

Or ranks of little merry men
Tromboning deeply from the glen,
And now as if they changed, and rung
Their citterns small and riband-slung
Over their gallant shoulders hung !

Lohengrin would have envied for his pilot the bird in
"Sylvia":

Look on the feeding swan beneath the willows,
How pure her white neck gleams against their green
As she sits nesting on the waters !

ROMANZO. Beautiful !

She is the lady of the reed-girt isles !
See ! how she swells her navigable wings
And coasts her sedgy empire keenly round !
She looks a bird of snow dropt from the clouds
To queen it o'er the minnows

SYLVIA. Doth she not ?

Side-looking, slow, disdainful one !

ROMANZO. The bright,

The pearly creature ! Lone and calm she rides,
Like Dian on the wave when night is clear,
And the sleek west wind smooths the billows down
Into forgetfulness, that she may see
How fast her silver gondola can boom
Sheer on the level deep.

Stillness—another great element of beauty—Darley expresses
so powerfully as to make one forget that, after all, it has to be
expressed in words :

I seem like one lost in a deep blue sea
Down, down beneath the billows many a mile,
Where naught of their loud eloquence is heard,
Save a dead murmur of the rushing waves
Fleeting above, more silent than no sound.

We have quoted enough to show how admirable he is in
choice of epithets. His similes are not made up of mere
frigid resemblance, but quick with life like those of a child :

The music that I hear
Makes me dance onward like the thistledown
Timing its gait to the winds' eloquence.