

Classic Poetry Series

**Walter Savage Landor**  
**- poems -**

**Publication Date:**

2004

**Publisher:**

Poemhunter.com - The World's Poetry Archive

# Walter Savage Landor(30 January 1775 – 17 September 1864)

an English writer and poet. His best known works were the prose *Imaginary Conversations*, and the poem *Rose Aylmer*, but the critical acclaim he received from contemporary poets and reviewers was not matched by public popularity. As remarkable as his work was, it was equaled by his rumbustious character and lively temperament.

## Summary of his work

In a long and active life of eighty-nine years Landor produced a considerable amount of work in various genres. This can perhaps be classified into four main areas – prose, lyric poetry, political writings including epigrams and Latin. His prose and poetry have received most acclaim, but critics are divided in their preference between them.

Landor's prose is best represented by the *Imaginary Conversations*. He drew on a vast array of historical characters from Greek philosophers to contemporary writers and composed conversations between pairs of characters that covered areas of philosophy, politics, romance and many other topics. These exercises proved a more successful application of Landor's natural ability for writing dialogue than his plays. Although these have many quotable passages the overall effect suffered because he never learned the art of drama.

Landor wrote much sensitive and beautiful poetry. The love poems were inspired by a succession of female romantic ideals – Ione, Ianthe, *Rose Aylmer* and *Rose Paynter*. Equally sensitive are his "domestic" poems about his sister and his children.

In the course of his career Landor wrote for various journals on a range of topics that interested him from anti-Pitt politics to the unification of Italy. He was also a master of the epigram which he used to good effect and wrote satirically to avenge himself on politicians and other people who upset him.

Landor wrote over three hundred Latin poems, political tracts and essays, but these have generally been ignored in the collections of his work. Landor found Latin useful for expressing things that might otherwise have been "indecent or unattractive" as he put it and as a cover for libellous material. Fellow classical scholars of the time put Landor's Latin work on a par with his English writing.

## Summary of His Life

Landor's life is an amazing catalogue of incidents and misfortunes, many of them self-inflicted but some of no fault of his own. His headstrong nature and hot-headed temperament, combined with a complete contempt for authority, landed him in a great deal of trouble over the years. By a succession of bizarre actions, he was successively thrown out of Rugby, Oxford and from time to time from the family home. In the course of his life he came into conflict deliberately with his political enemies - the supporters of Pitt - but inadvertently with a succession of Lord Lieutenants, Bishops, Lord Chancellors, Spanish officers, Italian Grand Dukes, nuncio legatos, lawyers and other minor officials. He usually gained the upper hand, if not with an immediate hilarious response, then possibly many years later with a biting epithet.

Landor's writing often landed him on the wrong side of the laws of libel, and even his refuge in Latin proved of no avail in Italy. Many times his friends had to come to his aid in smoothing the ruffled feathers of his opponents or in encouraging him to moderate his behaviour. His friends were equally active in the desperate attempts to get his work published, where he offended or felt cheated by a succession of publishers who found his work either unsellable or unpublishable. He was repeatedly involved in legal disputes with his neighbours whether in England or Italy and Dickens' characterisation of him in *Bleak House* revolves around such a dispute over a gate between Boythorn and Sir Leicester Dedlock. Fate dealt with him unfairly when he tried to put into practice his bold and generous ideas to improve the lot of man, or when he was mistaken at one time for an agent of the Prince of Wales and at another for a tramp. His stormy marriage with his long-suffering wife resulted in a long separation, and then when she had finally taken him back to a series of sad attempts to escape.

And yet Landor was described as "the kindest and gentlest of men". He collected a coterie of friends who went to great lengths to help him as "his loyalty and liberality of heart were as inexhaustible as his bounty and beneficence of hand". It was said that "praise and encouragement, deserved or undeserved, came more readily to his lips than challenge or defiance". The numerous accounts of those with whom he came in contact reveal that he was fascinating company and he dined out on his wit and knowledge for a great part of his life. Landor's powerful sense of humour, expressed in his tremendous and famous laughs no doubt contributed to and yet helped assuage the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune. "His passionate compassion, his bitter and burning pity for all wrongs endured in all the world, found outlet in his lifelong defence of tyrannicide. His tender and ardent love of children, of animals and of flowers makes fragrant alike

the pages of his writing and the records of his life”.

## Early Life

Walter Savage Landor was born in Warwick, England, the eldest son of Dr Walter Landor, a physician, and his second wife, Elizabeth Savage. His birth-place, Eastgate House, is now occupied by The King's High School For Girls. His father inherited estates at Rugeley, Staffordshire and his mother was heiress to estates at Ipsley Court and Bishop's Tachbrook in Warwickshire. Landor as the eldest son was heir to these properties and looked forward to a life of prosperity. The family tradition was Whig in reaction to George III and Pitt, and although Landor's brother Robert was the only other member to achieve fame as a writer there was a strong literary tradition in the family.

After attending a school at Knowle, he was sent to Rugby School under Dr James, but took offence at the headmaster's review of his work and was removed at Dr James' request. Years later, Landor included references to James in Latin in *Simonidea* with a mixture of praise and criticism and was subsequently reconciled with him. He then studied privately with Rev. William Langley, vicar of Fenny Bentley and headmaster of Ashbourne Grammar School. Langley was later mentioned in the *Imaginary Conversation of Isaak Walton*. Landor's temperament and violent opinions caused embarrassment at home and he was usually asked to absent himself when guests were expected. On one occasion he netted and threw in the river a local farmer who objected to his fishing on his property. In 1793 he entered Trinity College, Oxford where he showed rebelliousness in his informal dress and was known as a "mad Jacobin" since he was taken with ideas of French republicanism. His tutor Dr Benwell was impressed by him, but unfortunately his stay was short-lived. In 1794 he fired a gun at the windows of a Tory whose late night revels disturbed him and for whom he had an aversion. He was rusticated for a year, and, although the authorities were willing to condone the offence, he refused to return. The affair led to a quarrel with his father in which Landor expressed his intention of leaving home for ever.

Landor went to Tenby in Wales where he had a love affair with a local girl, Nancy Evans, for whom he wrote some of his earliest love poems referring to her as "Ione". Landor's father disapproved and he removed for a time to London, lodging near Portland Place. Ione subsequently had a child who died in infancy. In 1795 Landor brought out a small volume of English and Latin verse in three books entitled *The Poems of Walter Savage Landor*. Landor also wrote an anonymous *Moral Epistle* in pamphlet form of nineteen pages, respectfully dedicated to Earl Stanhope. It was a satire in heroic verse condemning Pitt for

trying to suppress liberal influences. Although Landor subsequently disowned these "prentice works", Swinburne wrote "No poet at the age of twenty ever had more vigour of style and fluency of verse; nor perhaps has any ever shown such masterly command of epigram and satire, made vivid and vital by the purest enthusiasm and most generous indignation."

Landor was reconciled with his family through the efforts of his friend Dorothea Lyttelton. He later told Forster that he would have married Dorothea if he were financially independent. He did not enter a profession - he did not want the law, and no more did the army want him. His father allowed him £150 a year, and he was free to live at home or not, as he pleased.

### South Wales and Gebir

Landor settled in South Wales, returning home to Warwick for short visits. It was at Swansea that he became friendly with the family of Lord Aylmer, including his sister, Rose, whom Landor later immortalized in the poem, "Rose Aylmer". It was she who lent him "The Progress of Romance" by the Gothic authoress Clara Reeve. In this he found the story "The History of Charoba, Queen of Egypt", which inspired his poem "Gebir". Rose Aylmer sailed to India with an aunt in 1798, and two years later died of Cholera.

Ah, what avails the sceptred race,

Ah, what the form divine!

What every virtue, every grace!

Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes

May weep, but never see,

A night of memories and of sighs

I consecrate to thee.

In 1798 Landor published "Gebir" the work which established his reputation. "Gebir" tells the story of a prince of Spain who falls in love with his enemy Queen Charoba of Egypt. Southey, reviewed "Gebir" calling it "some of the most exquisite poetry in the language" and was keen to discover the anonymous

author. Sidney Colvin wrote "For loftiness of thought and language together, there are passages in Gebir that will bear comparison with Milton" and "nowhere in the works of Wordsworth or Coleridge do we find anything resembling Landor's peculiar qualities of haughty splendour and massive concentration". John Forster wrote "Style and treatment constitute the charm of it. The vividness with which everything in it is presented to sight as well as through the wealth of its imagery, its moods of language - these are characteristics pre-eminent in Gebir". Gifford, on the other hand, who was ever a harsh critic of Landor described it as A jumble of incomprehensible trash... the most vile and despicable effusion of a mad and muddy brain....

For the next three years Landor led an unsettled life, spent mainly in London. He became friends with the classics scholar Dr Samuel Parr who lived at Hatton near Warwick and who appreciated Landor as a person and a Latin writer. Landor favoured Latin as a way of expressing playful material without exposing it to public view "Siquid forte iocosius cuius in mentem veniat, id, vernacule, puderet, non enim tantummodo in luce agitur sed etiam in publico." Latin also had the advantage of being exempt from libel laws in England. Parr introduced Landor to Robert Adair, party organiser for Charles James Fox, who enlisted Landor to write in *The Morning Post* and *The Courier* against the ministry of Pitt. Landor published "Poems from the Arabic and Persian" in 1800 and a pamphlet of Latin verses. During this time he met Isaac Mocatta who stimulated his interest in art and exercised a moderating influence, but Mocatta died 1801. In 1802 Landor went to Paris where he saw Napoleon at close quarters, and this was enough to put him off the idea of French republicanism. In the same year he published "Poetry by the Author of Gebir" which included the narrative poems *Crysaor* and *The Phocaeans*. Colvin considered *Crysaor* Landor's finest piece of narrative in blank verse.

Landor's brother Robert helped with corrections and additions to "Gebir" and the second edition appeared in 1803. About the same time Landor published the whole poem in Latin, which did little to increase readership but appealed to Parr was considered by Swinburne to be comparable with the English version in might and melody of line, and for power and perfection of language.

Landor travelled the country in constant debt, spending much time at Bath. Here he met Sophia Jane Swift, who was already engaged to her cousin Godwin Swifte, whom she married despite Landor's ardent entreaties in 1803. He called her Ianthe and wrote some of his most beautiful love poems to her. His father died in 1805, which put him in possession of an independent fortune and he settled in Bath, living in grand style. In 1806 he published "Simonidea" which included poems to Ianthe and Ione. It also included "Gunlaug and Helga" a

narrative poem from William Herbert's "Select Icelandic poems". At Bristol in 1808 he caught up with Southey, whom he had missed on a trip to the Lake District in the previous year, and the mutual appreciation of the two poets led to a warm friendship. He also wrote a work "The Dun Cow" which was written in defence of his friend Parr who had been attacked in an anonymous work "Guy's Porridge Pot", which Landor was fierce to deny was any work of his.

### Napoleonic Wars and Count Julian

In 1808 he had an heroic impulse to take part in the Peninsular War. At the age of thirty-three, he left England for Spain as a volunteer to serve in the national army against Napoleon. He landed at Corunna, introduced himself to the British envoy, offered 10,000 reals for the relief of Venturada, and set out to join the army of General Joaquín Blake y Joyes. He was disappointed not to take part in any real action and found himself giving support at Bilbao where he was nearly captured. A couple of months later the Convention of Sintra brought an end to the campaign and Landor returned to England. The Spanish Government offered its thanks to him, and King Ferdinand appointed him a Colonel in the Spanish Army. However when the King restored the Jesuits Landor returned his commission. When he returned to England, he joined Wordsworth and Southey in denouncing the Convention of Sintra, which had excited general indignation. In 1809 Landor wrote "Three letters to Don Francisco Riquelme" giving him the benefit of his wisdom as a participant in the war. He wrote an ode in Latin to Gustavus IV of Sweden and wrote to press under various pseudonyms. In 1810 he wrote "a brave and good letter to Sir Francis Burdett."

The Spanish experience provided inspiration for the tragedy of Count Julian, based on Julian, count of Ceuta. Although this demonstrated Landor's distinctive style of writing, it suffered from his failure to study the art of drama and so made little impression. The plot is difficult to follow unless the story is previously known and concerns a complicated situation after the defeat of the last Visigoth King of Spain. It carries the moral tone of crime propagating crime. Southey undertook to arrange publication and eventually got it published by Murray in 1812, after an initial refusal by Longman's which led Landor to burn another tragedy "Ferranti and Giulio". Thomas de Quincey later wrote of the work "Mr Landor is probably the one man in Europe that has adequately conceived the situation, the stern self-dependency and monumental misery of Count Julian". Swinburne described it as "the sublimest poem published in our language, between the last masterpiece of Milton (Samson Agonistes) and the first masterpiece of Shelley, (Prometheus Unbound) one equally worthy to stand unchallenged beside either for poetic perfection as well as moral majesty. The superhuman isolation of agony and endurance which encircles and exalts the

hero is in each case expressed with equally appropriate magnificence of effect. The style of Count Julian, if somewhat deficient in dramatic ease and the fluency of natural dialogue, has such might and purity and majesty of speech as elsewhere we find only in Milton so long and so steadily sustained."

## Llanthony and Marriage

Before going to Spain, he had been looking for a property and settled on Llanthony Abbey in Monmouthshire, a ruined Benedictine abbey. He sold the property at Rugeley which he inherited from his father, and persuaded his mother to sell her Tachbrook estate to contribute to the purchase cost. On his return from Spain he was busy finalising these matters. The previous owner had erected some buildings in the ruins of the ancient abbey, but an Act of Parliament, passed in 1809, was needed to allow Landor to pull down these buildings and construct a house, (which was never finished). He wanted to become a model country gentleman, planting trees, importing sheep from Spain, and improving the roads. There is still an avenue of trees in the area known as "Landor's Larches" and many old chestnuts have been dated back to his time.

In 1811 he went to a ball in Bath and seeing a pretty girl exclaimed "That's the nicest girl in the room, and I'll marry her". She was Julia Thuillier, the daughter of an impoverished Swiss banker who had an unsuccessful business at Banbury and had gone to Spain, leaving his family at Bath. They married at St James Church Bath on 24 May 1811 and settled for a while at Llanthony Abbey. Landor had a visit from Southey, after he sent him a letter describing the idylls of country life, including nightingales and glow-worms. However the idyll was not to last long as for the next three years Landor was worried by the combined vexation of neighbours and tenants, lawyers and lords-lieutenant and even the Bishop of St David's, while at the same time he tried to publish an article on Fox, a response to a sycophantic piece by John Bernard Trotter, which was condemned by the prospective publisher John Murray as libellous and damned by Canning and Gifford.

His troubles with the neighbours stemmed from petty squabbles, many arising from his headstrong and impetuous nature. He employed a solicitor one Charles Gabell, who saw him as a client to be milked. His trees were uprooted and his timber stolen. A man against whom he had to swear the peace drank himself to death, and he was accused of causing the misfortune and when he prosecuted a man for theft he was insulted by the defendant's counsel (whom he later "chastised" in his Latin poetry). He was fond of revenge through his verse, Latin or otherwise and gave his opinion of his lawyers in the following piece of doggerel.



If the devil, a mighty old omnibus driver

Saw an omnibus driving downhill to a river

And saved any couple to share his own cab

I really do think t'would be Gabell & Gabb.

When the Bishop failed to reply to his letter offering to restore part of the priory Landor followed up saying "God alone is great enough for me to ask anything of twice". He wanted to become a magistrate and after a row with the Lord Lieutenant, the Duke of Beaufort, who was suspicious of his republican sympathies, he pursued the matter with the Lord Chancellor, Lord Eldon well known as a High Tory without success. He wasted much effort and money in noble attempts to improve the land, and to relieve the wretchedness and raise the condition of the poorer inhabitants. The final straw was when he let his farmland to one Betham who was incompetent and extravagant and paid no rent. After an expensive action to recover the debts from Betham he had had enough, and decided to leave the country, abandoning Llanthony to his creditors - which was principally his mother.

In 1814 he left England for Jersey, where he had a quarrel with his wife and set off for France on his own. Eventually she joined him at Tours as did his brother Robert. At Tours he met Francis George Hare, father of Augustus Hare and brother of Julius Hare who was to be of great help to him. Landor soon became dissatisfied with Tours and after tremendous conflicts with his landlady set off in September 1815 with his wife and brother on a tempestuous journey to Italy.

### Florence and Imaginary Conversations

Landor and his wife finally settled at Como where they stayed for three years. Even here he had troubles for at the time Caroline of Brunswick, wife of the Prince Regent was living there and Landor was suspected of being an agent involved in watching her in case of divorce proceedings. In 1818 he insulted the authorities in a Latin poem directed against an Italian poet who had denounced England, not realising that the libel laws in Italy (unlike in England) applied to Latin writings as well as Italian. After threatening the regio delegato with a beating he was ordered to leave Como. In September he went to Genoa and Pisa. He finally settled at Florence in 1821. After two years in apartments in the Medici Palace, he settled with his wife and children at the Villa Castiglione. In this, the most important period in his literary career, he produced some of his

best known works - the *Imaginary Conversations*. It was at this time that Lady Blessington and her husband were living at Florence and became firm friends.

The first two volumes of his *Imaginary Conversations* appeared in 1824 with a second edition in 1826; a third volume was added in 1828; and in 1829 the fourth and fifth volumes were published. Not until 1846 was a fresh instalment added, in the second volume of his collected and selected works.

With these works, Landor acquired a high, but not wide literary reputation. He had various disputes with the authorities in Florence. The theft of some silver led to altercations with the police, whose interviews with tradesmen ended up defining him as a "dangerous man", and the eventual upshot was that the Grand Duke banished him from Florence. Subsequently the Grand Duke took the matter good-naturedly, and ignored Landor's declaration that, as the authorities disliked his residence, he should reside there permanently. In 1829, Landor bought the Villa Gherardesca at Fiesole helped by a generous loan from Joseph Ablett of Llanbedr Hall, Denbighshire. Here he had a dispute with a neighbour about water rights, which led to a lawsuit and a challenge, although the English Consul Kirkup succeeded in arranging the point of honour satisfactorily. Landor was visited by William Hazlitt and Leigh Hunt, and was on intimate terms with Charles Armitage Brown. It was at this time he became acquainted with Edward John Trelawny who he included in volume IV of *Imaginary Conversations*. His mother, with whom he had always corresponded affectionately, died in October 1829 and his cousin Walter Landor of Rugeley took over the management of the estate in Wales. Landor was happy at Villa Gherardesca for several years, writing books, playing with his children whom he adored and with the nightingales, and planting his gardens. He had many visitors, most notably in 1829 Jane Swift (Ianthe) now a widow, who inspired him to write poetry again. Later came Henry Crabb Robinson with whom he got on extremely well. In 1831 he published a volume combining *Gebir*, *Count Julian* and *Other Poems* (including 31 to Ianthe).

Although this sold only 40 copies, Landor was unconcerned as he was working on "*High and Low Life in Italy*". This last work he sent to Crabb Robinson for publication but he had difficulties with publishers and it did not appear until 1837.

In 1832 Ablett persuaded him visit England, where he met many old friends. He saw Ianthe at Brighton and met Lord Wenlock. He also visited his family in Staffordshire - his brother Charles was rector of Colton, and his cousin Walter Landor of Rugeley was trying to deal with the complex business of Llanthony. He visited Charles Lamb at Enfield, Samuel Coleridge at Highgate, and Julius Hare at Cambridge. He went with Ablett to the Lake District and saw Southey and

Coleridge.

On returning to Fiesole he found his children out of hand and obtained a German governess for them. Back in Italy he met Richard Monckton Milnes who later wrote about him. He was visited by Ralph Waldo Emerson and worked on the conversations which led to the volumes upon "Shakespeare's Examinations for Deer Stealing", "Pericles and Aspasia", and the "Pentameron". Lady Blessington sold "Shakespeare" for him. In 1835 Ianthe visited again, and brought her half-sister, Mrs Paynter, with her. Landor's wife Julia became jealous, although she already had a younger lover, and their difference of opinion ended in a complete separation.

England, Pericles and Journalism

Landor was 60 by now and went to Lucca where he finished "Pericles and Aspasia" and in September returned to England alone in the autumn. He had an income of about £600 per annum from properties in England, but when he left Italy he made over £400 of the share to his wife, and transferred the villa and farms at Fiesole to his son Arnold absolutely. His income was now £200 a year and he was in financial difficulties. He stayed with Ablett at Llanbedr for three months, spent winter at Clifton and returned to him afterwards, when Ablett persuaded him to write "Literary Hours" which was published the next year. "Pericles and Aspasia", which was to become one of his most appreciated works was published in March 1836. It is in the form of an Imaginary Conversation and describes the development of Aspasia's romance with Pericles, who died in the Peloponnesian War, told in a series of letters to a friend Cleone. The work is one of Landor's most joyous works and is singled out by contemporary critics as an introduction to Landor at his best. On one occasion Landor was travelling to Clifton incognito and chatting to a fellow traveller when the traveller, John Sterling, observed that his strange paradoxical conversation sounded like one of Landor's Imaginary Conversations. Landor covered his retreat, but later became acquainted formally with Sterling.

Also in 1836, Landor met John Forster who became his biographer, having become friends after Forster's review of his "Shakespeare". Later that year went to Heidelberg in Germany hoping to meet his children, but was disappointed. He wrote more imaginary conversations including one between Lord Eldon and Escombe. When a lady friend rebuked him for this on the basis that Eldon was now over eighty, Landor replied unmoved with the quip "The devil is older". He had several other publications that year besides Pericles, including "Letter from a Conservative", "A Satire on Satirists" which included a criticism of Wordsworth's failure to appreciate Southey, Alabiadas the Young Man, and "Terry Hogan", a

satire on Irish priests. He wintered again at Clifton where Southey visited him. It is possible that Ianthe was living at Bristol, but the evidence is not clear, and in 1837 she went to Austria, where she remained for some years. After leaving Clifton, Landor travelled around and visited Armitage Brown at Plymouth. He established many friendships including John Kenyon and Sir William Napier. At the end of the year he published "Death of Clytemnestra" and "The Pentalogia", containing five of his finest shorter studies in dramatic poetry. The last piece to be published was "Pentameron". Although this had no financial success it was much admired by his friends including Kenyon, Julius Hare, Crabb Robinson, Elizabeth Barrett Browning who said "some of the pages are too delicious to turn over", and Leigh Hunt who reckoned it Landor's masterpiece. In the spring of 1838 he took a house in Bath and wrote his three plays the "Andrea of Hungary", "Giovanna of Naples", and "Fra Rupert". These plays are in the form of a trilogy in the first of which Fra Rupert contrives the death of Andrea husband of Giovanna. Giovanna is suspected but acquitted in the second play. In the third play Fra Rupert is discovered. George Saintsbury described these as a historical novel thrown into conversational dramatic form. In 1839 Landor's attempts to publish the plays were caught up in a dispute between Bentley and Dickens and Forster which caused considerable delay. Again, although these plays, or "conversations in verse" did not succeed with the public, Landor gained warm admirers, many of whom were his personal friends. Southey's mind was giving way when he wrote a last letter to his friend in 1839, but he continued to mention Landor's name when generally incapable of mentioning any one. Landor wandered around the country again, frequently visiting London, where he usually stayed with Lady Blessington, whom he had known at Florence. Mrs Paynter, and her daughter Rose Paynter were at Bath and Landor's letters and verses to Rose are among his best works. Rose later married Charles Graves-Sawle of Restormel in Cornwall. Landor met Charles Dickens and they enjoyed each other's company despite the age difference. Landor greatly admired Dickens' works, and was especially moved by the character of Nell Trent (from *The Old Curiosity Shop*). Landor was affectionately adapted by Dickens as Lawrence Boythorn in *Bleak House*. He was the godfather of Dickens's son Walter Landor Dickens. He also became introduced to Robert Browning who sent him a dedicated copy of his work.

Landor received a visit from his son Arnold in 1842 and in that year wrote a long essay on Catullus for Forster who was editor of "Foreign Quarterly Review" and followed it up with *The Idylls of Theocritus*. Super was critical of the essays claiming "A more thoroughly disorganised work never fell from his pen". In 1843 he mourned the death of his friend Southey and dedicated a poem in the *Examiner*. Landor was visited by his children Walter and Julia and published a poem to Julia in *Blackwood's* magazine.

By that dejected city, Arno runs,  
Where Ugolino claspt his famisht sons.  
There wert thou born, my Julia! there thine eyes  
Return'd as bright a blue to vernal skies.  
And thence, my little wanderer! when the Spring  
Advanced, thee, too, the hours on silent wing  
Brought, while anemonies were quivering round,  
And pointed tulips pierced the purple ground,  
Where stood fair Florence: there thy voice first blest  
My ear, and sank like balm into my breast:  
For many griefs had wounded it, and more  
Thy little hands could lighten were in store.  
But why revert to griefs? Thy sculptured brow  
Dispels from mine its darkest cloud even now.  
And all that Rumour has announced of grace!  
I urge, with fevered breast, the four-month day.  
O! could I sleep to wake again in May."

