

### The Bells of Notre Dame.



What through the radiant thoroughfare  
Seems with a noisy throng?  
What though men bandy everywhere  
The ribald jest and song?  
Over the din of oaths and cries  
Broodeth a wondrous calm,  
And mid that solemn stillness rise  
The bells of Notre Dame.

"Hear not, dear Lord," they seem to say,  
"Thy weak and erring child;  
And thou, O gentle Mother, faray  
That God be reconciled;  
And on mankind, O Christ our King,  
Pour out Thy gracious balm"—  
'Tis thus they falter and thus they sing,  
Those bells of Notre Dame.

And so, methinks, God, bending down  
To ken the things of earth,  
Heeds not the mockery of the town  
Or cries of ribald mirth;  
For ever soundeth in His ears  
A penitential psalm—  
'Tis thy angelic voice He hears,  
O bells of Notre Dame!

Lead on, O bells, that thy sweet voice  
May still for ever be  
An intercession to rejoice  
Benign divinity;  
And that thy tuneful grace may fall,  
Like dew, a quickening balm  
Upon the arid hearts of all—  
O bells of Notre Dame!

— Erasmus Field.

November 14th, 1889.

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Horace, Epod. XIV.

x

You ask me, friend,

Why I don't send

My long anise dew-and-paid-for numbers —

Why singless I,

As drunken, lie

Abandoned to Lethæan slumbers.

x

Long time ago,

As well you know,

I started in upon that carmen;

My work was vain —

But why complain?

When gods forbid, how helpless are men!

x

Some ages back,

The sage Anax

Courted a frisky Samian body,

Singing her praise

In metres phrase

As flowing as his bowls of toddy.

First Draft.

Horace

'Til I were hoarse,  
I might discourse  
Upon the cruelties of Venus -  
'Twere waste of time,  
As well of rhyme,  
For you've been there yourself, Charonas!

How vast your bliss  
If some true mis  
Love you yourself, and not your mirror;  
I, fortune's sport,  
All vainly court  
The beautiful, polyandrous Phryne!

Feb. 28th, 1889.

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- Empress Julia.