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ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

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DEDICATION

TO MY FATHER

WHEN your eyes fall upon this page of dedication, and you start to see to whom it is inscribed, your first thought will be of the time far off when I was a child and wrote verses, and when I dedicated them to you who were my public and my critic. Of all that such a recollection implies of saddest and sweetest to both of us, it would become neither of us to speak before the world; nor would it be possible for us to speak of it to one another, with voices that did not falter. Enough, that what is in my heart when I write thus, will be fully known to yours.

And my desire is that you, who are a witness how if this art of poetry had been a less earnest object to me, it must have fallen from exhausted hands before this day,—that you, who have shared with me in things bitter and sweet, softening or enhancing them, every day,—that you, who hold with me over all sense of loss and transiency, one hope by one Name,—may accept from me the inscription of these volumes, the exponents of a few years of an existence which has been sustained and comforted by you as well as given. Somewhat more faint-hearted than I used to be, it is my fancy thus to seem to return to a visible personal dependence on you, as if indeed I were a child again; to conjure your beloved image between myself and the public, so as to be sure of one smile,—and to satisfy my heart while I sanctify my ambition, by associating with the great pursuit of my life its tenderest and holiest affection.

Your

E. B. B.

LONDON, 50 WIMPOLE STREET,
1844.

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EARLY POEMS, 1820-33

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON¹

Behold

What care employs me now, my vows I pay
To the sweet Muses, teachers of my youth!—AKENSIDE.

Ancient of days! August Athena! Where,
Where are thy men of might, thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were.
First in the race that led to glory's goal,
They won, and passed away.—BYRON.

PREFACE

THAT poetry is the first, and most celebrated of all the fine arts, has not been denied in any age, or by any philosopher. The culture of the soul, which Sallust so nobly describes, is necessary to those refined pleasures, and elegant enjoyments, in which man displays his superiority to brutes. It is alone the elevation of the soul, not the form of the body, which constitutes the proud distinction; according to the learned historian, '*Alterum nobis cum diis, alterum cum belluis commune est.*' The noblest of the productions of man, that which inspires the enthusiasm of virtue, the energy of truth, is poetry: poetry elevates the mind to heaven, kindles within it unwonted fires, and bids it throb with feelings exalting to its nature.

This humble attempt may by some be unfortunately attributed to vanity, to an affectation of talent, or to the still more absurd desire of being thought a *genius*. With the humility and deference due to their judgements, I wish to pass not

guiltily to their accusations, and, with submission, to offer these pages to the perusal of the few kind and partial friends who may condescend to read them, assured that their criticism will be tempered with mercy.

Happily it is not now, as it was in the days of Pope, who was so early in actual danger of thinking himself 'the greatest genius of the age.' Now, even the female may drive her Pegasus through the realms of Parnassus, without being saluted with the most equivocal of all appellations, a learned lady; without being celebrated by her friends as a Sappho, or traduced by her enemies as a pedant; without being abused in the Review, or criticized in society; how justly then may a child hope to pass unheeded!

In these reading days there need be little vulgar anxiety among poets for the fate of their works: the public taste is no longer so epicurean. As the press pours forth profusion, the literary multitude eagerly receive its lavish offerings, while the sublimity of Homer, and the majesty of Virgil, those grand and solitary specimens of ancient poetic excellence, so renowned through the lapse of ages, are by many read only as schoolbooks, and are justly estimated alone by the comparative

¹ Dedication to the original edition of 1820: 'To him to whom "I owe the most," and whose admonitions have guided my youthful muse, even from her earliest infancy, to the Father whose never-failing kindness, whose unwearied affection, I never can repay, I offer these pages as a small testimony of the gratitude of his affectionate child, ELIZABETH B. BARRETT.'

