

I suffer all as much
for the moment. Stay, my

my son will speak for me
can in these spasms that

me. You will not. One
l.

out the Court, I pray you

who plays with me, that

been no play with him

recks, famines, fevers,

heries—wink'd at, and

to him till the death,
' our Holy Catholic

edged her jewels on my

re,
s mine to spread the
faith,

me when I return'd in

he blessed Virgin now,
my prayer by night and

you will tell the King,

with gout, and wrench'd

vice of His Highness,

orth on one last voyage,
e King would hear, to

gainst the Saracen,
Sepulchre from thrall.

Going? I am old and slighted : you
have dared
Somewhat perhaps in coming? my poor
thanks !

I am but an alien and a Genovese.

THE VOYAGE OF MAELDUNE.

(FOUNDED ON AN IRISH LEGEND.
A.D. 700.)

I.

I WAS the chief of the race—he had
stricken my father dead—

But I gather'd my fellows together, I
swore I would strike off his head.

Each of them look'd like a king, and was
noble in birth as in worth,

And each of them boasted he sprang from
the oldest race upon earth.

Each was as brave in the fight as the
bravest hero of song,

And each of them liefer had died than
have done one another a wrong.

He lived on an isle in the ocean—we
sail'd on a Friday morn—

He that had slain my father the day before
I was born.

II.

And we came to the isle in the ocean,
and there on the shore was he.

But a sudden blast blew us out and away
thro' a boundless sea.

III.

And we came to the Silent Isle that we
never had touch'd at before,

Where a silent ocean always broke on a
silent shore,

And the brooks glitter'd on in the light
without sound, and the long water-
falls

Pour'd in a thunderless plunge to the base
of the mountain walls,

And the poplar and cypress unshaken by
storm flourish'd up beyond sight,
And the pine shot aloft from the crag to
an unbelievable height,

And high in the heaven above it there
flicker'd a songless lark,

And the cock couldn't crow, and the bull
couldn't low, and the dog couldn't
bark.

And round it we went, and thro' it, but
never a murmur, a breath—

It was all of it fair as life, it was all of it
quiet as death,

And we hated the beautiful Isle, for
whenever we strove to speak

Our voices were thinner and fainter than
any flittermouse-shriek ;

And the men that were mighty of tongue
and could raise such a battle-cry

That a hundred who heard it would rush
on a thousand lances and die—

O they to be dumb'd by the charm !—so
fluster'd with anger were they

They almost fell on each other ; but after
we sail'd away.

IV.

And we came to the Isle of Shouting, we
landed, a score of wild birds

Cried from the topmost summit with
human voices and words ;

Once in an hour they cried, and whenever
their voices peal'd

The steer fell down at the plow and the
harvest died from the field,

And the men dropt dead in the valleys
and half of the cattle went lame,

And the roof sank in on the hearth, and
the dwelling broke into flame ;

And the shouting of these wild birds ran
into the hearts of my crew,

Till they shouted along with the shouting
and seized one another and slew ;