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A BOOK OF VERSE

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

COMPILED BY J. C. SMITH

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A BOOK OF VERSE

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

COMPILED BY
J. C. SMITH

PART II

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PREFACE TO PART II

THE first part of this book is meant for children who have just learned to read. It should last them for a year or two. They can then take up this second part, which will carry them on for some three years more. It should be used in the same way as Part I, with such modifications only as follow from the greater age of the children.

Each poem, that is, should be read, in the first place, as a whole; it should be read aloud, musically and feelingly; with illustration enough to make each image felt, and explanation enough to make the whole intelligible—so far, I mean, as children can feel and understand.

The difficulties of reading, however, have now in great part been mastered, so that it is no longer necessary to read all the poems first to the children. But the ear must still be wooed: the harder poems should still be read to the children first, and all the poems should be read aloud, either to them or by them, at some time or other.

‘Children’ I have called them; but they are children no longer—they are now boys and girls. Their interests have begun to widen and to diverge,

PREFACE

and an ampler and more varied supply of verse is needed to give scope for individual choice.

In such matters young children do not exercise much choice. They are so good as to find some pleasure in anything, almost, that we give them to do. The main thing, then, is to give them nothing but what is good. But they must presently begin to distinguish between the good and the better. This second part accordingly presents here and there pairs, or groups, of poems on the same theme or on kindred themes. Comparison of such pairs, or groups, helps to form taste and judgement. At first the comparison need not be overt; but boys, at least, will be quick to feel the likeness between Browning's Roland and the gallant chestnut of Thornbury, or the difference between Longfellow's Blacksmith and Burns's Burn-the-wind.

J. C. SMITH.

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[I have to thank Canon Beeching for permission to reprint 'Prayers'.]

I

SISTER, AWAKE!

SISTER, awake! close not your eyes!
The day her light discloses,
And the bright morning doth arise
Out of her bed of roses.

See the clear sun, the world's bright eye,
In at our window peeping:
Lo, how he blusheth to espy
Us idle wenches sleeping!

Therefore awake! make haste, I say,
And let us, without staying,
All in our gowns of green so gay
Into the Park a-maying!

ANONYMOUS. (From Thomas Bateson's *First
Set of English Madrigals*, 1604.)

A SPRING SONG

SEE the yellow catkins cover
All the slender willows over;
And on mossy banks so green
Star-like primroses are seen;
And their clustering leaves below
White and purple violets grow.

Hark the little lambs are bleating,
And the cawing rooks are meeting
In the elms—a noisy crowd;
And all birds are singing loud,
There, the first white butterfly
In the sun goes flitting by!

M. HOWITT.

THE VOICE OF SPRING

I COME, I come! ye have called me long,
I come o'er the mountains with light and song;
Ye may trace my step o'er the wakening earth,
By the winds which tell of the violet's birth,
By the primrose stars in the shadowy grass,
By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breathed on the South, and the chestnut-flowers
By thousands have burst from the forest-bowers;
And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,
Are veiled with wreaths on Italian plains.
—But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,
To speak of the ruin or the tomb!

I have passed o'er the hills of the stormy North,
And the larch has hung all his tassels forth,
The fisher is out on the sunny sea,
And the reindeer bounds through the pasture free,
And the pine has a fringe of softer green,
And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent through the wood-paths a gentle sigh,
And called out each voice of the deep-blue sky,
From the night-bird's lay through the starry time,
In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,
To the swan's wild note by the Iceland lakes;
When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loosed the chain :
They are sweeping on to the silvery rain,
They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,
They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,
They are bursting fresh from their sparry caves,
And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !
Where the violets lie may now be your home.
Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,
And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly,
With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,
Come forth to the sunshine,—I may not stay.

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,
The waters are sparkling in wood and glen;
Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,
The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,
Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,
And Youth is abroad in my green domains.

F. HEMANS.

SPRING

SPRING, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing—

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear ay birds tune this merry lay—

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet—

Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

Spring, the sweet Spring !

T. NASHE.

MAY IN THE GREEN-WOOD

IN somer when the shawes be sheyne,
And leves be large and long,
Hit is full merry in feyre foreste
To hear the foulys song,

To se the dere draw to the dale
And leve the hilles hee,
And shadow hem in the leves grene
Under the green-wode tree.

Hit befell on Whitsontide
Early in a May mornynge,
The Sonne up faire can shyne,
And the briddis mery can syng.

‘This is a mery mornynge,’ said Litulle Johne,
‘Be Hym that dyed on tre;
A more mery man than I am one
Lyves not in Christiantè.

‘Pluk up thi hert, my dere mayster,’
Litulle Johne can say,
‘And thynk hit is fulle fayre tyme
In a mornynge of May.’

ANONYMOUS.

A BOY'S SONG

WHERE the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

sheyne] bright.

can] did.

Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to track the homeward bee,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,
That's the way for Billy and me.

Why the boys should drive away
Little sweet maidens from the play,
Or love to banter and fight so well,
That's the thing I never could tell.

But this I know, I love to play
Through the meadow, among the hay ;
Up the water and over the lea,
That's the way for Billy and me.

J. HOGG.

THE BROOK

I COME from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy-foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows ;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses ;
I linger by my shingly bars ;
I loiter round my cresses ;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

A. TENNYSON.

THE BROOK FORSAKEN

UNLOVED, by many a sandy bar,
The brook shall babble down the plain,
At noon or when the lesser wain
Is twisting round the polar star ;

Uncared for, gird the windy grove,
And flood the haunts of hern and crake ;
Or into silver arrows break
The sailing moon in creek and cove.

A. TENNYSON. (From *In Memoriam*.)

THE FOUNTAIN

INTO the sunshine,
Full of the light,
Leaping and flashing
From morn till night !

Into the moonlight,
Whiter than snow,
Waving so flower-like
When the winds blow!

Into the starlight,
Rushing in spray,
Happy at midnight,
Happy by day!

Ever in motion,
Blithesome and cheery,
Still climbing heavenward,
Never weary;

Glad of all weathers,
Still seeming best,
Upward or downward
Motion thy rest;

Full of a nature
Nothing can tame,
Changed every moment,
Ever the same;

Ceaseless aspiring,
Ceaseless content,
Darkness or sunshine
Thy element;

Glorious fountain!
Let my heart be
Fresh, changeful, constant,
Upward like thee!

J. R. LOWELL

WHEN ICICLES HANG BY THE WALL

WHEN icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail,
When blood is nipp'd, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-whit!
To-who!—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw,
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
 To-whit!
To-who!—a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

W. SHAKESPEARE. (From *Love's Labour's Lost*.)

WINTER RAIN

EVERY valley drinks,
Every dell and hollow;
Where the kind rain sinks and sinks,
Green of Spring will follow.

Yet a lapse of weeks
Buds will burst their edges,
Strip their wool-coats, glue-coats, streaks,
In the woods and hedges;

keel] skim.

Weave a bower of love
For birds to meet each other,
Weave a canopy above
Nest and egg and mother.

But for fattening rain
We should have no flowers,
Never a bud or leaf again
But for soaking showers ;

Never a mated bird
In the rocking tree-tops,
Never indeed a flock or herd
To graze upon the lea-crops.

Lambs so woolly white,
Sheep the sun-bright leas on,
They could have no grass to bite
But for rain in season :

We should find no moss
In the shadiest places,
Find no waving meadow-grass
Pied with broad-eyed daisies.

But miles of barren sand,
With never a son or daughter ;
Not a lily on the land,
Or lily on the water.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

II

THE OLD CLOAK

THIS winter's weather it waxeth cold,
And frost it freezeth on every hill,
And Boreas blows his blast so bold
That all our cattle are like to spill.
Bell, my wife, she loves no strife;
She said unto me quietly,
Rise up, and save cow Crumbock's life!
Man, put thine old cloak about thee!

He. O Bell, my wife, why dost thou flyte?
Thou kens my cloak is very thin:
It is so bare and overworn,
A crickè thereon cannot renn.
Then I'll no longer borrow or lend;
For once I'll new apparell'd be;
To-morrow I'll to town and spend;
For I'll have a new cloak about me.

She. Cow Crumbock is a very good cow:
She has been always true to the pail;
She has helped us to butter and cheese, I trow,
And other things she will not fail.
I would be loth to see her pine.
Good husband, counsel take of me:
It is not for us to go so fine—
Man, take thine old cloak about thee!

He. My cloak it was a very good cloak,
It hath been always true to the wear;
But now it is not worth a groat:
I have had it four and forty year.

spill] die.

flyte] scold.

crickè] cricket.

Sometime it was of cloth in grain :
'Tis now but a sigh clout, as you may see :
It will neither hold out wind nor rain ;
And I'll have a new cloak about me.

She. It is four and forty years ago
Sine the one of us the other did ken ;
And we have had betwixt us two,
Of children either nine or ten :
We have brought them up to women and men :
In the fear of God I trow they be.
And why wilt thou thyself misken ?
Man, take thine old cloak about thee !

He. O Bell my wife, why dost thou flyte ?
Now is now, and then was then :
Seek now all the world throughout,
Thou kens not clowns from gentlemen :
They are clad in black, green, yellow and blue,
So far above their own degree.
Once in my life I'll take a view ;
For I'll have a new cloak about me.

She. King Stephen was a worthy peer ;
His breeches cost him but a crown ;
He held them sixpence all too dear,
Therefore he called the tailor 'lown'.
He was a king and wore the crown,
And thou'se but of a low degree :
It's pride that puts this country down :
Man, take thy old cloak about thee !

Bell my wife, she loves not strife,
Yet she will lead me, if she can ;
And to maintain an easy life
I oft must yield, though I'm good-man.

in grain] of scarlet dye.

sigh clout] sieve cloth.

It's not for a man wi' a woman to threap,
Unless he first give o'er the plea:
As we began, so will we keep,
And I'll take my old cloak about me.

ANONYMOUS.

THE LAIRD O' COCKPEN

THE Laird o' Cockpen he's proud an' he's great,
His mind is ta'en up wi' the things o' the State;
He wanted a wife his braw house to keep,
But favour wi' wooin' was fashious to seek.

Doon by the dyke-side a lady did dwell,
At his table-head he thocht she'd look well;
M'Cleish's ae dochter, o' Clavers-ha' Lee,
A penniless lass wi' a lang pedigree.

His wig was weel pouter'd, as gude as when new;
His waistcoat was white, his coat it was blue;
He put on a ring, a sword, an' cocked hat,
An' wha could refuse the Laird wi' a' that?

He took the grey mare, he rade cannilie,
An' rapped at the yett o' Clavers-ha' Lee;
'Gae tell Mistress Jean to come speedily ben,—
She's wanted to speak wi' the Laird o' Cockpen.'

Mistress Jean she was makin' the elder-flow'r wine;
'An' what brings the Laird at sic a like time?'
She put aff her apron, an' on her silk goon,
Her mutch wi' red ribbons, an' gaed awa doon.

An' when she cam' ben he bowèd fu' low,
An' what was his errand he soon let her know;
Amazed was the Laird when the lady said 'Na!'
An' wi' a laigh curtsie she turned awa'!

threap] argue. fashious] fastidious. yett] gate. mutch] cap.

Dumfounder'd was he, but nae sigh did he gi'e,
He mounted his mare an' he rade cannilie;
An' often he thocht, as he gaed through the glen,
'She's daft to refuse the Laird o' Cockpen!'

LADY NAIRNE.

THE FAKENHAM GHOST

THE lawns were dry in Euston park;
(Here Truth inspires my tale)
The lonely footpath, still and dark,
Led over hill and dale.

Benighted was an ancient dame,
And fearful haste she made
To gain the vale of Fakenham
And hail its willow shade.

Her footsteps knew no idle stops,
But followed faster still,
And echoed to the darksome copse
That whispered on the hill;

Where clamorous rooks, yet scarcely hushed,
Bespoke a peopled shade,
And many a wing the foliage brushed,
And hovering circuits made.

The dappled herd of grazing deer,
That sought the shades by day,
Now started from her path with fear,
And gave the stranger way.

Darker it grew; and darker fears
Come o'er her troubled mind—
When now a short quick step she hears
Come patting close behind.

She turned ; it stopped ; nought could she see
Upon the gloomy plain !
But as she strove the sprite to flee,
She heard the same again.

Now terror seized her quaking frame,
For, where the path was bare,
The trotting Ghost kept on the same !
She muttered many a prayer.

Yet once again, amidst her fright,
She tried what sight could do ;
When through the cheating glooms of night
A monster stood in view.

Regardless of whate'er she felt,
It followed down the plain !
She owned her sins, and down she knelt
And said her prayers again.

Then on she sped ; and hope grew strong,
The white park gate in view ;
Which pushing hard, so long it swung
That Ghost and all passed through.

Loud fell the gate against the post !
Her heart-strings like to crack ;
For much she feared the grisly Ghost
Would leap upon her back.

Still on, pat, pat, the goblin went,
As it had done before ;
Her strength and resolution spent,
She fainted at the door.

Out came her husband, much surprised,
Out came her daughter dear ;
Good-natured souls ! all unadvised
Of what they had to fear.

The candle's gleam pierced through the night
Some short space o'er the green ;
And there the little trotting sprite
Distinctly might be seen.

An ass's foal had lost its dam
Within the spacious park ;
And simple as the playful lamb
Had followed in the dark.

No goblin he ; no imp of sin ;
No crimes had ever known ;
They took the shaggy stranger in,
And reared him as their own.

His little hoofs would rattle round
Upon the cottage floor ;
The matron learned to love the sound
That frightened her before.

A favourite the Ghost became,
And 'twas his fate to thrive ;
And long he lived and spread his fame,
And kept the joke alive.

For many a laugh went through the vale ;
And some conviction too :
Each thought some other goblin tale,
Perhaps, was just as true.

R. BLOOMFIELD.

ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF A MAD DOG

GOOD people all, of every sort,
Give ear unto my song ;
And if you find it wond'rous short,
It cannot hold you long.

In Islington there was a man,
Of whom the world might say;
That still a godly race he ran,
Whene'er he went to pray.

A kind and gentle heart he had,
To comfort friends and foes;
The naked every day he clad,
When he put on his clothes.

And in that town a dog was found,
As many dogs there be,
Both mongrel, puppy, whelp, and hound,
And curs of low degree.

This dog and man at first were friends;
But when a pique began,
The dog, to gain some private ends,
Went mad and bit the man.

Around from all the neighbouring streets
The wond'ring neighbours ran,
And swore the dog had lost his wits,
To bite so good a man.

The wound it seem'd both sore and sad
To every Christian eye;
And while they swore the dog was mad,
They swore the man would die.

But soon a wonder came to light,
That show'd the rogues they lied:
The man recover'd of the bite,
The dog it was that died.

O. GOLDSMITH.

THE SAILOR'S CONSOLATION

ONE night came on a hurricane,
The sea was mountains rolling,
When Barney Buntline slewed his quid,
And said to Billy Bowline :
' A strong nor'-wester 's blowing, Bill,
Hark ! don't ye hear it roar now !
Lord help 'em, how I pities them
Unhappy folks on shore now.

' Foolhardy chaps as live in towns,
What danger they are all in,
And now lie quaking in their beds,
For fear the roof should fall in !
Poor creatures, how they envies us,
And wishes, I've a notion,
For our good luck in such a storm,
To be upon the ocean !

' And as for them that's out all day,
On business from their houses,
And late at night returning home,
To cheer their babes and spouses ;
While you and I, Bill, on the deck
Are comfortably lying,
My eyes ! what tiles and chimney-pots
About their heads are flying !