few, whose hearts can be touched by the grandeur of their sentiments, or exalted by their kindred fire; by them this dereliction must be felt, but they can do no more than mourn over this semblance of decline in literary judgement and poetic taste. Yet, in contemplating the poets of our own times—for there are real poets, though they be mingled with an inferior multitude of the common herd—who, unsophisticated by prejudice, can peruse those inspired pages emitted from the soul of Byron, or who can be dazzled by the gems sparkling from the rich mine of the imagination of Moore, or captivated by scenes glowing in the descriptive powers of Scott, without a proud consciousness that our day may boast the exuberance of true poetic genius? And if criticism be somewhat too general in its suffrage, may it not be attributed to an overwhelming abundance of contemporary authors, which induces it to err in discrimination, and may cause its praises to be frequently ill-merited, and its censures ill-deserved; as the eye, wandering over a garden where flowers are mingled with weeds, harassed by exertion and dimmed by the brilliancy of colours, frequently mistakes the flower for the weed, and the weed for the flower?

It is worthy of remark, that when Poetry first burst from the mists of ignorance—when first she shone a bright star illuminating the then narrow understanding of the Greeks—from that period when Homer, the sublime poet of antiquity, awoke the first notes of poetic inspiration to the praise of valour, honour, patriotism, and, best of all, to a sense of the high attributes of the Deity, though darkly and mysteriously revealed; then it was, and not till then, that the seed of every virtue, of every great quality, which had so long lain dormant in the souls of the Greeks, burst into the germ; as when the sun disperses the mist covering o'er the face of the heavens, illumines with his resplendent rays the whole creation, and speaks to the verdant beauties of nature, joy, peace, and gladness. Then it was that Greece began to give those immortal examples of exalted feeling, and of patriotic virtue, which have since astonished the world; then it was

that the unenlightened soul of the savage rose above the degradation which assimilated him to the brute creation, and discovered the first rays of social independence, and of limited freedom; not the freedom of barbarism, but that of a state enlightened by a wise jurisdiction, and restrained by civil laws. From that period man seems to have first proved his resemblance to his Creator, and his superiority to brutes, and the birth of Poetry was that of all the kindred arts; in the words of Cicero, 'Quo minus ergo honoris erat poetis eo minora studia fuerunt.'

It is no disparagement to an historical poem to enlarge upon its subject; but where truth is materially outraged, it ceases to be history. Homer, in his *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and Virgil, in his *Aeneid*, have greatly beautified their subjects, so grand in themselves, and, with true poetic taste and poetic imagery, have contributed with magnificent profusion to adorn those incidents which otherwise would appear tame, barren, and uninteresting. It is certain, however happily they have succeeded, their poems cannot be called strictly historical, because the truth of history is not altogether their undeviated form. Virgil, especially, has introduced in his *Aeneid* 'an anachronism of nearly three hundred years, Dido having fled from Phœnicia that period after the age of Aeneas.' But in that dependence upon the truth of history which I would enforce as a necessary quality in an historical poem, I do not mean to insinuate that it should be mere prose versified, or a suspension of the functions of the imagination, for then it could no longer be poetry. It is evident that an historical poem should possess the following qualifications:—Imagination, invention, judgement, taste, and truth; the four first are necessary to poetry, the latter to history. He who writes an historical poem must be directed by the pole-star of history, truth; his path may be laid beneath the bright sun of invention, amongst the varied walks of imagination, with judgement and taste for his guides, but his goal must be that resplendent and unchangeable luminary, truth.

Imagination must be allowed to be the

characteristic, and invention the very foundation, of poetry. The necessity of the latter in all poetic effusions is established by that magnificent translator of the greatest of poets, Pope, in this beautiful passage: 'It is the invention that in different degrees distinguishes all great geniuses: the utmost extent of human study, learning, and industry, which masters everything besides, can never attain to this. It furnishes art with all her materials, and without it, judgement itself can but steal wisely; for art is only a prudent steward, who lives on managing the riches of nature.' And in this ingenious note the editor, Mr. Wakefield, elegantly exemplifies it: 'For poetry, in its proper acceptation, is absolutely creation, *ποίησις* or invention. In the three requisites prescribed by Horace of poetic excellence, "*Ingenium cui sit cui mens divinius atque os magna sonaturum.*" The first, "*ingenium,*" or native fertility of intellect, corresponds to the "*invention*" of Pope.'

