
Here on my heart, as on thy brow, to lack  
No natural heat till mine grows cold in death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xix: The Soul's Rialto

The soul's Rialto hath its merchandise;  
I barter curl for curl upon that mart,  
And from my poet's forehead to my heart  
Receive this lock which outweighs argosies,--  
As purple black, as erst to Pindar's eyes  
The dim purpureal tresses gloomed athwart  
The nine white Muse-brows. For this counterpart, ...  
The bay-crown's shade, Belovèd, I surmise,  
Still lingers on thy curl, it so black!  
Thus, with a fillet of smooth-kissing breath,  
I tie the shadows safe from gliding back,  
And lay the gift where nothing hindereth;  
Here on my heart, as on thy brow, to lack  
No natural heat till mine grows cold in death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet XI

Oh, yes ! they love through all this world of ours !  
I will not gainsay love, called love forsooth.  
I have heard love talked in my early youth,  
And since, not so long back but that the flowers  
Then gathered, smell still. Mussulmans and Giaours  
Throw kerchiefs at a smile, and have no ruth  
For any weeping. Polypheme's white tooth  
Slips on the nut if, after frequent showers,  
The shell is over-smooth,--and not so much  
Will turn the thing called love, aside to hate  
Or else to oblivion. But thou art not such  
A lover, my Beloved ! thou canst wait  
Through sorrow and sickness, to bring souls to touch,  
And think it soon when others cry ' Too late.'

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet XI: Oh, Yes! They Love

Oh, yes! they love through all this world of ours!  
I will not gainsay love, called love forsooth,  
I have heard love talked in my early youth,  
And since, not so long back but that the flowers  
Then gathered, smell still. Mussulmans and Giaours,  
Throw kerchiefs at a smile, and have no ruth  
For any weeping. Polypheme's white tooth  
Slips on the nut if, after frequent showers,  
The shell is over-smooth,-- and not so much  
Will turn the thing called love, aside to hate  
Or else to oblivion. But thou art not such  
A lover, my Belovèd! thou canst wait  
Through sorrow and sickness, to bring souls to touch,  
And think it soon when others cry *Too late.*

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xli

I thank all who have loved me in their hearts,  
With thanks and love from mine. Deep thanks to all  
Who paused a little near the prison-wall  
To hear my music in its louder parts  
Ere they went onward, each one to the mart's  
Or temple's occupation, beyond call.  
But thou, who, in my voice's sink and fall  
When the sob took it, thy divinest Art's  
Own instrument didst drop down at thy foot  
To hearken what I said between my tears, . . .  
Instruct me how to thank thee ! Oh, to shoot  
My soul's full meaning into future years,  
That they should lend it utterance, and salute  
Love that endures, from Life that disappears !

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xli: I Thank All

I thank all who have loved me in their hearts,  
With thanks and love from mine. Deep thanks to all  
Who paused a little near the prison-wall  
To hear my music in its louder parts  
Ere they went onward, each one to the mart's  
Or temple's occupation, beyond call.  
But thou, who, in my voice's sink and fall  
When the sob took it, thy divinest Art's  
Own instrument didst drop down at thy foot  
To hearken what I said between my tears,...  
Instruct me how to thank thee! Oh, to shoot  
My soul's full meaning into future years,  
That they should lend it utterance, and salute  
Love that endures, from Life that disappears!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



## Sonnet Xlii

' My future will not copy fair my past'--  
I wrote that once; and thinking at my side  
My ministering life-angel justified  
The word by his appealing look upcast  
To the white throne of God, I turned at last,  
And there, instead, saw thee, not unallied  
To angels in thy soul ! Then I, long tried  
By natural ills, received the comfort fast,  
While budding, at thy sight, my pilgrim's staff  
Gave out green leaves with morning dews impearled.  
I seek no copy now of life's first half:  
Leave here the pages with long musing curled,  
And write me new my future's epigraph,  
New angel mine, unhopd for in the world !

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xlii: My Future

My future will not copy fair my past -  
I wrote that once; and thinking at my side  
My ministering life-angel justified  
The word by his appealing look upcast  
To the white throne of God, I turned at last,  
And there, instead, saw thee, not unallied  
To angels in thy soul! Then I, long tried  
By natural ills, received the comfort fast,  
While budding, at thy sight, my pilgrim's staff  
Gave out green leaves with morning dews impearled.  
I seek no copy now of life's first half:  
Leave here the pages with long musing curled,  
And write me new my future's epigraph,  
New angel mine, unhop'd for in the world!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xliii

How do I love thee ? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of everyday's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints,--I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life!--and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xliv

Beloved, thou hast brought me many flowers  
Plucked in the garden, all the summer through  
And winter, and it seemed as if they grew  
In this close room, nor missed the sun and showers.  
So, in the like name of that love of ours,  
Take back these thoughts which here unfolded too,  
And which on warm and cold days I withdrew  
From my heart's ground. Indeed, those beds and bowers  
Be overgrown with bitter weeds and rue,  
And wait thy weeding; yet here's eglantine,  
Here 's ivy !--take them, as I used to do  
Thy fowers, and keep them where they shall not pine.  
Instruct thine eyes to keep their colors true,  
And tell thy soul their roots are left in mine.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xliv: Belovèd, Thou Hast Brought Me

Belovèd, thou hast brought me many flowers  
Plucked in the garden, all the summer through  
And winter, and it seemed as if they grew  
In this close room, nor missed the sun and showers.  
So, in the like name of that love of ours,  
Take back these thoughts which here unfolded too,  
And which on warm and cold days I withdrew  
From my heart's ground. Indeed, those bed and bowers  
Be overgrown with bitter weeds and rue,  
And wait thy weeding; yet here's eglantine,  
Here's ivy!--take them, as I used to do  
Thy flowers, and keep them where they shall not pine.  
Instruct thine eyes to keep their colours true,  
And tell thy soul, their roots are left in mine.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xv

Accuse me not, beseech thee, that I wear  
Too calm and sad a face in front of thine;  
For we two look two ways, and cannot shine  
With the same sunlight on our brow and hair.  
On me thou lookest with no doubting care,  
As on a bee shut in a crystalline;  
Since sorrow hath shut me safe in love's divine,  
And to spread wing and fly in the outer air  
Were most impossible failure, if I strove  
To fail so. But I look on thee--on thee--  
Beholding, besides love, the end of love,  
Hearing oblivion beyond memory;  
As one who sits and gazes from above,  
Over the rivers to the bitter sea.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xv: Accuse Me Not

Accuse me not, beseech thee, that I wear  
Too calm and sad a face in front of thine;  
For we two look two ways, and cannot shine  
With the same sunlight on our brow and hair.  
On me thou lookest with no doubting care,  
As on a bee in a crystalline;  
Since sorrow hath shut me safe in love's divine  
And to spread wing and fly in the outer air  
Were most impossible failure, if I strove  
To fail so. But I look on thee--on thee--  
Beholding, besides love, the end of love,  
Hearing oblivion beyond memory;  
As one who sits and gazes from above,  
Over the rivers to the bitter sea.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xvi

And yet, because thou overcomest so,  
Because thou art more noble and like a king,  
Thou canst prevail against my fears and fling  
Thy purple round me, till my heart shall grow  
Too close against thine heart henceforth to know  
How it shook when alone. Why, conquering  
May prove as lordly and complete a thing  
In lifting upward, as in crushing low !  
And as a vanquished soldier yields his sword  
To one who lifts him from the bloody earth,  
Even so, Beloved, I at last record,  
Here ends my strife. If thou invite me forth,  
I rise above abasement at the word.  
Make thy love larger to enlarge my worth.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



## Sonnet Xvi: And Yet, Because Thou

And yet, because thou overcomest so,  
Because thou art more noble and like a king,  
Thou canst prevail against my fears and fling  
Thy purple round me, till my heart shall grow  
Too close against thine heart henceforth to know  
How it shook when alone. Why, conquering  
May prove as lordly and complete a thing  
In lifting upward, as in crushing low!  
And as a vanquished soldier yields his sword  
To one who lifts him from the bloody earth;  
Even so, Belovèd, I at last record,  
Here ends my strife. If *thou* invite me forth,  
I rise above abasement at the word.  
Make thy love larger to enlarge my worth.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xvii

My poet, thou canst touch on all the notes  
God set between his After and Before,  
And strike up and strike off the general roar  
Of the rushing worlds a melody that floats  
In a serene air purely. Antidotes  
Of medicated music, answering for  
Mankind's forlornest uses, thou canst pour  
From thence into their ears. God's will devotes  
Thine to such ends, and mine to wait on thine.  
How, Dearest, wilt thou have me for most use ?  
A hope, to sing by gladly ? or a fine  
Sad memory, with thy songs to interfuse ?  
A shade, in which to sing--of palm or pine ?  
A grave, on which to rest from singing ? Choose.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet XVII: My Poet, Thou Canst Touch

My poet, thou canst touch on all the notes  
God set between his After and Before,  
And strike up and strike off the general roar  
Of the rushing worlds a melody that floats  
In a serene air purely. Antidotes  
Of medicated music, answering for  
Mankind's forlornest uses, thou canst pour  
From thence into their ears. God's will devotes  
Thine to such ends, and mine to wait on thine.  
How, Dearest, wilt thou have me for most use?  
A hope, to sing by gladly? or a fine  
Sad memory, with thy songs to interfuse?  
A shade, in which to sing--of palm or pine?  
A grave, on which to rest from singing? Choose.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet XVIII: I Never Gave A Lock Of Hair

I never gave a lock of hair away  
To a man, dearest, except this to thee,  
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully,  
I ring out to the full brown length and say  
<i>Take it.</i> My day of youth went yesterday;  
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,  
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,  
As girls do, any more: it only may  
Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of tears,  
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside  
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-shears  
Would take this first, but Love is justified,--  
Take it thou,--finding pure, from all those years,  
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xx Beloved, My Beloved

Beloved, my Beloved, when I think  
That thou wast in the world a year ago,  
What time I sat alone here in the snow  
And saw no footprint, heard the silence sink  
No moment at thy voice, but, link by link,  
Went counting all my chains as if that so  
They never could fall off at any blow  
Struck by thy possible hand,- why, thus I drink  
Of life's great cup of wonder! Wonderful,  
Never to feel thee thrill the day or night  
With personal act or speech,- nor ever cull  
Some prescience of thee with the blossoms white  
Thou sawest growing! Atheists are as dull,  
Who cannot guess God's presence out of sight.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxi

Say over again, and yet once over again,  
That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated  
Should seem ' a cuckoo-song,' as thou dost treat it,  
Remember, never to the hill or plain,  
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain  
Comes the fresh Spring in all her green completed.  
Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted  
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain  
Cry, ' Speak once more--thou lovest ! ' Who can fear  
Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll,  
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year ?  
Say thou dost love me, love me, love me--toll  
The silver iterance !--only minding, Dear,  
To love me also in silence with thy soul.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxi: Say Over Again

Say over again, and yet once over again,  
That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated  
Should seem "a cuckoo-song,"as thou dost treat it,  
Remember, never to the hill or plain,  
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain  
Comes the fresh Spring in all her green completed.  
Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted  
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain  
Cry, *Speak once more--thou lovest!* Who can fear  
Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll,  
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year?  
Say thou dost love me, love me, love me--toll  
The silver iterance!--only minding, Dear,  
To love me also in silence with thy soul.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxii

When our two souls stand up erect and strong,  
Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,  
Until the lengthening wings break into fire  
At either curved point,--what bitter wrong  
Can the earth do to us, that we should not long  
Be here contented ? Think. In mounting higher,  
The angels would press on us and aspire  
To drop some golden orb of perfect song  
Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay  
Rather on earth, Beloved,--where the unfit  
Contrarious moods of men recoil away  
And isolate pure spirits, and permit  
A place to stand and love in for a day,  
With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



## Sonnet Xxii: When Our Two Souls Stand Up

When our two souls stand up erect and strong,  
Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,  
Until the lengthening wings break into fire  
At either curvèd point,--what bitter wrong  
Can the earth do to us, that we should not long  
Be here contented? Think. In mounting higher,  
The angels would press on us and aspire  
To drop some golden orb of perfect song  
Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay  
Rather on earth, Belovèd,--where the unfit  
Contrarious moods of men recoil away  
And isolate pure spirits, and permit  
A place to stand and love in for a day,  
With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxiii

Is it indeed so ? If I lay here dead,  
Wouldst thou miss any life in losing mine ?  
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine  
Because of grave-damps falling round my head ?  
I marvelled, my Beloved, when I read  
Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine--  
But . . . so much to thee ? Can I pour thy wine  
While my hands tremble ? Then my soul, instead  
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range.  
Then, love me, Love ! look on me--breathe on me !  
As brighter ladies do not count it strange,  
For love, to give up acres and degree,  
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange  
My near sweet view of Heaven, for earth with thee !

