The Growth of Love
Yattendon Nowhing.

Barrie

Thank you for your letter.

I am very much flattered by your wish to make copies of my books, and am glad to be able to assure you that there is nothing in the new pamphlet that I wrote anything about which is not reprinted.

The 1903 pamphlet was published by E. L. Bumpus. "Pom, of the South, of the South of the South." They did not sell many copies. 00 remaining un-

The pamphlet is "in front of publication by Bumpus in 1903, and all right.

It was a pamphlet of 25 copies, the poem has since been completed, and
true printing of Mr. Daniel. There are
so many points about that I did not
what to add to their numbers. So the V
ewas my private communication. The
3rd edition of Daniel was therefore of 12
copies. The copies were printed, but
the satisfaction of a few friends.

The 3rd ed. of Daniel is as a bad
cotton of which "The theatre poems"
which look charming sightly but I
can wish anything there.

"The manner of the Court" can be printed
as soon as the sake of the Play
begins to publish. Enamel me by
or with the series.

"The theatre poems" volume is printed
as an account of the demands and I
have my mind for these last pamphlets.
I put out in any thing which I
possibly be thought derivable, as
correlated some of the words in the other
poem.
All the words not got rightly are the
same. I had not "to part of love"+
for which it was a kindness.

Extra ordinary in that & helms by
me from Mrs. A. G. Hedges

Oct. 23. 90

If it were one from you I
did not think you ever to repeat.

*Elkins Nathan is James, I
don't know his address. *V. R. Nettita.

2nd estor of prose of love. *V. R.
One hundred Copies printed. This is No. 55.
They that in play can do the thing they would
Having an instinct throned in reasons place/
—And every perfect action hath the grace
Of indolence or thoughtless hardihood—
These are the best: yet be there woorkmen good
Who lose in eaziness'th control of face
Or reck'on means and rapt in effort hale
Reach to their ends by steps well understood.

He whom thou sawst of late stride with the pains
Of one who spends his strength to rule his nerve—
Even as a painter breathlessly who strains
His scarcely moving hand lest it should swerve—
Behold me now fxe from the care that stains
And master of the art I chose to serve.
For thou art mine. And now I am ashamed
To have used means to win so pure an offer
And of my trembling fear that might have missed
Through very care the gold at which I aimed:
And am as happy but to hear the named/
As are those gentle souls by angels killed
In pictures seen leaving their marble cist
To go before the throne of grace unblamed.

Nor faster am I water hath the skill
To quench my thirst or that my strength is freed
In measure/grace & motion as I will
Than that to be myself is all I need
For thee to be most mine: so I stand still
And clave to taste my joy no more take heed.
The whole world now is but the minister
Of thee to me: I see no other scheme
But universal love from timeless dream
Making to thee his joys interpreter.
I walk around and in the fields confer
Of love at large with tree & flower & stream
And list the lark descant upon my theme
Heavens musical accepted worshpper.

Thy smile outfaceth ill: and that old feud
Twixt things and me is quashed in our new truce:
And Nature now dearly with thee endued
No more in shame ponders her old excuse
But quite forgets her frowns and antics rude
So kindly hath she grown to her new use.
The very names of things we love are dear
And sounds will gather beauty from their sense/
As many a face through loves long residence
Groweth to fair instead of plain and sere:
But when I lay thy name it hath no per
And I suppose fortune determined thence
Per dower/that such beautys excellence
Should have a perfect title for the ear:

For I must think the adopting Pyces chose
Their sons by name/ knowing none would be heard
Or w't it so oft in all the world as those:
Dan Chaucer/mighty Shakespeaze/ then for third
The classic Milton/ and to us arose
Shelley with liquid music in the word.
The poets were good teachers for they taught
Earth had this joy but that would ever be
That fortune should be perfected in me
My heart of hope dazed not engage the thought.
So I stood low and now but to be caught
By any self-styled lords of the age with the
Wrexes my modesty lest they should be
I hold them owls & peacocks things of nought.

And when we sit alone and as I please
I taste thy loves full smile and can enstate
The pleasure of my kingly heast at ease:
My thought swims like a ship that with the weight
Of her rich burden sleeps on the infinite seas
Becalmed and cannot stir her golden freight.
While yet we wait for spring and from the dry
And blackening east that do embitters March/
Well housed must watch grey fields & meadows March
And driven dust and withering snowflake fly:
Already in glimpses of the tarnished sky
The sun is warm and beckons to the larch:
And where the cobert hazels interlace
Their tasselled twigs/ fair beds of primrose lie.

Beneath the crisp and wintry carpet hid
A million buds but stay their blossoming
And trustful birds have built their nests amid
The shuddering boughs/ and only wait to sing
Till one soft shower from the south shall bid
And hither tempt the pilgrim steps of spring.
In the my spring of life hath bid the while
A rose unfold beyond the summers best/
The mystery of joy made manifest
In loves self-answering and awakening smile:
Whereby the lips in silence reconcile
Desire with peace/and pleading in arrest
Of passion/they the beauty left unguessed
Of Grace to adorn at last the Tuscan style:

When first the wonder conquering faith had kenned
Fancy portrayed/abov the strength of oath
Revealed of God or light of poem penned/
The countenance of ancient-plieded troth
Twirt heaven and earth/that in one moment blend
The hope of one and happiness of both.
For beauty being the best of all we know
Sums up the unsearchable and secret aims
Of nature and on joys whose heavenly names
Were never told can form and fence bestow.
And man hath sped his instinct to outgo
Nature in sound and shape and daily frames
Much for himself to counterbail his names/
Building a tower above the head of woe.

