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LYRICAL FORMS IN ENGLISH

EDITED BY

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TO MY SIXTH-FORM PUPILS
PAST AND PRESENT

PREFACE TO SECOND EDITION

WITH so many excellent school-collections of lyrics already in existence, the publication of still another may seem to some superfluous, if not, indeed, impertinent. If such be the case, the aim and plan of this volume must serve as its apology, for the writer is unacquainted with any other selection of lyrical poetry designed to provide material for what seems to be a recent and distinctive method in the teaching of English literature.

The days are happily past when the study of literature in our schools meant the study of its history; when our pupils were required to engage in the unprofitable task of learning to associate the titles of some hundreds of books with the names of their authors and the dates of their publication; when it was of more importance to know that Sir John Suckling wrote *The Goblins* than to have felt the inspiration in a poem by Wordsworth or to have known the poetic richness of a line by Keats.

This merely chronological and educationally barren method of study was succeeded by another infinitely better, which replaced the mere manual of literary history either by substantial portions of our great literature itself—in which case some few "authors" were more or less exhaustively studied—or by more numerous, though less lengthy, extracts representing a wider range of writers and a greater variety of subject,

in either case the actual texts being studied at first hand. This did not preclude the legitimate use of the chronological method and much admirable work was done in comparing the thoughts and styles of writers of different ages and schools. Such a method was in most respects excellent, but it had one danger and one inevitable development. The danger was the lack of a definitive aim: too often, it is to be feared, the choice of works for study was promiscuous; we were tempted—if we may use a term well understood in public schools—to "browse." The logical and inevitable development of this method and its predecessor is one which preserves the excellences of both without the defects of either, and which is making rapid strides in pedagogic favour to-day.

Instead of being directed to the works of a writer as a whole, or to a large number of miscellaneous extracts, the pupil's attention is concentrated upon a single literary form, of which chronologically-arranged specimens by many different writers are examined with the view of adducing its structural and other characteristics as a form, of noting its fitness for its work, and of tracing its development or decline in literary history. One type having been thoroughly treated in this manner, another is studied on similar lines, then another, and so on until each of the main literary forms has been dealt with in turn. It will be readily seen that, if the selection of examples be carefully made, the method constitutes at once a legitimate use of chronology, a training in comparative criticism, and a means whereby a sound and not inconsiderable knowledge of our literature in its intellectual and artistic incidence may be acquired, whilst its principal feature—the study of literary form—though in itself merely a means to an end,

gives that coherence and definiteness of purpose which the other methods appear to have lacked.

The present volume is an application of the method to the forms assumed by lyrical poetry in English, a field in which a somewhat lengthy experience in teaching English Literature has proved it eminently suitable.

Not that the writer is by any means a rigid formalist. He realises that the *message* of poetry and its aesthetic appeal must always be first; but the study of form as an adjunct of literary art is, in his opinion, undoubtedly as valuable an aid to the appreciation of what is best in literature as a knowledge of technique is to the fullest enjoyment of a great painting or of a symphonic composition. At the same time he has little patience with those who would compel all genius to enter the same Procrustean bed, and remembering that originally rules and forms were made not for literature but *by* it, he has not hesitated to include, when their excellence seemed to warrant it, specimens which do not closely conform in all their characteristics to the recognised types. Apart from their own intrinsic worth, the value of such specimens to pupils already familiar with the regular forms is obvious.

It has already been claimed that the present system does not discard, but includes, the principles of the comparative method. The value of the latter — too great educationally to be disregarded — lies in the act of perceiving resemblances and differences between literary passages correlated as to subject-matter. It need hardly be pointed out that a precisely similar discipline is afforded by the present method, comparison of the closest and most detailed kind being involved at every stage, though it is

instituted between varieties of form and treatment, rather than of subject-matter. By this means greater thoroughness is secured, since in comparing any one specimen of a form with its fellows scrupulous regard must be paid to details. On the other hand the comparative treatment of poems comparable as to subject-matter has an undoubted, if sometimes an exaggerated value, and to meet this requirement a list of suitable material has been provided in the appendix. The very strongest advocate, however, of the comparative method, as at present understood, must admit that the fullest benefit cannot be derived from such an exercise except by the pupil who is equipped with an independent and thorough understanding of poetic form in its relationship to matter. The right place for this exercise, therefore, seems to be at the end of such a course as the present.

The following are the main features of the present volume:—

I. It is primarily intended for the use of pupils in the senior and middle forms of secondary schools, but the compiler is not without hope that it may find a somewhat wider acceptance among other students and lovers of poetry.

2. Material and "apparatus" for the study of lyrical poetry in its chief forms are provided.

The material is a selection of lyrical verse *in English* and therefore legitimately includes poems by American, Irish, and Scottish authors. The choice has been made with regard to the following considerations :—

(a) The capabilities of those for whom the book is chiefly intended have been carefully borne in mind, and in nearly every case the poems have been personally tested in their appeal to the editor's own pupils.

(£) In accordance with the requirements of the new method, most of the pieces have been chosen as illustrative of the special features of their kind, but in no case has poetry of inferior merit been admitted. In the humble judgment of the compiler, therefore, every poem in the collection is of the highest quality.

(c) When possible, the poems have been selected as representative of their authors' most characteristic work.

3. The selections have been divided into five groups under the headings of *Song-lyric, Sonnet, Ode, Idyll,* and *Elegy* respectively. The poems in each section have been arranged chronologically to admit of comparison and historical reference.

4. In the very few cases where it has seemed wise or necessary to omit lines from a poem, care has been taken that the essential form or unity of the whole has not been impaired.

5. Both by very careful attention to the punctuation and by the collation of the best authoritative texts, no pains have been spared to secure the highest degree of accuracy in the text, although in some instances the spelling has been modernised.

6. Whilst it is recognised that only by reading a poem aloud can a pupil appreciate fully its lyrical quality, much attention has been bestowed upon the printed arrangement, that the form of each poem may be at once apparent to the eye.

7. The "apparatus" provided consists of a general introduction and five sectional introductions: the former indicating the principles which determine the *natural* structure of the lyric and giving, from the point of view of form, a brief survey of its evolution and characteristics; the latter dealing with the

special structure and qualities of the separate individual forms.

These introductions are, of course, intended to be suggestive rather than exhaustive, and should be read early in the perusal of the book as indicating the chief points arising for consideration in the study of lyrical forms. As a further aid brief Notes have been provided. It is recommended that every poem should be examined with reference both to its general qualities as a lyric and to its special qualities as a definite lyrical form.

8. To facilitate reference in class, the lines or stanzas of the longer poems have been numbered.

In conclusion the writer wishes to express his thanks and gratitude to the following for their uniform courtesy and generosity in allowing him to reprint copyright poems, a kindness which makes it possible to bring the selections in the volume down to the most recent times:—

To the late Mr Alfred Austin for *When Runnels Began to Leap and Sing;*

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Mr Austin Dobson for *A Song of the Four Seasons-*,

Messrs Ellis for a sonnet by the late D. G. Rossetti;

Mr Alfred Hayes and Mr John Lane for *My Study;*

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Mr E. V. Lucas for *The Cricket Ball Sings,* from *The Open Road* (Methuen);

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NORMAN HEPPLE

GATESHEAD,
December 1915

PART I

THE SONG-LYRIC

" And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare Bong to hear!"

R. L. STEVENSON

MUCH of what has already been said in the General Introduction is specially applicable to the subject dealt with in this section—the Song. In particular the affinity of music for words which we noted as characteristic of all lyrical poetry is most strongly marked in the case of this, the most popular of all lyrical forms in English. Indeed, so close is the connection between the two elements that the same word, *Song,* is applied both to a particular species of poetical composition and to a purely musical form, the melody or air; while in its more general acceptation the term implies a union of these two ideas, the most effective song being the product of music and words acting in concert. For all practical purposes a song may be defined as a short poem adapted for singing and sometimes actually set to music, *or* a metrical composition musical in itself, though neither fitted nor specially designed for singing otherwise than "in the heart"—alternatives corresponding to the two classes already referred to as Vocal and Literary Song-Lyrics. It may seem almost a paradox to speak of a song as "adapted for singing," but so many lyrics unsuitable for this purpose have been entitled songs that the distinction is both a real and a necessary one. In arranging the examples in this section no attempt has been made to separate the two classes, but as this will constitute an excellent exercise in classification, sufficient guidance will, it is hoped, be given in this introduction to render the task not too difficult for the pupil,

From what has been said, it would appear that the best kind of vocal song is that in which music and words are most successfully blended and unified. It has often happened, as in the cases of Sidney, Milton, Dibdin, Moore, and, to judge from his frequent references to music, Shakespeare himself, that a song-poet has also been a musician; and to this happy combination of talents we undoubtedly owe many of our finest songs. Both Herrick and Waller, even if they were not musical themselves (and there is no reason to suppose that this was the case), collaborated with Henry Lawes, the famous melodist celebrated by Waller in one of his poems, and their songs produced in this manner are eminently singable and dainty. Again, especially in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, many fine old melodies which were in danger of disappearing because of their rude and inferior words had these replaced by others more worthy of them, and have thus been not only preserved but also enhanced in value. Burns and Moore, for example, fitted many of their songs to tunes already in existence, the one to "Scottish Airs" and the other to "Irish Melodies," and it is now well known that Lady Anne Lindsay wrote *Auld Robin Gray,* and Lady Nairne many of her songs, to replace words too coarse to be in accordance with the requirements of modern taste. It is a literary and musical curiosity that Lady Nairne's sentimental *Land o' the Leal* composed in this fashion was set to the same melody as Burns' martial *Scots, Wha Hae.*

Thought of in conjunction with the fact that, since a vocal song is designed for singing, the musician—presumably in the best position to know what is most suitable for this purpose—has a right to dictate to the song-poet, the above examples may incline us to the opinion that, of the two parts of a song, words and melody, the latter is the more important, a view that seems to gain support when we remember songs like our own National Anthem, which have very indifferent words and yet have survived by reason of good tunes. It would not, however, be impossible, though perhaps more difficult, to adduce examples of songs which owe their force and popularity more to their words than to the quality of their melodies. The truth is that the important part played by *association* in the popularising of a song can seldom be properly

assessed, and so long as this is unknown it is impossible to say whether any particular song owes more to its words or to its melody. We have only to remember songs like *Home, Sweet Home* or *Lochaber No More* to judge of the added force given to a song by its associations.

It will have been gathered that a song-writer composing poems to be sung has, other things being equal, a more difficult task to perform than one who is unrestricted by the exigencies of vocalisation, and a summary of the limitations imposed upon him will incidentally furnish the means of distinguishing between the two classes of songs.

I. In the first place he is much restricted in his choice of words, the best songs being those in singing which the mouth is well opened. In pronouncing vowel-sounds like *ee* in *seen, ay* in *pain, i* in *pin,* the teeth are brought close together, the lips stretched over them, and the opening of the mouth takes the form of a narrow slit! this makes vocalisation very difficult. So that words intended to be sung should be composed so far as possible of *open* vowel-sounds like *a in father, aw in fall, oh* in *slow, o* in *not.* Close vowels cannot, of course, be wholly avoided, but an examination of Songs like *Where the bee sucks* (No. ID) and *The Last Rose of Summer* (No. 43) will show how largely open sounds predominate.

A similar rule holds good in the case of consonant-sounds like/, *v, p, q, w, s,* z, which practically close the mouth and which should be avoided as far as possible. When they are used they should be followed immediately by an open vowel, as in fond, divine, joul, so that the contracted organs may be at once released. The liquids /, *m, n* and *r* are favourites with song-writers, because of their smoothness and soft flowing quality. In regard to the first of these one remembers Leigh Hunt's remark on the lines in *Christabel,*

"**Her** gentle limbs did she undress,
And /ay down in her /oveliness."

that "the very smoothness and gentleness of the limbs is in the series of I's" This suggests another rule universally observed in the best vocal songs, viz. that all hissing, harsh, or guttural sounds which detract from the tonic beauty of a song must be avoided.

2. Again, in a song written for music there are restrictions with regard *to* metre. In a "literary" song-lyric there is a reasonable licence in this matter, but if a song is to be sung, the fall of the accents must be perfectly regular, the metre firm and smooth, and, if the words be written in conjunction with the melody, the open vowels and the long notes should fall together.

Many of the songs of Burns, Moore, and Dibdin owe their success to the careful observance of these principles, and an analysis of the metres and vocabulary of their songs, on the lines indicated, will well repay the student.

3. The song-poet is also limited in several ways as regards the subject-matter of a song designed for singing. For instance, if the poem be written in stanzas there ought to be a general correspondence and similarity of sentiment in the different stanzas, for without this there may be a discordance between words and music, since the same melody has often to serve as the musical expression of each stanza in the song. To show how familiar Shakespeare was with this restriction, the two stanzas of his song, "Blow, blow, thou winter wind," are printed here side by side:—

1	2
"Blow, blow, thou winter wind,	**" Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,**
Thou art not BO unkind	**Thou dost not bite BO nigh**
AB man's ingratitude;	**AH benefits forgot:**
Thy tooth *is* not BO keen	**Though thou the waters warp,**
Because thou art not seen,	**Thy sting is not BO sharp**
Although thy breath be rude.	**As friend remember'd not.**
Heigh-ho I sing, heigh-ho I" etc:.	**Heigh-ho I" etc.**

The parallel development of a similar sentiment in the two stanzas will readily be perceived, and it is clear that a melody composed to fit the first stanza will also be for the most part in perfect accord with the second.