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxiii: Is It Indeed So?

Is it indeed so? If I lay here dead,  
Wouldst thou miss any life in losing mine?  
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine  
Because of grave-damps falling round my head?  
I marvelled, my Belovèd, when I read  
Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine--  
But...so much to thee? Can I pour your wine  
While my hands tremble? Then my soul, instead  
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range.  
Then, love me, Love! Look on me--breathe on me!  
As brighter ladies do not count it strange,  
For love, to give up acres and degree,  
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange  
My near sweet view of Heaven, for earth with thee!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxiv

Let the world's sharpness, like a clasping knife,  
Shut in upon itself and do no harm  
In this close hand of Love, now soft and warm,  
And let us hear no sound of human strife  
After the click of the shutting. Life to life--  
I lean upon thee, Dear, without alarm,  
And feel as safe as guarded by a charm  
Against the stab of worldlings, who if rife  
Are weak to injure. Very whitely still  
The lilies of our lives may reassure  
Their blossoms from their roots, accessible  
Alone to heavenly dews that drop not fewer,  
Growing straight, out of man's reach, on the hill.  
God only, who made us rich, can make us poor.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxiv: Let The World's Sharpness

Let the world's sharpness like a clasping knife  
Shut in upon itself and do no harm  
In this close hand of Love, now soft and warm,  
And let us hear no sound of human strife  
After the click of the shutting. Life to life -  
I lean upon thee, Dear, without alarm,  
And feel as safe as guarded by a charm  
Against the stab of worldlings, who if rife  
Are weak to injure. Very whitely still  
The lilies of our lives may reassure  
Their blossoms from their roots, accessible  
Alone to heavenly dews that drop not fewer;  
Growing straight, out of man's reach, on the hill.  
God only, who made us rich, can make us poor.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxix

I think of thee !--my thoughts do twine and bud  
About thee, as wild vines, about a tree,  
Put out broad leaves, and soon there 's nought to see  
Except the stragglng green which hides the wood.  
Yet, O my palm-tree, be it understood  
I will not have my thoughts instead of thee  
Who art dearer, better ! Rather, instantly  
Renew thy presence; as a strong tree should,  
Rustle thy boughs and set thy trunk all bare,  
And let these bands of greenery which insphere thee  
Drop heavily down,--burst, shattered, everywhere !  
Because, in this deep joy to see and hear thee  
And breathe within thy shadow a new air,  
I do not think of thee--I am too near thee.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxix: I Think Of Thee

I think of thee!--my thoughts do twine and bud  
About thee,as wild vines, about a tree,  
Put out broad leaves, and soon there's nought to see  
Except the straggling green which hides the wood.  
Yet, O my palm-tree, be it understood  
I will not have my thoughts instead of thee  
Who art dearer, better! Rather, instantly  
Renew thy presence; as a strong tree should,  
Rustle thy boughs and set thy trunk all bare,  
And let these bands of greenery which insphere thee  
Drop heavily down,--burst, shattered, everywhere!  
Because, in this deep joy to see and hear thee  
And breathe within thy shadow a new air,  
I do not think of thee--I am too near thee.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxv

A heavy heart, Beloved, have I borne  
From year to year until I saw thy face,  
And sorrow after sorrow took the place  
Of all those natural joys as lightly worn  
As the stringed pearls, each lifted in its turn  
By a beating heart at dance-time. Hopes apace  
Were changed to long despairs, till God's own grace  
Could scarcely lift above the world forlorn  
My heavy heart. Then thou didst bid me bring  
And let it drop adown thy calmly great  
Deep being ! Fast it sinketh, as a thing  
Which its own nature doth precipitate,  
While thine doth close above it, mediating  
Betwixt the stars and the unaccomplished fate.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



## Sonnet Xxv: A Heavy Heart, Belovèd

A heavy heart, Belovèd, have I borne  
From year to year until I saw thy face,  
And sorrow after sorrow took the place  
Of all those natural joys as lightly worn  
As the stringed pearls, each lifted in its turn  
By a beating heart at dance-time. Hopes apace  
Were changed to long despairs, till God's own grace  
Could scarcely lift above the world forlorn  
My heavy heart. Than thou didst bid me bring  
And let it drop adown thy calmly great  
Deep being! Fast it sinketh, as a thing  
Which its own nature doth precipitate,  
While thine doth close above it, mediating  
Betwixt the stars and the unaccomplished fate.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxvi

I lived with visions for my company  
Instead of men and women, years ago,  
And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know  
A sweeter music than they played to me.  
But soon their trailing purple was not free  
Of this world's dust, their lutes did silent grow,  
And I myself grew faint and blind below  
Their vanishing eyes. Then THOU didst come--to be,  
Beloved, what they seemed. Their shining fronts,  
Their songs, their splendors (better, yet the same,  
As river-water hallowed into fonts),  
Met in thee, and from out thee overcame  
My soul with satisfaction of all wants:  
Because God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxvi: I Lived With Visions

I lived with visions for my company  
Instead of men and women, years ago,  
And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know  
A sweeter music than they played to me.  
But soon their trailing purple was not free  
Of this world's dust, their lutes did silent grow,  
And I myself grew faint and blind below  
Their vanishing eyes. Then thou didst come--to be,  
Belovèd, what they seemed. Their shining fronts,  
Their songs, their splendors (better, yet the same,  
As river water hallowed into fonts),  
Met in thee, and from out thee overcame  
My soul with satisfaction of all wants:  
Because God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxvii

My own Beloved, who hast lifted me  
From this drear flat of earth where I was thrown,  
And, in betwixt the languid ringlets, blown  
A life-breath, till the forehead hopefully  
Shines out again, as all the angels see,  
Before thy saving kiss ! My own, my own,  
Who camest to me when the world was gone,  
And I who looked for only God, found thee !  
I find thee; I am safe, and strong, and glad.  
As one who stands in dewless asphodel  
Looks backward on the tedious time he had  
In the upper life,--so I, with bosom-swell,  
Make witness, here, between the good and bad,  
That Love, as strong as Death, retrieves as well.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxvii: My Dear Belovèd

My dear Belovèd, who hast lifted me  
From this drear flat of earth where I was thrown,  
And, in betwixt the languid ringlets, blown  
A life-breath, till the forehead hopefully  
Shines out again, as all the angels see,  
Before thy saving kiss! My own, my own,  
Who camest to me when the world was gone,  
And I who looked for only God, found <i>thee!</i>  
I find thee; I am safe, and strong, and glad.  
As one who stands in dewless asphodel  
Looks backward on the tedious time he had  
In the upper life,--so I, with bosom-swell,  
Make witness, here, between the good and bad,  
That Love, as strong as Death, retrieves as well.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxviii: My Letters

My letters! all dead paper, mute and white!  
And yet they seem alive and quivering  
Against my tremulous hands which loose the string  
And let them drop down on my knee to-night.  
This said,- he wished to have me in his sight  
Once, as a friend: this fixed a day in spring  
To come and touch my hand... a simple thing,  
Yet I wept for it! - this,... the paper's light...  
Said, Dear, I love thee; and I sank and quailed  
As if God's future thundered on my past.  
This said, I am thine- and so its ink has paled  
With Iying at my heart that beat too fast.  
And this... O Love, thy words have ill availed  
If, what this said, I dared repeat at last!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxx

I see thine image through my tears to-night,  
And yet to-day I saw thee smiling. How  
Refer the cause ?--Beloved, is it thou  
Or I, who makes me sad ? The acolyte  
Amid the chanted joy and thankful rite  
May so fall flat, with pale insensate brow,  
On the altar-stair. I hear thy voice and vow,  
Perplexed, uncertain, since thou art out of sight,  
As he, in his swooning ears, the choir's Amen.  
Beloved, dost thou love ? or did I see all  
The glory as I dreamed, and fainted when  
Too vehement light dilated my ideal,  
For my soul's eyes ? Will that light come again,  
As now these tears come--falling hot and real ?

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxx: I See Thine Image

I see thine image through my tears to-night,  
And yet to-day I saw thee smiling. How  
Refer the cause?--Beloved, is it thou  
Or I, who makes me sad? The acolyte  
Amid the chanted joy and thankful rite  
May so fall flat, with pale insensate brow,  
On the altar-stair. I hear thy voice and vow,  
Perplexed, uncertain, since thou art out of sight,  
As he, in his swooning ears, the choir's amen.  
Beloved, dost thou love? or did I see all  
The glory as I dreamed, and fainted when  
Too vehement light dilated my ideal,  
For my soul's eyes? Will that light come again,  
As now these tears come--falling hot and real?

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



## Sonnet Xxxi

Thou comest ! all is said without a word.  
I sit beneath thy looks, as children do  
In the noon-sun, with souls that tremble through  
Their happy eyelids from an unaverred  
Yet prodigal inward joy. Behold, I erred  
In that last doubt ! and yet I cannot rue  
The sin most, but the occasion--that we two  
Should for a moment stand unministered  
By a mutual presence. Ah, keep near and close,  
Thou dovelike help ! and, when my fears would rise,  
With thy broad heart serenely interpose:  
Brood down with thy divine sufficiencies  
These thoughts which tremble when bereft of those,  
Like callow birds left desert to the skies.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxxi: Thou Comest!

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I sit beneath thy looks, as children do  
In the noon-sun, with souls that tremble through  
Their happy eyelids from an unaverred  
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With thy broad heart serenely interpose:  
Brood down with thy divine sufficiencies  
These thoughts which tremble when bereft of those,  
Like callow birds left desert to the skies.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxxii

The first time that the sun rose on thine oath  
To love me, I looked forward to the moon  
To slacken all those bonds which seemed too soon  
And quickly tied to make a lasting troth.  
Quick-loving hearts, I thought, may quickly loathe;  
And, looking on myself, I seemed not one  
For such man's love!--more like an out-of-tune  
Worn viol, a good singer would be wroth  
To spoil his song with, and which, snatched in haste,  
Is laid down at the first ill-sounding note.  
I did not wrong myself so, but I placed  
A wrong on thee. For perfect strains may float  
'Neath master-hands, from instruments defaced,--  
And great souls, at one stroke, may do and doat.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxxii: The First Time

The first time that the sun rose on thine oath  
To love me, I looked forward to the moon  
To slacken all those bonds which seemed too soon  
And quickly tied to make a lasting troth.  
Quick-loving hearts, I thought, may quickly loathe;  
And, looking on myself, I seemed not one  
For such man's love!--more like an out-of-tune  
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'Neath master-hands, from instruments defaced,--  
And great souls, at one stroke, may do and doat.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxxiii

Yes, call me by my pet-name ! let me hear  
The name I used to run at, when a child,  
From innocent play, and leave the cowslips piled,  
To glance up in some face that proved me dear  
With the look of its eyes. I miss the clear  
Fond voices which, being drawn and reconciled  
Into the music of Heaven's undefiled,  
Call me no longer. Silence on the bier,  
While I call God--call God!--So let thy mouth  
Be heir to those who are now exanimate.  
Gather the north flowers to complete the south,  
And catch the early love up in the late.  
Yes, call me by that name,--and I, in truth,  
With the same heart, will answer and not wait.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxxiii: Yes, Call Me By My Pet-Name!