And never was these work for beauty found
Fairer than this that she should make to cease
The jarring woes that in the world abound.
Pay with his sorrow may his smiles encrease
If from mans greater need beauty redound
And claim his tears for homage of his peace.
Thus to thy beauty doth my fond heart look
That late dismayed her faithless faith forsooke
And wins again her love lost in the loze
Of schools & script of many a learned book:
For thou what ruthless death untimely tookest
Shalt now in better brotherhood restore
And save my battered ship that far from shore
High on the dismal deep in tempest Howk.

So in despite of sorrow lately learned
I still hold true to truth since thou art true /
Nor wail the woe which thou to joy hast turned:
Nor come the heavenly Sun and shining blue
To my life so need more splendid and unearned
Than hath thy gift outmatched desire and due.
Winter was not unkind because uncouth,
His prisioned time made me a closer guest
And gave thy graciousnels a warmer zelt
Biting all else with keen & angry tooth:
And bravelier the triumphant blood of youth
Mantling thy cheek its happy home possest
And sterner sport by day put strength to test
And customs feast at night gave tongue to truth.

Dr lay hath flaunting summer a device
To match our midnight revelry that rang
With stele & flame along the snow-girt ice?
Or when we hawked to nightingales that sang
On dewy eves in spring did they entice
To gentler love than winters icy fang?
There's many a would-be poet at this hour
Rhymes of a love and truth he never wrote
And o'er his lamplit desk in solitude
Dreams that he sitteth in the Muses bower.
And while such thoughtless kine the fat devour
And ever grow the leaner for their food
Men look askance upon an art pursued
By clerks that lack the pulse & smile of power.

So none of all our company do boast/
But now would mock my writing could they see
How down the right it maps a jagged coast:
Seeing they hold the manlier praise to be
Strong hand and will and the heart best when most
Tis sober/simple/true and fancy-free.
How could I quarrel or blame you most dear
Who all thy virtues gavest and kept back none:
Kindness and gentleness/ truth without peer
And beauty that my fancy fed upon?

Now not my life's contrition for my fault
Can blot that day nor work me recompence/
Though I might worthily thy worth exalt
Making thy long amends for short offence.

For surely nowhere/love/ if not in thee
Are grace and truth and beauty to be found:
And all my praise of these can only be
A praise of thee/ howe'er by thee disowned:

While still thou must be mine though faz removed/
And I for one offence no more beloved.
Now since to me although by thee refused
The world is left I shall find pleasuze still:
The art I have ever loved but little used
Will yield a world of fancies at my will.

And though whereer thou goest it is from me/
I where I go the in my heart must bear:
And what thou wert that wilt thou ever be/
My choice/my best/my loved and only fair.

Farewell yet think not such farewell a change
From tenderness/though once to met or past
But on short absence so could sense derange
That tears have graced the grieving of my heart:
They were proud drops and had my leave to fall:
Pot on thy pity for my pain to call.
When sometimes in an ancient house where state
From noble ancestry is handed on/
We see but desolation through the gate
And richest heirlooms all to ruin gone:
Because maybe some fancied shame or fear
Bred of disease or melancholy fate
Hath driven the owner from his rightful sphere
To wander nameless lave to pity or hate.

What is the wreck of all he hath in sich
When he that hath is wrecking? nought is fine
Unto the sick/nor doth it burden grief
That the house perish when the soul doth pine.
Thus I my state despise/nain by a sting
So slight twould not have hurt a meaner thing.
Who builds a ship must first lay down the keel
Of health, where the ribs of mirth are wed:
And knit with beams and knees of strength a bed.
For decks of purity, her floor and ceil.
Upon her masts, adventure, pride and zeal.
To fortunes wind the sails of purpose spread:
And at the prow make figured maidenhead
Oerride the seas and answer to the wheel.

And let him deep in memories hold have stowed
Water of Helicon: and let him sit
The oar that doth true with heaven accord:
Then bid her crew, love, diligence and wit
With justice, courage, temperance come aboard.
And at her helm the master reason sit.
This world is unto God a work of art
Of which the unaccomplished heavenly plan
Lives in his masterpiece and grows with man
Unto perfection and success in part.
The ultimate creation stayed to fast
From the last creature for whom all began:
Who child in what he is and what he can
Hath yet God’s judgement and desire at heart.

Knowledge denied him/ and his little skill
Cumbered by laws he never can annul/
Maddened by qualities adverse and ill/
With feeble hands/ few years and senses dull/
His art is nature’s nature/ and love still
Makes his abode with the most beautiful.
Say who be these light-bearded sunburnt faces
In negligent and travel-stained array
That in the city of Dante come to-day
Haughtily visiting her holy places?
O these be noble men that hide their graces/
True Englands blood/her ancient glories say/
By tales of fame diverted on their way
Home from the rule of oriental races.

Life-trilling lions these/of gentle eyes
And motion delicate/but swift to fire
For honour/passionate where duty lies/
Most loved and loving: and they quickly tire
Of Florence/that the one more day denies
The embrace of wife and son/of sister of fire.
Where San Miniato's convent from the sun
At forenoon overlooks the city of flowers
I sat and gazing on her domes and towers
Called up her famous children one by one:
And those who all the rest had far outdone/
Wilt Giotto first, who stole the morning hours/
I saw, and god-like Buonarrotis powers/
And Dante, gravest poet, her much wronged son.

Is all this glory I laid another's praise?
Are these heroic triumphs things of old
And do I dread upon the living gaze?
Or rather both the mind that can behold
The wondrous beauty of the works and days
Create the image that her thoughts enfold.
Rejoice ye dead/wheree your spirits dwell/
Rejoice that yet on earth your fame is bright
And that your names remembered day & night
Live on the lips of those that love you well.
Rejoice ye living/ ye that now excel
And guard in nameless homes the sacred light:
Rejoice/ though prosperous folly in her spite
Vanish all them that from her rule rebel.

