

THE SPANISH LADY'S LOVE.

DONNA SOL to HERNANI.

("Nous partirons demain.")

[HERNANI, ACT I.]

To mount the hills or scaffold, we go to-morrow:

Hernani, blame me not for this my boldness.

Art thou mine evil genius or mine angel?

I know not, but I am thy slave. Now hear me:

Go where thou wilt, I follow thee. Remain,

And I remain. Why do I thus? I know not.

I feel that I must see thee--see thee still--

See thee for ever. When thy footstep dies,

It is as if my heart no more would beat;

When thou art gone, I am absent from myself;

But when the footstep which I love and long for

Strikes on mine ear again--then I remember

I live, and feel my soul return to me.

G. MOIR.

THE LOVER'S SACRIFICE.

("Fuyons ensemble.")

[HERNANI, Act II.]

DONNA SOL. Together let us fly!

HERNANI. Together? No! the hour is past for flight.
Dearest, when first thy beauty smote my sight,
I offered, for the love that bade me live,
Wretch that I was, what misery had to give:
My wood, my stream, my mountain. Bolder grown,
By thy compassion to an outlaw shown,
The outlaw's meal beneath the forest shade,
The outlaw's couch far in the greenwood glade,
I offered. Though to both that couch be free,
I keep the scaffold block reserved for me.

DONNA SOL. And yet you promised?

HERNANI (falls on his knee.) Angel! in this hour,
Pursued by vengeance and oppressed by power--
Even in this hour when death prepares to close

In shame and pain a destiny of woes--
Yes, I, who from the world proscribed and cast,
Have nursed one dark remembrance of the past,
E'en from my birth in sorrow's garment clad,
Have cause to smile and reason to be glad;
For you have loved the outlaw and have shed
Your whispered blessings on his forfeit head.

DONNA SOL. Let me go with you.

HERNANI. No! I will not rend
From its fair stem the flower as I descend.
Go--I have smelt its perfume. Go--resume
All that this grasp has brushed away of bloom.
Wed the old man,--believe that ne'er we met;
I seek my shade--be happy, and forget!

LORD F. LEVESON GOWER (1ST EARL OF ELLESMERE).

THE OLD MAN'S LOVE.

("Dérision! que cet amour boiteux.")

[HERNANI, Act III.]

O mockery! that this halting love
That fills the heart so full of flame and transport,
Forgets the body while it fires the soul!
If but a youthful shepherd cross my path,
He singing on the way--I sadly musing,
He in his fields, I in my darksome alleys--
Then my heart murmurs: "O, ye mouldering towers!
Thou olden ducal dungeon! O how gladly
Would I exchange ye, and my fields and forests,
Mine ancient name, mine ancient rank, my ruins--
My ancestors, with whom I soon shall lie,
For his thatched cottage and his youthful brow!"
His hair is black--his eyes shine forth like thine.
Him thou might'st look upon, and say, fair youth,
Then turn to me, and think that I am old.
And yet the light and giddy souls of cavaliers
Harbor no love so fervent as their words bespeak.
Let some poor maiden love them and believe them,
Then die for them--they smile. Aye! these young birds,
With gay and glittering wing and amorous song,
Can shed their love as lightly as their plumage.
The old, whose voice and colors age has dimmed,
Flatter no more, and, though less fair, are faithful.
When we love, we love true. Are our steps frail?

Our eyes dried up and withered? Are our brows
Wrinkled? There are no wrinkles in the heart.
Ah! when the graybeard loves, he should be spared;
The heart is young--that bleeds unto the last.
I love thee as a spouse,--and in a thousand
Other fashions,--as sire,--as we love
The morn, the flowers, the overhanging heavens.
Ah me! when day by day I gaze upon thee,
Thy graceful step, thy purely-polished brow,
Thine eyes' calm fire,--I feel my heart leap up,
And an eternal sunshine bathe my soul.
And think, too! Even the world admires,
When age, expiring, for a moment totters
Upon the marble margin of a tomb,
To see a wife--a pure and dove-like angel--
Watch over him, soothe him, and endure awhile
The useless old man, only fit to die;
A sacred task, and worthy of all honor,
This latest effort of a faithful heart;
Which, in his parting hour, consoles the dying,
And, without loving, wears the look of love.
Ah! thou wilt be to me this sheltering angel,
To cheer the old man's heart--to share with him
The burden of his evil years;--a daughter
In thy respect, a sister in thy pity.

