

MY HAPPIEST DREAM.

("J'aime à me figure.")

[Bk. III. vii. and viii.]

I love to look, as evening fails,
On vestals streaming in their veils,
Within the fane past altar rails,
 Green palms in hand.
My darkest moods will always clear
When I can fancy children near,
With rosy lips a-laughing--dear,
 Light-dancing band!

Enchanting vision, too, displayed,
That of a sweet and radiant maid,
Who knows not why she is afraid,--
 Love's yet unseen!
Another--rarest 'mong the rare--
To see the gaze of chosen fair
Return prolonged and wistful stare
 Of eager een.

But--dream o'er all to stir my soul,

And shine the brightest on the roll,
Is when a land of tyrant's toll
By sword is rid.
I say not dagger--with the sword
When Right enchampions the horde,
All in broad day--so that the bard
May sing the victor with the starred
Bayard and Cid!

AN OLD-TIME LAY.

("Jamais elle ne raille.")

[Bk. III. xiii.]

Where your brood seven lie,
Float in calm heavenly,
Life passing evenly,
Waterfowl, waterfowl! often I dream
For a rest
Like your nest,
Skirting the stream.

Shine the sun tearfully
Ere the clouds clear fully,
Still you skim cheerfully,
Swallow, oh! swallow swift! often I sigh
 For a home
 Where you roam
 Nearing the sky!

Guileless of pondering;
Swallow-eyes wandering;
Seeking no fonder ring
Than the rose-garland Love gives thee apart!
 Grant me soon--
 Blessed boon!
 Home in thy heart!

JERSEY.

("Jersey dort dans les flots.")

[Bk. III. xiv., Oct. 8, 1854.]

Dear Jersey! jewel jubilant and green,

'Midst surge that splits steel ships, but sings to thee!
Thou fav'rest Frenchmen, though from England seen,
Oft tearful to that mistress "North Countree";
Returned the third time safely here to be,
I bless my bold Gibraltar of the Free.

Yon lighthouse stands forth like a fervent friend,
One who our tempest buffets back with zest,
And with twin-steeple, eke our helmsman's end,
Forms arms that beckon us upon thy breast;
Rose-posied pillow, crystallized with spray,
Where pools pellucid mirror sunny ray.

A frigate fretting yonder smoothest sky,
Like pauseless petrel poising o'er a wreck,
Strikes bright athwart the dearly dazzled eye,
Until it lessens to scarce certain speck,
'Neath Venus, sparkling on the agate-sprinkled beach,
For fisher's sailing-signal, just and true,
Until Aurora frights her from the view.

In summer, steamer-smoke spreads as thy veil,
And mists in winter sudden screen thy sight,
When at thy feet the galley-breakers wail
And toss their tops high o'er the lofty flight
Of horrid storm-worn steps with shark-like bite,

That only ope to swallow up in spite.

L'ENVOY.

But penitent in calm, thou givest a balm,
To many a man who's felt thy rage,
And many a sea-bird--thanks be heard!--
Thou shieldest--sea-bird--exiled bard and sage.

THEN, MOST, I SMILE.

("Il est un peu tard.")

[Bk. III. xxx., Oct. 30, 1854.]

Late it is to look so proud,
Daisy queen! come is the gloom
Of the winter-burdened cloud!--
"But, in winter, most I bloom!"

Star of even! sunk the sun!
Lost for e'er the ruddy line;
And the earth is veiled in dun,--

"Nay, in darkness, best I shine!"

O, my soul! art 'bove alarm,

Quaffing thus the cup of gall--

Canst thou face the grave with calm?--

"Yes, the Christians smile at all."

THE EXILE'S DESIRE.

("Si je pouvais voir, O patrie!")

[Bk. III. xxxvii.]

Would I could see you, native land,

Where lilacs and the almond stand

Behind fields flowering to the strand--

But no!

Can I--oh, father, mother, crave

Another final blessing save

To rest my head upon your grave?--

But no!

In the one pit where ye repose,
Would I could tell of France's woes,
My brethren, who fell facing foes--

But no!

Would I had--oh, my dove of light,
After whose flight came ceaseless night,
One plume to clasp so purely white.--

But no!

Far from ye all--oh, dead, bewailed!
The fog-bell deafens me empaled
Upon this rock--I feel enjailed--

Though free.

Like one who watches at the gate
Lest some shall 'scape the doomèd strait.
I watch! the tyrant, howe'er late,
Must fall!

THE REFUGEE'S HAVEN.

("Vous voilà dans la froide Angleterre.")

[Bk. III. xlvii., Jersey, Sept. 19, 1854.]

You may doubt I find comfort in England

But, there, 'tis a refuge from dangers!

Where a Cromwell dictated to Milton,

Republicans ne'er can be strangers!