For the worlds exile hath a richer mead
Than a kings favourite; he shall arrive
With the like triumph and return decreed
To him who neer revisited alive
His home but lang/ Doubt not I shall succeed
For all the hindrance they within contrive.
Who praiseth? If the poet have not known
His work is beautiful; none can persuade:
Nor doth our time that so wrongs Handels have
Contribute his condemnation but its own.
The comment writ on Shakespeare hath not hewn
The perfect judgement that alive he laid
On his own work/which taketh since twas made
Grace noz disgrace caye but of love alone.

And love in loving nothing that is bile
Knows not the error of the mind/ noz fears
To set his seal in secret with a smile:
But O could one as Purcell win the tears
Of love/ such praise were more than to beguile
The learned fancies of a thousand years.
The world still goeth about to hide and hide
Befooleed of all opinion/ fond of fame:
But he that can do well taketh no pride
And seeth his error/ undisturbed by fame:
So poors the best our longest days can do/
The most fo little/ diligently done/
So mighty is the beauty that doth woo/
So bale the joy that love from love hath won.

Gods love to win is easy/ for He loveth
Desires fair attitude/ nor strictly weighs
The broken thing/ but all alike appr"oveth
Which love hath aimed at Him: that is heavens praise:
And if we look for any praise on earth
Tis in mans love: all else is nothing worth.
D flesh and blood/comrade to tragic pain
And clownish merriment: whose sense could wake
Sermons in stones/and count death but an ache/
All things as vanity/yet nothing vain:
The world set in thy heart thy passionate strain
Revealed anew: but thou foe man didst make
Nature twice natural/only to shake
Hez kingdom with the creatures of thy brain.

Lo Shakespeare/since thy time nature is loth
To yield to art her fair supremacy:
In conquering one thou hast so enriched both.
What shall I say? foe God—whose wise decree
Confirmed all He did by all He doth—
Doubled His whole creation making the.
I would be a bird/and straight on wings I arise
And carry purpose up to the ends of the air:
In calm & storm my sails I feather and where
By freezing cliffs the unransomed wreckage lies:
Of strutting on hot meridian banks surprize
The silence: over plains in the moonlight bare
I chase my shadow and perch where no bird dare
In topknots torn by fiercest winds of the skies.

Poor simple birds/foolish birds/then I cry/
Ye pretty pictures of delight/unstirred
By the only joy of knowing that ye fly:
Ye are not what ye are/but rather/summed in a word/
The alphabet of a gods idea/and I
Who master it/I am the only bird.
O weary pilgrims chanting of your woe
That turn your eyes to all the peaks that shine/
Hailing in each the citadel divine
The which ye thought to have entered long ago:
Until at length your feeble steps and slow
Falter upon the threshold of the shrine/
And your hearts overburdened doubt in fine
Whether it be Jerusalem or no:

Disheartened pilgrims/I am one of you/
For having worshipped many a barren face
I scarce now greet the goal I journeyed to:
I stand a pagan in the heavenly place/
Beneath the lamp of truth I am found untrue
And question with the glory I embrace.
Spring hath her own bright days of calm & peace:
Her melting air/at every breath we draw/
Flows heart with love to praise Gods gracious law:
But suddenly—too short is pleasures lease—
The cold returns/ the buds from growing cease
And natures conquered face is full of awe:
As now the traitrous north with icy flaw
Freezes the dew upon the sick lambs fleece.

And neath the mock sun searching everywhere
Rattles the czipèd leaves with shivering din:
So that the birds are silent with despair
Within the thickets/ noz their armour thin
Will gaudy flies adventure in the air
Nor any lizard sun his spotted skin.
Nothing is joy without thee: I can find
No rapture in the first relays of spring/
In songs of birds/in young buds opening/
Nothing inspiriting and nothing kind:
For lack of thee who once went throned behind
All beauty/like a strength where graces cling:
The jewel/heart of light which everything
Wrestled in rivalry to hold enshrined.

Ah/since thou rt fled and I in each fair light
The sweet occasion of my joy deplore/
Where shall I seek the best of whom invite
Within thy sacred temples and adore?
Who shall fill thought I truth with old delight
And lead my soul in life as heretofore?
The work is done and from the singers fall
The bloodwarm tools that brought the labour through:
The talking eye that overrunneth all
Keets/and affirms these is no more to do.
Now the third joy of making/ the sweet flower
Of blessed work blometh in godlike spirit:
Which whole plucketh holdeth for an hour
The shrivelling vanity of mortal merit.

And thou/my perfect work/ thou rt of to-day:
To-morrow a poor and alien thing wilt be/
True only should the swift life stand at stay:
Therefore fareweli no; look to bide with me.
To find thy friends if there be one to love thae:
Casting thae forth/my child/I rise above thae.
The fabled leasna\k/ old Leviathan/
Or else what grisly beast of scaly chine
That champed the oceanwrack/ and swashed the brine
Before the new and milder days of man/
Had never rib noz bray noz twindging fan
Like his iron swimmer of the Clyde oz Tyne/
Late born of golden fed to br\e\d a line
Of offspring twister and more huge of plan.

Straight is hez going/ for upon the sun
When once the hath looked/ her path & place are plain:
With tireless speed he limiteth one by one
The huddering seas and foams along the main:
And her easing breath when hez wild race is run
Roars through her nostrils like a hurricane.
A thousand times hath in my hearts behoof
My tongue been set his passion to impart:
A thousand times hath my too coward heart
My mouth reclosed and fixed it to the roof:
Then with such cunning hath it held aloof;
A thousand times kept silence with such art
That words could do no more: yet on thy part
Hath silence given a thousand times reproof.