In the following year his daughter Julia returned and gave him a dog Pomero, who was a faithful companion for a long time. In the same year, he published a poem to Browning in the Morning Chronicle.

Forster and Dickens used to visit Bath, to celebrate Landor's birthday and Charles I's execution on the same day. Forster helped Landor in publishing his plays and the 'Collected Works' in 1846, and was employed on The Examiner to which

Landor frequently contributed on political and other subjects. Forster objected to the inclusion of some Latin poetry, and so Landor published his most important Latin work 'Poemata et Inscriptiones' separately in 1847. This consisted of large additions to the main contents of two former volumes of idyllic, satiric, elegiac and lyric verse. One piece referred to George IV whose treatment of Caroline of Brunswick had been distasteful to Landor.

Heic jacet,

Qui ubique et semper jacebat

Familiae pessimae homo pessimus

Georgius Britanniae Rex ejus nominis IV

Arca ut decet ampla et opipare ornata est

Continet enim omnes Neros.

(Here lies a person who was always laying about all over the place - the worst member of the worst family - George the fourth of that name of Britain. It is suitable that the vault be large and excessively decorated as it contains all the Neros). Landor's distaste for the House of Hanover is more famously displayed in the doggerel that many do not realise is his composition.

George the First was always reckoned

Vile, but viler George the Second.

And what mortal ever heard

Any good of George the Third,

But when from earth the Fourth descended

God be praised the Georges ended

In 1846 he also published the 'Hellenics', including the poems published under that title in the collected works, together with English translations of the Latin idyls. In this year he first met Eliza Lynn who was to become an outstanding novelist and journalist as Lynn Linton, and she became a regular companion in Bath. Now aged over seventy Landor was losing many of his old friends and

becoming more frequently ill himself. On one occasion when staying with the Graves-Sawle he visited Exeter and sheltered in the rain on the doorstep of a local barrister James Jerwood. Jerwood mistook him for a tramp and drove him away. Landor's follow-up letter of abuse to the barrister is magnificent. In 1849 he wrote a well-known epitaph for himself on his 74th birthday.

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.

Nature I loved, and, next to nature, Art;

I warm'd both hands before the fire of Life;

It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

However he was leading an active social life. Tennyson met him in 1850 and recorded how while another guest fell downstairs and broke his arm, "Old Landor went on eloquently discoursing of Catullus and other Latin poets as if nothing had happened". Thomas Carlyle visited him and wrote "He was really stirring company: a proud irascible, trenchant, yet generous, veracious, and very dignified old man". In 1851 Landor expressed interest in Church reform with a pamphlet "Popery, British and Foreign", and Letters to Cardinal Wiseman. He published various other articles in *The Examiner*, *Fraser's Magazine* and other journals. During the year he learnt of the death of his beloved Ianthe and wrote in tribute to her.

Sophia! whom I seldom call'd by name,

And trembled when I wrote it; O my friend

Severed so long from me! one morn I dreamt

That we were walking hand in hand thro' paths

Slippery with sunshine: after many years

Had flown away, and seas and realms been crost,

And much (alas how much!) by both endured

We joined our hands together and told our tale.

And now thy hand hath slipt away from mine,

And the cold marble cramps it; I dream one,

Dost thou dream too? and are our dreams the same?

In 1853 he published the collected "Imaginary Conversations of the Greeks and Romans" which he dedicated to Dickens. Dickens in this year published "Bleak House" which contained the amazingly realistic characterisation of Landor as Boythorn. He also published "The Last Fruit off an Old Tree", containing fresh conversations, critical and controversial essays, miscellaneous epigrams, lyrics and occasional poems of various kind and merit, closing with Five Scenes on the martyrdom of Beatrice Cenci. Swinburne described these as "unsurpassed even by their author himself for noble and heroic pathos, for subtle and genial, tragic and profound, ardent and compassionate insight into character, with consummate mastery of dramatic and spiritual truth." At this time Landor was interesting himself in foreign affairs, in particular Czarist oppression as he saw it and Louis Napoleon. At the end of 1854 his beloved sister Elizabeth died and he wrote a touching memorial.

"Sharp crocus wakes the froward year;

In their old haunts birds reappear;

From yonder elm, yet black with rain,

The cushat looks deep down for grain

Thrown on the gravel-walk; here comes

The redbreast to the sill for crumbs.

Fly off! fly off! I can not wait

To welcome ye, as she of late.

The earliest of my friends is gone.

Alas! almost my only one!

The few as dear, long wafted o'er,

Await me on a sunnier shore."



In 1856 at the age of 81 he published *Antony and Octavius: Scenes for the Study*, twelve consecutive poems in dialogue, and "Letter to Emerson", as well as continuing *Imaginary Conversations*.

#### Final Tragedies and return to Italy

In the beginning of 1857, Landor's mind was becoming weakened and he found himself in some unpleasant situations. He became involved in a court case because he had published statements when the case was sub judice and was insulted by counsel as a poor old man brought in to talk twaddle. He then became embroiled in a miserable quarrel between two ladies he knew. He gave one of them, Geraldine Hooper £100, a legacy received from his friend Kenyon. Unknown to Landor she transferred half of it to the other lady a Mrs Yescombe. They then quarreled and the Mrs Yescombe accused Hooper of having obtained the money from Landor for dishonourable reasons. Landor in his fury wrote a pamphlet "Walter Savage Landor and the Honourable Mrs Yescombe" which was considered libellous. Forster persuaded Landor to apologise. Then in 1858 he produced a miscellaneous collection called "Dry Sticks Fagoted by W. S. Landor", which contained among other things some epigrammatic and satirical attacks which led to further libel actions. In July that year Landor returned to Italy for the last six years of his life. He was advised to make over his property to his family, on whom he now depended. He hoped to resume his life with his wife and children but found them living disreputably at the Villa Gherardesca and ill-disposed to welcome him. He spent a miserable ten months at his villa, and fled repeatedly to Florence, only to be brought back again. On the last occasion, he took refuge at a hotel in Florence, with next to nothing in his pocket, and was found by Robert Browning then living at the Casa Guidi. Browning managed to obtain an allowance for him from the family and settled him first at Siena and then at Florence.

Landor busied himself with new editions of his works and interested himself in the unification of Italy. He wrote frequently to Eliza Lynn Linton and added to *Imaginary Conversations* devising any sale proceeds to the relief of Garibaldi's soldiers. Anthony Trollope visited Florence and brought with him an American girl Kate Field who became Landor's protege. He was still charming, venerable, and courteous, and full of literary interests. He taught Kate Field Latin, repeated poetry and composed some last conversations. In 1861, Browning left Italy after the death of his wife. Landor afterwards seldom left the house and remained petulant and uncomfortable, occasionally visited by his sons. He was much concerned about the fate of his picture collection, little of which had any merit, and about preparations for his grave as he hoped to be buried at Widcombe near

Bath. He published some Imaginary Conversations in the 'Atheneum' in 1861-2 and in 1863 published a last volume of "Heroic Idyls, with Additional Poems, English and Latin", described by Swinburne as "the last fruit of a genius which after a life of eighty-eight years had lost nothing of its majestic and pathetic power, its exquisite and exalted". Forster's refusal to publish more about the libel case had interrupted their friendship, but they renewed their correspondence before his death. Almost the last event of his life was a visit in 1864 from the poet Swinburne, who visited Florence specifically to see him, and dedicated to him the 'Atlanta in Calydon'. In 1864 on May Day Landor said to his landlady "I shall never write again. Put out the lights and draw the curtains". A few months later he died quietly at the age of 89. He was buried not after all at Widcombe but in the English Cemetery, Florence, near the tomb of his friend, Elizabeth Barrett Browning. A statue of his wife can also be found in the 'English' Cemetery, above the tomb of their son, Arnold Savage Landor. Later, his Villa Gherardesca in Fiesole would become the home of the American Icelandic scholar Daniel Willard Fiske, who renamed it the 'Villa Landor'. Landor's grandson was the writer explorer and adventurer Arnold Henry Savage Landor.

Landor was the close friend of Southey, and Coleridge. His relationship with Wordsworth changed over time from great praise to a certain resentment. Lord Byron tended to ridicule and revile him, and though Landor had little good to say in return during Byron's life he lamented and extolled him as a dead hero. He lavished sympathetic praise on the noble dramatic works of his brother Robert Eyres Landor.

#### Review of Landor's work by Swinburne

From nineteen almost to ninety his intellectual and literary activity was indefatigably incessant; but, herein at least like Charles Lamb, whose cordial admiration he so cordially returned, he could not write a note of three lines which did not bear the mark of his Roman hand in its matchless and inimitable command of a style at once the most powerful and the purest of his age.

The one charge which can ever seriously be brought and maintained against it is that of such occasional obscurity or difficulty as may arise from excessive strictness in condensation of phrase and expurgation of matter not always superfluous, and sometimes almost indispensable. His English prose and his Latin verse are perhaps more frequently and more gravely liable to this charge than either his English verse or his Latin prose. At times it is well-nigh impossible for an eye less keen and swift, a scholarship less exquisite and ready than his own, to catch the precise direction and follow the perfect course of his rapid thought and radiant utterance.

This apparently studious pursuit and preference of the most terse and elliptic expression which could be found for anything he might have to say could not but occasionally make even so sovereign a master of two great languages appear dark with excess of light; but from no former master of either tongue in prose or verse was ever the quality of real obscurity, of loose and nebulous incertitude, more utterly alien or more naturally remote. There is nothing of cloud or fog about the path on which he leads us; but we feel now and then the want of a bridge or a handrail; we have to leap from point to point of narrative or argument without the usual help of a connecting plank. Even in his dramatic works, where least of all it should have been found, this lack of visible connection or sequence in details of thought or action is too often a source of sensible perplexity. In his noble trilogy on the history of Giovanna queen of Naples it is sometimes actually difficult to realize on a first reading what has happened or is happening, or how, or why, or by what agency a defect alone sufficient, but unhappily sufficient in itself, to explain the too general ignorance of a work so rich in subtle and noble treatment of character, so sure and strong in its grasp and rendering of high actions and high passions, so rich in humour and in pathos, so royally serene in its commanding power upon the tragic mainsprings of terror and of pity.

As a poet, he may be said on the whole to stand midway between Byron and Shelley—about as far above the former as below the latter. If we except Catullus and Simonides, it might be hard to match and it would be impossible to overmatch the flawless and blameless yet living and breathing beauty of his most perfect elegies, epigrams or epitaphs. As truly as prettily was he likened by Leigh Hunt to a stormy mountain pine which should produce lilies. He was a classic, and no formalist; the wide range of his admiration had room for a genius so far from classical as Blake's. Nor in his own highest mood or method of creative as of critical work was he a classic only, in any narrow or exclusive sense of the term. On either side, immediately or hardly below his mighty masterpiece of Pericles and Aspasia, stand the two scarcely less beautiful and vivid studies of medieval Italy and Shakespeare in England.

In popular culture

In the first season episode of Cheers "The Spy Who Came In For a Cold One," Ellis Rabb's guest character plagiarizes Landor's "She I Love (Alas in Vain!)" when reciting poetry to Diane. He also plagiarizes Christina Rossetti's "A Birthday."

In Tom Wolfe's "A Man in Full", Landor's poem "I Strove with None" is mentioned

in a discussion in location 8,893 (Kindle).

Landor's "I Strove with None" is also quoted in Somerset Maugham's "The Razor's Edge."

In Josephine Pullein-Thompson's "Pony Club Team" the second novel in her "West Barsetshire Pony Club" series, Landor's "I Strove With None" is quoted by both Noel Kettering and Henry Thornton

## A Critic

With much ado you fail to tell  
The requisites for writing well;  
But, what bad writing is, you quite  
Have proved by every line you write.

Walter Savage Landor

# A Poet Leaving Athens

Speak not too ill of me, Athenian friends!  
Nor ye, Athenian sages, speak too ill!  
From others of all tribes am I secure.  
I leave your confines: none whom you caress,  
Finding me hungry and athirst, shall dip  
Into Cephisos the grey bowl to quench  
My thirst, or break the horny bread, and scoop  
Stiffly around the scanty vase, wherewith  
To gather the hard honey at the sides,  
And give it me for having heard me sing.  
Sages and friends! a better cause remains  
For wishing no black sail upon my mast.  
'Tis, friends and sages! lest, when other men  
Say words a little gentler, ye repent,  
Yet be forbidden by stern pride to share  
The golden cup of kindness, pushing back  
Your seats, and gasping for a draught of scorn.  
Alas! shall this too, never lackt before,  
Be, when you most would crave it, out of reach?  
Thus on the plank, now Neptune is invoked,  
I warn you of your peril: I must live,  
And ye, O friends, howe'er unwilling, may.

Walter Savage Landor

# A Prophecy

PROUD word you never spoke, but you will speak  
Four not exempt from pride some future day.  
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek,  
Over my open volume you will say,  
"This man loved me!" then rise and trip away.

Walter Savage Landor

# A Railroad Eclogue

Father: What brought thee back, lad?

Son: Father! the same feet  
As took me brought me back, I warrant ye.

Father: Couldst thou not find the rail?

Son: The deuce himself  
Who can find most things, could not find the rail.

Father: Plain as a pike-staff miles and miles it lies.

Son: So they all told me. Pike-staffs in your day  
Must have been hugely plainer than just now.

Father: What didst thou ask for?

Son: Ask for? Tewkesbury,  
Thro Defford opposite to Breedon-hill.

Father: Right: and they set ye wrong?

Son: Me wrong? not they;

The best among 'em should not set me wrong,  
Nor right, nor anything; I'd tell 'em that.

Father: Herefordshire's short horns and shorter wits  
Are known in every quarter of the land,  
Those blunt, these blunter. Well! no help for it!  
Each might do harm if each had more of each . . .  
Yet even in Herefordshire there are some  
Not downright dolts . . . before the cider's broacht,  
When all are much alike . . . yet most could tell  
A railroad from a parish or a pike.  
How thou couldst miss that railroad puzzles me,  
Seeing there lies none other round about.

Son: I found the rails along the whole brook-side



Left of that old stone bridge across yon Avon.

Father: That is the place.

Son: There was a house hard-by,  
And past it ran a furnace upon wheels,  
Like a mad bull, tail up in air, and horns  
So low ye might not see 'em. On it bumppt,  
Roaring, as strait as any arrow flits,  
As strait, as fast too, ay, and faster went it,  
Arid, could it keep its wind up and not crack,  
Then woe betide the eggs at Tewkesbury  
This market-day, and lambs, and sheep! a score  
Of pigs might be made flitches in a trice,  
Before they well could knuckle.

Father! Father!

If they were ourn, thou wouldst not chuckle so,  
And shake thy sides, and wipe thy eyes, and rub  
Thy breeches-knees, like Sunday shoes, at that rate.  
Hows'ever. . . .

Father: 'Twas the train, lad, 'twas the train.

Son: May-be: I had no business with a train.  
'Go thee by rail,' you told me; 'by the rail  
At Defford' . . . and didst make a fool of me.

Father: Ay, lad, I did indeed: it was methinks  
Some twenty years agoe last Martinmas.

Walter Savage Landor

# A Thought

BLYTHE bell, that calls to bridal halls,  
Tolls deep a darker day;  
The very shower that feeds the flower  
Weeps also its decay.

Walter Savage Landor



## Acon And Rhodope

The Year's twelve daughters had in turn gone by,  
Of measured pace tho' varying mien all twelve,  
Some froward, some sedater, some adorn'd  
For festival, some reckless of attire.

The snow had left the mountain-top; fresh flowers  
Had withered in the meadow; fig and prune  
Hung wrinkling; the last apple glow'd amid  
Its freckled leaves; and weary oxen blinkt  
Between the trodden corn and twisted vine,  
Under whose bunches stood the empty crate,  
To creak ere long beneath them carried home.  
This was the season when twelve months before,  
O gentle Hamadryad, true to love!  
Thy mansion, thy dim mansion in the wood  
Was blasted and laid desolate: but none  
Dared violate its precincts, none dared pluck  
The moss beneath it, which alone remain'd  
Of what was thine.

Old Thallinos sat mute  
In solitary sadness. The strange tale  
(Not until Rhaicos died, but then the whole)  
Echion had related, whom no force  
Could ever make look back upon the oaks.  
The father said "Echion! thou must weigh,  
Carefully, and with steady hand, enough  
(Although no longer comes the store as once!)  
Of wax to burn all day and night upon  
That hollow stone where milk and honey lie:  
So may the Gods, so may the dead, be pleas'd!"  
Thallinos bore it thither in the morn,  
And lighted it and left it.

First of those  
Who visited upon this solemn day  
The Hamadryad's oak, were Rhodope  
And Acon; of one age, one hope, one trust.  
Graceful was she as was the nymph whose fate  
She sorrowed for: he slender, pale, and first

Lapt by the flame of love: his father's lands  
Were fertile, herds lowed over them afar.  
Now stood the two aside the hollow stone  
And lookt with stedfast eyes toward the oak  
Shivered and black and bare.

"May never we  
Love as they loved!" said Acon. She at this  
Smiled, for he said not what he meant to say,  
And thought not of its bliss, but of its end.  
He caught the flying smile, and blusht, and vow'd  
Nor time nor other power, whereto the might  
Of love hath yielded and may yield again,  
Should alter his.

The father of the youth  
Wanted not beauty for him, wanted not  
Song, that could lift earth's weight from off his heart,  
Discretion, that could guide him thro' the world,  
Innocence, that could clear his way to heaven;  
Silver and gold and land, not green before  
The ancestral gate, but purple under skies  
Bending far off, he wanted for his heir.

Fathers have given life, but virgin heart  
They never gave; and dare they then control  
Or check it harshly? dare they break a bond  
Girt round it by the holiest Power on high?

Acon was grieved, he said, grieved bitterly,  
But Acon had complied . . 'twas dutiful!

Crush thy own heart, Man! Man! but fear to wound  
The gentler, that relies on thee alone,  
By thee created, weak or strong by thee;  
Touch it not but for worship; watch before  
Its sanctuary; nor leave it till are closed  
The temple-doors and the last lamp is spent.

Rhodope, in her soul's waste solitude,  
Sate mournful by the dull-resounding sea,  
Often not hearing it, and many tears

Had the cold breezes hardened on her cheek.  
Meanwhile he sauntered in the wood of oaks,  
Nor shun'd to look upon the hollow stone  
That held the milk and honey, nor to lay  
His plighted hand where recently 'twas laid  
Opposite hers, when finger playfully  
Advanced and pusht back finger, on each side.  
He did not think of this, as she would do  
If she were there alone.

The day was hot;  
The moss invited him; it cool'd his cheek,  
It cool'd his hands; he thrust them into it  
And sank to slumber. Never was there dream  
Divine as his. He saw the Hamadryad.  
She took him by the arm and led him on  
Along a valley, where profusely grew  
The smaller lilies with their pendent bells,  
And, hiding under mint, chill drosera,  
The violet shy of butting cyclamen,  
The feathery fern, and, browser of moist banks,  
Her offspring round her, the soft strawberry;  
The quivering spray of ruddy tamarisk,  
The oleander's light-hair'd progeny  
Breathing bright freshness in each other's face,  
And graceful rose, bending her brow, with cup  
Of fragrance and of beauty, boon for Gods.  
The fragrance fill'd his breast with such delight  
His senses were bewildered, and he thought  
He saw again the face he most had loved.  
He stopt: the Hamadryad at his side  
Now stood between; then drew him farther off:  
He went, compliant as before: but soon  
Verdure had ceast: altho' the ground was smooth,  
Nothing was there delightful. At this change  
He would have spoken, but his guide repress  
All questioning, and said,

"Weak youth! what brought  
Thy footstep to this wood, my native haunt,  
My life-long residence? this bank, where first  
I sate with him . . the faithful (now I know,

Too late!) the faithful Rhaicos. Haste thee home;  
Be happy, if thou canst; but come no more  
Where those whom death alone could sever, died."

He started up: the moss whereon he slept  
Was dried and withered: deadlier paleness spread  
Over his cheek; he sickened: and the sire  
Had land enough; it held his only son.

Walter Savage Landor

# Advice

TO write as your sweet mother does  
Is all you wish to do.  
Play, sing, and smile for others, Rose!  
Let others write for you.

Or mount again your Dartmoor grey,  
And I will walk beside,  
Until we reach that quiet bay  
Which only hears the tide.

Then wave at me your pencil, then  
At distance bid me stand,  
Before the cavern'd cliff, again  
The creature of your hand.

And bid me then go past the nook  
To sketch me less in size;  
There are but few content to look  
So little in your eyes.

Delight us with the gifts you have,  
And wish for none beyond:  
To some be gay, to some be grave,  
To one (blest youth!) be fond.

Pleasures there are how close to Pain,  
And better unpossess!  
Let poetry's too throbbing vein  
Lie quiet in your breast.

Walter Savage Landor



# Aeschylus And Sophocles

Sophocles: Thou goest then, and leavest none behind Worthy to rival thee!

Aeschylus: Nay, say not so.

Whose is the hand that now is pressing mine?  
A hand I may not ever press again!  
What glorious forms hath it brought boldly forth  
From Pluto's realm! The blind old Oedipus  
Was led on one side by Antigone,  
Sophocles propt the other.

Sophocles: Sophocles

Sooth'd not Prometheus chain'd upon his rock,  
Keeping the vultures and the Gods away;  
Sophocles is not greater than the chief  
Who conquered Ilium, nor could he revenge  
His murder, or stamp everlasting brand  
Upon the brow of that adulterous wife.

Aeschylus: Live, and do more.

Thine is the Lemnian ile,  
And thou hast placed the arrows in the hand  
Of Philoctetes, hast assuaged his wounds  
And given his aid without which Greece had fail'd.

Sophocles: I did indeed drive off the pest of flies;

We also have our pest of them which buz  
About our honey, darken it, and sting;  
We laugh at them, for under hands like ours,  
Without the wing that Philoctetes shook,  
One single feather crushes the whole swarm.  
I must be grave.

Hath Sicily such charms  
Above our Athens? Many charms hath she,  
But she hath kings. Accursed be the race!

Aeschylus: But where kings honor better men than they

Let kings be honored too.

The laurel crown

Surmounts the golden; wear it, and farewell.

Walter Savage Landor

# Age

Death, tho' I see him not, is near  
And grudges me my eightieth year.  
Now, I would give him all these last  
For one that fifty have run past.  
Ah! he strikes all things, all alike,  
But bargains: those he will not strike.

Walter Savage Landor

# Alciphron And Leucippe

An ancient chestnut's blossoms threw  
Their heavy odour over two:  
Leucippe, it is said, was one;  
The other, then, was Alciphron.  
'Come, come! why should we stand beneath?'  
This hollow tree's unwholesome breath?'  
Said Alciphron, 'here's not a blade  
Of grass or moss, and scanty shade.  
Come; it is just the hour to rove  
In the lone dingle shepherds love;  
There, straight and tall, the hazel twig  
Divides the crookèd rock-held fig,  
O'er the blue pebbles where the rill  
In winter runs and may run still.  
Come then, while fresh and calm the air,  
And while the shepherds are not there.'

Leucippe. But I would rather go when they  
Sit round about and sing and play.  
Then why so hurry me? for you  
Like play and song, and shepherds too.

Alciphron. I like the shepherds very well,  
And song and play, as you can tell.  
But there is play, I sadly fear,  
And song I would not have you hear.

Leucippe. What can it be? What can it be?

Alciphron. To you may none of them repeat  
The play that you have play'd with me,  
The song that made your bosom beat.

Leucippe. Don't keep your arm about my waist.

Alciphron. Might you not stumble?

Leucippe. Well then, do.  
But why are we in all this haste?

Alciphron. To sing.

Leucippe. Alas! and not play too?

Walter Savage Landor

# Aletheia To Phraortes

## AFTER THE SACKAGE OF MILETOS

Phraortes! where art thou?

The flames were panting after us, their darts Had pierced to many hearts  
Before the Gods, who heard nor prayer nor vow;

Temples had sunk to earth, and other smoke  
O'er riven altars broke  
Than curled from myrrh and nard,  
When like a God among  
Arm'd hosts and unarm'd throng  
Thee I discern'd, implored, and caught one brief regard.

Thou passest: from thy side  
Sudden two bowmen ride  
And hurry me away.  
Thou and. all hope were gone  
They loost me . . and alone  
In a closed tent 'mid gory arms I lay.