Again, although a vocal song should always embody some adequate and worthy sentiment or thought, this should be slight, direct, and at once apparent. It is because Shelley's lyrics, so delicate and intricate in their imagery, so subtle and elusive in their thought, do not comply with this condition, that they are with very few exceptions quite unfitted to be

sung. The more complex ideas and the finer, subtler shades of feeling, which can be expressed easily and fully in poetry written to be read, cannot be admitted into poetry which is to be sung, for the conditions under which poetry is thus *read* and *heard* respectively are obviously very different. A *reader* has the poem in print before him; he may, if he choose, read it a dozen times and ponder it as deeply and as long as he pleases, until eventually he possesses all that it has to give. But this is not so with the *listener,* who merely hears the quickly uttered words as they are being sung, and, at a time when half of his attention is directed towards the music, has his only chance of grasping their significance. Necessarily, therefore, the subject-matter of verse written for the voice is limited in its scope to broad and direct lines of thought and to simple emotions. This, with the other restrictions noted above, will serve as a means of identifying the vocal song-lyric as distinct from the "literary" variety.

SONG-LYRICS

I.—Somer is yeomen in

Sonier is yeomen in,
Loud sing, cuckoo;
Groweth seed and blometh mead
And springeth the wood new.
Sing, cuckoo!
Ewe bleateth after lamb,
Loweth after calf coo;
Bullock sterteth,
Buck verteth;
Merrily sing, cuckoo,
Cuckoo, cuckoo!
Well singes thou, cuckoo,
Nor cease thou never noo.

ANONYMDUB

ANONYMOUS

2.—Cristemas

Lett no man cum into this hall,
Grome, page, nor yet marshall,
But that sum sport he bring with all;
For now is the time of Crist£mas!

If that he say he can not sing,
Some oder sport then lett him bring,
That it may please at this festing;
For now is the time of Cristemas!

If he say he can nought do,
Then for my love aske him no mo,
But to the stokkes then lett him go;
For now is the time of Cristemas!

ANONYMOUS

3.—Hence, Care I

Sing we and chant it
While love doth grant it.
Fa la la!

Not long youth lastcth
And old age hasteth.
Fa la la!

Now is best leisure
To take our pleasure.
Fa la la!

All things invite us
Now to delight us.
Fa la la!

Hence care be packing,
No mirth be lacking.
Fa la la!

Let spare no treasure
To live in pleasure.
Fa la la!

ANONYMOUS

4.—Winter

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 nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tu-whit!
Tu-whoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all about 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
Tu-whit!
Tu-whoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

W. SHAKESPEARE

5.—Who is Sylvia ?

Who is Sylvia? what is she,
That all our swains commend her?
Holy, fair, and wise is she;
The heaven such grace did lend her
That she might admired be.

Is she kind as she is fair?
For beauty lives with kindness;
Love doth to her eyes repair,
To help him of his blindness,
And, being help'd, inhabits there.

Then to Sylvia let us sing,
That Sylvia is excelling;
She excels each mortal thing
Upon the dull earth dwelling:
To her let us garlands bring.

W. SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

6.—The Fairy Life *from* A Midsummer-Night's Dream

Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon'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

7.—A Madrigal

Youth and Age

Crabbed Age and Youth
Cannot live together:
Youth is full of plcasance,
Age is full of care;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare:
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame:
Youth is hot and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame:—
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee;
D! my Love, my Love is young!
Age, I do defy thee—
D sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

W. SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

8.—A Morning Song

Hark! hark! the lark at heaven's gate sings,
And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
On chalked flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes:
With every pretty thing that is,
My lady sweet, arise:
Arise, arise.

W. SHAKEspeare

9.—Ingratitude

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot:
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly:
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly:
Then heigh-ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

W. SHAKESPEARE

ID.—Three Songs *from* The Tempest

(I) *A Fairy Dance*

Come unto these yellow sands,
And then take hands:
Courtsied when you have, and kiss'd
The wild waves whist,
Foot it featly here and there;
And, sweet sprites, the burthen bear.
Hark! hark!
ttow-wvw.
The watch-dogs bark:
Bow-wvw,
Hark, hark! I hear
The strain of strutting chanticleer
Cry, Cock-a-diddle-dow!

W. SHAKESPEARE

(2) *Sea-Magic*

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:
Hark! now I hear them,—Ding-dong, bell.

W. SHAKESPEARE

(3) *Elfin Life*

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

II.—Cherry-Rip e

There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies blow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Df orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow:
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
—Till Cherry-Ripe themselves do cry!

T. CAMPION

12.—The Happy Life

How happy is he born and taught
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill.!

Whose passions not his masters are;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good;

Who hath his life from rumours freed;
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great;

Who God doth late and early pray
More of His grace than gifts to lend
And entertains the harmless day
With a well-chosen book or friend;

—This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SIR H. WDTTON

13.—Content

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
D sweet content!
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed r
D punishment!
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?
0 sweet content! 0 sweet, D sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nonny nanny, hey nanny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crisped spring?
0 sweet content!
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?
D punishment!
Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king!
O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!
Work apace, apace, apace, apace;
Honest labour bears a lovely face;
Then hey nanny nanny, hey nanny nonny!

T. DEKKER (?)

14.—To Celia

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be;
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee!

B, JONSON

15.—Hymn to Diana

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep:
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close:
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever:
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

B. JONSON

16.—Song: Pack, Clouds, Away

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow;
Sweet air, blow soft, mount, larks, aloft
To give my Love good-morrow!
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow;
Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my Love good-morrow;
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them both I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin-red-breast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow;
And from each hill, let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow!
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow!
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow;
To give my Love good-morrow
Sing, birds, in every furrow!

T. HEYWooD

17.—Virtue

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright!
The bridal of the earth and sky,—
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue, angry and brave.
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou must die.

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
A box where sweets compacted lie,
My music shows ye have your closes,
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like seasoned timber, never gives;
But though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

G. HERBEHT

18.—To Daffodils

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon:
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon.
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And, having prayed together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you;
We have as short a spring,
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

R. HERRICK

19.—Go, lovely Rosel

Go, lovely Rose!
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired:
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

E. WALLEr

20.—Going to the Wars

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field,
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

R. LoVELACE

21.—Phyllis

Phyllis is my only joy,
  Faithless as the winds or seas,
Sometimes cunning, sometimes coy,
  Yet she never fails to please:
    If with a frown
    I am cast down,
    Phyllis, smiling
    And beguiling,
Makes me happier than before.

Though alas! too late I find
  Nothing can her fancy fix;
Yet the moment she is kind
  I forgive her with her tricks,
    Which though I see,
    I can't get free:
    She deceiving,
    I believing,
What need lovers wish for more?

SIR C. SEDLEY

22.—To a Child of Quality

(Five Years Old, 1704; *the Author then Forty)*

1

Lords, knights, and 'squires, the numerous band,
  That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summon'd by her high command,
  To shew their passions by their letters.

2

My pen amongst the rest I took,
  Lest those bright eyes that cannot read
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
  The power they have to be obey'd.

3

Nor quality, nor reputation,
Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear Five-years-old befriends my passion,
And I may write till she can spell.

4

For, while she makes her silk-worms beds
With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads
In papers round her baby's hair;

5

She may receive and own my flame;
For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
And I for an unhappy poet.

6

Then too, alas! when she shall tear
The lines some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
And we shall still continue friends.

7

For, as our different ages move,
'Tis so ordain'd, (would Fate but mend it!)
That I shall be past making love,
When she begins to comprehend it.

M. PRIOR

23.—Black-Eyed Susan

I

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard;
"O! where shall I my true-love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among the crew."

2

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

3

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest:—
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

4

" O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

5

"Believe not what the landsmen say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

6

"If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thine eyes are seen in diamonds bright
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue

7

"Though battle call me from thy arms
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his Dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye/'

8

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land;
"Adieu!" she cries; and waved her lily hand.

J- GAY

24.— Sally **in our** Alley

1

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

2

Her father he makes cabbage-nets
And through the streets does cry 'em;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em:
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally!
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

3

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely—
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

4

Of all the days that's in the week
I dearly love but one day—
And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

5

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

6

When Christinas comes about again
O then I shall have money;
I'll hoard it up, and box it all,
I'll give it to my honey:
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

7

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley;
But when my seven long years are out
O then I'll marry Sally,—
O then we'll wed, and happy be...
But not in our alley!

H. CAREY

25.—Rule, Britannia

When Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of her land,
And guardian angels sung the strain:
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thcc
Must in their turn to tyrants fall,
Whilst thou shalt flourish great and free
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
And work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine!

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair;
Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd
And manly hearts to guard the fair:—
Rule, Britannia, rule the waves!
Britons never will be slaves.

J. THOMSON

26.—If Doughty Deeds my Lady please

If doughty deeds my lady please,
Right soon I'll mount my steed;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture at my heart;
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart!
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love,
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye,
I'll dight me in array;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysel',
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow,
Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue;
For you alone I strive to sing,
O tell me how to woo!
Then tell me how to woo thee, Love,
O tell me how to woo thee!
For thy dear sake nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

R. GRAHAM OF GARTMORe

27.—Roundelay

O sing unto my roundelay,
0 drop the briny tear with me,
Dance no more at holy-day,
Like a running river be.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Black his locks as the winter night,
White his skin as the summer snow,
Red his face as the morning light,
Cold he lies in the grave below.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Sweet his tongue as the throstle's note,
Quick in dance as thought can be,
Deft his tabor, cudgel stout;
O! he lies by the willow-tree:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

THOMAS CHATTERTON

Hark! the raven flaps his wing
In the briar'd dell below;
Hark! the death-owl loud doth sing
To the nightmares as they go.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

See! the white moon shines on high;
Whiter is my true love's shroud;
Whiter than the morning sky,
Whiter than the evening cloud.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Here upon my true love's grave
Shall the barren flowers be laid,
Not one holy Saint to save
All the coldness of a maid:
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

With my hands I'll gird the briars
Round his holy corse to grow,
Elfin Faery, light your fires;
Here my body still shall bow.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

Come with acorn-cup and thorn,
Drain my hearte's blood away;
Life and all its good I scorn,
Dance by night or feast by day.
My love is dead,
Gone to his death-bed,
All under the willow-tree.

T. CHATTERTDN

28.—The Haymaker's Roundelay

Drifted snow no more is seen,
Blust'ring Winter passes by;
Merry Spring comes clad in green,
While woodlands pour their melody:
I hear him! hark!
The merry lark
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

When the golden sun appears
On the mountain's surly brow,
When his jolly beams he rears,
Darting joy, behold them now:
Then, then, oh hark!
The merry lark
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

What are honours? What's a court?
Calm Content is worth them all;
Our honour is to drive the cart,
Dur brightest court the harvest-hall!
But now—oh hark!
The merry lark
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

ANONYMOUS

29.—Lament for Flodden

I've heard them lilting at our ewe-milking,
Lasses a' lilting before dawn o' day;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae;
Nae daffin', nae gabbin', but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
Bandsters are lyart, and runkled, and grey;
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming
'Bout stacks wi' the lasses at bogle to play;
But ilk ane sits drearie, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border!
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day;
The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe-milking;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

J. ELLIOT

30.—Lament for Culloden

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see;
For e'en and morn she cries, "Alas'"
And aye the saut tear blin's her ee:
"Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—
A waefu' day it was to me!
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear and brethren three.

"Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see:
And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee!
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrong to thine or thee."

R. BURNs

31.—Song

0 my Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
0 my Luve's like the melodic
That's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my Bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
1 will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands D' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve,
And fare thee weel awhile!
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

R. BURNS

32.—Ye Banks and Braes

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fair?
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
And I sae fu' o' care?

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings upon the bough;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
When my fausse Luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings beside thy mate;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the woodbine twine,
And ilka bird sang D' its luve;
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose
Frae aff its thorny tree;
And my fausse luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

H. BURNS

33.—The Land o' the Leal

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it's thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is ay fair
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were ay leal and true, Jean,
Your task's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.
Our bonnie bairn's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean,
0 we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal!

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal!
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean;
We'll meet and ay be fain
In the land o' the leal.

LADY NAIRNE

34.—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

35-—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? and what 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

36.—Soldier, **Rest!**

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.
In our isle's enchanted hall,
Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
Fairy strains of music fall,
Every sense in slumber dewing.
Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Dream of fighting fields no more:
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
Morn of toil nor night of waking.

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
Mustering clan, or squadron tramping;

Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
Booming from the sedgy shallow;
Ruder sounds shall none be near;
Guards nor warders challenge here;
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans, or squadron's stamping.

SIR W. SCOTT

37.—The Skylark

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud,
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.
Where, on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth.

D'er fell and fountain sheen,
D'er moor and mountain green,
D'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!

Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place,—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!