I should be bolder/seeing I commend
Love that my dilatory purpose primes/
But fear lest with my fears my hope should end.
Pay I would truth deny and burn my rhymes/
Renew my sorrows rather than offend/
A thousand times and yet a thousand times.
I travel to the with the suns first rays
That lift the dark west and unwrap the night:
I dwell beside the when he walks the height
And fondly toward the at his setting gaze.
I wait upon thy coming/ but always—
Dancing to meet my thoughts if they invite—
Thou hast outrun their longing with delight
And in my solitude dost mock my praise.

I well might say twere better not to have been
Than such I am to be so; such as thou:
And couldst thou love me more my heart I'd wean
And win a claim that none could disallow:
But since that cannot be/D love/I lean
Upon thy strength and neer was ftong till now.
My lady pleases me and I please her,
This know we both and I besides know well
Wherefore I love her and I love to tell
My love as all my loving songs aver.
But what on her part could the passion stir
Though tis more difficult for love to spell
Yet can I dare divine how this befel
Nor will her lips deny it if I err.

She loves me first because I love her/ then
Loves me for knowing why she should be loved/
And that I love to praise her/ loves again.
So from her beauty both our loves are moved
And by her beauty are sustained/ nor when
The earth falls from the sun is this disproved.
In all things beautiful I cannot see
Her lit o’ stand; but love is stirred anew:
Tis joy to watch the folds fall as they do;
And all that comes is past expectancy.
If she be silent, silence let it be:
She who would bid her speak might sit and sue.
The deep-browed Phidian Jove to be untrue
To his two thousand years solemnity.

Ah but her launched passion when she sings
Wins on the hearing like a shapen prow
Borne by the mastery of its urgent wings:
O if she deign her wisdom, she doth show
She hath the intelligence of heavenly things
Unsullied by man’s mortal overthrow.
Thus to be humbled: tis that ranging pride
No refuge hath: that in his castle strong
Brave reason sits beleaguered who so long
Kept field but now must starve where he doth hide:
That industry who once the foe dese’d
Lies slaughtered in the trenches: that the throng
Of idle fancies pipe their foolish song
Where late the puissant captains fought and died.

Thus to be humbled: tis to be undone/
A forest felled/a city razed to ground/
A cloak unsown/unwoven and unspun
Till not a thread remains that can be wound.
And yet/O lover/tho’ the ruined one
Love who hath humbled thus hath also crowned.
I care not if I live/ though life and breath
Have never been to me so dear and sweet.
I care not if I die/ for I could meet—
Being so happy—happily my death.
I care not if I love: to-day she saith
She loveth/ and loves history is complete.
Nor care I if she love me: at her feet
My spirit bows entranced and worhipped.

I have no care for what was most my care
But all around me lie fresh beauty born
And common sights grown lovelier than they were:
I dream of love/ and in the light of morn
Tremble beholding all things very fair
And strong with strength that puts my strength to scorn.
O my goddess divine/ sometimes I lay:
Now let this word for ever and all suffice:
Thou art insatiable/ and yet not twice
Can even thy lover give his soul away:
And for my acts/ that at thy feet I lay/
For never any other by device
Of wisdom love o2 beauty could entice
My homage to the measure of this day.

I have no more to give thee: lo/ I have told
My life/ have emptied out my heart and spent
Whateer I had: till like a beggar/ hold
With nought to lose/ I laugh and am content.
A beggar kisseth thee/ nay love/ behold/
I fear not: thou too art in beggarment.
All earthly beauty hath one cause and proof,
To lead the pilgrim soul to beauty above:
Yet lieth the greater bliss so far aloof
That few there be are weaned from earthly love.

Joys ladder it is, reaching from home to home,
The best of all the work that all was good:
Whereof twas writ the angels eye upclomb,
Down sped, and at the top the Lord God stood.

But I my time abuse, my eyes by day
Centered on thee, by night my heart on fire—
Letting my numbered moments run away—
Posz een twirt night and day to heaven aspire.

So true it is that what the eye lieth not
But slow is loved and loved is soon forgot.
Already faiz have we sailed out to sea/
Enough have proved our bark and hear the roar
Of tempest over night that more and more
Rages and lightens on the whitened sea.
See how with naked masts the tall ships fle
Like frightened phantoms from the dangerous shore/
And not a boat contrives with sail or oar
To stem the foundering waves: how then shall we?

Now time it is to make for port and haste
In safety with the joy our perils earn:
But let us bow that first the shrine be graced
Of him who moves and draws all souls that yearn/
With fair memorials of devotion placed
For venturous voyage and for safe return.
The bliss that Adam lost—eating in haste—
He lost not all for what he had he had:
And still his sons are born as pure and glad
As he when first by God in Eden placed.
But what he took for them—daring to taste—
He won outright whether for good or bad:
And in his footsteps all must issue sad
Out of their garden exiled and disgraced.

And therefore knowledge hath two hands: with one
Pressed to her prisoner heart that mourns and yearns
She guards her firstborn joy and shares with none:
But with her busy right she moves and turns
All tangible things or gazing on the sun
Shades her adventurous eye and ever learns.
O my life's mischief/once my loves delight/
That drewst a mortgage on my hearts estate/
Whose baneful clause is never out of date/
Noz can avenging time restore my right:
Whom first to lose founded that note of spite
Wheroeto my doleful days were tuned by fate:
That art the well-loved cause of all my hate/
The sun whole wandering makes my hopeless night:

Thou being in all my lacking all I lack/
It is thy goodness turns my grace to crime/
Thy slateness from my goal which holds me back:
Wherefore my feet go out of step with time/
My very grasp of life is old and slack
And even my passion falters in my rhyme.
At times with hurried hoofs and scattering dust
I race by field or highway, and my horse
Spare not but urge direct in headlong course
Unto some fair faz hill that gain I must:
But near arrived the illusion soon mistrust/
Kein in and stand as one who sees the source
Of strong illusion, haming thought to force
From off his mind the coil of passions gult.

