

TO SHELLEY.

Radiant son of the South, whose fingers  
    Strayed in love o'er a heart-strung lyre,  
The glamour of Summer's veil still lingers  
    Over the hills of thy native shire,  
Sweetest of all our country's singers,  
    Whose voice was flame, and whose eyes were fire.

The wind on the heath thy words still carries  
    Over the valleys and hills thou didst know:  
Still the song of the springtide tarries,  
    Wrapt in the rivers and mountain-snow,—  
Still the gorse on the hill-side marries  
    The summer sky to the earth aglow.

Hawthorn buds in the lanes are springing;  
    The chestnuts rustle in living green;  
Still are the sky-larks upward winging  
    Over the fields where thou hast been,  
Still the wild sea her spray is flinging,  
    Glittering greenly in sunlight sheen.

Brother and bard, thy voice's thunder  
    Changed the grey sky of the past to white:  
Still we listen in pain and wonder—

Still we weep in our hearts' delight  
When the golden sun at eve goes under  
The earth's red rim at the touch of Night.

Over the hills the stars are gleaming,  
In silver moonlight the hamlets sleep;  
The gulls in the darkness have ceased their screaming,  
And silence reigns, and the night is deep,  
And dawning lies in the land of dreaming,  
Where thou didst wander, where thou didst weep.

Dawn's noblest dinger,—the earth that bore us,  
Sang the wide songs that thou didst sing—  
Still we join in the earth's deep chorus,  
Still the echoes we outward fling.  
Still the pathway lies before us,  
But Love the portals shall wider swing!

Pure in passion, with lustless longing  
For love, thou hast sung of another race,  
Who, in the bosom of Earth, are thronging  
To come to light, and to see her face:  
In the years to be, who loves by wronging  
Shall burn in the fires of his own disgrace.

Singer of Freedom, by Love had's't thou being!  
Singer of Love, thou by Freedom had's't won!  
Freedom and Love shall each other be freeing

In Earth's greener years, 'neath a kindlier sun,  
Who that doth sing from his heart is not seeing  
The dawn that shall rise when the night shall be  
done?

Our songs shall rise as the dawn grows whiter,  
Our hearts shall throb with the promise of Day;  
'Neath skies more deep, and in sunlight brighter,  
With golden lyres we will go our way.—  
Take thou this lay of a dawning lighter,  
A song of the springtide, of Sussex in May.