J. HOGO

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

38.—A Rainbow

My heart leaps up when I behold
A rainbow in the sky:
So was it when my life began;
So is it now I am a man;
So be it when I shall grow old,
Or let me die!
The Child is father to the Man;
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each *to* each by natural piety.

W. WORDSWORTH

39.—Daffodils

I wander'd lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the Milky Way,
They stretch'd in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay:
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company!
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What Wealth the show to me had brought;

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

W. WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

40.—Lines Written in Early Spring

I heard a thousand blended notes,
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that sweet bower,
The periwinkle trailed its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopped and played;
Their thoughts I cannot measure:—
But the least motion that they made,
It seemed a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

From Heaven if this belief be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

W. WORDSWORTH

41.—The Reverie of Poor Susan

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years'
Poor Susan has pass'd by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the Bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment; what ails her? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripp'd with her pail;
And a single small Cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven: but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all pass'd away from her eyes!

W. WORDSWHRTH

42.—To the Evening Star

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free!
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard
And songs when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse:
Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

T. CAMPBELL

43.—The Lasb Rose of Summer

'Tis the last rose of summer
Left blooming alone;
All her lovely companions
Are faded and gone;
No flower of her kindred,
No rosebud is nigh,
To reflect back her blushes,
To give sigh for sigh.

I'll not leave thee, thou lone one,
To pine on the stem;
Since the lovely are sleeping,
Go sleep thou with them.
Thus kindly I scatter
Thy leaves o'er the bed,
Where thy mates of the garden
Lie scentless and dead.

So soon may I follow,
When friendships decay,
And from Love's shining circle
The gems drop away!
When true hearts lie wither'd
And fond ones are flown,
Oh! who would inhabit
This bleak world alone!

T. MOORE

44.—A Sea Song

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
And bends the gallant mast;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind!
I heard a fair one cry;
But give to me the snoring breeze
And white waves heaving high;
And white waves heaving high, my boys,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yDn horned moon,
And lightning in yon cloud;
But hark the music, mariners!
The wind is piping loud;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

A. CUNNINGHAM

45.—A Song of the Sea

The Sea! the Sea! the open Sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!
Without a mark, without a bound,
It runneth the earth's wide regions 'round;
It plays with the clouds; it mocks the skies;
Or like a cradled creature lies.

I'm on the Sea! I'm on the Sea!
I am where I would ever be;
With the blue above, and the blue below,
And silence wheresoe'er I go;
If a storm should come and awake the deep,
What matter? / shall ride and sleep.

I love—O! *how* I love—to ride
On the fierce, foaming, bursting tide,
When every mad wave drowns the moon,
Or whistles aloft his tempest tune,
And tells how goeth the world below,
And why the south-west blasts do blow.

I never was on the dull, tame shore,
But I loved the great Sea more and more,
And backwards flew to her billowy breast,
Like a bird that seeketh its mother's nest;
And a mother she was and is to me;
For I was born on the open Sea!

The waves were white, and red the morn,
In the noisy hour when I was born;
And the whale it whistled, the porpoise rolled,
And the dolphins bared their backs of gold;
And never was heard such an outcry wild
As welcomed to life the Ocean-child!

I've lived since then, in calm and strife,
Full fifty summers a sailor's life,
With wealth to spend, and a power to range,
But never have sought, nor sighed for change;
And Death, whenever he come to me,
Shall come on the wide unbounded Sea!

B. W. PrOCTER

46.—To Night

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,
Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear—
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle gray,
Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day;
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
"Wouldst thou me?"
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noontide bee,
"Shall I nestle near thy side?
Wouldst thou me?"—And I replied,
"No, not thee!"

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon!

P. B. SHELLEY

47.—Hymn to the Spirit of Nature *from* Prometheus Unbound

Life of life! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles, before they dwindle,
Make the cold air fire; then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light! thy limbs are burning
Through the veil which seems to hide them,
As the radiant lines of morning
Through thin clouds, ere they divide them;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee whereso'er thou shinest.

Fair are others: none beholds Thee;
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds th'ee
From the sight, that liquid splendour;
And all feel, yet see thee never,—
As I feel now, lost for ever!

Lamp of Earth! where'er thou movest,
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness,
And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness,
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing 1

P. B. SHELLEY

48.—The Bells

i

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells!
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinnabulation that so musically swells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

2

Hear the mellow wedding-bells—
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight!

From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

3

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror now their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation with the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavour,
Now, now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon.
Oh the bells, bells, bells,
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roarl
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the_ palpitating air!

Yet the ear it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

4

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone,
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls;
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells;
And his merry bosom swells
With the pzan of the bells;

And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic ihyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,—
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

E. A. PoE

49.—Green Fields of England

Green fields of England! whereso'er
Across this watery waste we fare,
Your image at our hearts we bear,
Green fields of England, everywhere.

Sweet eyes in England, I must flee
Past where the waves' last confines be,
Ere your loved smile I cease to see,
Sweet eyes in England, dear to me.

Dear home in England, safe and fast
If but in thee my lot lie cast,
The past shall seem a nothing past
To thee, dear home, if won at last;
Dear home in England, won at last.

A. H. CLDUGH

CHARLES KINGSLEY

50. — A Farewell

My fairest child, I have no song to give you;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and grey;
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever;
Do noble things — not dream them, all day long:
And so make life, death, and that vast for-ever
One grand, sweet song.

C. KINGSLEY

51. — 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 drowned maiden's hair
Above the nets at sea?"
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
Among the stakes of 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

52.—The Rainy **Day**

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the mouldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the mouldering Past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days must be dark and dreary.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

53.—Home-Thoughts, from Abroad

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossom'd pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dew-drops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture!

And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

R. BROWNING

54.—Boot and Saddle

A Cavalier Song

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!
Rescue my Castle, before the hot day
Brightens to blue from its silvery grey;
(Chor.) Booty saddle, to horse, and away!

Ride past the suburbs, asleep as you'd say;
Many's the friend there will listen and pray
"God's luck to gallants that strike up the lay—
(Chor.) 'Boot, saddle, to horse, and away.' "

Forty miles off, like a roebuck at bay,
Flouts Castle Brancepeth the Roundheads' array:
Who laughs, "Good fellows, ere this, by my fay,
(Chor.) Boot, saddle, to horse, and away/"

Who? My wife Gertrude; that, honest and gay,
Laughs, when you talk of surrendering, "Nay!
I've better counsellors; what counsel they?"
(C*hor.) "Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!"*

R. BRDWNINO

55.—Two Songs *from* The Princess

(/) *Slumbtr Song*

Sweet and low, sweet and low,
Wind of the western sea,
Low, low, breathe and blow,
Wind of the western sea!
Over the tiling waters go,
Come from the dying moon, and blow,
Blow him again to me;
While my little one, while my pretty one, sleeps.

LORD TENNYSON

Sleep and rest, sleep and rest,
Father will come to thee soon;
Rest, rest, on mother's breast,
Father will come to thee soon;
Father will come to his babe in the nest,
Silver sails all out of the west
Under the silver moon:
Sleep, my little one, sleep, my pretty one, sleep.

LORD TENNYSON

(2) *Blow, Bugle, Blow*

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story:
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying:
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky.
They faint on hill or field or river:
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

LORD TENNYSON

56.—Ring Out, Wild Bells I

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

LORD TENNYSON

57.—In a Railway Train

As we rush, as we rush in the Train,
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the stairy heavens above the plain
Come flying on our track.

Ail the beautiful stars of the sky,
The silver doves of the forest of Night,
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear;
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet!
For we carry the Heavens with us, Dear,
While the Earth slips from our feet!

J. THOMSON

58.—On the River

Could we float thus ever,
Floating down a river,
Down a tranquil river, and you alone with rne:
Past broad shining meadows,
Past the great wood-shadows,
Past fair farms and hamlets, for ever to the sea!

Through the golden noonlight,
Through the silver moonlight,
Through the tender gloaming, gliding calm and free;
From the sunset gliding,
Into morning sliding,
With the tranquil river for ever to the sea.

Past the masses hoary
Of cities great in story,
Past their towers and temples drifting lone and free:
Gliding, never hasting,
Gliding, never resting,
Ever with the river that glideth to the sea.

With a swifter motion
Out upon the Ocean,
Heaven above and round us, and you alone with me;
Heaven around and o'er us,
The Infinite before us,
Floating on for ever upon the flowing sea.

J. THOMSON

59-—Uphill

Does the road wind uphill all the way?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place?
A roof for when the slow, dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight?
They will not keep you waiting at the door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek?
Yea, beds for all who come.

C. G. ROSSETTI

60.—What **the Bullet** Sang

O Joy of creation
To be!
0 rapture to fly
And be free!
Be the battle lost or won,
Though its smoke shall hide the sun,
I shall find my love—the one
Born for me!

I shall know him where he stands,
All alone,
With the power in his hands
Not o'erthrown;
I shall know him by his fare,
By his god-like front and grace;
I shall hold him for a space
All my own!

It is he—0 my love!
So bold!
It is I—All thy love
Foretold!
It is I, O love! what bliss!
Dost thou answer to my kiss?
0 sweetheart! What is this
Lieth there so cold?

B. HARTE

61.—When Runnels Began *to* Leap and Sing

I

When runnels began to leap and sing,
And daffodil sheaths to blow,
Then out of the thicket came blue-eyed Spring,
And laughed at the melting snow.
"It is time, old Winter, you went," she said,
And flitted across the plain,
With an iris scarf around her head,
And diamonded with rain.

2

When the hawthorn put off her bridal veil,
And the nightingale's nocturn died,
Then Summer came forth with her milking-pail,
And hunted the Spring, and cried,
"It is time you went; you have had your share,"
And she carolled a love-song sweet,
With eglantine ravelled about her hair,
And butter-cup dust on her feet.

3

When the pears swelled juicy, the apples sweet,
And thatched was the new-ricked hay,
And August was bronzing the stripling wheat,
Then Summer besought to stay.
But Autumn came from the red-roofed farm,
And "'Tis time that you went," replied,
With an amber sheaf on her nut-brown arm
And her sickle athwart her side.

4

When the farmer railed at the hireling slut,
And fingered his fatted beeves,
And Autumn groped for the last stray nut
In the drift of her littered leaves,
"It is time you went from the lifeless land,"
Bawled Winter, then whistled weird,
With a log for his hearth in his chilblained hand,
And sleet in his grizzled beard.

A. AUSTIN

62.—A Song of the Four Seasons

i

When Spring comes laughing
By vale and hill,
By wind-flower walking
And daffodil,—
Sing stars of morning,
Sing morning skies,
Sing blue of speedwell,—
And my Love's eyes.

2

When comes the Summer
Full-leaved and strong,
And gay birds gossip
The orchard long,—

Sing hid, sweet honey
That no bee sips;
Sing red, red roses,—
And my Love's lips.

3

When Autumn scatters
The leaves again,
And piled sheaves bury
The broad-wheeled wain,—
Sing flutes of harvest
Where men rejoice;
Sing rounds of reapers,—
And my Love's voice.

4

But when comes Winter
With hail and storm,
And red fire roaring
And ingle warm,—
Sing first sad going
Of friends that part;
Then sing glad meeting,—
And my Love's heart.

A. DDBSON

63.—April

April, April,
Laugh thy girlish laughter;
Then, the moment after,
Weep thy girlish tears!
April, that mine ears
Like a lover greetest,
If I tell thee, sweetest,
All my hopes and fears,
April, April,
Laugh thy golden laughter,
But, the moment after,
Weep thy golden tears!

W. WATSON

64.—Going Down Hill on a Bicycle

With lifted feet, hands still,
I am poised, and down the hill
Dart, with heedful mind;
The air goes by in a wind.

Swifter and yet more swift,
Till the heart with" a mighty lift
Makes the lungs laugh, the throat cry:—
"O bird, see; see, bird, I fly.

"Is this, is this your joy?
O bird, then I, though a boy,
For a golden moment share
Your feathery life in air!"

Say, heart, is there aught like this
In a world that is full of bliss?
'Tis more than skating, bound
Steel-shod to the level ground.

Speed slackens now, I float
Awhile in my airy boat;
Till, when the wheels scarce crawl,
My feet to the pedals fall.

Alas, that the longest hill
Must end in a vale; but still,
Who climbs with toil, wheresoe'er,
Shall find wings waiting there.

H. C. BZECHINO

65.—Recessional

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

The tumult and the shouting dies;
The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
Dn dune and headl.md sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
Of lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

Amen.

R. KIPLING

65.—The Cricket Ball Sings

Leather—the heart o' me, leather—the rind o' me,
D but the soul of me's other than that!
Else, should I thrill as I do so exultingly
Climbing the air from the thick D' the bat?
Leather—the heart o' me: ay, but in verity
Kindred I claim with the sun in the sky.
Heroes, bow all to the little red ball,
And bow to my brother ball blazing on high

EDWARD VERRALL LUCAS

Pour on us torrents of light, good Sun,
Shine in the hearts of my cricketers, shine;
Fill them with gladness and might, good Sun,
Touch them with glory, O Brother of mine,
Brother of mine,
Brother of mine!
We are the lords of them, Brother and Mate.
I but a little ball, thou but a Great!

