

**PACCHIAROTTO AND
HOW HE WORKED
IN DISTEMPER:
WITH OTHER POEMS**

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Pacchiarotto and how he worked in distemper: with other poems by Robert Browning

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ROBERT BROWNING

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BY

ROBERT BROWNING.

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6

PROLOGUE.

1.

O the old wall here ! How I could pass
Life in a long Midsummer day,
My feet confined to a plot of grass,
My eyes from a wall not once away !

2.

And lush and lithe do the creepers clothe
Yon wall I watch, with a wealth of green:
Its bald red bricks draped, nothing loth,
In lappets of tangle they laugh between.

B

3.

Now, what is it makes pulsate the robe?

Why tremble the sprays? What life o'erbrims

The body,—the house, no eye can probe,—

Divined as, beneath a robe, the limbs?

4.

And there again! But my heart may guess

Who tripped behind; and she sang perhaps:

So, the old wall throbbed, and its life's excess

Died out and away in the leafy wraps!

5.

Wall upon wall are between us: life

And song should away from heart to heart!

I—prison-bird, with a ruddy strife

At breast, and a lip whence storm-notes start—

6.

Hold on, hope hard in the subtle thing

That's spirit : though cloistered fast, soar free ;

Account as wood, brick, stone, this ring

Of the rueful neighbours, and—forth to thee !