Yes, call me by my pet-name! let me hear  
The name I used to run at, when a child,  
From innocent play, and leave the cowslips piled,  
To glance up in some face that proved me dear  
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And catch the early love up in the late.  
Yes, call me by that name,--and I, in truth,  
With the same heart, will answer and not wait.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxxiv

With the same heart, I said, I'll answer thee  
As those, when thou shalt call me by my name--  
Lo, the vain promise ! is the same, the same,  
Perplexed and ruffled by life's strategy ?  
When called before, I told how hastily  
I dropped my flowers or brake off from a game,  
To run and answer with the smile that came  
At play last moment, and went on with me  
Through my obedience. When I answer now,  
I drop a grave thought, break from solitude;  
Yet still my heart goes to thee--ponder how--  
Not as to a single good, but all my good !  
Lay thy hand on it, best one, and allow  
That no child's foot could run fast as this blood.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxxiv: With The Same Heart

With the same heart, I said, I'll answer thee  
As those, when thou shalt call me by my name--  
Lo, the vain promise! is the same, the same,  
Perplexed and ruffled by life's strategy?  
When called before, I told how hastily  
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Yet still my heart goes to thee--ponder how--  
Not as to a single good, but all my good!  
Lay thy hand on it, best one, and allow  
That no child's foot could run as fast as this blood.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



## Sonnet Xxxix

Because thou hast the power and own'st the grace  
To look through and behind this mask of me  
(Against which years have beat thus blanchingly  
With their rains), and behold my soul's true face,  
The dim and weary witness of life's race,--  
Because thou hast the faith and love to see,  
Through that same soul's distracting lethargy,  
The patient angel waiting for a place  
In the new Heavens,--because nor sin nor woe,  
Nor God's infliction, nor death's neighborhood,  
Nor all which others viewing, turn to go,  
Nor all which makes me tired of all, self-viewed,--  
Nothing repels thee, . . . Dearest, teach me so  
To pour out gratitude, as thou dost, good !

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxxix: Because Thou Hast The Power

Because thou hast the power and own'st the grace  
To look through and behind this mask of me  
(Against which years have beat thus blanchingly  
With their rains), and behold my soul's true face,  
The dim and weary witness of life's race,  
Because thou hast the faith and love to see,  
Through that same soul's distracting lethargy,  
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Nor all of which makes me tired of all, self-viewed,--  
Nothing repels thee,...Dearest, teach me so  
To pour out gratitude, as thou dost, good!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxxv

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange  
And be all to me ? Shall I never miss  
Home-talk and blessing and the common kiss  
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,  
When I look up, to drop on a new range  
Of walls and floors, another home than this ?  
Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is  
Filled by dead eyes too tender to know change ?  
That 's hardest. If to conquer love, has tried,  
To conquer grief, tries more, as all things prove;  
For grief indeed is love and grief beside.  
Alas, I have grieved sol am hard to love.  
Yet love me--wilt thou ? Open thine heart wide,  
And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxxv: If I Leave All For Thee

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange  
And be all to me? Shall I never miss  
Home-talk and blessings and the common kiss  
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,  
When I look up, to drop on a new range  
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Alas, I have grieved so I am hard to love.  
Yet love me--wilt thou? Open thine heart wide,  
And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxxvi

When we met first and loved, I did not build  
Upon the event with marble. Could it mean  
To last, a love set pendulous between  
Sorrow and sorrow ? Nay, I rather thrilled,  
Distrusting every light that seemed to gild  
The onward path, and feared to overlean  
A finger even. And, though I have grown serene  
And strong since then, I think that God has willed  
A still renewable fear . . . O love, O troth . . .  
Lest these enclasped hands should never hold,  
This mutual kiss drop down between us both  
As an unowned thing, once the lips being cold.  
And Love, be false ! if he, to keep one oath,  
Must lose one joy, by his life's star foretold.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxxvi: When We Met First

When we met first and loved, I did not build  
Upon the event with marble. Could it mean  
To last, a love set pendulous between  
Sorrow and sorrow? Nay, I rather thrilled,  
Distrusting every light that seemed to gild  
The onward path, and feared to overlean  
A finger even. And, though I have grown serene  
And strong since then, I think that God has willed  
A still renewable fear ... O love, O troth ...  
Lest these enclasped hands should never hold,  
This mutual kiss drop down between us both  
As an unowned thing, once the lips being cold.  
And Love, be false! if he, to keep one oath,  
Must lose one joy, by his life's star foretold.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxxvii

Pardon, oh, pardon, that my soul should make,  
Of all that strong divineness which I know  
For thine and thee, an image only so  
Formed of the sand, and fit to shift and break.  
It is that distant years which did not take  
Thy sovranity, recoiling with a blow,  
Have forced my swimming brain to undergo  
Their doubt and dread, and blindly to forsake  
Thy purity of likeness and distort  
Thy worthiest love to a worthless counterfeit:  
As if a shipwrecked Pagan, safe in port,  
His guardian sea-god to commemorate,  
Should set a sculptured porpoise, gills a-snort  
And vibrant tail, within the temple-gate.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxxvii: Pardon, Oh, Pardon

Pardon, oh, pardon, that my soul should make,  
Of all that strong divineness which I know  
For thine and thee, an image only so  
Formed of the sand, and fit to shift and break.  
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Elizabeth Barrett Browning



## Sonnet Xxxviii

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed  
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;  
And ever since, it grew more clean and white,  
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its ' Oh, list,'  
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst  
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,  
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height  
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,  
Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed !  
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,  
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.  
The third upon my lips was folded down  
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,  
I have been proud and said, ' My love, my own.'

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Sonnet Xxxviii: First Time He Kissed Me

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed  
The finger of this hand wherewith I write;  
And ever since, it grew more clean and white,  
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its "Oh, list,"  
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst  
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,  
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height  
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In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,  
I have been proud and said, "My love, my own."

Elizabeth Barrett Browning











# Stanzas On The Death Of Lord Byron

He was, and is not! Graecia's trembling shore,  
Sighing through all her palmy groves, shall tell  
That Harold's pilgrimage at last is o'er—  
Mute the impassioned tongue, and tuneful shell,  
That erst was wont in noblest strains to swell—  
Hush'd the proud shouts that rode Aegaea's wave!  
For lo! the great Deliv'rer breathes farewell!  
Gives to the world his mem'ry and a grave—  
Expiring in the land he only lived to save!

Mourn, Hellas, mourn! and o'er thy widow'd brow,  
For aye, the cypress wreath of sorrow twine;  
And in thy new-form'd beauty, desolate, throw  
The fresh-cull'd flowers on his sepulchral shrine.  
Yes! let that heart whose fervour was all thine,  
In consecrated urn lamented be!  
That generous heart where genius thrill'd divine,  
Hath spent its last most glorious throb for thee—  
Then sank amid the storm that made thy children free!

Britannia's Poet! Graecia's hero, sleeps!  
And Freedom, bending o'er the breathless clay,  
Lifts up her voice, and in her anguish weeps!  
For us, a night hath clouded o'er our day,  
And hush'd the lips that breath'd our fairest lay.  
Alas! and must the British lyre resound  
A requiem, while the spirit wings away  
Of him who on its strings such music found,  
And taught its startling chords to give so sweet a sound!

The theme grows sadder — but my soul shall find  
A language in those tears! No more — no more!  
Soon, 'midst the shriekings of the tossing wind,  
The 'dark blue depths' he sang of, shall have bore  
Our all of Byron to his native shore!  
His grave is thick with voices — to the ear  
Murm'ring an awful tale of greatness o'er;  
But Memory strives with Death, and lingering near,  
Shall consecrate the dust of Harold's lonely bier!



Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Substitution

WHEN some beloved voice that was to you  
Both sound and sweetness, faileth suddenly,  
And silence, against which you dare not cry,  
Aches round you like a strong disease and new--  
What hope ? what help ? what music will undo  
That silence to your sense ? Not friendship's sigh,  
Not reason's subtle count; not melody  
Of viols, nor of pipes that Faunus blew;  
Not songs of poets, nor of nightingales  
Whose hearts leap upward through the cypress-trees  
To the clear moon; nor yet the spheric laws  
Self-chanted, nor the angels' sweet ' All hails,'  
Met in the smile of God: nay, none of these.  
Speak THOU, availing Christ !--and fill this pause.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Tears

THANK God, bless God, all ye who suffer not  
More grief than ye can weep for. That is well--  
That is light grieving ! lighter, none befell  
Since Adam forfeited the primal lot.  
Tears ! what are tears ? The babe weeps in its cot,  
The mother singing, at her marriage-bell  
The bride weeps, and before the oracle  
Of high-faned hills the poet has forgot  
Such moisture on his cheeks. Thank God for grace,  
Ye who weep only ! If, as some have done,  
Ye grope tear-blinded in a desert place

And touch but tombs,--look up I those tears will run  
Soon in long rivers down the lifted face,  
And leave the vision clear for stars and sun

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# The Autumn

Go, sit upon the lofty hill,  
And turn your eyes around,  
Where waving woods and waters wild  
Do hymn an autumn sound.  
The summer sun is faint on them --  
The summer flowers depart --  
Sit still -- as all transform'd to stone,  
Except your musing heart.

How there you sat in summer-time,  
May yet be in your mind;  
And how you heard the green woods sing  
Beneath the freshening wind.  
Though the same wind now blows around,  
You would its blast recall;  
For every breath that stirs the trees,  
Doth cause a leaf to fall.

Oh! like that wind, is all the mirth  
That flesh and dust impart:  
We cannot bear its visitings,  
When change is on the heart.  
Gay words and jests may make us smile,  
When Sorrow is asleep;  
But other things must make us smile,  
When Sorrow bids us weep!

The dearest hands that clasp our hands, --  
Their presence may be o'er;  
The dearest voice that meets our ear,  
That tone may come no more!  
Youth fades; and then, the joys of youth,  
Which once refresh'd our mind,  
Shall come -- as, on those sighing woods,  
The chilling autumn wind.

Hear not the wind -- view not the woods;  
Look out o'er vale and hill-  
In spring, the sky encircled them --

The sky is round them still.  
Come autumn's scathe -- come winter's cold --  
Come change -- and human fate!  
Whatever prospect Heaven doth bound,  
Can ne'er be desolate.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# The Best Thing In The World

What's the best thing in the world?  
June-rose, by May-dew impearled;  
Sweet south-wind, that means no rain;  
Truth, not cruel to a friend;  
Pleasure, not in haste to end;  
Beauty, not self-decked and curled  
Till its pride is over-plain;  
Love, when, so, you're loved again.  
What's the best thing in the world?  
--Something out of it, I think.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# The Cry Of The Children

Do ye hear the children weeping, O my brothers,  
    Ere the sorrow comes with years?  
They are leaning their young heads against their mothers---  
    And that cannot stop their tears.  
The young lambs are bleating in the meadows;  
    The young birds are chirping in the nest;  
The young fawns are playing with the shadows;  
    The young flowers are blowing toward the west---  
But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
    They are weeping bitterly!---  
They are weeping in the playtime of the others  
    In the country of the free.

