

To talk about "un-Atlantic shoulders," "my Lancastrian cheek" was perhaps a little hard on Atlas and the House of Lancaster; but such an exquisite conceit as this absolves him;

Once on a time, when Love was young,
When light as his own dart he flew,
Where'er a gentle lay was sung,
E'en there would Love be singing too.

But now, alas! that Love is old,
Beauty may e'en lay down her lute,
His wings are stiff, his heart is cold,
He will not come and warble to 't.

Or like a tottering tiny sire,
With false voice and false-feathered wing,
Will only to a golden lyre
And for a golden penny sing.

His songs are not all equal (anything worse than the first verse of "My Bower" it were hard to conceive), but at his best he is as dainty-sweet as Beddoes, and now and then he strikes the intense personal note which Mangan uttered in "Dark Rosaleen," and in one other unforgettable poem. He strikes it in the lines "To My Dead Mistress," and with this stanza—the finest in the book—we will conclude;

Buried for ever in my heart shall be
The image of that form I once adored,
Clasping it as a shrine on bended knee,
To gain one smile or sweet auspicious word!
In sooth it was more fond idolatry
Than woman should accept or man accord
To aught but One—and death avenged the Lord!