

## THE MONASTERIES OF IRELAND.



among whom the rule of silence is not pushed to unwise lengths, and touch the world only by the stream of pious and of merely curious clergy and laity who are their guests without becoming their acquaintances. They belong to one of the most sensible and indeed enlightened orders, which prescribes manual labor in the fields and gives careful attention to the dangers of the mind that beset celibates on whom silence is enjoined. They are revered by the countryside and admired for their innocent, steadfast lives by Protestants not infected with the bigotry of the North.

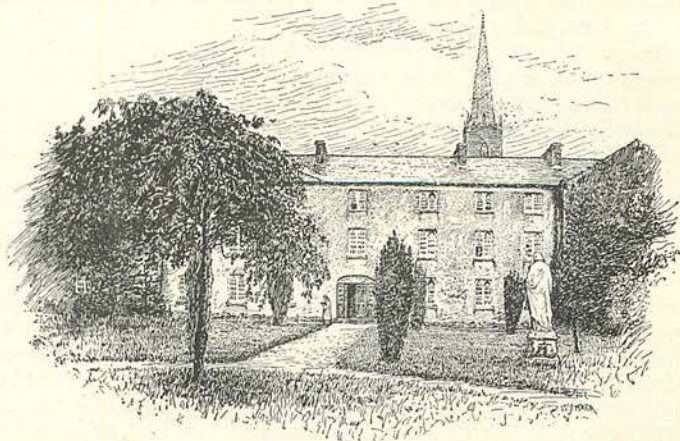
In the little chapel for visitors, into which the chanting of the monks penetrates from the greater church beyond, a sermon is pronounced every now and then in Gaelic for the benefit of sturdy old people of the hills who have never learned English properly and are not anxious to perfect themselves therein. Nothing can be more reposeful than the lawn before the monastery and the high-walled garden near by, where Catholic clergymen and laymen, who are making "a retreat" on these uplands, walk solitary or in discreet twos, guests of the monks. The little colony of dead in the quadrangle discourages ambitious thoughts, so plain and unpretending are the headstones. The great barns, the bake-house where a delicious coarse bread is stacked in sweet-smelling piles, the blacksmith's shop where a brawny brother swings the hammer and will not be so discourteous as to refuse an answer to a curious questioner, the school buildings just without the circle of the monastery proper — give one a



**L**ODGED like a knot of sea-gulls, on the southern slopes of the Maeldown hills, within walking distance of the Duke of Devonshire's great castle at Lis-

more, nestle the white buildings of a monastery for Cistercians called Mount Melleray. It is a recent creation, a mere thing of yesterday compared with places in every county of Ireland where a round tower, or a single lovely lancet window, or a squat oratory with walls many feet thick, surviving from the earliest Christian ages, tells the story of persecution, or of civil war, or of the rarer instances of neglect following changes in population or in fashion.

The brethren in their handsome yet coarsely woven robes the color of old ivory, the associate monks all of a dull brown, have somehow the air of an anachronism. They are far from anything one can by stretch of imagination call a thriving town. They live in peace on their communal farm as Trappists



GUEST-HOUSE AT MOUNT MELLERAY.





FATHER MAURUS, GUEST-MASTER AT MOUNT MELLERAY.

pleasant idea of life in the best kind of establishment for the religious.

And yet the feeling lurks everywhere about Mount Melleray that the needs for which such communities were once an answer no longer exist. Everything is sensible, grave, praiseworthy. The traditional courtesy of the Irish reigns on all sides. One sees among the monks rude faces, it is true, but the chances are that one is surprised at the refinement of so many. It is as if a hill had opened at the stroke of a magician's wand, and in a concealed valley beyond was found a community which holds all that was best of some forgotten age. It recalls traditions yet rife among the peasants of by-gone civilizations, Fírbolg or Dé Danann, which vanished before the march of the conquerors who brought Christianity in their track, but support a charmed existence as a fairy race deep in the hills or far below the vast green billows of the Atlantic. The guest at Mount Melleray feels like one who has snatched the red cap or the green from a fairy on some

fateful night of the full moon and penetrated to the retreat, without losing memory of the great outer world and how it has rolled away, centuries away, from the ideals of a by-gone race.