Do you question the young children in the sorrow,  
    Why their tears are falling so?---  
The old man may weep for his to-morrow  
    Which is lost in Long Ago---  
The old tree is leafless in the forest---  
    The old year is ending in the frost---  
The old wound, if stricken, is the sorest---  
    The old hope is hardest to be lost:  
But the young, young children, O my brothers,  
    Do you ask them why they stand  
Weeping sore before the bosoms of their mothers,  
    In our happy Fatherland?

They look up with their pale and sunken faces,  
    And their looks are sad to see,  
For the man's grief abhorrent, draws and presses  
    Down the cheeks of infancy---  
'Your old earth,' they say, 'is very dreary;'  
    'Our young feet,' they say, 'are very weak!  
Few paces have we taken, yet are wearyÑ  
    Our grave-rest is very far to seek.  
Ask the old why they weep, and not the children,  
    For the outside earth is cold,---  
And we young ones stand without, in our bewildering,  
    And the graves are for the old.

'True,' say the young children, 'it may happen  
That we die before our time.  
Little Alice died last year---the grave is shapen  
Like a snowball, in the rime.  
We looked into the pit prepared to take her---  
Was no room for any work in the close clay:  
From the sleep wherein she lieth none will wake her  
Crying, 'Get up, little Alice! it is day.'  
If you listen by that grave, in sun and shower,  
With your ear down, little Alice never cries!---  
Could we see her face, be sure we should not know her,  
For the smile has time for growing in her eyes---  
And merry go her moments, lulled and stilled in  
The shroud, by the kirk-chime!  
It is good when it happens,' say the children,  
'That we die before our time.'

Alas, alas, the children! they are seeking  
Death in life, as best to have!  
They are binding up their hearts away from breaking,  
With a cerement from the grave.  
Go out, children, from the mine and from the city---  
Sing out, children, as the little thrushes do---  
Pluck your handfuls of the meadow-cowslips pretty---  
Laugh aloud, to feel your fingers let them through!  
But they answer, 'Are your cowslips of the meadows  
Like our weeds anear the mine?  
Leave us quiet in the dark of the coal-shadows,  
From your pleasures fair and fine!

'For oh,' say the children, 'we are weary,  
And we cannot run or leap---  
If we cared for any meadows, it were merely  
To drop down in them and sleep.  
Our knees tremble sorely in the stooping---  
We fall upon our faces, trying to go;  
And, underneath our heavy eyelids drooping,  
The reddest flower would look as pale as snow.  
For, all day, we drag our burden tiring,  
Through the coal-dark, underground---  
Or, all day, we drive the wheels of iron  
In the factories, round and round.



'For, all day, the wheels are droning, turning,---  
    Their wind comes in our faces,---  
Till our hearts turn,---our head, with pulses burning,  
    And the walls turn in their places---  
Turns the sky in the high window blank and reeling---  
    Turns the long light that droppeth down the wall---  
Turn the black flies that crawl along the ceiling---  
    All are turning, all the day, and we with all.---  
And, all day, the iron wheels are droning;  
    And sometimes we could pray,  
'O ye wheels,' (breaking out in a mad moaning)  
    'Stop! be silent for to-day!' '

Ay! be silent! Let them hear each other breathing  
    For a moment, mouth to mouth---  
Let them touch each other's hands, in a fresh wreathing  
    Of their tender human youth!  
Let them feel that this cold metallic motion  
    Is not all the life God fashions or reveals---  
Let them prove their inward souls against the notion  
    That they live in you, as under you, O wheels!---  
Still, all day, the iron wheels go onward,  
    Grinding life down from its mark;  
And the children's souls, which God is calling sunward,  
    Spin on blindly in the dark.

Now, tell the poor young children, O my brothers,  
    To look up to Him and pray---  
So the blessed One, who blesseth all the others,  
    Will bless them another day.  
They answer, 'Who is God that He should hear us,  
    White the rushing of the iron wheels is stirred?  
When we sob aloud, the human creatures near us  
    Pass by, hearing not, or answer not a word!  
And we hear not (for the wheels in their resounding)  
    Strangers speaking at the door:  
Is it likely God, with angels singing round Him,  
    Hears our weeping any more?

'Two words, indeed, of praying we remember,  
    And at midnight's hour of harm,---

'Our Father,' looking upward in the chamber,  
    We say softly for a charm.  
We know no other words except 'Our Father,'  
    And we think that, in some pause of angels' song,  
God may pluck them with the silence sweet to gather,  
    And hold both within His right hand which is strong.  
'Our Father!' If He heard us, He would surely  
    (For they call Him good and mild)  
Answer, smiling down the steep world very purely,  
    'Come and rest with me, my child.'

'But no!' say the children, weeping faster,  
    'He is speechless as a stone;  
And they tell us, of His image is the master  
    Who commands us to work on.  
Go to!' say the children,---'Up in Heaven,  
    Dark, wheel-like, turning clouds are all we find.  
Do not mock us; grief has made us unbelieving---  
    We look up for God, but tears have made us blind.'  
Do you hear the children weeping and disproving,  
    O my brothers, what ye preach?  
For God's possible is taught by His world's loving---  
    And the children doubt of each.

And well may the children weep before you;  
    They are weary ere they run;  
They have never seen the sunshine, nor the glory  
    Which is brighter than the sun:  
They know the grief of man, but not the wisdom;  
    They sink in man's despair, without its calm---  
Are slaves, without the liberty in Christdom,---  
    Are martyrs, by the pang without the palm,---  
Are worn, as if with age, yet unretrievingly  
    No dear remembrance keep,---  
Are orphans of the earthly love and heavenly:  
    Let them weep! let them weep!

They look up, with their pale and sunken faces,  
    And their look is dread to see,  
For they mind you of their angels in their places,  
    With eyes meant for Deity;---  
'How long,' they say, 'how long, O cruel nation,

Will you stand, to move the world, on a child's heart,  
Stifle down with a mailed heel its palpitation,  
And tread onward to your throne amid the mart?  
Our blood splashes upward, O our tyrants,  
And your purple shows yo}r path;  
But the child's sob curseth deeper in the silence  
Than the strong man in his wrath!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# The Deserted Garden

I mind me in the days departed,  
How often underneath the sun  
With childish bounds I used to run  
    To a garden long deserted.

The beds and walks were vanished quite;  
And wheresoe'er had struck the spade,  
The greenest grasses Nature laid  
    To sanctify her right.

I called the place my wilderness,  
For no one entered there but I;  
The sheep looked in, the grass to espy,  
    And passed it ne'ertheless.

The trees were interwoven wild,  
And spread their boughs enough about  
To keep both sheep and shepherd out,  
    But not a happy child.

Adventurous joy it was for me!  
I crept beneath the boughs, and found  
A circle smooth of mossy ground  
    Beneath a poplar tree.

Old garden rose-trees hedged it in,  
Bedropt with roses waxen-white  
Well satisfied with dew and light  
    And careless to be seen.

Long years ago it might befall,  
When all the garden flowers were trim,  
The grave old gardener prided him  
    On these the most of all.

Some lady, stately overmuch,  
Here moving with a silken noise,  
Has blushed beside them at the voice  
    That likened her to such.

And these, to make a diadem,  
She often may have plucked and twined,  
Half-smiling as it came to mind  
That few would look at them.

Oh, little thought that lady proud,  
A child would watch her fair white rose,  
When buried lay her whiter brows,  
And silk was changed for shroud!

Nor thought that gardener, (full of scorns  
For men unlearned and simple phrase,)  
A child would bring it all its praise  
By creeping through the thorns!

To me upon my low moss seat,  
Though never a dream the roses sent  
Of science or love's compliment,  
I ween they smelt as sweet.

It did not move my grief to see  
The trace of human step departed:  
Because the garden was deserted,  
The blither place for me!

Friends, blame me not! a narrow ken  
Has childhood 'twixt the sun and sward;  
We draw the moral afterward,  
We feel the gladness then.

And gladdest hours for me did glide  
In silence at the rose-tree wall:  
A thrush made gladness musical  
Upon the other side.

Nor he nor I did e'er incline  
To peck or pluck the blossoms white;  
How should I know but roses might  
Lead lives as glad as mine?

To make my hermit-home complete,

I brought dear water from the spring  
Praised in its own low murmuring,  
And cresses glossy wet.

And so, I thought, my likeness grew  
(Without the melancholy tale)  
To 'Gentle Hermit of the Dale,'  
And Angelina too.

For oft I read within my nook  
Such minstrel stories; till the breeze  
Made sounds poetic in the trees,  
And then I shut the book.

If I shut this wherein I write  
I hear no more the wind athwart  
Those trees, nor feel that childish heart  
Delighting in delight.

My childhood from my life is parted,  
My footstep from the moss which drew  
Its fairy circle round: anew  
The garden is deserted.

Another thrush may there rehearse  
The madrigals which sweetest are;  
No more for me! myself afar  
Do sing a sadder verse.

Ah me, ah me! when erst I lay  
In that child's-nest so greenly wrought,  
I laughed unto myself and thought  
'The time will pass away.'

And still I laughed, and did not fear  
But that, whene'er was past away  
The childish time, some happier play  
My womanhood would cheer.

I knew the time would pass away,  
And yet, beside the rose-tree wall,  
Dear God, how seldom, if at all,

Did I look up to pray!

The time is past; and now that grows  
The cypress high among the trees,  
And I behold white sepulchres  
As well as the white rose, --

When graver, meeker thoughts are given,  
And I have learnt to lift my face,  
Reminded how earth's greenest place  
The color draws from heaven, --

It something saith for earthly pain,  
But more for Heavenly promise free,  
That I who was, would shrink to be  
That happy child again.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# The House Of Clouds

I would build a cloudy House  
For my thoughts to live in;  
When for earth too fancy-loose  
And too low for Heaven!  
Hush! I talk my dream aloud---  
I build it bright to see,---  
I build it on the moonlit cloud,  
To which I looked with thee.

Cloud-walls of the morning's grey,  
Faced with amber column,---  
Crowned with crimson cupola  
From a sunset solemn!  
May mists, for the casements, fetch,  
Pale and glimmering;  
With a sunbeam hid in each,  
And a smell of spring.

Build the entrance high and proud,  
Darkening and then brightening,---  
If a riven thunder-cloud,  
Veined by the lightning.  
Use one with an iris-stain,  
For the door within;  
Turning to a sound like rain,  
As I enter in.

Build a spacious hall thereby:  
Boldly, never fearing.  
Use the blue place of the sky,  
Which the wind is clearing;  
Branched with corridors sublime,  
Flecked with winding stairs---  
Such as children wish to climb,  
Following their own prayers.

In the mutest of the house,  
I will have my chamber:  
Silence at the door shall use



Evening's light of amber,  
Solemnising every mood,  
Softemng in degree,---  
Turning sadness into good,  
As I turn the key.

Be my chamber tapestried  
With the showers of summer,  
Close, but soundless,---glorified  
When the sunbeams come here;  
Wandering harpers, harping on  
Waters stringed for such,---  
Drawing colours, for a tune,  
With a vibrant touch.

Bring a shadow green and still  
From the chestnut forest,  
Bring a purple from the hill,  
When the heat is sorest;  
Spread them out from wall to wall,  
Carpet-wove around,---  
Whereupon the foot shall fall  
In light instead of sound.

Bring the fantasque cloudlets home  
From the noontide zenith  
Ranged, for sculptures, round the room,---  
Named as Fancy weeneth:  
Some be Junos, without eyes;  
Naiads, without sources  
Some be birds of paradise,---  
Some, Olympian horses.

Bring the dews the birds shake off,  
Waking in the hedges,---  
Those too, perfumed for a proof,  
From the lilies' edges:  
From our England's field and moor,  
Bring them calm and white in;  
Whence to form a mirror pure,  
For Love's self-delighting.