How did my tears then burn  
When, dreading thy return,  
Behold thee reappear!  
Nor helm nor sword nor spear .

In violet gold-hemm'd vest  
Thou camest forth; too soon!  
Fallen at thy feet, claspt to thy breast,  
I struggle, sob, and swoon.

'O send me to my mother! bid her come,  
And take my last farewell!  
One blow!. . enough for both. . one tomb. .  
'Tis there our happy dwell.'

Thou orderest: call'd and gone  
At once they are who breathe for thy command.  
Thou stoodest nigh me, soothing every moan,  
And pressing in both thine my hand,

Then, and then only, when it tore  
My hair to hide my face;  
And gently did thy own bend o'er  
The abject head war-doomed to dire disgrace.

Ionian was thy tongue,  
And when thou badest me to raise  
That head, nor fear in aught thy gaze,  
I dared look up . . . but dared not long.

'Wait, maiden, wait! if none are here  
Bearing a charm to charm a tear,  
There may (who knows?) be found at last  
Some solace for the sorrow past.'

My mother, ere the sounds had ceast,  
Burst in, and drew me down:  
Her joy o'erpowered us both, her breast  
Covered lost friends and ruin'd town.

Sweet thought! but yielding now  
To many harsher! By what blow  
Art thou dissevered from me? War,  
That hath career'd too far,  
Closeth his pinions. 'Come, Phraortes, come  
To thy fond friends at home!'

Thus beckons Love. Away then, wishes wild!  
O may thy mother be as blest  
As one whose eyes will sink to rest  
Blessing thee for her rescued child!

Ungenerous stil my heart must be:  
Throughout the young and festive train  
Which thou revisitest again  
May none be happier (this I fear) than she!

Walter Savage Landor

## Along This Coast I Led The Vacant Hours

Along this coast I led the vacant Hours  
To the lone sunshine on the uneven strand,  
And nipt the stubborn grass and juicier flowers  
With one unconscious inobservant hand,  
While crept the other by degrees more near  
Until it rose the cherished form around,  
And prest it closer, only that the ear  
Might lean, and deeper drink some half-heard  
sound.

Walter Savage Landor



# An Invocation

WE are what suns and winds and waters make us;  
The mountains are our sponsors, and the rills  
Fashion and win their nursling with their smiles.  
But where the land is dim from tyranny,  
There tiny pleasures occupy the place  
Of glories and of duties; as the feet  
Of fabled faeries when the sun goes down  
Trip o'er the grass where wrestlers strove by day.  
Then Justice, call'd the Eternal One above,  
Is more inconstant than the buoyant form  
That burst into existence from the froth  
Of ever-varying ocean: what is best  
Then becomes worst; what loveliest, most deform'd.  
The heart is hardest in the softest climes,  
The passions flourish, the affections die.  
O thou vast tablet of these awful truths,  
That fillest all the space between the seas,  
Spreading from Venice's deserted courts  
To the Tarentine and Hydruntine mole,  
What lifts thee up? what shakes thee? 't is the breath  
Of God. Awake, ye nations! spring to life!  
Let the last work of his right hand appear  
Fresh with his image, Man.

Walter Savage Landor



## Child Of A Day

Child of a day, thou knowest not  
The tears that overflow thy urn,  
The gushing eyes that read thy lot,  
Nor, if thou knewest, couldst return!

And why the wish! the pure and blest  
Watch like thy mother o'er thy sleep.  
O peaceful night! O envied rest!  
Thou wilt not ever see her weep.

Walter Savage Landor

# Corinna, From Athens, To Tanagra

Tanagra! think not I forget  
Thy beautifully-storey'd streets;  
Be sure my memory bathes yet  
In clear Thermodon, and yet greets  
The blythe and liberal shepherd boy,  
Whose sunny bosom swells with joy  
When we accept his matted rushes  
Upheaved with sylvan fruit; away he bounds, and blushes.

I promise to bring back with me  
What thou with transport wilt receive,  
The only proper gift for thee,  
Of which no mortal shall bereave  
In later times thy mouldering walls,  
Until the last old turret falls;  
A crown, a crown from Athens won!  
A crown no god can wear, beside Latona's son.

There may be cities who refuse  
To their own child the honours due,  
And look ungently on the Muse;  
But ever shall those cities rue  
The dry, unyielding, niggard breast,  
Offering no nourishment, no rest,  
To that young head which soon shall rise  
Disdainfully, in might and glory, to the skies.

Sweetly where cavern'd Dirce flows  
Do white-arm'd maidens chaunt my lay,  
Flapping the while with laurel-rose  
The honey-gathering tribes away;  
And sweetly, sweetly, Attick tongues  
Lisp your Corinna's early songs;  
To her with feet more graceful come  
The verses that have dwelt in kindred breasts at home.

O let thy children lean aslant  
Against the tender mother's knee,  
And gaze into her face, and want

To know what magic there can be  
In words that urge some eyes to dance,  
While others as in holy trance  
Look up to heaven; be such my praise!  
Why linger? I must haste, or lose the Delphick bays.

Walter Savage Landor

# Cowslips

WITH rosy hand a little girl press'd down  
A boss of fresh-cull'd cowslips in a rill:  
Often as they sprang up again, a frown  
Show'd she dislik'd resistance to her will:  
But when they droop'd their heads and shone much less,  
She shook them to and fro, and threw them by,  
And tripp'd away. "Ye loathe the heaviness  
Ye love to cause, my little girls!" thought I,  
"And what has shone for you, by you must die!"

Walter Savage Landor

## Damaetas And Ida

Damaetas is a boy as rue  
As ever broke maid's solitude.  
He watcht the little Ida going  
Where the wood-raspberries were growing,  
And, under a pretence of fear  
Lest they might scratch her arms, drew near,  
And, plucking up a stiff grey bent,  
The fruit (scarce touching it,) he sent  
Into both hands: the form they took  
Of a boat's keel upon a brook;  
So not a raspberry fell down  
To splash her foot or stain her gown.  
When it was over, for his pains  
She let his lips do off the stains  
That were upon two fingers; he  
At first kist two, and then kist three,  
And, to be certain every stain  
Had vanisht, kist them o'er again.  
At last the boy, quite shameless, said  
'See! I have taken out the red!  
Now where there's redder richer fruit  
Pray, my sweet Ida, let me do't.'  
'Audacious creature!' she cried out,  
'What in the world are you about?'  
He had not taken off the red  
All over; on both cheeks 'twas spred;  
And the two lips that should be white  
With fear, if not with fear, with spite  
At such ill usage, never show'd  
More comely, or more deeply glow'd.  
Damaetas fancied he could move  
The girl to listen to his love:  
Not he indeed.

Damaetas: For pity's sake!

Ida: Go; never more come nigh this brake.

Damaetas: Must I, why must I, press in vain?

Ida: Because I hate you.

Damaetas: Think again,  
Think better of it, cruel maid!

Ida: Well then . . because I am afraid.

Damaetas: Look round us: nobody is near.

Ida: All the more reason for my fear.

Damaetas: Hatred is overcome by you,  
And Fear can be no match for two.

Walter Savage Landor



# Death Stands Above Me, Whispering Low

Death stands above me, whispering low  
I know not what into my ear:  
Of his strange language all I know  
Is, there is not a word of fear.

Walter Savage Landor

# Defiance

Catch her and hold her if you can--  
See, she defies you with her fan,  
Shuts, opens, and then holds it spread  
In threatening guise over your head.  
Ah! why did you not start before  
She reached the porch and closed the door?  
Simpleton! Will you never learn  
That girls and time will not return;  
Of each you should have made the most;  
Once gone, they are forever lost.  
In vain your knuckles knock your brow,  
In vain will you remember how  
Like a slim brook the gamesome maid  
Sparkled, and ran into the shade.

Walter Savage Landor

## Dirce

Stand close around, ye Stygian set,  
With Dirce in one boat conveyed,  
Or Charon, seeing, may forget  
That he is old and she a shade.

Walter Savage Landor

## Do You Remember Me? Or Are You Proud?

"Do you remember me? or are you proud?"

Lightly advancing thro' her star-trimm'd crowd,

Ianthe said, and lookt into my eyes,

"A yes, a yes, to both: for Memory

Where you but once have been must ever be,

And at your voice Pride from his throne must rise."

Walter Savage Landor

# Dying Speech Of An Old Philosopher

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife:  
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art:  
I warm'd both hands before the fire of Life;  
It sinks; and I am ready to depart.

Walter Savage Landor

# Fæsulán Idyl

Here, where precipitate Spring with one light bound  
Into hot Summer's lusty arms expires;  
And where go forth at morn, at eve, at night,  
Soft airs, that want the lute to play with them,  
And softer sighs, that know not what they want;  
Under a wall, beneath an orange-tree  
Whose tallest flowers could tell the lowlier ones  
Of sights in Fiesole right up above,  
While I was gazing a few paces off  
At what they seemed to show me with their nods,  
Their frequent whispers and their pointing shoots,  
A gentle maid came down the garden-steps  
And gathered the pure treasure in her lap.  
I heard the branches rustle, and stept forth  
To drive the ox away, or mule, or goat,  
(Such I believed it must be); for sweet scents  
Are the swift vehicles of still sweeter thoughts,  
And nurse and pillow the dull memory  
That would let drop without them her best stores.  
They bring me tales of youth and tones of love,  
And 'tis and ever was my wish and way  
To let all flowers live freely, and all die,  
Whene'er their Genius bids their souls depart,  
Among their kindred in their native place.  
I never pluck the rose; the violet's head  
Hath shaken with my breath upon its bank  
And not reproacht me; the ever-sacred cup  
Of the pure lily hath between my hands  
Felt safe, unsoil'd, nor lost one grain of gold.  
I saw the light that made the glossy leaves  
More glossy; the fair arm, the fairer cheek  
Warmed by the eye intent on its pursuit;  
I saw the foot, that, altho half-erect  
From its grey slipper, could not lift her up  
To what she wanted: I held down a branch  
And gather'd her some blossoms, since their hour  
Was come, and bees had wounded them, and flies  
Of harder wing were working their way thro  
And scattering them in fragments under foot.

So crisp were some, they rattled unevolved,  
Others, ere broken off, fell into shells,  
For such appear the petals when detach,  
Unbending, brittle, lucid, white like snow,  
And like snow not seen thro, by eye or sun:  
Yet every one her gown received from me  
Was fairer than the first . . I thought not so,  
But so she praised them to reward my care.  
I said: you find the largest.

This indeed,  
Cried she, is large and sweet.

She held one forth,  
Whether for me to look at or to take  
She knew not, nor did I; but taking it  
Would best have solved (and this she felt) her doubts.  
I dared not touch it; for it seemed a part  
Of her own self; fresh, full, the most mature  
Of blossoms, yet a blossom; with a touch  
To fall, and yet unfallen.

She drew back  
The boon she tendered, and then, finding not  
The ribbon at her waist to fix it in,  
Dropt it, as loth to drop it, on the rest.

Walter Savage Landor

# Farewell To Italy

I LEAVE thee, beautiful Italy! no more  
From the high terraces, at even-tide,  
To look supine into thy depths of sky,  
Thy golden moon between the cliff and me,  
Or thy dark spires of fretted cypresses  
Bordering the channel of the milky way.  
Fiesole and Valdarno must be dreams  
Hereafter, and my own lost Affrico  
Murmur to me but in the poet's song.  
I did believe (what have I not believ'd?),  
Weary with age, but unoppress'd by pain,  
To close in thy soft clime my quiet day  
And rest my bones in the mimosa's shade.  
Hope! Hope! few ever cherish'd thee so little;  
Few are the heads thou hast so rarely rais'd;  
But thou didst promise this, and all was well.  
For we are fond of thinking where to lie  
When every pulse hath ceas'd, when the lone heart  
Can lift no aspiration—reasoning  
As if the sight were unimpair'd by death,  
Were unobstructed by the coffin-lid,  
And the sun cheer'd corruption! Over all  
The smiles of Nature shed a potent charm,  
And light us to our chamber at the grave.

Walter Savage Landor



# Finis

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife.  
Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art:  
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;  
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

Walter Savage Landor

## For An Epitaph At Fiesole

LO! where the four mimosas blend their shade  
In calm repose at last is Landor laid;  
For ere he slept he saw them planted here  
By her his soul had ever held most dear,  
And he had liv'd enough when he had dried her tear.

Walter Savage Landor

## From "myrtis"

FRIENDS, whom she look'd at blandly from her couch  
And her white wrist above it, gem-bedew'd,  
Were arguing with Pentheusa: she had heard  
Report of Creon's death, whom years before  
She listen'd to, well-pleas'd; and sighs arose;  
For sighs full often fondle with reproofs  
And will be fondled by them. When I came  
After the rest to visit her, she said,  
"Myrtis! how kind! Who better knows than thou  
The pangs of love? and my first love was he!"  
Tell me (if ever, Eros! are reveal'd  
Thy secrets to the earth) have they been true  
To any love who speak about the first?  
What! shall these holier lights, like twinkling stars  
In the few hours assign'd them, change their place,  
And, when comes ampler splendor, disappear?  
Idler I am, and pardon, not reply,  
Implore from thee, thus question'd; well I know  
Thou strikest, like Olympian Jove, but once.

Walter Savage Landor

# Gebir

FIRST BOOK.

I sing the fates of Gebir. He had dwelt  
Among those mountain-caverns which retain  
His labours yet, vast halls and flowing wells,  
Nor have forgotten their old master's name  
Though severed from his people here, incensed  
By meditating on primeval wrongs,  
He blew his battle-horn, at which uprose  
Whole nations; here, ten thousand of most might  
He called aloud, and soon Charoba saw  
His dark helm hover o'er the land of Nile,  
What should the virgin do? should royal knees  
Bend suppliant, or defenceless hands engage  
Men of gigantic force, gigantic arms?  
For 'twas reported that nor sword sufficed,  
Nor shield immense nor coat of massive mail,  
But that upon their towering heads they bore  
Each a huge stone, refulgent as the stars.  
This told she Dalica, then cried aloud:  
'If on your bosom laying down my head  
I sobbed away the sorrows of a child,  
If I have always, and Heaven knows I have,  
Next to a mother's held a nurse's name,  
Succour this one distress, recall those days,  
Love me, though 'twere because you loved me then.'  
But whether confident in magic rites  
Or touched with sexual pride to stand implored,  
Dalica smiled, then spake: 'Away those fears.  
Though stronger than the strongest of his kind,  
He falls-on me devolve that charge; he falls.  
Rather than fly him, stoop thou to allure;  
Nay, journey to his tents: a city stood  
Upon that coast, they say, by Sidad built,  
Whose father Gad built Gadir; on this ground  
Perhaps he sees an ample room for war.  
Persuade him to restore the walls himself  
In honour of his ancestors, persuade -  
But wherefore this advice? young, unespoused,

Charoba want persuasions! and a queen!  
'O Dalica!' the shuddering maid exclaimed,  
'Could I encounter that fierce, frightful man?  
Could I speak? no, nor sigh!  
'And canst thou reign?'  
Cried Dalica; 'yield empire or comply.'  
Unfixed though seeming fixed, her eyes downcast,  
The wonted buzz and bustle of the court  
From far through sculptured galleries met her ear;  
Then lifting up her head, the evening sun  
Poured a fresh splendour on her burnished throne-  
The fair Charoba, the young queen, complied.  
But Gebir when he heard of her approach  
Laid by his orb'd shield, his vizor-helm,  
His buckler and his corset he laid by,  
And bade that none attend him; at his side  
Two faithful dogs that urge the silent course,  
Shaggy, deep-chested, crouched; the crocodile,  
Crying, oft made them raise their flaccid ears  
And push their heads within their master's hand.  
There was a brightening paleness in his face,  
Such as Diana rising o'er the rocks  
Showered on the lonely Latmian; on his brow  
Sorrow there was, yet nought was there severe.  
But when the royal damsel first he saw,  
Faint, hanging on her handmaids, and her knees  
Tottering, as from the motion of the car,  
His eyes looked earnest on her, and those eyes  
Showed, if they had not, that they might have loved,  
For there was pity in them at that hour.  
With gentle speech, and more with gentle looks  
He soothed her; but lest Pity go beyond,  
And crossed Ambition lose her lofty aim,  
Bending, he kissed her garment and retired.  
He went, nor slumbered in the sultry noon  
When viands, couches, generous wines persuade  
And slumber most refreshes, nor at night,  
When heavy dews are laden with disease,  
And blindness waits not there for lingering age.  
Ere morning dawned behind him, he arrived  
At those rich meadows where young Tamar fed  
The royal flocks entrusted to his care.

'Now,' said he to himself, 'will I repose  
 At least this burthen on a brother's breast.'  
 His brother stood before him. He, amazed,  
 Reared suddenly his head, and thus began:  
 'Is it thou, brother! Tamar, is it thou!  
 Why, standing on the valley's utmost verge,  
 Lookest thou on that dull and dreary shore  
 Where many a league Nile blackens all the sand.  
 And why that sadness? when I passed our sheep  
 The dew-drops were not shaken off the bar;  
 Therefore if one be wanting 'tis untold.'  
 'Yes, one is wanting, nor is that untold.'  
 Said Tamar; 'and this dull and dreary shore  
 Is neither dull nor dreary at all hours.'  
 Whereon the tear stole silent down his cheek,  
 Silent, but not by Gebir unobserved:  
 Wondering he gazed awhile, and pitying spake:  
 'Let me approach thee; does the morning light  
 Scatter this wan suffusion o'er thy brow,  
 This faint blue lustre under both thine eyes?'  
 'O brother, is this pity or reproach?'  
 Cried Tamar; 'cruel if it be reproach,  
 If pity, oh, how vain!'  
 'Whate'er it be  
 That grieves thee, I will pity: thou but speak  
 And I can tell thee, Tamar, pang for pang.'  
 'Gebir! then more than brothers are we now!  
 Everything, take my hand, will I confess.  
 I neither feed the flock nor watch the fold;  
 How can I, lost in love? But, Gebir, why  
 That anger which has risen to your cheek?  
 Can other men? could you?-what, no reply!  
 And still more anger, and still worse concealed!  
 Are these your promises, your pity this?'  
 'Tamar, I well may pity what I feel-  
 Mark me aright-I feel for thee-proceed-  
 Relate me all.'  
 'Then will I all relate,'  
 Said the young shepherd, gladdened from his heart.  
 'Twas evening, though not sunset, and springtide  
 Level with these green meadows, seemed still higher.  
 'Twas pleasant; and I loosened from my neck

The pipe you gave me, and began to play.  
Oh, that I ne'er had learnt the tuneful art!  
It always brings us enemies or love!  
Well, I was playing, when above the waves  
Some swimmer's head methought I saw ascend;  
I, sitting still, surveyed it, with my pipe  
Awkwardly held before my lips half-closed.  
Gebir! it was a nymph! a nymph divine!  
I cannot wait describing how she came,  
How I was sitting, how she first assumed  
The sailor; of what happened there remains  
Enough to say, and too much to forget.  
The sweet deceiver stepped upon this bank  
Before I was aware; for with surprise  
Moments fly rapid as with love itself.  
Stooping to tune afresh the hoarsened reed,  
I heard a rustling, and where that arose  
My glance first lighted on her nimble feet.  
Her feet resembled those long shells explored  
By him who to befriend his steed's dim sight  
Would blow the pungent powder in the eye.  
Her eyes too! O immortal gods! her eyes  
Resembled-what could they resemble? what  
Ever resemble those! E'en her attire  
Was not of wonted woof nor vulgar art:  
Her mantle showed the yellow samphire-pod,  
Her girdle the dove-coloured wave serene.  
'Shepherd,' said she, 'and will you wrestle now  
And with the sailor's hardier race engage?'  
I was rejoiced to hear it, and contrived  
How to keep up contention; could I fail  
By pressing not too strongly, yet to press?  
'Whether a shepherd, as indeed you seem,  
Or whether of the hardier race you boast,  
I am not daunted, no; I will engage.  
But first,' said she, 'what wager will you lay?'  
'A sheep,' I answered; 'add whate'er you will.'  
'I cannot,' she replied, 'make that return:  
Our hided vessels in their pitchy round  
Seldom, unless from rapine, hold a sheep.  
But I have sinuous shells of pearly hue  
Within, and they that lustre have imbibed

In the sun's palace porch, where when unyoked  
His chariot-wheel stands midway in the wave:  
Shake one and it awakens, then apply  
Its polished lips to your attentive ear,  
And it remembers its august abodes,  
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there.  
And I have others given me by the nymphs,  
Of sweeter sound than any pipe you have.  
But we, by Neptune, for no pipe contend -  
This time a sheep I win, a pipe the next.'  
Now came she forward eager to engage,  
But first her dress, her bosom then surveyed,  
And heaved it, doubting if she could deceive.  
Her bosom seemed, enclosed in haze like heaven,  
To baffle touch, and rose forth undefined:  
Above her knees she drew the robe succinct,  
Above her breast, and just below her arms.  
'This will preserve my breath when tightly bound,  
If struggle and equal strength should so constrain.'  
Thus, pulling hard to fasten it, she spake,  
And, rushing at me, closed: I thrilled throughout  
And seemed to lessen and shrink up with cold.  
Again with violent impulse gushed my blood,  
And hearing nought external, thus absorbed,  
I heard it, rushing through each turbid vein,  
Shake my unsteady swimming sight in air.  
Yet with unyielding though uncertain arms  
I clung around her neck; the vest beneath  
Rustled against our slippery limbs entwined:  
Often mine springing with eluded force  
Started aside, and trembled till replaced:  
And when I most succeeded, as I thought,  
My bosom and my throat felt so compressed  
That life was almost quivering on my lips,  
Yet nothing was there painful! these are signs  
Of secret arts and not of human might-  
What arts I cannot tell-I only know  
My eyes grew dizzy, and my strength decayed.  
I was indeed o'ercome! with what regret,  
And more, with what confusion, when I reached  
The fold, and yielding up the sheep, she cried:  
'This pays a shepherd to a conquering maid.'



She smiled, and more of pleasure than disdain  
Was in her dimpled chin and liberal lip,  
And eyes that languished, lengthening, just like love.  
She went away; I on the wicker gate  
Leant, and could follow with my eyes alone.  
The sheep she carried easy as a cloak;  
But when I heard its bleating, as I did,  
And saw, she hastening on, its hinder feet  
Struggle and from her snowy shoulder slip -  
One shoulder its poor efforts had unveiled -  
Then all my passions mingling fell in tears;  
Restless then ran I to the highest ground  
To watch her-she was gone-gone down the tide -  
And the long moonbeam on the hard wet sand  
Lay like a jasper column half-upreared.'  
'But, Tamar! tell me, will she not return?  
'She will return, yet not before the moon  
Again is at the full; she promised this,  
Though when she promised I could not reply.'  
'By all the gods I pity thee! go on -  
Fear not my anger, look not on my shame;  
For when a lover only hears of love  
He finds his folly out, and is ashamed.  
Away with watchful nights and lonely days,  
Contempt of earth and aspect up to heaven,  
Within contemplation, with humility,  
A tattered cloak that pride wears when deformed,  
Away with all that hides me from myself,  
Parts me from others, whispers I am wise-  
From our own wisdom less is to be reaped  
Than from the barest folly of our friend.  
Tamar! thy pastures, large and rich, afford  
Flowers to thy bees and herbage to thy sheep,  
But, battened on too much, the poorest croft  
Of thy poor neighbour yields what thine denies.'  
They hastened to the camp, and Gebir there  
Resolved his native country to forego,  
And ordered, from those ruins to the right  
They forthwith raise a city: Tamar heard  
With wonder, though in passing 'twas half-told,  
His brother's love, and sighed upon his own.

## SECOND BOOK.

The Gadite men the royal charge obey.  
Now fragments weighed up from th' uneven streets  
Leave the ground black beneath; again the sun  
Shines into what were porches, and on steps  
Once warm with frequentation-clients, friends,  
All morning, satchelled idlers all mid-day,  
Lying half-up and languid though at games.  
Some raise the painted pavement, some on wheels  
Draw slow its laminous length, some intersperse  
Salt waters through the sordid heaps, and seize  
The flowers and figures starting fresh to view.  
Others rub hard large masses, and essay  
To polish into white what they misdeem  
The growing green of many trackless years.  
Far off at intervals the axe resounds  
With regular strong stroke, and nearer home  
Dull falls the mallet with long labour fringed.  
Here arches are discovered, there huge beams  
Resist the hatchet, but in fresher air  
Soon drop away: there spreads a marble squared  
And smoothed; some high pillar for its base  
Chose it, which now lies ruined in the dust.  
Clearing the soil at bottom, they espy  
A crevice: they, intent on treasure, strive  
Strenuous, and groan, to move it: one exclaims,  
'I hear the rusty metal grate; it moves!'  
Now, overturning it, backward they start,  
And stop again, and see a serpent pant,  
See his throat thicken, and the crisped scales  
Rise ruffled, while upon the middle fold  
He keeps his wary head and blinking eye,  
Curling more close and crouching ere he strike.  
Go mighty men, invade far cities, go -  
And be such treasure portions to your heirs.  
Six days they laboured: on the seventh day  
Returning, all their labours were destroyed.  
'Twas not by mortal hand, or from their tents  
'Twere visible; for these were now removed  
Above, here neither noxious mist ascends  
Nor the way wearies ere the work begin.