The battle of Marathon is not, perhaps, a subject calculated to exercise the powers of the imagination, or of poetic fancy, the incidents being so limited; but it is a subject every way formed to call forth the feelings of the heart, to awake the strongest passions of the soul. Who can be indifferent, who can preserve his tranquillity, when he hears of one little city rising undaunted, and daring her innumerable enemies, in defence of her freedom—of a handful of men overthrowing the invaders, who sought to molest their rights and to destroy their liberties? Who can hear unmoved of such an example of heroic virtue, of patriotic spirit, which seems to be crying from the ruins of Athens for honour and immortality? The heart, which cannot be fired by such a recital, must be cold as the icy waters of the Pole, and must be devoid at once of manly feeling and of patriotic virtue; for what is it that can awaken the high feelings which sometimes lie dormant in the soul of man, if it be not liberty? Liberty, beneath whose fostering sun the arts, genius, every congenial talent of the mind, spring up spontaneously, and unite in forming one bright garland

of glory around the brow of independence; liberty, at whose decline virtue sinks before the despotic sway of licentiousness, effeminacy, and vice. At the fall of liberty, the immortal Republics of Rome and Athens became deaf to the call of glory, fame, and manly virtue. 'On vit manifestement (says Montesquieu) pendant le peu de temps que dura la tyrannie des decemvirs, à quel point l'agrandissement de Rome dependoit de sa liberté; l'état sembla avoir perdu l'âme qui la faisoit mouvoir.' And Bigland thus: 'It was not till luxury had corrupted their manners, and their liberties were on the eve of their extinction, that the principal citizens of Athens and of Rome began to construct magnificent houses, and to display their opulence and splendour in private life.'

It may be objected to my little poem, that the mythology of the ancients is too much called upon to support the most considerable incidents; it may unhappily offend those feelings most predominant in the breast of a Christian, or it may be considered as injudicious in destroying the simplicity so necessary to the epic. Glover's *Leonidas* is commended by Lyttelton, because he did not allow himself the liberty so largely taken by his predecessors, of 'wandering beyond the bounds, and out of sight, of common sense in the airy regions of poetic mythology'; yet, where is the poet more remarkable for simplicity than Homer, and where is the author who makes more frequent use of heathen mythology? 'The heathens,' says Rollin, 'addressed themselves to their gods, as beings worthy of adoration.'

He who writes an epic poem must transport himself to the scene of action; he must imagine himself possessed of the same opinions, manners, prejudices, and beliefs; he must suppose himself to be the hero he delineates, or his picture can no longer be nature, and what is not natural cannot please. It would be considered ridiculous in the historian or poet describing the ancient manners of Greece, to address himself to that Omnipotent Being who first called the world out of chaos, nor would it be considered less so if he were to be silent upon the whole subject; for

in all nations, in all ages, religion must be the spur of every noble action, and the characteristic of every lofty soul.

Perhaps I have chosen the rimes of Pope, and departed from the noble simplicity of the Miltonic verse, injudiciously. The immortal poet of England, in his apology for the verse of *Paradise Lost*, declares 'rimes to be, to all judicious ears, trivial, and of no true musical delight.' In my opinion, humble as it is, the custom of riming would ere now have been abolished amongst poets, had not Pope, the disciple of the immortal Dryden, awakened the lyre to music, and proved that rime could equal blank verse in simplicity and gracefulness, and vie with it in elegance of composition, and in sonorous melody. No one who has read his translation of Homer, can refuse him the immortality which he merits so well, and for which he laboured so long. He it was who planted rime for ever in the regions of Parnassus, and uniting elegance with strength, and sublimity with beauty, raised the English language to the highest excellence of smoothness and purity.

