

O thou dull god, why liest thou with the vile  
 In loathsome beds, and leavest the kingly couch  
 A watch-case or a common 'larum-bell?  
 Wilt thou upon the high and giddy mast 15  
 Seal up the ship-boy's eyes, and rock his brains  
 In cradle of the rude imperious surge  
 And in the visitation of the winds,  
 Who take the ruffian billows by the top,  
 Curling their monstrous heads and hanging them 20  
 With deafening clamour in the slippery clouds,  
 That, with the hurly, death itself awakes?  
 Canst thou, O partial sleep, give thy repose  
 To the wet sea-boy in an hour so rude,  
 And in the calmest and most stillest night, 25  
 With all appliances and means to boot,  
 Deny it to a king? Then happy low, lie down!  
 Uneasy lies the head that wears a crown.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

### ADDRESS TO A WILD DEER

MAGNIFICENT creature! so stately and bright!  
 In the pride of thy spirit pursuing thy flight;  
 For what hath the child of the desert to dread,  
 Wafting up his own mountains that far beaming head;  
 Or borne like a whirlwind down on the vale!— 5  
 Hail! king of the wild and the beautiful!— hail!  
 Hail! idol divine!— whom nature hath borne  
 O'er a hundred hill tops since the mists of the morn,  
 Whom the pilgrim lone wandering on mountain and  
 moor,  
 As the vision glides by him, may blameless adore; 10  
 For the joy of the happy, the strength of the free,  
 Are spread in a garment of glory o'er thee;  
 Up! up to yon cliff! like a king to his throne!  
 O'er the black silent forest piled lofty and lone —