Give me the bowler whose fingers embracing me
Tingle and throb with the joy of the game,
One who can laugh at a smack to the boundary,
Single of purpose and steady of aim.
That is the man for me: striving in sympathy,
Ours is a fellowship sure to prevail.
Willow must fall in the end to the ball—
See, like a tiger I leap for the bail.

Give me the fieldsman whose eyes never stray from me,
Eager to clutch me, a roebuck in pace:
Perish the unalert, perish the "buttery,"
Perish the laggard I strip in the rare.
Grand is the ecstasy soaring triumphantly,
Holding the gaze of the meadow is grand,
Grandest of all to the soul of the ball
Is the finishing grip of the honest brown hand.

Give me the batsman who squanders his force on me,
Crowding the strength of his soul in a stroke;
Perish the muff and the little tin Shrewsbury,
Meanly contented to potter and poke.
He who would pleasure me, he must do doughtily,—
Bruises and bufferings stir me like wine.
Giants, come all, do your worst with the ball,
Sooner or later you're mine, sirs, you're mine.

Pour on us torrents of light, good Sun,
Shine in the hearts of my cricketers, shine;

71.—To His Love

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds *AD* shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date;

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimm'd;
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance or nature's changing course untrimm'd;

But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;
Nor shall Death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest;

So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this and this gives life to thee.

W. SHAKESPEARE

72.—To Me, Fair Friend, you never can be Did

To me, fair friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed,
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forest shook three summers' pride,

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd.
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.

Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure and no pace perceived;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion and mine eye may be deceived:

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred;
—Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.

W. SHAKESPEARE

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *and* JOHN MILTON

73.—True Love

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
  Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
  Or bends with the remover to remove:—

O no! it is an ever-fixed mark
  That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
  Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken,

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
  Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
  But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom:—

  If this be error, and upon me proved,
  I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

W. SHAKESPEARE

74.—When the Assault was Intended to the City

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in Arms,
  Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
  If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
  That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
  And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower:
  The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
  Went to the ground: and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
  To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

J. MILTDN

75.— On his Blindness

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide;—
"Doth God exact day-labour, light deni'df"
I fondly ask: but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, "God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts; who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best; His state
Is kingly; thousands at His bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without lest;
They also serve who only stand and wait."

J. MILTON

76.—The Bells of Ostend

How sweet the tuneful bells' responsive peal!
As when at opening dawn the fragrant breeze
Touches the trembling sense of pale disease,
So piercing to my heart their force I feel.
And hark! with lessening cadence now they fall,
And now along the white and level tide
They fling their melancholy music wide;
Bidding me many a tender thought recall
Df summer days, and those delightful years
When by my native streams in life's fair prime
The mournful magic of their mingling chime
First waked my wondering childhood into tears!
But seeming now, when all those days are o'er,
The sounds of joy once heard and heard no more.

W. L. BPWLEB

77.—Sonnet on the Sonnet

Nuns fret not at their convent's narrow room ;
And hermits are contented with their cells;
And students with their pensive citadels;
Maids at the wheel, the weaver at his loom,
Sit blithe and happy; bees that soar for bloom,
High as the highest peak of Furness Fells,
Will murmur by the hour in foxglove bells;
In truth, the prison, unto which we doom
Ourselves, no prison is; and hence to me,
In sundry moods, 'twas pastime to be bound
Within the Sonnet's scanty plot of ground,
Pleased if some souls (for such there needs must be)
Who have felt the weight of too much liberty
Should find short solace there, as I have found.

W. WORDSWORTH

78.—Upon Westminster Bridge

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear
The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air:

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep]
The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

W. WORDSWORTH

79.—The World is too much with us

The World is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Little we see in Nature that is ours;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
This sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours,
And are upgathered now like sleeping flowers,—
For this, for everything, we are out of tune;
It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn;
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn.

W. WORDSWORTH

80.—The Castle of Chilian

Eternal Spirit of the chainless mind!
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art;
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of thee alone can bind;
And when thy sons to fetters are consigned,
To fetters and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wing on every wind.

Chillun! thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace,
Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard! May none those marks efface!
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

LORD BYRON

81.—The Rock of Cashel

Royal and saintly Cashel! I would gaze
  Upon the wreck of thy departed powers
  Not in the dewy light of matin hours,
Nor the meridian pomp of summer's blaze,
But at the close of dim autumnal days,
  When the sun's parting glance, through slanting showers,
  Sheds o'er thy rork-throned battlements and towers
Such awful gleams as brighten o'er Decay's
Prophetic cheek. At such a time, methinks,
  There breathes from thy lone courts and voiceless aisles
A melancholy moral, such as sinks
  On the lone traveller's heart, amid the piles
Of vast Persepolis on her mountain stand,
Or Thebes half buried in the desert sand.

SIR AUBREY DL VERE

82.—An Evening Cloud

A cloud lay cradled near the setting sun,
  A gleam of crimson tinged its biaided snow;
Long had I watch'd the glory moving on
  O'er the still radiance of the Lake below;

  Tranquil its spirit seemed and floated slow;
Even in its very motion there was rest;
  While every breath of eve that chanced to blow
Wafted the traveller to the beauteous West.

Emblem, methought, of the departed soul,
  To whose white robe the gleam of bliss is given;
And by the breath of mercy made to roll
  Right onwards to the golden gates of Heaven,

Where to the eye of Faith it peaceful lies,
And tells to man his glorious destinies.

J. WILSON

83-—On First Looking into Chapman's "Homer"

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Dft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow[1]d Homer ruled as his demesne:
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene,
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

—Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez—when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific, and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

J. KEATg

64.—Night and Death

Mysterious Night! when our first parent knew
Thee from report divine, and heard thy name,
Did he not tremble for this lovely frame,
This glorious canopy of light and blue?
Yet 'neath a curtain of translucent dew,
Bathed in the rays of the great setting flame,
Hesperus with the host of heaven came,
And lo! Creation widened in man's view.

Who could have thought such darkness lay concealed
Within thy beams, O Sun! or who could find,
Whilst flow'r and leaf and insect stood revealed,
That to such countless orbs thou mad'st us blind!
Why do we then shun Death with anxious strife?
If Light can thus deceive, wherefore not Life?

J. B. WHITE

85.—Sonnet written in a Workhouse

Oh, blessed ease! no more of Heaven I ask:
The overseer is gone—that vandal elf—
And hemp, unpicked, may go and hang itself,
And I, untasked, except with Cowper's "Task,"
In blessed literary leisure bask
And lose the work-house, saving in the works
Of Goldsmiths, Johnsons, Shcridans, and Burkes;
Eat prose and drink of the Cnstalian flask;
The themes of Locke, the anecdotes of Spencc,
The humorous of Gay, the grave of Blair—
Unlearned toil, unlettered labours hence!
But hark! I hear the master on the stair,
And Thomson's Castle, that of Indolence,
Must be to me a castle in the air.

T. Hunt

86.—The Grasshopper and the Cricket

Green little vaulter in the sunny grass,
Catching your heart up at the feel of Jifhe,
Sole voice that's heard amidst the lazy noon
When even the bees lag at the summoning brass;
And you, warm little housekeeper, who class
With those who think the candles come too soon,
Loving the fire, and with your tricksome tune
Nick the glad silent moments as they pass:

Oh! sweet and tiny cousins, that belong,
One to the fields, the other to the hearth,
Both have your sunshine; both, though small, are strong
At your clear hearts; and both seem given to earth
To ring in thoughtful ears this natural song—
Indoors and out, summer and winter, Mirth.

L. HUNT

87.—My Cathedral

Like two cathedral towers those stately pines
Uplift their fretted summits tipped with cones;
The arch beneath them is not built with stones,
Not Art but Nature traced these lovely lines,
And carved this graceful arabesque of vines;
No organ but the wind here sighs and moans.
No sepulchre conceals a martyr's bones,
No marble bishop on his tomb reclines.

Enter! the pavement carpeted with leaves
Gives back a softened echo to thy tread!
Listen! the choir is singing; all the birds,
In leafy galleries beneath the eaves,
Are singing! Listen ere the sound be fled,
And learn there may be worship without words.

H. W. LONGFELLOW

88.—Love's Reason

If thou must love me, let it be for nought
Except for love's sake only. Do not say,
"I love her for her smile...her look...her way
Of speaking gently,...for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day"—
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee,—and love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou may'st love on, through love's eternity.

£. B. BROWNING

89.—The Sonnet

A Sonnet is a moment's monument,—
  Memorial from the Soul's eternity
  To one dead deathless hour. Look that it be,
Whether for lustral rite or dire portent,
Of its own arduous fulness reverent:
  Carve it in ivory or in ebony,
  As Day or Night may rule; and let Time see
Its flowering crest impearled and orient.

A Sonnet is a coin: its face reveals
  The soul,—its converse, to what Power 'tis due;
Whether for tribute to the august appeals
  Of Life, or dower in Love's high retinue,
    It serve; or, 'mid the dark wharf's cavernous breath,
    In Charon's palm it pay the toll to Death.

D. G. ROSSETTI

90.—Shakespeare

Others abide our question—Thou art free!
  We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
  Out-topping knowledge! For the loftiest hill
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his stedfast footsteps in the sea,
  Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
  Spares but the cloudy border of his base
To the foil'd searching of Mortality:

  And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
  Didst walk on earth unguess'd at.—Better so!

All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
  All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
  Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

M. ARNOLD

Timotheus placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre;
The trembling notes ascend the sky
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove
Who left his blissful seats above—
Such is the power of mighty love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode
When he to fair Olympia prest,
And while he sought her snowy breast;
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
—The listening crowd admire the lofty sound!
A present deity! they shout around:
A present deity! the vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravish[1]d ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

3

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes!
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums!
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face:
Now give the hautboys breath; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

4

Soothed with the sound, the King grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain!
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And while he Heaven and Earth defied
Changed his hand and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering in his blood;
Deserted, at his-utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies
With not a friend to close his eyes.
—With downcast looks the joyless victor sate
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of Chance below;
And now and then a sigh he stole
And tears began to flow.

5

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, 0 think, it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee!

—The many rend the skies with loud applausr;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Grazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length with love and wine at once opprest
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

6

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain!
Break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head:
As awaked from the dead
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band
Each a torch in his hand!
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew!
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
—The princes applaud with a furious joy:
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy!

7

—Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the Vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother uit, and .irts unknown before.
—Let old Timotheus yield the pri/e
Or both divide the crown ;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down 1

J. DRYDEN

94.—To Evening

I

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
Like thy own solemn springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales;

2

O nymph reserved,—while now the bright-haired Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts.
With brede ethere.il wove,
O'erhang his wavy bed;

3

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-eyed bat
With short, shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing;
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

4

As oft he rises "midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some softened strain,

5

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As musing slow I hail
Thy genial, loved return!

6

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

7

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

8

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin 'midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

9

Or if chill blustering winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side
Views wilds and swelling floods,

10

And hamlets brown, and dim discover' d spires;
And hears their simple bell; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

II

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light3

12

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes;

13

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And hymn thy favourite name!

W. COLLINS

95.—The Progress of Poesy

A Pindaric Ode

I

Awake, ^Eolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take:
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of Music winds along,
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales, and Ceres' golden reign;
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour:
The rocks and nodding groves re-bellow to the roar.

2

O Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control,
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car
And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing:
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

3

Thee the voice, the dance, obey,
Tempered to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet-green
The rosy-crowned Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sport, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet:
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay:
With arms sublime that float upon the air
In gliding state she wins her easy way:
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

4

Man's feeble race what ills await!
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate!
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.

Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry
He gives to range the dreary sky:
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glitt'ring shafts of war.

5

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctured chiefs and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

6

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Ægean deep,
Fields, that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Meander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breathed around;
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion! next, thy sea-encircled coast,

7

Far from the sun and summer-gale,
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless Child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.
This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year:
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal Boy!
This can unlock the gates of Joy;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

8

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy
The secrets of the Abyss to spy:
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

9

Hark, his hands the lyre explore!
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictured urn
Thoughts that breathe and words that burn.
But ah! 'tis heard no more—
0! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now? Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air:

Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun:
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate:
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

T. GRAY

96.—Ode to Duty

I

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God!
0 Duty! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove;
Thou who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe;
From vain temptations dost set free;
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity!

2

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who, in love and truth,
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth:
Glad hearts! without reproach or blot;
Who do thy work, and know it not:
D! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power, around them cast.

3

Serene will be our days, and bright
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Ev'n now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed;
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

4

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust:
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd
The task, in smoother walks to stray;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

5

Through no disturbance of my soul,
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control;
But in the quietness of thought:
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires;
I feel the weight of chance desires:
My hopes no more must change their name;
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

6

Stern Lawgiver! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face:
Flowers laugh before thee on their beils;
And fragrance in thy footing treads;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

7

To humbler functions, awful Power I
I call thee: I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour;
Oh! let my weakness have an end!
Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice;
The confidence of reason give;
And in the light of truth thy bondman let me live!

97.—Ode on the Intimations of Immortality from Recollections of Early Childhood

1

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can sec no more.