I confess that I have chosen Homer for a model, and perhaps I have attempted to imitate his style too often and too closely; and yet some imitation is authorized by poets immortalized in the annals of Parnassus, whose memory will be revered as long as man has a soul to appreciate their merits. Virgil's magnificent description of the storm in the first book of the *Aeneid* is almost literally translated from Homer, where Ulysses, quitting the Isle of Calypso for 'Phaeacia's dusty shore,' is overwhelmed by Neptune. That sublime picture, 'Ponto nox incubat atra,' and the beautiful apostrophe, 'O terque quaterque beati,' is a literal translation of the same incident in Homer. There are

many other imitations, which it would be unnecessary and tedious here to enumerate. Even Milton, the pride and glory of English taste, has not disdained to replenish his imagination from the abundant fountains of the first and greatest of poets. It would have been both absurd and presumptuous, young and inexperienced as I am, to have attempted to strike out a path for myself, and to have wandered among the varied windings of Parnassus, without a guide to direct my steps, or to warn me from those fatal quicksands of literary blunders, in which, even with the best guide, I find myself so frequently immersed. There is no humility, but rather folly, in taking inferiority for a model, and there is no vanity, but rather wisdom, in following humbly the footsteps of perfection; for who would prefer quenching his thirst at the stagnant pool, when he may drink the pure waters of the fountain-head? Thus, then, however unworthily, I have presumed to select, from all the poets of ancient or modern ages, Homer, the most perfect of the votaries of Apollo, whom every nation has contributed to immortalize, to celebrate, and to admire.

If I have in these pages proved what I desired, that poetry is the parent of liberty, and of all the fine arts, and if I have succeeded in clearing up some of the obscurities of my little poem, I have attained my only object; but if on the contrary I have failed, it must be attributed to my incapacity, and not to my inclination. Either way, it would be useless to proceed further, for nothing can be more true than the declaration of Bigland, 'that a good book seldom requires, and a worthless never deserves, a long preface.'

HOPE END, 1819.

THE BATTLE OF MARATHON

BOOK I

THE war of Greece with Persia's haughty King,
 No vulgar strain, eternal Goddess, sing !
 What dreary ghosts to glutton Pluto fled,
 What nations suffered, and what heroes bled :
 Sing Asia's powerful Prince, who envious saw
 The fame of Athens, and her might in war ;
 And scorns her power, at Cytherea's call
 Her ruin plans, and meditates her fall ;
 How Athens, blinded to th' approaching chains
 By Vulcan's artful spouse, unmoved remains ;
 Deceived by Venus thus, unconquered Greece
 Forgot her glories in the lap of peace ;
 While Asia's realms and Asia's lord prepare
 T' ensnare her freedom by the wiles of war :
 Hippiast' exalt upon th' Athenian throne,
 Where once Pisistratus his father shone.
 For yet her son Aeneas' wrongs impart
 Revenge and grief to Cytherea's heart ;
 And still from smoking Troy's oncesacred wall
 Does Priam's reeking shade for vengeance call.
 Minerva saw, and Paphia's Queen defied,
 A boon she begged, nor Jove the boon denied ;
 That Greece should rise triumphant o'er her foe,
 Disarm th' invaders, and their power o'erthrow.
 Her prayer obtained, the blue-eyed Goddess flies
 As the fierce eagle, thro' the radiant skies.
 To Aristides then she stood confessed,
 Shows Persia's arts, and fires his warlike breast :
 Then pours celestial ardour o'er his frame,
 And points the way to glory and to fame.

Awe struck the Chief, and swells his troubled soul,
 In pride and wonder thoughts progressive roll.
 He inly groaned and smote his labouring breast,
 At once by Pallas and by care oppress.
 Inspired he moved, earth echoed where he trod,
 All full of Heaven, all burning with the God.
 Th' Athenians viewed with awe the mighty man,
 To whom the Chief impassioned thus began :
 ' Hear, all ye Sons of Greece ! Friends, Fathers, hear !
 The Gods command it, and the Gods revere !
 No madness mine, for mark, O favoured Greeks !
 That by my mouth the martial Goddess speaks !
 This know, Athenians, that proud Persia now
 Prepares to twine thy laurels on her brow ;
 Behold her princely Chiefs their weapons wield,
 By Venus fired, and shake the brazen shield.
 I hear their shouts that echo to the skies,
 I see their lances blaze, their banners rise,
 I hear the clash of arms, the battle's roar,
 And all the din and thunder of the war !
 I know that Greeks shall purchase just renown,
 And fame impartial shall Athena crown.
 Then Greeks, prepare your arms ! award the yoke,
 Thus Jove commands.'—Sublime the hero spoke ;
 The Greeks assent with shouts, and rend the skies
 With martial clamour and tumultuous cries.
 So struggling winds with rage indignant sweep
 The azure waters of the silent deep,