My brow I bare then and with slackened sped
Can view the country pleasant on all sides
And to kind salutation give good heed.
I ride as one who soz his pleasure rides
And stroke the neck of my delighted steed
And seek what cheer the village inn provides.
An idle June day on the sunny Thames/
Floating or rowing as our fancy led/
How listening to sweet things the young birds said
And choosing now a nosegay from the gems
That star the embroidery of the bank that hems
The current that our skiff from Henley sped
To where the Cliefden woods o'er Maidenhead
Bar its still surface with their mirrored stems.

I would have life—thou saidst—all as this day/
Simple enjoyment calm in its excess/
With not a grief to cloud and not a ray
Of passion overhot my peace to oppress:
With no ambition to reproach delay/
Nor rapture to disturb its happiness.
Whether it be happiness to have enough
And fear no want while most are poorly fed/
To bring untired limbs to an easy bed
While any workman's couch is cold and rough:
And whether honour be of such dull stuff
As likes the peace for which a brother bled/
And virtue yet untried in comfort bzed
Can know her name and feel no self-rebuff:

Or if to yield themselves to woze and woxle
Were truly solace for the hearts that chafe—
Since their nobility would choose the curse
Rather to be than once deride the waif/
O hear the laugh—O blame not my poor verse
That it is sad while comfort still is safe.
A man that sees by chance his picture made
As once a child he was / handling some toy /
Will gaze to find his spirit within the boy /
Yet hath no secret with the soul pourtrayed:
He cannot think the simple thought which played
Upon those features then to shank and cop:
Tis his / yet oh / not his: and o'er the joy
His fatherly pity bends in tears dismayed.

Proud of his prime maybe he stand at best
And lightly wear his strength or aim it high /
Most master now of all he eer possesst:
Yet in the pictured face a charm doth lie /
The one thing lost more worth than all the rest /
Which seing he fears to lay This child was I.
Tears of love/ tears of joy and tears of care/
Comforting tears that fell uncomfor ted/
Tears o'er the new-born/ tears beside the dead/
Tears of hope/ pride and pity/ trust and prayer:
Tears of contrition/ all tears whatsoever/
Of tenderness or kindness had she shed
Who here is pictured/ ere upon her head
The fine gold might be turned to silver there.

The smile that charmed the father hath given place
Unto the furrowed care wrought by the son:
But virtue hath transformed all change to grace.
So that I praise the artist who hath done
A portrait for my worship of the face
Won by the heart my fathers heart that won.
If I could but forget and not recall
So well my time of pleasure and of play
When ancient nature was all new and gay
Light as the fashion that doth last enthrall:
Ah mighty nature/when my heart was small
Nor dreamed what fearful searchings underlay
The flowers and leafy ecstasy of May/
The breathing summer sloth/the scented fall.

Could I forget/then were the sight not hard/
Pressed in the melee of accursed things/
Having such help in love and such reward:
But that tis I who once—tis this that stings—
Once dwelt within the gate that angels guard/
Where yet I'd be had I but heavenly wings.
When I se childhood on the threshold seize
The prize of life from age and likelihood/
I mourn times change that will not be withheld/
Thinking how Christ said: We like one of these:
For in the forest among many trees
Scape one in all is found that hath made good
The virgin pattern of its slender wood
That courted in joy to every breeze:

But leached / but knotted trunks that raise on high
Their arms in stiff contortion strained and bare:
Whole crowns in patriarchal sorrow high.
So little children ye — nay nay / ye neer
From me shall learn how sure the change and nigh
When ye shall share our strength and mourn to share.
When parched with thirst astray on sultry lands
The traveller saints upon his closing ear
Steals a fantastic music: he may hear.
The babbling fountain of his native land.
Before his eyes the vision seems to stand.
Where at its terraced brink the maids appear
Who fill their deep urns at its waters clear.
And not refuse the help of lovers hand.

O cruel jest—he cries as some one sings.
The sparkling drops in sport o'er she of ire—
O hameleks! O contempt of holy things.
But never of their wanton play they tire.
As not athirst they sit beside the springs
While he must quench in death his lost desire.
The image of thy love/rising on dark
And desperate days above my fullen sea
Wakens again fresh hope and peace in me/
Gleaming above upon my groaning bark.
Whatever my sorrow be I then may hark
A loving voice: whatever my terror be
This heavenly comfort still I win from thee
To shine my lodestar that went once my mark.

Prodigal nature makes us but to taste
One perfect joy/which given the niggard grows
And lest her precious gift should run to waste
Adds to its loks a thousand lesser woes:
So to the memory of the gift that graced
Her hand/her graceless hand more grace bestows.
I will not marry thee, sweet Hope—I said—
For all thy beauty noz thy promise worn:
Though thou the dayspring pledge and rosy morn
Already captive in thy train hast led.
No clouded terror oer the sun is spread;
No noonday darkness like of love outworn:
The cold star on his shining orbit bozne
With all his balleys dry, his verdure dead.

Nor hast thou any power to th'ust aside
Fates cruel hand, nor any refuge shewn
Where comfortless my widowed shame could hide.
For me—in my cold sepulchre I'd groan
Hearing men say, 'Sç Hope so late loves bride/
Whom now this vain Ambition has made his own.'
In this neglected/ruined edifice
Of works unperfected and broken schemes/
Where is the promise of my early dreams/
The smile of beauty and the pearl of price?
No charm is left now that could once entice
Mind-wavering fortune from her golden streams/
And full in flight decrepit purpose seems
Trailing the banner of his old device.