2

The Rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the Rose;
The Moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a gloriDus birth;
But yet I know,
Where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

3

Now, while the Birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The Cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the Echoes through the mountains throng,
The Winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;

Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy Shepherd-boy!

4

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While the Earth herself is adorning
This sweet May-morning,
And the children are pulling
Dn every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!
—But there's a Tree, of many one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone;
The Pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

5

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,

But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the East
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

6

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely Nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

7

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size!
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;

But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied Age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

8

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read's! the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy immortality
Broods like the day, a master o'er a slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

9

0 joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction: not indeed

For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast:—
Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Df sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realised,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence, in a season of calm weather,
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither;
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

10

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound!
We, in thought, will join your throng,

Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death;
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

II

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Think not of any severing of our loves!
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway:
I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripped lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
Is lovely yet;
The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober cpicuring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

W. WORDSWORTH

98.—To a Skylark

1

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

2

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

3

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are bright'ning
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

4

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight-—

5

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

6

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is over-flow'd.

7

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see,
As from thy presence show'rs a rain of melody.

8

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

9

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

10

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

II

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

III

12

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

13

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

H

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt,
Match'd with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

15

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?

16

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

1?

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

18

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not:
Our sincerest laughter
With some)pain is fraught;
Dur sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

19

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

20

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

21

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know.
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now*

P. B. SHELLEY

99-—Ode to the West Wind

i

0 wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,
Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes: 0 thou,
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed
The winge'd seeds, where they lie cold and low,

Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the spring shall blow
Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill:
Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere,
Destroyer and preserver, hear, Oh, hear!

2

Thou on whose stream, 'mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,
Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce Maenad, ev'n from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height—
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge
Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might
Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail will burst: Oh hear!

3

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lulled by the coil of his crystalline streams,
Beside a pumice isle in Bail's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,
All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers
Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know
Thy voice, and suddenly grow gray with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: Oh hear!

4

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share
The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
Thy comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision; I would ne'er have striven
As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh! lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud!
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee: tameless, and swift, and proud.

5

Make me thy lyre, ev'n as the forest is:
What if my leaves aie falling like its own!
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, spirit fierce,
My spirit! Be thou me, impetuous one!
Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth!
And, by the incantation of this verse,
Scatter, as from an unextinguish'd hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!
Be through my lips to unawaken'd Earth
The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind!
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

P. B. SHELLEY

loo.—To Autumn

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness!
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;

To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more.
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twined flowers;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

J. KEATS

101.—On a Grecian Urn

Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness!
Thou foster child of Silence and slow Time,
Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:

What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
Of deities or mortals, or of both,
In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
What men or gods are these? what maidens loth?
What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare,-
Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve;
She cannot fade though thou hast not thy bliss,
For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu;
And, happy melodist, unwearied,
For ever piping songs for ever new;
More happy love! more happy, happy love!
For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
For ever panting and for ever young;
All breathing human passion far above,
That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloy'd,
A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
To what green altar, D mysterious priest,
Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
What little town by river or sea-shore,
Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn?
And, little town, thy streets for evermore
Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form! dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

J. KEATS

102.—To a Nightingale

I

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pain?
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

z

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sun-burnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim•

3

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men *ait* and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs;
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

4

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his parcls,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

5

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flics on summer eves.

6

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

7

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

8

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole sdi!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu ! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

J. KEATs

103.—To a Water-fowl

I

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way ?

2

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

3

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, *DT* marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

4

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

5

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

6

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

7

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

8

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that 1 must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

W. C, BRYANT

104.—Ode to the North-East Wind

Welcome, wild North-easter.[1]
Shame it is to see
Ddes to every zephyr;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter!
O'er the German foam;
D'er the Danish moorlands.
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air;
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day:
Jovial wind of winter,
Turn us out to play!
Sweep the golden reed-beds;
Crisp the lazy dyke;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild-fowl;
Fill the marsh with snipe;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Oif the curdled sky.
Hark! The brave North-easter!
Breast-high lies the scent,
On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow!
Who can over-ride you?
Let the horses go!

CHARLES KINGSLEY

Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen?
*Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-westei ?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their true loves
Out of all the seas:
But the black North-easter,
Through the snowstorm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood;
Bracing brain and sinew;
Blow, thou wind of God!

C. KINGSLEY

105.—Philomela

Hark! ah, the Nightingale!
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark—what pain!

O Wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain—
Say, will it never heal?
And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain
Afford no balm?
Dost thou to-night behold
Here, through the moonlight on this English grasb,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?
Dost thou again peruse
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
The too clear web, and thy dumb Sister's shame?
Dost thou once more assay
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
Poor Fugitive, the feathery change
Once more, and once more seem to make resound
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale?
Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves!
Again—thou nearest!
Eternal Passion!
Eternal Pain!

M. ARNOLD

105.—March: an Ode

i

Ere frost-flower and snow-blossom faded and fell, and the splendour of winter had passed out of sight,
The ways of the woodlands were fairer and stranger than dreams that fulfil us in sleep with delight;
The breath of the mouths of the winds had hardened on tree-tops and branches that glittered and swayed
Such wonders and glories of blossom-like snow or of frost that outlightens all flowers till it fade
That the sea was not lovelier than here was the land, nor the night than the day, nor the day than the night,
Nor the winter sublimer with storm than the spring: such mirth had the madness and might in thee made,
March, master of winds, bright minstrel and marshal of storms that enkindle the season they smite.

z

And now that the rage of thy rapture is satiate with revel and ravin and spoil of the snow,
And thy branches it brightened are broken, and shattered the tree-tops that only thy wrath could lay low,
How should not thy lovers rejoice in thee, leader and lord of the year that exults to be born
So strong in thy strength and so glad of thy gladness whose laughter puts winter and sorrow to scorn?
Thou hast shaken the snows from thy wings, and the frost on thy forehead is molten: thy lips are aglow
As a lover's that kindle with kissing, and earth, with her raiment and tresses yet wasted and torn,
Takes breath as she smiles in the grasp of thy passion to feel through her spirit the sense of thee flow.

3

Fain, fain would we see but again for an hour what the wind and the sun have dispelled and consumed,
Those full deep swan-soft feathers of snow with whose luminous burden the branches implumed

Hung heavily, curved as a half-bent bow, and fledged not as birds are, but petalled as flowers,
Each tree-top and branchlet a pinnacle jewelled and carved, or a fountain that shines as it showers,
But fixed as a fountain is fixed not, and wrought not to last till by time or by tempest entombed,
As a pinnacle carven and gilded of men: for the date of its doom is no more than an hour's,
One hour of the sun's when the warm wind wakes him to wither the snow-flowers that froze as they bloomed.

4

As the sunshine quenches the snowshine; as April subdues thee, and yields up his kingdom to May;
So time overcomes the regret that is born of delight as it passes in passion away,
And leaves but a dream for desire to rejoice in or mourn for with tears or thanksgivings; but thou,
Bright god that art gone from us, maddest and gladdest of months, to what goal hast thou gone from us now?
For somewhere surely the storm of thy laughter that lightens, the beat of thy wings that play,
Must flame as a fire through the world, and the heavens that we know not rejoice in thee: surely thy brow
Hath lost not its radiance of empire, thy spirit the joy that impelled it on quest as for prey.

5

Are thy feet on the ways of the limitless waters, thy wings on the winds of the waste north sea?
Are the fires of the false north dawn over heavens where summer is stormful and strong like thee
Now bright in the sight of thine eyes? are the bastions of icebergs assailed by the blast of thy breath?
Is it March with the wild north world when April is waning? the word that the changed year saith,

On a bank for sunny place
With her forefeet wash her face:
Are not these, with thousands moe
Than the courts of kings do know,
The true pleasing spirit's sights,
That may breed true love's delights?
But with all this happiness
To behold that shepherdess
To whose eyes all shepherds yield
All the fairest of the field;
Fair Aglaia, in whose face
Lives the shepherd's highest grace;
For whose sake I say and swear,
By the passions that I bear,
Had I got a kingly grace,
I would leave my kingly place
And in heart be truly glad
To become a country lad!

N. BRETON

108.—The Shepherd and his Wife

It was near a thicky shade,
That broad green leaves of beech had made,
Joining all their tops so nigh,
That scarce Phcebus in could pry,
Where sat the swain and his wife,
Sporting in that pleasing life
That Caridon commendeth so,
All other lives to over-go.
He and she did sit and keep
Flocks of kids and folds of sheep;
He upon his pipe did play,
She tuned voice unto his lay,
And, for you might her huswife know,
Voice did sing and fingers sew.
He was young; his coat was green,
With welts of white seamed between,
Turned over with a flap,
That breast and bosom in did wrap;

Skirtis side and plighted free,
Seemly hanging to his knee;
A whittle with a silver chape;
Cloak was russet, and the cape
Served for a bonnet oft
To shroud him from the wet aloft;
A leather scrip of colour red,
With a button on the head;
A bottle full of country whig
By the shepherd's side did lig;
And in a little bush hard by
There the shepherd's dog did lie,
Who, while his master gan to sleep,
Well could watch both kids and sheep.
The shepherd was a frolic swain;
For though his 'parel was but plain,
Yet doon the authors soothly say,
His colour was both fresh and gay,
And in their writs plain discuss,
Fairer was not Tityrus,
Nor Menalcas, whom they call
The alderliefest swain of all.
'Seeming him was his wife,
Both in line and in life;
Fair she was as fair might be,
Like the roses on the tree;
Buxom, blythe, and young, I ween,
Beauteous like a summer's queen;
For her cheeks were ruddy-hued,
As if lilies were imbrued
With drops of blood, to make the white
Please the eye with more delight.
A liefer lass than this had been
Condon had never seen;
Nor was Phyllis, that fair may,
Half so gaudy or so gay.
She wore a chaplet on her head;
Her cassock was of scarlet red,
Long and large, as straight as bent;
Her middle was both small and gent;

A neck as white as whal&s-bone,
Compass'd with a lace of stone. Bo
Fine she was and fair she was,
Brighter than the brightest glass;
Such a shepherd's wife as she
Was not more in Thessaly.

R. GREENE

109.—The Shepherd to his Love

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield!

There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of rosea
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle;

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest goldj

A belt of straw and ivy-buds
With coral clasps and amber studs:
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love!

Thy silver dishes, for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning.
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love!

C. MARLOWE

110.—L'Allegro

Hence, loath&d Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Midst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jjcalous wings,
And the night-raven sings ;
There, under ebon shades, and low-browed rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

Rut. cpme, thou Goddess fair and free
In Heav'n yclept Euphrosyne,
And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying
There on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
so buxom, blithe, and deionair.
Haste thee Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful Jollity,
Quips and Cranks, and wanton. Wiles,
Nods and Becks, and wreathed Smiles
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek
And love to live in'dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides,
tome, and trip it as you go
Dn the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty;

And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unregjov^d pleasures free;
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And, singing, startle the dull night
From his watdi-tpger in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow
Through the swejit-bdar, or the vine,
Or the twisted ^glantine;
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some ^gar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state,
Rob'd in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand foyeries dight:
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every sheperd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide.

Powers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tinted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks;
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd hayjiock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
Die upland hamlets will invite;
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How faery Mab the junkets eat.
She was pinch'd and pull'd, she said;
And he, by Friar's lantern led,
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set;
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full *out* of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.

Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace, high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and least, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jensen's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever, against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Df linked sweetness long drawn out;
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flow'rs, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

J. MILTON

111.—The Emigrants in the Bermudas

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the Ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song:—

"What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze,
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms' and prelates' rage:
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at oui feet;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon He stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast,
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound Hia name.
O let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at heaven's vault,
Which, thence (perhaps) rebounding, may
Echo beyond the Mexique Bay!"

Thus sung they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note:
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

A. MARVELL

112.—*A* Nocturnal Reverie

In such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,
And only gentle Zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel, still waking, sings;
Or from some tree, framed for the owl's delight,
She, holloing clear, directs the wanderer right,—
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the heavens' mysterious face,
When in some river overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen ;
When freshened grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence spring the woodbine and the bramble-rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes,
Where scattered glow-worms,—but in twilight fine,—
Shew trivial beauties, watch their hour to shine;
While Salisbury stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms and perfect beauty bright;
When odours, which declined repelling day,
Through temperate air uninterrupted stray;
When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When through the gloom more venerable shews
Some ancient fabric awful in repose;
While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale;
When the loosed horse now, as.his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear,
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;

When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine rechew the cud;
When curlews cry beneath the village-walls,
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;
Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures whilst tyrant Man doth sleep;
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something too high for syllables to speak;
Till the free soul to a compos'dness charmed,
Finding the elements of rage disarmed,
D'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her own:—
In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks and all's confused again;
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed,
Our pleasures, seldom reached, again pursued.