The Cistercians of Mount Melleray are as truly a survival of a state of things which has disappeared from the greater part of Europe as are any of the hundred objects, customs, traditions that recall the heathen past. They were hunted out of France in this century; found England uncongenial; and by that inevitable pressure which amounts to a law, a law that I have pointed out as operating from primeval times while striving to account for the Irish, gravitated towards Ireland. Nay, they have obeyed the impulse farther yet, and are more numerous in the United States to-day than in Ireland. They look back through an illustrious ancestry—if that term be permitted—to one of the great benefactors of mankind, St. Benedict, who perhaps did more than any other one man to civilize Europe after the early floods of barbarians turned it into a pest-house and cemetery. They claim St. Bernard as one of their spiritual forefathers. If it be not profane to use with respect to religious men the expression "survival of the fittest," it is fair to say that if any monastic order was fit to survive it was theirs. Without being carried away by the

fervor of the mendicant and preaching friars of the thirteenth century, they suffered eclipse from these innovators rather than yield to a popular fashion. Was it not they, by virtue of their connection with the Benedictines, who kept literature from extinction during the blackest periods of the Dark Ages? Indeed they, rather than the peripatetic evangelizing friars, the Salvation Army of the thirteenth century, belong by right of resemblance in character and aim to the special form of Catholicism for which Ireland was famous down to the Reformation.

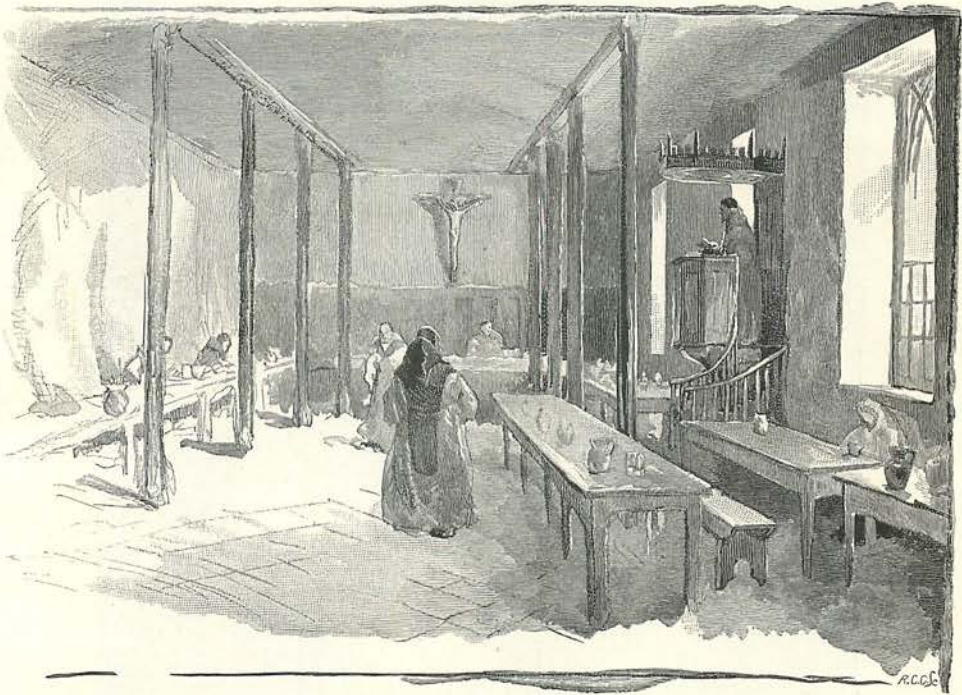
Whatever Montalembert may advance to the contrary, early Christian Ireland was full of Eastern heresy. St. Benedict drew from the East for introduction into Italy the models of convents composed of monks or nuns. St. Patrick, while doubtless ready enough to acknowledge the supremacy of the Pope, being a simple-hearted genius bent on one object,—the conversion of Ireland,—never found it convenient, or indeed necessary. Up to the thirteenth century the monks of Ireland were practically



followers of the rule of St. Benedict with certain Oriental traits in addition. But when St. Francis of Assisi caught up the idea of mendicant monks and showed how the Pope might become commander-in-chief of a mighty army of workers controlled by a general living near the Vatican, and when St. Dominic of Spain hastened to follow the example, then indeed arrived a new era for the Church in Ireland. That reserve, that indifference, that easy acceptance of commands from Rome without obedience, which had characterized the ancient and remote section of Ireland was about to be disturbed. The soldiers of the saintly Italian

outcasts as one finds now in Whitechapel and other slums of London. They took control of the universities and were hailed for their culture. These mendicant preachers made a stir in the British Isles about fifty years after the Welsh-Norman invasion, that still rings down the centuries. Praiseworthy as they were, their efforts only served to solidify the Church, fit the temporal sword into the hand of the Pope, tempt him to carry out in earnest the old ambition — and precipitated the Reformation.