Sudden the seas rebellowing, frightful
 rise,
 And dash their foaming surges to the
 skies;
 Burst the firm sand, and boil with dread-
 ful roar,
 Lift their black waves, and combat with
 the shore.
 So each brave Greek in thought aspires
 to fame,
 Stung by his words, and dread of future
 shame;
 Glory's own fires within their bosom
 rise,
 And shouts tumultuous thunder to the
 skies.
 But Love's celestial Queen resentful saw
 The Greeks (by Pallas warned) prepare
 for war;
 Th' indignant Goddess of the Paphian
 bower
 Deceives Themistocles with heavenly
 power;
 The hero, rising, spoke: 'O rashly blind,
 What sudden fury thus has seized thy
 mind?
 Boy as thou art, such empty dreams be-
 ware!
 Shall we for griefs and wars unsought
 prepare?
 The will of mighty Jove, whate'er it be,
 Obey, and own th' Omnipotent decree.
 If our disgrace and fall the fates employ,
 Why did we triumph o'er perfidious
 Troy!
 Why, say, O Chief, in that eventful hour
 Did Grecian heroes crush Dardanian
 power?'
 Him eyeing sternly, thus the Greek
 replies,
 Renowned for truth, and as Minerva
 wise:
 'O Son of Greece, no heedless boy am I,
 Despised in battle's toils, nor first to fly,
 Nor dreams or frenzy call my words
 astray,
 The heaven-sent mandate pious I obey.
 If Pallas did not all my words inspire,
 May heaven pursue me with unceasing
 ire!
 But if (oh, grant my prayer, almighty
 Jove)
 I bear a mandate from the Courts above,

Then thro' yon heaven let awful thunder
 roar
 Till Greeks believe my mission, and
 adore!
 He ceased—and thro' the host one
 murmur ran,
 With eyes transfixed upon the godlike
 man.
 But hark! o'er earth expands the
 solemn sound;
 It lengthening grows—heaven's azure
 vaults resound,
 While peals of thunder beat the echoing
 ground.
 Prostrate, convinced, divine Themisto-
 cles
 Embraced the hero's hands, and clasped
 his knees:
 'Behold me here' (the awe-struck
 Chieftain cries,
 While tears repentant glisten in his eyes),
 'Behold me here, thy friendship to en-
 treat,
 Themistocles, a suppliant at thy feet.
 Before no haughty despot's royal throne
 This knee has bent—it bends to thee
 alone,
 Thy mission to adore, thy truth to own.
 Behold me, Jove, and witness what I
 swear
 By all on earth I love, by all in heaven
 I fear:
 Some fiend inspired my words of dark
 design,
 Some fiend concealed beneath a robe
 divine;
 Then aid me in my prayer, ye Gods
 above,
 Bid Aristides give me back his love!'
 He spake and wept; benign the godlike
 man
 Felt tears descend, and paused, then thus
 began:
 'Thrice worthy Greek, for this shall we
 contend?
 Ah no! I feel thy worth, thou more than
 friend.
 Pardon sincere, Themistocles, receive;
 The heart declares 'tis easy to forgive.'
 He spake divine, his eye with Pallas
 burns,
 He spoke and sighed, and sighed and
 wept by turns.

Themistocles beheld the Chief oppress,
Awe-struck he paused, then rushed upon
his breast,
Whom sage Miltiades with joy addressed:
'Hero of Greece, worthy a hero's name,
Adored by Athens, fav'rite child of fame!
Glory's own spirit does with truth combine

To form a soul so godlike, so divine!
O Aristides, rise, our Chief! to save
The fame, the might of Athens from the
grave.