There Gebir, pierced with sorrow, spake these words:

'Ye men of Gades, armed with brazen shields,

And ye of near Tartessus, where the shore

Stoops to receive the tribute which all owe

To Boetis and his banks for their attire,

Ye too whom Durius bore on level meads,

Inherent in your hearts is bravery:

For earth contains no nation where abounds

The generous horse and not the warlike man.

But neither soldier now nor steed avails:

Nor steed nor soldier can oppose the gods:

Nor is there ought above like Jove himself;

Nor weighs against his purpose, when once fixed,

Aught but, with supplicating knee, the prayers.

Swifter than light are they, and every face,

Though different, glows with beauty; at the throne

Of mercy, when clouds shut it from mankind,

They fall bare-bosomed, and indignant Jove

Drops at the soothing sweetness of their voice

The thunder from his hand; let us arise

On these high places daily, beat our breast,

Prostrate ourselves and deprecate his wrath.'

The people bowed their bodies and obeyed:

Nine mornings with white ashes on their heads,

Lamented they their toil each night o'erthrown.

And now the largest orbit of the year,

Leaning o'er black Mocattam's rubied brow,

Proceeded slow, majestic, and serene,

Now seemed not further than the nearest cliff,

And crimson light struck soft the phosphor wave.

Then Gebir spake to Tamar in these words:

'Tamar! I am thy elder and thy king,

But am thy brother too, nor ever said,

'Give me thy secret and become my slave:'

But haste thee not away; I will myself

Await the nymph, disguised in thy attire.'

Then starting from attention Tamar cried:

'Brother! in sacred truth it cannot be!

My life is yours, my love must be my own:

Oh, surely he who seeks a second love

Never felt one, or 'tis not one I feel.'

But Gebir with complacent smile replied:

'Go then, fond Tamar, go in happy hour-  
But ere thou partest ponder in thy breast  
And well bethink thee, lest thou part deceived,  
Will she disclose to thee the mysteries  
Of our calamity? and unconstrained?  
When even her love thy strength had to disclose.  
My heart indeed is full, but witness heaven!  
My people, not my passion, fills my heart.'  
'Then let me kiss thy garment,' said the youth,  
'And heaven be with thee, and on me thy grace.'  
Him then the monarch thus once more addressed:  
'Be of good courage: hast thou yet forgot  
What chaplets languished round thy unburnt hair,  
In colour like some tall smooth beech's leaves  
Curled by autumnal suns?'  
How flattery  
Excites a pleasant, soothes a painful shame!  
'These,' amid stifled blushes Tamar said,  
'Were of the flowering raspberry and vine:  
But, ah! the seasons will not wait for love;  
Seek out some other now.'  
They parted here:  
And Gebir bending through the woodlands culled  
The creeping vine and viscous raspberry,  
Less green and less compliant than they were;  
And twisted in those mossy tufts that grow  
On brakes of roses when the roses fade:  
And as he passes on, the little hinds  
That shake for bristly herds the foodful bough,  
Wonder, stand still, gaze, and trip satisfied;  
Pleased more if chestnut, out of prickly husk  
Shot from the sandal, roll along the glade.  
And thus unnoticed went he, and untired  
Stepped up the acclivity; and as he stepped,  
And as the garlands nodded o'er his brow,  
Sudden from under a close alder sprang  
Th' expectant nymph, and seized him unaware.  
He staggered at the shock; his feet at once  
Slipped backward from the withered grass short-grazed;  
But striking out one arm, though without aim,  
Then grasping with his other, he enclosed  
The struggler; she gained not one step's retreat,

Urging with open hands against his throat  
Intense, now holding in her breath constrained,  
Now pushing with quick impulse and by starts,  
Till the dust blackened upon every pore.  
Nearer he drew her and yet nearer, clasped  
Above the knees midway, and now one arm  
Fell, and her other lapsing o'er the neck  
Of Gebir swung against his back incurved,  
The swoll'n veins glowing deep, and with a groan  
On his broad shoulder fell her face reclined.  
But ah, she knew not whom that roseate face  
Cooled with its breath ambrosial; for she stood  
High on the bank, and often swept and broke  
His chaplets mingled with her loosened hair.  
Whether while Tamar tarried came desire,  
And she grown languid loosed the wings of love,  
Which she before held proudly at her will,  
And nought but Tamar in her soul, and nought  
Where Tamar was that seemed or feared deceit,  
To fraud she yielded what no force had gained -  
Or whether Jove in pity to mankind,  
When from his crystal fount the visual orbs  
He filled with piercing ether and endued  
With somewhat of omnipotence, ordained  
That never two fair forms at once torment  
The human heart and draw it different ways,  
And thus in prowess like a god the chief  
Subdued her strength nor softened at her charms-  
The nymph divine, the magic mistress, failed.  
Recovering, still half resting on the turf,  
She looked up wildly, and could now descry  
The kingly brow, arched lofty for command.  
'Traitor!' said she, undaunted, though amaze  
Threw o'er her varying cheek the air of fear,  
'Thinkest thou thus that with impunity  
Thou hast forsooth deceived me? dar'st thou deem  
Those eyes not hateful that have seen me fall?  
O heaven! soon may they close on my disgrace.  
Merciless man, what! for one sheep estranged  
Hast thou thrown into dungeons and of day  
Amerced thy shepherd? hast thou, while the iron  
Pierced through his tender limbs into his soul,

By threats, by tortures, torn out that offence,  
 And heard him (oh, could I!) avow his love?  
 Say, hast thou? cruel, hateful!-ah my fears!  
 I feel them true! speak, tell me, are they true?'  
 She blending thus entreaty with reproach  
 Bent forward, as though falling on her knee  
 Whence she had hardly risen, and at this pause  
 Shed from her large dark eyes a shower of tears.  
 Th' Iberian king her sorrow thus consoled.  
 'Weep no more, heavenly damsel, weep no more:  
 Neither by force withheld, or choice estranged  
 Thy Tamar lives, and only lives for thee.  
 Happy, thrice happy, you! 'tis me alone  
 Whom heaven and earth and ocean with one hate  
 Conspire on, and throughout each path pursue.  
 Whether in waves beneath or skies above  
 Thou hast thy habitation, 'tis from heaven,  
 From heaven alone, such power, such charms, descend.  
 Then oh! discover whence that ruin comes  
 Each night upon our city, whence are heard  
 Those yells of rapture round our fallen walls:  
 In our affliction can the gods delight,  
 Or meet oblation for the nymphs are tears?'  
 He spake, and indignation sank in woe.  
 Which she perceiving, pride refreshed her heart,  
 Hope wreathed her mouth with smiles, and she exclaimed:  
 'Neither the gods afflict you, nor the nymphs.  
 Return me him who won my heart, return  
 Him whom my bosom pants for, as the steeds  
 In the sun's chariot for the western wave,  
 The gods will prosper thee, and Tamar prove  
 How nymphs the torments that they cause assuage.  
 Promise me this! indeed I think thou hast,  
 But 'tis so pleasing, promise it once more.'  
 'Once more I promise,' cried the gladdened king,  
 'By my right hand and by myself I swear,  
 And ocean's gods and heaven's gods I adjure,  
 Thou shalt be Tamar's, Tamar shalt be thine.'  
 Then she, regarding him long fixed, replied:  
 'I have thy promise, take thou my advice.  
 Gebir, this land of Egypt is a land  
 Of incantation, demons rule these waves;

These are against thee, these thy works destroy.  
Where thou hast built thy palace, and hast left  
The seven pillars to remain in front,  
Sacrifice there, and all these rites observe.  
Go, but go early, ere the gladsome Hours,  
Strew saffron in the path of rising Morn,  
Ere the bee buzzing o'er flowers fresh disclosed  
Examine where he may the best alight  
Nor scatter off the bloom, ere cold-lipped herds  
Crop the pale herbage round each other's bed,  
Lead seven bulls, well pastured and well formed,  
Their neck unblemished and their horns unringed,  
And at each pillar sacrifice thou one.  
Around each base rub thrice the black'ning blood,  
And burn the curling shavings of the hoof;  
And of the forehead locks thou also burn:  
The yellow galls, with equal care preserved,  
Pour at the seventh statue from the north.'  
He listened, and on her his eyes intent  
Perceived her not, and she had disappeared -  
So deep he pondered her important words.  
And now had morn arisen and he performed  
Almost the whole enjoined him: he had reached  
The seventh statue, poured the yellow galls,  
The forelock from his left he had released  
And burnt the curling shavings of the hoof  
Moistened with myrrh; when suddenly a flame  
Spired from the fragrant smoke, nor sooner spired  
Down sank the brazen fabric at his feet.  
He started back, gazed, nor could aught but gaze,  
And cold dread stiffened up his hair flower-twined;  
Then with a long and tacit step, one arm  
Behind, and every finger wide outspread,  
He looked and tottered on a black abyss.  
He thought he sometimes heard a distant voice  
Breathe through the cavern's mouth, and further on  
Faint murmurs now, now hollow groans reply.  
Therefore suspended he his crook above,  
Dropped it, and heard it rolling step by step:  
He entered, and a mingled sound arose  
Like one (when shaken from some temple's roof  
By zealous hand, they and their fretted nest)

Of birds that wintering watch in Memnon's tomb,  
And tell the halcyons when spring first returns.

### THIRD BOOK.

On, for the spirit of that matchless man  
Whom Nature led throughout her whole domain,  
While he embodied breathed ethereal air!  
Though panting in the play-hour of my youth  
I drank of Avon too, a dangerous draught,  
That roused within the feverish thirst of song,  
Yet never may I trespass o'er the stream  
Of jealous Acheron, nor alive descend  
The silent and unsearchable abodes  
Of Erebus and Night, nor unchastised  
Lead up long-absent heroes into day.  
When on the pausing theatre of earth  
Eve's shadowy curtain falls, can any man  
Bring back the far-off intercepted hills,  
Grasp the round rock-built turret, or arrest  
The glittering spires that pierce the brow of Heaven?  
Rather can any with outstripping voice  
The parting sun's gigantic strides recall?  
Twice sounded GEBIR! twice th' Iberian king  
Thought it the strong vibration of the brain  
That struck upon his ear; but now descried  
A form, a man, come nearer: as he came  
His unshorn hair grown soft in these abodes  
Waved back, and scattered thin and hoary light.  
Living, men called him Aroar, but no more  
In celebration or recording verse  
His name is heard, no more by Arnon's side  
The well-walled city which he reared remains.  
Gebir was now undaunted-for the brave  
When they no longer doubt no longer fear-  
And would have spoken, but the shade began,  
'Brave son of Hesperus! no mortal hand  
Has led thee hither, nor without the gods  
Penetrate thy firm feet the vast profound.  
Thou knowest not that here thy fathers lie,



The race of Sidad; theirs was loud acclaim  
When living, but their pleasure was in war;  
Triumphs and hatred followed: I myself  
Bore, men imagined, no inglorious part:  
The gods thought otherwise, by whose decree  
Deprived of life, and more, of death deprived,  
I still hear shrieking through the moonless night  
Their discontented and deserted shades.  
Observe these horrid walls, this rueful waste!  
Here some refresh the vigour of the mind  
With contemplation and cold penitence:  
Nor wonder while thou hearest that the soul  
Thus purified hereafter may ascend  
Surmounting all obstruction, nor ascribe  
The sentence to indulgence; each extreme  
Has tortures for ambition; to dissolve  
In everlasting languor, to resist  
Its impulse, but in vain: to be enclosed  
Within a limit, and that limit fire;  
Severed from happiness, from eminence,  
And flying, but hell bars us, from ourselves.  
Yet rather all these torments most endure  
Than solitary pain and sad remorse  
And towering thoughts on their own breast o'er-turned  
And piercing to the heart: such penitence,  
Such contemplation theirs! thy ancestors  
Bear up against them, nor will they submit  
To conquering Time the asperities of Fate;  
Yet could they but revisit earth once more,  
How gladly would they poverty embrace,  
How labour, even for their deadliest foe!  
It little now avails them to have raised  
Beyond the Syrian regions, and beyond  
Phoenicia, trophies, tributes, colonies:  
Follow thou me-mark what it all avails.'  
Him Gebir followed, and a roar confused  
Rose from a river rolling in its bed,  
Not rapid, that would rouse the wretched souls,  
Nor calmly, that might lull them to repose;  
But with dull weary lapses it upheaved  
Billows of bale, heard low, yet heard afar.  
For when hell's iron portals let out night,

Often men start and shiver at the sound,  
And lie so silent on the restless couch  
They hear their own hearts beat. Now Gebir breathed  
Another air, another sky beheld.  
Twilight broods here, lulled by no nightingale  
Nor wakened by the shrill lark dewy-winged,  
But glowing with one sullen sunless heat.  
Beneath his foot nor sprouted flower nor herb  
Nor chirped a grasshopper. Above his head  
Phlegethon formed a fiery firmament:  
Part were sulphurous clouds involving, part  
Shining like solid ribs of molten brass;  
For the fierce element which else aspires  
Higher and higher and lessens to the sky,  
Below, earth's adamantine arch rebuffed.  
Gebir, though now such languor held his limbs,  
Scarce aught admired he, yet he this admired;  
And thus addressed him then the conscious guide.  
'Beyond that river lie the happy fields;  
From them fly gentle breezes, which when drawn  
Against yon crescent convex, but unite  
Stronger with what they could not overcome.  
Thus they that scatter freshness through the groves  
And meadows of the fortunate, and fill  
With liquid light the marble bowl of earth,  
And give her blooming health and spritely force,  
Their fire no more diluted, nor its darts  
Blunted by passing through thick myrtle bowers,  
Neither from odours rising half dissolved,  
Point forward Phlegethon's eternal flame;  
And this horizon is the spacious bow  
Whence each ray reaches to the world above.'  
The hero pausing, Gebir then besought  
What region held his ancestors, what clouds,  
What waters, or what gods, from his embrace.  
Aroar then sudden, as though roused, renewed.  
'Come thou, if ardour urges thee and force  
Suffices-mark me, Gebir, I unfold  
No fable to allure thee-on! behold  
Thy ancestors!' and lo! with horrid gasp  
The panting flame above his head recoiled,  
And thunder through his heart and life blood throbbled.

Such sound could human organs once conceive,  
Cold, speechless, palsied, not the soothing voice  
Of friendship or almost of Deity  
Could raise the wretched mortal from the dust;  
Beyond man's home condition they! with eyes  
Intent, and voice desponding, and unheard  
By Aroar, though he tarried at his side.  
'They know me not,' cried Gebir, 'O my sires,  
Ye know me not! they answer not, nor hear.  
How distant are they still! what sad extent  
Of desolation must we overcome!  
Aroar, what wretch that nearest us? what wretch  
Is that with eyebrows white, and slanting brow?  
Listen! him yonder who bound down supine,  
Shrinks yelling from that sword there engine-hung;  
He too among my ancestors?'  
'O King!  
Iberia bore him, but the breed accursed  
Inclement winds blew blighting from north-east.'  
'He was a warrior then, nor feared the gods?'  
'Gebir, he feared the Demons, not the Gods;  
Though them indeed his daily face adored,  
And was no warrior, yet the thousand lives  
Squandered as stones to exercise a sling!  
And the tame cruelty and cold caprice -  
Oh, madness of mankind! addressed, adored!  
O Gebir! what are men, or where are gods!  
Behold the giant next him, how his feet  
Plunge floundering mid the marshes yellow-flowered,  
His restless head just reaching to the rocks,  
His bosom tossing with black weeds besmeared,  
How writhes he twixt the continent and isle!  
What tyrant with more insolence e'er claimed  
Dominion? when from the heart of Usury  
Rose more intense the pale-flamed thirst for gold?  
And called forsooth DELIVERER! False or fools  
Who praised the dull-eared miscreant, or who hoped  
To soothe your folly and disgrace with praise!  
Hearest thou not the harp's gay simpering air  
And merriment afar? then come, advance;  
And now behold him! mark the wretch accursed  
Who sold his people to a rival king-

Self-yoked they stood two ages unredeemed.'  
'Oh, horror! what pale visage rises there?  
Speak, Aroar! me perhaps mine eyes deceive,  
Inured not, yet methinks they there descry  
Such crimson haze as sometimes drowns the moon.  
What is yon awful sight? why thus appears  
That space between the purple and the crown?'  
'I will relate their stories when we reach  
Our confines,' said the guide; 'for thou, O king,  
Differing in both from all thy countrymen,  
Seest not their stories and hast seen their fates.  
But while we tarry, lo again the flame  
Riseth, and murmuring hoarse, points straighter, haste!  
'Tis urgent, we must hence.'  
'Then, oh, adieu!'  
Cried Gebir, and groaned loud, at last a tear  
Burst from his eyes turned back, and he exclaimed,  
'Am I deluded? O ye powers of hell,  
Suffer me-Oh, my fathers!-am I torn-'  
He spake, and would have spoken more, but flames  
Enwrapped him round and round intense; he turned,  
And stood held breathless in a ghost's embrace.  
'Gebir, my son, desert me not! I heard  
Thy calling voice, nor fate withheld me more:  
One moment yet remains; enough to know  
Soon will my torments, soon will thine, expire.  
Oh, that I e'er exacted such a vow!  
When dipping in the victim's blood thy hand,  
First thou withdrew'st it, looking in my face  
Wondering; but when the priest my will explained,  
Then swearest thou, repeating what he said,  
How against Egypt thou wouldst raise that hand  
And bruise the seed first risen from our line.  
Therefore in death what pangs have I endured!  
Racked on the fiery centre of the sun,  
Twelve years I saw the ruined world roll round.  
Shudder not-I have borne it-I deserved  
My wretched fate-be better thine-farewell.'  
'Oh, stay, my father! stay one moment more.  
Let me return thee that embrace-'tis past-  
Aroar! how could I quit it unreturned!  
And now the gulf divides us, and the waves

Of sulphur bellow through the blue abyss.  
And is he gone for ever! and I come  
In vain?' Then sternly said the guide, 'In vain!  
Sayst thou? what wouldst thou more? alas, O prince,  
None come for pastime here! but is it nought  
To turn thy feet from evil? is it nought  
Of pleasure to that shade if they are turned?  
For this thou camest hither: he who dares  
To penetrate this darkness, nor regards  
The dangers of the way, shall reascend  
In glory, nor the gates of hell retard  
His steps, nor demon's nor man's art prevail.  
Once in each hundred years, and only once,  
Whether by some rotation of the world,  
Or whether willed so by some power above,  
This flaming arch starts back, each realm descries  
Its opposite, and Bliss from her repose  
Freshens and feels her own security.'  
'Security!' cried out the Gadite king,  
'And feel they not compassion?'  
'Child of Earth,'  
Calmly said Aroar at his guest's surprise,  
'Some so disfigured by habitual crimes,  
Others are so exalted, so refined,  
So permeated by heaven, no trace remains  
Graven on earth: here Justice is supreme;  
Compassion can be but where passions are.  
Here are discovered those who tortured Law  
To silence or to speech, as pleased themselves:  
Here also those who boasted of their zeal  
And loved their country for the spoils it gave.  
Hundreds, whose glitt'ring merchandise the lyre  
Dazzled vain wretches drunk with flattery,  
And wafted them in softest airs to Heav'n,  
Doomed to be still deceived, here still attune  
The wonted strings and fondly woo applause:  
Their wish half granted, they retain their own,  
But madden at the mockery of the shades.  
Upon the river's other side there grow  
Deep olive groves; there other ghosts abide,  
Blest indeed they, but not supremely blest.  
We cannot see beyond, we cannot see

Aught but our opposite, and here are fates  
How opposite to ours! here some observed  
Religious rites, some hospitality:  
Strangers, who from the good old men retired,  
Closed the gate gently, lest from generous use  
Shutting and opening of its own accord,  
It shake unsettled slumbers off their couch:  
Some stopped revenge athirst for slaughter, some  
Sowed the slow olive for a race unborn.  
These had no wishes, therefore none are crowned;  
But theirs are tufted banks, theirs umbrage, theirs  
Enough of sunshine to enjoy the shade,  
And breeze enough to lull them to repose.'  
Then Gebir cried: 'Illustrious host, proceed.  
Bring me among the wonders of a realm  
Admired by all, but like a tale admired.  
We take our children from their cradled sleep,  
And on their fancy from our own impress  
Ethereal forms and adulating fates:  
But ere departing for such scenes ourselves  
We seize their hands, we hang upon their neck,  
Our beds cling heavy round us with our tears,  
Agony strives with agony-just gods!  
Wherefore should wretched mortals thus believe,  
Or wherefore should they hesitate to die?'  
Thus while he questioned, all his strength dissolved  
Within him, thunder shook his troubled brain,  
He started, and the cavern's mouth surveyed  
Near, and beyond his people; he arose,  
And bent toward them his bewildered way.