Giraldus de Barry, the Norman-Welsh prelate, has much to say of the corruption of monks



REFECTORY AT MOUNT MELLERAY.

and the ferocious Spaniard burst like a thunder-clap on the ignorant curates, luxurious priests, fat and worldly prelates of Italy, France, Germany, England, and Ireland. The fanatics were not merely vowed to poverty and chastity,—those vows were obeyed by the monks often enough,—they preached. Village priest and curate and monk, for the most part, merely performed the services for parishioners — but the new-comers preached. They gave masses almost for nothing. They seemed to come direct from ecclesiastical headquarters. They roved about, impoverishing the secular clergy and monks by taking possession of the people; they formed lay brotherhoods and sisterhoods devoted to them only. But also they lived in the filthy towns and labored with aggregates of

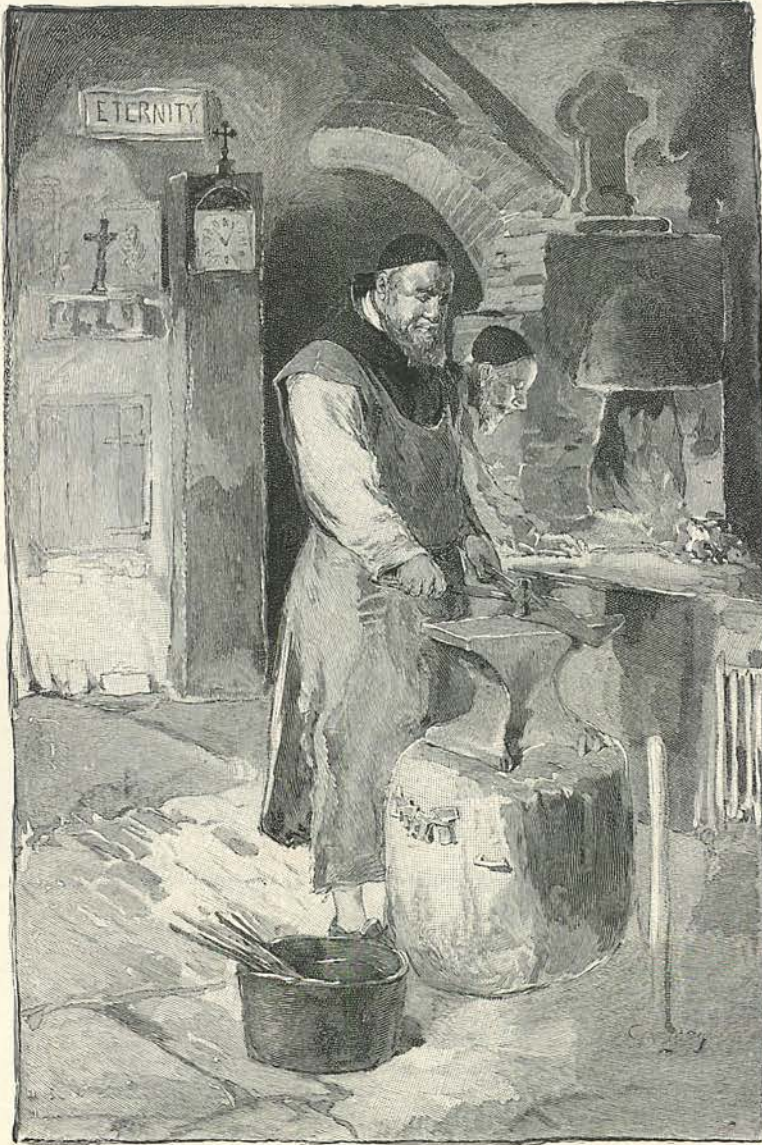
through ambition, wealth and ease. He tells how Fulke, a French reformer, told Richard to put from him three abominable daughters, Pride, Luxury and Avarice, whereupon the king replied: "I have already given away those daughters in marriage—Pride to the Templars, Luxury to the Black Monks, and Avarice to the White" (the Cistercians). Holinshed has it otherwise: "I therefore bequeath my Pride to the high-minded Templars and Hospitalers, which are as proud as Lucifer himself; my covetousness I give unto the White Monks, otherwise called of the Cisteaux Order, for they covet the divell and all; my lecherie I commit to the prelates of the church, who have most pleasure and felicitie therein."

Franciscans and Dominicans learned ease



and worldliness soon enough, but nowhere was the first fervor of that wonderful army more damped than in Ireland. As with all previous invasions the conquest was easy, but not real. Ireland is sown with ruins which betray the pomp and luxury of these Little Brothers of

and affected the people but little, leaving many old things standing the like of which was destroyed elsewhere. Hence the modern Cistercians, belonging with those monks of the earlier epoch who hated and feared the mendicant orders, represent so well the old church



THE BLACKSMITH AT MOUNT MELLERAV.

St. Francis, these Preaching Brothers of St. Dominic. To them and their imitators we owe some of the most beautiful edifices of Ireland: not the most curious or peculiar, but the most elaborate; not famous for size, but for charming proportions and decorations just enough. As always, the wave reached Ireland weakened,

of Ireland, though their foundation of Mount Melleray is hardly half a century old.