Nor then refuse thy noble arm to lend
To guard Athena, and her state defend.
First I, obedient, 'customed homage pay
To own a hero's and a leader's sway.'
He said, and would have knelt; the man
divine

Perceived his will, and stayed the Sire's
design.

'Not mine, O Sage, to lead this gallant
band,'

He generous said, and grasped his aged
hand,

'Proud as I am in glory's arms to rise,
Athenian Greeks, to shield your liberties,
Yet 'tis not mine to lead your powerful
state,

Enough it is to tempt you to be great;
Be't for Miltiades, experienced sage,
To curb your ardour and restrain your
rage,

Your souls to temper—by his skill prepare
To succour Athens, and conduct the
war.

More fits my early youth to purchase
fame

By deeds in arms t' immortalize my name.'
Firmly he spake, his words the Greek
inspire,

And all were hushed to listen and admire.
The Sage thus: 'Most Allied to Gods!
the fame,

The pride, the glory of the Grecian name,
E'en by thee, Chief, I swear, to whom
is given

The sacred mandate of yon marble
heaven—

To lead, not undeserving of thy love,
T' avert the yoke, if so determines Jove.'
Amidst the host imagination rose
And paints the combat, but disdains the
woes.

And heaven-born fancy, with dishevelled
hair,

Points to the ensanguined field, and
victory there.

But soon, too soon, these empty dreams
are driven

Forth from their breasts. But soothing
hope is given:

Hope sprung from Jove, man's sole and
envied heaven.

Then all his glory Aristides felt,
And begged the Chieftain's blessing as
he knelt:

Miltiades his pious arms outspread,
Called Jove's high spirit on the hero's
head;

Nor called unheard—sublime in upper
air

The bird of Jove appeared to bless his
prayer.

Lightning he breathed, not harsh, not
fiercely bright,

But one pure stream of heaven-collected
light:

Jove's sacred smile lulls every care to
rest,

Calms every woe, and gladdens every
breast.

But what shrill blast thus bursts upon the
ear?

What banners rise, what heralds' forms
appear?

That haughty mien, and that commanding
face

Bespeak them Persians, and of noble
race;

One on whose hand Darius' signet
beamed,

Superior to the rest, a leader seemed,
With brow contracted and with flashing
eye

Thus threatening spoke, in scornful
majesty:

'Know Greeks that I, a sacred herald,
bring

The awful mandate of the Persian King,
To force allegiance from the sons of
Greece;

Then earth and water give, nor scorn his
peace.

For if, for homage, back reproof I bear,
To meet his wrath, his vengeful wrath,
prepare;

For not in vain ye scorn his dread command
 When Asia's might comes thundering in his hand.
 To whom Miltiades with kindling eye :
 'We scorn Darius, and his threats defy ;
 And now, proud herald, shall we stoop to shame ?
 Shall Athens tremble at a tyrant's name ?
 Persian, away ! such idle dreams forbear,
 And shun our anger and our vengeance fear.'
 'Oh ! vain thy words,' the herald fierce began ;
 'Thrice vain thy dotaged words, O powerless man,
 Sons of a desert, hoping to withstand
 All the joint forces of Darius' hand ;
 Fools, fools, the King of millions to defy,
 For freedom's empty name to ask to die !
 Yet stay, till Persia's powers their banners rear,
 Then shall ye learn our forces to revere,
 And ye, O impotent, shall deign to fear !'
 To whom great Aristides : rising ire
 Boiled in his breast, and set his soul on fire :
 'O wretch accurst,' the hero cried, 'to seek
 T' insult experienced age, t' insult a Greek !
 Inglorious slave ! whom truth and heaven deny,
 Unfit to live, yet more unfit to die :
 But, trained to pass the goblet at the board
 And servile kiss the footsteps of thy lord,
 Whose wretched life no glorious deeds beguile,
 Who lives upon the semblance of a smile,
 Die ! thy base shade to gloomy regions fled,
 Join there the shivering phantoms of the dead.
 Base slave, return to dust !' His victim then
 In fearful accents cried : 'O best of men,
 Most loved of Gods, most merciful, most just,
 Behold me humbled, grovelling in the dust :
 Not mine th' offence, the mandate stern I bring
 From great Darius, Asia's tyrant King.