#### FOURTH BOOK.

The king's lone road, his visit, his return,  
Were not unknown to Dalica, nor long  
The wondrous tale from royal ears delayed.  
When the young queen had heard who taught the rites  
Her mind was shaken, and what first she asked  
Was, whether the sea-maids were very fair,  
And was it true that even gods were moved

By female charms beneath the waves profound,  
And joined to them in marriage, and had sons-  
Who knows but Gebir sprang then from the gods!  
He that could pity, he that could obey,  
Flattered both female youth and princely pride,  
The same ascending from amid the shades  
Showed Power in frightful attitude: the queen  
Marks the surpassing prodigy, and strives  
To shake off terror in her crowded court,  
And wonders why she trembles, nor suspects  
How Fear and Love assume each other's form,  
By birth and secret compact how allied.  
Vainly (to conscious virgins I appeal),  
Vainly with crouching tigers, prowling wolves,  
Rocks, precipices, waves, storms, thunderbolts,  
All his immense inheritance, would Fear  
The simplest heart, should Love refuse, assail:  
Consent-the maiden's pillowed ear imbibes  
Constancy, honour, truth, fidelity,  
Beauty and ardent lips and longing arms;  
Then fades in glimmering distance half the scene,  
Then her heart quails and flutters and would fly-  
'Tis her beloved! not to her! ye Powers!  
What doubting maid exacts the vow? behold  
Above the myrtles his protesting hand!  
Such ebbs of doubt and swells of jealousy  
Toss the fond bosom in its hour of sleep  
And float around the eyelids and sink through.  
Lo! mirror of delight in cloudless days,  
Lo! thy reflection: 'twas when I exclaimed,  
With kisses hurried as if each foresaw  
Their end, and reckoned on our broken bonds,  
And could at such a price such loss endure:  
'Oh, what to faithful lovers met at morn,  
What half so pleasant as imparted fears!'  
Looking recumbent how love's column rose  
Marmoreal, trophied round with golden hair,  
How in the valley of one lip unseen  
He slumbered, one his unstrung low impressed.  
Sweet wilderness of soul-entangling charms!  
Led back by memory, and each blissful maze  
Retracing, me with magic power detain

Those dimpled cheeks, those temples violet-tinged,  
Those lips of nectar and those eyes of heaven!  
Charoba, though indeed she never drank  
The liquid pearl, or twined the nodding crown,  
Or when she wanted cool and calm repose  
Dreamed of the crawling asp and grated tomb,  
Was wretched up to royalty: the jibe  
Struck her, most piercing where love pierced before,  
From those whose freedom centres in their tongue,  
Handmaidens, pages, courtiers, priests, buffoons.  
Congratulations here, there prophecies,  
Here children, not repining at neglect  
While tumult sweeps them ample room for play,  
Everywhere questions answered ere begun,  
Everywhere crowds, for everywhere alarm.  
Thus winter gone, nor spring (though near) arrived,  
Urged slanting onward by the bickering breeze  
That issues from beneath Aurora's car,  
Shudder the sombrous waves; at every beam  
More vivid, more by every breath impelled,  
Higher and higher up the fretted rocks  
Their turbulent refulgence they display.  
Madness, which like the spiral element  
The more it seizes on the fiercer burns,  
Hurried them blindly forward, and involved  
In flame the senses and in gloom the soul.  
Determined to protect the country's gods  
And asking their protection, they adjure  
Each other to stand forward, and insist  
With zeal, and trample under foot the slow;  
And disregardful of the Sympathies  
Divine, those Sympathies whose delicate hand  
Touching the very eyeball of the heart,  
Awakens it, not wounds it nor inflames,  
Blind wretches! they with desperate embrace  
Hang on the pillar till the temple fall.  
Oft the grave judge alarms religious wealth  
And rouses anger under gentle words.  
Woe to the wiser few who dare to cry  
'People! these men are not your enemies,  
Inquire their errand, and resist when wronged.'  
Together childhood, priesthood, womanhood,



The scribes and elders of the land, exclaim,  
'Seek they not hidden treasure in the tombs?  
Raising the ruins, levelling the dust,  
Who can declare whose ashes they disturb!  
Build they not fairer cities than our own,  
Extravagant enormous apertures  
For light, and portals larger, open courts  
Where all ascending all are unconfined,  
And wider streets in purer air than ours?  
Temples quite plain with equal architraves  
They build, nor bearing gods like ours embossed.  
Oh, profanation! Oh, our ancestors!  
Though all the vulgar hate a foreign face,  
It more offends weak eyes and homely age,  
Dalica most, who thus her aim pursued.  
'My promise, O Charoba, I perform.  
Proclaim to gods and men a festival  
Throughout the land, and bid the strangers eat;  
Their anger thus we haply may disarm.'  
'O Dalica,' the grateful queen replied,  
'Nurse of my childhood, soother of my cares,  
Preventer of my wishes, of my thoughts,  
Oh, pardon youth, oh, pardon royalty!  
If hastily to Dalica I sued,  
Fear might impel me, never could distrust.  
Go then, for wisdom guides thee, take my name,  
Issue what most imports and best beseems,  
And sovereignty shall sanction the decree.'  
And now Charoba was alone, her heart  
Grew lighter; she sat down, and she arose,  
She felt voluptuous tenderness, but felt  
That tenderness for Dalica; she praised  
Her kind attention, warm solicitude,  
Her wisdom-for what wisdom pleased like hers!  
She was delighted; should she not behold  
Gebir? she blushed; but she had words to speak,  
She formed them and re-formed them, with regret  
That there was somewhat lost with every change;  
She could replace them-what would that avail?-  
Moved from their order they have lost their charm.  
While thus she strewed her way with softest words,  
Others grew up before her, but appeared

A plenteous rather than perplexing choice:  
She rubbed her palms with pleasure, heaved a sigh,  
Grew calm again, and thus her thoughts revolved-  
'But he descended to the tombs! the thought  
Thrills me, I must avow it, with affright.  
And wherefore? shows he not the more beloved  
Of heaven? or how ascends he back to day?  
Then has he wronged me? could he want a cause  
Who has an army and was bred to reign?  
And yet no reasons against rights he urged,  
He threatened not, proclaimed not; I approached,  
He hastened on; I spake, he listened; wept,  
He pitied me; he loved me, he obeyed;  
He was a conqueror, still am I a queen.'  
She thus indulged fond fancies, when the sound  
Of timbrels and of cymbals struck her ear,  
And horns and howlings of wild jubilee.  
She feared, and listened to confirm her fears;  
One breath sufficed, and shook her refluent soul.  
Smiting, with simulated smile constrained,  
Her beauteous bosom, 'Oh, perfidious man!  
Oh, cruel foe!' she twice and thrice exclaimed,  
'Oh, my companions equal-aged! my throne,  
My people! Oh, how wretched to presage  
This day, how tenfold wretched to endure!'  
She ceased, and instantly the palace rang  
With gratulation roaring into rage-  
'Twas her own people. 'Health to Gebir! health  
To our compatriot subjects! to our queen!  
Health and unfaded youth ten thousand years!'  
Then went the victims forward crowned with flowers,  
Crowned were tame crocodiles, and boys white-robed  
Guided their creaking crests across the stream.  
In gilded barges went the female train,  
And hearing others ripple near, undrew  
The veil of sea-green awning: if they found  
Whom they desired, how pleasant was the breeze!  
If not, the frightful water forced a sigh.  
Sweet airs of music ruled the rowing palms,  
Now rose they glistening and aslant reclined,  
Now they descended, and with one consent  
Plunging, seemed swift each other to pursue,

And now to tremble wearied o'er the wave.  
Beyond and in the suburbs might be seen  
Crowds of all ages: here in triumph passed  
Not without pomp, though raised with rude device,  
The monarch and Charoba; there a throng  
Shone out in sunny whiteness o'er the reeds.  
Nor could luxuriant youth, or lapsing age  
Propped by the corner of the nearest street,  
With aching eyes and tottering knees intent,  
Loose leathery neck and worm-like lip outstretched,  
Fix long the ken upon one form, so swift  
Through the gay vestures fluttering on the bank,  
And through the bright-eyed waters dancing round,  
Wove they their wanton wiles and disappeared.  
Meantime, with pomp august and solemn, borne  
On four white camels tinkling plates of gold,  
Heralds before and Ethiop slaves behind,  
Each with the signs of office in his hand,  
Each on his brow the sacred stamp of years,  
The four ambassadors of peace proceed.  
Rich carpets bear they, corn and generous wine,  
The Syrian olive's cheerful gift they bear,  
With stubborn goats that eye the mountain tops  
Askance and riot with reluctant horn,  
And steeds and stately camels in their train.  
The king, who sat before his tent, descried  
The dust rise reddened from the setting sun.  
Through all the plains below the Gadite men  
Were resting from their labour; some surveyed  
The spacious site ere yet obstructed-walls  
Already, soon will roofs have interposed;  
Some ate their frugal viands on the steps  
Contented; some, remembering home, prefer  
The cot's bare rafters o'er the gilded dome,  
And sing, for often sighs, too, end in song:  
'In smiling meads how sweet the brook's repose,  
To the rough ocean and red restless sands!  
Where are the woodland voices that increased  
Along the unseen path on festal days,  
When lay the dry and outcast arbutus  
On the fane step, and the first privet-flowers  
Threw their white light upon the vernal shrine?'

Some heedless trip along with hasty step  
Whistling, and fix too soon on their abodes:  
Haply and one among them with his spear  
Measures the lintel, if so great its height  
As will receive him with his helm unlowered.  
But silence went throughout, e'en thoughts were hushed,  
When to full view of navy and of camp  
Now first expanded the bare-headed train.  
Majestic, unpresuming, unappalled,  
Onward they marched, and neither to the right  
Nor to the left, though there the city stood,  
Turned they their sober eyes; and now they reached  
Within a few steep paces of ascent  
The lone pavilion of the Iberian king.  
He saw them, he awaited them, he rose,  
He hailed them, 'Peace be with you:' they replied,  
'King of the western world, be with you peace.'

#### FIFTH BOOK.

Once a fair city, courted then by king,  
Mistress of nations, thronged by palaces,  
Raising her head o'er destiny, her face  
Glowing with pleasure and with palms refreshed,  
Now pointed at by Wisdom or by Wealth,  
Bereft of beauty, bare of ornaments,  
Stood in the wilderness of woe, Masar.  
Ere far advancing, all appeared a plain;  
Treachorous and fearful mountains, far advanced.  
Her glory so gone down, at human step  
The fierce hyena frightened from the walls  
Bristled his rising back, his teeth unsheathed,  
Drew the long growl and with slow foot retired.  
Yet were remaining some of ancient race,  
And ancient arts were now their sole delight:  
With Time's first sickle they had marked the hour  
When at their incantation would the Moon  
Start back, and shuddering shed blue blasted light.  
The rifted rays they gathered, and immersed  
In potent portion of that wondrous wave,

Which, hearing rescued Israel, stood erect,  
And led her armies through his crystal gates.  
Hither (none shared her way, her counsel none)  
Hied the Masarian Dalica: 'twas night,  
And the still breeze fell languid on the waste.  
She, tired with journey long and ardent thoughts  
Stopped; and before the city she descried  
A female form emerge above the sands.  
Intent she fixed her eyes, and on herself  
Relying, with fresh vigour bent her way;  
Nor disappeared the woman, but exclaimed,  
One hand retaining tight her folded vest,  
'Stranger, who loathest life, there lies Masar.  
Begone, nor tarry longer, or ere morn  
The cormorant in his solitary haunt  
Of insulated rock or sounding cove  
Stands on thy bleached bones and screams for prey.  
My lips can scatter them a hundred leagues,  
So shrivelled in one breath as all the sands  
We tread on could not in as many years.  
Wretched who die nor raise their sepulchre!  
Therefore begone.'  
But Dalica unawed  
(Though in her withered but still firm right-hand  
Held up with imprecations hoarse and deep  
Glimmered her brazen sickle, and enclosed  
Within its figured curve the fading moon)  
Spake thus aloud. 'By yon bright orb of Heaven,  
In that most sacred moment when her beam  
Guided first thither by the forked shaft,  
Strikes through the crevice of Arishtah's tower-'  
'Sayst thou?' astonished cried the sorceress,  
'Woman of outer darkness, fiend of death,  
From what inhuman cave, what dire abyss,  
Hast thou invisible that spell o'erheard?  
What potent hand hath touched thy quickened corse,  
What song dissolved thy cerements, who unclosed  
Those faded eyes and filled them from the stars?  
But if with inextinguished light of life  
Thou breathest, soul and body unamerced,  
Then whence that invocation? who hath dared  
Those hallowed words, divulging, to profane?'

Dalica cried, 'To heaven, not earth, addressed,  
Prayers for protection cannot be profane.'  
Here the pale sorceress turned her face aside  
Wildly, and muttered to herself amazed;  
'I dread her who, alone at such an hour,  
Can speak so strangely, who can thus combine  
The words of reason with our gifted rites,  
Yet will I speak once more.-If thou hast seen  
The city of Charoba, hast thou marked  
The steps of Dalica?'  
'What then?'  
'The tongue  
Of Dalica has then our rites divulged.'  
'Whose rites?'  
'Her sister's, mother's, and her own.'  
'Never.'  
'How sayst thou never? one would think,  
Presumptuous, thou wert Dalica.'  
'I am,  
Woman, and who art thou?'  
With close embrace,  
Clung the Masarian round her neck, and cried:  
'Art thou then not my sister? ah, I fear  
The golden lamps and jewels of a court  
Deprive thine eyes of strength and purity.  
O Dalica, mine watch the waning moon,  
For ever patient in our mother's art,  
And rest on Heaven suspended, where the founts  
Of Wisdom rise, where sound the wings of Power;  
Studies intense of strong and stern delight!  
And thou too, Dalica, so many years  
Weaned from the bosom of thy native land,  
Returnest back and seekest true repose.  
Oh, what more pleasant than the short-breathed sigh  
When laying down your burden at the gate,  
And dizzy with long wandering, you embrace  
The cool and quiet of a homespun bed.'  
'Alas,' said Dalica, 'though all commend  
This choice, and many meet with no control,  
Yet none pursue it! Age by Care oppressed  
Feels for the couch, and drops into the grave.  
The tranquil scene lies further still from Youth:

Frenzied Ambition and desponding Love  
Consume Youth's fairest flowers; compared with Youth  
Age has a something something like repose.  
Myrthyr, I seek not here a boundary  
Like the horizon, which, as you advance,  
Keeping its form and colour, yet recedes;  
But mind my errand, and my suit perform.  
Twelve years ago Charoba first could speak:  
If her indulgent father asked her name,  
She would indulge him too, and would reply  
'What? why, Charoba!' raised with sweet surprise,  
And proud to shine a teacher in her turn.  
Show her the graven sceptre; what its use?  
'Twas to beat dogs with, and to gather flies.  
She thought the crown a plaything to amuse  
Herself, and not the people, for she thought  
Who mimic infant words might infant toys:  
But while she watched grave elders look with awe  
On such a bauble, she withheld her breath;  
She was afraid her parents should suspect  
They had caught childhood from her in a kiss;  
She blushed for shame, and feared-for she believed.  
Yet was not courage wanting in the child.  
No; I have often seen her with both hands  
Shake a dry crocodile of equal height,  
And listen to the shells within the scales,  
And fancy there was life, and yet apply  
The jagged jaws wide open to her ear.  
Past are three summers since she first beheld  
The ocean; all around the child await  
Some exclamation of amazement here:  
She coldly said, her long-lashed eyes abased,  
'Is this the mighty ocean? is this all!'  
That wondrous soul Charoba once possessed,  
Capacious then as earth or heaven could hold,  
Soul discontented with capacity,  
Is gone, I fear, for ever. Need I say  
She was enchanted by the wicked spells  
Of Gebir, whom with lust of power inflamed  
The western winds have landed on our coast?  
I since have watched her in each lone retreat,  
Have heard her sigh and soften out the name,

Then would she change it for Egyptian sounds  
More sweet, and seem to taste them on her lips,  
Then loathe them-Gebir, Gebir still returned.  
Who would repine, of reason not bereft!  
For soon the sunny stream of youth runs down,  
And not a gadfly streaks the lake beyond.  
Lone in the gardens, on her gathered vest  
How gently would her languid arm recline!  
How often have I seen her kiss a flower,  
And on cool mosses press her glowing cheek!  
Nor was the stranger free from pangs himself.  
Whether by spell imperfect, or while brewed  
The swelling herbs infected him with foam,  
Oft have the shepherds met him wandering  
Through unfrequented paths, oft overheard  
Deep groans, oft started from soliloquies  
Which they believe assuredly were meant  
For spirits who attended him unseen.  
But when from his illuded eyes retired  
That figure Fancy fondly chose to raise,  
He clasped the vacant air and stood and gazed;  
Then owning it was folly, strange to tell,  
Burst into peals of laughter at his woes.  
Next, when his passion had subsided, went  
Where from a cistern, green and ruined, oozed  
A little rill, soon lost; there gathered he  
Violets, and harebells of a sister bloom,  
Twining complacently their tender stems  
With plants of kindest pliability.  
These for a garland woven, for a crown  
He platted pithy rushes, and ere dusk  
The grass was whitened with their roots nipped off.  
These threw he, finished, in the little rill  
And stood surveying them with steady smile:  
But such a smile as that of Gebir bids  
To Comfort a defiance, to Despair  
A welcome, at whatever hour she please.  
Had I observed him I had pitied him;  
I have observed Charoba, I have asked  
If she loved Gebir.  
'Love him!' she exclaimed  
With such a start of terror, such a flush



Of anger, 'I love Gebir? I in love?'  
And looked so piteous, so impatient looked-  
And burst, before I answered, into tears.  
Then saw I, plainly saw I, 'twas not love;  
For such her natural temper, what she likes  
She speaks it out, or rather she commands.  
And could Charoba say with greater ease  
Bring me a water-melon from the Nile,  
Than, if she loved him, 'Bring me him I love.'  
Therefore the death of Gebir is resolved.'  
'Resolved indeed,' cried Myrthyr, nought surprised,  
'Precious my arts! I could without remorse  
Kill, though I hold thee dearer than the day,  
E'en thee thyself, to exercise my arts.  
Look yonder! mark yon pomp of funeral!  
Is this from fortune or from favouring stars?  
Dalica, look thou yonder, what a train!  
What weeping! Oh, what luxury! Come, haste,  
Gather me quickly up these herbs I dropped,  
And then away-hush! I must unobserved  
From those two maiden sisters pull the spleen:  
Dissemblers! how invidious they surround  
The virgin's tomb, where all but virgins weep.'  
'Nay, hear me first,' cried Dalica; 'tis hard  
To perish to attend a foreign king.'  
'Perish! and may not then mine eye alone  
Draw out the venom drop, and yet remain  
Enough? the portion cannot be perceived.'  
Away she hastened with it to her home,  
And, sprinkling thrice flesh sulphur o'er the hearth,  
Took up a spindle with malignant smile,  
And pointed to a woof, nor spake a word;  
'Twas a dark purple, and its dye was dread.  
Plunged in a lonely house, to her unknown,  
Now Dalica first trembled: o'er the roof  
Wandered her haggard eyes-'twas some relief.  
The massy stones, though hewn most roughly, showed  
The hand of man had once at least been there:  
But from this object sinking back amazed,  
Her bosom lost all consciousness, and shook  
As if suspended in unbounded space.  
Her thus entranced the sister's voice recalled.

'Behold it here dyed once again! 'tis done.'  
Dalica stepped, and felt beneath her feet  
The slippery floor, with mouldered dust bestrewn;  
But Myrthyr seized with bare bold-sinewed arm  
The grey cerastes, writhing from her grasp,  
And twisted off his horn, nor feared to squeeze  
The viscous poison from his glowing gums.  
Nor wanted there the root of stunted shrub  
Which he lays ragged, hanging o'er the sands,  
And whence the weapons of his wrath are death:  
Nor the blue urchin that with clammy fin  
Holds down the tossing vessel for the tides.  
Together these her scient hand combined,  
And more she added, dared I mention more.  
Which done, with words most potent, thrice she dipped  
The reeking garb; thrice waved it through the air:  
She ceased; and suddenly the creeping wool  
Shrunk up with crisped dryness in her hands.  
'Take this,' she cried, 'and Gebir is no more.'

#### SIXTH BOOK.

Now to Aurora borne by dappled steeds,  
The sacred gate of orient pearl and gold,  
Smitten with Lucifer's light silver wand,  
Expanded slow to strains of harmony:  
The waves beneath in purpling rows, like doves  
Glancing with wanton coyness tow'rd their queen,  
Heaved softly; thus the damsel's bosom heaves  
When from her sleeping lover's downy cheek,  
To which so warily her own she brings  
Each moment nearer, she perceives the warmth  
Of coming kisses fanned by playful dreams.  
Ocean and earth and heaven was jubilee.  
For 'twas the morning pointed out by Fate  
When an immortal maid and mortal man  
Should share each other's nature knit in bliss.  
The brave Iberians far the beach o'erspread  
Ere dawn with distant awe; none hear the mew,  
None mark the curlew flapping o'er the field;

Silence held all, and fond expectancy.  
Now suddenly the conch above the sea  
Sounds, and goes sounding through the woods profound.  
They, where they hear the echo, turn their eyes,  
But nothing see they, save a purple mist  
Roll from the distant mountain down the shore:  
It rolls, it sails, it settles, it dissolves-  
Now shines the nymph to human eye revealed,  
And leads her Tamar timorous o'er the waves.  
Immortals crowding round congratulate  
The shepherd; he shrinks back, of breath bereft:  
His vesture clinging closely round his limbs  
Unfelt, while they the whole fair form admire,  
He fears that he has lost it, then he fears  
The wave has moved it, most to look he fears.  
Scarce the sweet-flowing music he imbibes,  
Or sees the peopled ocean; scarce he sees  
Spio with sparkling eyes, and Beroe  
Demure, and young Ione, less renowned,  
Not less divine, mild-natured; Beauty formed  
Her face, her heart Fidelity; for gods  
Designed, a mortal too Ione loved.  
These were the nymphs elected for the hour  
Of Hesperus and Hymen; these had strewn  
The bridal bed, these tuned afresh the shells,  
Wiping the green that hoarsened them within:  
These wove the chaplets, and at night resolved  
To drive the dolphins from the wreathed door.  
Gebir surveyed the concourse from the tents,  
The Egyptian men around him; 'twas observed  
By those below how wistfully he looked,  
From what attention with what earnestness  
Now to his city, now to theirs, he waved  
His hand, and held it, while they spake, outspread.  
They tarried with him, and they shared the feast.  
They stooped with trembling hand from heavy jars  
The wines of Gades gurgling in the bowl;  
Nor bent they homeward till the moon appeared  
To hang midway betwixt the earth and skies.  
'Twas then that leaning o'er the boy beloved,  
In Ocean's grot where Ocean was unheard,  
'Tamar!' the nymph said gently, 'come awake!

Enough to love, enough to sleep, is given,  
 Haste we away.' This Tamar deemed deceit,  
 Spoken so fondly, and he kissed her lips,  
 Nor blushed he then, for he was then unseen.  
 But she arising bade the youth arise.  
 'What cause to fly?' said Tamar; she replied,  
 'Ask none for flight, and feign none for delay.'  
 'Oh, am I then deceived! or am I cast  
 From dreams of pleasure to eternal sleep,  
 And, when I cease to shudder, cease to be!  
 She held the downcast bridegroom to her breast,  
 Looked in his face and charmed away his fears.  
 She said not 'Wherefore leave I then embraced  
 You a poor shepherd, or at most a man,  
 Myself a nymph, that now I should deceive?'  
 She said not-Tamar did, and was ashamed.  
 Him overcome her serious voice bespake.  
 'Grief favours all who bear the gift of tears!  
 Mild at first sight he meets his votaries  
 And casts no shadow as he comes along:  
 But after his embrace the marble chills  
 The pausing foot, the closing door sounds loud,  
 The fiend in triumph strikes the roof, then falls  
 The eye uplifted from his lurid shade.  
 Tamar, depress thyself, and miseries  
 Darken and widen: yes, proud-hearted man!  
 The sea-bird rises as the billows rise;  
 Nor otherwise when mountain floods descend  
 Smiles the unsullied lotus glossy-haired.  
 Thou, claiming all things, leanest on thy claim  
 Till overwhelmed through incompiancy.  
 Tamar, some silent tempest gathers round!  
 'Round whom?' retorted Tamar; 'thou describe  
 The danger, I will dare it.'  
 'Who will dare  
 What is unseen?'  
 'The man that is unblest.'  
 'But wherefore thou? It threatens not thyself,  
 Nor me, but Gebir and the Gadite host.'  
 'The more I know, the more a wretch am I.'  
 Groaned deep the troubled youth, 'still thou proceed.'  
 'Oh, seek not destined evils to divine,

Found out at last too soon! cease here the search,  
'Tis vain, 'tis impious, 'tis no gift of mine:  
I will impart far better, will impart  
What makes, when winter comes, the sun to rest  
So soon on ocean's bed his paler brow,  
And night to tarry so at spring's return.  
And I will tell sometimes the fate of men  
Who loosed from drooping neck the restless arm  
Adventurous, ere long nights had satisfied  
The sweet and honest avarice of love;  
How whirlpools have absorbed them, storms o'erwhelmed,  
And how amid their struggles and their prayers  
The big wave blackened o'er the mouths supine:  
Then, when my Tamar trembles at the tale,  
Kissing his lips half open with surprise,  
Glance from the gloomy story, and with glee  
Light on the fairer fables of the gods.  
Thus we may sport at leisure where we go  
Where, loved by Neptune and the Naiad, loved  
By pensive Dryad pale, and Oread  
The spritely nymph whom constant Zephyr woos,  
Rhine rolls his beryl-coloured wave; than Rhine  
What river from the mountains ever came  
More stately! most the simple crown adorns  
Of rushes and of willows intertwined  
With here and there a flower: his lofty brow  
Shaded with vines and mistletoe and oak  
He rears, and mystic bards his fame resound.  
Or gliding opposite, th' Illyrian gulf  
Will harbour us from ill.' While thus she spake,  
She touched his eyelashes with libant lip,  
And breathed ambrosial odours, o'er his cheek  
Celestial warmth suffusing: grief dispersed,  
And strength and pleasure beamed upon his brow.  
Then pointed she before him: first arose  
To his astonished and delighted view  
The sacred isle that shrines the queen of love.  
It stood so near him, so acute each sense,  
That not the symphony of lutes alone,  
Or coo serene or billing strife of doves,  
But murmurs, whispers, nay the very sighs  
Which he himself had uttered once, he heard.