Within the house a frore and numbing air
Has chilled endeavour: sickly memories reign
In every room and ghosts are on the stair:
And hope behind the dusty window-pane
Watches the days go by; and half aware
Forecasts her last reproach and mortal stain.
Once I would say/ before thy vision came/
My joy/ my life/ my love/ and with some kind
Of knowledge speak and think I knew my mind
Of heaven and hope/ and each word hit its aim.
Whatever their sounds be/ now all mean the same/
Denoting each the fair I cannot find:
Or if I lay them tis as one long blind
For gets what lights they were he used to name.

Now if men speak of love tis not my love
Nor are their hopes nor joys mine/ no/ the life
They choose for praise the life I reckon of:
Pay though they turn from house & child & wife
And self/ and in the thought of heaven above.
Hold/ as do I/ all mortal things at strife.
Since then tis only pity looking back/
Fear looking forward/ and the busy mind
Will in one woeful moment more upwind
Than lifelong years unroll of bitter oz black:
What is mans privilege/ his hoarding knack
Of memory with fozeboding so combined/
Whereby he comes to dream he hath of kind
The perpetuity which all things lack?

Which but to hope is doubtful joy/to have
Being a continuance of what/ alas/
We mourn and feazcely bear with to the grave:
Or something so unknown that it oerpass
The thought of comfort: and the sense that gave
Cannot consider it though any glass.
Come gentle sleep; come and take
Not now the child into thine arms, from fright
Composed by drowsy tune and shaded light,
Whom ignorant of thee, thou didst nurse and make:
Nor now the boy who strove the for the lake
Of growing knowledge, or mysterious night:
Though with fatigue thou didst his limbs indite
And heavily weigh the eyes he strove to wake:

Po/nor the man severe who from his best
Failing/alert fled to thee/that his breath,
Blood/force and fire should come at morn redrest:
But me/from whom thy comfort tarrieth:
For all my wakeful prayer sent without rest
To thee/D new and shadow of my death.
Let man lament his lot and then lament
That he must so lament and then complain
That all his lamentations are in vain:
His tears betray his true affections bent.
For lighest love first falls to discontent:
As they who best know health will rage at pain
And pine beyond their sickness to regain
Their treasure treasured most when lost or spent:

Which being in them a doleful none the less
Inspires the cries of prime. The truly sad
Are dumb: and they but honour happiness
Who hanker after joys that once they had:
Or surfeited of sweets turn and confess
Their pleasure is to be no longer glad.
The spirits eager sense for fad or gay
Filleth with what he will our beftel full:
He joy his bent/ he waiteth not joys day
But like a child at any toy will pull:
If sorrow/he will mourn for fancies fake
And spoil heavens plenty with forbidden care.
What fortune most denies we have to take:
Por can fate load us more than we can bear.

And fince in having/pleasure disappeareth/
He who hath leaft in hand hath most at heart
While he kep hope: as he who alway feareth
A grief that never comes hath still the smart:
And worse than true is fuch unreal diſtreß
For when God fendeth sorrow/it doth bles.
The world comes not to an end: her city-hives
Swarm with the tokens of a changeless trade/
With rolling wheel/driver and flagging jade/
Rich men and beggars/children/priests and wives.
New homes on old are set as lives on lives/
Invention with invention overlaid:
But still or tool or toy or book or blade
Shaped for the hand that holds and toils and strives.

The men I met work as their fathers wrought.
With little bettered means: for works depend
On works and overlap/and thought on thought.
And through all change the smiles of hope amend
The weariest face/the same love changed in nought:
In this thing too the world comes not to an end.
Ibiff

Since in the love of Christ my enterprise
To do the honour growth day by day/
And with the growth of love the words I say
Are daily worthier of thee and more wise:
Like a rich Jew I book my merchandise
In fairest hand and hoard my gains away/
Counting the hours e'er I shall quite repay
More than the full account against me lies:

But not the joy: alas I in my grave
Shall be and thou in thine ere this befall:
Tis but a memory my verse can save.
Of this my wealth too if I give the all
Sorrow for pleasure pay I and I crave
A loan of time that flies beyond recall.
O my uncared-for songs what are ye worth/
That in my secret book with so much care
I write you; this one here and that one there/
Marking the time and order of your birth?
How with a fancy so unkind to mirth/
A sense so hard, a style so worn and bare/
Look ye for any welcome anywhere
From any shelf or heart-home on the earth?

Should others ask you this, say then I yearned
To write you such as once, when I was young/
Finding I should have loved and thereto turned.
Twere something yet to live again among
The gentle youth beloved and where I learned
My art be there remembered so, my song.
Who takes the census of the living dead/
Cere the day come when memory shall o'ercrowd
The kingdom of their fame/and soz that proud
And airy people find no room noz stead?
Cere hoarding Time/that ever thruffeth back
The fairest treasures of his ancient store/
Better with best confound/so he may pack
His greedy gatherings closer/more and more?

Let the true Muse rewrite her fullied page
And purge hez story of the men of hate/
That they go dirgeless down to Satans rage
With all elze soul deformed and miscreate:
She hath full toil to kep the names we love
Honoured on earth as they are bright above.
I heard great Hector sounding wars alarms
Where through the littlest ghosts chiding he strode,
As though the Greeks besieged his last abode/
And he his Troys hope still/her king at arms.
But on those gentle meads where nothing harms
And purpose perishes/his passion glowed
Like the cold nightworms candle no; scarce shewed
The heart death kills not quite nor Léthé charms.