' Both you and I have oft-times heard
How men are killed and undone,
By overturns from carriages,
By thieves, and fires in London.
We know what risks these landmen run,
From noblemen to tailors ;
Then, Bill, let us thank Providence
That you and I are sailors.'

CHARLES DIBDIN.

THE OLD NAVY

THE captain stood on the carronade: 'First lieutenant,'
says he,

'Send all my merry men aft here, for they must list
to me;

I haven't the gift of the gab, my sons—because I'm
bred to the sea;

That ship there is a Frenchman, who means to fight
with we.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long
as I've been to sea,

I've fought 'gainst every odds—but I've
gained the victory!

That ship there is a Frenchman, and if we don't
take *she*,

'Tis a thousand bullets to one, that she will cap-
ture *we*;

I haven't the gift of the gab, my boys; so each man
to his gun;

If she's not mine in half an hour, I'll flog each
mother's son.

For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long
as I've been to sea,

I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've
gained the victory!'

We fought for twenty minutes, when the Frenchman
had enough;

'I little thought,' said he, 'that your men were of
such stuff;'

Our captain took the Frenchman's sword, a low
bow made to *he*;

'I haven't the gift of the gab, monsieur, but polite
I wish to be.

And odds bobs, hammer and tongs, long
as I've been to sea,
I've fought 'gainst every odds—and I've
gained the victory !'

Our captain sent for all of us: 'My merry men,'
said he,

'I haven't the gift of the gab, my lads, but yet I
thankful be:

You've done your duty handsomely, each man stood
to his gun;

If you hadn't, you villains, as sure as day, I'd have
flogged each mother's son.

For odds bobs, hammer and tongs, as long
as I'm at sea,

I'll fight 'gainst every odds—and I'll gain
the victory !'

F. MARRYAT. (From *The Dog Fiend*.)

III

ON A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLD FISHES

'TWAS on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow ;
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her jòy declared ;
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat, that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw ; and purred applause.

Still had she gazed ; but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream :
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Thro' richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first and then a claw,
With many an ardent wish,
She stretch'd in vain to reach the prize.
What female heart can gold despise ?
What Cat 's averse to fish ?

Presumptuous Maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between.
(Malignant Fate sat by, and smiled.)
The slipp'ry verge her feet beguiled,
She tumbled headlong in.

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to ev'ry wat'ry god,
Some speedy aid to send.
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd :
Nor cruel *Tom*, nor *Susan* heard.
A Fav'rite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceived,
Know, one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold.
Not all that tempts your wand'ring eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize ;
Nor all that glisters, gold.

T. GRAY.

THE RETIRED CAT

A POET'S cat, sedate and grave,
As poet well could wish to have,
Was much addicted to inquire
For nooks, to which she might retire,
And where, secure as mouse in chink,
She might repose, or sit and think.
I know not where she caught the trick—
Nature perhaps herself had cast her
In such a mould PHILOSOPHIQUE,
Or else she learn'd it of her master.
Sometimes ascending, debonair,
An apple-tree or lofty pear,
Lodg'd with convenience in the fork,
She watched the gard'ner at his work;
Sometimes her ease and solace sought
In an old empty wat'ring pot,
There wanting nothing, save a fan,
To seem some nymph in her sedan,
Apparell'd in exactest sort,
And ready to be borne to court.

But love of change it seems has place
Not only in our wiser race;
Cats also feel as well as we
That passion's force, and so did she.
Her climbing, she began to find,
Expos'd her too much to the wind,
And the old utensil of tin
Was cold and comfortless within:
She therefore wish'd, instead of those,
Some place of more serene repose,
Where neither cold might come, nor air
Too rudely wanton with her hair,

And sought it in the likeliest mode
Within her master's snug abode.

A draw'r,—it chanc'd, at bottom lin'd
With linen of the softest kind,
With such as merchants introduce
From India, for the ladies' use,—
A draw'r impending o'er the rest,
Half open in the topmost chest,
Of depth enough, and none to spare,
Invited her to slumber there.
Puss with delight beyond expression,
Survey'd the scene, and took possession.
Recumbent at her ease ere long,
And lull'd by her own humdrum song,
She left the cares of life behind,
And slept as she would sleep her last,
When in came, housewifely inclin'd,
The chambermaid, and shut it fast,
By no malignity impell'd,
But all unconcious whom it held.

Awaken'd by the shock (cried puss)
Was ever cat attended thus!
The open draw'r was left, I see,
Merely to prove a nest for me,
For soon as I was well compos'd,
Then came the maid, and it was closed:
How smooth these 'kerchiefs, and how sweet,
O what a delicate retreat!
I will resign myself to rest
Till Sol, declining in the west,
Shall call to supper; when, no doubt,
Susan will come and let me out.

The evening came, the sun descended,
And puss remain'd still unattended.
The night roll'd tardily away,
(With her indeed 'twas never day)
The sprightly morn her course renew'd,

The evening gray again ensued,
And puss came into mind no more
Than if entomb'd the day before.
With hunger pinch'd, and pinch'd for room,
She now presag'd approaching doom,
Nor slept a single wink, or purr'd,
Conscious of jeopardy incurr'd.

That night, by chance, the poet watching,
Heard an inexplicable scratching;
His noble heart went pit-a-pat,
And to himself he said—what's that?
He drew the curtain at his side,
And forth he peep'd, but nothing spied.
Yet, by his ear directed, guess'd
Something imprison'd in the chest,
And doubtful what, with prudent care,
Resolv'd it should continue there.
At length a voice, which well he knew,
A long and melancholy mew,
Saluting his poetic ears,
Consol'd him, and dispell'd his fears;
He left his bed, he trod the floor,
He 'gan in haste the draw'rs explore,
The lowest first, and without stop,
The rest in order to the top.
For 'tis a truth well known to most,
That whatsoever thing is lost,
We seek it, ere it come to light,
In ev'ry cranny but the right.
Forth skipp'd the cat; not now replete
As erst with airy self-conceit,
Nor in her own fond apprehension
A theme for all the world's attention,
But modest, sober, cur'd of all
Her notions hyberbolical,
And wishing for a place of rest
Any thing rather than a chest:

Then stept the poet into bed,
With this reflexion in 'his head:

MORAL

Beware of too sublime a sense
Of your own worth and consequence!
The man who dreams himself so great,
And his importance of such weight,
That all around, in all that's done,
Must move and act for him alone,
Will learn, in school of tribulation,
The folly of his expectation.

W. COWPER.

THE DOG AND THE WATER-LILY

THE noon was shady, and soft airs
Swept Ouse's silent tide,
When 'scap'd from literary cares,
I wander'd on his side.

My spaniel, prettiest of his race,
And high in pedigree,
(Two nymphs, adorn'd with ev'ry grace,
That spaniel found for me)

Now wanton'd lost in flags and reeds,
Now starting into sight
Pursued the swallow o'er the meads
With scarce a slower flight.

It was the time when Ouse display'd
His lilies newly blown;
Their beauties I intent survey'd;
And one I wish'd my own.

With cane extended far I sought
To steer it close to land ;
But still the prize, though nearly caught,
Escap'd my eager hand.

Beau marked my unsuccessful pains
With fixt consid'rate face,
And puzzling set his puppy brains
To comprehend the case.

But with a chirrup clear and strong,
Dispersing all his dream,
I thence withdrew, and follow'd long
The windings of the stream.

My ramble finish'd, I return'd.
Beau trotting far before
The floating wreath again discern'd,
And plunging left the shore.

I saw him with that lily cropp'd
Impatient swim to meet
My quick approach, and soon he dropp'd
The treasure at my feet.

Charm'd with the sight, the world, I cried,
Shall hear of this thy deed,
My dog shall mortify the pride
Of man's superior breed ;

But, chief, myself I will enjoin,
Awake at duty's call,
To show a love as prompt as thine
To Him who gives me all.

W. COWPER.

EPITAPH ON A HARE

HERE lies, whom hound did ne'er pursue,
Nor swifter greyhound follow,
Whose foot ne'er tainted morning dew,
Nor ear heard huntsman's hallo',

Old Tiney, surliest of his kind,
Who, nurs'd with tender care,
And to domestic bounds confin'd,
Was still a wild Jack-hare.

Though duly from my hand he took
His pittance ev'ry night,
He did it with a jealous look,
And, when he could, would bite.

His diet was of wheaten bread,
And milk, and oats, and straw,
Thistles, or lettuces instead,
With sand to scour his maw.

On twigs of hawthorn he regal'd,
On pippins' russet peel;
And, when his juicy salads fail'd,
Slic'd carrot pleas'd him well.

A Turkey carpet was his lawn,
Whereon he lov'd to bound,
To skip and gambol like a fawn,
And swing his rump around.

His frisking was at evening hours,
For then he lost his fear;
But most before approaching show'rs,
Or when a storm drew near.

Eight years and five round-rolling moons
He thus saw steal away,
Dozing out all his idle noons,
And ev'ry night at play.

I kept him for his 'humour' sake,
For he would oft beguile
My heart of thoughts that made it ache,
And force me to a smile.

But now, beneath this walnut-shade
He finds his long, last home,
And waits in snug concealment laid,
'Till gentler Puss shall come.

He, still more aged, feels the shocks
From which no care can save,
And, partner once of Tiney's box,
Must soon partake his grave.

W. COWPER.

THE FAWN

WITH sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at mine own fingers nursed;
And as it grew so every day,
It waxed more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
I blushed to see its foot more soft,
And white, shall I say than my hand?
Nay, any lady's of the land!

It was a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.
With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;

And all the spring-time of the year
It only lovèd to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie ;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes ;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips even seemed to bleed ;
And then to me 'twould boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill ;
And its pure virgin limbs to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it lived long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

A. MARVELL. (*From The Nymph complaining for
the Death of her Fawn.*)

ON A FLY DRINKING OUT OF HIS CUP

BUSY, curious, thirsty fly!
Drink with me and drink as I :
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up :
Make the most of life you may,
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine
Hastening quick to their decline :
Thine's a summer, mine's no more,
Though repeated to threescore.
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one !

W. OLDYS.

TO A MOUSE, ON TURNING HER UP IN
HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH,
NOVEMBER, 1785.

WEE, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O what a panic's in thy breastie!
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle!
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murd'ring pattle!

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken Nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal!

I doubt na, whiles, but thou mayst thief;
What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!
A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request:
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin'!
An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green!
An' bleak December's winds ensuin',
Baith snell an' keen!

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste,
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till crash! the cruel coulter past
Out-thro' thy cell.

bickering brattle] scurrying rush. pattle] plough-spade.
daimen-icker] odd ear of corn. thrave] two dozen sheaves.

That wee bit heap o' leaves and stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble,
An' cranreuch cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,
In proving foresight may be vain:
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain
For promis'd joy.

Still thou art blest compar'd wi' me!
The present only toucheth thee:
But oh! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear!
An' forward tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear!

R. BURNS.

THE PARROT

A PARROT from the Spanish main,
Full young and early caged, came o'er,
With bright wings, to the bleak domain
Of Mullah's shore.

To spicy groves where he had won
His plumage of resplendent hue,
His native fruits, and skies, and sun,
He bade adieu.

For these he changed the smoke of turf,
A heathery land and misty sky,
And turned on rocks and raging surf
His golden eye.

But] without. thole] bear. cranreuch] hoar-frost. a-gley] awry.

But petted in our climate cold,
He lived and chattered many a day :
Until with age, from green and gold
His wings grew grey.

At last when blind, and seeming dumb,
He scolded, laugh'd, and spoke no more,
A Spanish stranger chanced to come
To Mullah's shore ;

He hail'd the bird in Spanish speech,
The bird in Spanish speech replied ;
Flapp'd round the cage with joyous screech,
Dropt down, and died.

T. CAMPBELL.

IV

THE HUNT IS UP

THE Hunt is up ! The Hunt is up !
And it is wellnigh day ;
And Harry our King is gone hunting,
To bring his deer to bay.

The East is bright with morning light ;
And darkness it is fled ;
And the merry horn wakes up the Morn,
To leave his idle bed.

Behold, the skies with golden dyes
Are glowing all around !
The grass is green, and so are the trees,
All laughing at the sound !

The horses snort to be at the sport,
The dogs are running free ;
The woods rejoice at the merry noise
Of Hey tantara tee ree !

The sun is glad to see us clad
All in our lusty green;
And smiles in the sky, as he riseth high
To see, and to be seen.

Awake, all men! I say again.
Be merry, as you may;
For Harry our king is gone hunting,
To bring his deer to bay.

W. GRAY.

A HUNTING SONG

THE dusky night rides down the sky,
And ushers in the morn;
The hounds all join in glorious cry,
The huntsman winds his horn.
Then a-hunting we will go.

The wife around her husband throws
Her arms, and begs him stay;
'My dear, it rains, it hails, it snows,
You will not hunt to-day?'
But a-hunting we will go.

A brushing fox in yonder wood
Secure to find we seek:
For why, I carried, sound and good,
A cartload there last week.
And a-hunting we will go.

Away he goes, he flies the rout,
Their steeds all spur and switch,
Some are thrown in, and some thrown out,
And some thrown in the ditch.
But a-hunting we will go.

At length his strength to faintness worn,
Poor Reynard ceases flight;
Then hungry, homeward we return,
To feast away the night.
Then a-drinking we do go.

H. FIELDING.

THE BALLAD OF EARL HALDAN'S DAUGHTER

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She looked across the sea;
She looked across the water;
And long and loud laughed she:
'The locks of six princesses
Must be my marriage fee,
So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Who comes a-wooing me?'

It was Earl Haldan's daughter,
She walked along the sand;
When she was aware of a knight so fair,
Came sailing to the land.
His sails were all of velvet,
His mast of beaten gold,
And 'Hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Who saileth here so bold?'

'The locks of five princesses
I won beyond the sea;
I clipt their golden tresses,
To fringe a cloak for thee.
One handful yet is wanting,
But one of all the tale;
So hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Furl up thy velvet sail!'

He leapt into the water,
That rover young and bold,
He gript Earl Haldan's daughter,
He clipt her locks of gold:
'Go weep, go weep, proud maiden,
The tale is full to-day.
Now hey bonny boat, and ho bonny boat!
Sail Westward ho! away!'

C. KINGSLEY.

BEFORE BATTLE

THE signal to engage shall be
A whistle and a hollo;
Be one and all but firm, like me,
And conquest soon will follow!
You, Gunnel, keep the helm in hand—
Thus, thus, boys! steady, steady,
Till right ahead you see the land,—
Then soon as we are ready,
—The signal to engage shall be
A whistle and a hollo;
Be one and all but firm like me,
And conquest soon will follow!

Keep, boys, a good look out, d'ye hear?
'Tis for old England's honour;
Just as you brought your lower tier
Broad-side to bear upon her,
—The signal to engage shall be
A whistle and a hollo;
Be one and all but firm, like me,
And conquest soon will follow!

All hands then, lads, the ship to clear;
Load all your guns and mortars;
Silent as death th' attack prepare;
And when you're all at quarters,

—The signal to engage shall be
A whistle and a hollo;
Be one and all but firm, like me,
And conquest soon will follow!

C. DIBDIN.

THE ARETHUSA

COME all ye jolly Sailors bold,
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,
While England's glory I unfold,
Huzza to the Arethusa.

She is a Frigate tight and brave,
As ever stemm'd the dashing wave;
Her men are staunch
To their fav'rite Launch,
And when the foe shall meet our fire,
Sooner than strike we'll all expire,
On board of the Arethusa.