But though the influence was less than elsewhere, the many convents of Franciscans established in Ireland in the thirteenth, fourteenth, and fifteenth centuries undoubtedly effected for the popes that subjection of Ireland to dis-





RUINS OF MELLIFONT ABBEY, NEAR DROGHEDA.

cipline which was only partly accomplished upon the hollow submission of the chiefs and barons to the English crown. From this time Peter's pence began to flow with some regularity from Ireland into the coffers of Italians. The wonderful success of the new orders made them worldly and luxurious, so that the thirteenth century was able to see the strangest inversion of things, as the Rev. Mr. Jessopp has pointed out in "The Coming of the Friars." The clergy and monks, whom the preaching friars denounced for sloth and riches, became the beggars; the begging fraternities became fat and puffed up with the offerings of the people. It were a bitter critic who should blame these zealots when the good end was so obvious and the bad so plainly unforeseen.

What is more surprising than the quieting down of the Franciscans in Ireland, their fall from the heights of self-sacrifice into the bog of prosperity, is the career of the Dominicans. The latter became elsewhere a pest of humanity. Their history is lurid with the fires of martyrs both red and white — for they pursued their devilish trade of making bonfires of persons they did not agree with in America also, as soon as the hapless Indian was delivered into their hand. Their innocuousness in Ireland is surprising, because one can trace in them ancestral traits of paganism which might have held on in Ireland as many others did. St. Dominic was a Spaniard who won bloody laurels in the crusade against the Waldenses, most innocent of men.

There he learned to respond to that old thirst for burning human beings which we know at its worst among the peoples of Europe when the Druids were the executioners. Analogies exist between all monks and the Druidic orders, but it was reserved for the Dominicans to revive the most hideous side of a religion which by no means lacked fine traits. The old Ugrian-Keltic passion for bonfires broke out through its chosen instruments, the Dominicans, and that madness did not cease until Protestants degraded themselves to the same pagan level, and even burned sectaries of their own camp. Yet the absence of many burnings from Ireland — for some there were — coincides with what we learn from the old literature and histories of the Irish, namely, that Druidism never reached in Ireland the height of infamy it attained in Britain and Gaul. Moreover it coincides with the peaceable conversion of Ireland by Patrick, during which there was almost a total dearth of martyrs. The horrors of the Inquisition and the flames of victims at the stake were comparatively rare occurrences there. Yet were we to believe those whose interests lie in thwarting



INTERIOR OF ST. DOULOUGH'S (THIRTEENTH CENTURY).





CROSS AT MONASTERBOICE, NEAR DROGHEDA, A MONASTERY  
FOUNDED BY BUITHE IN THE FIFTH CENTURY.

Irish aspirations to-day, there is no place in the world where that sort of extravagance ought to have gained greater headway.

The fearful excesses in which the followers of St. Dominic had the major rôle are strangely foreshadowed by a legend concerning him before birth. As if she were a Druidess in the darkest years of paganism, the mother of Dominic is said to have had the following dream. She thought that she gave birth to a dog which held a flaming torch in its mouth. A story like this has every trait of an Irish legend from the antique pagan epoch—the dog, the fiery torch, the unnatural birth. What wonder that with these pagan survivals in Christendom it was easy under the Holy League to enroll monks in regiments, arm them

with musket and casque, and set them on their fellow-men. Did not the Druids fight on occasion? And, on the other hand, were not the friars enrolled like a scattered army, working at command of a prelate, rightly entitled a general, who lived at Rome? The monks of Ireland may not have gone to war with system, but their prelates were not backward in leading troops as lately as two centuries ago, while the zeal of individual priests during rebellions in this and the last century hardly needs recalling.

It is not so strange that the Cistercians should have marked themselves apart from other monks by encouraging learning as that the Franciscans of Ireland should have been distinguished in the same way. Less learned to start with than their brother mendicants of St. Dominic, and addressing as they did the lowest strata of population in the rudest language of the vernacular, sometimes with great coarseness of imagery and buffoonery, the Franciscans hardly tread the classic soil of Ireland before they become scholarly by contrast with some of the monkish orders. An Austrian satirist of monks in the last century calls the Irish Franciscans a spurious kind, which, unlike the continental varieties of that breed, “bestow some attention upon cultivating the faculties of the mind.” If the Cistercians are remembered by the magnificent Abbey of Corcomroe, in County Clare, founded in the twelfth century by the O'Briens; by Hoar Abbey, near the Rock of Cashel; by beautiful remnants of their refectory at Mellifont, as well as by the ruins of the Abbey of Boyle, near Loch Key and Sligo, with its columns in the nave bearing warriors and ecclesiastics on the capitals, the Franciscans can still be recalled by ruins in the town of Kilkenny, to mention only a few; by the Abbey of Quin, near Ennis; and by the remains of a monastery at Carrickfergus, near Belfast. The British Museum has the bells of St. Augustine which hung in the Abbey of Corcomroe. The Dominicans, however, do not appear to have been so well received in Ireland as elsewhere. Sligo Abbey was presented to them in 1252; but while the Monastery of the Virgin Mary was founded for them at Cavan in 1300, they were expelled in 1393. Though the constant wars among the Irish princes prior to the Norman-Welsh and the further troubles precipitated by the latter had barbarized the people, yet the pride of the nation in the fame of Ireland as a nursery of saints and missionaries must have made it far from easy for the mendicant orders to make great headway. Moreover there were then no great cities such as Dublin and Cork now are; Belfast did not exist; Galway was hardly a town. The material for the preaching men-