DONNA SOL. My fate may be more to precede than follow.
My lord, it is no reason for long life
That we are young! Alas! I have seen too oft
The old clamped firm to life, the young torn thence;
And the lids close as sudden o'er their eyes
As gravestones sealing up the sepulchre.

G. MOIR.

THE ROLL OF THE DE SILVA RACE.

("Celui-ci, des Silvas, c'est l'aîné.")

[HERNANI, Act III.]

In that reverend face
Behold the father of De Silva's race,
Silvius; in Rome he filled the consul's place
Three times (your patience for such honored names).
This second was Grand Master of St. James
And Calatrava; his strong limbs sustained
Armor which ours would sink beneath. He gained
Thirty pitched battles, and took, as legends tell,

Three hundred standards from the Infidel;
And from the Moorish King Motril, in war,
Won Antiquera, Suez, and Nijar;
And then died poor. Next to him Juan stands,
His son; his plighted hand was worth the hands
Of kings. Next Gaspar, of Mendoza's line--
Few noble stems but chose to join with mine:
Sandoval sometimes fears, and sometimes woos
Our smiles; Manriquez envies; Lara sues;
And Alancastre hates. Our rank we know:
Kings are but just above us, dukes below.
Vasquez, who kept for sixty years his vow--
Greater than he I pass. This reverend brow,
This was my sire's--the greatest, though the last:
The Moors his friend had taken and made fast--
Alvar Giron. What did my father then?
He cut in stone an image of Alvar,
Cunningly carved, and dragged it to the war;
He vowed a vow to yield no inch of ground
Until that image of itself turned round;
He reached Alvar--he saved him--and his line
Was old De Silva's, and his name was mine--
Ruy Gomez.

King CARLOS. Drag me from his lurking-place
The traitor!

[DON RUY leads the KING to the portrait behind
which HERNANI is hiding.]

Sire, your highness does me grace.
This, the last portrait, bears my form and name,
And you would write this motto on the frame!
"This last, sprung from the noblest and the best,
Betrayed his plighted troth, and sold his guest!"

LORD F. LEVESON GOWER (1ST EARL OF ELLESMERE)

THE LOVERS' COLLOQUY.

("Mon duc, rien qu'un moment.")

[HERNANI, Act V.]

One little moment to indulge the sight
With the rich beauty of the summer's night.
The harp is hushed, and, see, the torch is dim,--
Night and ourselves together. To the brim
The cup of our felicity is filled.

Each sound is mute, each harsh sensation stilled.
Dost thou not think that, e'en while nature sleeps,
Some power its amorous vigils o'er us keeps?
No cloud in heaven; while all around repose,
Come taste with me the fragrance of the rose,
Which loads the night-air with its musky breath,
While everything is still as nature's death.
E'en as you spoke--and gentle words were those
Spoken by you,--the silver moon uprose;
How that mysterious union of her ray,
With your impassioned accents, made its way
Straight to my heart! I could have wished to die
In that pale moonlight, and while thou wert by.

HERNANI. Thy words are music, and thy strain of love
Is borrowed from the choir of heaven above.

DONNA SOL. Night is too silent, darkness too profound
Oh, for a star to shine, a voice to sound--
To raise some sudden note of music now
Suited to night.

HERN. Capricious girl! your vow
Was poured for silence, and to be released
From the thronged tumult of the marriage feast.

DONNA SOL. Yes; but one bird to carol in the field,--
A nightingale, in mossy shade concealed,--
A distant flute,--for music's stream can roll
To soothe the heart, and harmonize the soul,--
O! 'twould be bliss to listen.

[Distant sound of a horn, the signal that HERNANI
must go to DON RUY, who, having saved his
life, had him bound in a vow to yield it up.]

LORD F. LEVESON GOWER (1ST EARL OF ELLESMERE).

CROMWELL AND THE CROWN.

("Ah! je le tiens enfin.")