'Twas with the spring-fleet she went out,
The English Channel to cruise about,
When four French sail, in show so stout,
Bore down on the Arethusa.
The fam'd *Belle Poule* straight ahead did lie,
The Arethusa seem'd to fly,
Not a sheet, or a tack,
Or a brace did she slack,
Tho' the Frenchmen laugh'd, and thought it stuff,
But they knew not the handful of men, how tough,
On board of the Arethusa.

On deck five hundred men did dance,
The stoutest they could find in France,
We, with two hundred, did advance,
On board of the Arethusa.

Our captain hail'd the Frenchman, ho!
The Frenchman cried out hallo!
 'Bear down, d'ye see
 To our Admiral's lee.'
'No, no,' says the Frenchman, 'that can't be.'
'Then I must lug you along with me,'
 Says the Saucy Arethusa.

The fight was off the Frenchman's land,
We forc'd them back upon their strand;
For we fought till not a stick would stand
 Of the gallant Arethusa.
And now we've driven the foe ashore,
Never to fight with Britons more,
 Let each fill a glass
 To his favourite lass!
A health to our Captain, and Officers true,
And all that belong to the jovial crew,
 On board of the Arethusa!

P. HOARE.

PIBROCH OF DONUIL DHU

PIBROCH of Donuil Dhu,
 Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
 Summon Clan-Conuil.
Come away, come away,
 Hark to the summons!
Come in your war array,
 Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
 From mountain so rocky,
The war-pipe and pennon
 Are at Inverlochy.

Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;
Leave the deer, leave the steer.
Leave nets and barges:
Come with your fighting gear,
Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
Forests are rended,
Come as the waves come, when
Navies are stranded:
Faster come, faster come,
Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come;
See how they gather!
Wide waves the eagle plume,
Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
Forward, each man, set!
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Knell for the onset!

W. SCOTT.

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

A GOOD sword and a trusty hand,
A merry heart and true:
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when?
And shall Trelawny die?
Here's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why!
Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he:
'If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawny free!
'We'll cross the Tamar, land to land—
The Severn is no stay—
With "one and all," and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay?
'And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth! come forth! ye cowards all;
Here's men as good as you.
'Trelawny he's in keep and hold,
Trelawny he may die;
But here's twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why!'

R. S. HAWKER.

BONNY DUNDEE

To the Lords of Convention 'twas Claver'se who
spoke,
'Ere the King's crown shall fall there are crowns to
be broke;
So let each Cavalier who loves honour and me,
Come follow the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
'Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle your horses, and call up your men;
Come open the West Port, and let me gang free,
And it's room for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!'

Dundee he is mounted, he rides up the street,
The bells are rung backward, the drums they are beat ;
But the Provost, douce man, said, 'Just e'en let him be,
The Gude Town is weel quit of that Deil of Dundee.'

Come fill up my cup, &c.

With sour-featured Whigs the Grassmarket was
cramm'd
As if half the West had set tryst to be hang'd ;
There was spite in each look, there was fear in
each e'e,
As they watch'd for the bonnets of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, &c.

These cowls of Kilmarnock had spits and had spears,
And lang-hafted gullies to kill Cavaliers ;
But they shrunk to close-heads, and the causeway
was free,
At the toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, &c.

He spurr'd to the foot of the proud Castle rock,
And with the gay Gordon he gallantly spoke ;
'Let Mons Meg and her marrows speak twa words
or three,
For the love of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.'

Come fill up my cup, &c.

The Gordon demands of him which way he goes—
'Where'er shall direct me the shade of Montrose !
Your Grace in short space shall hear tidings of me,
Or that low lies the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, &c.

'There are hills beyond Pentland, lands beyond Forth;
If there's lords in the Lowlands, there's chiefs in the
North;
There are wild Duniewassals, three thousand times
three,
Will cry *hoigh* for the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
' Come fill up my cup, &c.

'There's brass on the target of barken'd bull-hide
There's steel in the scabbard that dangles beside;
The brass shall be burnish'd, the steel shall flash free,
At a toss of the bonnet of Bonny Dundee.
Come fill up my cup, &c.

'Away to the hills, to the caves, to the rocks—
Ere I own an usurper, I'll couch with the fox;
And tremble, false Whigs, in the midst of your glee,
You have not seen the last of my bonnet and me!'
Come fill up my cup, &c.

He waved his proud hand, and the trumpets were
blown,
The kettle-drums clash'd, and the horsemen rode on,
Till on Ravelston's cliffs and on Clermiston's lee,
Died away the wild war-notes of Bonny Dundee.

Come fill up my cup, come fill up my can,
Come saddle the horses and call up the men,
Come open your gates, and let me gae free,
For it's up with the bonnets of Bonny Dundee!

W. SCOTT.

THE CAVALIER'S ESCAPE

TRAMPLE! trample! went the roan,
Trap! trap! went the gray;
But pad! pad! pad! like a thing that was mad,
My chestnut broke away.
It was just five miles from Salisbury town,
And but one hour to day.

Thud! thud! came on the heavy roan,
Rap! rap! the mettled gray;
But my chestnut mare was of blood so rare,
That she showed them all the way.
Spur on! spur on! I doffed my hat,
And wished them all good-day.

They splashed through miry rut and pool,
Splintered through fence and rail;
But chestnut Kate switched over the gate,
I saw them droop and tail.
To Salisbury town, but a mile of down,
Over this brook and rail.

Trap! trap! I heard their echoing hoofs
Past the walls of mossy stone;
The roan flew on at a staggering pace,
But blood is better than bone.
I patted old Kate and gave her the spur,
For I knew it was all my own.

But trample! trample! came their steeds,
And I saw their wolf's eyes burn;
I felt like a royal hart at bay,
And made me ready to turn.
I looked where highest grew the may,
And deepest arched the fern.

I flew at the first knave's sallow throat ;
One blow, and he was down.
The second rogue fired twice, and missed ;
I sliced the villain's crown,
Clove through the rest, and flogged brave Kate,
Fast, fast, to Salisbury town.

Pad! pad! they came on the level sward,
Thud! thud! upon the sand ;
With a gleam of swords, and a burning match,
And a shaking of flag and hand.
But one long bound, and I passed the gate,
Safe from the canting band.

G. W. THORNBURY.

‘HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS
FROM GHENT TO AIX’

I

I SPRANG to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three ;
‘Good speed!’ cried the watch, as the gate-bolts
undrew ;
‘Speed!’ echoed the wall to us galloping through ;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

II

Not a word to each other: we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our
place ;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

III

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
 Lokeren, the cocks crew and twilight dawned clear;
 At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;
 At Düffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
 And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the
 half-chime,
 So Joris broke silence with, 'Yet there is time!'

IV

At Aerschot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
 And against him the cattle stood black every one,
 To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
 And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
 With resolute shoulders, each butting away
 The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray.

V

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent
 back
 For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
 And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
 O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
 And the thick heavy spume-flakes which ay and anon
 His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

VI

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, 'Stay
 spur!
 Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
 We'll remember at Aix'—for one heard the quick
 whceze
 Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering
 knees,
 And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
 As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

VII

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
 Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
 The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
 'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like
 chaff;
 Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
 And 'Gallop,' gasped Joris, 'for Aix is in sight!'

VIII

'How they'll greet us!'—and all in a moment his roan
 Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
 And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
 Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
 With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
 And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

IX

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
 Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
 Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
 Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without
 peer;
 Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad
 or good,
 Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

X

And all I remember is, friends flocking round
 As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
 And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
 As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
 Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
 Was no more than his due who brought good news
 from Ghent.

R. BROWNING.

THE BALLAD OF THE BRAVE LORD WILLOUGHBY

THE fifteenth of July,
With glistening spear and shield,
A famous fight in Flanders
Was foughten in the field ;
The most courageous officers '
Were English captains three,
But the bravest man in battle
Was brave Lord Willoughby.

The next was Captain Morris,
A valiant man was he ;
The other, Captain Turner,
From field would never flee.
With fifteen hundred fighting men—
Alas, there were no more,—
They fought with fourteen thousand men
Upon the bloody shore.

' Stand to it, noble pikemen,
And look you round about !
And shoot you right, you bowmen,
And we will keep them out !
You musquet and caliver men,
Do you prove true to me ;
I'll be the foremost in the fight !'
Says brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the bloody enemy
They fiercely did assail ;
And fought it out most furiously,
Not doubting to prevail.
The wounded men on both sides fell,
Most piteous for to see,
Yet nothing could the courage quell
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

For seven hours, to all men's view,
The fight endured sore,
Until our men so feeble grew
That they could fight no more.
And then upon their dead horses
Full savoury they ate,
And drank the puddle-water—
They could not better get.

When they had fed so freely,
They kneelèd on the ground,
And praised God devoutly
For the favour they had found;
And beating up their colours,
The fight they did renew,
And turning tow'rds the Spaniard,
A thousand more they slew.

The sharp steel-pointed arrows
And bullets thick did fly;
Then did our valiant soldiers
Charge on most furiously;
Which made the Spaniards waver,
They thought it best to flee;
They feared the stout behaviour
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

And then the fearful enemy
Was quickly put to flight;
Our men pursued courageously
And caught their forces quite.
But at the last they gave a shout
Which echoed through the sky;
'God and Saint George for England!'
The conquerors did cry.

The news was brought to England,
With all the speed might be,
And soon our gracious Queen was told
Of this same victory.
'O this is brave Lord Willoughby,
My love that ever won;
Of all the Lords of honour
'Tis he great deeds hath done.'

To the soldiers that were maimèd
And wounded in the fray,
The Queen allowed a pension
Of fifteenpence a day:
And from all costs and charges
She quit and set them free;
And this she did all for the sake
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

Then, courage! noble Englishmen,
And never be dismayed:
If that we be but one to ten
We will not be afraid
To fight with foreign enemies,
And set our nation free;
And thus I end the bloody bout
Of brave Lord Willoughby.

ANONYMOUS.

CHEVY CHACE

I

GOD prosper long our noble king,
Our lives and safeties all;
A woeful hunting once there did
In Chevy-Chace befall;

To drive the deer with hound and horn
Erle Percy took his way;
The child may rue that is unborn,
The hunting of that day.

The stout Erle of Northumberland
A vow to God did make,
His pleasure in the Scottish woods
Three summer's days to take,

The chiefest harts in Chevy-Chace
To kill and bear away.
These tydings to Erle Douglas came,
In Scotland where he lay:

Who sent Erle Percy present word,
He wold prevent his sport.
The English Erle, not fearing that,
Did to the woods resort

With fifteen hundred bow-men bold,
All chosen men of might,
Who knew full well in time of neede
To ayme their shafts aright.

The gallant greyhounds swiftly ran,
To chase the fallow deere:
On Monday they began to hunt,
Ere daylight did appeare;

And long before high noone they had
An hundred fat buckes slaine;
Then having dined, the drovyers went
To rouse the deere againe.

The bow-men mustered on the hills,
Well able to endure;
Their backsides all with special care
That day were guarded sure.

The hounds ran swiftly through the woods,
The limble deere to take,
And with their cryes the hills and dales
An echo shrill did make.

Lord Percy to the quarry went,
To view the slaughtered deere :
Quoth he, 'Erle Douglas promised
This day to meet me here, '

'But if I thought he wold not come
No longer wold I stay.'
With that, a brave younge gentleman
Thus to the Erle did say :

'Lo, yonder doth Erle Douglas come,
His men in armour bright ;
Full twenty hundred Scottish speares
All marching in our sight ;

'All men of pleasant Tivydale,
Fast by the river Tweede ' :
'O, cease your sports,' Erle Percy said,
'And take your bowes with speede ;

'And now with me, my countrymen,
Your courage forth advance,
For there was never champion yet,
In Scotland or in France,

'That ever did on horsebacke come,
But if my hap it were,
I durst encounter man for man,
And with him break a speare.'

II

Erle Douglas on his milke-white steede,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of his company,
Whose armour shone like gold.

‘Show me,’ said he, ‘whose men ye be,
That hunt so boldly here,
That, without my consent, do chase
And kill my fallow-deere.’

The first man that did answer make,
Was noble Percy he ;
Who sayd, ‘We list not to declare,
Nor shew whose men we be,

‘Yet we will spend our dearest blood,
Thy chiefest harts to slay.’
Then Douglas swore a solemn oath,
And thus in rage did say :

‘Ere thus I will out-bravèd be,
One of us two shall dye:
I know thee well, an erle thou art ;
Lord Percy, so am I.

‘But trust me, Percy, pittye it were,
And great offence to kill
Any of these our guiltlesse men,
For they have done no ill.

‘Let thou and I the battle trye,
And set our men aside.’
‘Accurst be he,’ Erle Percy said,
‘By whom this is denied.’

Then stept a gallant squier forth,
Witherington was his name,
Who said, ‘I would not have it told
To Henry our king for shame,

‘That ere my captaine fought on foote,
And I stood looking on.
Ye be two erles,’ said Witherington,
‘And I a squier alone :

'Ile do the best that do I may,
While I have power to stand:
While I have power to wield my sword,
Ile fight with heart and hand.'

III

Our English archers bent their bowes,
Their hearts were good and trew,
At the first flight of arrowes sent,
Full fourscore Scots they slew.

Yet bides Erle Douglas on the bent,
As Chieftain stout and good.
As valiant Captain, all unmoved
The shock he firmly stood.

His host he parted had in three,
As leader ware and try'd,
And soon his spearmen on their foes
Bare down on every side.

Throughout the English archery
They dealt full many a wound;
But still our valiant Englishmen
All firmly kept their ground,

And, throwing strait their bowes away,
They grasped their swords so bright,
And now sharp blows, a heavy shower,
On shields and helmets light.

They closed full fast on every side,
No slackness there was found;
And many a gallant gentleman
Lay gasping on the ground.

O Christ! it was a griefe to see,
And likewise for to heare,
The cries of men lying in their gore,
And scattered here and there!

At last these two stout erles did meet,
Like captaines of great might:
Like lions wode, they laid on lode,
And made a cruel fight:

They fought untill they both did sweat
With swords of tempered steele;
Until the blood like drops of rain
They trickling down did feele.

'Yield thee, Lord Percy,' Douglas said;
'In faith I will thee bringe,
Where thou shalt high advanced be
By James our Scottish king:

'Thy ransome I will freely give,
And this report of thee,
Thou art the most courageous knight,
That ever I did see.'

'No, Douglas,' quoth Erle Percy then,
'Thy proffer I do scorne;
I will not yield to any Scot,
That ever yet was borne.'

With that, there came an arrow keene
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Erle Douglas to the heart,
A deep and deadly blow:

Who never spake more words than these,
'Fight on, my merry men all;
For why, my life is at an end;
Lord Percy sees my fall.'

Then leaving life, Erle Percy tooke
The dead man by the hand;
And said, 'Erle Douglas, for thy life
Wold I had lost my land!

'O Christ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake,
For sure, a more redoubted knight
Mischance could never take.'

A knight amongst the Scots there was,
Which saw Erle Douglas dye,
Who straight in wrath did vow revenge
Upon the Lord Percy.

Sir Hugh Mountgomery was he called
Who, with a speare most bright,
Well-mounted on a gallant steed,
Ran fiercely through the fight,

And past the English archers all,
Without or dread or feare,
And through Erle Percy's body then
He thrust his hateful speare.

With such a vehement force and might
He did his body gore,
The staff ran through the other side
A large cloth-yard, and more.

So thus did both these nobles dye,
Whose courage none could staine!
An English archer then perceived
The noble Erle was slaine:

He had a bow bent in his hand,
Made of a trusty tree;
An arrow of a cloth-yard long
Up to the head drew 'he;

Against Sir Hugh Mountgomerye
So right the shaft he set,
The grey goose-winge that was thereon
In his heart's bloode was wet.

This fight did last from breake of day
Till setting of the sun;
For when they rung the evening-bell,
The battle scarce was done.