Bring a grey cloud from the east,  
Where the lark is singing;  
Something of the song at least,  
Unlost in the bringing:  
That shall be a morning chair,  
Poet-dream may sit in,  
When it leans out on the air,  
Unrhymed and unwritten.

Bring the red cloud from the sun  
While he sinketh, catch it.  
That shall be a couch,---with one  
Sidelong star to watch it,---  
Fit for poet's finest Thought,  
At the curfew-sounding,--- ;  
Things unseen being nearer brought  
Than the seen, around him.

Poet's thought,----not poet's sigh!  
'Las, they come together!  
Cloudy walls divide and fly,  
As in April weather!  
Cupola and column proud,  
Structure bright to see---  
Gone---except that moonlit cloud,  
To which I looked with thee!

Let them! Wipe such visionings  
From the Fancy's cartel---  
Love secures some fairer things  
Dowered with his immortal.  
The sun may darken,---heaven be bowed---  
But still, unchanged shall be,---  
Here in my soul,---that moonlit cloud,  
To which I looked with THEE!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# The Lady's Yes

'Yes,' I answered you last night;  
    'No,' this morning, Sir, I say.  
Colours seen by candlelight,  
    Will not look the same by day.

When the viols played their best,  
    Lamps above, and laughs below---  
Love me sounded like a jest,  
    Fit for Yes or fit for No.

Call me false, or call me free---  
    Vow, whatever light may shine,  
No man on your face shall see  
    Any grief for change on mine.

Yet the sin is on us both---  
    Time to dance is not to woo---  
Wooer light makes fickle troth---  
    Scorn of me recoils on you.

Learn to win a lady's faith  
    Nobly, as the thing is high;  
Bravely, as for life and death---  
    With a loyal gravity.

Lead her from the festive boards,  
    Point her to the starry skies,  
Guard her, by your truthful words,  
    Pure from courtship's flatteries.

By your truth she shall be true---  
    Ever true, as wives of yore---  
And her Yes, once said to you,  
    SHALL be Yes for evermore.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# The Landing Of The Pilgrim Fathers

The breaking waves dashed high  
On a stern and rock-bound coast,  
And the woods, against a stormy sky,  
Their giant branches tost;

And the heavy night hung dark  
The hills and water o'er,  
When a band of exiles moored their bark  
On the wild New England shore.

Not as the conqueror comes,  
They, the true-hearted, came;  
Not with the roll of the stirring drums,  
And the trumpet that sings of fame;

Not as the flying come,  
In silence and in fear, -  
They shook the depths of the desert's gloom  
With their hymns of lofty cheer.

Amidst the storm they sang,  
And the stars heard and the sea;  
And the sounding aisles of the dim woods rang  
To the anthem of the free.

The ocean-eagle soared  
From his nest by the white wave's foam,  
And the rocking pines of the forest roared -  
This was their welcome home!

There were men with hoary hair  
Amidst that pilgrim band:  
Why had they come to wither there,  
Away from their childhood's land?

There was woman's fearless eye,  
Lit by her deep love's truth;  
There was manhood's brow serenely high,  
And the fiery heart of youth.

What sought they thus afar?  
Bright jewels of the mine?  
The wealth of the seas? the spoils of war? -  
They sought a faith's pure shrine!

Ay, call it holy ground,  
The soil where first they trod!  
They have left unstained what there they found -  
Freedom to worship God!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# The Look

The Saviour looked on Peter. Ay, no word,  
No gesture of reproach; the Heavens serene  
Though heavy with armed justice, did not lean  
Their thunders that way: the forsaken Lord  
Looked only, on the traitor. None record  
What that look was, none guess; for those who have seen  
Wronged lovers loving through a death-pang keen,  
Or pale-cheeked martyrs smiling to a sword,  
Have missed Jehovah at the judgment-call.  
And Peter, from the height of blasphemy--  
'I never knew this man '--did quail and fall  
As knowing straight THAT GOD; and turned free  
And went out speechless from the face of all  
And filled the silenc, weeping bitterly.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# The Meaning Of The Look

I think that look of Christ might seem to say--  
'Thou Peter ! art thou then a common stone  
Which I at last must break my heart upon  
For all God's charge to his high angels may  
Guard my foot better ? Did I yesterday  
Wash thy feet, my beloved, that they should run  
Quick to deny me 'neath the morning sun ?  
And do thy kisses, like the rest, betray ?  
The cock crows coldly.--GO, and manifest  
A late contrition, but no bootless fear !  
For when thy final need is dreariest,  
Thou shalt not be denied, as I am here;  
My voice to God and angels shall attest,  
Because I KNOW this man, let him be clear.'

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# The Poet And The Bird

Said a people to a poet---' Go out from among us straightway!  
While we are thinking earthly things, thou singest of divine.  
There's a little fair brown nightingale, who, sitting in the gateways  
Makes fitter music to our ears than any song of thine!'

The poet went out weeping---the nightingale ceased chanting;  
'Now, wherefore, O thou nightingale, is all thy sweetness done?'  
I cannot sing my earthly things, the heavenly poet wanting,  
Whose highest harmony includes the lowest under sun.'

The poet went out weeping,---and died abroad, bereft there---  
The bird flew to his grave and died, amid a thousand wails:---  
And, when I last came by the place, I swear the music left there  
Was only of the poet's song, and not the nightingale's.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



# The Prisoner

I count the dismal time by months and years  
Since last I felt the green sward under foot,  
And the great breath of all things summer-  
Met mine upon my lips. Now earth appears  
As strange to me as dreams of distant spheres  
Or thoughts of Heaven we weep at. Nature's lute  
Sounds on, behind this door so closely shut,  
A strange wild music to the prisoner's ears,  
Dilated by the distance, till the brain  
Grows dim with fancies which it feels too  
While ever, with a visionary pain,  
Past the precluded senses, sweep and Rhine  
Streams, forests, glades, and many a golden train  
Of sunlit hills transfigured to Divine.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# The Runaway Slave At Pilgrim's Point

I.

I stand on the mark beside the shore  
Of the first white pilgrim's bended knee,  
Where exile turned to ancestor,  
And God was thanked for liberty.  
I have run through the night, my skin is as dark,  
I bend my knee down on this mark . . .  
I look on the sky and the sea.

II.

O pilgrim-souls, I speak to you!  
I see you come out proud and slow  
From the land of the spirits pale as dew. . .  
And round me and round me ye go!  
O pilgrims, I have gasped and run  
All night long from the whips of one  
Who in your names works sin and woe.

III.

And thus I thought that I would come  
And kneel here where I knelt before,  
And feel your souls around me hum  
In undertone to the ocean's roar;  
And lift my black face, my black hand,  
Here, in your names, to curse this land  
Ye blessed in freedom's evermore.

IV.

I am black, I am black;  
And yet God made me, they say.  
But if He did so, smiling back  
He must have cast His work away  
Under the feet of His white creatures,  
With a look of scorn,--that the dusky features  
Might be trodden again to clay.

V.

And yet He has made dark things  
To be glad and merry as light.

There's a little dark bird sits and sings;  
There's a dark stream ripples out of sight;  
And the dark frogs chant in the safe morass,  
And the sweetest stars are made to pass  
O'er the face of the darkest night.

VI.

But we who are dark, we are dark!  
Ah, God, we have no stars!  
About our souls in care and cark  
Our blackness shuts like prison bars:  
The poor souls crouch so far behind,  
That never a comfort can they find  
By reaching through the prison-bars.

VII.

Indeed, we live beneath the sky, . . .  
That great smooth Hand of God, stretched out  
On all His children fatherly,  
To bless them from the fear and doubt,  
Which would be, if, from this low place,  
All opened straight up to His face  
Into the grand eternity.

VIII.

And still God's sunshine and His frost,  
They make us hot, they make us cold,  
As if we were not black and lost:  
And the beasts and birds, in wood and fold,  
Do fear and take us for very men!  
Could the weep-poor-will or the cat of the glen  
Look into my eyes and be bold?

IX.

I am black, I am black!--  
But, once, I laughed in girlish glee;  
For one of my colour stood in the track  
Where the drivers drove, and looked at me--  
And tender and full was the look he gave:  
Could a slave look so at another slave?--  
I look at the sky and the sea.

X.

And from that hour our spirits grew  
As free as if unsold, unbought:  
Oh, strong enough, since we were two  
To conquer the world, we thought!  
The drivers drove us day by day;  
We did not mind, we went one way,  
And no better a liberty sought.

XI.

In the sunny ground between the canes,  
He said 'I love you' as he passed:  
When the shingle-roof rang sharp with the rains,  
I heard how he vowed it fast:  
While others shook, he smiled in the hut  
As he carved me a bowl of the cocoa-nut,  
Through the roar of the hurricanes.

XII.

I sang his name instead of a song;  
Over and over I sang his name--  
Upward and downward I drew it along  
My various notes; the same, the same!  
I sang it low, that the slave-girls near  
Might never guess from aught they could hear,  
It was only a name.

XIII.

I look on the sky and the sea--  
We were two to love, and two to pray,--  
Yes, two, O God, who cried to Thee,  
Though nothing didst Thou say.  
Coldly Thou sat'st behind the sun!  
And now I cry who am but one,  
How wilt Thou speak to-day?--

XIV.

We were black, we were black!  
We had no claim to love and bliss:  
What marvel, if each turned to lack?  
They wrung my cold hands out of his,--  
They dragged him . . . where ? . . . I crawled to touch

His blood's mark in the dust! . . . not much,  
Ye pilgrim-souls, . . . though plain as this!

XV.

Wrong, followed by a deeper wrong!  
Mere grief's too good for such as I.  
So the white men brought the shame ere long  
To strangle the sob of my agony.  
They would not leave me for my dull  
Wet eyes!--it was too merciful  
To let me weep pure tears and die.

XVI.

I am black, I am black!--  
I wore a child upon my breast  
An amulet that hung too slack,  
And, in my unrest, could not rest:  
Thus we went moaning, child and mother,  
One to another, one to another,  
Until all ended for the best:

XVII.

For hark ! I will tell you low . . . Iow . . .  
I am black, you see,--  
And the babe who lay on my bosom so,  
Was far too white . . . too white for me;  
As white as the ladies who scorned to pray  
Beside me at church but yesterday;  
Though my tears had washed a place for my knee.

XVIII.

My own, own child! I could not bear  
To look in his face, it was so white.  
I covered him up with a kerchief there;  
I covered his face in close and tight:  
And he moaned and struggled, as well might be,  
For the white child wanted his liberty--  
Ha, ha! he wanted his master right.

XIX.

He moaned and beat with his head and feet,  
His little feet that never grew--

He struck them out, as it was meet,  
Against my heart to break it through.  
I might have sung and made him mild--  
But I dared not sing to the white-faced child  
The only song I knew.

XX.

I pulled the kerchief very close:  
He could not see the sun, I swear,  
More, then, alive, than now he does  
From between the roots of the mango . . . where  
. . . I know where. Close! a child and mother  
Do wrong to look at one another,  
When one is black and one is fair.

XXI.

Why, in that single glance I had  
Of my child's face, . . . I tell you all,  
I saw a look that made me mad . . .  
The master's look, that used to fall  
On my soul like his lash . . . or worse!  
And so, to save it from my curse,  
I twisted it round in my shawl.

XXII.

And he moaned and trembled from foot to head,  
He shivered from head to foot;  
Till, after a time, he lay instead  
Too suddenly still and mute.  
I felt, beside, a stiffening cold, . . .  
I dared to lift up just a fold . . .  
As in lifting a leaf of the mango-fruit.

XXIII.

But my fruit . . . ha, ha!--there, had been  
(I laugh to think on't at this hour! . . .)  
Your fine white angels, who have seen  
Nearest the secret of God's power, . . .  
And plucked my fruit to make them wine,  
And sucked the soul of that child of mine,  
As the humming-bird sucks the soul of the flower.