[CROMWELL, Act II., October, 1827.]

THURLOW communicates the intention of Parliament to offer CROMWELL the crown.

CROMWELL. And is it mine? And have my feet at length
Attained the summit of the rock i' the sand?

THURLOW. And yet, my lord, you have long reigned.

CROM.

Nay, nay!

Power I have 'joyed, in sooth, but not the name.
Thou smilest, Thurlow. Ah, thou little know'st
What hole it is Ambition digs i' th' heart
What end, most seeming empty, is the mark
For which we fret and toil and dare! How hard
With an unrounded fortune to sit down!
Then, what a lustre from most ancient times
Heaven has flung o'er the sacred head of kings!
King--Majesty--what names of power! No king,
And yet the world's high arbiter! The thing

Without the word! no handle to the blade!
Away--the empire and the name are one!
Alack! thou little dream'st how grievous 'tis,
Emerging from the crowd, and at the top
Arrived, to feel that there is something still
Above our heads; something, nothing! no matter--
That word is everything.

LEITCH RITCHIE.

MILTON'S APPEAL TO CROMWELL.

("Non! je n'y puis tenir.")

[CROMWELL, Act III. sc. iv.]

Stay! I no longer can contain myself,
But cry you: Look on John, who bares his mind
To Oliver--to Cromwell, Milton speaks!
Despite a kindling eye and marvel deep
A voice is lifted up without your leave;
For I was never placed at council board
To speak my promptings. When awed strangers come
Who've seen Fox-Mazarin wince at the stings
In my epistles--and bring admiring votes
Of learned colleges, they strain to see
My figure in the glare--the usher utters,
"Behold and hearken! that's my Lord Protector's
Cousin--that, his son-in-law--that next"--who cares!
Some perfumed puppet! "Milton?" "He in black--
Yon silent scribe who trims their eloquence!"
Still 'chronicling small-beer,'--such is my duty!
Yea, one whose thunder roared through martyr bones
Till Pope and Louis Grand quaked on their thrones,
And echoed "Vengeance for the Vaudois," where

The Sultan slumbers sick with scent of roses.
He is but the mute in this seraglio--
"Pure" Cromwell's Council!
But to be dumb and blind is overmuch!
Impatient Issachar kicks at the load!
Yet diadems are burdens painfuller,
And I would spare thee that sore imposition.
Dear brother Noll, I plead against thyself!
Thou aim'st to be a king; and, in thine heart,
What fool has said: "There is no king but thou?"
For thee the multitude waged war and won--
The end thou art of wrestlings and of prayer,
Of sleepless watch, long marches, hunger, tears
And blood prolifically spilled, homes lordless,
And homeless lords! The mass must always suffer
That one should reign! the collar's but newly clamp'd,
And nothing but the name thereon is changed--
Master? still masters! mark you not the red
Of shame unutterable in my sightless white?
Still hear me, Cromwell, speaking for your sake!
These fifteen years, we, to you whole-devoted,
Have sought for Liberty--to give it thee?
To make our interests your huckster gains?
The king a lion slain that you may flay,
And wear the robe--well, worthily--I say't,
For I will not abase my brother!

No! I would keep him in the realm serene,
My own ideal of heroes! loved o'er Israel,
And higher placed by me than all the others!
And such, for tinkling titles, hollow haloes
Like that around yon painted brow--thou! thou!
Apostle, hero, saint-dishonor thyself!
And snip and trim the flag of Naseby-field
As scarf on which the maid-of-honor's dog
Will yelp, some summer afternoon! That sword
Shrink into a sceptre! brilliant bauble! Thou,
Thrown on a lonely rock in storm of state,
Brain-turned by safety's miracle, thou risest
Upon the tott'ring stone whilst ocean ebbs,
And, reeking of no storms to come to-morrow,
Or to-morrow--deem that a certain pedestal
Whereon thou'lt be adored for e'er--e'en while
It shakes--o'ersets the rider! Tremble, thou!
For he who dazzles, makes men Samson-blind,
Will see the pillars of his palace kiss
E'en at the whelming ruin! Then, what word
Of answer from your wreck when I demand
Account of Cromwell! glory of the people
Smothered in ashes! through the dust thou'lt hear;
"What didst thou with thy virtue?" Will it respond:
"When battered helm is doffed, how soft is purple
On which to lay the head, lulled by the praise