IV

With stout Erle Percy, there was slaine
Sir John of Egerton,
Sir Robert Ratcliff, and Sir John,
Sir James, that bold barón;
And with Sir George and stout Sir James,
Both knights of good account,
Good Sir Ralph Raby there was slaine,
Whose prowess did surmount.
For Witherington needs must I wayle,
As one in doleful dumpes;
For when his legs were smitten off,
He fought upon his stumpes.
And with Erle Douglas, there was slaine
Sir Hugh Mountgomerye,
Sir Charles Murray, that from the field
One foote would never flee;
Sir Charles Murray, of Ratcliff, too,
His sister's sonne was he;
Sir David Lamb, so well esteemed,
Yet saved he could not be;
And the Lord Maxwell in like case
Did with Erle Douglas dye:
Of twenty hundred Scottish speares,
Scarce fifty-five did flye.
Of fifteen hundred Englishmen,
Went home but fifty-three:
The rest were slaine in Chevy-Chace,
Under the greene woode tree.

Next day did many widdowes come,
Their husbands to bewayle;
They washt their wounds in brinish teares,
But all wold not prevayle;

Their bodyes, bathed in purple gore,
They bore with them away;
They kist them dead a thousand times,
Ere they were clad in clay.

V

The newes was brought to Eddenborrow,
Where Scotland's king did raigne,
That brave Erle Douglas suddenlye
Was with an arrow slaine:

'O heavy newes,' King James did say,
'Scotland may witnesse be,
I have not any captaine more
Of such account as he.'

Like tydings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Was slaine in Chevy-Chace:

'Now God be with him,' said our king,
'Sith it will no better be;
I trust I have, within my realme,
Five hundred as good as he:

'Yet shall not Scots nor Scotland say,
But I will vengeance take:
Ile be revengèd on them all,
For brave Erle Percy's sake.'

This vow full well the king performed
After, at Humbledowne;
In one day, fifty knights were slayne,
With lords of great renowe,
And of the rest, of small account,
Did many thousands dye.
Thus endeth the hunting of Chevy-Chace,
Made by the Erle Percy.

God save our king, and bless this land
With plentye, joy, and peace,
And grant henceforth that foule debate
'Twixt noblemen may cease!

ANONYMOUS.

THE BATTLE OF OTTERBOURNE

It fell about the Lammas tide,
When the muir-men win their hay,
The doughty earl of Douglas rode
Into England, to catch a prey.

He chose the Gordons and the Græmes,
With them the Lindesays, light and gay;
But the Jardines wald not with him ride,
And they rue it to this day.

And he has burn'd the dales of Tyne,
And part of Bambrough shire;
And three good towers on Roxburgh fells,
He left them all on fire.

And he march'd up to Newcastle,
And rode it round about;
'O wha's the lord of this castle,
Or wha's the lady o't?'

But up spake proud Lord Percy, then,
And O but he spake hie!
'I am the lord of this castle,
My wife's the lady gay.'

'If thou'rt the lord of this castle,
Sae weel it pleases me!
For, ere I cross the border fells,
The tane of us shall die.'

He took a long spear in his hand,
Shod with the metal free,
And for to meet the Douglas there
He rode right furiouslie.

But O how pale his lady look'd
Frac aff the castle wa',
When down, before the Scottish spear,
She saw proud Percy fa'.

'Had we twa been upon the green,
And never an eye to see,
I wad hae had you, flesh and fell;
But your sword sall gae wi' me.'

'But gae ye up to Otterbourne,
And wait there dayis three;
And, if I come not ere three dayis end,
A fause knight ca' ye me.'

'The Otterbourne's a bonnie burn;
'Tis pleasant there to be;
But there is nought at Otterbourne
To feed my men and me.

'The deer rins wild on hill and dale,
The birds fly wild from tree to tree;
But there is neither bread nor kale
To fend my men and me.

‘Yet I will stay at Otterbourne,
Where you shall welcome be;
And, if ye come not at three dayis end,
A fause lord I’ll ca’ thee.’

‘Thither will I come,’ proud Percy said,
‘By the might of Our Ladye!’—
‘There will I bide thee,’ said the Douglas,
‘My trowth I plight to thee.’

They lighted high on Otterbourne,
Upon the bent sae brown;
They lighted high on Otterbourne,
And threw their pallions down.

And he that had a bonnie boy,
Sent out his horse to grass;
And he that had not a bonnie boy,
His ain servant he was.

But up then spake a little page,
Before the peep of dawn—
‘O waken ye, waken ye, my good lord,
For Percy’s hard at hand.’

‘Ye lie, ye lie, ye liar loud!
Sae loud I hear ye lie:
For Percy had not men yestreen,
To dight my men and me.

‘But I hae dream’d a dreary dream,
Beyond the Isle of Sky;
I saw a dead man win a fight,
And I think that man was I.’

He belted on his good braid sword,
And to the field he ran;
But he forgot the helmet good,
That should have kept his brain.

When Percy wi' the Douglas met,
I wat he was fu' fain!
They swakked their swords, till sair they swat,
And the blood ran down like rain.

But Percy with his good broad sword,
That could so sharply wound,
Has wounded Douglas on the brow,
Till he fell to the ground.

Then he call'd on his little foot-page,
And said—'Run speedilie,
And fetch my ain dear sister's son,
Sir Hugh Montgomery.'

'My nephew good,' the Douglas said,
'What recks the death of ane!
Last night I dream'd a dreary dream,
And I ken the day's thy ain.

'My wound is deep; I fain would sleep;
Take thou the vanguard of the three,
And hide me by the braken bush,
That grows on yonder lilye lee.

'O bury me by the braken bush,
Beneath the blooming briar,
Let never living mortal ken
That ere a kindly Scot lies here.'

He lifted up that noble lord,
Wi' the saut tear in his e'e;
He hid him in the braken bush,
That his merrie men might not see.

The moon was clear, the day drew near,
The spears in flinders flew,
But many a gallant Englishman
Ere day the Scotsmen slew.

The Gordons good, in English blood
They steep'd their hose and shoon;
The Lindsays flew like fire about,
Till all the fray was done.

The Percy and Montgomery met,
That either of other were fain;
They swappèd swords, and they twa swat,
And aye the blude ran down between.

'Yield thee, O yield thee, Percy!' he said,
'Or else I vow I'll lay thee low!'
'Whom to shall I yield,' said Earl Percy,
'Now that I see it must be so?'

'Thou shalt not yield to lord nor loun,
Nor yet shalt thou yield to me;
But yield thee to the braken bush,
That grows upon yon lilye lee!'

'I will not yield to a braken bush,
Nor yet will I yield to a briar;
But I would yield to Earl Douglas,
Or Sir Hugh the Montgomery, if he were here.'

As soon as he knew it was Montgomery,
He struck his sword's point in the gronde;
And the Montgomery was a courteous knight,
And quickly took him by the honde.

This deed was done at Otterbourne,
About the breaking of the day;
Earl Douglas was buried at the braken bush,
And the Percy led captive away.

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ANONYMOUS. (From Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Border*.)

HORATIUS

LARS Porsena of Clusium

By the Nine Gods he swore
That the great house of Tarquin
Should suffer wrong no more.
By the Nine Gods he swore it,
And named a trysting day,
And bade his messengers ride forth,
East and west and south and north,
To summon his array.

East and west and south and north
The messengers ride fast,
And tower and town and cottage
Have heard the trumpet's blast.
Shame on the false Etruscan
Who lingers in his home
When Porsena of Clusium
Is on the march for Rome.

The horsemen and the footmen
Are pouring in amain
From many a stately market-place,
From many a fruitful plain;
From many a lonely hamlet,
Which, hid by beech and pine,
Like an eagle's nest, hangs on the crest
Of purple Apennine.

And now hath every city
Sent up her tale of men;
The foot are fourscore thousand.
The horse are thousands ten:
Before the gates of Sutrium
Is met the great array.
A proud man was Lars Porsena
Upon the trysting day.

But by the yellow Tiber
Was tumult and affright:
From all the spacious champaign
To Rome men took their flight.
A mile around the city,
The throng stopped up the ways;
A fearful sight it was to see
Through two long nights and days.

Now, from the rock Tarpeian,
Could the wan burghers spy
The line of blazing villages
Red in the midnight sky.
The Fathers of the City,
They sat all night and day,
For every hour some horseman came
With tidings of dismay.

To eastward and to westward
Have spread the Tuscan bands;
Nor house, nor fence, nor dovecote
In Crustumerium stands.
Verbenna down to Ostia
Hath wasted all the plain;
Astur hath stormed Janiculum,
And the stout guards are slain.

I-wis, in all the Senate,
There was no heart so bold,
But sore it ached and fast it beat,
When that ill news was told.
Forthwith uprose the Consul,
Uprose the Fathers all;
In haste they girded up their gowns,
And hied them to the wall.

They held a council standing
Before the River-Gate;
Short time was there, ye well may guess,
For musing or debate.
Out spake the Consul roundly:
‘The bridge must straight go down;
For, since Janiculum is lost,
Nought else can save the town.’

Just then a scout came flying,
All wild with haste and fear:
‘To arms! to arms! Sir Consul:
Lars Porsena is here.’
On the low hills to westward
The Consul fixed his eye,
And saw the swarthy storm of dust
Rise fast along the sky.

And nearer fast and nearer
Doth the red whirlwind come;
And louder still and still more loud,
From underneath that rolling cloud,
Is heard the trumpet’s war-note proud,
The trampling, and the hum.
And plainly and more plainly
Now through the gloom appears,
Far to left and far to right,
In broken gleams of dark-blue light,
The long array of helmets bright,
The long array of spears.

Fast by the royal standard,
O’erlooking all the war,
Lars Porsena of Clusium
Sat in his ivory car.

By the right wheel rode Mamilius,
Prince of the Latian name;
And by the left false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame.

But when the face of Sextus
Was seen among the foes,
A yell that rent the firmament
From all the town arose.
On the housetops was no woman
But spat towards him and hissed,
No child but screamed out curses,
And shook its little fist.

But the Consul's brow was sad,
And the Consul's speech was low,
And darkly looked he at the wall,
And darkly at the foe.
'Their van will be upon us
Before the bridge goes down;
And if they once may win the bridge,
What hope to save the town?'

Then out spake brave Horatius,
The Captain of the Gate:
'To every man upon this earth
Death cometh soon or late.
And how can man die better
Than facing fearful odds,
For the ashes of his fathers,
And the temples of his Gods,

'And for the tender mother
Who dandled him to rest,
And for the wife who nurses
His baby at her breast,

And for the holy maidens
Who feed the eternal flame,
To save them from false Sextus,
That wrought the deed of shame?

‘Hew down the bridge, Sir Consul,
With all the speed ye may;
I, with two more to help me,
Will hold the foe in play.
In yon strait path a thousand
May well be stopped by three.
Now who will stand on either hand,
And keep the bridge with me?’

Then out spake Spurius Lartius;
A Ramnian proud was he:
‘Lo, I will stand at thy right hand,
And keep the bridge with thee.’
And out spake strong Herminius;
Of Titian blood was he:
‘I will abide on thy left side,
And keep the bridge with thee.’

‘Horatius,’ quoth the Consul,
‘As thou sayest, so let it be.’
And straight against that great array
Forth went the dauntless Three.
For Romans in Rome’s quarrel
Spared neither land nor gold,
Nor son nor wife, nor limb nor life,
In the brave days of old.

Now while the Three were tightening
Their harness on their backs,
The Consul was the foremost man
To take in hand an axe:

And Fathers mixed with Commons
Seized hatchet, bar, and crow,
And smote upon the planks above
And loosed the props below.

Meanwhile the Tuscan army,
Right glorious to behold,
Came flashing back the noonday light,
Rank behind rank, like surges bright
Of a broad sea of gold.
Four hundred trumpets sounded
A peal of warlike glee,
As that great host with measured tread,
And spears advanced, and ensigns spread,
Rolled slowly towards the bridge's head,
Where stood the dauntless Three.

The Three stood calm and silent,
And looked upon the foes,
And a great shout of laughter
From all the vanguard rose:
And forth three chiefs came spurring
Before that deep array;
To earth they sprang, their swords they drew,
And lifted high their shields, and flew
To win the narrow way;

Aunus from green Tifernum,
Lord of the Hill of Vines;
And Seius, whose eight hundred slaves
Sicken in Ilva's mines;
And Picus, long to Clusium
Vassal in peace and war,
Who led to fight his Umbrian powers
From that grey crag where, girt with towers,
The fortress of Nequinum lowers
O'er the pale waves of Nar.

Stout Lartius hurled down Aunus
 Into the stream beneath;
Herminius struck at Seius,
 And clove him to the teeth:
At Picus brave Horatius
 Darted one fiery thrust;
And the proud Umbrian's gilded arms
 Clashed in the bloody dust.

But now no sound of laughter
 Was heard among the foes,
A wild and wrathful clamour
 From all the vanguard rose.
Six spears' lengths from the entrance
 Halted that deep array,
And for a space no man came forth
 To win the narrow way.

But hark! the cry is 'Astur!'
 And lo! the ranks divide;
And the great Lord of Luna
 Comes with his stately stride.
Upon his ample shoulders
 Clangs loud the fourfold shield,
And in his hand he shakes the brand
 Which none but he can wield.

He smiled on those bold Romans
 A smile serene and high;
He eyed the flinching Tuscans,
 And scorn was in his eye.
Quoth he, 'The she-wolf's litter
 Stands savagely at bay:
But will ye dare to follow,
 If Astur clears the way?'

Then, whirling up his broadsword
With both hands to the height,
He rushed against Horatius,
And smote with all his might.
With shield and blade Horatius
Right deftly turned the blow.
The blow, though turned, came yet too nigh;
It missed his helm, but gashed his thigh:
The Tuscans raised a joyful cry
To see the red blood flow.

He reeled, and on Herminius
He leaned one breathing-space;
Then, like a wild cat mad with wounds,
Sprang right at Astur's face.
Through teeth, and skull, and helmet,
So fierce a thrust he sped,
The good sword stood a hand-breadth out
Behind the Tuscan's head.

And the great Lord of Luna
Fell at that deadly stroke,
As falls on Mount Alvernus
A thunder-smitten oak.
Far o'er the crashing forest
The giant arms lie spread;
And the pale augurs, muttering low,
Gaze on the blasted head.

On Astur's throat Horatius
Right firmly pressed his heel,
And thrice and four times tugged amain,
Ere he wrenched out the steel.
'And see,' he cried, 'the welcome,
Fair guests, that waits you here!
What noble Lucumo comes next
To taste our Roman cheer?'

But at his haughty challenge
A sullen murmur ran,
Mingled of wrath, and shame, and dread,
Along that glittering van.
There lacked not men of prowess,
Nor men of lordly race;
For all Etruria's noblest
Were round the fatal place.

But all Etruria's noblest
Felt their hearts sink to see
On the earth the bloody corpses,
In the path the dauntless Three:
And, from the ghastly entrance,
Where those bold Romans stood,
All shrank, like boys who unaware,
Ranging the woods to start a hare,
Come to the mouth of the dark lair
Where, growling low, a fierce old bear
Lies amidst bones and blood.

Was none who would be foremost
To lead such dire attack:
But those behind cried 'Forward!'
And those before cried 'Back!'
And backward now and forward
Wavers the deep array;
And on the tossing sea of steel,
To and fro the standards reel;
And the victorious trumpet-peal
Dies fitfully away.

But meanwhile axe and lever
Have manfully been plied;
And now the bridge hangs tottering
Above the boiling tide.

‘Come back, come back, Horatius!’
Loud cried the Fathers all.
‘Back, Lartius! back, Herminius!
Back, ere the ruin fall!’