dicants was not there. Hence we see them settling in monasteries and taking almost exactly the same tone as the other monks of Ireland.

Among the monasteries there has never been much of that humility which the founder of Christianity inculcated, and the Irish monks were the last in the world to show it. St. Patrick was humble as regards his learning, but he wasted little humility on the great ones of his time, if we can believe his own words and the reports we get of his conduct. Yet he was a long-suffering man compared with St. Columbkille, the genius who in the next century converted the pagan Irish and Picts in the north of Britain. At school he received favors because of his descent from Nial of the Nine Hostages, a famous monarch. When St. Kiaran, his schoolmate, rebelled against such partiality, no less distinguished a messenger than an angel appeared to him, showed him a plane, ax, and auger, and bluntly informed him that he, son of a carpenter, had given up only these tools for the service of God, while Columba had perhaps resigned the crown! Owing to his blood Columba treated kings of Ireland and Caledonia as his equals, received almost slavish consideration from the people, and did what he wished. That great foundation on I (later corrupted into Iona), where he trained missionaries for the Picts, Scots, and Saxons in squalid huts of wattled work and worshiped in a rough church of boards, was so famous that it became a rival of Rome in more than one particular. Like a good son of the Church, the Comte de Montalembert has little to say of this aspect of the Celtic Church, but his monumental work must be read with this in mind. The haughty

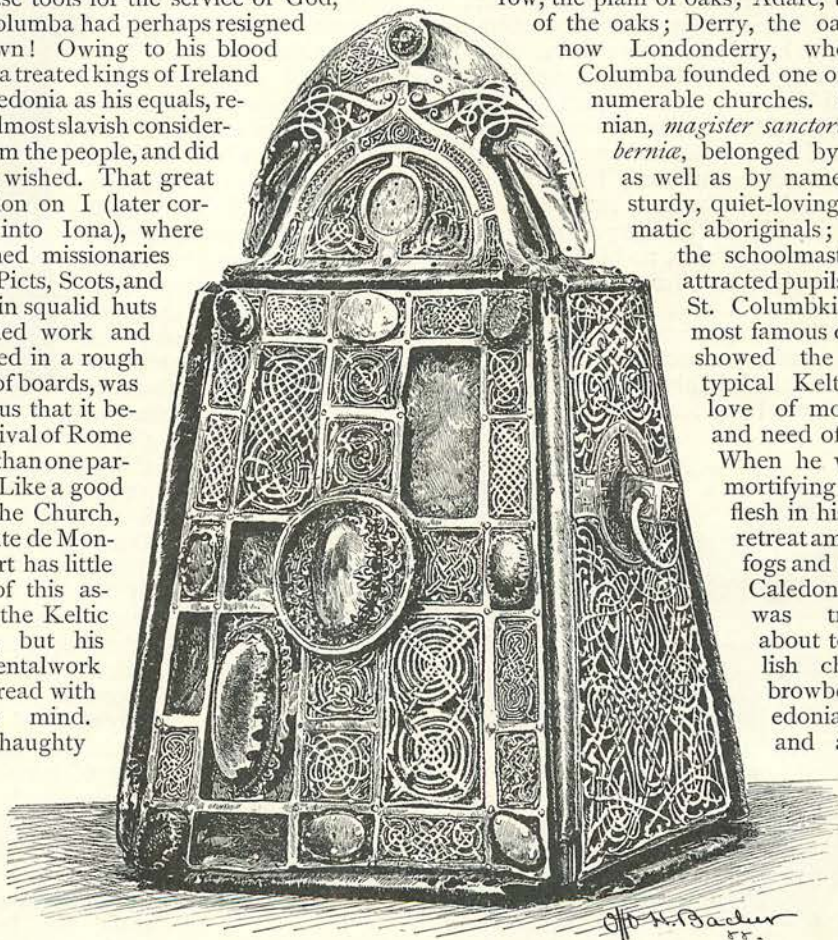
spirit of the clansmen devoted to their royal saint did not brook interference from the see of St. Peter, though in time they had to yield.

