

The sand in the July at the spring
 The ocean barrier is beating
 again again for ever new
 has to the light covering to the shore
 That I from the sand the impression sweeps
 And yet advance by the retreats
 of playful childhoods daring feet
 That seems within its sandy cell
 The pebbles bright or purple shell
 Far in its clear expanse lay wide
 Unruffled that ocean side 10
 Stretching away where paler green
 The heavens bright in clouded blue
 and far in a distance dyes
 old England's luffy coast is lying
 and beautiful as summer clouds 15
 By the low sun empurpled frowns
 strange that a space from shore
 so soon so easily passed over
 should yet a well defined plan
 Two of man than two of race 20
 sudden marked the change
 Religion language even mind
 that you might think that ocean
 marked the varieties of man

α β γ δ ε ζ η θ ι κ λ μ ν ο π ρ σ τ υ φ χ ψ ω
 a b c d e f g h i k l m n o p q r s t u v x y z

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The way was long yet soon sweet
Thro' many a shady soft retreat
Where the broad valleys verdant gave
Of keeping beauty in the vale
And blue woods ~~and~~ foliage fresh
And leathery aspens, gnarled trees
And waving spruce & fir gave
And hazel ~~and~~ cutting shade
While onward as evening fell
From over ~~the~~ forest hill
Far yet more far the landscape there
So deep unmeasurable blue
Oh beautiful those plains were
Where summers sun was hotly
Many a battle field lay spread
Once the dark dwelling of the dead
But now that ~~fair~~ fairer day
With waving grain or soldiers' grave
While far beneath in lone array
The priestly orders wound their way
Hence the massive banner rolled 45
Rich wrought with gems and stiff with gold
While as the cross came borne on high
Beneath its crimson canopy
Many the haughty head that bowed
Laid his high crest the warrior proud 50
The priest his glance benignant cast

And murmured blessings as he passed
While round the hillside echoing fell
Hearing the loud hymning melody.
Many a monkish voice wove there
Blows a trumpet rent the clear air
And softer, sweeter, yet the same sorrows
The sounds in failing cadence came.
No marvel that the pomp and pride
Of Rome's religion that should hide
The serpent folds beneath that roll
The poison mantling in the bowl
Lill

On red the blushing east awoke
And bright the morn on Castell broke
Along the green hillside we flew
Flashed the clear sunshine in the dew
That on the clustering herbage hung
That to the tangled copse wood clung
That shot like stars through every shade
And glanced on every ^{wildwood} glade
At length by many a wind descending
That ever to the plains were bending
Farther and farther still we pressed
From Castell insulated crest

That back retiring fainter still
Showed the rich outlines of its hill
And faded in the purple haze
That spoke the coming noontide blaze
That noontide blaze delayed not long
On Tourneys towers twas fierce and strong
And ere we gained the middle way
The glow was like an April day
Full upon Lilles high ramparts round
On massive wall and moated mound
Shot the fierce sun his glaring ray
As bent we on our burning way
Till past the narrow drawbridge length
The massive gates portcullised strength
And moat whose waves found steepy shore
Where forward high the bastion bore

THE MUSE

The sky was clear, the morn was gay
In promise of a cloudless day
Fresh flew the breeze, the whole lightening
Aspen and oak were quivering
From foliage not dank, it dashed the dew
The rebel bent its blossom blue
And from the woods the mist wreaths grey
That morning breeze had swept away
Showering such beauty as well might seem
The fairy vision of a dream
For changing still and still as fair
For changing wood were mingled there
For changing wood were mingled there

And grey and gaunt their rich red head
Rose the rhy from the rivers bed
Whole mantling wave in leamy sheet
Their stern projecting battlements
About lashed to punt in his pride
In circling whirlbolls swept the tide
And threatening on some other day
Those mighty rocks to stir away
What though their front should seem to be
A barrier to a tri-
But on its side the cleft between
Were many a forest ever seen
That the tall cliffs steep flanks to grey
Were clothed in mantle green and gay
Long time along that dell so deep
The record led us sweep

And where the sentinels were set
High on the dizzy parapet
Till the last portals echoed woke
And Lillie in all it upon us sudden broke
Giving to view another scene. 95
So clear, so noble so serene
Twould seem enchantments varied hue
On palace street and avenue
*Colossal form and figure fair
Seemed moving, breathing living there 100
The vaulted arch where sunlight pure
Might never pierce the deep obscure
Where, broadly barred the ancient door
With rich carving imaged o'er
Those ancient piles rose huge and high 105
In rich irregularity.

The bending Gothic gable roof
Of past magnificence gave proof
The modern window formal square
With Saxon arch was mingled there 110
Whose stern recesses dark and deep
The figured iron stanchions deep.

BRUSSELS

The racing clouds were eddying fast
Upon the bosom of the blast
A wild confusion fiercely driven 115
Led they across the face of heaven
The fitful gust came shrieking high
The rattling rain flew driving by
But where the horizon stretched away
Towards the couch of parting day 120
A streak of pale light was seen
The heaped and darkling clouds between
Against that light for time full brief
Brussels arose in dark relief.

Colossal on the western fire 125
Seemed massive tower and slender spire
Nearer and nearer as we drew
More strongly marked the outlines grew
Till of the buildings you might see
Thrust the Gothic tracery 130

The drawbridge rung, we past the gate
And regal Brussels entered straight
It stirs, to see the human tide
That marks a city in its pride
That fitful ocean eddying sweep 135
Is still more changeful than the deep
For these dark billows as they roll
Mark movements of the human soul.
Yet in that city there was none
Of that confused and busy hum 140
That tells of traffic & of trade
No, Brussels' time of power & speed
Yet in her streets was something more
Took what the city once had been
Her rapid course as now we wheel 145
Where she rose the huge Hotel de ville
The noble spire proportions high
Stood forth upon the cloudy sky
In such all its fretted majesty.

And his last light the sun had sent 150
On battlements and on battlement
That while the houses were arrayed
In all the depth of twilight shade
Yet shot the faint a yellow glow
Where the tall arches shafted show 155
Glimmered a moment there the ray
Then fainter grew, and past away

O Brussels, Brussels thou hast been
Thou of many an action strange the scene
Thou sawst on July's dreadful night 160
The veterans rushing to the fight
Thou heardest, when the word was spoken
At midnight thy repose was broken
The tramp of men and neigh of steel
Battalions hurrying forth to bleed 165
Till the dark phalanx waving crest
Forth from thy gates was forward pressed
And breaking with the morning sun
The distant roar of battle wild
And later still the rabble shout 170
And revolutions riot rout
Leaving such marks as long shall tell
Of dark destruction fierce and fell.