Back darted Spurius Lartius;
Herminius darted back:
And, as they passed, beneath their feet
They felt the timbers crack.
But when they turned their faces,
And on the farther shore
Saw brave Horatius stand alone,
They would have crossed once more.

But with a crash like thunder
Fell every loosened beam,
And, like a dam, the mighty wreck
Lay right athwart the stream:
And a long shout of triumph
Rose from the walls of Rome,
As to the highest turret-tops
Was splashed the yellow foam.

And, like a horse unbroken
When first he feels the rein,
The furious river struggled hard,
And tossed his tawny mane,
And burst the curb, and bounded,
Rejoicing to be free,
And whirling down, in fierce career,
Battlement, and plank, and pier,
Rushed headlong to the sea.

Alone stood brave Horatius,
But constant still in mind;
Thrice thirty thousand foes before,
And the broad flood behind.

‘Down with him!’ cried false Sextus,
With a smile on his pale face.
‘Now yield thee,’ cried Lars Porsena,
‘Now yield thee to our grace.’

Round turned he, as not deigning
Those craven ranks to see;
Nought spake he to Lars Porsena,
To Sextus nought spake he;
But he saw on Palatinus
The white porch of his home;
And he spake to the noble river
That rolls by the towers of Rome.

‘Oh, Tiber! father Tiber!
To whom the Romans pray,
A Roman’s life, a Roman’s arms,
Take thou in charge this day!’
So he spake, and speaking sheathed
The good sword by his side,
And with his harness on his back
Plunged headlong in the tide.

No sound of joy or sorrow
Was heard from either bank;
But friends and foes in dumb surprise,
With parted lips and straining eyes,
Stood gazing where he sank;
And when above the surges
They saw his crest appear,
All Rome sent forth a rapturous cry,
And even the ranks of Tuscany
Could scarce forbear to cheer.

But fiercely ran the current,
Swollen high by months of rain:
And fast his blood was flowing;
And he was sore in pain,

And heavy with his armour,
And spent with changing blows:
And oft they thought him sinking,
But still again he rose.

Never, I ween, did swimmer,
In such an evil case,
Struggle through such a raging flood
Safe to the landing-place;
But his limbs were borne up bravely
By the brave heart within,
And our good father Tiber
Bare bravely up his chin.

‘Curse on him!’ quoth false Sextus;
‘Will not the villain drown?
But for this stay, ere close of day
We should have sacked the town!’
‘Heaven help him!’ quoth Lars Porsena.
‘And bring him safe to shore;
For such a gallant feat of arms
Was never seen before.’

And now he feels the bottom;
Now on dry earth he stands;
Now round him throng the Fathers
To press his gory hands;
And now, with shouts and clapping,
And noise of weeping loud,
He enters through the River-Gate,
Borne by the joyous crowd.

And still his name sounds stirring
Unto the men of Rome,
As the trumpet-blast that cries to them
To charge the Volscian home;
And wives still pray to Juno
For boys with hearts as bold
As his who kept the bridge so well
In the brave days of old.—LORD MACAULAY.

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

THIS is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys !
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norsemen's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamour,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade ;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

teocallis] terraced temples.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursèd instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and
courts,

Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorred!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain!

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

V

FOR A' THAT, AND A' THAT

Is there, for honest poverty,
That hangs his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by,
We dare be poor for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Our toils obscure, and a' that;
The rank is but the guinea stamp;
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What 'ho' on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-grey, and a' that ;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man 's a man for a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that ;
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is King o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie, ca'd a lord,
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that ;
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that :
For a' that, and a' that,
His riband, star, and a' that,
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can mak a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that ;
But an honest man 's aboon his might,
Guid faith he mauna fa' that !
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that,
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that ;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
May bear the gree, and a' that :
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man the world o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

R. BURNS.

birkie] spark.

coof] ninny.

gree] prize.

THE USEFUL PLOUGH

A COUNTRY life is sweet ;
In moderate cold and heat,
To walk in the air how pleasant and fair,
In every field of wheat,
The fairest of flowers adorning the bowers,
And every meadow's brow ;
So that, I say, no courtier may
Compare with they who clothe in grey,
And follow the useful plough.
They rise with the morning lark,
And labour till almost dark,
Then folding their sheep, they hasten to sleep ;
While every pleasant park
Next morning is ringing with birds that are singing
On each green, tender bough.
With what content and merriment,
Their days are spent, whose minds are bent
To follow the useful plough !

ANONYMOUS.

THE COUNTRYMAN

WHAT pleasures have great princes
More dainty to their choice,
Than herdmen wild, who careless
In quiet life rejoice ;
And fortune's favours scorning,
Sing sweet in summer morning ?
All day their flocks each tendeth ;
At night they take their rest ;
More quiet than who sendeth
His ship into the East,
Where gold and pearl are plenty,
But getting very dainty.

For lawyers and their pleading,
They 'steem it not a straw :
They think that honest meaning
Is of itself a law :
Where conscience judgeth plainly,
They spend no money vainly.

O happy who thus liveth,
Not caring much for go'd ;
With clothing, which sufficeth
To keep him from the cold :
Though poor and plain his diet,
Yet merry it is and quiet.

ANONYMOUS.

THE SHEPHERD

How sweet is the shepherd's sweet lot !
From the morn to the evening he strays ;
He shall follow his sheep all the day,
And his tongue shall be fillèd with praise.

For he hears the lamb's innocent call,
And he hears the ewe's tender reply ;
He is watchful while they are in peace,
For they know when their shepherd is nigh.

W. BLAKE.

THE SHEPHERD'S WIFE'S SONG

AH what is love ? It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too :
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest love to frown :
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires do gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

His flocks are folded, he comes home at night,
As merry as a king in his delight,

And merrier too :

For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds careless carol by the fire.

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curds, as doth the king his meat ;

And blither too :

For kings have often fears when they do sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup.

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound,
As doth the king upon his bed of down,

More sounder too :

For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill :

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe,
As doth the king at every tide or syth ;

And blither too :

For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
Where shepherds laugh, and love upon the land.

Ah then, ah then,

If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

R. GREENE.

syth] time.

THE WINDMILL

BEHOLD ! a giant am I !
Aloft here in my tower,
With my granite jaws I devour
The maize, and the wheat, and the rye,
And grind them into flour.

I look down over the farms ;
In the fields of grain I see
The harvest that is to be,
And I fling to the air my arms,
For I know it is all for me.

I hear the sound of flails
Far off, from the threshing-floors
In barns, with their open doors,
And the wind, and the wind in my sails,
Louder and louder roars.

I stand here in my place,
With my foot on the rock below,
And whichever way it may blow
I meet it face to face,
As a brave man meets his foe.

And while we wrestle and strive,
My master, the miller, stands
And feeds me with his hands ;
For he knows who makes him thrive,
Who makes him lord of lands.

On Sundays I take my rest ;
Church-going bells begin
Their low, melodious din ;
I cross my arms on my breast,
And all is peace within.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

UNDER a spreading chestnut-tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long;
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And he looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing-floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begin,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

A SCOTS SMITHY

WHEN Vulcan gies his bellows breath,
An' ploughmen gather wi' their graith,
O rare to see thee fizz an' freath

I' th' luggèd caup!

Then Burnewin comes on like death
At ev'ry chaup.

Nae mercy, then, for airn or steel;
The brawnie, banie, ploughman chiel
Brings hard owrehip, wi' sturdy wheel,
The strong forehammer,

Till block an' studdie ring an' reel
Wi' dinsome clamour.

R. BURNS. (From *Scotch Drink*.)

graith] tools. freath] froth. luggèd caup] bowl with ears.
Burnewin] Burn-the-wind. studdie] stithy.

VI

THE MINSTREL-BOY

THE Minstrel-boy to the war is gone,
In the ranks of death you'll find him;
His father's sword he has girded on,
And his wild harp slung behind him.—
'Land of song!' said the warrior-bard,
'Though all the world betrays thee,
One sword, at least, thy rights shall guard,
One faithful harp shall praise thee!'

The Minstrel fell—but the foeman's chain
Could not bring his proud soul under;
The harp he loved ne'er spoke again,
For he tore its cords asunder;
And said, 'No chains shall sully thee,
Thou soul of love and bravery!
Thy songs were made for the brave and free,
They shall never sound in slavery!'

T. MOORE.

SCOTS WHA HAE

ROBERT BRUCE'S ADDRESS TO HIS ARMY, BEFORE
THE BATTLE OF BANNOCKBURN

SCOTS, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,
Scots, wham Bruce has aften led,
Welcome to your gory bed,
Or to victorie.

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front of battle lour;
See approach proud Edward's power—
Chains and slaverie!

Wha will be a traitor knave?
Wha can fill a coward's grave?
Wha sae base as be a slave?
Let him turn and flee!

Wha for Scotland's King and Law
Freedom's sword will strongly draw,
Free-man stand, or free-man fa'?
Let him follow me!

By Oppression's woes and pains!
By your sons in servile chains!
We will drain our dearest veins,
But they shall be free!

Lay the proud usurpers low!
Tyrants fall in every foe!
Liberty's in every blow!
Let us do, or dee!

R. BURNS.

YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND

YE Mariners of England
That guard our native seas!
Whose flag has braved a thousand years
The battle and the breeze!
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe:
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow. -

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave:
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,

As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep;
Her march is o'er the mountain-waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean-warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

T. CAMPBELL.

ENGLAND'S DEAD

SON of the Ocean Isle!

Where sleep your mighty dead?
Show me what high and stately pile
Is reared o'er Glory's bed.

Go, stranger! track the deep—
Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
Where rest not England's dead.

On Egypt's burning plains,
By the pyramid o'erswayed,
With fearful power the noonday reigns,
And the palm-trees yield no shade;

But let the angry sun
From heaven look fiercely red,
Unfelt by those whose task is done!—
There slumber England's dead.

The hurricane hath might
Along the Indian shore,
And far by Ganges' banks at night
Is heard the tiger's roar;—

But let the sound roll on!
It hath no tone of dread
For those that from their toils are gone,—
There slumber England's dead.

Loud rush the torrent-floods
The Western wilds among,
And free, in green Columbia's woods,
The hunter's bow is strung;—

But let the floods rush on!
Let the arrow's flight be sped!
Why should they reck whose task is done?—
There slumber England's dead.

The mountain-storms rise high
In the snowy Pyrenees,
And toss the pine-boughs through the sky
Like rose-leaves on the breeze;—

But let the storm rage on!
Let the fresh wreaths be shed!
For the Roncesvalles' field is won,—
There slumber England's dead.

On the frozen deep's repose
 'Tis a dark and dreadful hour,
When round the ship the ice-fields close
 And the northern night-clouds lour;—

But let the ice drift on!
 Let the cold-blue desert spread!
Their course with mast and flag is done,—
 Even there sleep England's dead.

The warlike of the isles,
 The men of field and wave!
Are not the rocks their funeral piles,
 The seas and shores their grave?

Go, stranger! track the deep—
 Free, free the white sail spread!
Wave may not foam, nor wild wind sweep,
 Where rest not England's dead.

F. HEMANS.

CASABIANCA

THE boy stood on the burning deck,
 Whence all but he had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck
 Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
 As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
 A proud, though child-like form.

The flames roll'd on—he would not go,
 Without his father's word;
That father, faint in death below,
 His voice no longer heard.

He call'd aloud—' Say, father, say
If yet my task is done?'
He knew not that the chieftain lay
Unconscious of his son.

' Speak, father!' once again he cried,
' If I may yet be gone!'
—And but the booming shots replied,
And fast the flames roll'd on.'

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
And in his waving hair;
And look'd from that lone post of death,
In still, yet brave despair:

And shouted but once more aloud,
' My father! must I stay?'
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
They caught the flag on high,
And stream'd above the gallant child,
Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
The boy—oh, where was he?
—Ask of the winds that far around
With fragments strew'd the sea!—

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
That well had borne their part;
But the noblest thing which perish'd there
Was that young faithful heart.

F. HEMANS.

ON THE LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

TOLL for the brave—
The brave! that are no more :
All sunk beneath the wave,
Fast by their native shore.
Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side ;
A land-breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave—
Brave Kempenfelt is gone,
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.
It was not in the battle,
No tempest gave the shock,
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock ;
His sword was in the sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
Once dreaded by our foes,
And mingle with your cup
The tears that England owes ;
Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again,

Full charg'd with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main ;
But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his Eight hundred
Must plough the wave no more.

W. COWPER.

LOSS OF THE BIRKENHEAD

RIGHT on our flank the crimson sun went down,
The deep sea rolled around in dark repose,
When, like the wild shriek from some captured town,
A cry of women rose.

The stout ship Birkenhead lay hard and fast,
Caught, without hope, upon a hidden rock ;
Her timbers thrilled as nerves, when thro' them passed
The spirit of that shock.

And ever like base cowards, who leave their ranks
In danger's hour, before the rush of steel,
Drifted away, disorderly, the planks,
From underneath her keel.

Confusion spread, for, though the coast seemed near,
Sharks hovered thick along that white sea brink.
The boats could hold?—not all—and it was clear
She was about to sink.

'Out with those boats, and let us haste away,'
Cried one, 'ere yet yon sea the bark devours.'
The man thus clamouring was, I scarce need say,
No officer of ours.

We knew our duty better than to care
For such loose babblers, and made no reply,
Till our good colonel gave the word, and there
Formed us in line to die.

There rose no murmur from the ranks, no thought,
By shameful strength, unhonoured life to seek;
Our post to quit we were not trained, nor taught
To trample down the weak.

So we made women with their children go,
The oars ply back again and yet again;
Whilst, inch by inch, the drowning ship sank low,
Still under steadfast men.

What follows why recall? The brave who died,
Died without flinching in the bloody surf;
They sleep as well, beneath that purple tide,
As others, under turf;—

They sleep as well, and, roused from their wild grave,
Wearing their wounds like stars, shall rise again,
Joint heirs with Christ, because they bled to save
His weak ones, not in vain.

If that day's work no clasp or medal mark,
If each proud heart no cross of bronze may press,
Nor cannon thunder loud from Tower and Park,
This feel we, none the less:

That those whom God's high grace there saved from
ill—

Those also, left His martyrs in the bay—
Though not by siege, though not in battle, still
Full well had earned their pay.

F. H. DOYLE.

THE BRITISH SOLDIER IN CHINA

LAST night among his fellow-roughs

He jested, quaff'd, and swore :

A drunken private of the Buffs,

Who never look'd before.

To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,

He stands in Elgin's place,

Ambassador from Britain's crown,

And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,

Bewilder'd, and alone,

A heart, with English instinct fraught,

He yet can call his own.

Ay ! tear his body limb from limb ;

Bring cord, or axe, or flame !—

He only knows, that not through him

Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hopfields round him seem'd

Like dreams to come and go ;

Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,

One sheet of living snow :

The smoke above his father's door

In grey soft eddyings hung :—

Must he then watch it rise no more,

Doom'd by himself, so young ?

Yes, Honour calls !—with strength like steel

He puts the vision by :

Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;

An English lad must die !

And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,

With knee to man unbent,

Unflinching on its dreadful brink

To his red grave he went.

—Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed;
Vain, those all-shattering guns;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons!
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate
Who died, as firm as Sparta's king,
Because his soul was great.

F. H. DOYLE.

FRANKLIN

THE Polar clouds uplift—
A moment and no more—
And through the snowy drift
We see them on the shore—

A band of gallant hearts,
Well ordered, calm, and brave;
Braced for their closing parts—
Their long march to the grave.