COUNTESS WINCHILSEA

113.—Grongar Hill

Silent Nymph, with curious eye!
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man,
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale;
Come with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse,
Now while Phœbus, riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky!
Grongar Hill invites my song;
Draw the landskip bright and strong;
Grongar, in whoje mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, Quiet dwells;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,

So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sate upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head;
While strayed my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till Contemplation had her fill.
About his chequered sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistoes shooting beams of day;
Wide and wider spreads the vale,
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise:
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads,
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.
Now, I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landskip lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene,
But the gay, the open scene
Does the face of nature show,
In all the hues of heaven's bow!
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies;
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires;
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads,
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks.
Below me trees unnumbered rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:

The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs;
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phillis, queen of love,
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye.
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps;
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary mouldered walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,—
Has seen this broken pile compleat,
Big with the vanity of state;
But transient is the smile of fate!
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,
Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers how they run
Thro' woods and meads, in shade and sun;
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep !

Thus is nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landskip tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky;
The pleasant seat, the ruined tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See, on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide,
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step, methinks, may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Eyed thro* Hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,
Which to those who journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear;
Still we tread the same coarse way;
The present's still a cloudy day.
O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see!
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tamed, my wishes laid;
For while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul;
*Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;

While the wanton Zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep,
While the shepherd charms his sheep,
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with musick fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for Peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor:
In vain ye search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of care 1
Grass and flowers Quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with Pleasure, close allied,
Ever by each other's side :
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

J. DYER

114.—The Home Prepared

My banks they are furnish'd with bees,
Whose murmur invites one to sleep;
My grottos are shaded with trees,
And my hills are white over with sheep.
I seldom have met with a loss,
Such health do my fountains bestow,
My fountains all border'd with moss,
Where the hare-bells and violets grow.

Not a pine in my grove is there seen,
But with tendrils of woodbine is bound;
Not a beech's more beautiful green
But a sweet-brier entwines it around.
Not my fields, in the prime of the year,
More charms than my cattle unfold;
Not a brook that is limpid and clear,
But it glitters with fishes of gold.

One would think she might like *to* retire
To the bower I have laboured to rear;
Not a shrub that I heard her admire,
But I hasted and planted it there.
O, how sudden the jessamine strove
With the lilac to render it gay!
Already it calls for my love,
To prune the wild branches away.

From the plains, from the woodlands and groves
What strains of wild melody flow!
How the nightingales warble their loves
From thickets of roses that blow!
And when her bright form shall appear,
Each bird shall harmoniously join
In a concert so soft and so clear,
As—she may not be fond to resign.

W. SHENSTUNK

115.—Lines written in March

The cock is crowing,
The stream is flowing,
The small birds twitter,
The lake doth glitter,
The green field sleeps in the sun;
The oldest and youngest
Are at work with the strongest;
The cattle are grazing,
Their heads never raising;
There are forty feeding like one!

Like an army defeated
The snow hath retreated,
And now doth fare ill
On the top of the bare hill;
The plough-boy is whooping—anon—anon:
There's joy in the mountains;
There's life in the fountains;
Small clouds are sailing,
Blue sky prevailing;
The rain is over and gone!

W. WORDSWORTH

116.—The Solitary Reaper

Behold her, single in the field,
  Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
  Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
Oh, listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chaunt
  More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt
  Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?—
  Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
  And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
  As if her song could have no ending:
I saw her singing at her work,
  And o'er the sickle bending:
I listen'd, hiotionless and still;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

W. WORDSWORTH

117.—Kubla Khan

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where blossom[1]d many an incense-bearing tree;
And here were forests ancient as the hills,
Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.

But oh, that deep romantic chasm which slanted
Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
A savage place! as holy and enchanted
As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
A mighty fountain momently was forced;
Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momently the sacred river.
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves;
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves.
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw:
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora.
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy drend,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

5. T. COLERIDGE

118.—Ruth

She stood breast-high amid the corn,
Clasp'd by the golden light of morn,
Like the sweetheart of the sun,
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

Dn her cheek an autumn flush,
Deeply ripen'd;—such a blush
In the midst of brown was born,
Like red poppies grown with corn.

Round her eyes her tresses fell;
Which were blackest none could tell,
But long lashes veil'd a light
That had else been all too bright.

And her hat, with shady brim,
Made her tressy forehead dim;
Thus she stood amid the stooks,
Praising God with sweetest looks:—

Sure, I said, Heav'n did not mean,
Where I reap thou shouldst but glean.
Lay thy sheaf adown and come.
Share my harvest and my home.

T. HOOD

119.—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 woman 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 camp 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 morning gleam, as the tide went down,
And the women are weeping and wringing their hands,
For those who will never come home to the town.
For men must work, and women must weep,
And the sooner it's over, the sooner to sleep,
And good-bye to the bar and its moaning.

C. KINgsLEY

120.—The Village Blacksmith

I

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.

2

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 looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

3

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:

4

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 the threshing-floor.

5

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:

6

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.

7

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.

B

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught I
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

121.—Mariana

"**Mariana** in the moated grange."

Measure for Measure

I

With blackest moss the flower-plots
Were thickly crusted, one and all:
The rusted nails fell from the knots
That held the peach to the garden-wall.
The broken sheds look'd sad and strange:
Unlifted was the clinking latch;
Weeded and worn the ancient thatch
Upon the lonely moated grange.

She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were deadl"

z

Her tears fell with the dews at even;
Her tears fell ere the dews were dried;
She could not look on the sweet heaven,
Either at morn or eventide.
After the flitting of the bats,
When thickest dark did trance the sky.
She drew her casement-curtain by,
And glanced athwart the glooming flats.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

3

Upon the middle of the night,
Waking she heard the night-fowl crow:
The cock sung out an hour ere light:
From the dark fen the oxen's low
Came to her: without hope of change,
In sleep she seem'd to walk forlorn,
Till cold winds woke the gray-eyed morn
About the lonely moated grange.
She only said, "The day is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

4

About a stone-cast from the wall
A sluice with blacken'd waters slept,
And o'er it many, round and small,
The duster'd marish-mosses crept.

Hard by a poplar shook alway,
All silver-green with gnarled bark:
For leagues *no* other tree did mark
The level waste, the rounding gray.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

5

And ever when the moon was low,
And the shrill winds were up and away,
In the white curtain, to and fro,
She saw the gusty shadow sway.
But when the moon was very low,
And wild winds bound within their cell,
The shadow of the poplar fell
Upon her bed, across her brow.
She only said, "The night is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead!"

6

All day within the dreamy house,
The doors upon their hinges creak'd;
The blue fly sung in the pane; the mouse
Behind the mouldering wainscot shriek'd,
Or from the crevice peer'd about.
Old faces glimmer'd thro' the doors,
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,
Old voices called her from without.
She only said, "My life is dreary,
He cometh not," she said;
She said, "I am aweary, aweary,
I would that I were dead I"

7

The sparrow's chirrup on the roof,
The slow clock ticking, and the sound
Which to the wooing wind aloof
The poplar made, did all confound
Her sense; but most she loathed the hour
When the thick-moted sunbeam lay
Athwart the chambers, and the day
Was sloping towards his western bower.
Then, said she, "I am very dreary,
He will not come," she said;
She wept, "I am aweary, aweary,
Oh God, that I were dead!"

LORD TENNYBDN

122.—The Forsaken Merman

Come, dear children, let us away;
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay,
Now the great winds shoreward blow,
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go—
Call once yet!
In a voice that she will know:
"Margaret! Margaret!"
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear;
Children's voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again!
Call her once and come away;
This way, this way!
"Mother dear, we cannot stay!
The wild white horses foam and fret."
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down;
Call no more!
One last look at the white-wall'd town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore;
Then come down!
She will not come though you call all day;
Come away, come away!

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam,
Where the salt weed sways in the stream,
Where the sea-beasts, ranged all round,
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and aye?
When did music come this way?
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of a far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea;
She said: "I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me!
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee!"

I said: "Go up, dear heart, through the waves;
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!"
She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday?

Children dear, were we long alone?
"The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan;
Long prayers," I said, "in the world they say;
Come!" I said; and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-wall'd town;
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climb'd on the graves, on the stones worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar; we saw her clear:
"Margaret, hist! come quick, we are here!
Dear heart," I said, "we are long alone;
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan."
But ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were seaFd to the holy book!
Loud prays the priest; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more!
Come away, come down, call no more!

Down, down, down!
Down to the depths of the sea!
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark what she sings: "D joy, D joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy!
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well;
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun!"
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,
Till the spindle drops from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.

She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea;
And her eyes are set in a stare;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh,
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children;
Come children, come down!
The hoarse wind blows coldly;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door-
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing: "Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she!
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea."

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starr'd with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanch'd sands a gloom;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,
Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.

We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down.
Singing: "There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she!
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea."

M. ARNOLD

123.—My Study

I

Let others strive for wealth or praise
Who care to win;
I count myself full blest, if He,
Who made my study fair to see,
Grant me but length of quiet days
To muse therein.

2

Its walls, with peach and cherry clad,
From yonder wold
Unbosomed, seem as if thereon
September sunbeams ever shone;
They make the air look warm and glad
When winds are cold.

3

Around its door a clematis
Her arms doth tie;
Through leafy lattices I view
Its endless corridors of blue
Curtained with clouds; its ceiling is
The marbled sky.

4

A verdant carpet smoothly laid
Doth oft invite
My silent steps; thereon the sun
With silver thread of dew hath spun
Devices rare — the warp of shade,
The weft of light.

5

Here dwell my chosen books, whose leaves
With healing breath
The ache of discontent assuage,
And speak from each illumined page
The patience that my soul reprieves
From inward death;

6

Some perish with a season's wind,
And some endure;
One robes itself in snow, and one
In raiment of the rising sun
Bordered with gold; — in all I find
God's signature.

7

As on my grassy couch I lie,
From hedge and tree
Musicians pipe; or if the heat
Subdue the birds, one crooneth sweet
Whose labour is a lullaby,—
The slumbrous bee.

8

The sun my work doth overlook
With searching light;
The serious moon, the flickering star,
My midnight lamp and candle are;
A soul unhardened is the book
Wherein I write.

9

There labouring, my heart is eased
Of every care;
Yet often wonderstruck I stand
With earnest gaze but idle hand,
Abashed—for God Himself is pleased
To labour there.

10

Ashamed my faultful task to spell,
I watch how grows
The Master's perfect colour-scheme
Of sunset, or His simpler dream
Of moonlight, or that miracle
We name a rose.

11

There, in the lap of pure content
I still would keep
The Sabbath of a soul at rest;
Nor could I wish a close more blest
Than there, when life's bright day is spent,
To fall asleep.

A. HAVES

124.—My **Will**

1

I would live, if I had my will,
In an old stone grange on a Yorkshire hill;
Ivy-encircled, lichen-streaked,
Low and mullioned, gable-peaked,
With a velvet lawn, and a hedge of yew,
An apple orchard to saunter through,
Hyacinth-scented in spring's clear prime,
And rich with roses in summer-time,
And a waft of heather over the hill,
Had I my will.

2

Over my tree-tops, grave and brown,
Slants the back of a breezy down;
Through my fields, by the covert edge,
A swift stream splashes from ledge to ledge
On to the hamlet, scattered, gray,
Where folk live leisurely day by day;
The same old faces about my walks;
Smiling welcomes and simple talks;
Innocent stories of Jack and Jill;
Had I my will.

3

How my thrushes should pipe ere noon,
Young birds learning the old birds' tune;
Casements wide, when the eve is fair,
To drink the scents of the moonlit air.
Over the valley I'd see the lights
Of the lone hill-farms, on the upland heights;
And hear when the night is alert with rain,
The steady pulse of the labouring train,
With the measured gush of the merry rill,
Had I my will.

4

Then in the winter, when gusts pipe thin,
By a clear fire would I sit within,
Warm and dry in the ingle nook,
Reading at ease in a good grave book;
Under the lamp, as I sideways bend,
I'd scan the face of my well-loved friend;
Writing my verses with careless speed,
One at least would be pleased to read;
Thus sweet leisure my days should fill,
Had I my will.

5

Then when the last guest steps to my side;
—May it be summer, the windows wide,—
I would smile as the parson prayed,
Smile to think I was once afraid;
Death should beckon me, take my hand,
Smile at the door of the silent land,
Then the slumber, how good to sleep
Under the grass where the shadows creep,
Where the headstones slant on the wind-swept hill!
I shall have my will!

A. C. BENSON

With lucky words favour my destin'd urn;
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurst upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Dft till the star that rose at ev'ning, bright,
Turtrard heaven's descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old DamLEtas loved to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn:
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays:
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
—Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
Ay me, I fondly dream—

Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son
Whom universal Nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?
Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Dr with the tangles of Nezra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind),
To scorn delights, and live laborious daya;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with th' abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"
Phffibus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
"Fame is no plant that grows on tnortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to th' world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed."

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown*d with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood:
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea;
He ask'd the waves and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory:
They knew not of his story;

And sage Hippotades their answer brings;
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe.
"Ah! who hath reft," quoth he, "my dearest pledge?"
Last came, and last did go
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain,
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
"How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold!"
Of other care they little reck'ning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said:
—But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return Alpheus, the dread voice is past,
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,

And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flow'rets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes
That on the green turf suck the honied show'rs
And purple all the ground with vernal flow'rs.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd wood-bine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears:
Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise;
Ay me! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away,—where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold;
—Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth:
And, 0 ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth 1

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more;
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the wat'ry floor;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed;
And yet anon repairs his drooping head
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky:
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high

Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves;
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above,
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing, in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to th' oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey;
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay:
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue:
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

J. MILTON

127.—Elegy written in a Country Churchyard

I

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

2

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds:

3

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

4

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

5

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

6

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

7

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team afield!
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

8

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

9

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour:
The paths of glory lead but *to* the grave.

