

In your eye there is death,
There is frost in your breath
Which would blight the plants.
Where you stand you cannot hear
From the groves within
The wild-bird's din.
In the heart of the garden the merry bird
chants.

It would fall to the ground if you came
in.

In the middle leaps a fountain
Like sheet lightning,
Ever brightening

With a low melodious thunder ;
All day and all night it is ever drawn
From the brain of the purple mountain
Which stands in the distance yonder :
It springs on a level of bowery lawn,
And the mountain draws it from Heaven
above,

And it sings a song of undying love ;
And yet, tho' its voice be so clear and
tall,

You never would hear it ; your ears are
so dull ;

So keep where you are . you are foul with
sin ;

It would shrink to the earth if you came
in.

THE SEA-FAIRIES.

SLOW sail'd the weary mariners and saw,
Betwixt the green brink and the running
foam,

Sweet faces, rounded arms, and bosoms
prest

To little harps of gold ; and while they
mused

Whispering to each other half in fear,
Shrill music reach'd them on the middle
sea.

Whither away, whither away
away ? fly no more.

Whither away from the high green field,
and the happy blossoming shore ?
Day and night to the billow the fountain
calls :

Down shower the gambolling waterfalls
From wandering over the lea :
Out of the live-green heart of the dells
They freshen the silvery-crimson shells,
And thick with white bells the clover-hill
swells

High over the full-toned sea :
O hither, come hither and furl your sails,
Come hither to me and to me :

Hither, come hither and frolic and play ;
Here it is only the mew that wails ;
We will sing to you all the day :

Mariner, mariner, furl your sails,
For here are the blissful downs and dales.
And merrily, merrily carol the gales,
And the spangle dances in hight and hay,
And the rainbow forms and flies on the
land

Over the islands free ;
And the rainbow lives in the curve of the
sand ;

Hither, come hither and see ;
And the rainbow hangs on the poising
wave,

And sweet is the colour of cove and cave,
And sweet shall your welcome be :

O hither, come hither, and be our lords,
For merry brides are we :

We will kiss sweet kisses, and speak
sweet words :

O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
With pleasure and love and jubilee :

O listen, listen, your eyes shall glisten
When the sharp clear twang of the golden
chords

Runs up the ridged sea.

Who can light on as happy a shore

All the world o'er, all the world o'er ?

Whither away ? listen and stay : mariner.
mariner, fly no more.

THE DESERTED HOUSE.

I.

LIFE and Thought have gone away
Side by side,

Leaving door and windows wide ;
Careless tenants they !