Through the snow's dazzling blink,
Into the dark they've gone.
No pause: the weaker sink,
The strong can but strive on,

Till all the dreary way
Is dotted with their dead:
And the shy foxes play
About each sleeping head.

Unharm'd the wild deer run
To graze along the strand:
Nor dread the loaded gun
Beside each sleeping hand.

The remnant that survive
Onward like drunkards reel;
Scarce wotting if alive
But for the pangs they feel.

The river of their hope
At length is drawing nigh—
Their snow-blind way they grope,
And reach its banks to die!

Thank God: brave FRANKLIN'S place
Was empty in that band.
He closed his well-run race
Not on the iron strand.

Not under snow-clouds white,
By cutting frost-wind driven,
Did his true spirit fight
Its shuddering way to Heaven.

But warm, aboard his ship,
With comfort at his side,
And hope upon his lip,
The gallant FRANKLIN died.

His heart ne'er ached to see
His much-loved sailors ta'en;
His sailors' pangs were free
From their loved captain's pain.

But though in death apart,
They are together now;
Calm, each enduring heart—
Bright, each devoted brow!

From *Punch*, Oct. 8, 1859.

VII.

THERE'S NAE LUCK ABOUT THE HOUSE

FOR there's nae luck about the house,
There's nae luck at a',
There's little pleasure in the house,
When our gudeman's awa'.

And are ye sure the news is true?
And are ye sure he's weel?
Is this a time to think o' wark?
Ye jauds, fling by your wheel.
Is this a time to think o' wark,
When Colin's at the door?
Rax me my cloak—I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.

Rise up and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot;
Gie little Kate her cotton gown,
And Jock his Sunday coat.
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw;
It's a' to please my ain gudeman—
He likes to see them braw.

There's twa fat hens upon the bauk,
Been fed this month and mair,
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare.
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa'?

bauk] beam.

And gie to me my bigonet,
 My bishop-satin gown,
 For I maun tell the bailie's wife,
 That Colin's come to town.
 My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
 My hose o' pearl blue—
 'Tis a' to please my ain gudeman,
 For he's baith leal and true.

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech;
 His breath's like caller air;
 His very foot has music in't
 As he comes up the stair.
 And will I see his face again?
 And will I hear him speak?
 I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought:
 In troth, I'm like to greet.

W. J. MICKLE. (?)

AULD LANG SYNE

SHOULD auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And never brought to min'?
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot,
 And days o' lang syne?

We twa hae rin about the braes,
 And pu'd the gowans fine;
 But we've wander'd monie a weary fit
 Sin' auld lang syne.

We twa hae paidl't i' the burn,
 Frae mornin' sun till dine;
 But seas between us braid hae roar'd
 Sin' auld lang syne.

And here's a hand, my trusty fiere,
And gie's a hand o' thine;
And we'll tak a right guid-willie waught
For auld lang syne.

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,
And surely I'll be mine;
And we'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne!

For auld lang syne, my dear,
For auld lang syne,
We'll tak a cup o' kindness yet
For auld lang syne.

R. BURNS.

JOHN ANDERSON MY JO.

JOHN ANDERSON my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither;
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither:
Now we maun totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo.

R. BURNS.

fiere] comrade. waught] draught. brent] smooth. canty] cheerful.

MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS

My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.
Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North,
The birth-place of valour, the country of worth ;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

Farewell to the mountains, high cover'd with snow ;
Farewell to the straths and green valleys below ;
Farewell to the forests and wild-hanging woods ;
Farewell to the torrents and loud-pouring floods.
My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here ;
My heart's in the Highlands a-chasing the deer ;
Chasing the wild deer, and following the roe,
My heart's in the Highlands, wherever I go.

R. BURNS.

THE SUN RISES BRIGHT IN FRANCE

THE sun rises bright in France,
And fair sets he ;
But he has tint the blythe blink he had
In my ain countree.

O, it's nae my ain ruin
That saddens aye my e'e,
But the dear Marie I left behin'
Wi' sweet bairnies three.

tint] lost.

My lancelly hearth burn'd bonnie,
And smiled my ain Marie; '
I've left a' my heart behin'
In my ain countree.

The bud comes back to summer,
And the blossom to the bee;
But I'll win back, O never,
To my ain countree.

O, I am leal to high Heaven,
Where soon I hope to be,
An' there I'll meet ye a' soon
Frae my ain countree!

A. CUNNINGHAM.

VERSES

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ALEXANDER SELKIRK
DURING HIS SOLITARY ABODE IN THE ISLAND OF
JUAN FERNANDEZ

I AM monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute:
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
Oh, solitude! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,
Than reign in this horrible place.
I am out of humanity's reach,
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech;
I start at the sound of my own.
The beasts, that roam over the plain,
My form with indifference see;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love,
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
Oh, had I the wings of a dove,
How soon would I taste you again!
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word!
More precious than silver and gold,
Or all that this earth can afford.
But the sound of the church-going bell
These valleys and rocks never heard,
Ne'er sigh'd at the sound of a knell,
Or smil'd when a sabbath appear'd.

Ye winds, that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more.
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar'd with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift wing'd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land,
In a moment I seem to be there;
But alas! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the sea-fowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair
Ev'n here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There is mercy in every place;
And mercy, encouraging thought!
Gives even affliction a grace,
And reconciles man to his lot.

W. COWPER.

TOM BOWLING

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has broach'd him to.
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft,
Faithful, below, he did his duty;
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many and true-hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah, many's the time and oft!
But mirth is turned to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
When He, who all commands,
Shall give, to call life's crew together,
The word to pipe all hands.

Thus Death, who kings and tars dispatches,
In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
For though his body's under hatches,
His soul has gone aloft.

C. DIBDIN.

VIII

THE BLIND BOY

O SAY what is that thing call'd Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy;
What are the blessings of the sight,
O tell your poor blind boy!

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

C. CIBBER.

THE BLIND LASSIE

O HARK to the strain that sae sweetly is ringin'
And echoing clearly o'er lake and o'er lea,
Like some fairy bird in the wilderness singin';
It thrills to my heart, yet nae minstrel I see.
Round yonder rock knittin', a dear child is sittin',
Sae toilin' her pitifu' pittance is won,
Hersel' tho' we see nae, 'tis mitherless Jeanie,—
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

Five years syne come autumn she cam' wi' her mither,
A sodger's puir widow, sair wasted an' gane;
As brown fell the leaves, sae wi' them did she wither,
And left the sweet child on the wide world her lane.
She left Jeanie weepin', in His Holy keepin'
Wha shelters the lamb frae the cauld wintry win';
We had little siller, yet a' were good till her,
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

An' blythe now an' cheerfu', frae mornin' to e'enin'
She sits thro' the simmer, an' gladdens ilk ear;
Baith aul' and young daut her, sae gentle and winnin';
To a' the folks round the wee lassie is dear.
Braw leddies caress her, wi' bounties would press her;
The modest bit darlin' their notice would shun;
For though she has naething, proud-hearted this wee
thing,
The bonnie blind lassie that sits i' the sun.

T. C. LATTO.

THE MITHERLESS BAIRN

WHEN a' ither bairnies are hushed to their hame,
By aunty or cousin, or frecky grand-dame,
Wha stans last and lanely, an' naebody carin'?
'Tis the puir doited loonie—the mitherless bairn.

daut] pct. frecky] fussily fond. doited] stupid.

The mitherless bairn gangs till his lane bed,
Nane covers his cauld back, or haps his bare head;
His wee hackit heelies are hard as the airn,
An' litheless the lair o' the mitherless bairn.

O speak him nae harshly—he trembles the while,
He bends to your bidding, and blesses your smile!
In their dark hour o' anguish the heartless shall learn
That God deals the blow for the mitherless bairn.

W. THOM.

THE GRAVES OF A HOUSEHOLD

THEY grew in beauty side by side,
They filled one home with glee,
Their graves are severed far and wide,
By mount, and stream, and sea.
The same fond mother bent at night
O'er each fair sleeping brow,
She had each folded flower in sight,
Where are those dreamers now?

One midst the forests of the West,
By a dark stream, is laid;
The Indian knows his place of rest
Far in the cedar's shade.
The sea, the blue lone sea, hath one,
He lies where pearls lie deep,
He was the loved of all, yet none
O'er his low bed may weep.

One sleeps where southern vines are drest
Above the noble slain;
He wrapt his colours round his breast
On a blood-red field of Spain.

litheless] comfortless.

And one, o'er her the myrtle showers
Its leaves, by soft winds fann'd ;
She faded midst Italian flowers,
The last of that bright band.

And, parted thus, they rest—who played
Beneath the same green tree,
Whose voices mingled as they prayed
Around ore parent knee!
They that with smiles lit up the hall,
And cheered with song the hearth
Alas for love, if thou wert all,
And nought beyond, oh earth!

F. HEMANS.

LUCY GRAY ;

OR, SOLITUDE

OFT I had heard of Lucy Gray :
And, when I crossed the wild,
I chanced to see at break of day
The solitary child.

No mate, no comrade Lucy knew ;
She dwelt on a wide moor,
—The sweetest thing that ever grew
Beside a human door!

You yet may spy the fawn at play,
The hare upon the green ;
But the sweet face of Lucy Gray
Will never more be seen.

'To-night will be a stormy night—
You to the town must go ;
And take a lantern, Child, to light
Your mother through the snow.'

‘That, Father! will I gladly do :
’Tis scarcely afternoon—
The minster-clock has just struck two,
And yonder is the moon!’

At this the Father raised his hook,
And snapped a faggot band ;
He plied his work ;—and Lucy took
The lantern in her hand.

Not blither is the mountain roe :
With many a wanton stroke
Her feet disperse the powdery snow,
That rises up like smoke.

The storm came on before its time :
She wandered up and down ;
And many a hill did Lucy climb :
But never reached the town.

The wretched parents all that night
Went shouting far and wide ;
But there was neither sound nor sight
To serve them for a guide.

At day-break on a hill they stood
That overlooked the moor ;
And thence they saw the bridge of wood,
A furlong from their door.

They wept—and, turning homeward, cried,
‘In heaven we all shall meet ;’
—When in the snow the mother spied
The print of Lucy’s feet.

Then downwards from the steep hill’s edge
They tracked the footmarks small ;
And through the broken hawthorn hedge,
And by the long stone-wall ;

And then an open field they crossed:
The marks were still the same;
They tracked them on, nor ever lost;
And to the bridge they came.

They followed from the snowy bank
Those footmarks, one by one,
Into the middle of the plank;
And further there were none!

—Yet some maintain that to this day
She is a living child;
That you may see sweet Lucy Gray
Upon the lonesome wild.

O'er rough and smooth she trips along,
And never looks behind;
And sings a solitary song
That whistles in the wind.

W. WORDSWORTH.

THE SANDS OF DEE

'O MARY, go and call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home,
And call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee;'
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
And o'er and o'er the sand,
And round and round the sand,
As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land:
And never home came she.

' Oh, is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
 A tress of golden hair,
 A drownèd maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
 Among the stakes on Dee.'

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
 The cruel crawling foam,
 The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea:
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
 Across the sands of Dee.

C. KINGSLEY.

THE THREE FISHERS

THREE fishers went sailing away to the west,
 Away to the west as the sun went down ;
Each thought on the woman who loved him the
 best,
 And the children stood watching them out of the
 town ;
For men must work, and women must weep,
And there's little to earn, and many to keep,
 Though the harbour bar be moaning.

Three wives sat up in the lighthouse tower,
 And they trimmed the lamps as the sun went
 down ;
They looked at the squall, and they looked at the
 shower,
 And the night-rack came rolling up ragged and
 brown ;
But men must work, and women must weep,
Though storms be sudden, and waters deep,
 And the harbour bar be moaning.

Three corpses lay out on the shining sands,
In the evening gleam, as 'the sun went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come back to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner 'tis over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

C. KINGSLEY.

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

OUR bugles sang truce—for the night-cloud had
lowered

And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battlefield's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track;
'Twas autumn—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers
sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to
part;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

‘ Stay, stay with us—rest, thou art weary and worn ;’
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

T. CAMPBELL.

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A CHIEFTAIN to the Highlands bound
Cries ‘ Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry !’

‘ Now who be ye would cross Lochgyle,
This dark and stormy water ?’
‘ Oh I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

‘ And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

‘ His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ?’

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
‘ I'll go, my chief, I'm ready :
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady :—

‘ And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry.’

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode armèd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

'O haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,
'Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.'

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, O! too strong for human hand
The tempest gathered o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief,
'Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O my daughter!'

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

T. CAMPBELL.

THE WRECK OF THE HESPERUS

It was the schooner Hesperus,
That sailed the wintry sea;
And the skipper had taken his little daughter,
To bear him company.

Blue were her eyes as the fairy-flax,
Her cheeks like the dawn of day,
And her bosom white as the hawthorn buds
That ope in the month of May.

The skipper he stood beside the helm,
His pipe was in his mouth,
And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now West, now South.

Then up and spake an old sailór,
Had sailed the Spanish Main,
'I pray thee, put into yonder port,
For I fear a hurricane.

'Last night the moon had a golden ring,
And to-night no moon we see!'
The skipper he blew a whiff from his pipe,
And a scornful laugh laughed he.

Colder and louder blew the wind,
A gale from the North-east,
The snow fell hissing in the brine,
And the billows frothed like yeast.

Down came the storm, and smote amain
The vessel in its strength;
She shuddered and paused, like a frightened steed,
Then leaped her cable's length.

‘Come hither! come hither! my little daughter,
And do not tremble so;
For I can weather the roughest gale
That ever wind did blow.’

He wrapped her warm in his seaman’s coat
Against the stinging blast;
He cut a rope from a broken spar,
And bound her to the mast.

‘O father! I hear the church-bells ring,
O say, what may it be?’
‘’Tis a fog-bell on a rock-bound coast!’—
And he steered for the open sea.

‘O father! I hear the sound of guns,
O say, what may it be?’
‘Some ship in distress, that cannot live
In such an angry sea!’

‘O father! I see a gleaming light,
O say, what may it be?’
But the father answered never a word,
A frozen corpse was he.

Lashed to the helm, all stiff and stark,
With his face turned to the skies,
The lantern gleamed through the gleaming snow
On his fixed and glassy eyes.

Then the maiden clasped her hands and prayed
That saved she might be;
And she thought of Christ, who stilled the wave
On the Lake of Galilee.

And fast through the midnight dark and drear,
Through the whistling sleet and snow,
Like a sheeted ghost the vessel swept
Towards the reef of Norman’s Woe.

And ever the fitful gusts between
A sound came from the land;
It was the sound of the trampling surf
On the rocks and the hard sea-sand.

The breakers were right beneath her bows,
She drifted a dreary wreck,
And a whooping billow swept the crew
Like icicles from her deck.

She struck where the white and fleecy waves
Looked soft as carded wool,
But the cruel rocks they gored her side
Like the horns of an angry bull.

Her rattling shrouds, all sheathed in ice,
With the masts went by the board;
Like a vessel of glass she stove and sank,—
Ho! ho! the breakers roared!

At daybreak on the bleak sea-beach
A fisherman stood aghast,
To see the form of a maiden fair
Lashed close to a drifting mast.

The salt sea was frozen on her breast,
The salt tears in her eyes;
And he saw her hair, like the brown sea-weed,
On the billows fall and rise.

Such was the wreck of the Hesperus,
In the midnight and the snow!
Christ save us all from a death like this,
On the reef of Norman's Woe!

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SIR HUMPHREY GILBERT

SOUTHWARD with fleet of ice
Sailed the corsair Death ;
Wild and fast blew the blast,
And the east-wind was his breath.