Oh, strike not, Chief ; not mine the guilt, not mine.
 Ah, o'er those brows severe let mercy shine,
 So dear to heaven, of origin divine !
 Tributes, lands, gold, shall wealthy Persia give,
 All, and yet more, but bid me, wretched, live !'
 He trembling, thus persuades with fond entreat
 And nearer pressed, and clasped the hero's feet.
 Forth from the Grecian's breast all rage is driven,
 He lifts his arms, his eyes, his soul to heaven.
 'Hear, Jove omnipotent, all wise, all great,
 To whom all fate is known, whose will is fate ;
 Hear, thou all-seeing one, hear, Sire divine,
 Teach me thy will, and be thy wisdom mine !
 Behold this suppliant ! life or death decree ;
 Be thine the judgement, for I bend to thee.'
 And thus the Sire of Gods and men replies,
 While pealing thunder shakes the groaning skies ;
 The awful voice thro' spheres unknown was driven,
 Resounding thro' the dark'ning realms of heaven ;
 Aloft in air sublime the echo rode,
 And earth resounds the glory of the God :
 'Son of Athena, let the coward die,
 And his pale ghost to Pluto's empire fly ;
 Son of Athena, our command obey,
 Know thou our might, and then adore our sway.'
 Th' Almighty spake—the heavens convulsive start,
 From the black clouds the whizzing lightnings dart
 And dreadful dance along the troubled sky,
 Struggling with fate in awful mystery.
 The hero heard, and Jove his breast inspired,
 Nor now by pity touched, but anger fired ;

While his big heart within his bosom
 burns,
 Off from his feet the clinging slave he
 spurns.
 Vain were his cries, his prayers 'gainst
 fate above,
 Jove wills his fall, and who can strive
 with Jove?
 To whom the hero: 'Hence to Pluto's
 sway,
 To realms of night ne'er lit by Cynthia's
 ray;
 Hence—from yon gulf the earth and
 water bring
 And crown with victory your mighty
 King.'
 He said; and where the gulf of death
 appeared,
 Where raging waves, with rocks sub-
 limely reared,
 He hurled the wretch, at once of hope
 bereaved;
 Struggling he fell, the roaring flood re-
 ceived.
 E'en now for life his shrieks, his groans
 implore,
 And now death's latent agony is o'er,
 He struggling sinks, and sinks to rise no
 more.
 The train, amazed, behold their herald
 die,
 And Greece in arms—they tremble and
 they fly.
 So some fair herd upon the verdant
 mead
 See by the lion's jaws their foremost
 bleed;
 Fearful they fly, lest what revolving fate
 Had doomed their leader, should them-
 selves await.
 Then shouts of glorious war and fame
 resound,
 Athena's brazen gates receive the lofty
 sound.
 But she whom Paphia's radiant climes
 adore
 From her own bower the work of Pallas
 saw:
 Tumultuous thoughts within her bosom
 rise,
 She calls her car, and at her will it flies.
 Th' eternal car with gold celestial burns,
 Its polished wheel on brazen axle turns:

This to his spouse by Vulcan's self was
 given,
 An offering worthy of the forge of heaven.
 The Goddess mounts the seat and seized
 the reins,
 The doves celestial cut th' aerial plains;
 Before the sacred birds and car of gold
 Self-moved the radiant gates of heaven
 unfold.
 She then dismounts, and thus to mighty
 Jove
 Begins the Mother and the Queen of
 Love:
 'And is it thus, O Sire, that fraud should
 spring
 From the pure breast of heaven's eternal
 King?
 Was it for this Saturnius' word was given
 That Greece should fall 'mong nations
 curst of heaven?
 Thou swore by hell's black flood, and
 heaven above;
 Is this, oh say, is this the faith of Jove?
 Behold stern Pallas Athens' sons alarms,
 Darius' herald crushed, and Greece in
 arms;
 E'en now behold her crested streamers
 fly,
 Each Greek resolved to triumph or to die.
 Ah me, unhappy! when shall sorrow
 cease?
 Too well I know the fatal might of Greece;
 Was't not enough imperial Troy should
 fall,
 That Argive hands should raze the god-
 built wall?
 Was't not enough Anchises' son should
 roam
 Far from his native shore and much-loved
 home?
 All this, unconscious of thy fraud, I bore;
 For thou, O Sire, t'allay my vengeance,
 swore
 That Athenstowering in her might should
 fall
 And Rome should triumph on her pros-
 trate wall.
 But oh, if haughty Greece should captive
 bring
 The great Darius, Persia's mighty King,
 What power her pride, what power her
 might shall move?
 Note'en the Thunderer, not eternal Jove;