Of thousand fluttering fans of flatterers!
Wearied of war-horse, gratefully one glides
In gilded barge, or in crowned, velvet car,
From gay Whitehall to gloomy Temple Bar--"
(Where--had you slipt, that head were bleaching now!
And that same rabble, splitting for a hedge,
Had joined their rows to cheer the active headsman;
Perchance, in mockery, they'd gird the skull
With a hop-leaf crown! Bitter the brewing, Noll!)
Are crowns the end-all of ambition? Remember
Charles Stuart! and that they who make can break!
This same Whitehall may black its front with crape,
And this broad window be the portal twice
To lead upon a scaffold! Frown! or laugh!
Laugh on as they did at Cassandra's speech!
But mark--the prophetess was right! Still laugh,
Like the credulous Ethiop in his faith in stars!
But give one thought to Stuart, two for yourself!
In his appointed hour, all was forthcoming--
Judge, axe, and deathsman veiled! and my poor eyes
Descry--as would thou saw'st!--a figure veiled,
Uplooming there--afar, like sunrise, coming!
With blade that ne'er spared Judas 'midst free brethren!
Stretch not the hand of Cromwell for the prize
Meant not for him, nor his! Thou growest old,
The people are ever young! Like her i' the chase

Who drave a dart into her lover, embowered,
Piercing the incense-clouds, the popular shaft
May slay thee in a random shot at Tyranny!
Man, friend, remain a Cromwell! in thy name,
Rule! and if thy son be worthy, he and his,
So rule the rest for ages! be it grander thus
To be a Cromwell than a Carolus.
No lapdog combed by wantons, but the watch
Upon the freedom that we won! Dismiss
Your flatterers--let no harpings, no gay songs
Prevent your calm dictation of good laws
To guard, to fortify, and keep enlinked
England and Freedom! Be thine old self alone!
And make, above all else accorded me,
My most desired claim on all posterity,
That thou in Milton's verse wert foremost of the free!

FIRST LOVE.

("Vous êtes singulier.")

[MARION DELORME, Act I., June, 1829, played 1831.]

MARION (smiling.) You're strange, and yet I love you thus.

DIDIER. You love me?
Beware, nor with light lips utter that word.
You love me!--know you what it is to love
With love that is the life-blood in one's veins,
The vital air we breathe, a love long-smothered,
Smouldering in silence, kindling, burning, blazing,
And purifying in its growth the soul.
A love that from the heart eats every passion
But its sole self; love without hope or limit,
Deep love that will outlast all happiness;
Speak, speak; is such the love you bear me?

MARION. Truly.

DIDIER. Ha! but you do not know how I love you!
The day that first I saw you, the dark world
Grew shining, for your eyes lighted my gloom.
Since then, all things have changed; to me you are
Some brightest, unknown creature from the skies.
This irksome life, 'gainst which my heart rebelled,
Seems almost fair and pleasant; for, alas!
Till I knew you wandering, alone, oppressed,
I wept and struggled, I had never loved.

FANNY KEMBLE-BUTLER.

THE FIRST BLACK FLAG.

("Avez-vous oui dire?")

[LES BURGRAVES, Part I., March, 1843.]

JOB. Hast thou ne'er heard men say
That, in the Black Wood, 'twixt Cologne and Spire,
Upon a rock flanked by the towering mountains,
A castle stands, renowned among all castles?
And in this fort, on piles of lava built,
A burgrave dwells, among all burgraves famed?
Hast heard of this wild man who laughs at laws--
Charged with a thousand crimes--for warlike deeds
Renowned--and placed under the Empire's ban
By the Diet of Frankfort; by the Council
Of Pisa banished from the Holy Church;
Reprobate, isolated, cursed--yet still
Unconquered 'mid his mountains and in will;
The bitter foe of the Count Palatine
And Treves' proud archbishop; who has spurned
For sixty years the ladder which the Empire