His lordly ships of ice
Glisten in the sun ;
On each side, like pennons wide,
Flashing crystal streamlets run.

His sails of white sea-mist
Dripped with silver rain ;
But where he passed there were cast
Leaden shadows o'er the main.

Eastward from Campobello
Sir Humphrey Gilbert sailed ;
Three days or more seaward he bore,
Then, alas ! the land-wind failed.

Alas ! the land-wind failed,
And ice-cold grew the night ;
And never more, on sea or shore,
Should Sir Humphrey see the light.

He sat upon the deck,
The Book was in his hand ;
'Do not fear ! Heaven is as near,'
He said, 'by water as by land !'

In the first watch of the night,
Without a signal's sound,
Out of the sea, mysteriously,
The fleet of Death rose all around.

The moon and the evening star
Were hanging in the shrouds ;
Every mast, as it passed,
Seemed to rake the passing clouds.

They grappled with their prize,
At midnight black and cold !
As of a rock was the shock ;
Heavily the ground-swell rolled.

Southward through day and dark
They drift in close embrace,
With mist and rain o'er the open main ;
Yet there seems no change of place.

Southward, for ever southward,
They drift through dark and day ;
And like a dream, in the Gulf-Stream
Sinking, vanish all away.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

SIR PATRICK SPENS

I. The Sailing

THE king sits in Dunfermline town
Drinking the blude-red wine ;
'O whare will I get a skeely skipper
To sail this new ship o' mine ?'

O up and spak an eldern knight,
Sat at the king's right knee ;
'Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor
That ever sail'd the sea.'

Our king has written a braid letter,
And seal'd it with his hand,
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens,
Was walking on the strand.

'To Noroway, to Noroway,
To Noroway o'er the faem;
The king's daughter o' Noroway,
'Tis thou must bring her hame.'

The first word that Sir Patrick read
So loud, loud laugh'd he;
The neist word that Sir Patrick read
The tear blinded his e'e.

'O wha is this has done this deed
And tauld the king o' me,
To send us out, at this time o' year,
To sail upon the sea?

'Be it wind, be it weet, be it hail, be it sleet,
Our ship must sail the faem;
The king's daughter o' Noroway,
'Tis we must fetch her hame.'

They hoysed their sails on Monenday morn
Wi' a' the speed they may;
They hae landed in Noroway
Upon a Wodensday.

II. *The Return*

'Mak ready, mak ready, my merry men a'!
Our gude ship sails the morn.'
'Now ever alack, my master dear,
I fear a deadly storm.

'I saw the new moon late yestreen
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;
And if we gang to sea, master,
I fear we'll come to harm.'

They hadna sail'd a leag'ie, a league,
A league but barely three,
When the lift grew dark, and the wind blew loud,
And gurly grew the sea.

The ankers brak, and the topmast lap,
It was sic a deadly storm:
And the waves cam owre the broken ship
Till a' her sides were torn.

'Go fetch a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And wap them into our ship's side,
And let nae the sea come in.'

They fetch'd a web o' the silken claith,
Another o' the twine,
And they wapp'd them round that gude ship's side,
But still the sea came in.

O laith, laith were our gude Scots lords
To wet their cork-heel'd shoon;
But lang or a' the play was play'd
They wat their hats aboon.

And mony was the feather bed
That flatter'd on the faem;
And mony was the gude lord's son
That never mair cam hame.

O lang, lang may the ladies sit,
Wi' their fans into their hand,
Before they see Sir Patrick Spens
Come sailing to the strand!

And lang, lang may the maidens sit
Wi' their gowd kames in their hair,
A-waiting for their ain dear loves!
For them they'll see nae mair.

lift] sky. lap] sprang.

Half-owre, half-owre to Aberdour,
'Tis fifty fathoms deep;
And there lies gude Sir Patrick Spens,
Wi' the Scots lords at his feet!

ANONYMOUS.

VISION OF BELSHAZZAR

I

THE King was on his throne,
The Satraps throng'd the hall:
A thousand bright lamps shone
O'er that high festival.
A thousand cups of gold,
In Judah deem'd divine—
Jehovah's vessels hold
The godless Heathen's wine!

II

In that same hour and hall,
'The fingers of a hand
Came forth against the wall,
And wrote as if on sand:
The fingers of a man;—
A solitary hand
Along the letters ran,
And traced them like a wand.

III

The monarch saw, and shook,
And bade no more rejoice;
All bloodless wax'd his look,
And tremulous his voice.
'Let the men of lore appear,
The wisest of the earth,
And expound the words of fear,
Which mar our royal mirth.'

IV

Chaldea's seers are good,
 But here they have no skill;
 And the unknown letters stood
 Untold and awful still.
 And Babel's men of age
 Are wise and deep in lore;
 But now they were not sage,
 They saw—but knew no more.

V

A captive in the land,
 A stranger and a youth,
 He heard the king's command,
 He saw that writing's truth.
 The lamps around were bright,
 The prophecy in view;
 He read it on that night,—
 The morrow proved it true

VI

'Belshazzar's grave is made,
 His kingdom pass'd away,
 He, in the balance weigh'd,
 Is light and worthless clay;
 The shroud his robe of state,
 His canopy the stone;
 The Mede is at his gate!
 The Persian on his throne!'

LORD BYRON.

THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB

I

THE Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold,
And his cohorts were gleaming in purple and gold;
And the sheen of their spears was like stars on the
 sea,
When the blue wave rolls nightly on deep Galilee.

II

Like the leaves of the forest when Summer is green,
That host with their banners at sunset were seen :
Like the leaves of the forest when Autumn hath
 blown,
That host on the morrow lay wither'd and strown.

III

For the Angel of Death spread his wings on the
 blast,
And breathed in the face of the foe as he pass'd;
And the eyes of the sleepers wax'd deadly and chill,
And their hearts but once heaved, and for ever grew
 still!

IV

And there lay the steed with his nostril all wide,
But through it there roll'd not the breath of his
 pride;
And the foam of his gasping lay white on the turf,
And cold as the spray of the rock-beating surf.

V

And there lay the rider distorted and pale,
With the dew on his brow, and the rust on his
 mail;
And the tents were all silent, the banners alone,
The lances unlifted, the trumpet unblown.

VI

And the widows of Ashur are loud in their wail,
And the idols are broke in the temple of Baal;
And the might of the Gentile, unsmote by the
sword,
Hath melted like snow in the glance of the Lord!
LORD BYRON.

THE NORMAN BARON

IN his chamber, weak and dying,
Was the Norman baron lying;
Loud, without, the tempest thundered,
And the castle-turret shook.

In this fight was Death the gainer,
Spite of vassal and retainer,
And the lands his sires had plundered,
Written in the Doomsday Book.

By his bed a monk was seated,
Who in humble voice repeated
Many a prayer and pater-noster,
From the missal on his knee;

And, amid the tempest pealing,
Sounds of bells came faintly stealing,
Bells, that from the neighbouring kloster
Rang for the Nativity.

In the hall the serf and vassal
Held, that night, their Christmas wassail;
Many a carol, old and saintly,
Sang the minstrels and the wais;

And so loud these Saxon gleemen
Sang to slaves the songs of freemen,
That the storm was heard but faintly,
Knocking at the castle-gates.

Till at length the hymns they chanted
Reached the chamber terror-haunted,
Where the monk, with accents holy,
Whispered at the baron's ear.

Tears upon his eyelids glistened,
As he paused awhile and listened,
And the dying baron slowly
Turned his weary head to hear.

'Wassail for the kingly stranger
Born and cradled in the manger!
King like David, priest like Aaron,
Christ is born to set us free!'

And the lightning showed the sainted
Figures on the casement painted,
And exclaimed the shuddering baron,
'Miserere, Domine!'

In that hour of deep contrition
He beheld, with clearer vision,
Through all outward show and fashion,
Justice, the Avenger, rise.

All the pomp on earth had vanished,
Falsehood and deceit were banished,
Reason spake more loud than passion,
And the truth wore no disguise.

Every vassal of his banner,
Every serf born to his manor,
All those wronged and wretched creatures,
By his hand were freed again.

And, as on the sacred missal
He recorded their dismissal,
Death relaxed his iron features,
And the monk replied, 'Amen!'

Many centuries have been numbered
Since in death the baron slumbered
By the convent's sculptured portal,
Mingling with the common dust :

But the good deed, through the ages
Living in historic pages,
Brighter grows and gleams immortal,
Unconsumed by moth or rust.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

IX

FAREWELL TO THE FAIRIES

FAREWELL rewards and fairies,
Good housewives now may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they.
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late for cleanliness
Finds sixpence in her shoe ?

At morning and at evening both,
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep or sloth
These pretty ladies had ;
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Cis to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabour,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain ;

But since of late Elizabeth,
And later, James came in,
They never danced on any heath
As when the time hath been.

R. CORBETT.

WHEN GREEN LEAVES COME AGAIN

O WHERE do fairies hide their heads
When snow lies on the hills,
When frost has spoiled their mossy beds,
And crystallized their rills?
Beneath the moon they cannot trip
In circles o'er the plain,
And draughts of dew they cannot sip
Till green leaves come again.

Perhaps in small blue diving-bells
They plunge beneath the waves,
Inhabiting the wreathèd shells
That lie in coral caves.
Perhaps in red Vesuvius
Carousal they maintain;
And cheer their little spirits thus
Till green leaves come again.

Or maybe in soft garments rolled,
In hollow trees they lie,
And sing when nestled from the cold
To while the season by.
There while they sleep in pleasant trance,
'Neath mossy counterpane,
In dreams they weave some fairy dance,
Till green leaves come again.

When they return there will be mirth
And music in the air,
And fairy rings upon the earth,
And mischief everywhere.
The maids, to keep the elves aloof,
Will bar the doors in vain;
No key-hole will be fairy-proof
When green leaves come again.

T. H. BAYLY.

ROBIN GOODFELLOW

FROM Oberon, in fairy land,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.
What revel rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry be,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this airy welkin soon,
And, in a minute's space, descry
Each thing that's done below the moon.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, 'ware goblins! where I go;
But Robin I
Their feasts will spy,
And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
As from their night-sports they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greet,
And call them on with me to roam:
Through woods, through lakes;
Through bogs, through brakes;
Or else, unseen, with them I go,
All in the nick,
To play some trick,
And frolic it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound;
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go:
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds
I hurry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with junkets fine;
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine!
And, to make sport,
I puff and snort:
And out the candles I do blow:
The maids I kiss,
They shriek—Who's this?
I answer nought but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At 'midnight I card up their wool;
And, while they sleep and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;

I dress their hemp ; I spin their tow ;
 If any wake,
 And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho !

When any need to borrow aught,
 We lend them what they do require :
And for the use demand we nought ;
 Our own is all we do desire.
 If to repay
 They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
 And night by night
 I them affright
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho !

When lazy queans have nought to do,
 But study how to cheat and lie :
To make debate and mischief too,
 'Twixt one another secretly :
 I mark their gloze,
 And it disclose
To them whom they have wrongèd so :
 When I have done,
 I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho !

When men do traps and engines set
 In loop-holes, where the vermin creep,
Who from their folds and houses get
 Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep ;
 I spy the gin,
 And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so ;
 But when they there
 Approach me near,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho !

By wells and rills, in meadows green,
We nightly dance our heyday guise;
And to our fairy king and queen
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies.
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling;
And babes new born steal as we go;
And elf in bed
We leave instead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time, have I
Thus nightly revelled to and fro;
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Goodfellow.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunts the nights,
The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldames old
My feats have told,
So vale, vale; ho, ho, ho!

ANONYMOUS.

OVER HILL, OVER DALE

OVER hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moonè's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;

Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours:
I must go seek some dew-drops here,
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

W. SHAKESPEARE. (From *A Midsummer
Night's Dream.*)

YOU SPOTTED SNAKES

YOU spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;
Come not near our fairy queen.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legg'd spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offence.

Philomel, with melody,
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby!
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh;
So, good night, with lullaby.

W. SHAKESPEARE. (From *A Midsummer
Night's Dream.*)

THE FAIRIES' BLESSING

Puck. NOW the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf howls the moon ;
Whilst the heavy ploughman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech-owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Every one lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide :
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team,
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic ; not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallow'd house :
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Oberon. Through the house give glimmering light
By the dead and drowsy fire ;
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier ;
And this ditty after me
Sing and dance it trippingly.

Titania. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note :
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.

[*Song and dance.*]

Oberon. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.

 Trip away;
 Make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.

W. SHAKESPEARE. (From *A Midsummer
Night's Dream.*)

COME UNTO THESE YELLOW SANDS

COME unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Court'sied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark, hark!

 Bow, wow,
The watch-dogs bark:
 Bow, wow.
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow!

W. SHAKESPEARE. (From *The Tempest.*)

WHERE THE BEE SUCKS

WHERE the bee sucks, there suck I :
In a cowslip's bell I lie ;
There I couch when owls do cry.
On the bat's back I do fly
After summer merrily :
Merrily, merrily, shall I live now,
Under the blossom that hangs on the bough.

W. SHAKESPEARE. (From *The Tempest*.)

FULL FATHOM FIVE

FULL fathom five thy father lies ;
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade,
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
Ding-dong.
Hark ! now I hear them—
Ding-dong, bell !

W. SHAKESPEARE. (From *The Tempest*.)

THE FAIRY PRINCE

It was intill a pleasant time,
Upon a summer's day,
The noble Earl Mar's daughter
Went forth to sport and play.
And as she play'd and sported
Below the green oak tree,
There she saw a sprightly doo
Set on a branch so hie.

‘O Coo-my-doo, my Love so true,
If ye’ll come down to me,
Ye’ll have a cage of good red gold
Instead of simple tree.’

And she had not these words well spoke,
Nor yet these words well said,
Till Coo-my-doo flew from the branch,
And lighted on her head.

Then she has brought this pretty bird
Home to her bower and hall,
And made him shine as fair a bird
As any of them all.

When day was gone and night was come,
About the evening-tide,
This lady spied a sprightly youth
Stand straight up by her side.

‘O who are ye, young man?’ she said,
‘What country come ye frae?’
—‘I flew across the sea,’ he said,
‘’Twas but this very day.

‘My mother is a queen,’ he says,
‘Likewise of magic skill;
’Twas she that turn’d me in a doo,
To fly where’er I will.

· And it was but this very day
That I came o’er the sea:
I loved you at a single look;
With you I’ll live and dee.’

—‘O Coo-my-doo, my Love so true,
No more from me ye’ll gae.’
—‘That’s never my intent, my Love;
As ye said, it shall be sae.’

Thus he has stay'd in bower with her
For twenty years and three;
Till there came a lord of high renown
To court this fair ladye.

But still his proffer she refused,
And all his presents too;
Says, 'I'm content to live alone
With my bird Coo-my-doo.'

Her father sware a solemn oath,
Among the nobles all,
'To-morrow, ere I eat or drink,
That bird I'll surely kill.'

The bird was sitting in his cage,
And heard what he did say;
He jump'd upon the window-sill:
''Tis time I was away.'

Then Coo-my-doo took flight and flew
Beyond the raging sea,
And lighted at his mother's castle,
On a tower of gold so hie.

The Queen his mother was walking out,
To see what she could see,
And there she saw her darling son
Set on the tower so hie.

'Get dancers here to dance,' she said,
'And minstrels for to play;
For here's my dear son Florentine
Come back with me to stay.'

—'Instead of dancers to dance, mother,
Or minstrels for to play;
Turn four-and-twenty well-wight men
Like storks, in feather gray;

‘My seven sons in seven swans,
Above their heads to flee;
And I myself a gay goshawk,
A bird of high degree.’