E'en to thy heaven shall rise her tower-
 ing fame,
 And prostrate nations will adore her
 name.
 Rather on me thy instant vengeance take
 Than all should fall for Cytherea's sake !
 Oh ! hurl me flaming in the burning lake,
 Transfix me there unknown to Olympian
 calm,
 Launch thy red bolt, and bare thy crimson
 arm,
 I'd suffer all—more—bid my woes in-
 crease,
 To hear but one sad groan from haughty
 Greece.'

She thus her grief with fruitless rage
 expressed,
 And pride and anger swelled within her
 breast.
 But he whose thunders awe the troubled
 sky
 Thus mournful spake, and curbed the
 rising sigh :
 'And it is thus celestial pleasures flow ?
 E'en here shall sorrow reach and mortal
 woe ?
 Shall strife the heavenly powers for ever
 move,
 And e'en insult the sacred ear of Jove ?
 Know, O rebellious, Greece shall rise
 sublime,
 In fame the first, nor, daughter, mine
 the crime,
 In valour foremost, and in virtue great :
 Fame's highest glories shall attend her
 state.
 So fate ordains, nor all my boasted power
 Can raise those virtues, or those glories
 lower.
 But rest secure, destroying time must
 come,
 And Athens' self must own imperial
 Rome.'

Then the great Thunderer, and with
 visage mild,
 Shook his ambrosial curls before his child,
 And bending awful gave the eternal nod ;
 Heaven quaked, and fate adored the
 parent God.
 Joy seized the Goddess of the smiles and
 loves,
 Nor longer care her heavenly bosom
 moves ;

Hope rose, and o'er her soul its powers
 displayed,
 Nor checked by sorrow, nor by grief
 dismayed.
 She thus : 'O thou, whose awful thunders
 roll
 Thro' heaven's ethereal vaults and shake
 the Pole,
 Eternal Sire, so wonderfully great,
 To whom is known the secret page of fate,
 Say, shall great Persia, next to Rome
 most dear
 To Venus' breast, shall Persia learn to
 fear ?
 Say, shall her fame and princely glories
 cease ?
 Shall Persia, servile, own the sway of
 Greece ?'
 To whom the Thunderer bent his brow
 divine,
 And thus in accents heavenly and benign :
 'Daughter, not mine the secrets to relate,
 The mysteries of all-revolving fate.
 But ease thy breast ; enough for thee to
 know,
 What powerful fate decrees will Jove
 bestow !'
 He then her griefs and anxious woes
 beguiled,
 And in his sacred arms embraced his child.
 Doubt clouds the Goddess' breast—she
 calls her car,
 And lightly sweeps the liquid fields of air.
 When sable night midst silent nature
 springs,
 And o'er Athena shakes her drowsy
 wings,
 The Paphian Goddess from Olympus flies,
 And leaves the starry senate of the skies.
 To Athens' heaven-blest towers the
 Queen repairs
 To raise more sufferings, and to cause
 more cares ;
 The Pylian Sage she moved, so loved
 by fame,
 In face, in wisdom, and in voice the same.
 Twelve Chiefs in sleep absorbed and
 grateful rest
 She first beheld, and them she thus
 address :
 'Immortal Chiefs, the fraudulent Goddess
 cries,
 While all the hero kindled in her eyes,