ID

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

II

Can stoned urn *or* animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull, cold ear of Death?

Iz

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have away'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre:

13

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
Rich with the spoils of Time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

14

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

15

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute, inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

16

TV applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes—

17

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbad to wade thro' slaughter to a throne,
And shut the Gates of Mercy on Mankind;

18

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

19

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray;
Along the cool, secquester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

20

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect,
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

21

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

22

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

23

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

24

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate, —

25

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
"Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn;

26

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noon-tide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

27

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring his wayward fancies would he rove;
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,
Or craz'd with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

28

"One morn I miss'd him from the custom[5]d hill,
Along the heath, and near his fav'rite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he:

29

"The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the Church-way Path we saw him borne, —
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth, —
A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven ('twas all he wished) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose),
The bosom of his Father and his God.

T. GRAY

128.—Dn the Receipt of my Mother's Picture

Oh that those lips had language! **Life has** passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say,
"Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away!"
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
(Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it!) here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
Oh welcome guest, though unexpected, here!
Who bidd'st me honour with an artless song,
Affectionate, a mother lost so long,
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own;
And, while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief—
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream that thou art she.
My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss?
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss ?
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers, "Yes."

I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And, turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such?—It was.—Where thou art gone
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return.
What ardently I wished, I long believed;
And, disappointed still, was still dereived,
By disappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of *to-morrow* even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot;
But though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener, Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet-capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightest know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit, or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed;
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks
That humour interposed too often makes;

All this still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so, to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though unnoticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, the jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin,
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would'st softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.—
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
Shoots into port at some well-haven'd isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
"Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,"
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchored at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest-tost,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh, the thought that thou art safe and he!
—That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.

My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell!—Time, unrevoked, has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again;
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine:
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

W. COWPER

129.—**She Dwelt** among the Untrodden Ways

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove,
A Maid whom there were none to praise
And very few to love:

A Violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye!
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be;
But she is in her grave, and, oh,
The difference to me.

W. WORDSWORTH

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

130.—Elegiac Stanzas

Suggested by a picture of Peele Castle in a storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont.

1

I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

2

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I looked thy Image still was there;
It trembled, but it never passed away.

3

How perfect was the calm! it seemed no sleep;
No mood, which season takes away, or brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

4

Ah! *then,* if mine had been the Painter's hand,
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration and the poet's dream;

5

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile,
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

6

A Picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

7

Such **in** the fond illusion of my heart,
Such Picture would I at that time have made;
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betrayed.

8

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more;
I have submitted to a new control:
A power is gone, which nothing can restore;
A deep distress hath humanised my Soul.

9

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been:
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene,

10

Then, Beaumont, Friend! who would have been the Friend,
If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

11

O 'tis a passionate Work—yet wise and well,
Well chosen is the spirit that is here;
That Hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear!

12

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time,
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves,

13

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind!
Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied; for 'tis surely blind.

14

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne!
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here:—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

W. WORDSWORTH

[31.—Hester

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try,
With vain endeavour.
A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her, together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate,
That flush'd her spirit.
I know not by what name beside
I shall it call:—if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied,
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool,
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
—Nature had blest her.
A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind:
—Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour, gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore,
Some summer morning,
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet forewarning?

C. LAMB

132.—To the Sister of Elia

Comfort thee, 0 thou mourner, yet awhile!
Again shall Elia's smile
Refresh thy heart, where heart can ache no more
What is it we deplore?

He leaves behind him, freed from griefs and years,
Far worthier things than tears,
Hie love of friends without a single foe:
Unequalled lot below!

His gentle soul, his genius, these are thine;
For thrse dost thou repine?
He may have left the lowly walks of men;
Left them he has; what then?

Are not his footsteps followed by the eyes
' Of all the good and wise ?
Tho' the warm day is over, yet they seek
Upon the lofty peak

Of his pure mind the roseate light that glows
O'er death's perennial snows.
Behold him! from the region of the blest
He speaks: he bids thce rest.

W. 5. LANDDR

133.—Break, break, break I

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

LORD TENNYSON

134.—A Southern Night

1

The sandy spits, the shore-lock'd lakes,
Melt into open, moonlit sea;
The soft Mediterranean breaks
At my feet, free.

2

Dotting the fields of corn and vine,
Like ghosts the huge, gnarl'd olives stand.
Behind, that lovely mountain-line!
While, by the strand,

3

Cette, with its glistening houses white,
Curves with the curving beach away
To where the lighthouse beacons bright
Far in the bay.

4

Ah! such a night, so soft, so lone,
So moonlit, saw me once of yore
Wander, unquiet, and my own
Vext heart deplore.

5

But now that trouble is forgot;
Thy memory, thy pain, to-night,
My brother! and thine early lot,
Possess me quite.

6

The murmur of this Midland deep
Is heard to-night around thy grave,
There, where Gibraltar's cannon'd steep
D'erfrowns the wave.

7

For there, with bodily anguish keen,
With Indian heats at last fordone,
With public toil and private teen—
Thou sank'st, alone.

8

Slow to a stop, at morning grey,
I see the smoke-crown'd vessel come;
Slow round her paddles dies away
The seething foam.

9

A boat is lower'd from her side;
Ah, gently place him on the bench I
That spirit—if all have not yet died—
A breath might quench.

10

Is this the eye, the footstep fast,
The mien of youth we used to see,
Poor, gallant boy!—for such thou wast,
Still art, to me.

II

The limbs their wonted tasks refuse;
The eyes are glazed, thou canst not speak;
And whiter than thy white burnous
That wasted cheek!

12

Enough! The boat, with quiet shock,
Unto its haven coming nigh,
Touches, and on Gibraltar's rock
Lands thee to die,

13

Ah me! Gibraltar's strand is far,
But farther yet across the brine
Thy dear wife's ashes buried are,
Remote from thine.

14

For there, where morning's sacred fount
Its golden rain on earth confers,
The snowy Himalayan Mount
O'ershadows hers.

15

Strange irony of fate, alas,
Which, for two jaded English, saves,
When from their dusty life they pass,
Such peaceful graves!

16

In cities should we English lie,
Where cries are rising ever new,
And men's incessant stream goes by —
We who pursue

17

Our business with unslackening stride,
Traverse in troops, with care-fill'd breast,
The soft Mediterranean side,
The Nile, the East,

18

And see all sights from Pole to Pole,
And glance, and nod, and bustle by,
And never once possess our soul
Before we die.

19

Not by those hoary Indian hills,
Not by this gracious Midland sea
Whose floor to-night sweet moonshine fills,
Should our graves be.

20

Some sage, to whom the world *was* dead,
And men were specks, and life a play;
Who made the roots of trees his bed,
And once a day

21

With staff and gourd his way did bend
To villages and homes of man, -
For food to keep him till he end
His mortal span

22

And the pure goal of being reach;
Hoar-headed, wrinkled, clad in white,
Without companion, without speech,
By day and night

23

Pondering God's mysteries untold,
And tranquil as the glacier-snows,
He by those Indian mountains old
Might well repose.

24

Some grey crusading knight austere,
Who bore Saint Louis company,
And came home hurt to death, and here
Landed to die;

25

Some youthful troubadour, whose tongue
Fill'd Europe once with his love-pain,
Who here outworn had sunk, and sung
His dying strain;

26

Some girl, who here from castle-bower,
With furtive step and cheek of flame,
'Twixt myrtle hedges all in flower
By moonlight came

27

To meet her pirate-lover's ship;
And from the wave-kiss'd marble stair
Beckon'd him on, with quivering lip
And floating hair;

28

And lived some moons in happy trance,
Then learnt his death and pined away—
Such by these waters of romance
'Twas meet to lay.

29

But you — a grave for knight or sage,
Romantic, solitary, still,
0 spent ones of a work-day age!
Befits you ill.

30

So sang I; but the midnight breeze,
Down to the brimm'd, moon-charmed main,
Comes softly through the olive-trees,
And checks my strain.

31

I think of her, whose gentle tongue
All plaint in her own cause controll'd;
Of thee I think, my brother! young
In heart, high-soul'd—

32

That comely face, that clustered brow,
That cordial hand, that bearing free,
I see them still, I see them now,
Shall always see!

33

And what but gentleness untired,
  And what but noble feeling warm,
Wherever shown, howe'er inspired,
    Is grace, *is* charm?

34

What else is all these waters are,
  What else is steep'd in lucid sheen,
What else is bright, what else is fair,
    What else serene?

35

Mild o'er her grave, ye mountains, shine!
  Gently by his, ye waters, glide!
To that in you which is divine
    They were allied.

M. ARNOLD

NOTES

I. THE SONG-LYRIC

No. I. This is the earliest English song of which a manuscript exists, and it dates from the thirteenth century The tune to which it was sung has also been recorded and both words and tune are products of a degree of skill which must have been rather uncommon at the time when the song was composed The *motive* of the poem is, of course, the singing of the cuckoo, and the last two lines form the "third part" of the lyric. (See "The Structure of the Lync" in the Introduction.)

Verteth = turns to the woods.

No. 2. *Stokkes:* stocks were kept by the Lord of Misrule at Christmas parties, for the punishment of those who did not join in the pleasures of the time.

No. 3. The short lines and musical metre suggest the light-hearted dance which probably accompanied the song, which is taken from Thomas Morley's *First Book of Ballets* (1595).

No. 4. From Shakespeare's *Love's Labour's Lost.*

Blows his nail = blows his finger-nails to keep them warm; *keel* = to prevent from boiling over by stirring or by skimming; *crabs* = crab-apples.

No. 5. From Shakespeare's *Two Gentlemen of Verona*

Nos. 6 and ID. It is interesting to gather from these songs particulars of the habits and powers generally attributed to fames in Shakespeare's day From *The Tempest* and *A Midsummer-Night's Dream* especially, much information can be gleaned on these points

No. 7. A madrigal is an elaborate vocal composition written for several voices, sometimes five or six. Note that this specimen contains many examples of contrast—a figure of speech technically known as antithesis. Find other examples in the book

No. B. *Mary-buds* = mangolds From Shakespeare's *Cymbeline.*

No. 9. From Shakespeare's *As You Like It* If analysed as regards structure, each stanza of this song will be found a, complete lyric, the two stanzas being unified by their common subject, ingratitude.

No. 10. *The burthen bear* = sing the refrain.

No. 14. Observe in the last four lines the courtly and ingenious exaggeration, common to the love-poems of the period.

No. 16. In what other way might this poem have been arranged in lines ? What is the effect of the short rhyming lines ?

No. 18. This most graceful lyric is structurally perfect and exquisitely dainty.

No. 20. The *motive* here is a situation, as m No. 64.

No. 23. Note the sudden change of tense in the last line. What is its effect?

No. 25. The refrain is here given as Thomson wrote it, and not as in the well-known popular version.

No. 26. *Frae* = from; *dight* = adurn, *skaith* = harm.

No. 27. The text is from that of Mr Watts-Dunton in Ward's *English Poets.*

No. 28. Many of our merriest songs are written about life m the open air and sunlight.

No. 29. Note the refrain in this elegiac lyric: it is sometimes given as a title A description of the battle is given in Canto 6 of *Marmion* It was fought in 1513, James IV being killed

Lilting = singing mernly, *ilka* = every; *loaning* = a broad lane; *wede* = withered, *bughts* = sheep-pens, *dowie* = sad; *wae* = woful; *daffin'* = jesting, *gabbin'* = gossiping, *leghn* = milk-pail; *bandsters* = those who bind sheaves , *lyart* = grizzled , *runkled* = wrinkled ; *fleeching* = coaxing, *bogle* = ghost, *dvol* = sorrow

No. 30 commemorates the defeat of "Bonnie Prince Charlie" by the Duke of Cumberland

Aye the saut tear bhn's her ee = always the salt tear blinds her eye; *Drumossie* — Highland name for Culloclen; *trow* = believe; *sair* = sore.

NoS. 31, 32. Notice the change which has passed over the love-song in its passage from the Kli/abethan Age to Burns. State exactly its nature. Note the large number of open vowels employed m these two songs

Ilka = every, *staw* = stole

No. 33. This very beautiful song was written by Lady Nairn to a melody already in existence—the same to which Burns set "Scots, Wha Ilae " The text here given rings truer than the rather longer version of the same poem

Leal = loyal, faithful, *fain* = happy.

No. 34. Dibdin's sea-songs give him a very high place among English song-writers They were not without influence upon our sea-faring enterprise and, in recognition of this, Pitt granted the poet a pension. His total song production exceeded thirteen hundred.

Notice in this song also the preponderance of open vowels.

No. 35. The last line of stanza 3 is as Blake engraved it for his *Songs of Experience* A later version probably given by Blake to Malkin appears in the latter's *Father's Memoirs,* and reads.

"What dread hand forged thy dread feet?"

