FRIENDSHIP.

"Friends, Romans, Countrymen, and Lovers."

Let such pure hate still underprop
Our love, that we may be
Each other's conscience,
And have our sympathy
Mainly from thence.

We'll one another treat like gods,
And all the faith we have
In virtue and in truth, bestow
On either, and suspicion leave
To gods below.

Two solitary stars—
Unmeasured systems far,
Between us roll,
But by our conscious light we are
Determined to one pole.

What need confound the sphere—
God can afford to wait,
For him no hour's too late
That witnesses our duty's end,
Or to another doth beginning lend.

Love will subserve no use,
More than the tints of flowers,
Only the independent guest
Frequents its bowers,
Inherits its bequest.

No speech though kind has it,
But kinder silence doles
Una its mates,
By night consoles,
By day congratulates.

What saith the tongue to tongue?
What heareth ear of ear?
By the decrees of fate
From year to year
Does it communicate.

Pathless the gulf of feeling yawns—
No trivial bridge of words,
Or arch of boldest span,
Can leap the moat that guards
The sincere man.

PAINTING AND SCULPTURE.

The sinful painter drapes his goddess warm,
Because she still is naked being drest:
The godlike sculptor will not so deform
Beauty which limbs and flesh enough invest.
Toil could never compass it,
Art its height could never hit,
It came never out of wit;
But a music music-born.

Thy beauty, if it lack the fire
Which drives me mad with sweet desire,
What boots it? What the soldier's mail,
Unless he conquer and prevail?

What all the goods thy pride which lift,
If thou pine for another's gift?

Alas! that one is born in plight,
Victim of perpetual slight;
When thou lookest on his face,
Thy heart saith, Brother! go thy ways;
None shall ask thee what thou dost,
Or care an apple what thou knowest,
Or listen when thou repliest,
Or remember where thou liest,
Or how thy supper is sodden,—

And another is born
To make the sun forgotten.
Surely he carries a talisman
Under his tongue,
Broad are his shoulders, and strong,
And his eye is scornful,
Threatening and young.
I hold it of little matter,
Whether your jewel be of pure water,
A rose diamond or a white,
But whether it dazzle me with light.

I care not how you are drest,
In the coarsest or in the best,
Nor whether your name is base or brave,
Nor for the fashion of your behavior,
But whether you charm me,
Bid my bread feed and my fire warm me,
And dress up nature in your favor.

One thing is forever good,
That one thing is Success,
Dear to the Eumenides,
And to all the heavenly brood.

Who bides at home, nor looks abroad,
He carries the eagles—he masters the sword.