Next, but long after and far off, appear  
The cloud-like cliffs and thousand towers of Crete,  
And further to the right, the Cyclades:  
Phoebus had raised and fixed them, to surround  
His native Delos and aerial fane.  
He saw the land of Pelops, host of gods,  
Saw the steep ridge where Corinth after stood  
Beckoning the serious with the smiling arts  
Into the sunbright bay; unborn the maid  
That to assure the bent-up hand unskilled  
Looked oft, but oftener fearing who might wake.  
He heard the voice of rivers; he descried  
Pindan Peneus and the slender nymphs  
That tread his banks but fear the thundering tide;  
These, and Amphrysos and Apidanus  
And poplar-crowned Spercheus, and reclined  
On restless rocks Enipeus, where the winds  
Scattered above the weeds his hoary hair.  
Then, with Pirene and with Panope,  
Evenus, troubled from paternal tears,  
And last was Achelous, king of isles.  
Zacynthus here, above rose Ithaca,  
Like a blue bubble floating in the bay.  
Far onward to the left a glimmering light  
Glanced out oblique, nor vanished; he inquired  
Whence that arose, his consort thus replied -  
'Behold the vast Eridanus! ere long  
We may again behold him and rejoice.  
Of noble rivers none with mightier force  
Rolls his unwearied torrent to the main.'  
And now Sicanian Etna rose to view:  
Darkness with light more horrid she confounds,  
Baffles the breath and dims the sight of day.  
Tamar grew giddy with astonishment  
And, looking up, held fast the bridal vest;  
He heard the roar above him, heard the roar  
Beneath, and felt it too, as he beheld,  
Hurl, from earth's base, rocks, mountains, to the skies.  
Meanwhile the nymph had fixed her eyes beyond,  
As seeing somewhat, not intent on aught.  
He, more amazed than ever, then exclaimed,  
'Is there another flaming isle? or this

Illusion, thus passed over unobserved?'  
'Look yonder,' cried the nymph, without reply,  
'Look yonder!' Tamar looked, and saw afar  
Where the waves whitened on the desert shore.  
When from amid grey ocean first he caught  
The heights of Calpe, saddened he exclaimed,  
'Rock of Iberia! fixed by Jove and hung  
With all his thunder-hearing clouds, I hail  
Thy ridges rough and cheerless! what though Spring  
Nor kiss thy brow nor cool it with a flower,  
Yet will I hail thee, hail thy flinty couch,  
Where Valour and where Virtue have reposed.'  
The nymph said, sweetly smiling, 'Fickle man  
Would not be happy could he not regret!  
And I confess how, looking back, a thought  
Has touched and tuned or rather thrilled my heart,  
Too soft for sorrow and too strong for joy:  
Fond foolish maid, 'twas with mine own accord  
It soothed me, shook me, melted, drowned, in tears.  
But weep not thou; what cause hast thou to weep?  
Wouldst thou thy country? wouldst those caves abhorred,  
Dungeons and portals that exclude the day?  
Gebir, though generous, just, humane, inhaled  
Rank venom from these mansions. Rest, O king  
In Egypt thou! nor, Tamar! pant for sway.  
With horrid chorus, Pain, Diseases, Death,  
Stamp on the slippery pavement of the proud,  
And ring their sounding emptiness through earth.  
Possess the ocean, me, thyself, and peace.'  
And now the chariot of the Sun descends,  
The waves rush hurried from his foaming steeds,  
Smoke issues from their nostrils at the gate,  
Which when they enter, with huge golden bar  
Atlas and Calpe close across the sea.

## SEVENTH BOOK.

What mortal first by adverse fate assailed,  
Trampled by tyranny or scoffed by scorn,  
Stung by remorse or wrung by poverty,

Bade with fond sigh his native laud farewell?  
Wretched! but tenfold wretched who resolved  
Against the waves to plunge th' expatriate keel  
Deep with the richest harvest of his land!  
Driven with that weak blast which Winter leaves  
Closing his palace gates on Caucasus,  
Oft hath a berry risen forth a shade;  
From the same parent plant another lies  
Deaf to the daily call of weary hind;  
Zephyrs pass by and laugh at his distress.  
By every lake's and every river's side  
The nymphs and Naiads teach Equality;  
In voices gently querulous they ask,  
'Who would with aching head and toiling arms  
Bear the full pitcher to the stream far off?  
Who would, of power intent on high emprise,  
Deem less the praise to fill the vacant gulf  
Then raise Charybdis upon Etna's brow?'  
Amid her darkest caverns most retired,  
Nature calls forth her filial elements  
To close around and cruel that monster VOID:  
Fire, springing fierce from his resplendent throne,  
And Water, dashing the devoted wretch  
Woundless and whole with iron-coloured mace,  
Or whirling headlong in his war-belt's fold.  
Mark well the lesson, man! and spare thy kind.  
Go, from their midnight darkness wake the woods,  
Woo the lone forest in her last retreat:  
Many still bend their beauteous heads unblest  
And sigh aloud for elemental man.  
Through palaces and porches evil eyes  
Light upon e'en the wretched, who have fled  
The house of bondage or the house of birth;  
Suspensions, murmurs, treacheries, taunts, retorts,  
Attend the brighter banners that invade;  
And the first horn of hunter, pale with want,  
Sounds to the chase, the second to the war.  
The long awaited day at last arrived,  
When, linked together by the seven-armed Nile,  
Egypt with proud Iberia should unite.  
Here the Tartesian, there the Gadite tents  
Rang with impatient pleasure: here engaged



Woody Nebrissa's quiver-bearing crew,  
Contending warm with amicable skill;  
While they of Durius raced along the beach  
And scattered mud and jeers on all behind.  
The strength of Baetis too removed the helm  
And stripped the corslet off, and stanch'd the foot  
Against the mossy maple, while they tore  
Their quivering lances from the hissing wound.  
Others push forth the prows of their compeers,  
And the wave, parted by the pouncing beak,  
Swells up the sides, and closes far astern:  
The silent oars now dip their level wings,  
And weary with strong stroke the whitening wave.  
Others, afraid of tardiness, return:  
Now, entering the still harbour, every surge  
Runs with a louder murmur up their keel,  
And the slack cordage rattles round the mast.  
Sleepless with pleasure and expiring fears  
Had Gebir risen ere the break of dawn,  
And o'er the plains appointed for the feast  
Hurried with ardent step: the swains admired  
What so transversely could have swept the dew;  
For never long one path had Gebir trod,  
Nor long, unheeding man, one pace preserved.  
Not thus Charoba: she despaired the day:  
The day was present; true; yet she despaired.  
In the too tender and once tortured heart  
Doubts gather strength from habit, like disease;  
Fears, like the needle verging to the pole,  
Tremble and tremble into certainty.  
How often, when her maids with merry voice  
Called her, and told the sleepless queen 'twas morn,  
How often would she feign some fresh delay,  
And tell them (though they saw) that she arose.  
Next to her chamber, closed by cedar doors  
A bath of purest marble, purest wave,  
On its fair surface bore its pavement high:  
Arabian gold enchased the crystal roof,  
With fluttering boys adorned and girls unrobed:  
These, when you touch the quiet water, start  
From their aerial sunny arch, and pant  
Entangled mid each other's flowery wreaths,

And each pursuing is in turn pursued.  
Here came at last, as ever wont at morn,  
Charoba: long she lingered at the brink,  
Often she sighed, and, naked as she was,  
Sat down, and leaning on the couch's edge,  
On the soft inward pillow of her arm  
Rested her burning cheek: she moved her eyes;  
She blushed; and blushing plunged into the wave.  
Now brazen chariots thunder through each street,  
And neighing steeds paw proudly from delay.  
While o'er the palace breathes the dulcimer,  
Lute, and aspiring harp, and lispig reed;  
Loud rush the trumpets bursting through the throng  
And urge the high-shouldered vulgar; now are heard  
Curses and quarrels and constricted blows,  
Threats and defiance and suburban war.  
Hark! the reiterated clangour sounds!  
Now murmurs, like the sea or like the storm,  
Or like the flames on forests, move and mount  
From rank to rank, and loud and louder roll,  
Till all the people is one vast applause.  
Yes, 'tis herself, Charoba-now the strife  
To see again a form so often seen!  
Feel they some partial pang, some secret void,  
Some doubt of feasting those fond eyes again?  
Panting imbibe they that refreshing sight  
To reproduce in hour of bitterness?  
She goes, the king awaits her from the camp:  
Him she descried, and trembled ere he reached  
Her car, but shuddered paler at his voice.  
So the pale silver at the festive board  
Grows paler filled afresh and dewed with wine;  
So seems the tenderest herbage of the spring  
To whiten, bending from a balmy gale.  
The beauteous queen alighting he received,  
And sighed to loose her from his arms; she hung  
A little longer on them through her fears:  
Her maidens followed her, and one that watched,  
One that had called her in the morn, observed  
How virgin passion with unfueled flame  
Burns into whiteness, while the blushing cheek  
Imagination heats and Shame imbues.

Between both nations drawn in ranks they pass:  
The priests, with linen ephods, linen robes,  
Attend their steps, some follow, some precede,  
Where clothed with purple intertwined with gold  
Two lofty thrones commanded land and main.  
Behind and near them numerous were the tents  
As freckled clouds o'erfloat our vernal skies,  
Numerous as wander in warm moonlight nights,  
Along Meander's or Cayster's marsh,  
Swans pliant-necked and village storks revered.  
Throughout each nation moved the hum confused,  
Like that from myriad wings o'er Scythian cups  
Of frothy milk, concreted soon with blood.  
Throughout the fields the savoury smoke ascends,  
And boughs and branches shade the hides unbroached.  
Some roll the flowery turf into a seat,  
And others press the helmet-now resounds  
The signal-queen and monarch mount the thrones.  
The brazen clarion hoarsens: many leagues  
Above them, many to the south, the heron  
Rising with hurried croak and throat outstretched,  
Ploughs up the silvering surface of her plain.  
Tottering with age's zeal and mischief's haste  
Now was discovered Dalica; she reached  
The throne, she leant against the pedestal,  
And now ascending stood before the king.  
Prayers for his health and safety she preferred,  
And o'er his head and o'er his feet she threw  
Myrrh, nard, and cassia, from three golden urns;  
His robe of native woof she next removed,  
And round his shoulders drew the garb accursed,  
And bowed her head and parted: soon the queen  
Saw the blood mantle in his manly cheeks,  
And feared, and faltering sought her lost replies,  
And blessed the silence that she wished were broke.  
Alas! unconscious maiden! night shall close,  
And love and sovereignty and life dissolve,  
And Egypt be one desert drenched in blood.  
When thunder overhangs the fountain's head,  
Losing its wonted freshness every stream  
Grows turbid, grows with sickly warmth suffused:  
Thus were the brave Iberians when they saw

The king of nations from his throne descend.  
Scarcely, with pace uneven, knees unnerved,  
Reached he the waters: in his troubled ear  
They sounded murmuring drearily; they rose  
Wild, in strange colours, to his parching eyes;  
They seemed to rush around him, seemed to lift  
From the receding earth his helpless feet.  
He fell-Charoba shrieked aloud-she ran-  
Frantic with fears and fondness, mazed with woe,  
Nothing but Gebir dying she beheld.  
The turban that betrayed its golden charge  
Within, the veil that down her shoulders hung,  
All fallen at her feet! the furthest wave  
Creeping with silent progress up the sand,  
Glided through all, and raised their hollow folds.  
In vain they bore him to the sea, in vain  
Rubbed they his temples with the briny warmth:  
He struggled from them, strong with agony,  
He rose half up, he fell again, he cried  
'Charoba! O Charoba!' She embraced  
His neck, and raising on her knee one arm,  
Sighed when it moved not, when it fell she shrieked,  
And clasping loud both hands above her head,  
She called on Gebir, called on earth, on heaven.  
'Who will believe me? what shall I protest?  
How innocent, thus wretched! God of gods,  
Strike me-who most offend thee most defy-  
Charoba most offends thee-strike me, hurl  
From this accursed land, this faithless throne.  
O Dalica! see here the royal feast!  
See here the gorgeous robe! you little thought  
How have the demons dyed that robe with death.  
Where are ye, dear fond parents! when ye heard  
My feet in childhood pat the palace-floor,  
Ye started forth and kissed away surprise:  
Will ye now meet me! how, and where, and when?  
And must I fill your bosom with my tears,  
And, what I never have done, with your own!  
Why have the gods thus punished me? what harm  
Have ever I done them? have I profaned  
Their temples, asked too little, or too much?  
Proud if they granted, grieved if they withheld?

O mother! stand between your child and them!  
Appease them, soothe them, soften their revenge,  
Melt them to pity with maternal tears-  
Alas, but if you cannot! they themselves  
Will then want pity rather than your child.  
O Gebir! best of monarchs, best of men,  
What realm hath ever thy firm even hand  
Or lost by feebleness or held by force!  
Behold thy cares and perils how repaid!  
Behold the festive day, the nuptial hour!  
Thus raved Charoba: horror, grief, amaze,  
Pervaded all the host; all eyes were fixed;  
All stricken motionless and mute: the feast  
Was like the feast of Cepheus, when the sword  
Of Phineus, white with wonder, shook restrained,  
And the hilt rattled in his marble hand.  
She heard not, saw not, every sense was gone;  
One passion banished all; dominion, praise,  
The world itself was nothing. Senseless man!  
What would thy fancy figure now from worlds?  
There is no world to those that grieve and love.  
She hung upon his bosom, pressed his lips,  
Breathed, and would feign it his that she resorbed;  
She chafed the feathery softness of his veins,  
That swelled out black, like tendrils round their vase  
After libation: lo! he moves! he groans!  
He seems to struggle from the grasp of death.  
Charoba shrieked and fell away, her hand  
Still clasping his, a sudden blush o'erspread  
Her pallid humid cheek, and disappeared.  
'Twas not the blush of shame-what shame has woe? -  
'Twas not the genuine ray of hope, it flashed  
With shuddering glimmer through unscattered clouds,  
It flashed from passions rapidly opposed.  
Never so eager, when the world was waves,  
Stood the less daughter of the ark, and tried  
(Innocent this temptation!) to recall  
With folded vest and casting arm the dove;  
Never so fearful, when amid the vines  
Rattled the hail, and when the light of heaven  
Closed, since the wreck of Nature, first eclipsed,  
As she was eager for his life's return,

As she was fearful how his groans might end.  
They ended: cold and languid calm succeeds;  
His eyes have lost their lustre, but his voice  
Is not unheard, though short: he spake these words:  
'And weepst thou, Charoba! shedding tears  
More precious than the jewels that surround  
The neck of kings entombed! then weep, fair queen,  
At once thy pity and my pangs assuage.  
Ah! what is grandeur, glory-they are past!  
When nothing else, not life itself, remains,  
Still the fond mourner may be called our own.  
Should I complain of Fortune? how she errs,  
Scattering her bounty upon barren ground,  
Slow to allay the lingering thirst of toil?  
Fortune, 'tis true, may err, may hesitate,  
Death follows close nor hesitates nor errs.  
I feel the stroke! I die!' He would extend  
His dying arm; it fell upon his breast:  
Cold sweat and shivering ran o'er every limb,  
His eyes grew stiff, he struggled and expired.

Walter Savage Landor

# God Scatters Beauty

God scatters beauty as he scatters flowers  
O'er the wide earth, and tells us all are ours.  
A hundred lights in every temple burn,  
And at each shrine I bend my knee in turn.

Walter Savage Landor

# Heartsease

THERE is a flower I wish to wear,  
But not until first worn by you—  
Heartsease—of all earth's flowers most rare;  
Bring it; and bring enough for two.

Walter Savage Landor



# Homer And Laertes

Laertes: Gods help thee! and restore to thee thy sight!  
My good old guest, I am more old than thou,  
Yet have outlived by many years my son  
Odysseus and the chaste Penelope.

Homer: Hither I come to visit thee and sing  
His wanderings and his wisdom, tho my voice  
Be not the voice it was.

Laertes: First let us taste  
My old sound wine, and break my bread less old,  
But old enough for teeth like thine and mine.

Homer: So be it! I sing best when such good cheer  
Refreshes me, and such a friend as thou.

Laertes: Far hast thou wandered since we met, and told  
Strange stories. Wert thou not afraid some God  
Or Goddess should have siez'd upon thy ear  
For talking what thou toldest of their pranks.

Homer: They often came about me while I slept  
And brought me dreams, none painful, none profane;  
They loved thy son, and for his sake loved me.

Laertes: Apollo, I well know, was much thy friend.

Homer: He did not treat me quite as Marsyas  
Was treated by him: lest he should, I sang  
His praise in my best chaunt: for Gods love praise.

Laertes: Have they enrich thee? for I see thy cloak is ragged.

Homer: Ragged cloak is poet's garb.

Laertes: I have two better; one of them for thee.  
Penelope, who died five years ago,  
Spun it; her husband wore it only once  
And but one year, the anniversary

Of their espousal.

Homer: Wear it will I not,  
But I will hang it on the brightest nail  
Of the first temple where Apollo sits,  
Golden-hair'd, in his glory.

Laertes: So thou shalt  
If so it please thee: yet we first will quaff  
The gift of Bakkos, for methinks his gifts  
Are quite as welcome to the sons of song  
And cheer them oftener.

(Girl enters.)

Maiden! come thou nigh  
And sit thee down, and thou shalt hear a song  
After a while which Gods may listen to;  
But place the flask upon the board and wait  
Until the stranger hath allaid his thirst,  
For poets, grasshoppers, and nightingales  
Sing cheerily but when the throat is moist.

Homer: I sang to maidens in my prime; again  
(But not before the morrow) will I sing:  
Let me repose this noontide, since in sooth  
Wine, a sweet remedy for weariness,  
Helps to uplift its burden.

Laertes: Lie then down  
Along you mat bestrown with rosemary.  
And, Agatha, do thou bring speedily  
The two large ewers, and fill brimfull the bath  
Capacious; that of brass; Penelope's  
Own bath, wherein she laught to see her boy  
Paddle, like cygnet with its broad black oars,  
Nor shunn'd the chilly water he threw up  
Against her face . . he who grew soon so sage!  
Then do thou, maiden, from hot cauldron pour  
Enough to make it soothing to the feet;  
After, bring store of rushes, and long leaves  
Of cane sweet-smelling, from the inland bank

Of that famed river far across the sea  
Opposite, to our eyes invisible.  
Be sure thou smoothen with both hands his couch  
Who has the power to make both young and old  
Live throughout ages.

Agatha: And look well throughout?

Laertes: Aye, aye, and better than they lookt before.  
May thou rest well, old wanderer! Even the Gods  
Repose, the Sun himself sinks down to rest.

Walter Savage Landor

## How To Read Me

TO turn my volumes o'er nor find  
(Sweet unsuspecting friend!)  
Some vestige of an erring mind  
To chide or discommend,

Believe that all were lov'd like you  
With love from blame exempt,  
Believe that all my griefs were true  
And all my joys but dreamt.

Walter Savage Landor

# Hyperbion

Hyperbion was among the chosen few  
Of Phoebus; and men honored him awhile,  
Honoring in him the God. But others sang  
As loudly; and the boys as loudly cheer'd.  
Hyperbion (more than bard should be) was wroth,  
And thus he spake to Phoebus: 'Hearest thou,  
O Phoebus! the rude rabble from the field,  
Who swear that they have known thee ever since  
Thou feddest for Admetos his white bull?'  
'I hear them,' said the God. 'Seize thou the first  
And haul him up above the heads of men,  
And thou shalt hear them shout for thee as pleas'd.'  
Headstrong and proud Hyperbion was: the crown  
Of laurel on it badly cool'd his brow:  
So, when he heard them singing at his gate,  
While some with flints cut there the rival's name,  
Rushing he seiz'd the songster at their head:  
The songster kickt and struggled hard; in vain.  
Hyperbion claspt him round with arm robust,  
And with the left a hempen rope uncoil'd,  
Whereon already was a noose: it held  
The calf until the mother's teat was drawn  
At morn and eve; and both were now afield.  
With all his strength he pull'd the wretch along,  
And haul'd him up a pine-tree where he died.  
But one night, not long after, in his sleep  
He saw the songster: then did he beseech  
Apollo to enlighten him, if perchance  
In what he did he had done aught amiss.  
'Thou hast done well, Hyperbion!' said the God,  
'As I did also to one Marsyas  
Some years ere thou wert born: but better 'twere  
If thou hadst understood my words aright,  
For those around may harm thee, and assign  
As reason that thou wentest past the law.  
My meaning was that thou shouldst hold him up  
In the high places of thy mind, and show  
Thyself the greater by enduring him.'  
Downcast Hyperbion stood: but Phoebus said

'Be of good cheer, Hyperbion! if the rope  
Is not so frayed but it may hold thy calf,  
The greatest harm is that by hauling him  
Thou hast chafed, sorely, sorely, that old pine;  
And pine-tree bark will never close again.'

Walter Savage Landor

# I Entreat You, Alfred Tennyson

I entreat you, Alfred Tennyson,  
Come and share my haunch of venison.  
I have too a bin of claret,  
Good, but better when you share it.  
Tho' 'tis only a small bin,  
There's a stock of it within.  
And as sure as I'm a rhymer,  
Half a butt of Rudeheimer.  
Come; among the sons of men is one  
Welcomer than Alfred Tennyson?

Walter Savage Landor

# I Strove With None

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife.  
Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art:  
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;  
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

Walter Savage Landor



# I Wander O'Er The Sandy Heath

I wander o'er the sandy heath  
Where the white rush waves high,  
Where adders close before me wreath  
And tawny kites sail screaming by.  
Alone I wander; I alone  
Could love to wander there;  
'But wherefore!' let my church-yard stone  
Look toward Tawy and declare.

Walter Savage Landor

# Ianthe

From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass  
Like little ripples down a sunny river;  
Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,  
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever.

Walter Savage Landor

# Ianthe! You Are Call'D To Cross The Sea!

Ianthe! you are call'd to cross the sea!  
A path forbidden me!  
Remember, while the Sun his blessing sheds  
Upon the mountain-heads,  
How often we have watcht him laying down  
His brow, and dropt our own  
Against each other's, and how faint and short  
And sliding the support!  
What will succeed it now? Mine is unblest,  
Ianthe! nor will rest  
But on the very thought that swells with pain.  
O bid me hope again!  
O give me back what Earth, what (without you)  
Not Heaven itself can do--  
One of the golden days that we have past,  
And let it be my last!  
Or else the gift would be, however sweet,  
Fragile and incomplete.

Walter Savage Landor

# Ianthe's Troubles

YOUR pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,  
Cut down and up again as blithe as ever;  
From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass  
Like little ripples in a sunny river.

Walter Savage Landor

## Ianthe's Question

'Do you remember me? or are you proud?'

Lightly advancing thro' her star-trimm'd crowd,

Ianthe said, and look'd into my eyes.

'A yes, a yes to both: for Memory

Where you but once have been must ever be,

And at your voice Pride from his throne must rise.'

Walter Savage Landor

## In After Time

NO, my own love of other years!  
No, it must never be.  
Much rests with you that yet endears,  
Alas! but what with me?  
Could those bright years o'er me revolve  
So gay, o'er you so fair,  
The pearl of life we would dissolve  
And each the cup might share.  
You show that truth can ne'er decay,  
Whatever fate befalls;  
I, that the myrtle and the bay  
Shoot fresh on ruin'd walls.

Walter Savage Landor

# In Spring And Summer Winds May Blow

In spring and summer winds may blow,  
And rains fall after, hard and fast;  
The tender leaves, if beaten low,  
Shine but the more for shower and blast

But when their fated hour arrives,  
When reapers long have left the field,  
When maidens rifle turn'd-up hives,  
And their last juice fresh apples yield,

A leaf perhaps may still remain  
Upon some solitary tree,  
Spite of the wind and of the rain . . .  
A thing you heed not if you see.

At last it falls. Who cares? Not one:  
And yet no power on earth can ever  
Replace the fallen leaf upon  
Its spray, so easy to dis sever.

If such be love, I dare not say.  
Friendship is such, too well I know:  
I have enjoyed my summer day;  
'Tis past; my leaf now lies below.

Walter Savage Landor

# Judge And Thief

O'erfoaming with rage  
The foul-mouth'd judge Page  
Thus question'd a thief in the dock:  
'Didst never hear read  
In the church, lump of lead!  
Loose chip from the devil's own block!  
'Thou shalt not steal?' 'Yea,'  
The white chap did say,  
'Thou shalt not:' but thou was the word.  
Had he piped out 'Jem Hewitt!  
Be sure you don't do it,'  
I'd ha' thought of it twice ere I did it, my lord.'

Walter Savage Landor



## Last Lines

Death stands above me, whispering low  
I know not what into my ear:  
Of his strange language all I know  
Is, there is not a word of fear.

Walter Savage Landor



## Lately Our Poets

Lately our poets loiter'd in green lanes,  
Content to catch the ballads of the plains;  
I fancied I had strength enough to climb  
A loftier station at no distant time,  
And might securely from intrusion doze  
Upon the flowers thro' which Ilissus flows.  
In those pale olive grounds all voices cease,  
And from afar dust fills the paths of Greece.  
My sluber broken and my doublet torn,  
I find the laurel also bears a thorn.

Walter Savage Landor

## Lines To A Dragon Fly

Life (priest and poet say) is but a dream;  
I wish no happier one than to be laid  
Beneath some cool syringa's scented shade  
Or wavy willow, by the running stream,  
Brimful of Moral, where the Dragon Fly  
Wanders as careless and content as I.

Thanks for this fancy, insect king,  
Of purple crest and filmy wing,  
Who with indifference givest up  
The water-lily's golden cup,  
To come again and overlook  
What I am writing in my book.  
Believe me, most who read the line  
Will read with hornier eyes than thine;  
And yet their souls shall live for ever,  
And thine drop dead into the river!  
God pardon them, O insect king,  
Who fancy so unjust a thing!

Walter Savage Landor

# Little Aglaë

To Her Father, on Her Statue Being Called Like Her

FATHER! the little girl we see  
Is not, I fancy, so like me;  
You never hold her on your knee.