Twas plain to read even by those shadows quaint
How rude catastrophe had dimmed his day
And blighted all his cheer with stern complaint.
To arms/to arms/ what more the voice would lay
Was swallowed in the valleys and grew faint.
Upon the thin air as he passed away.
Since peace came down to me/I well know whence/  
O perfected and happy spirit/twas sped:
And who did lead me whither/I was led/
Drawn by sweet airs and plaintive innocence.
So lost when thou didst seem departing hence/
I too enrolled myself among the dead
And left my home of homes undistited/
Exiled from memory for my woes defence.

But the doors fast shut by grief and pride/
Keopened: the kind peace returned in spite
Of this sad heart which the to long denied:
For thou my joy/whateer/or day or night/
I think or do/again art by my side/
My lost and won/my treasure and lifes delight.
Sweet sleep dear unadorned bride of toil,
Whom in the dusk of night mens bodies low
Lie to receive/ and thy loved coming know/
Closing the cloudy gate on days turmoil:
Thou through the loft ways enterest to despoil
The ready spirit and on worn flesh below
Such comfort as through trembling souls will flow
When Gods Welldone doth all their sins attoil.

Thought loveth at thy touch her troubled hold/
Hand/ eye and ear fail/ and the worlds fair show
Is blotted clean: oz then thou mayst unfold—
Brightening the hours of cure renewal low—
Thy careless pageanties/ pictures untold/
Joys which the talking sun melteth like snow.
Since not the enamoured sun with glance more fond
Kisses the foliage of his sacred tree/
Than doth my waking thought arise on thee/
Loving none near thee/like thee noz beyond:
Pay since I am sworn thy slave and in the bond
Is writ my promise of eternity:
Since to such high hope thoust encouraged me
That if thou look but from me I despond:

Since thou rt my all in all/D think of this:
Think of the dedication of my youth:
Think of my loyalty/my joy/my blis:
Think of my sorrow/my despair and ruth/
My thyr annihilation if I mis:
Think—if thou shouldst be false—think of thy truth.
These meagre rhymes which a returning mood
Sometimes overrateth/ I as oft despise :
And knowing them illnatured/ stiff and rude/
See them as others with contemptuous eyes.
Nay and I wonder less at Gods respect
For man/ a minim jot in time and space/
Than at the soaring faith of His elect/
That gift of gifts/ the comfort of His grace.

O work unsearchable/ O heavenly love/
Most infinitely tender/ to to touch
The work that we can meanly reckon of:
Surely— I say—we are favoured overmuch.
But of this wonder/ what doth most amaze
Is that we know our love is held for praise.
Beauty sat with me all the summer day/
Awaiting the sure triumph of her eye:
Nor marked I till we parted how hard by/
Love in her train stood ready for his prey.
She as too proud to join herself the fray/
Trusting too much to her divine ally/
When she saw victory tarry chid him—Why
Dost thou not at one stroke this rebel slay?

Then generous Love who holds my heart in fee
Told of our ancient truce: so from the sight
We straight withdrew our forces/all the three.
Baffled but not disheartened he took flight/
Scheming new tactics: Love came home with me
And prompts my measured verses as I write.
In autumn moonlight when the white air wan
Is fragrant in the wake of summer hence
Tis sweet to sit entranced and muse thereon
In melancholy and godlike indolence:
   When the proud spirit lulled by mortal prime
To fond pretence of immortality
Vieweth all moments from the birth of time/
All things whate'er have been or yet shall be.

And like the garden where the year is spent/
The ruin of old life is full of yearning/
Mingling poetic rapture of lament
With flowers & sunshine of spring's lure returning:
   Only in visions of the white air wan
By godlike fancy seized and dwelt upon.
When first I saw thee/dearest/if I say
The spells that conjure back the hour and place/
And evermore I look upon thy face/
As in the spring of years long pasted away:
No fading of thy beautys rich array/
No detriment of age on thee I trace/
But times defeat written in spoils of grace/
Robbed from the rivals thou didst pity and slay.

So hath thy growth been/thus thy faith is true/
Unchanged in change/still to my growing sense/
To lifes desire the same/and nothing new:
But as thou wert in dream and prescience
At loves arising/now thou standst to view
In the broad noon of his magnificence.
Ixviii

'Twas on the very day winter took leave
Of those fair fields I love/when to the skies
The fragrant Earth was smiling in surprise
At that her heaven-descended quick reprieve/
I wandered forth my sorrow to relieve/
Yet walked amid sweet pleasure in such wise
As Adam went alone in Paradise/
Before God of His pity fashioned Eve.

And out of tune with all the joy around
I laid me down beneath a flowering tree
And o'er my senses crept a deep profound:
In which it seemed that thou wert given to me/
Kending my body where with hurried sound
I felt my heart beat when I think of the.
Love that I know/love I am wise in/love
My strength/my pride/my grace/my skill untaught/
My faith here upon earth/my hope above/
My contemplation and perpetual thought:
The pleasure of my fancy/my hearts fire/
My joy/my peace/my praise/my happy theme/
The aim of all my doing/my desire
Of being/my life by day/by night my dream:

Love/my sweet melancholy/my distresses/
My pain/my doubt/my trouble/my despair/
My only folly and unhappiness/
And in my careless moments still my care:
O love/sweet love/earthly love/love divine/
Sayst thou to-day/O love/that thou art mine?
The dark and serious angel who so long
Wexed his immortal strength in charge of me
Hath smiled for joy and fled in liberty
To take his pastime with the pearls's throng.
Oft had I done his noble keeping wrong/
Wounding his heart to wonder what might be
Gods purpose in a soul of such degrae:
And there he had left me but for mandate strong.