XXIV.

Ha, ha, for the trick of the angels white!  
They freed the white child's spirit so.  
I said not a word, but, day and night,  
I carried the body to and fro;  
And it lay on my heart like a stone . . . as chill.  
--The sun may shine out as much as he will:  
I am cold, though it happened a month ago.

XXV.

From the white man's house, and the black man's hut,  
I carried the little body on,  
The forest's arms did round us shut,  
And silence through the trees did run:  
They asked no question as I went,--  
They stood too high for astonishment,--  
They could see God sit on His throne.

XXVI.

My little body, kerchiefed fast,  
I bore it on through the forest . . . on:  
And when I felt it was tired at last,  
I scooped a hole beneath the moon.  
Through the forest-tops the angels far,  
With a white sharp finger from every star,  
Did point and mock at what was done.

XXVII.

Yet when it was all done aright, . . .  
Earth, 'twixt me and my baby, strewed,  
All, changed to black earth, . . . nothing white, . . .  
A dark child in the dark,--ensued  
Some comfort, and my heart grew young:  
I sate down smiling there and sung  
The song I learnt in my maidenhood.

XXVIII.

And thus we two were reconciled,  
The white child and black mother, thus:  
For, as I sang it, soft and wild  
The same song, more melodious,  
Rose from the grave whereon I sate!

It was the dead child singing that,  
To join the souls of both of us.

XXIX.

I look on the sea and the sky!  
Where the pilgrims' ships first anchored lay,  
The free sun rideth gloriously;  
But the pilgrim-ghosts have slid away  
Through the earliest streaks of the morn.  
My face is black, but it glares with a scorn  
Which they dare not meet by day.

XXX.

Ah!--in their 'stead, their hunter sons!  
Ah, ah! they are on me--they hunt in a ring--  
Keep off! I brave you all at once--  
I throw off your eyes like snakes that sting!  
You have killed the black eagle at nest, I think:  
Did you never stand still in your triumph, and shrink  
From the stroke of her wounded wing?

XXXI.

(Man, drop that stone you dared to lift!--)  
I wish you, who stand there five a-breast,  
Each, for his own wife's joy and gift,  
A little corpse as safely at rest  
As mine in the mangos!--Yes, but she  
May keep live babies on her knee,  
And sing the song she liketh best.

XXXII.

I am not mad: I am black.  
I see you staring in my face--  
I know you, staring, shrinking back--  
Ye are born of the Washington-race:  
And this land is the free America:  
And this mark on my wrist . . . (I prove what I say)  
Ropes tied me up here to the flogging-place.

XXXIII.

You think I shrieked then? Not a sound!  
I hung, as a gourd hangs in the sun.



I only cursed them all around,  
As softly as I might have done  
My very own child!--From these sands  
Up to the mountains, lift your hands,  
O slaves, and end what I begun!

XXXIV.

Whips, curses; these must answer those!  
For in this UNION, you have set  
Two kinds of men in adverse rows,  
Each loathing each: and all forget  
The seven wounds in Christ's body fair;  
While HE sees gaping everywhere  
Our countless wounds that pay no debt.

XXXV.

Our wounds are different. Your white men  
Are, after all, not gods indeed,  
Nor able to make Christs again  
Do good with bleeding. We who bleed . . .  
(Stand off!) we help not in our loss!  
We are too heavy for our cross,  
And fall and crush you and your seed.

XXXVI.

I fall, I swoon! I look at the sky:  
The clouds are breaking on my brain;  
I am floated along, as if I should die  
Of liberty's exquisite pain--  
In the name of the white child, waiting for me  
In the death-dark where we may kiss and agree,  
White men, I leave you all curse-free  
In my broken heart's disdain!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# The Seraph And Poet

THE seraph sings before the manifest  
God-One, and in the burning of the Seven,  
And with the full life of consummate  
Heaving beneath him like a mother's  
Warm with her first-born's slumber in that  
The poet sings upon the earth grave-riven,  
Before the naughty world, soon self-forgiven  
For wronging him,--and in the darkness prest  
From his own soul by worldly weights.

Even so,  
Sing, seraph with the glory ! heaven is high;  
Sing, poet with the sorrow ! earth is low:  
The universe's inward voices cry  
' Amen ' to either song of joy and woe:  
Sing, seraph,--poet,--sing on equally !

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# The Soul's Expression

WITH stammering lips and insufficient sound  
I strive and struggle to deliver right  
That music of my nature, day and night  
With dream and thought and feeling interwound  
And inly answering all the senses round  
With octaves of a mystic depth and height  
Which step out grandly to the infinite  
From the dark edges of the sensual ground.  
This song of soul I struggle to outbear  
Through portals of the sense, sublime and whole,  
And utter all myself into the air:  
But if I did it,--as the thunder-roll  
Breaks its own cloud, my flesh would perish there,  
Before that dread apocalypse of soul.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# The Two Sayings

Two sayings of the Holy Scriptures beat  
Like pulses in the Church's brow and breast;  
And by them we find rest in our unrest  
And, heart deep in salt-tears, do yet entreat  
God's fellowship as if on heavenly seat.  
The first is JESUS WEPT,--whereon is prest  
Full many a sobbing face that drops its best  
And sweetest waters on the record sweet:  
And one is where the Christ, denied and scorned  
LOOKED UPON PETER. Oh, to render plain  
By help of having loved a little and mourned,  
That look of sovran love and sovran pain  
Which HE, who could not sin yet suffered, turned  
On him who could reject but not sustain !

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# The Weakest Thing

Which is the weakest thing of all  
Mine heart can ponder?  
The sun, a little cloud can pall  
With darkness yonder?  
The cloud, a little wind can move  
Where'er it listeth?  
The wind, a little leaf above,  
Though sere, resisteth?

What time that yellow leaf was green,  
My days were gladder;  
But now, whatever Spring may mean,  
I must grow sadder.  
Ah me! a leaf with sighs can wring  
My lips asunder -  
Then is mine heart the weakest thing  
Itself can ponder.

Yet, Heart, when sun and cloud are pined  
And drop together,  
And at a blast, which is not wind,  
The forests wither,  
Thou, from the darkening deathly curse  
To glory breakest, -  
The Strongest of the universe  
Guarding the weakest!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# To

Mine is a wayward lay;  
And, if its echoing rhymes I try to string,  
    Proveth a truant thing,  
Whenso some names I love, send it away!

For then, eyes swimming o'er,  
And clasped hands, and smiles in fondness meant,  
    Are much more eloquent --  
So it had fain begone, and speak no more!

Yet shall it come again,  
Ah, friend belov'd! if so thy wishes be,  
    And, with wild melody,  
I will, upon thine ear, cadence my strain --

Cadence my simple line,  
Unfashion'd by the cunning hand of Art,  
    But coming from my heart,  
To tell the message of its love to thine!

As ocean shells, when taken  
From Ocean's bed, will faithfully repeat  
    Her ancient music sweet --  
Ev'n so these words, true to my heart, shall waken!

Oh! while our bark is seen,  
Our little bark of kindly, social love,  
    Down life's clear stream to move  
Toward the summer shores, where all is green --

So long thy name shall bring,  
Echoes of joy unto the grateful gales,  
    And thousand tender tales,  
To freshen the fond hearts that round thee cling!

Hast thou not look'd upon  
The flowerets of the field in lowly dress?  
    Blame not my simpleness --  
Think only of my love! -- my song is gone.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# To Flush, My Dog

Loving friend, the gift of one  
Who her own true faith has run  
    Through thy lower nature,  
Be my benediction said  
With my hand upon thy head,  
    Gentle fellow-creature!

Like a lady's ringlets brown,  
Flow thy silken ears adown  
    Either side demurely  
Of thy silver-suited breast  
Shining out from all the rest  
    Of thy body purely.

Darkly brown thy body is,  
Till the sunshine striking this  
    Alchemise its dullness,  
When the sleek curls manifold  
Flash all over into gold  
    With a burnished fulness.

Underneath my stroking hand,  
Startled eyes of hazel bland  
    Kindling, growing larger,  
Up thou leapest with a spring,  
Full of prank and curveting,  
    Leaping like a charger.

Leap! thy broad tail waves a light,  
Leap! thy slender feet are bright,  
    Canopied in fringes;  
Leap! those tasselled ears of thine  
Flicker strangely, fair and fine  
    Down their golden inches

Yet, my pretty, sportive friend,  
Little is't to such an end  
    That I praise thy rareness;  
Other dogs may be thy peers



Haply in these drooping ears  
And this glossy fairness.

But of thee it shall be said,  
This dog watched beside a bed  
Day and night unwearied,  
Watched within a curtained room  
Where no sunbeam brake the gloom  
Round the sick and dreary.

Roses, gathered for a vase,  
In that chamber died apace,  
Beam and breeze resigning;  
This dog only, waited on,  
Knowing that when light is gone  
Love remains for shining.

Other dogs in thymy dew  
Tracked the hares and followed through  
Sunny moor or meadow;  
This dog only, crept and crept  
Next a languid cheek that slept,  
Sharing in the shadow.

Other dogs of loyal cheer  
Bounded at the whistle clear,  
Up the woodside hieing;  
This dog only, watched in reach  
Of a faintly uttered speech  
Or a louder sighing.

And if one or two quick tears  
Dropped upon his glossy ears  
Or a sigh came double,  
Up he sprang in eager haste,  
Fawning, fondling, breathing fast,  
In a tender trouble.

And this dog was satisfied  
If a pale thin hand would glide  
Down his dewlaps sloping, -  
Which he pushed his nose within,

After, - platforming his chin  
On the palm left open.

This dog, if a friendly voice  
Call him now to blither choice  
Than such chamber-keeping,  
'Come out! ' praying from the door, -  
Presseth backward as before,  
Up against me leaping.

Therefore to this dog will I,  
Tenderly not scornfully,  
Render praise and favor:  
With my hand upon his head,  
Is my benediction said  
Therefore and for ever.

And because he loves me so,  
Better than his kind will do  
Often man or woman,  
Give I back more love again  
Than dogs often take of men,  
Leaning from my Human.

Blessings on thee, dog of mine,  
Pretty collars make thee fine,  
Sugared milk make fat thee!  
Pleasures wag on in thy tail,  
Hands of gentle motion fail  
Nevermore, to pat thee

Downy pillow take thy head,  
Silken coverlid bestead,  
Sunshine help thy sleeping!  
No fly's buzzing wake thee up,  
No man break thy purple cup  
Set for drinking deep in.

Whiskered cats aointed flee,  
Sturdy stoppers keep from thee  
Cologne distillations;  
Nuts lie in thy path for stones,

And thy feast-day macaroons  
Turn to daily rations!

Mock I thee, in wishing weal? -  
Tears are in my eyes to feel  
Thou art made so straitly,  
Blessing needs must straiten too, -  
Little canst thou joy or do,  
Thou who lovest greatly.

Yet be blessed to the height  
Of all good and all delight  
Pervious to thy nature;  
Only loved beyond that line,  
With a love that answers thine,  
Loving fellow-creature!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## To George Sand: A Desire

THOU large-brained woman and large-hearted man,  
Self-called George Sand ! whose soul, amid the lions  
Of thy tumultuous senses, moans defiance  
And answers roar for roar, as spirits can:  
I would some mild miraculous thunder ran  
Above the applauded circus, in appliance  
Of thine own nobler nature's strength and science,  
Drawing two pinions, white as wings of swan,  
From thy strong shoulders, to amaze the place  
With holier light ! that thou to woman's claim  
And man's, mightst join beside the angel's grace  
Of a pure genius sanctified from blame  
Till child and maiden pressed to thine embrace  
To kiss upon thy lips a stainless fame.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## To George Sand: A Recognition

TRUE genius, but true woman ! dost deny  
The woman's nature with a manly scorn  
And break away the gauds and armlets worn  
By weaker women in captivity?  
Ah, vain denial ! that revolted cry  
Is sobbed in by a woman's voice forlorn, \_  
Thy woman's hair, my sister, all unshorn  
Floats back dishevelled strength in agony  
Disproving thy man's name: and while before  
The world thou burnest in a poet-fire,  
We see thy woman-heart beat evermore  
Through the large flame. Beat purer, heart, and higher,  
Till God unsex thee on the heavenly shore  
Where unincarnate spirits purely aspire !