When she came home, the other day,  
You kiss'd her; but I cannot say  
She kiss'd you first and ran away.

Walter Savage Landor

# Macaulay

THE DREAMY rhymer's measur'd snore  
Falls heavy on our ears no more;  
And by long strides are left behind  
The dear delights of woman-kind,  
Who win their battles like their loves,  
In satin waistcoats and kid gloves,  
And have achiev'd the crowning work  
When they have truss'd and skewer'd a Turk.  
Another comes with stouter tread,  
And stalks among the statelier dead.  
He rushes on, and hails by turns  
High-crested Scott, broad-breasted Burns,  
And shows the British youth, who ne'er  
Will lag behind, what Romans were,  
When all the Tuscans and their Lars  
Shouted, and shook the towers of Mars.

Walter Savage Landor

# Man

IN his own image the Creator made,  
His own pure sunbeam quicken'd thee, O man!  
Thou breathing dial! since thy day began  
The present hour was ever mark'd with shade!

Walter Savage Landor

# Memory

THE MOTHER of the Muses, we are taught,  
Is Memory: she has left me; they remain,  
And shake my shoulder, urging me to sing  
About the summer days, my loves of old.  
Alas! alas! is all I can reply.  
Memory has left with me that name alone,  
Harmonious name, which other bards may sing,  
But her bright image in my darkest hour  
Comes back, in vain comes back, call'd or uncall'd.  
Forgotten are the names of visitors  
Ready to press my hand but yesterday;  
Forgotten are the names of earlier friends  
Whose genial converse and glad countenance  
Are fresh as ever to mine ear and eye;  
To these, when I have written and besought  
Remembrance of me, the word Dear alone  
Hangs on the upper verge, and waits in vain.  
A blessing wert thou, O oblivion,  
If thy stream carried only weeds away,  
But vernal and autumnal flowers alike  
It hurries down to wither on the strand.

Walter Savage Landor



# Mild Is The Parting Year

Mild is the parting year, and sweet  
The odour of the falling spray;  
Life passes on more rudely fleet,  
And balmless is its closing day.

I wait its close, I court its gloom,  
But mourn that never must there fall  
Or on my breast or on my tomb  
The tear that would have soothed it all.

Walter Savage Landor

# Mother, I Cannot Mind My Wheel

MOTHER, I cannot mind my wheel;  
My fingers ache, my lips are dry:  
O, if you felt the pain I feel!  
But O, who ever felt as I?

No longer could I doubt him true-  
All other men may use deceit;  
He always said my eyes were blue,  
And often swore my lips were sweet.

Walter Savage Landor

# Myrtis

Friends, whom she lookt at blandly from her couch  
And her white wrist above it, gem-bedewed,  
Were arguing with Pentheusa: she had heard  
Report of Creon's death, whom years before  
She listened to, well-pleas'd; and sighs arose;  
For sighs full often fondle with reproofs  
And will be fondled by them. When I came  
After the rest to visit her, she said,  
'Myrtis! how kind! Who better knows than thou  
The pangs of love? and my first love was he!  
Tell me (if ever, Eros! are reveal'd  
Thy secrets to the earth) have they been true  
To any love who speak about the first?  
What! shall these holier lights, like twinkling stars  
In the few hours assign'd them, change their place,  
And, when comes ampler splendour, disappear?  
Idler I am, and pardon, not reply,  
Implore from thee, thus questioned; well I know  
Thou strikest, like Olympian Jove, but once.

Walter Savage Landor

# Of Clementina

In Clementina's artless mien  
Lucilla asks me what I see,  
And are the roses of sixteen  
Enough for me?

Lucilla asks, if that be all,  
Have I not cull'd as sweet before:  
Ah yes, Lucilla! and their fall  
I still deplore.

I now behold another scene,  
Where Pleasure beams with Heaven's own light,  
More pure, more constant, more serene,  
And not less bright.

Faith, on whose breast the Loves repose,  
Whose chain of flowers no force can sever,  
And Modesty who, when she goes,  
Is gone for ever.

Walter Savage Landor

# On An Eclipse Of The Moon

Struggling, and faint, and fainter didst thou wane,  
O Moon! and round thee all thy starry train  
Came forth to help thee, with half-open eyes,  
And trembled every one with still surprise,  
That the black Spectre should have dared assail  
Their beauteous queen and seize her sacred veil.

Walter Savage Landor

## On Catullus

Tell me not what too well I know  
About the bard of Sirmio.  
Yes, in Thalia's son  
Such stains there are—as when a Grace  
Sprinkles another's laughing face  
With nectar, and runs on.

Walter Savage Landor

## On Himself

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife;  
Nature I lov'd, and next to Nature, Art;  
I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;  
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

Walter Savage Landor

## On His Eightieth Birthday

To my ninth decade I have tottered on,  
And no soft arm bends now my steps to steady;  
She, who once led me where she would, is gone,  
So when he calls me, Death shall find me ready.

Walter Savage Landor



## On His Seventy-Fifth Birthday

I strove with none; for none was worth my strife,  
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;  
I warmed both hands before the fire of life,  
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

Walter Savage Landor

## On Lady Charles Beauclerc's Death

Nor empty are the honours that we pay  
To the departed; our own hearts are fill'd  
Brimfull with grateful reminiscences;  
Compassion is excited; the most stern  
Relent; and better even the best return.  
Such, Teresita, were my thoughts, all day,  
All night, when thou wert carried to thy home  
Eternal, amid tears thou couldst not share,  
Thither where none, not even of joy, are shed.  
Surrounded with God's own serenity  
Is that pure brow rais'd humbly to his throne.  
Leaving thy home and those most dear awhile,  
Thou, a few months before, wouldst have consoled  
My sufferings: Who shall now console thy sire's?  
Proud not of victories won in southern climes  
And equal laws administer'd, but proud  
Of virtues he implanted in his child.

Walter Savage Landor

## On Living Too Long

IS it not better at an early hour  
In its calm cell to rest the weary head,  
While birds are singing and while blooms the bower,  
Than sit the fire out and go starv'd to bed?

Walter Savage Landor

## On Lucretia Borgia's Hair

BORGIA, thou once wert almost too august  
And high for adoration; now thou 'rt dust;  
All that remains of thee these plaits unfold,  
Calm hair meandering in pellucid gold.

Walter Savage Landor

## On Music

MANY love music but for music's sake;  
Many because her touches can awake  
Thoughts that repose within the breast half dead,  
And rise to follow where she loves to lead.  
What various feelings come from days gone by!  
What tears from far-off sources dim the eye!  
Few, when light fingers with sweet voices play,  
And melodies swell, pause, and melt away,  
Mind how at every touch, at every tone,  
A spark of life hath glisten'd and hath gone.

Walter Savage Landor

# On The Conflagration Of The Po

Why is, and whence, the Po in flames? and why  
In consternation do its borderers raise  
Imploring hands to mortal men around  
And Gods above? Are Gods implacable?  
Or men bereft of sight at such a blaze?  
Apollo hath no more a son; his breath  
Is stifled, and smoke only fills the air  
Where once was fire, and men to men were true.  
Fierce ones and faithless now approach the waste,  
Who look transversely with an evil eye,  
And scowl and threaten, and uplift the sword,  
And, if they lower it, 'tis but to grasp more  
And more of amber left on either bank. Apollo hates the land he once so loved,  
Nor swan is seen nor nightingale is heard  
Nigh the dead river and affrighted vale,  
For every Nymph shed there incessant tears,  
And into amber hardened all they shed.

Walter Savage Landor

# On The Dead

Yes, in this chancel once we sat alone,  
O Dorothea! thou wert bright with youth,  
Freshness like Morning's dwelt upon thy cheek,  
While here and there above the level pews,  
Above the housings of the village dames,  
The musky fan its groves and zephyrs waved.  
I know not why (since we had each our book  
And lookt upon it stedfastly) first one  
Outran the learned labourer from the desk,  
Then tript the other and limpt far behind,  
And smiles gave blushes birth, and blushes smiles.  
Ah me! where are they flown, my lovely friend!  
Two seasons like that season thou hast lain  
Cold as the dark-blue stone beneath my feet,  
While my heart beats as then, but not with joy.  
O my lost friends! why were ye once so dear?  
And why were ye not fewer, O ye few?  
Must winter, spring, and summer, thus return,  
Commemorating some one torn away,  
Till half the months at last shall take, with me,  
Their names from those upon your scatter'd graves!

She I love (alas in vain!)  
Floats before my slumbering eyes:  
When she comes she lulls my pain,  
When she goes what pangs arise!  
Thou whom love, whom memory flies,  
Gentle Sleep! prolong thy reign!  
If even thus she soothe my sighs,  
Never let me wake again!

Walter Savage Landor

# On The Death Of M. D'ossoli And His Wife Margaret Fuller

OVER his millions Death has lawful power,  
But over thee, brave D'Ossoli! none, none.  
After a longer struggle, in a fight  
Worthy of Italy, to youth restor'd,  
Thou, far from home, art sunk beneath the surge  
Of the Atlantic; on its shore; in reach  
Of help; in trust of refuge; sunk with all  
Precious on earth to thee ... a child, a wife!  
Proud as thou wert of her, America  
Is prouder, showing to her sons how high  
Swells woman's courage in a virtuous breast.  
She would not leave behind her those she lov'd:  
Such solitary safety might become  
Others; not her; not her who stood beside  
The pallet of the wounded, when the worst  
Of France and Perfidy assail'd the walls  
Of unsuspecting Rome. Rest, glorious soul,  
Renown'd for strength of genius, Margaret!  
Rest with the twain too dear! My words are few,  
And shortly none will hear my failing voice,  
But the same language with more full appeal  
Shall hail thee. Many are the sons of song  
Whom thou hast heard upon thy native plains  
Worthy to sing of thee: the hour is come;  
Take we our seats and let the dirge begin.

Walter Savage Landor



# On The Descent Into Hell Of Ezzelino Di Napoli

Rejoice, ye nations! one is dead  
By whom ten thousand hearts have bled.  
Widows and orphans, raise your voice . .  
One voice, ye prostrate peoples, raise  
To God; to God alone be praise!  
All dwellers upon earth, rejoice:

The imprison'd soul, the tortured limb,  
Are now at last set free by Him.  
Each king their fellow king supplied  
With thongs to scourge ye: but your wrongs  
Reacht highest heaven; Angelic tongues  
Shouted when Earth's Flagellant died.

The Demons heard and yell'd below,  
Glad that his endless day of woe  
(Long after theirs) had dimly dawn'd.  
The proudest of them all sate dumb,  
Angry that any Prince should come,  
Who grudg'd to give the soul he pawn'd.

He gnasht his teeth; opprobrious names  
Muttered on Death, and wisht his flames  
Could crack his stubborn ribs . . in vain . .  
He must resign or share the place  
Imperial; he must bear disgrace  
While that intruder feels but pain.

The Devils' mouths but seldom water,  
Yet, sniffing this fat slug of slaughter,  
Theirs do, they then this grace begin,  
'We have carous'd on king and pope  
By dozens; could the worthiest hope  
A second course of Ezzelin?'

Walter Savage Landor

# One Lovely Name

One lovely name adorns my song,  
And, dwelling in the heart,  
Forever falters at the tongue,  
And trembles to depart.

Walter Savage Landor

# Overture

From "Thrasymedes and Eunoë"

WHO will away to Athens with me? who  
Loves choral songs and maidens crown'd with flowers,  
Unenvious? mount the pinnace; hoist the sail.  
I promise ye, as many as are here,  
Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me, taste  
From unrins'd barrel the diluted wine  
Of a low vineyard or a plant ill prun'd,  
But such as anciently the Ægean isles  
Pour'd in libation at their solemn feasts:  
And the same goblets shall ye grasp, emboss'd  
With no vile figures of loose languid boors,  
But such as gods have liv'd with and have led.

Walter Savage Landor

# Persistence

MY hopes retire; my wishes as before  
Struggle to find their resting-place in vain:  
The ebbing sea thus beats against the shore;  
The shore repels it; it returns again.

Walter Savage Landor

# Plays

ALAS, how soon the hours are over  
Counted us out to play the lover!  
And how much narrower is the stage  
Allotted us to play the sage!  
But when we play the fool, how wide  
The theatre expands! beside,  
How long the audience sits before us!  
How many prompters! what a chorus!

Walter Savage Landor

## Proud Word You Never Spoke

Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak  
Four not exempt from pride some future day.  
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek,  
Over my open volume you will say,  
'This man loved me'—then rise and trip away.

Walter Savage Landor







# Rose Aylmer

Ah, what avails the sceptred race!  
Ah, what the form divine!  
What every virtue, every grace!  
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
May weep, but never see,  
A night of memories and sighs  
I consecrate to thee.

Walter Savage Landor



# Shakespeare And Milton

THE TONGUE of England, that which myriads  
Have spoken and will speak, were paralyz'd  
Hereafter, but two mighty men stand forth  
Above the flight of ages, two alone;  
One crying out,  
All nations spoke through me.

The other:

True; and through this trumpet burst God's word; the fall of Angels, and the  
doom

First of immortal, then of mortal, Man.

Glory! be glory! not to me, to God.

Walter Savage Landor

## She I Love (Alas in Vain!)

She I love (alas in vain!)  
Floats before my slumbering eyes:  
When she comes she lulls my pain,  
When she goes what pangs arise!  
Thou whom love, whom memory flies,  
Gentle Sleep! prolong thy reign!  
If even thus she soothe my sighs,  
Never let me wake again!

Walter Savage Landor

## Soon, O Ianthe! Life Is O'Er

Soon, O Ianthe! life is o'er,  
And sooner beauty's heavenly smile:  
Grant only (and I ask no more),  
Let love remain that little while.

Walter Savage Landor

# The Appeal

REMAIN, ah not in youth alone,  
Though youth, where you are, long will stay,  
But when my summer days are gone,  
And my autumnal haste away.  
"Can I be always by your side?"  
No; but the hours you can, you must,  
Nor rise at Death's approaching stride,  
Nor go when dust is gone to dust.

Walter Savage Landor

# The Chrysolites And Rubies Bacchus Brings

The chrysolites and rubies Bacchus brings  
To crown the feast where swells the broad-vein'd brow,  
Where maidens blush at what the minstrel sings,  
They who have coveted may covet now.

Bring me, in cool alcove, the grape uncrush'd,  
The peach of pulpy cheek and down mature,  
Where every voice (but bird's or child's) is hush'd,  
And every thought, like the brook nigh, runs pure.

Walter Savage Landor

# The Death Of Artemidora

"ARTEMIDORA! Gods invisible,  
While thou art lying faint along the couch,  
Have tied the sandal to thy veined feet,  
And stand beside thee, ready to convey  
Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.  
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness  
Away, and voices like thine own come nigh,  
Soliciting, nor vainly, thy embrace."  
Artemidora sigh'd, and would have press'd  
The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.  
Fate's shears were over her dark hair unseen  
While thus Elpenor spake: he look'd into  
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile  
To those above them, those now dim with tears  
And watchfulness. Again he spake of joy,  
Eternal. At that word, that sad word, joy,  
Faithful and fond her bosom heav'd once more,  
Her head fell back: one sob, one loud deep sob  
Swell'd through the darken'd chamber; 't was not hers:  
With her that old boat incorruptible,  
Unwearied, undiverted in its course,  
Had plash'd the water up the farther strand.

Walter Savage Landor



# The Dragon-Fly

Life (priest and poet say) is but a dream;  
I wish no happier one than to be laid  
Beneath a cool syringa's scented shade,  
Or wavy willow, by the running stream,  
Brimful of moral, where the dragon-fly,  
Wanders as careless and content as I.

Thanks for this fancy, insect king,  
Of purple crest and filmy wing,  
Who with indifference givest up  
The water-lily's golden cup,  
To come again and overlook  
What I am writing in my book.  
Believe me, most who read the line  
Will read with hornier eyes than thine;  
And yet their souls shall live for ever,  
And thine drop dead into the river!  
God pardon them, O insect king,  
Who fancy so unjust a thing!

Walter Savage Landor

# The Evening Star

Smiles soon abate; the boisterous throes  
Of anger long burst forth;  
Inconstantly the south-wind blows,  
But steadily the north.

Thy star, O Venus! often changes  
Its radiant seat above,  
The chilling pole-star never ranges --  
'Tis thus with Hate and Love.

Walter Savage Landor

# The Georges

George the First was always reckoned  
Vile, but viler George the Second;  
And what mortal ever heard  
Any good of George the Third?  
When from earth the Fourth descended  
(God be praised!) the Georges ended.

Walter Savage Landor

# The Hamadryad

RHAICOS was born amid the hills wherefrom  
Gnidos the light of Caria is discern'd  
And small are the white-crested that play near,  
And smaller onward are the purple waves.  
Thence festal choirs were visible, all crown'd  
With rose and myrtle if they were inborn;  
If from Pandion sprang they, on the coast  
Where stern Athenè rais'd her citadel,  
Then olive was entwin'd with violets  
Cluster'd in bosses, regular and large;  
For various men wore various coronals,  
But one was their devotion; 't was to her  
Whose laws all follow, her whose smile withdraws  
The sword from Ares, thunderbolt from Zeus,  
And whom in his chill caves the mutable  
Of mind, Poseidon, the sea-king, reveres,  
And whom his brother, stubborn Dis, hath pray'd  
To turn in pity the averted cheek  
Of her he bore away, with promises,  
Nay, with loud oath before dread Styx itself,  
To give her daily more and sweeter flowers  
Than he made drop from her on Enna's dell.  
Rhaicos was looking from his father's door  
At the long trains that hasten'd to the town  
From all the valleys, like bright rivulets  
Gurgling with gladness, wave outrunning wave,  
And thought it hard he might not also go  
And offer up one prayer, and press one hand,  
He knew not whose. The father call'd him in  
And said, "Son Rhaicos! those are idle games;  
Long enough I have liv'd to find them so."  
And ere he ended, sigh'd; as old men do  
Always, to think how idle such games are.  
"I have not yet," thought Rhaicos in his heart,  
And wanted proof.  
"Suppose thou go and help  
Echion at the hill, to bark yon oak  
And lop its branches off, before we delve  
About the trunk and ply the root with axe:

This we may do in winter."

Rhaicos went;

For thence he could see farther, and see more  
Of those who hurried to the city-gate.

Echion he found there, with naked arm  
Swart-hair'd, strong-sinew'd, and his eyes intent  
Upon the place where first the axe should fall:

He held it upright. "There are bees about,  
Or wasps, or hornets," said the cautious eld,  
"Look sharp, O son of Thallinos!" The youth

Inclin'd his ear, afar, and warily,  
And cavern'd in his hand. He heard a buzz  
At first, and then the sound grew soft and clear,  
And then divided into what seem'd tune,  
And there were words upon it, plaintive words.

He turn'd, and said, "Echion! do not strike  
That tree: it must be hollow; for some god  
Speaks from within. Come thyself near." Again

Both turn'd toward it: and behold! there sat  
Upon the moss below, with her two palms  
Pressing it, on each side, a maid in form.

Downcast were her long eyelashes, and pale  
Her cheek, but never mountain-ash display'd  
Berries of color like her lip so pure,  
Nor were the anemones about her hair  
Soft, smooth, and wavering like the face beneath.

"What dost thou here?" Echion, half-afraid,  
Half-angry, cried. She lifted up her eyes,  
But nothing spake she. Rhaicos drew one step  
Backward, for fear came likewise over him,  
But not such fear: he panted, gasp'd drew in  
His breath, and would have turn'd it into words,  
But could not into one.

"O send away

That sad old man!" said she. The old man went  
Without a warning from his master's son,  
Glad to escape, for sorely he now fear'd  
And the axe shone behind him in their eyes.  
Hamad. And wouldst thou too shed the most innocent  
Of blood? No vow demands it; no god wills  
The oak to bleed.

Rhaicos. Who art thou? whence? why here?

And whither wouldst thou go? Among the rob'd  
In white or saffron, or the hue that most  
Resembles dawn or the clear sky, is none  
Array'd as thou art. What so beautiful  
As that gray robe which clings about thee close,  
Like moss to stones adhering, leaves to trees,  
Yet lets thy bosom rise and fall in turn,  
As, touch'd by zephyrs, fall and rise the boughs  
Of graceful platan by the river-side?  
Hamad. Lovest thou well thy father's house?  
Rhaicos. Indeed  
I love it, well I love it, yet would leave  
For thine, where'er it be, my father's house,  
With all the marks upon the door, that show  
My growth at every birthday since the third,  
And all the charms, o'erpowering evil eyes,  
My mother nail'd for me against my bed,  
And the Cydonian bow (which thou shalt see)  
Won in my race last spring from Eutychos.  
Hamad. Bethink thee what it is to leave a home  
Thou never yet hast left, one night, one day.  
Rhaicos. No, 't is not hard to leave it: 't is not hard  
To leave, O maiden, that paternal home  
If there be one on earth whom we may love  
First, last, for ever; one who says that she  
Will love for ever too. To say which word,  
Only to say it, surely is enough.  
It shows such kindness—if 't were possible  
We at the moment think she would indeed.  
Hamad. Who taught thee all this folly at thy age?  
Rhaicos. I have seen lovers and have learn'd to love.  
Hamad. But wilt thou spare the tree?  
Rhaicos. My father wants  
The bark; the tree may hold its place awhile.  
Hamad. Awhile? thy father numbers then my days?  
Rhaicos. Are there no others where the moss beneath  
Is quite as tufty? Who would send thee forth  
Or ask thee why thou tarriest? Is thy flock  
Anywhere near?  
Hamad. I have no flock: I kill  
Nothing that breathes, that stirs, that feels the air,  
The sun, the dew. Why should the beautiful

(And thou art beautiful) disturb the source  
Whence springs all beauty? Hast thou never heard  
Of Hamadryads?  
Rhaicos. Heard of them I have:  
Tell me some tale about them. May I sit  
Beside thy feet? Art thou not tired? The herbs  
Are very soft; I will not come too nigh;  
Do but sit there, nor tremble so, nor doubt.  
Stay, stay an instant: let me first explore  
If any acorn of last year be left  
Within it; thy thin robe too ill protects  
Thy dainty limbs against the harm one small  
Acorn may do. Here 's none. Another day  
Trust me; till then let me sit opposite.  
Hamad. I seat me; be thou seated, and content.  
Rhaicos. O sight for gods! ye men below! adore  
The Aphroditè! Is she there below?  
Or sits she here before me? as she sate  
Before the shepherd on those heights that shade  
The Hellespont, and brought his kindred woe.  
Hamad. Reverence the higher Powers; nor deem amiss  
Of her who pleads to thee, and would repay—  
Ask not how much—but very much. Rise not:  
No, Rhaicos, no! Without the nuptial vow  
Love is unholy. Swear to me that none  
Of mortal maids shall ever taste thy kiss,  
Then take thou mine; then take it, not before.  
Rhaicos. Hearken, all gods above! O Aphroditè!  
O Herè! Let my vow be ratified!  
But wilt thou come into my father's house?  
Hamad. Nay: and of mine I cannot give thee part.  
Rhaicos. Where is it?  
Hamad. In this oak.  
Rhaicos. Ay; now begins  
The tale of Hamadryad: tell it through.  
Hamad. Pray of thy father never to cut down  
My tree; and promise him, as well thou mayst,  
That every year he shall receive from me  
More honey than will buy him nine fat sheep,  
More wax than he will burn to all the gods.  
Why fallest thou upon thy face? Some thorn  
May scratch it, rash young man! Rise up; for shame!

Rhaicos. For shame I cannot rise. O pity me!  
I dare not sue for love—but do not hate!  
Let me once more behold thee—not once more,  
But many days: let me love on—unlov'd!  
I aim'd too high: on my own head the bolt  
Falls back, and pierces to the very brain.  
Hamad. Go—rather go, than make me say I love.  
Rhaicos. If happiness is immortality,  
(And whence enjoy it else the gods above?)  
I am immortal too: my vow is heard—  
Hark! on the left—Nay, turn not from me now,  
I claim my kiss.  
Hamad. Do men take first, then claim?  
Do thus the seasons run their course with them?

Her lips were seal'd; her head sank on his breast.  
'T is said that laughs were heard within the wood:  
But who should hear them? and whose laughs? and why?