But seeing the with me now/ his talk at close
He knoweth/ and wherefore he was bid to stay
And work confusion of so many foes.
The thanks he looks to have from me I pay/
Yet fear some heavenly envy as he goes
Unto what great reward I cannot say.
Though others love Thee less I will stand true/
Nor can it be that I should ever leave Thee:
Thou knowest my heart and if it could deceive Thee
It would not wrong Thee thus as others do.
I spend the day telling my vows anew/
And hold my courage ready lest I grieve Thee/
And count my words lest chance offence bereave Thee
Of one poor sheep out of Thy flock so few:

And call on Thee my Lord/my Strength/my Stay/
That if I faint or fail Thou wilt restore me
And feed me with fresh comfort day by day.
Pay though it be Thy terrors all pass o'er me
Lo/ I will fear no evil/ for I lay/
Surely Thy grace will be sufficient for me.
I will be what God made me/ no; protest
Against the bent of genius in my time:
That science of my friends robs all the best/
While I love beauty and was born to rhyme.

Be they our mighty men and let me dwell
In shadow among the mighty shades of old/
With loves forsaken palace for my cell:
Whence I look forth and all the world behold:

And lay/ These better days/in best things worle/
This bastardy of times magnificence/
Will mend in fashion and throw off the curse/
To crown new love with higher excellence.
Curse'd though I be to live my life alone/
My toil is for man's joy/ his joy my own.
I live on hope and that I think do all
Who come into this world/ and since I see
Myself in swim with such good company
I take my comfort whatsoever befall.
I abide and abide/ as if more stout and tall
My spirit would grow by waiting like a tree:
And clear of others toil it pleaseth me
In dreams their quick ambition to fozefall.

And if through careless eagerness I slide
To some accomplishment/ I give my voice
Still to desire and in desire abide.
I have no stake abroad; if I rejoice
In what is done o2 doing/ I confide
Neither to friend no2 foe my secret choice.
Ye blessed saints that now in heaven enjoy
The purchase of those tears the worlds did dain
Doth love still with his war your peace annoy
Or hath Death freed you from his ancient pain?

Habe ye no springtide and no burst of May
In flowers and leafy trees, when solemn night
Pants with love music, and the holy day
Breaks on the ear with songs of heavenly light?

What make ye t what strive tor? keep ye thought
Of us, or in new excellence divine
Is old forgot: or do ye count for naught
What the Greek did and what the Florentine?

We keep your memories well: O in your store
Live not our best joys treasured evermore?
Ah heavenly joy! But who hath ever heard
Who hath seen joy? or who shall ever find
Joys language? There is neither speech nor word:
Pught but itself to teach it to mankind.

Scarce in our twenty thousand painful days
We may touch something: but there lives—beyond
The best of art or natures kindest phase—
The hope whereof our spirit is fain and fond:

The cause of beauty given to mans desires/
Writ in the expectancy of starry skies/.
The faith which gloweth in our flaming fires/
The aim of all the excellence we prize:

Which but to love/ pursue and pray for well
Maketh earth heaven and to forget it/ hell.
My wearied heart/whenever/after all/
Its loves and yearnings shall be told complete/
When gentle death shall bid it cease to beat/
And from all dear illusions disenchant:
However then thou shalt appear to call
My fearful heart/since down at others feet
It bade me kneel so oft/I'll not retreat
From thee nor keep before thy feet to fall.

And I shall say/Receive this loving heart
Which err'd in sorrow only: and in sin
Took no delight: but being forced apart
From thee/without the hoping the to win/
Most prized what most thou madest as thou art
On earth/till heaven were open to enter in.
Dreary was winter;/wet with changeful thing
Of clinging snowfall and fast-flying frost;
And bitterer northwinds then withheld the spring
That dallied with her promise till twas lost.
A sunless and half-hearted summer drowned
The flowers in needful and unwelcomed rain:
And Autumn with a sad smile fled uncrowned
From fruitless orchards and unripened grain.

But could the skies of this most desolate year
In its last month learn with our love to glow/
When yet should rank its cloudless atmosphere
Above the sunsets of five years ago:
Of my great praise too part should be its own/
Now reckoned pearls for thy love alone.
Away now/ lovely Muse/ roam and be free:
Our commerce ends for aye/ thy task is done:
Though to win thee I left all else unwon/
Thou whom I most have won art not for me.
My first desire/ thou too forgone must be/
Thou too O much lamented now though none
Will turn to pity thy forfaken son/
No/ thy divine sisters will weep for thee.

Pone will weep for thee: thou return/ O Muse/
To thy Sicilian fields: I once have been
On thy loved hills/ and where thou first didst use
Thy sweetly balanced rhyme/ unthankful queen/
Have plucked and wreathed thy flowers: but do thou
choose
Some happier brow to wear thy garlands green.
Eternal Father who didst all create/
In whom we live and to whose bosom move/
To all men be Thy name known which is Love/
Till its loud praises sound at heavens high gate.
Perfect Thy kingdom in our passing state/
That here on earth Thou mayst as well approve
Our service as Thou ownest theirs above
Whose joy we echo and in pain await.

Grant body and soul each day their daily bread:
And should in spite of grace such woe begin/
Even as our anger soon is past and dead
Be Thy remembrance mortal of our sin:
By Thee in paths of peace Thy sheep be led/
And in the vale of terror comforted.
NOTE

Sonnet 36—The argument is partly from Michael Angelo: Madrigal xix.

Sonnet 37—From Boccaccio.

Sonnet 73—Partly from the anonymous Sonnet No. 3793 in the Libro Reale “Io vivo di speranza.”

Sonnet 74—The first four lines translated from Michael Angelo’s Madrigal “Beati voi.”
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