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## V

I lift my heavy heart up solemnly,  
As once Electra her sepulchral urn,  
And, looking in thine eyes, I overturn  
The ashes at thy feet. Behold and see  
What a great heap of grief lay hid in me,  
And how the red wild sparkles dimly burn  
Through the ashen grayness. If thy foot in scorn  
Could tread them out to darkness utterly,  
It might be well perhaps. But if instead  
Thou wait beside me for the wind to blow  
The gray dust up, . . . those laurels on thine head,  
O my Beloved, will not shield thee so,  
That none of all the fires shall scorch and shred  
The hair beneath. Stand farther off then ! go.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Vi

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand  
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore  
Alone upon the threshold of my door  
Of individual life, I shall command  
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand  
Serenely in the sunshine as before,  
Without the sense of that which I forbore--  
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land  
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine  
With pulses that beat double. What I do  
And what I dream include thee, as the wine  
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue  
God for myself, He hears that name of thine,  
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Vii

The face of all the world is changed, I think,  
Since first I heard the footsteps of thy soul  
Move still, oh, still, beside me, as they stole  
Betwixt me and the dreadful outer brink  
Of obvious death, where I, who thought to sink,  
Was caught up into love, and taught the whole  
Of life in a new rhythm. The cup of dole  
God gave for baptism, I am fain to drink,  
And praise its sweetness, Sweet, with thee anear.  
The names of country, heaven, are changed away  
For where thou art or shalt be, there or here;  
And this . . . this lute and song . . . loved yesterday,  
(The singing angels know) are only dear  
Because thy name moves right in what they say.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



## Viii

What can I give thee back, O liberal  
And princely giver, who hast brought the gold  
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,  
And laid them on the outside of the-wall  
For such as I to take or leave withal,  
In unexpected largesse ? am I cold,  
Ungrateful, that for these most manifold  
High gifts, I render nothing back at all ?  
Not so; not cold,--but very poor instead.  
Ask God who knows. For frequent tears have run  
The colors from my life, and left so dead  
And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done  
To give the same as pillow to thy head.  
Go farther ! let it serve to trample on.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Work

WHAT are we set on earth for ? Say, to toil;  
Nor seek to leave thy tending of the vines  
For all the heat o' the day, till it declines,  
And Death's mild curfew shall from work assoil.  
God did anoint thee with his odorous oil,  
To wrestle, not to reign; and He assigns  
All thy tears over, like pure crystallines,  
For younger fellow-workers of the soil  
To wear for amulets. So others shall  
Take patience, labor, to their heart and hand  
From thy hand and thy heart and thy brave cheer,  
And God's grace fructify through thee to  
The least flower with a brimming cup may stand,  
And share its dew-drop with another near.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# Work And Contemplation

The woman singeth at her spinning-wheel  
A pleasant chant, ballad or barcarole;  
She thinketh of her song, upon the whole,  
Far more than of her flax; and yet the reel  
Is full, and artfully her fingers feel  
With quick adjustment, provident control,  
The lines--too subtly twisted to unroll--  
Out to a perfect thread. I hence appeal  
To the dear Christian Church--that we may do  
Our Father's business in these temples mirk,  
Thus swift and steadfast, thus intent and strong;  
While thus, apart from toil, our souls pursue  
Some high calm spheric tune, and prove our work  
The better for the sweetness of our song.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# X

Yet, love, mere love, is beautiful indeed  
And worthy of acceptation. Fire is bright,  
Let temple burn, or flax; an equal light  
Leaps in the flame from cedar-plank or weed:  
And love is fire. And when I say at need  
I love thee . . . mark ! . . . I love thee--in thy sight  
I stand transfigured, glorified aright,  
With conscience of the new rays that proceed  
Out of my face toward thine. There's nothing low  
In love, when love the lowest: meanest creatures  
Who love God, God accepts while loving so.  
And what I feel, across the inferior features  
Of what I am, doth flash itself, and show  
How that great work of Love enhances Nature's.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xi

And therefore if to love can be desert,  
I am not all unworthy. Cheeks as pale  
As these you see, and trembling knees that fail  
To bear the burden of a heavy heart,--  
This weary minstrel-life that once was girt  
To climb Aornus, and can scarce avail  
To pipe now 'gainst the valley nightingale  
A melancholy music,--why advert  
To these things ? O Beloved, it is plain  
I am not of thy worth nor for thy place !  
And yet, because I love thee, I obtain  
From that same love this vindicating grace,  
To live on still in love, and yet in vain,--  
To bless thee, yet renounce thee to thy face.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xii

Indeed this very love which is my boast,  
And which, when rising up from breast to brow,  
Doth crown me with a ruby large enow  
To draw men's eyes and prove the inner cost,--  
This love even, all my worth, to the uttermost,  
I should not love withal, unless that thou  
Hadst set me an example, shown me how,  
When first thine earnest eyes with mine were crossed,  
And love called love. And thus, I cannot speak  
Of love even, as a good thing of my own:  
Thy soul hath snatched up mine all faint and weak,  
And placed it by thee on a golden throne,--  
And that I love (O soul, we must be meek !)  
Is by thee only, whom I love alone.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xiv

If thou must love me, let it be for nought  
Except for love's sake only. Do not say  
'I love her for her smile--her look--her way  
Of speaking gently,--for a trick of thought  
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought  
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day'--  
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may  
Be changed, or change for thee,--and love, so wrought,  
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,--  
A creature might forget to weep, who bore  
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby !  
But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xiv (If Thou Must Love Me, Let It Be For Nought)

If thou must love me, let it be for nought  
Except for love's sake only. Do not say  
"I love her for her smile--her look--her way  
Of speaking gently,--for a trick of thought  
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought  
A sense of ease on such a day--"  
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may  
Be changed, or change for thee,--and love, so wrought,  
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for  
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheek dry,--  
A creature might forget to weep, who bore  
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!  
But love me for love's sake, that evermore  
Thou may'st love on, through love's eternity.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



## Xix

The soul's Rialto hath its merchandise;  
I barter curl for curl upon that mart,  
And from my poet's forehead to my heart  
Receive this lock which outweighs argosies,--  
As purple black, as erst to Pindar's eyes  
The dim purpureal tresses gloomed athwart  
The nine white Muse-brows. For this counterpart, . . .  
The bay-crown's shade, Beloved, I surmise,  
Still lingers on thy curl, it is so black !  
Thus, with a fillet of smooth-kissing breath,  
I tie the shadows safe from gliding back,  
And lay the gift where nothing hindereth;  
Here on my heart, as on thy brow, to lack  
No natural heat till mine grows cold in death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

# XI

Oh, yes ! they love through all this world of ours !  
I will not gainsay love, called love forsooth.  
I have heard love talked in my early youth,  
And since, not so long back but that the flowers  
Then gathered, smell still. Mussulmans and Giaours  
Throw kerchiefs at a smile, and have no ruth  
For any weeping. Polypheme's white tooth  
Slips on the nut if, after frequent showers,  
The shell is over-smooth,--and not so much  
Will turn the thing called love, aside to hate  
Or else to oblivion. But thou art not such  
A lover, my Beloved ! thou canst wait  
Through sorrow and sickness, to bring souls to touch,  
And think it soon when others cry ' Too late.'

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xli

I thank all who have loved me in their hearts,  
With thanks and love from mine. Deep thanks to all  
Who paused a little near the prison-wall  
To hear my music in its louder parts  
Ere they went onward, each one to the mart's  
Or temple's occupation, beyond call.  
But thou, who, in my voice's sink and fall  
When the sob took it, thy divinest Art's  
Own instrument didst drop down at thy foot  
To hearken what I said between my tears, . . .  
Instruct me how to thank thee ! Oh, to shoot  
My soul's full meaning into future years,  
That they should lend it utterance, and salute  
Love that endures, from Life that disappears !

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xlii

' My future will not copy fair my past'--  
I wrote that once; and thinking at my side  
My ministering life-angel justified  
The word by his appealing look upcast  
To the white throne of God, I turned at last,  
And there, instead, saw thee, not unallied  
To angels in thy soul ! Then I, long tried  
By natural ills, received the comfort fast,  
While budding, at thy sight, my pilgrim's staff  
Gave out green leaves with morning dews impearled.  
I seek no copy now of life's first half:  
Leave here the pages with long musing curled,  
And write me new my future's epigraph,  
New angel mine, unhopd for in the world !

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xliii

How do I love thee ? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of everyday's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints,--I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life!--and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xliv

Beloved, thou hast brought me many flowers  
Plucked in the garden, all the summer through  
And winter, and it seemed as if they grew  
In this close room, nor missed the sun and showers.  
So, in the like name of that love of ours,  
Take back these thoughts which here unfolded too,  
And which on warm and cold days I withdrew  
From my heart's ground. Indeed, those beds and bowers  
Be overgrown with bitter weeds and rue,  
And wait thy weeding; yet here's eglantine,  
Here 's ivy !--take them, as I used to do  
Thy fowers, and keep them where they shall not pine.  
Instruct thine eyes to keep their colors true,  
And tell thy soul their roots are left in mine.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xv

Accuse me not, beseech thee, that I wear  
Too calm and sad a face in front of thine;  
For we two look two ways, and cannot shine  
With the same sunlight on our brow and hair.  
On me thou lookest with no doubting care,  
As on a bee shut in a crystalline;  
Since sorrow hath shut me safe in love's divine,  
And to spread wing and fly in the outer air  
Were most impossible failure, if I strove  
To fail so. But I look on thee--on thee--  
Beholding, besides love, the end of love,  
Hearing oblivion beyond memory;  
As one who sits and gazes from above,  
Over the rivers to the bitter sea.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xvi

And yet, because thou overcomest so,  
Because thou art more noble and like a king,  
Thou canst prevail against my fears and fling  
Thy purple round me, till my heart shall grow  
Too close against thine heart henceforth to know  
How it shook when alone. Why, conquering  
May prove as lordly and complete a thing  
In lifting upward, as in crushing low !  
And as a vanquished soldier yields his sword  
To one who lifts him from the bloody earth,  
Even so, Beloved, I at last record,  
Here ends my strife. If thou invite me forth,  
I rise above abasement at the word.  
Make thy love larger to enlarge my worth.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



## Xvii

My poet, thou canst touch on all the notes  
God set between his After and Before,  
And strike up and strike off the general roar  
Of the rushing worlds a melody that floats  
In a serene air purely. Antidotes  
Of medicated music, answering for  
Mankind's forlornest uses, thou canst pour  
From thence into their ears. God's will devotes  
Thine to such ends, and mine to wait on thine.  
How, Dearest, wilt thou have me for most use ?  
A hope, to sing by gladly ? or a fine  
Sad memory, with thy songs to interfuse ?  
A shade, in which to sing--of palm or pine ?  
A grave, on which to rest from singing ? Choose.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xviii