Savory was the smell and long past noon,  
Thallinos! in thy house; for marjoram,  
Basil and mint, and thyme and rosemary,  
Were sprinkled on the kid's well roasted length,  
A waiting Rhaicos. Home he came at last,  
Not hungry, but pretending hunger keen,  
With head and eyes just o'er the maple plate.  
"Thou see'st but badly, coming from the sun,  
Boy Rhaicos!" said the father. "That oak's bark  
Must have been tough, with little sap between;  
It ought to run; but it and I are old."  
Rhaicos, although each morsel of the bread  
Increas'd by chewing, and the meat grew cold  
And tasteless to his palate, took a draught  
Of gold-bright wine, which, thirsty as he was,  
He thought not of, until his father fill'd  
The cup, averring water was amiss,  
But wine had been at all times pour'd on kid.  
It was religion.  
He thus fortified  
Said, not quite boldly, and not quite abash'd,  
"Father, that oak is Zeus's own; that oak  
Year after year will bring thee wealth from wax



And honey. There is one who fears the gods  
And the gods love—that one”  
(He blush’d, nor said  
What one)  
“Has promis’d this, and may do more.  
Thou hast not many moons to wait until  
The bees have done their best; if then there come  
Nor wax nor honey, let the tree be hewn.”  
“Zeus hath bestow’d on thee a prudent mind,”  
Said the glad sire: “but look thou often there,  
And gather all the honey thou canst find  
In every crevice, over and above  
What has been promis’d; would they reckon that?”

Rhaicos went daily; but the nymph as oft,  
Invisible. To play at love, she knew,  
Stopping its breathings when it breathes most soft,  
Is sweeter than to play on any pipe.  
She play’d on his: she fed upon his sighs;  
They pleas’d her when they gently wav’d her hair,  
Cooling the pulses of her purple veins,  
And when her absence brought them out, they pleas’d.  
Even among the fondest of them all,  
What mortal or immortal maid is more  
Content with giving happiness than pain?  
One day he was returning from the wood  
Despondently. She pitied him, and said  
“Come back!” and twin’d her fingers in the hem  
Above his shoulder. Then she led his steps  
To a cool rill that ran o’er level sand  
Through lentisk and through oleander; there  
Bath’d she his feet, lifting them on her lap  
When bath’d, and drying them in both her hands.  
He dar’d complain; for those who most are lov’d  
Most dare it; but not harsh was his complaint.  
“O thou inconstant!” said he, “if stern law  
Bind thee, or will, stronger than sternest law,  
O, let me know henceforward when to hope  
The fruit of love that grows for me but here.”  
He spake; and pluck’d it from its pliant stem.  
“Impatient Rhaicos! Why thus intercept  
The answer I would give? There is a bee

Whom I have fed, a bee who knows my thoughts  
And executes my wishes: I will send  
That messenger. If ever thou art false,  
Drawn by another, own it not, but drive  
My bee away: then shall I know my fate,  
And—for thou must be wretched—weep at thine.  
But often as my heart persuades to lay  
Its cares on thine and throb itself to rest,  
Expect her with thee, whether it be morn  
Or eve, at any time when woods are safe.”

Day after day the Hours beheld them blest,  
And season after season: years had past,  
Blest were they still. He who asserts that Love  
Ever is sated of sweet things, the same  
Sweet things he fretted for in earlier days,  
Never, by Zeus! lov'd he a Hamadryad.

The nights had now grown longer, and perhaps  
The Hamadryads find them lone and dull  
Among their woods; one did, alas! She call'd  
Her faithful bee: 't was when all bees should sleep,  
And all did sleep but hers. She was sent forth  
To bring that light which never wintry blast  
Blows out, nor rain nor snow extinguishes,  
The light that shines from loving eyes upon  
Eyes that love back, till they can see no more.  
Rhaicos was sitting at his father's hearth:  
Between them stood the table, not o'er-spread  
With fruits which autumn now profusely bore,  
Nor anise cakes, nor odorous wine; but there  
The draft-board was expanded; at which game  
Triumphant sat old Thallinos; the son  
Was puzzled, vex'd, discomfited, distraught.  
A buzz was at his ear: up went his hand  
And it was heard no longer. The poor bee  
Return'd (but not until the morn shone bright)  
And found the Hamadryad with her head  
Upon her aching wrist, and show'd one wing  
Half-broken off, the other's meshes marr'd,  
And there were bruises which no eye could see  
Saving a Hamadryad's.

At this sight  
Down fell the languid brow, both hands fell down,  
A shriek was carried to the ancient hall  
Of Thallinos: he heard it not: his son  
Heard it, and ran forthwith into the wood.  
No bark was on the tree, no leaf was green,  
The trunk was riven through. From that day forth  
Nor word nor whisper sooth'd his ear, nor sound  
Even of insect wing; but loud laments  
The woodmen and the shepherds one long year  
Heard day and night; for Rhaicos would not quit  
The solitary place, but moan'd and died.

Hence milk and honey wonder not, O guest,  
To find set duly on the hollow stone.

Walter Savage Landor

# The Maid's Lament

I loved him not; and yet, now he is gone,  
I feel I am alone.  
I check'd him while he spoke; yet, could he speak,  
Alas! I would not check.  
For reasons not to love him once I sought,  
And wearied all my thought  
To vex myself and him: I now would give  
My love could he but live  
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found  
'Twas vain, in holy ground  
He hid his face amid the shades of death!  
I waste for him my breath  
Who wasted his for me! but mine returns,  
And this torn bosom burns  
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,  
And waking me to weep  
Tears that had melted his soft heart: for years  
Wept he as bitter tears!  
Merciful God! such was his latest prayer,  
These may she never share.  
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold,  
Than daisies in the mould,  
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,  
His name and life's brief date.  
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,  
And oh! pray too for me!

Walter Savage Landor

# The One White Hair

THE WISEST of the wise  
Listen to pretty lies  
And love to hear them told;  
Doubt not that Solomon  
Listen'd to many a one,—  
Some in his youth, and more when he grew old.

I never was among  
The choir of Wisdom's song,  
But pretty lies lov'd I  
As much as any king,  
When youth was on the wing,  
And (must it then be told?) when youth had quite gone by.

Alas! and I have not  
The pleasant hour forgot  
When one pert lady said,  
"O Walter! I am quite  
Bewilder'd with affright!  
I see (sit quiet now) a white hair on your head!"

Another more benign  
Snipp'd it away from mine,  
And in her own dark hair  
Pretended it was found...  
She leap'd, and twirl'd it round...  
Fair as she was, she never was so fair!

Walter Savage Landor

# The Test

I held her hand, the pledge of bliss,  
Her hand that trembled and withdrew;  
She bent her head before my kiss...  
My heart was sure that hers was true.  
Now I have told her I must part,  
She shakes my hand, she bids adieu,  
Nor shuns the kiss. Alas, my heart!  
Hers never was the heart for you.

Walter Savage Landor

# The Three Roses

When the buds began to burst,  
Long ago, with Rose the First  
I was walking; joyous then  
Far above all other men,  
Till before us up there stood  
Britonferry's oaken wood,  
Whispering, "Happy as thou art,  
Happiness and thou must part."  
Many summers have gone by  
Since a Second Rose and I  
(Rose from the same stem) have told  
This and other tales of old.  
She upon her wedding day  
Carried home my tenderest lay:  
From her lap I now have heard  
Gleeful, chirping, Rose the Third.  
Not for her this hand of mine  
Rhyme with nuptial wreath shall twine;  
Cold and torpid it must lie,  
Mute the tongue, and closed the eye.

Walter Savage Landor

# There Falls With Every Wedding Chime

THERE falls with every wedding chime  
A feather from the wing of Time.  
You pick it up, and say "How fair  
To look upon its colors are!"  
Another drops day after day  
Unheeded; not one word you say.  
When bright and dusky are blown past,  
Upon the hearse there nods the last.

Walter Savage Landor



# Theron And Zoe

Zoe: Changed? very true, O Theron, I am changed.

Theron: It would at least have been as merciful  
To hold a moment back from me the briar  
You let recoil thus sharply on my breast.  
Not long ago, not very long, you own'd  
With maiden blushes, which became your brow  
Better than corn-flower, or that periwinkle  
Trained round it by a very careful hand,  
A long while trimming it (no doubt) and proud  
Of making its blue blossom laugh at me.

Zoe: I could laugh too. What did I own? It seems  
(It was so little) you have quite forgot.

Theron: That, since we sate together lay by day,  
And walkt together, sang together, none  
Of earliest, gentlest, fondest, maiden friends  
Loved you as formerly. If one remain'd  
Dearer to you than any of the rest,  
You could not wish her greater happiness . .

Zoe: Than what?

Theron: I think you never could have said it . .  
I must have dreamt it . .

Zoe: Tell me then your dream.

Theron: I thought you said . . nay, I will swear you said . .  
More than one heard it . . that you could not wish  
The nearest to your heart more perfect joy  
Than Theron's love.

Zoe: Did I?

Theron: The Gods in heaven  
Are witnesses, no less than woodland Gods,  
That you did say it. O how changed! no word,

No look, for Theron now!

Zoe: Girls often say  
More than they mean: men always do.

Theron: By Pan!  
Who punishes with restless nights the false,  
Hurling the sleeper down the precipice  
Into the roaring gulph, or letting loose  
Hounds, wolves, and tigers after him, his legs

Meanwhile tied not quite close, but just apart,  
In withy bands. . by him I swear, my tongue,  
Zoe! can never utter half my love.  
Retract not one fond word.

Zoe: I must retract  
The whole of those.

Theron: And leave me most unblest!

Zoe: I know not.

Theron: Heed not, rather say. Farewell.

Zoe: Farewell. I will not call you back again.  
Go, Theron! hatred soon will sear your wound.

Theron: Falsehood I hate: I can not hate the false.

Zoe: Never? Then scorn her.

Theron: I can scorn myself,  
And will; for others are preferr'd to me;  
The untried to the tried.

Zoe: You said farewell.

Theron: Again I say it.

Zoe: Now I can believe  
That you, repeating it, indeed are gone.

Yet seem you standing where you stood before.  
Hath Pan done this? Pan, who doth such strange things.

Theron: Laugh me to scorn: derision I deserve:  
But let that smile . . O let it be less sweet!  
Sorrowful let me part, but not insane.

Zoe: I know some words that charm insanity  
Before it can take hold.

Theron: Speak them; for now  
Are they most wanted.

Zoe: I did say, 'tis true,  
If on this solid earth friend dear enough  
Remain'd to me, that Theron is the youth  
I would desire to bless her.

Theron: To avoid  
My importunity; to hear no more  
The broken words that spoilt our mutual song,  
The sobs that choakt my flute, the humidity  
(Not from the lip) that gurgled on the stops.

Zoe: I would avoid them all; they troubled me.

Theron: Now then, farewell.

Zoe: I will do all the harm  
I can to any girl who hopes to love you;  
Nor shall you have her.

Theron: Vain and idle threat!

Zoe: So, Theron! you would love then once again?

Theron: Never; were love as possible and easy . .

Zoe: As what?

Theron: As death.

Zoe: O Theron! once indeed  
I said the words which then so flatter'd you,  
And now so pain you. Long before my friends  
Left me through envy of your fondness for me,  
No, not the dearest of them could I bear  
To see beloved by you. False words I spake,  
Not knowing then how false they were.

Theron: Speak now  
One that shall drown them all.

Zoe: My voice is gone.  
Why did you kiss me . . if you wisht to hear it?

Walter Savage Landor

## Thou Hast Not Raised

Thou hast not rais'd, Ianthe, such desire  
In any breast as thou hast rais'd in mine.  
No wandering meteor now, no marshy fire,  
Leads on my steps, but lofty, but divine:  
And, if thou chillest me, as chill thou dost  
When I approach too near, too boldly gaze,  
So chills the blushing morn, so chills the host  
Of vernal stars, with light more chaste than  
day's.

Walter Savage Landor

# Thrasymedes And Eunoe

Who will away to Athens with me? Who  
Loves choral songs and maidens crown'd with flowers,  
Unenvious? mount the pinnacle; hoist the sail.  
I promise ye, as many as are here,  
Ye shall not, while ye tarry with me, taste  
From unrinsed barrel the diluted wine  
Of a low vineyard or a plant ill-pruned,  
But such as anciently the Aegaeon iles  
Pour'd in libation at their solemn feasts:  
And the same goblets shall ye grasp, embost  
With no vile figures of loose languid boors,  
But such as Gods have lived with and have led.  
The sea smiles bright before us. What white sail  
Plays yonder? what pursues it? Like two hawks  
Away they fly. Let us away in time  
To overtake them. Are they menaces  
We hear? And shall the strong repulse the weak,  
Enraged at her defender? Hippias!  
Art thou the man? 'Twas Hippias. He had found  
His sister borne from the Cecropian port  
By Thrasymedes. And reluctantly?  
Ask, ask the maiden; I have no reply.

'Brother! O brother Hippias! O, if love,  
If pity, ever toucht thy breast, forbear!  
Strike not the brave, the gentle, the beloved,  
My Thrasymedes, with his cloak alone  
Protecting his own head and mine from harm.'  
'Didst thou not once before,' cried Hippias,  
Regardless of his sister, hoarse with wrath  
At Thrasymedes, 'didst not thou, dog-eyed,  
Dare, as she walkt up to the Parthenon,  
On the most holy of all holy days,  
In sight of all the city, dare to kiss  
Her maiden cheek?'

'Ay before all the Gods,  
Ay, before Pallas, before Artemis,  
Ay, before Aphrodite, before Heré,

I dared; and dare again. Arise, my spouse!  
Arise! and let my lips quaff purity  
From thy fair open brow.'

The sword was up,  
And yet he kist her twice. Some God withheld  
The arm of Hippias; his proud blood seeth'd slower  
And smote his breast less angrily; he laid  
His hand on the white shoulder, and spake thus:  
'Ye must return with me. A second time  
Offended, will our sire Pisistratos  
Pardon the affront? Thou shouldst have askt thyself  
This question ere the sail first flapt the mast.'  
'Already thou hast taken life from me;  
Put up thy sword,' said the sad youth, his eyes  
Sparkling; but whether love or rage or grief  
They sparkled with, the Gods alone could see.

Piræeus they re-entered, and their ship  
Drove up the little waves against the quay,  
Whence was thrown out a rope from one above,  
And Hippias caught it. From the virgin's waist  
Her lover dropt his arm, and blusht to think  
He had retain'd it there in sight of rude  
Irreverent men: he led her forth, nor spake.  
Hippias walkt silent too, until they reacht  
The mansion of Pisistratos her sire.  
Serenely in his sternness did the prince  
Look on them both awhile: they saw not him,  
For both had cast their eyes upon the ground.  
'Are these the pirates thou hast taken, son?'  
Said he. 'Worse, father! worse than pirates they,  
Who thus abuse thy patience, thus abuse  
Thy pardon, thus abuse the holy rites  
'Twice over.'

'Well hast thou performed thy duty,'  
Firmly and gravely said Pisistratos.  
Nothing then, rash young man I could turn thy heart  
From Eunöe, my daughter?'  
'Nothing, sir,  
Shall ever turn it. I can die but once

And love but once. O Eunöe! farewell!  
'Nay, she shall see what thou canst bear for her.'  
'O father! shut me in my chamber, shut me  
In my poor mother's tomb, dead or alive,  
But never let me see what he can bear;  
I know how much that is, when borne for me.'  
'Not yet: come on. And lag not thou behind,  
Pirate of virgin and of princely hearts!

Before the people and before the Goddess  
Thou hadst evinced the madness of thy passion,  
And now wouldst bear from home and plenteousness  
To poverty and exile this my child.'  
Then shuddered Thrasymedes, and exclaim'd,  
'I see my crime; I saw it not before.  
The daughter of Pisistratos was born  
Neither for exile nor for poverty,  
Ah! nor for me!' He would have wept, but one  
Might see him, and weep worse. The prince unmoved  
Strode on, and said, 'To-morrow shall the people.  
All who beheld thy trespasses, behold  
The justice of Pisistratos, the love  
He bears his daughter, and the reverence  
In which he holds the highest law of God.'  
He spake; and on the morrow they were one.

Walter Savage Landor



# Time To Be Wise

YES; I write verses now and then,  
But blunt and flaccid is my pen,  
No longer talk'd of by young men  
As rather clever;  
In the last quarter are my eyes,  
You see it by their form and size;  
Is it not time then to be wise?  
Or now or never.

Fairest that ever sprang from Eve!  
While Time allows the short reprieve,  
Just look at me! would you believe  
'T was once a lover?  
I cannot clear the five-bar gate;  
But, trying first its timber's state,  
Climb stiffly up, take breath, and wait  
To trundle over.

Through gallopade I cannot swing  
The entangling blooms of Beauty's spring:  
I cannot say the tender thing,  
Be 't true or false,  
And am beginning to opine  
Those girls are only half divine  
Whose waists yon wicked boys entwine  
In giddy waltz.

I fear that arm above that shoulder;  
I wish them wiser, graver, older,  
Sedater, and no harm if colder,  
And panting less.  
Ah! people were not half so wild  
In former days, when, starchly mild,  
Upon her high-heel'd Essex smil'd  
The brave Queen Bess.

Walter Savage Landor

## To A Cyclamen

I COME to visit thee agen,  
My little flowerless cyclamen;  
To touch the hand, almost to press,  
That cheer'd thee in thy loneliness.  
What could thy careful guardian find  
Of thee in form, of me in mind,  
What is there in us rich or rare,  
To make us claim a moment's care?  
Unworthy to be so carest,  
We are but withering leaves at best.

Walter Savage Landor

# To Age

Welcome, old friend! These many years  
Have we lived door by door;  
The fates have laid aside their shears  
Perhaps for some few more.

I was indocile at an age  
When better boys were taught,  
But thou at length hast made me sage,  
If I am sage in aught.

Little I know from other men,  
Too little they know from me,  
But thou hast pointed well the pen  
That writes these lines to thee.

Thanks for expelling Fear and Hope,  
One vile, the other vain;  
One's scourge, the other's telescope,  
I shall not see again.

Rather what lies before my feet  
My notice shall engage--  
He who hath braved Youth's dizzy heat  
Dreads not the frost of Age.

Walter Savage Landor

## To Ianthe

YOU smil'd, you spoke, and I believ'd,  
By every word and smile deceiv'd.  
Another man would hope no more;  
Nor hope I what I hop'd before:  
But let not this last wish be vain;  
Deceive, deceive me once again!

Walter Savage Landor

# To Robert Browning

There is delight in singing, though none hear  
Beside the singer; and there is delight  
In praising, though the praiser sits alone  
And see the praised far off him, far above.  
Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,  
Therefore on him no speech! and brief for thee,  
Browning! Since Chaucer was alive and hale  
No man hath walked along our roads with step  
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue  
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes  
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing; the breeze  
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on  
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where  
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

Walter Savage Landor

# To Sleep

COME, Sleep! but mind ye! if you come without  
The little girl that struck me at the rout,  
By Jove! I would not give you half-a-crown  
For all your poppy-heads and all your down.

Walter Savage Landor

# To The River Avon

Avon! why runnest thou away so fast?  
Rest thee before that Chance! where repose  
The bones of him whose spirit moves the world.  
I have beheld thy birthplace, I have seen  
Thy tiny ripples where they played amid  
The golden cups and ever-waving blades.  
I have seen mighty rivers, I have seen  
Padus, recovered from his fiery wound,  
And Tiber, prouder than them all to bear  
Upon his tawny bosom men who crush  
The world they trod on, heeding not the cries  
Of culprit kings and nations many-tongued.  
What are to me these rivers, once adorn'd  
With crowns they would not wear but swept away?  
Worthier art thou of worship, and I bend  
My knees upon thy bank, and call thy name,  
And hear, or think I hear, thy voice reply.

Walter Savage Landor

# To Youth

WHERE art thou gone, light-ankled Youth?  
With wing at either shoulder,  
And smile that never left thy mouth  
Until the Hours grew colder:

Then somewhat seem'd to whisper near  
That thou and I must part;  
I doubted it; I felt no fear,  
No weight upon the heart.

If aught befell it, Love was by  
And roll'd it off again;  
So, if there ever was a sigh,  
'T was not a sigh of pain.

I may not call thee back; but thou  
Returnest when the hand  
Of gentle Sleep waves o'er my brow  
His poppy-crested wand;

Then smiling eyes bend over mine,  
Then lips once press'd invite;  
But sleep hath given a silent sign,  
And both, alas! take flight.

Walter Savage Landor



## To Zoë

Against the groaning mast I stand,  
The Atlantic surges swell,  
To bear me from my native land  
And Zoë's wild farewell.

From billow upon billow hurl'd  
I can yet hear her say,  
'And is there nothing in the world  
Worth one short hour's delay?'

'Alas, my Zoë! were it thus,  
I should not sail alone,  
Nor seas nor fates had parted us,  
But are you all my own?'

Thus were it, never would burst forth  
My sighs, Heaven knows how true!  
But, though to me of little worth,  
The world is much to you.

'Yes,' you shall say, when once the dream  
(So hard to break!) is o'er,  
'My love was very dear to him,  
My fame and peace were more.'

Walter Savage Landor

# Twenty Years Hence

Twenty years hence my eyes may grow  
If not quite dim, yet rather so,  
Still yours from others they shall know  
Twenty years hence.

Twenty years hence though it may hap  
That I be called to take a nap  
In a cool cell where thunderclap  
Was never heard,

There breathe but o'er my arch of grass  
A not too sadly sighed Alas,  
And I shall catch, ere you can pass,  
That winged word.

Walter Savage Landor

# Verse

Past ruined Iliion Helen lives,  
Alcestis rises from the shades.  
Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse that gives  
Immortal youth to mortal maids.

Soon shall oblivion's deepening veil  
Hide all the peopled hills you see,  
The gay, the proud, while lovers hail  
These many summers you and me.

Walter Savage Landor

## Verses Why Burnt

HOW many verses have I thrown  
Into the fire because the one  
Peculiar word, the wanted most,  
Was irrecoverably lost!

Walter Savage Landor

## Very True, The Linnets Sing

Very true, the linnets sing  
Sweetest in the leaves of spring:  
You have found in all these leaves  
That which changes and deceives,  
And, to pine by sun or star,  
Left them, false ones as they are.  
But there be who walk beside  
Autumn's, till they all have died,  
And who lend a patient ear  
To low notes from branches sere.

Walter Savage Landor

# Well I Remember How You Smiled

Well I remember how you smiled  
To see me write your name upon  
The soft sea-sand . . . "O! what a child!  
You think you're writing upon stone!"

I have since written what no tide  
Shall ever wash away, what men  
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide  
And find Ianthe's name again.

Walter Savage Landor

# What News

Here, ever since you went abroad,  
If there be change, no change I see,  
I only walk our wonted road,  
The road is only walkt by me.

Yes; I forgot; a change there is;  
Was it of that you bade me tell?  
I catch at times, at times I miss  
The sight, the tone, I know so well.

Only two months since you stood here!  
Two shortest months! then tell me why  
Voices are harsher than they were,  
And tears are longer ere they dry.

Walter Savage Landor

## Who Ever Felt As I?

Mother, I cannot mind my wheel;  
My fingers ache, my lips are dry:  
Oh! if you felt the pain I feel!  
But oh, who ever felt as I?

No longer could I doubt him true;  
All other men may use deceit:  
He always said my eyes were blue,  
And often swore my lips were sweet.

Walter Savage Landor



## Why, Why Repine

Why, why repine, my pensive friend,  
At pleasures slipp'd away?  
Some the stern Fates will never lend,  
And all refuse to stay.

I see the rainbow in the sky,  
The dew upon the grass,  
I see them, and I ask not why  
They glimmer or they pass.

With folded arms I linger not  
To call them back; 'twere vain;  
In this, or in some other spot,  
I know they'll shine again.

Walter Savage Landor

# Wrinkles

WHEN Helen first saw wrinkles in her face  
(’T was when some fifty long had settled there  
And intermarried and branch’d off awide)  
She threw herself upon her couch and wept:  
On this side hung her head, and over that  
Listlessly she let fall the faithless brass  
That made the men as faithless.  
But when you  
Found them, or fancied them, and would not hear  
That they were only vestiges of smiles,  
Or the impression of some amorous hair  
Astray from cloister’d curls and roseate band,  
Which had been lying there all night perhaps  
Upon a skin so soft, “No, no,” you said,  
“Sure, they are coming, yes, are come, are here:  
Well, and what matters it, while thou art too!”

Walter Savage Landor

# Years

Years, many parti-colour'd years,  
Some have crept on, and some have flown  
Since first before me fell those tears  
I never could see fall alone.

Years, not so many, are to come,  
Years not so varied, when from you  
One more will fall: when, carried home,  
I see it not, nor hear Adieu.

Walter Savage Landor

# You Smiled, You Spoke, And I Believed

You smiled, you spoke, and I believed,  
By every word and smile deceived.  
Another man would hope no more;  
Nor hope I what I hoped before:  
But let not this last wish be vain;  
Deceive, deceive me once again!

Walter Savage Landor