

THE OCEAN'S SONG.

("Nous nous promenions à Rozel-Tower.")

[Bk. VI. iv., October, 1852.]

We walked amongst the ruins famed in story  
    Of Rozel-Tower,  
And saw the boundless waters stretch in glory  
    And heave in power.

O ocean vast! we heard thy song with wonder,  
    Whilst waves marked time.

"Appeal, O Truth!" thou sang'st with tone of thunder,  
    "And shine sublime!

"The world's enslaved and hunted down by beagles,--  
    To despots sold,  
Souls of deep thinkers, soar like mighty eagles,  
    The Right uphold.

"Be born; arise; o'er earth and wild waves bounding  
    Peoples and suns!  
Let darkness vanish;--tocsins be resounding,  
    And flash, ye guns!

"And you,--who love no poms of fog, or glamour,  
Who fear no shocks,  
Brave foam and lightning, hurricane and clamor,  
Exiles--the rocks!"

TORU DUTT

THE TRUMPETS OF THE MIND.

("Sonnez, clairons de la pensée!")

[Bk. VII. i., March 19, 1853.]

Sound, sound for ever, Clarions of Thought!

When Joshua 'gainst the high-walled city fought,  
He marched around it with his banner high,  
His troops in serried order following nigh,  
But not a sword was drawn, no shaft outsprang,  
Only the trumpets the shrill onset rang.  
At the first blast, smiled scornfully the king,  
And at the second sneered, half wondering:  
"Hop'st thou with noise my stronghold to break down?"  
At the third round, the ark of old renown  
Swept forward, still the trumpets sounding loud,  
And then the troops with ensigns waving proud.  
Stepped out upon the old walls children dark  
With horns to mock the notes and hoot the ark.  
At the fourth turn, braving the Israelites,  
Women appeared upon the crenelated heights--  
Those battlements embrowned with age and rust--  
And hurled upon the Hebrews stones and dust,

And spun and sang when weary of the game.  
At the fifth circuit came the blind and lame,  
And with wild uproar clamorous and high  
Railed at the clarion ringing to the sky.  
At the sixth time, upon a tower's tall crest,  
So high that there the eagle built his nest,  
So hard that on it lightning lit in vain,  
Appeared in merriment the king again:  
"These Hebrew Jews musicians are, meseems!"  
He scoffed, loud laughing, "but they live on dreams."  
The princes laughed submissive to the king,  
Laughed all the courtiers in their glittering ring,  
And thence the laughter spread through all the town.

At the seventh blast--the city walls fell down.

TORU DUTT.

AFTER THE COUP D'ÉTAT.

("Devant les trahisons.")

[Bk. VII, xvi., Jersey, Dec. 2, 1852.]

Before foul treachery and heads hung down,  
I'll fold my arms, indignant but serene.

Oh! faith in fallen things--be thou my crown,  
My force, my joy, my prop on which I lean:

Yes, whilst he's there, or struggle some or fall,  
O France, dear France, for whom I weep in vain.

Tomb of my sires, nest of my loves--my all,  
I ne'er shall see thee with these eyes again.

I shall not see thy sad, sad sounding shore,  
France, save my duty, I shall all forget;  
Amongst the true and tried, I'll tug my oar,  
And rest proscribed to brand the fawning set.

O bitter exile, hard, without a term,  
Thee I accept, nor seek nor care to know  
Who have down-truckled 'mid the men deemed firm,  
And who have fled that should have fought the foe.

If true a thousand stand, with them I stand;  
A hundred? 'tis enough: we'll Sylla brave;  
Ten? put my name down foremost in the band;  
One?--well, alone--until I find my grave.

TORU DUTT.

PATRIA.[1]

("Là-haut, qui sourit.")

[Bk. VII. vii., September, 1853.]

Who smiles there? Is it  
A stray spirit,  
Or woman fair?  
Sombre yet soft the brow!  
Bow, nations, bow;  
O soul in air,  
Speak--what art thou?

In grief the fair face seems--

What means those sudden gleams?

Our antique pride from dreams

Starts up, and beams

Its conquering glance,--

To make our sad hearts dance,

And wake in woods hushed long

The wild bird's song.

Angel of Day!

Our Hope, Love, Stay,

Thy countenance

Lights land and sea

Eternally,

Thy name is France

Or Verity.

Fair angel in thy glass

When vile things move or pass,

Clouds in the skies amass;

Terrible, alas!

Thy stern commands are then:

"Form your battalions, men,

The flag display!"

And all obey.

Angel of might

Sent kings to smite,

The words in dark skies glance,

"Mené, Mené," hiss  
Bolts that never miss!  
Thy name is France,  
Or Nemesis.

As halcyons in May,  
O nations, in his ray  
Float and bask for aye,  
Nor know decay!  
One arm upraised to heaven  
Seals the past forgiven;  
One holds a sword  
To quell hell's horde,  
Angel of God!  
Thy wings stretch broad  
As heaven's expanse!  
To shield and free  
Humanity!  
Thy name is France,  
Or Liberty!

[Footnote 1: Written to music by Beethoven.]

THE UNIVERSAL REPUBLIC.



("Temps futurs.")

[Part "Lux," Jersey, Dec. 16-20, 1853.]

O vision of the coming time!  
When man has 'scaped the trackless slime  
And reached the desert spring;  
When sands are crossed, the sward invites  
The worn to rest 'mid rare delights  
And gratefully to sing.

E'en now the eye that's levelled high,  
Though dimly, can the hope espy  
So solid soon, one day;  
For every chain must then be broke,  
And hatred none will dare evoke,  
And June shall scatter May.

E'en now amid our misery  
The germ of Union many see,  
And through the hedge of thorn,  
Like to a bee that dawn awakes,  
On, Progress strides o'er shattered stakes,  
With solemn, scathing scorn.

Behold the blackness shrink, and flee!  
Behold the world rise up so free  
Of coroneted things!  
Whilst o'er the distant youthful States,  
Like Amazonian bosom-plates,  
Spread Freedom's shielding wings.

Ye, liberated lands, we hail!  
Your sails are whole despite the gale!  
Your masts are firm, and will not fail--  
The triumph follows pain!  
Hear forges roar! the hammer clanks--  
It beats the time to nations' thanks--  
At last, a peaceful strain!

'Tis rust, not gore, that gnaws the guns,  
And shattered shells are but the runs  
Where warring insects cope;  
And all the headsman's racks and blades  
And pincers, tools of tyrants' aids,  
Are buried with the rope.

Upon the sky-line glows i' the dark  
The Sun that now is but a spark;  
But soon will be unfurled--

The glorious banner of us all,  
The flag that rises ne'er to fall,  
Republic of the World!

LES CONTEMPLATIONS.--1830-56.