The life of St. Columbkille is in many respects the most curious and interesting of any for those who would study the monks of Ireland. He was close enough to St. Patrick to reflect the Oriental spirit of the age; he was more exactly a monk; he belonged to the purest Celtic nobility, and wrought among tribes which retained the largest amount of pre-Celtic blood of the aboriginal Finno-Ugrians of Europe. St. Finnian, who may have got his name through descent from that people, is a still earlier figure. He founded at Clonard, in Meath, a monastic school to which Irish and foreign youth flocked by thousands, exactly as under heathendom a famous Druid would collect pupils from far and near. The oak forests where Druids taught were naturally favorite spots for Christian teachers; hence arose these establishments celebrated for church and monastery—Kildare, the church of the oaks; Durrow, the plain of oaks; Adare, the ford of the oaks; Derry, the oakwood, now Londonderry, where St.

Columba founded one of his innumerable churches. St. Finnian, *magister sanctorum Hibernia*, belonged by nature as well as by name to the sturdy, quiet-loving, phlegmatic aboriginals; he was

the schoolmaster who attracted pupils to him. St. Columbkille, the most famous of these, showed the more typical Kelt in his love of movement and need of action.

When he was not mortifying the flesh in his dismal retreat among the fogs and gales of Caledonia he was traveling about to establish churches, browbeat Caledonian kings, and astonish



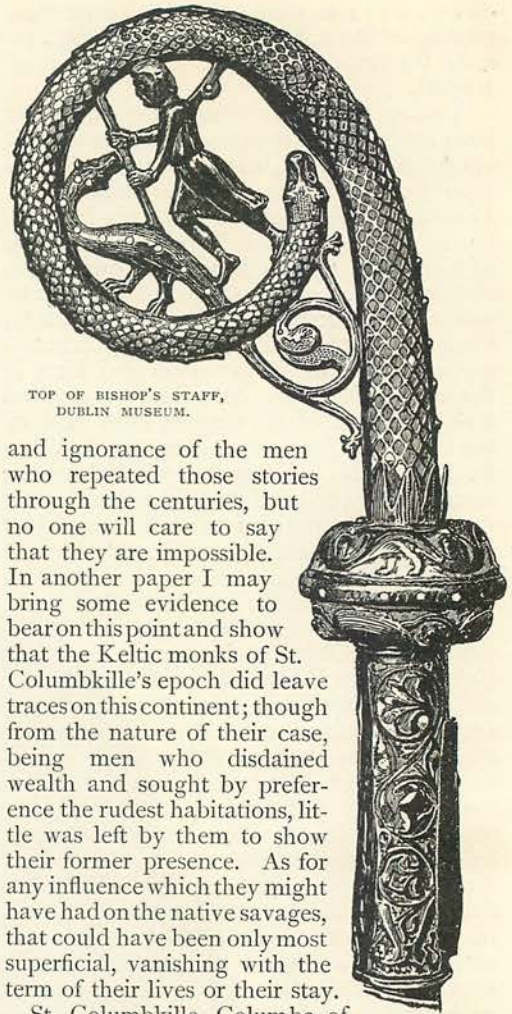
SHRINE FOR THE OLD BELL OF ST. PATRICK.



the rude people of the two islands by the penances he inflicted on repentant sinners.

All this earlier epoch of Irish monastic life, from St. Patrick to the destruction of monasteries by the pagan exiles and annual marauders from the Baltic, is most curious in its differences from the later great epoch which lies between the Norman-Welsh invasion and the confiscation of church property, say between 1172 and 1537. The root of difference lies in the fact that the impulse of the earlier epoch was Oriental; that of the later, Italian of the popes.

We are far from knowing yet to what extreme points the Christian, animated by the spirit which drove Greek and Jewish ascetics into the deserts of the Thebaid on the Nile, was driven by his desire to find spiritual rest in the wilds. We know that the archaic bee-hive huts, of which the woodcut of the Fort of the Wolves gives an idea, were chosen as fit habitations by saintly men, just as in Palestine and on the Nile hermits scooped in the rock holes hardly large enough to lie in. We know that when the Norse exiles fled in wrath before the tyranny of their kings to Iceland, such men (Irishmen) had been before them. We can be sure that when the Icelanders settled Greenland, Irish monks accompanied or followed them. That Irishmen, acting under this powerful mental thrust, should have reached the American continent long before the Icelanders would be far from strange, and when we find in old Irish literature a distinct story of such an expedition, and in Welsh history at a later date another account in which a Welsh prince, Madoc, merely repeated the voyage of the Irish saint, there seems no reason why the earlier as well as the later legend should be called fictitious. Doubtless the particulars have been altered to suit the ideas

