

ESMERALDA IN PRISON.

("Phoebus, n'est-il sur la terre?")

[OPERA OF "ESMERALDA," ACT IV., 1836.]

Phoebus, is there not this side the grave,

Power to save

Those who're loving? Magic balm

That will restore to me my former calm?

Is there nothing tearful eye

Can e'er dry, or hush the sigh?

I pray Heaven day and night,

As I lay me down in fright,

To retake my life, or give

All again for which I'd live!

Phoebus, hasten from the shining sphere

To me here!

Hither hasten, bring me Death; then Love

May let our spirits rise, ever-linked, above!

LOVER'S SONG.

("Mon âme à ton coeur s'est donnée.")

[ANGELO, Act II., May, 1835.]

My soul unto thy heart is given,  
In mystic fold do they entwine,  
So bound in one that, were they riven,  
Apart my soul would life resign.  
Thou art my song and I the lyre;  
Thou art the breeze and I the brier;  
The altar I, and thou the fire;  
Mine the deep love, the beauty thine!  
As fleets away the rapid hour  
While weeping--may  
My sorrowing lay  
Touch thee, sweet flower.

ERNEST OSWALD COE.

A FLEETING GLIMPSE OF A VILLAGE.

("Tout vit! et se pose avec grâce.")

How graceful the picture! the life, the repose!

The sunbeam that plays on the porchstone wide;  
And the shadow that fleets o'er the stream that flows,  
And the soft blue sky with the hill's green side.

Fraser's Magazine.

LORD ROCHESTER'S SONG.

("Un soldat au dur visage.")

[CROMWELL, ACT I.]

"Hold, little blue-eyed page!"  
So cried the watchers surly,  
Stern to his pretty rage  
And golden hair so curly--  
"Methinks your satin cloak

Masks something bulky under;  
I take this as no joke--  
Oh, thief with stolen plunder!"

"I am of high repute,  
And famed among the truthful:  
This silver-handled lute  
Is meet for one still youthful  
Who goes to keep a tryst  
With her who is his dearest.  
I charge you to desist;  
My cause is of the clearest."

But guardsmen are so sharp,  
Their eyes are as the lynx's:  
"That's neither lute nor harp--  
Your mark is not the minxes.  
Your loving we dispute--  
That string of steel so cruel  
For music does not suit--  
You go to fight a duel!"

THE BEGGAR'S QUATRAIN.

("Aveugle comme Homère.")

[Improvised at the Café de Paris.]

Blind, as was Homer; as Belisarius, blind,

But one weak child to guide his vision dim.

The hand which dealt him bread, in pity kind--

He'll never see; God sees it, though, for him.

H.L.C., "London Society."

## THE QUIET RURAL CHURCH.

It was a humble church, with arches low,  
The church we entered there,  
Where many a weary soul since long ago  
Had past with plaint or prayer.

Mournful and still it was at day's decline,  
The day we entered there;  
As in a loveless heart, at the lone shrine,  
The fires extinguished were.

Scarcely was heard to float some gentlest sound,  
Scarcely some low breathed word,  
As in a forest fallen asleep, is found  
Just one belated bird.

## A STORM SIMILE.

("Oh, regardez le ciel!")

[June, 1828.]

See, where on high the moving masses, piled  
By the wind, break in groups grotesque and wild,  
    Present strange shapes to view;  
Oft flares a pallid flash from out their shrouds,  
As though some air-born giant 'mid the clouds  
    Sudden his falchion drew.

DRAMATIC PIECES.

THE FATHER'S CURSE.

("Vous, sire, écoutez-moi.")

[LE ROI S'AMUSE, Act I.]

M. ST. VALLIER (an aged nobleman, from whom King Francis I.  
decoyed his daughter, the famous beauty, Diana of

Poitiers).

A king should listen when his subjects speak:  
'Tis true your mandate led me to the block,  
Where pardon came upon me, like a dream;  
I blessed you then, unconscious as I was  
That a king's mercy, sharper far than death,  
To save a father doomed his child to shame;  
Yes, without pity for the noble race  
Of Poitiers, spotless for a thousand years,  
You, Francis of Valois, without one spark  
Of love or pity, honor or remorse,  
Did on that night (thy couch her virtue's tomb),  
With cold embraces, foully bring to scorn  
My helpless daughter, Dian of Poitiers.  
To save her father's life a knight she sought,  
Like Bayard, fearless and without reproach.  
She found a heartless king, who sold the boon,  
Making cold bargain for his child's dishonor.  
Oh! monstrous traffic! foully hast thou done!  
My blood was thine, and justly, tho' it springs  
Amongst the best and noblest names of France;  
But to pretend to spare these poor gray locks,  
And yet to trample on a weeping woman,  
Was basely done; the father was thine own,  
But not the daughter!--thou hast overpassed



The right of monarchs!--yet 'tis mercy deemed.  
And I perchance am called ungrateful still.  
Oh, hadst thou come within my dungeon walls,  
I would have sued upon my knees for death,  
But mercy for my child, my name, my race,  
Which, once polluted, is my race no more.  
Rather than insult, death to them and me.  
I come not now to ask her back from thee;  
Nay, let her love thee with insensate love;  
I take back naught that bears the brand of shame.  
Keep her! Yet, still, amidst thy festivals,  
Until some father's, brother's, husband's hand  
('Twill come to pass!) shall rid us of thy yoke,  
My pallid face shall ever haunt thee there,  
To tell thee, Francis, it was foully done!...

TRIBOULET (the Court Jester), sneering. The poor man  
raves.

ST. VILLIER. Accursed be ye both!  
Oh Sire! 'tis wrong upon the dying lion  
To loose thy dog! (Turns to Triboulet)  
And thou, whoe'er thou art,  
That with a fiendish sneer and viper's tongue  
Makest my tears a pastime and a sport,  
My curse upon thee!--Sire, thy brow doth bear

The gems of France!--on mine, old age doth sit;  
Thine decked with jewels, mine with these gray hairs;  
We both are Kings, yet bear a different crown;  
And should some impious hand upon thy head  
Heap wrongs and insult, with thine own strong arm  
Thou canst avenge them! God avenges mine!

FREDK. L. SLOUS.

PATERNAL LOVE.

("Ma fille! ô seul bonheur.")

[LE ROI S'AMUSE, Act II]

My child! oh, only blessing Heaven allows me!  
Others have parents, brothers, kinsmen, friends,  
A wife, a husband, vassals, followers,  
Ancestors, and allies, or many children.  
I have but thee, thee only. Some are rich;  
Thou art my treasure, thou art all my riches.  
And some believe in angels; I believe  
In nothing but thy soul. Others have youth,

And woman's love, and pride, and grace, and health;  
Others are beautiful; thou art my beauty,  
Thou art my home, my country and my kin,  
My wife, my mother, sister, friend--my child!  
My bliss, my wealth, my worship, and my law,  
My Universe! Oh, by all other things  
My soul is tortured. If I should ever lose thee--  
Horrible thought! I cannot utter it.  
Smile, for thy smile is like thy mother's smiling.  
She, too, was fair; you have a trick like her,  
Of passing oft your hand athwart your brow  
As though to clear it. Innocence still loves  
A brow unclouded and an azure eye.  
To me thou seem'st clothed in a holy halo,  
My soul beholds thy soul through thy fair body;  
E'en when my eyes are shut, I see thee still;  
Thou art my daylight, and sometimes I wish  
That Heaven had made me blind that thou might'st be  
The sun that lighted up the world for me.

FANNY KEMBLE-BUTLER.