Upreaded to scale his walls? Hast heard that he
Shelters the brave--the flaunting rich man strips--
Of master makes a slave? That here, above
All dukes, aye, kings, eke emperors--in the eyes
Of Germany to their fierce strife a prey,
He rears upon his tower, in stern defiance,
A signal of appeal to the crushed people,
A banner vast, of Sorrow's sable hue,
Snapped by the tempest in its whirlwind wrath,
So that kings quiver as the jades at whips?
Hast heard, he touches now his hundredth year--
And that, defying fate, in face of heaven,
On his invincible peak, no force of war
Uprooting other holds--nor powerful Cæsar--
Nor Rome--nor age, that bows the pride of man--
Nor aught on earth--hath vanquished, or subdued,
Or bent this ancient Titan of the Rhine,
The excommunicated Job?

Democratic Review.

THE SON IN OLD AGE.

("Ma Regina, cette noble figure.")

[LES BURGRAVES, Part II.]

Thy noble face, Regina, calls to mind
My poor lost little one, my latest born.
He was a gift from God--a sign of pardon--
That child vouchsafed me in my eightieth year!
I to his little cradle went, and went,
And even while 'twas sleeping, talked to it.
For when one's very old, one is a child!
Then took it up and placed it on my knees,
And with both hands stroked down its soft, light hair--
Thou wert not born then--and he would stammer
Those pretty little sounds that make one smile!
And though not twelve months old, he had a mind.
He recognized me--nay, knew me right well,
And in my face would laugh--and that child-laugh,
Oh, poor old man! 'twas sunlight to my heart.
I meant him for a soldier, ay, a conqueror,
And named him George. One day--oh, bitter thought!
The child played in the fields. When thou art mother,
Ne'er let thy children out of sight to play!

The gypsies took him from me--oh, for what?
Perhaps to kill him at a witch's rite.
I weep!--now, after twenty years--I weep
As if 'twere yesterday. I loved him so!
I used to call him "my own little king!"
I was intoxicated with my joy
When o'er my white beard ran his rosy hands,
Thrilling me all through.

Foreign Quarterly Review.

THE EMPEROR'S RETURN.

("Un bouffon manquait à cette fête.")

[LES BURGRAVES, Part II.]

The EMPEROR FREDERICK BARBAROSSA, believed to be dead, appearing as a beggar among the Rhenish nobility at a castle, suddenly reveals himself.

HATTO. This goodly masque but lacked a fool!
First gypsy; next a beggar;--good! Thy name?

BARBAROSSA. Frederick of Swabia, Emperor of Almain.

ALL. The Red Beard?

BARBAROSSA. Aye, Frederick, by my mountain birthright Prince
O' th' Romans, chosen king, crowned emperor,
Heaven's sword-bearer, monarch of Burgundy
And Arles--the tomb of Karl I dared profane,
But have repented me on bended knees
In penance 'midst the desert twenty years;
My drink the rain, the rocky herbs my food,
Myself a ghost the shepherds fled before,

And the world named me as among the dead.
But I have heard my country call--come forth,
Lifted the shroud--broken the sepulchre.
This hour is one when dead men needs must rise.
Ye own me? Ye mind me marching through these vales
When golden spur was ringing at my heel?
Now know me what I am, your master, earls!
Brave knights you deem! You say, "The sons we are
Of puissant barons and great noblemen,
Whose honors we prolong." You do prolong them?
Your sires were soldiers brave, not prowlers base,
Rogues, miscreants, felons, village-ravagers!
They made great wars, they rode like heroes forth,
And, worthy, won broad lands and towers and towns,
So firmly won that thirty years of strife
Made of their followers dukes, their leaders kings!
While you! like jackal and the bird of prey,
Who lurk in copses or 'mid muddy beds--
Crouching and hushed, with dagger ready drawn,
Hide in the noisome marsh that skirts the way,
Trembling lest passing hounds snuff out your lair!
Listen at eventide on lonesome path
For traveller's footfall, or the mule-bell's chime,
Pouncing by hundreds on one helpless man,
To cut him down, then back to your retreats--
You dare to vaunt your sires? I call your sires,

Bravest of brave and greatest 'mid the great,
A line of warriors! you, a pack of thieves!

Athenaeum.