

Thou hast, for Jesus' sake, in touching tones  
Deigned for dear rest half piteous to implore,  
And cursed the hand that should remove thy  
bones.

Oh, if we, giddy, could irreverent call,  
Command thee; impious; from thy found abode,  
As Samuel disquieted by Saul,  
Could vex thee; in the bosom of thy God,  
Thee gently gracious and majestic,  
Who in thy page, as with Enchanter's rod,  
Can move the living sense, and yet the soul  
enthrall!

Away! fond thought,—this tongue is dreaming,  
Solemn, yet fantastic seeming,—  
What doth foolish seeming say?

Hence! the merry morn is beaming,

And the night,  
At the light,

Robed in darkness, lies away.

Over hill, over dale,  
Over park, over pale,

And along the brown heath where yet mists hang  
grey.

Ah, ah! the brown heath!

Methinks that Macbeth

At those ominous words shall come homewards  
this way,

And the hags of perdition,

(Obstructing his marches,  
Like Furies with torches,)

A waking ambition

Of kingly condition,

May meet him, and lead the brave warrior astray.

'Tis the hour

Of thy power;

And we are thy power compelled to obey;

To follow the feeling,

Though the moments are goldenly gliding away;

Whilst thou seemest to hover,

Ourselves like a lover

At the feet of his mistress reclining half-

kneeling;

Or as at a shrine

Some pale Devotee

Before it, divine,

With still bended knee,

Yet longer and longer would linger to pray;

So, Shakspeare, thou art as a sovereign in  
sway.

Then sway, Magician, lovingly we linger,  
And, all unharassed by mistrust's alarms,  
Behold thee trace with an unflinching finger  
Celestial signs and Acheronian charms;  
Borne, as by Cherub; on thy genius' wing, or  
Led, or transported by thy mighty arms:—  
Spectators of thy spectres, them among, or  
Midst magic sprites in Myrmidonian swarms,  
Of Oberon and Titania, yet than Titans stronger,  
To unleash the elements, the Stres of storms;  
Those dread Athletes, whose bawling exercises  
Were sports and spleens the Olympians did  
employ,

The goads wherewith Gods drove forth old An-  
chises

Decrepit, from the burning streets of Troy;—

So thou, Jove's greater, Father of surprises,

Sitting, Godlike, with Hecate in her ear,

Betwixt the green sea (whilst the surge arises)

And vault of azure settest roaring war.

These deeds divine

Are truly thine;

More potent than the witches that thou drewest,

Half fiend half beldam, terriblest and truest

Of weird creatures;—or thy Prospero,

Dethroned king and deeply injured man,

Who, on the tempest-vexed Bermudean Isle,

Did hold in thrall the brutish Caliban,

And stern compel,

Before his staff was broken and book was

drowned,

The faithful phantom, dainty Ariel,

With conjuration to arise and go,

(Deserting sunny down and bosky dell,)  
And do his bidding through the frost-baked  
ground.

Thou art more dread  
Than thy so, outraged and anointed dead,  
Whose living nod could cower the Polack host;  
More fearful found,

When forth he stalks, the unannounced ghost  
Of murdered Denmark on her night-hung coast,  
And treads, as when in life, the sullen ramparts  
round.

Alas, poor ghost!  
For thou must fade when wanes the worm's pale  
glow;

No more be found

On earthly ground,

Must vanish when the morning cock doth crow:

But he who called thee forth from floods of fire,

Unbarred the doors of duration to thy wo,

Who made thy son to quail at thee his sire,

And bade thee back unto thy prison go,

Endure thy pains,

Resume thy chains,

He, thy creator, here remains:—

Though, like thee, dead,

His honored head

Rears, and all others to it bow.

Revered Shakspeare,

Name dread yet dear,

Beyond the pale of flight or fear,

On thy serene and solemn brow

Nor fear nor time doth furrow plough;

We see it steady as a star,

That lives and lumes in depths afar;

Thy name on high

Doth still defy

The rust of peace, the din of war;

Its pedestal and base, mankind;

The firm foundations of the mind,

Which shall survive when war is done,

Grown blank the stars and dark the sun,

The Universe no longer found,

All galaxies, all globes are gone,

And matter leaves no wreck behind.

Then, hail! thou Prince of Poesy,

Sweet singer, child of harmony;

Who is thy herald? Where is he

That shall pronounce thine eulogy?

What soul shall chaunt thy lofty lyric,

Or pile for thee the panegyric?

Who dare, on foot of feasting, rush

Obscene upon the burning bush

Of these great rites, nor hold it meet

To take the sandals from his feet?

Who, in thy native land, or this,

Perform thine Apotheosis?

Oh, may we in this humble hall,

Whilst myriads upon thee call

In many a land, 'neath many a pile,

But chief where, in thy native Isle,

In life thou took'st by Thames thy way,

Or where by Avon thou didst stray,

Returning when thy locks were grey,

Beguiled, the fancy seems desery

Thy hovering, visionary eye:—

Oh, may we here, far, far away

In space, as time, thy place, thy day,

Beware present to thee strange fire,

Nor, if no prompting love inspire,

Rash-handed, dream to strike the lyre;

Presume to east,

With heedless haste,

Unfragrant incense on thine odorous pyre;

But, as Parsee adores the sun,

As lovers seek their lovers' eyes,

As drops into each other run,

As vapors seek the cloudy skies,

As melancholy maids the moon,

And yearn the saints for Paradise,

Even so would we

Desire communion with thee.

Thou Great Unseen, Impassive Shade,