

THE KRAKEN.

BELOW the thunders of the upper deep ;
 Far, far beneath in the abyssal sea,
 His ancient, dreamless, uninvaded sleep
 The Kraken sleepeth : faintest sunlights
 flee
 About his shadowy sides : above him swell
 Huge sponges of millennial growth and
 height ;
 And far away into the sickly light,
 From many a wondrous grot and secret
 cell
 Unnumber'd and enormous polypi
 Winnow with giant arms the slumbering
 green.
 There hath he lain for ages and will lie
 Battering upon huge seaworms in his
 sleep,
 Until the latter fire shall heat the deep ;
 Then once by man and angels to be seen,
 In roaring he shall rise and on the sur-
 face die.

SONG.

THE winds, as at their hour of birth,
 Leaning upon the ridged sea,
 Breathed low around the rolling earth
 With mellow preludes, 'We are free.'
 The streams through many a lilled row
 Down-carolling to the crisped sea,
 Low-tinkled with a bell-like flow
 Atween the blossoms, 'We are free.'

LILIAN.

I.

AIRY, fairy Lilian,
 Flitting, fairy Lilian,
 When I ask her if she love me,
 Claps her tiny hands above me,
 Laughing all she can ;
 She'll not tell me if she love me,
 Cruel little Lilian.

II.

When my passion seeks
 Pleasance in love-sighs,
 She, looking thro' and thro' me
 Thoroughly to undo me,
 Smiling, never speaks :
 So innocent-arch, so cunning-simple,
 From beneath her gathered wimple
 Glancing with black-beaded eyes,
 Till the lightning laughters dimple
 The baby-roses in her cheeks ;
 Then away she flies.

III.

Prythee weep, May Lilian !
 Gaiety without eclipse
 Wearieth me, May Lilian :
 Thro' my very heart it thrilleth
 When from crimson-threaded lips
 Silver-treble laughter trilleth :
 Prythee weep, May Lilian.

IV.

Praying all I can,
 If prayers will not hush thee,
 Airy Lilian,
 Like a rose-leaf I will crush thee,
 Fairy Lilian.

ISABEL.

I.

EYES not down-dropt nor over-bright,
 but fed
 With the clear-pointed flame of chastity,
 Clear, without heat, undying, tended by
 Pure vestal thoughts in the trans-
 lucent fane
 Of her still spirit ; locks not wide-dispread,
 Madonna-wise on either side her
 head ;
 Sweet lips whereon perpetually did
 reign
 The summer calm of golden charity,
 Were fixed shadows of thy fixed mood,
 Revered Isabel, the crown and head,
 The stately flower of female fortitude,
 Of perfect wifehood and pure lowli-
 head.