This flock of birds took flight and flew
Beyond the raging sea;
They landed near the Earl Mar’s castle,
Took shelter in every tree.

These birds flew up from bush and tree,
And lighted on the hall;
And when the wedding-train came forth
Flew down among them all.

The storks they seized the boldest men,
That they could not fight or flee;
The swans they bound the bridegroom fast
Unto a green oak tree.

They flew around the bride-maidens,
Then on the bride’s own head;
And with the twinkling of an eye,
The bride and they were fled.

ANONYMOUS.

ALICE BRAND

I

MERRY it is in the good greenwood,
When the mavis and merle are singing,
When the deer sweeps by, and the hounds are in cry
And the hunter’s horn is ringing.

‘O Alice Brand, my native land
Is lost for love of you;
And we must hold by wood and wold,
As outlaws wont to do!

‘O Alice, ’twas all for thy locks so bright,
And ’twas all for thine eyes so blue,
That on the night of our luckless flight
Thy brother bold I slew.

‘Now must I teach to hew the beech
The hand that held the glaive,
For leaves to spread our lowly bed,
And stakes to fence our cave.

‘And for vest of pall, thy fingers small,
That wont on harp to stray,
A cloak must shear from the slaughter’d deer,
To keep the cold away.’—

—‘O Richard! if my brother died,
’Twas but a fatal chance:
For darkling was the battle tried,
And fortune sped the lance.

‘If pall and vair no more I wear,
Nor thou the crimson sheen,
As warm, we’ll say, is the russet grey,
As gay the forest green.

‘And, Richard, if our lot be hard,
And lost thy native land,
Still Alice has her own Richárd,
And he his Alice Brand.’

II

’Tis merry, ’tis merry, in good greenwood,
So blithe Lady Alice is singing;
On the beech’s pride and oak’s brown side
Lord Richard’s axe is ringing.

Up spoke the moody Elfin King,
Who wonn’d within the hill—
Like wind in the porch of a ruin’d church
His voice was ghostly shrill.

‘Why sounds yon stroke on beech and oak,
Our moonlight circle’s screen?
Or who comes here to chase the deer
Beloved of our Elfin Queen?
Or who may dare on wold to wear
The fairies’ fatal green?’

‘Up, Urgan, up! to yon mortal hie,
For thou wert christen’d mar:
For cross or sign thou wilt not fly,
For mutter’d word or ban.

‘Lay on him the curse of the wither’d heart,
The curse of the sleepless eye;
Till he wish and pray that his life would part,
Nor yet find leave to die!’

III

‘Tis merry, ’tis merry, in good greenwood,
Though the birds have still’d their singing;
The evening blaze doth Alice raise,
And Richard is faggots bringing.

Up Urgan starts, that hideous dwarf,
Before Lord Richard stands,
And, as he cross’d and bless’d himself,
‘I fear not sign,’ quoth the grisly elf,
‘That is made with bloody hands.’

But out then spoke she, Alice Brand,
That woman void of fear:
‘And if there’s blood upon his hand,
’Tis but the blood of deer.’

‘Now loud thou liest, thou bold of mood!
It cleaves unto his hand,
The stain of thine own kindly blood,
The blood of Ethert Brand.’

Then forward stepp'd she, Alice Brand,
And made the holy sign :
'And if there's blood on Richard's hand,
A spotless hand is mine.

'And I conjure thee, Demon elf,
By Him whom Demons fear,
To show us whence thou art thyself,
And what thine errand here.'

IV

'Tis merry, 'tis merry, in Fairy-land,
When fairy birds are singing,
When the court doth ride by their monarch's side,
With bit and bridle ringing :

'And gaily shines the Fairy-land—
But all is glistening show,
Like the idle gleam that December's beam
Can dart on ice and snow.

'And fading, like that varied gleam,
Is our inconstant shape,
Who now like knight and lady seem,
And now like dwarf and ape.

'It was between the night and day,
When the Fairy King has power,
That I sunk down in a sinful fray,
And 'twixt life and death was snatch'd away
To the joyless Elfin bower.

'But wist I of a woman bold
Who thrice my brow durst sign,
I might regain my mortal mould,
As fair a form as thine.'

She cross'd him once—she cross'd him twice—
That lady was so brave ;
The fouler grew his goblin hue,
The darker grew the cave.

She cross'd him thrice, that lady bold—
He rose beneath her hand
The fairest knight on Scottish mould,
Her brother, Ethert Brand!

Merry it is in good green wood,
When the mavis and merle are singing ;
But merrier were they in Dunfermline grey
When all the bells were ringing.

SIR W. SCOTT. (From *The Lady of the Lake*.)

THE LAND OF DREAMS

AWAKE, awake, my little boy!
Thou wast thy mother's only joy ;
Why dost thou weep in thy gentle sleep ?
Awake! thy father does thee keep.

'O, what land is the Land of Dreams ?
What are its mountains, and what are its streams ?
O father! I saw my mother there,
Among the lilies by waters fair.

'Among the lambs, clothèd in white,
She walk'd with her Thomas in sweet delight.
I wept for joy, like a dove 'I mourn,
O! when shall I again return?'

Dear child, I also by pleasant streams
Have wander'd all night in the Land of Dreams.
But tho' calm and warm the waters wide,
I could not get to the other side.

‘Father, O father! what do we here
In this land of unbelief and fear?
The Land of Dreams is better far,
Above the light of the morning star.’

W. BLAKE.

THE TIGER

TIGER! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And, when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand forgèd thy dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain?
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp
Dare its deadly terrors clasp?

When the stars threw down their spears,
And water'd heaven with their tears,
Did He smile His work to see?
Did He who made the Lamb make thee?

Tiger! Tiger! burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

W. BLAKE.

X

PRAYERS

GOD who created me
Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
To run, to ride, to swim:
Not when the sense is dim,
But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him :
Take the thanks of a boy.

Jesu, King and Lord,
Whose are my foes to fight,
Gird me with Thy sword
Swift and sharp and bright.
Thee would I serve if I might,
And conquer if I can ;
From day-dawn till night,
Take the strength of a man.

Spirit of Love and Truth,
Breathing in grosser clay,
The light and flame of youth,
Delight of men in the fray,
Wisdom in strength's decay ;
From pain, strife, wrong to be free,
This best gift I pray,
Take my spirit to Thee.

H. C. BEECHING.

THE LAIRD OF URY

UP the streets of Aberdeen,
By the kirk and college green,
Rode the Laird of Ury ;
Close behind him, close beside,
Foul of mouth and evil-eyed,
Pressed the mob in fury.

Flouted him the drunken churl,
Jeered at him the serving-girl,
 Prompt to please her master;
And the begging carlin, late
Fed and clothed at Ury's gate,
 Cursed him as he passed her.

Yet, with calm and stately mien,
Up the streets of Aberdeen
 Came he slowly riding;
And, to all he saw and heard,
Answering not with bitter word,
 Turning not for chiding.

Came a troop with broadswords swinging,
Bits and bridles sharply ringing,
 Loose and free and froward;
Quoth the foremost, 'Ride him down!
Push him! prick him! through the town
 Drive the Quaker coward!'

But from out the thickening crowd
Cried a sudden voice and loud:
 'Barclay! Ho! a Barclay!'
And the old man at his side
Saw a comrade, battle tried,
 Scarred and sunburned darkly;

Who with ready weapon bare,
Fronting to the troopers there,
 Cried aloud: 'God save us,
Call ye coward him who stood
Ankle deep in Lützen's blood,
 With the brave Gustavus?'

'Nay, I do not need thy sword,
Comrade mine,' said Ury's lord;

‘Put it up, I pray thee :
Passive to His holy will,
Trust I in my Master still,
Even though He slay me.

‘Pledges of thy love and faith,
Proved on many a field of death,
Not by me are needed.’
Marvelled much that henchman bold
That his laird, so stout of old,
Now so meekly pleaded.

‘Woe’s the day!’ he sadly said,
With a slowly shaking head,
And a look of pity ;
‘Ury’s honest lord reviled,
Mock of knave and sport of child,
In his own good city !

‘Speak the word, and, master mine,
As we charged on Tilly’s line,
And his Walloon lancers,
Smiting through their midst we’ll teach
Civil look and decent speech
To these boyish prancers !’

‘Marvel not, mine ancient friend,
Like beginning, like the end,’
Quoth the Laird of Ury ;
‘Is the sinful servant more
Than his gracious Lord who bore
Bonds and stripes in Jewry ?

‘Give me joy that in His name
I can bear, with patient frame,
All these vain ones offer ;
While for them He suffereth long,
Shall I answer wrong with wrong,
Scoffing with the scoffer ?

‘ Happier I, with loss of all,
Hunted, outlawed, held in thrall,
 With few friends to greet me,
Than when reeve and squire were seen,
Riding out from Aberdeen,
 With bared heads to meet me.

‘ When each goodwife o’er and o’er,
Blessed me as I passed her door;
 And the snooded daughter,
Through her casement glancing down,
Smiled on him who bore renown
 From red fields of slaughter.

‘ Hard to feel the stranger’s scoff,
Hard the old friend’s falling off,
 Hard to learn forgiving;
But the Lord His own rewards,
And His love with theirs accords,
 Warm and fresh and living.

‘ Through this dark and stormy night
Faith beholds a feeble light
 Up the blackness streaking;
Knowing God’s own time is best,
In a patient hope I rest
 For the full day-breaking!’

So the Laird of Ury said,
Turning slow his horse’s head
 Towards the Tolbooth prison,
Where, through iron gates, he heard
Poor disciples of the Word
 Preach of Christ arisen !

Not in vain, Confessor old,
Unto us the tale is told

Of thy day of trial;
Every age on him who strays
From its broad and beaten ways
Pours its seven-fold vial.

Happy he whose inward ear
Angel comfortings can hear,
O'er the rabble's laughter;
And while Hatred's faggots burn,
Glimpses through the smoke discern
Of the good hereafter.

Knowing this, that never yet
Share of Truth was vainly set
In the wide world's fallow;
After hands shall sow the seed,
After hands from hill and mead
Reap the harvests yellow.

Thus, with somewhat of the Seer,
Must the moral pioneer
From the Future borrow;
Clothe the waste with dreams of grain,
And, on midnight's sky of rain,
Paint the golden morrow!

J. G. WHITTIER.

THE VALLEY OF HUMILIATION

HE that is down needs fear no fall,
He that is low, no pride;
He that is humble ever shall
Have God to be his guide.

I am content with what I have,
Little be it or much:
And, Lord, contentment still I crave,
Because Thou savest such.

Fullness to such a burden is
That go on pilgrimage :
Here little, and hereafter bliss,
Is best from age to age.

J. BUNYAN.

THE PILGRIM'S VALOUR

WHO would true valour see,
Let him come hither ;
One here will constant be,
Come wind, come weather.
There 's no discouragement
Shall make him once relent
His first avow'd intent,
To be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
With dismal stories,
Do but themselves confound,
His strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
He'll with a giant fight,
But he will have a right
To be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin, nor foul fiend,
Can daunt his spirit ;
He knows, he at the end
Shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away,
He'll fear not what men say,
He'll labour night and day
To be a pilgrim.

J. BUNYAN.

NIGHT

THE sun descending in the west,
The evening star does shine ;
The birds are silent in their nest,
And I must seek for mine.
The moon, like a flower,
In heaven's high bower,
With silent delight
Sits and smiles on the night.

Farewell, green fields and happy groves,
Where flocks have took delight.
Where lambs have nibbled, silent moves
The feet of angels bright ;
Unseen they pour blessing,
And joy without ceasing,
On each bud and blossom,
And each sleeping bosom.

They look in every thoughtless nest,
Where birds are cover'd warm ;
They visit caves of every beast,
To keep them all from harm.
If they see any weeping
That should have been sleeping,
They pour sleep on their head,
And sit down by their bed.

When wolves and tigers howl for prey,
They pitying stand and weep ;
Seeking to drive their thirst away,
And keep them from the sheep.
But if they rush dreadful,
The angels, most heedful,
Receive each mild spirit,
New worlds to inherit.

And there the lion's ruddy eyes
Shall flow with tears of gold,
And pitying the tender cries,
And walking round the fold,
Saying ' Wrath, by his meekness,
And, by his health, sickness
Is driven away
From our immortal day.

' And now beside thee, bleating lamb,
I can lie down and sleep ;
Or think on Him who bore thy name,
Graze after thee and weep.
For, wash'd in life's river,
My bright mane for ever
Shall shine like the gold
As I guard o'er the fold.'

W. BLAKE.

A CRADLE HYMN

HUSH ! my dear, lie still and slumber,
Holy angels guard thy bed !
Heavenly blessings without number
Gently falling on thy head.

Sleep, my babe ; thy food and raiment,
House and home, thy friends provide ;
All without thy care or payment :
All thy wants are well supplied.

How much better thou'rt attended
Than the Son of God could be,
When from heaven He descended
And became a child like thee !

Soft and easy is thy cradle :
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay,
When His birthplace was a stable
And His softest bed was hay.

Blessèd babe ! what glorious features—
Spotless fair, divinely bright !
Must He dwell with brutal creatures ?
How could angels bear the sight ?

Was there nothing but a manger
Cursèd sinners could afford
To receive the heavenly stranger ?
Did they thus affront their Lord ?

Soft, my child : I did not chide thee,
Though my song might sound too hard.
'Tis thy mother sits beside thee,
And her arms shall be thy guard.

Yet to read the shameful story
How the Jews abused their King,
How they served the Lord of Glory,
Makes me angry while I sing.

See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky !
Where they sought Him, there they found Him,
With His Virgin mother by.

See the lovely babe a-dressing ;
Lovely infant, how He smiled !
When He wept, the mother's blessing
Soothed and hush'd the holy child.

Lo, He slumbers in His manger,
Where the hornèd oxen fed ;
Peace, my darling ; here's no danger,
Here's no ox anear thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear Him,
Trust and love Him all thy days;
Then go dwell for ever near Him,
See His face, and sing His praise!

I. WATTS.

PEACE

MY soul, there is a country
Far beyond the stars,
Where stands a wingèd sentry
All skilful in the wars:
There, above noise and danger,
Sweet Peace sits crown'd with smiles,
And One born in a manger
Commands the beauteous files.
He is thy gracious Friend,
And—O my soul, awake!—
Did in pure love descend
To die here for thy sake.
If thou canst get but thither,
There grows the flower of Peace,
The Rose that cannot wither,
Thy fortress, and thy ease.
Leave then thy foolish ranges;
For none can thee secure
But One who never changes—
Thy God, thy life, thy cure.

H. VAUGHAN.

THE BURNING BABE

As I in hoary winter's night
Stood shivering in the snow,
Surprised I was with sudden heat
Which made my heart to glow ;
And lifting up a fearful eye
To view what fire was near,
A pretty babe all burning bright
Did in the air appear ;
Who, scorched with excessive heat,
Such floods of tears did shed,
As though His floods should quench His flames,
Which with His tears were bred :
'Alas!' quoth He, 'but newly born
In fiery heats I fry,
Yet none approach to warm their hearts
Or feel my fire but I.

'My faultless breast the furnace is ;
The fuel, wounding thorns ;
Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke,
The ashes, shames and scorns ;
The fuel Justice layeth on,
And Mercy blows the coals,
The metal in this furnace wrought
Are men's defiled souls :
For which, as now on fire I am
To work them to their good,
So will I melt into a bath,
To wash them in my blood.'

With this he vanish'd out of sight
And swiftly shrunk away,
And straight I callèd unto mind
That it was Christmas Day.

R. SOUTHWELL.

