

As thou bearest thy neck on the wings of the wind,  
 And the laggardly gaze-hound is toiling behind. <sup>50</sup>  
 In the beams of thy forehead, that glitter with death,  
 In feet that draw power from the touch of the heath,  
 In the wide ranging torrent that lends thee its roar,  
 In the cliff that, once trod, must be trodden no more,  
 Thy trust — 'mid the dangers that threaten thy reign: <sup>55</sup>  
 — But, what if the stag on the mountain be slain?  
 On the brink of the rock — lo! he standeth at bay,  
 Like a victor that falls at the close of the day —  
 While the hunter and hound in their terror retreat  
 From the death that is spurn'd from his furious feet; — <sup>60</sup>  
 And his last cry of anger comes back from the skies,  
 As nature's fierce son in the wilderness dies.

JOHN WILSON (CHRISTOPHER NORTH).

### THE PERFECT LIFE

It is not growing like a tree  
 In bulk, doth make man better be;  
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear:  
 A lily of a day 5  
 Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night;  
 It was the plant and flower of light.  
 In small proportions we just beauties see;  
 And in short measures life may perfect be. 10

BEN JONSON.

### HUMAN GLORY

From *Henry VIII*

CROMWELL, I did not think to shed a tear  
 In all my miseries; but thou hast forced me,  
 Out of thy honest truth, to play the woman.