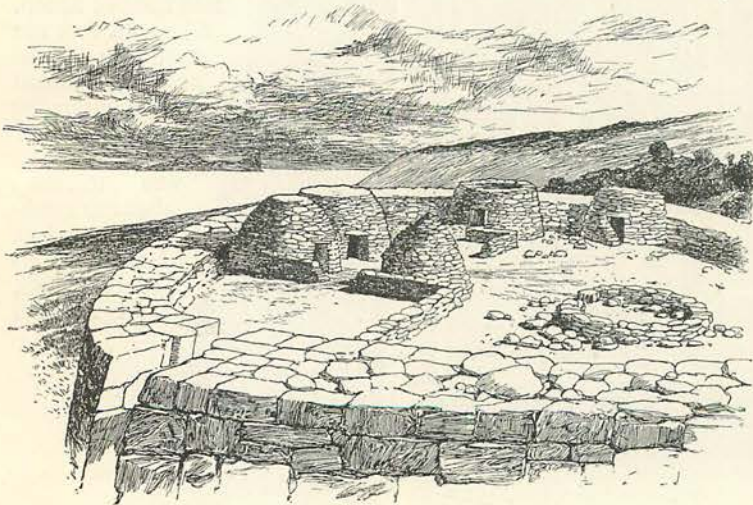


TOP OF BISHOP'S STAFF,  
DUBLIN MUSEUM.

and ignorance of the men who repeated those stories through the centuries, but no one will care to say that they are impossible. In another paper I may bring some evidence to bear on this point and show that the Keltic monks of St. Columbkille's epoch did leave traces on this continent; though from the nature of their case, being men who disdained wealth and sought by preference the rudest habitations, little was left by them to show their former presence. As for any influence which they might have had on the native savages, that could have been only most superficial, vanishing with the term of their lives or their stay.

St. Columbkille, Columba of

the *kills* or cells, was the typical Keltic saint, and as such his memory is revered hardly less than that of Patrick. The Druid and bard in him crop out at every twist and turn of a long and brilliant career. His Latin poem on St. Bridget, Christianized goddess of the heathen, patroness of learning, eloquence, and science, female prototype or parallel of the god Braga among the Scandinavians, whose name has been degraded into our word



FORT OF THE WOLVES, WEST COAST, WITH ARCHAIC BEE-HIVE HUTS.



“brag,” has plenty of Druidic touches. Thus he sang her pæan :

Brigit the good and the virgin,  
Brigit our torch and our sun,  
Brigit radiant and unseen,  
May she lead us to the eternal kingdom !

The Culdees, or servants of God, who were regulars following the rule of an order of monks as well as seculars, or ordinary priests, kept alive some of the customs of the Druids whose enemies and detractors they were. We find them at Clonmicnois, Clondalkin, Devenish, Clones, Pubble, and Scattering, with colonies eastward in Caledonia, at York, and on the isle of Bardsey. St. Columbkille shows by his “Song of Trust” that in the sixth century the heathen magical philosophers were far from unknown, perhaps were still cherished by the people :

There is no *sneeze* that can tell our fate,  
Nor bird upon the branch,  
Nor trunk of gnarled oak.  
Better is he in whom we trust,  
The king who has made us all,  
Who will not leave me to-night without refuge.  
I adore not the voice of birds,  
Nor chance, nor the love of a son or wife,  
My Druid is Christ, the son of God !

In this passage note a few of the methods of divination practiced by the Druids which Columbkille rejected for the Christian faith though not able entirely to divest himself of similar but less obvious touches of paganism. Here is the divination from sneezing classic among the Greeks, from the roaring of the oak-wood, the song and flight of birds, casting sticks or arrows on the ground and observing their “chance” position. The missal copied by the hand of this intensely living “servant of God” is to be seen in Dublin at the museum, having been placed there by its owner. The Cathach, or box, in which it was preserved formed for centuries the talisman of the O’Donnells when they went to war. The crosier, or bishop’s staff, on the opposite page may be earlier work than it seems, but in all probability is not older than the twelfth century, and thus belongs to the second grand epoch of monasteries in Ireland. Its design recalls the patron saint of England, but it is by no means certain that St. George is intended ; for the slaughter of a dragon is a subject common to the Middle Ages, and may often be understood as a general symbol of the subjugation of the sensual part of man by the spiritual, or, more historically, of the ruin of paganism by Christianity. Yet the pagan Kelts themselves did not lack the same idea. They in their turn overthrew a lower religion, as the sun overcomes the darkness, as spring gets the better of winter. A curious figure discovered in the Vosges district on the Continent shows

the Kelt on the animal sacred to the sun, the horse, beating the life out of one of the gods of the Finno-Ugrians, a monster with serpent feet, who is represented in archaic Irish legend by that Cichol Gri the “footless” out of whom legend afterwards fashioned the hero Cuchulinn.