I never gave a lock of hair away  
To a man, Dearest, except this to thee,  
Which now upon my fingers thoughtfully,  
I ring out to the full brown length and say  
' Take it.' My day of youth went yesterday;  
My hair no longer bounds to my foot's glee,  
Nor plant I it from rose or myrtle-tree,  
As girls do, any more: it only may  
Now shade on two pale cheeks the mark of tears,  
Taught drooping from the head that hangs aside  
Through sorrow's trick. I thought the funeral-shears  
Would take this first, but Love is justified,--  
Take it thou,--finding pure, from all those years,  
The kiss my mother left here when she died.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

**Xx**

And wilt thou have me fashion into speech  
The love I bear thee, finding words enough,  
And hold the torch out, while the winds are rough,  
Between our faces, to cast light on each ?--  
I drop it at thy feet. I cannot teach  
My hand to hold my spirit so far off  
From myself--me--that I should bring thee proof  
In words, of love hid in me out of reach.  
Nay, let the silence of my womanhood  
Commend my woman-love to thy belief,--  
Seeing that I stand unwon, however wooed,  
And rend the garment of my life, in brief,  
By a most dauntless, voiceless fortitude,  
Lest one touch of this heart convey its grief

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xxi

Say over again, and yet once over again,  
That thou dost love me. Though the word repeated  
Should seem ' a cuckoo-song,' as thou dost treat it,  
Remember, never to the hill or plain,  
Valley and wood, without her cuckoo-strain  
Comes the fresh Spring in all her green completed.  
Beloved, I, amid the darkness greeted  
By a doubtful spirit-voice, in that doubt's pain  
Cry, ' Speak once more--thou lovest ! ' Who can fear  
Too many stars, though each in heaven shall roll,  
Too many flowers, though each shall crown the year ?  
Say thou dost love me, love me, love me--toll  
The silver iterance !--only minding, Dear,  
To love me also in silence with thy soul.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xxii

When our two souls stand up erect and strong,  
Face to face, silent, drawing nigh and nigher,  
Until the lengthening wings break into fire  
At either curved point,--what bitter wrong  
Can the earth do to us, that we should not long  
Be here contented ? Think. In mounting higher,  
The angels would press on us and aspire  
To drop some golden orb of perfect song  
Into our deep, dear silence. Let us stay  
Rather on earth, Beloved,--where the unfit  
Contrarious moods of men recoil away  
And isolate pure spirits, and permit  
A place to stand and love in for a day,  
With darkness and the death-hour rounding it.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xxiii

Is it indeed so ? If I lay here dead,  
Wouldst thou miss any life in losing mine ?  
And would the sun for thee more coldly shine  
Because of grave-damps falling round my head ?  
I marvelled, my Beloved, when I read  
Thy thought so in the letter. I am thine--  
But . . . so much to thee ? Can I pour thy wine  
While my hands tremble ? Then my soul, instead  
Of dreams of death, resumes life's lower range.  
Then, love me, Love ! look on me--breathe on me !  
As brighter ladies do not count it strange,  
For love, to give up acres and degree,  
I yield the grave for thy sake, and exchange  
My near sweet view of Heaven, for earth with thee !

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xxiv

Let the world's sharpness, like a clasping knife,  
Shut in upon itself and do no harm  
In this close hand of Love, now soft and warm,  
And let us hear no sound of human strife  
After the click of the shutting. Life to life--  
I lean upon thee, Dear, without alarm,  
And feel as safe as guarded by a charm  
Against the stab of worldlings, who if rife  
Are weak to injure. Very whitely still  
The lilies of our lives may reassure  
Their blossoms from their roots, accessible  
Alone to heavenly dews that drop not fewer,  
Growing straight, out of man's reach, on the hill.  
God only, who made us rich, can make us poor.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xxix

I think of thee !--my thoughts do twine and bud  
About thee, as wild vines, about a tree,  
Put out broad leaves, and soon there 's nought to see  
Except the straggling green which hides the wood.  
Yet, O my palm-tree, be it understood  
I will not have my thoughts instead of thee  
Who art dearer, better ! Rather, instantly  
Renew thy presence; as a strong tree should,  
Rustle thy boughs and set thy trunk all bare,  
And let these bands of greenery which insphere thee  
Drop heavily down,--burst, shattered, everywhere !  
Because, in this deep joy to see and hear thee  
And breathe within thy shadow a new air,  
I do not think of thee--I am too near thee.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



## **Xxv**

A heavy heart, Beloved, have I borne  
From year to year until I saw thy face,  
And sorrow after sorrow took the place  
Of all those natural joys as lightly worn  
As the stringed pearls, each lifted in its turn  
By a beating heart at dance-time. Hopes apace  
Were changed to long despairs, till God's own grace  
Could scarcely lift above the world forlorn  
My heavy heart. Then thou didst bid me bring  
And let it drop adown thy calmly great  
Deep being ! Fast it sinketh, as a thing  
Which its own nature doth precipitate,  
While thine doth close above it, mediating  
Betwixt the stars and the unaccomplished fate.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xxvi

I lived with visions for my company  
Instead of men and women, years ago,  
And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know  
A sweeter music than they played to me.  
But soon their trailing purple was not free  
Of this world's dust, their lutes did silent grow,  
And I myself grew faint and blind below  
Their vanishing eyes. Then THOU didst come--to be,  
Beloved, what they seemed. Their shining fronts,  
Their songs, their splendors (better, yet the same,  
As river-water hallowed into fonts),  
Met in thee, and from out thee overcame  
My soul with satisfaction of all wants:  
Because God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xxvii

My own Beloved, who hast lifted me  
From this drear flat of earth where I was thrown,  
And, in betwixt the languid ringlets, blown  
A life-breath, till the forehead hopefully  
Shines out again, as all the angels see,  
Before thy saving kiss ! My own, my own,  
Who camest to me when the world was gone,  
And I who looked for only God, found thee !  
I find thee; I am safe, and strong, and glad.  
As one who stands in dewless asphodel  
Looks backward on the tedious time he had  
In the upper life,--so I, with bosom-swell,  
Make witness, here, between the good and bad,  
That Love, as strong as Death, retrieves as well.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

**Xxx**

I see thine image through my tears to-night,  
And yet to-day I saw thee smiling. How  
Refer the cause ?--Beloved, is it thou  
Or I, who makes me sad ? The acolyte  
Amid the chanted joy and thankful rite  
May so fall flat, with pale insensate brow,  
On the altar-stair. I hear thy voice and vow,  
Perplexed, uncertain, since thou art out of sight,  
As he, in his swooning ears, the choir's Amen.  
Beloved, dost thou love ? or did I see all  
The glory as I dreamed, and fainted when  
Too vehement light dilated my ideal,  
For my soul's eyes ? Will that light come again,  
As now these tears come--falling hot and real ?

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xxxi

Thou comest ! all is said without a word.  
I sit beneath thy looks, as children do  
In the noon-sun, with souls that tremble through  
Their happy eyelids from an unaverred  
Yet prodigal inward joy. Behold, I erred  
In that last doubt ! and yet I cannot rue  
The sin most, but the occasion--that we two  
Should for a moment stand unministered  
By a mutual presence. Ah, keep near and close,  
Thou dovelike help ! and, when my fears would rise,  
With thy broad heart serenely interpose:  
Brood down with thy divine sufficiencies  
These thoughts which tremble when bereft of those,  
Like callow birds left desert to the skies.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xxxii

The first time that the sun rose on thine oath  
To love me, I looked forward to the moon  
To slacken all those bonds which seemed too soon  
And quickly tied to make a lasting troth.  
Quick-loving hearts, I thought, may quickly loathe;  
And, looking on myself, I seemed not one  
For such man's love !--more like an out-of-tune  
Worn viol, a good singer would be wroth  
To spoil his song with, and which, snatched in haste,  
Is laid down at the first ill-sounding note.  
I did not wrong myself so, but I placed  
A wrong on thee. For perfect strains may float  
'Neath master-hands, from instruments defaced,--  
And great souls, at one stroke, may do and doat.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xxxiii

Yes, call me by my pet-name ! let me hear  
The name I used to run at, when a child,  
From innocent play, and leave the cowslips piled,  
To glance up in some face that proved me dear  
With the look of its eyes. I miss the clear  
Fond voices which, being drawn and reconciled  
Into the music of Heaven's undefiled,  
Call me no longer. Silence on the bier,  
While I call God--call God!--So let thy mouth  
Be heir to those who are now exanimate.  
Gather the north flowers to complete the south,  
And catch the early love up in the late.  
Yes, call me by that name,--and I, in truth,  
With the same heart, will answer and not wait.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xxxiv

With the same heart, I said, I'll answer thee  
As those, when thou shalt call me by my name--  
Lo, the vain promise ! is the same, the same,  
Perplexed and ruffled by life's strategy ?  
When called before, I told how hastily  
I dropped my flowers or brake off from a game,  
To run and answer with the smile that came  
At play last moment, and went on with me  
Through my obedience. When I answer now,  
I drop a grave thought, break from solitude;  
Yet still my heart goes to thee--ponder how--  
Not as to a single good, but all my good !  
Lay thy hand on it, best one, and allow  
That no child's foot could run fast as this blood.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning



## Xxxix

Because thou hast the power and own'st the grace  
To look through and behind this mask of me  
(Against which years have beat thus blanchingly  
With their rains), and behold my soul's true face,  
The dim and weary witness of life's race,--  
Because thou hast the faith and love to see,  
Through that same soul's distracting lethargy,  
The patient angel waiting for a place  
In the new Heavens,--because nor sin nor woe,  
Nor God's infliction, nor death's neighborhood,  
Nor all which others viewing, turn to go,  
Nor all which makes me tired of all, self-viewed,--  
Nothing repels thee, . . . Dearest, teach me so  
To pour out gratitude, as thou dost, good !

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xxxv

If I leave all for thee, wilt thou exchange  
And be all to me ? Shall I never miss  
Home-talk and blessing and the common kiss  
That comes to each in turn, nor count it strange,  
When I look up, to drop on a new range  
Of walls and floors, another home than this ?  
Nay, wilt thou fill that place by me which is  
Filled by dead eyes too tender to know change ?  
That 's hardest. If to conquer love, has tried,  
To conquer grief, tries more, as all things prove;  
For grief indeed is love and grief beside.  
Alas, I have grieved sol am hard to love.  
Yet love me--wilt thou ? Open thine heart wide,  
And fold within the wet wings of thy dove.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xxxvi

When we met first and loved, I did not build  
Upon the event with marble. Could it mean  
To last, a love set pendulous between  
Sorrow and sorrow ? Nay, I rather thrilled,  
Distrusting every light that seemed to gild  
The onward path, and feared to overlean  
A finger even. And, though I have grown serene  
And strong since then, I think that God has willed  
A still renewable fear . . . O love, O troth . . .  
Lest these enclasped hands should never hold,  
This mutual kiss drop down between us both  
As an unowned thing, once the lips being cold.  
And Love, be false ! if he, to keep one oath,  
Must lose one joy, by his life's star foretold.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xxxvii

Pardon, oh, pardon, that my soul should make,  
Of all that strong divineness which I know  
For thine and thee, an image only so  
Formed of the sand, and fit to shift and break.  
It is that distant years which did not take  
Thy sovranity, recoiling with a blow,  
Have forced my swimming brain to undergo  
Their doubt and dread, and blindly to forsake  
Thy purity of likeness and distort  
Thy worthiest love to a worthless counterfeit:  
As if a shipwrecked Pagan, safe in port,  
His guardian sea-god to commemorate,  
Should set a sculptured porpoise, gills a-snort  
And vibrant tail, within the temple-gate.

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

## Xxxviii

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed  
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;  
And ever since, it grew more clean and white,  
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its ' Oh, list,'  
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst  
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,  
Than that first kiss. The second passed in height  
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed,  
Half falling on the hair. O beyond meed !  
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown,  
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.  
The third upon my lips was folded down  
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,  
I have been proud and said, ' My love, my own.'

Elizabeth Barrett Browning