The greater number of ruins of monasteries in Ireland belong to the second period. The turbulent barons were fond of erecting abbeys and placing convents in beautiful buildings, with one eye to politics, the other to their salvation ; and the chiefs of native tribes did the same to the best of their limited ability. Famous for early monasteries were Clonard, Glendalough, and Monasterboice, one of whose three crosses is figured herewith. St. Buithe, whose name has been softened into Boice, was the founder of this settlement, where the lamp of education, almost extinct on the mainland and in Britain, was kept alive. Giraldus de Barry preserved a quaint legend showing that the early monks had strange pets. St. Columba was furtively making a copy of a psalter belonging to Abbot Finnian, contrary to the latter’s wish,—for copyrights were rigidly enforced at that time,—when an eavesdropper applied his eye to a crack in the door to see what the saint was doing. Whereupon a domesticated crane, a bird which is still an ornament of Irish rivers, plucked out the eye of this early detective. The story goes to prove that a love of learning will tempt even a saint to a shabby trick, and also that the very birds of Erin turn on an informer.

Hardly any part of Ireland lacks reminders of the two great monastic periods before the Reformation, but the lovely fertile districts where the Barrow, the Suir, and the Blackwater bring the south-east quarter of the island into easy connection with Wales and France were particularly favored with thriving convents who lived in monasteries that still are exquisite in their ruins — Jerpoint, Cahir, Dunbrody, Selskar, and many others whose very existence must be sought for in the names of parishes and hamlets and the imperfect records of the religious of those periods. It is this favored quarter that the Cistercians have colonized once more in the present century. When they came, bringing back a reminder of the past glories of Catholic supremacy to a peasantry made conservative by the misrule of the upper classes and the inefficient government from Great Britain, an affecting movement was observed. For Trappists vowed to silence and the avoidance of the world it was necessary to fence the apparently sterile wastes on which the settlement was made. The wall round the great monastic domain had to be built. So the peasantry from the slopes of the Maeldown hills and beyond gathered in their villages if not their clans, and, headed by their priests, sought



the breezy uplands above Cappoquin and built that precinct wall within which no woman—and indeed no man—is expected to set foot except under condition of presenting good reasons to the warders of the gate. If at Armagh the Protestant church occupies the citadel where Patrick founded a sanctuary; if at Cashel the Catholic archbishop bearing that title can only set foot on the Rock as any other guest may; if at Cork the memory of St. Finbar

is preserved by the big Protestant church, erected by London architects who hoped to reproduce a medieval cathedral—these peasants and their pastors could at least delude themselves with the idea that the foundation of Mount Melleray was the beginning of a return of the Church to her greatness before the Reformation. Who would care to cast a shadow of doubt on so natural and so pious a hope?

*Charles de Kay.*

## THE LAMENTABLE BALLAD OF THE BLOODY BROOK.

As read at Deerfield Centennial, October 17, 1888.

COME listen to the story of brave Lothrop and his men,  
How they fought,— how they died,  
When they marched against the redskins in the autumn days, and then  
How they fell,— in their pride,  
By Pocomtuck side.

“Who will go to Deerfield meadows and bring the ripened grain?”  
Said old Mosely to his men in array.  
“Take the wagons and the horses and bring it back again,  
But be sure that no man stray  
All the day,— on the way.”

Then the flower of Essex started, with Lothrop at their head,  
Wise and brave,— bold and true.  
He had fought the Pequots long ago, and now to Mosely said,  
“Be there many, be there few,  
I will bring the grain to you.”

They gathered all the harvest, and they marched on the way  
Through the woods which blazed like fire.  
No soldier left the line of march to wander or to stray,  
Till the wagons were stalled in the mire,  
And the men began to tire.

The wagons have all forded the brook as it flows,  
And then the rear-guard stays  
To pick the purple grapes that are hanging from the boughs,  
When crack! — to their amaze —  
A hundred firelocks blaze!

Brave Lothrop he lay dying, but as he fell he cried,  
“Each man to his tree,” said he,  
“Let no one yield an inch,” and so the soldier died;—  
And not a man of all can see  
Where the foe can be.

And Philip and his devils pour in their shot so fast,  
From behind and before,  
That man after man is shot down and breathes his last:  
Every man lies dead in his gore  
To fight no more,— no more!

Oh, weep, ye maids of Essex, for the lads who have died,—  
The flower of Essex they!  
The Bloody Brook still ripples by the black mountain-side,  
But never shall they come to see the ocean-tide,  
And never shall the bridegroom return to his bride  
From that dark and cruel day,— cruel day!

*Edward Everett Hale.*