Dr Sampson points out the terrible, compressed force and fiery energy of the two short sentences in the earlier form; and, moreover, the effect produced by the vagueness of the line as it stands, with all its suggestion, LS very typical of Blake's method.

ND. 36. This fine requiem-song may well be compared with Collins' *Ode to the Departed Brave.*

No. 37 illustrates the healthy, open-air character of the Ettrick Shepherd's work.

Cumberless = light and free, without *encumbrance.*

NOTES

Nus. 38-41. Wordsworth is gra.dua.lly winning among critics and lovers of poetry that recognition as a lyrist which he so richly deserves The thirteen of his poems which appear in this volume are inadequate to represent all the phases of his genius, and time devoted to the reading of his poetry in a selection like that made by Matthew Arnold, for example, is time well spent. Collect passages to illustrate •

(1) his close and loving observation and enjoyment of Nature's externals, "the outward shows of sky and earth," and especially of the humbler creations (38, 39);

(2) the manner in which he stores up the memories of such sights and sounds for his refreshment in tunes and places when and where they are otherwise inaccessible |39),

(3) his belief in an all-pervading, spiritual Presence, immanent in all the forms of Nature and in Man. (See, e g. *Lines Written above Tintern Abbey,* not m this volume),

(4) his belief in the endowment, by this Spirit, of every natural form, each flower and tree, the sea and the sky, with an independent, fully conscious life (40);

(5) his love and preference for human beings of the humble self-contained type, dwelling near to and seeming to form part of unspoiled Nature (41, 116)

Why are his lyrics unsuitable for singing, and intended to be read only?

No. 43. *The Last Rose of Summer* is a perfect song in every way—in sentiment, form, and wnrds Examine it with special care as a model song. It is interesting to note that musicians concur in judging the tune also perfect.

Nos. 44, 45. Note the fresh, breezy character of these songs of the sea. Theirs is a fit theme for a Butish song-writer. Cunningham was a Scotch mason—a fact which makes his love and evident knowledge of the sea the more extraordinary.

Sheet = technically, the rope attached to the corner of a sail to hold it in position.

Nos. 46, 47. There is probably no poet whom it is more difficult to represent by selections than Shelley. His works, like those of Wordsworth, will well repay a more extensive perusal than can be provided for here. Note the following characteristic points:

(1) His love of the fleeting, indefinite, evanescent
(2) The wealth, beauty, and aptness of his imagery.
(3) The generally melancholy sentiment of his poetry.
(4) The metrical and verbal melody of his verse

The late Prof J. A. Symonds writes, "I once asked an eminent musician...why Shelley's lyrics were ill-adapted to music. She marie me read aloud to her *The Hymn of Pan* and *To the Night.* Then she pointed out how the verbal melody was intended to be self-sufficing in these lyrics...how packed with consonants the words are, how the tone of the emotion alters, and how no one melodic phrase could be found to fit the daedal woof of the poetic emotion."—*Essays Speculative and Suggestive.*

In the former poem notice the unfortunate change of sex in the personified Day (stanzas 2 and 3). In the latter some explanation of the last two lines of stanza I may be necessary. In order to illustrate

what Shelley meant by the mazes of *looks,* Mr Forman draws attention to a passage in one of Shelley's letters, in which the poet says that the eyes of the Roman beauties "want the mazy depth of colour behind colour with which the intellectual women of England and Germany entangle the heart in soul-inwoven labyrinths."

No. 48. This is perhaps the most wonderful onomatopoeic poem in the English tongue It is comparable with, but I think much superior to, Southey's *How the water comes down at Lodore.* Examine the verbal and metrical composition of the poem from this point of view.

No. 49. Some of our very sweetest poems embody *nume thoughts from abroad.* Compare this poem of dough's with Browning's |No. 53) In reading the latter notice the happy " mevitableness" of the three lines beginning "That's the wise thrush."

No. 51. Note carefully the effect of the artistic repetition and the onomatopuetic language in this sad little song

No. 54. Castle Brancepeth is in County Durham.

NDS. 55, 56. In Tennyson words are wrought to their highest possibilities: his songs contain within themselves all the music which they can artistically carry. It would be extremely difficult to "set" them satisfactorily to any external music.

No. 58. From "Sunday up the River" m Mr Bertram Dobell's edition of *The Poetical Works of James Thomson \"B.V.")*

No. 60. From the *Poetical Works of Bret Harte* [Chatto and Windus). The poem is a well-managed example of personification.

No. 61 also contains peculiarly good examples of personification. The similarity of subject and arrangement existing between this and No. 62 makes them a fitting pair for comparison.

No. 63. The subject of a song should be slight—a fact well exemplified by this delightful number, which for delicacy of sentiment and treatment ranks as one of the most charming trivial compositions of recent times.

No. 64. The stimulus here is a situation, the third part of the lyric occupying the last verse.

No. 65. Written for the Diamond Jubilee of Queen Victoria, 1897. This plea for national rectitude had, undoubtedly, a strong and elevating influence on the spirit of imperialism abroad m England at the date of its composition.

Shard =- shell.

No. 66. From *The Open Road,* that most dehghtful of travelling companions, edited by Mr E. V. Lucas. A companion volume for town-lovers is entitled *The Friendly Town.*

No. 67. Miss Ada Smith, whose literary career was so sadly and prematurely terminated, now sleeps in the quiet churchyard of St. John Lee, Hexham, in the heart of that North country which she so much loved. This gives to her song an added pathos.

NOTES

II THE SONNET

No. 69. *Soote* = sweet; *eke* = also; *mings* = mingles.

NDS. 71-73. These three sonnets are from that long sequence of one hundred and fifty-two poems—the finest sonnet-sequence in our language.

Owest = ownest.

No. 74. "The assault was intended to the city" when, after the Battle of Edgehill |Dct 23, 1642), Charles I advanced towards London He occupied Brentford, but ultimately retired to Oxford. The "defenceless doors" are those of the house of Milton himself, who by the magic *of* his verse can give "fame for a. gentle act."

Colonel is a trisyllable here.

No. 76. Why is the octave run-on into the sestet?

No. 77. It is interesting in studying the sonnet to notice that Wordsworth had no objection to, but rather welcomed, the artistic bonds of the sonnet-form, it is equally interesting to note that in his arrangement both of the sestet and the octave of many of his sonnets he did not suffer himself to be bound by any strict rule as to the disposition of the rhymes or pauses Of Wordsworth as an English sonnet-writer the late Prof W. Sharp had a very high opinion—"At his very best he is *the* greatest," says this learned critic of sonnet literature.

No. 80. Bonmvard, a Genevan patriot, was imprisoned in the Castle of Chilian, on Lake Geneva, by the Duke of Savoy He was ultimately released, but not until years of pacing to and fro had left traces of his steps upon the stone floor of his prison.

No. 81. In common with many other descriptive sonnets, this one does not observe the division between octave and sestet. The pictorial details in the poem are especially worthy of note, they are as vivid and clear as those in a good photograph.

No. 82. John Wilson ("Christopher North") was Professor of Moral Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh He was a native of Paisley. His longer poems are *The Isle of Palms* and *The City of the Plague,* and most of his writings are characterised by beauty of description and tenderness of sentiment.

Note that this sonnet is irregular, though it resembles the Spenserian model in the interlacing of the first two quatrains. Why did the author not interlace the third quatrain with the second?

No. 83. *George Chapman* 11557-1634) wrote a fine, energetic translation of Homer in hcptameters Mr Palgrave considers that "to find in Chapman's Homer 'the pure serene' of the original, the reader must bring with him the imagination of the youthful poet."

Cortez = a famous Spaniard who conquered Mexico and explored the isthmus of *Danen* |= Panama), though he did not, as this sonnet suggests, discover the Pacific Ocean. Balboa had that honour.

No. 84. Of this sonnet Coleridge wrote that it was "the finest and most grandly conceived sonnet in our language." Df no single sonnet has so much appreciative criticism been written. I follow the text of the late Mr William Sharp in altering "fly" in the eleventh hue to "flow'r."

No. 85. Humour, as a rule, is not a fitting subject for the sonnet, and this is probably one of the most successful attempts at the humorous sonnet.

Spence (1699—1758) His *Anecdotes* serve as a mine of information about Pope and his circle. Johnson used them in his *Lives*

Gay 11685-1732) was a writer of happy songs, among other forms, and his *Black-eyed Susan* is still well known.

John Blair 11599—1746) wrote a, dull poem entitled *The Grave* on which Hood puns, as he does on Thomson's (1700-48) *Castle of Indolence.*

No. 87. A model sonnet of the Italian type.

No. 88. From *Sonnets from the Portuguese.*

No. 89. Those best qualified to judge place Rossetti as a sonneteer second to no one unless, perhaps, to Shakespeare. His conception, therefore, of whdt a sonnet ought to be is of interest in a section like the present, while the poem its Elf is an excellent example of the form

Nos. 91, 92. It is with especial pleasure that I am able to include these two sonnets by the late Mr Watts-Duiiton—poet, novelist, and critic—whose sonnets m *The Coming of Love* entitle him to a place in the highest rank of English sonneteers The two poems should be compared as the poetical expression of the view that Nature is *bemgna* or *maligna* according to the heart that contemplates her.

III. THE DDE

In addition to the characteristics enumerated in the Introduction to this section notice:

|i) the large number of odes which begin with an invocation or address: eg "Awake, Æolian lyre, awake I " (*ThePrOgress of Poesy),* "Hail to thee, blithe Spirit'" (*To a Skylark)',*

(2) that the majority of odes are rhymed, though rhyme is not essential to excellence in this form Collins' very fine *Ode to Evening* shows the possibilities of unrhymed verse in an odic poem.

No. 93. Trace carefully in this poem the connection between the varying sounds and metres and the emotions aroused in Alexander by the Thcban musician, Timotheus The incident refcircd to is the burning of Persepohs by Alexander under the influence both of Timotheus' music and of the Athenian, Thais.

Hautboy = a high-toned wind instrument consisting of a tapering wooden tube with holes as keys.

Divine Cecilia was supposed to have invented the organ St. Cecilia was the patron saint of music.

No. 94. The principal clause to all the preceding clauses in the first three and a half stanzas is m stanza 4:

"Now teach me, maid etc."

The texts of stanzas 8, 9, and 13 seem preferable to alternative texts which exist.

No. 95. If the pupil writes down the rhyme-scheme of this ode, he will note that the first, fourth, and seventh stanzas are exactly inter-correspondent and that a similar relationship exists between the second, fifth, and eighth, and the third, sixth, and ninth. The whole poem is therefore divisible into three precisely similar parts (stanzas

1-3; 4-6; and 7-9) known technically as the *Strophe* or "Turn," *Antistrophe* or "Counter-Turn" and *Epodos* or "After-Song" This was the regular form of the Pindaric Ode referred to in the Introduction to this section.

The sad Nine = the Nine Muses—sad because of the decadence of poetry and the arts in Greece; *Nature's Darling* = Shakespeare, *Nor second He* = Milton, *Two coursers of ethereal rai,e* — the heroic couplet used by Dryden with consummate skill, *the Theban Eagle* = Pindar.

No. 96. One of the finest regular odes in English.

No. 97. There are many fine lines in this poem, which should find a place in the pupil's note-book.

Mr Theodore Watts-Dunton, whilst admitting that this *is* "the finest irregular ode in the language," objects that the metrical and rhyme arrangement is not always "inevitable" and instances the passage in stanza 4, "My heart is at your festival, .fresh flowers" as not being the outcome of any specific emotional necessity

Humorous stage = that on which he represents the varying characteristics and humours of human life; *Thou* in stanza 8 refers to the child.

No. 98. The succession of fine images in this poem is typical of Shelley. His preference for what is fleeting and evanescent in Nature, the flux, the change, the eternal motion of things, is illustrated in No. 99.

Nos. luD-loz. These three odes by Keats are flawless and perfect specimens of their kind and prove that so fdtr as he was concerned "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever " Beauty unassociated with passion, that pure, absolute Beauty of Nature and of Art Keats loved, to him it was Joy and Truth, and it was his aim as a poet to express in verbal form all the images of Beauty which his fancy conceived. In studying these three odes, carefully notice:

(1) the series of clear, delicate, sensuous pictures and images;

(2) the method by which these pictures are presented to us, viz. the picturesque associations of individual words, which by their music and suggestion transfuse sight and emotion into sound,

(3) the exquisite personifications which are characteristic of Keats, and which, as in the following lines from *Melancholy* (not included in this volume), sometimes remind us of groups of statuary:

> "She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;
> And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips
> Bidding adieu" .

(4) the curious and original metres and rhyme-schemes.

Brede IIDI) = braid.

No. 104. Note the rapid metre, entirely in keeping with the subject.

No. 106. The broad and free movement of the metre in this poem is typical of Swinburne, who revealed in magnificent fashion the rich metrical resources of our language. As a writer of odes he takes first rank among the poets of the Victorian Age.

NOTES

IV. THE IDYLL

No. 107. From Breton's *The Passionate Shepherd.* The metre of this poem 13 a favourite among the idyll-writers See also Nos. IDS, 110, 111, 113. Note the close resemblance between this poem and the descriptive portion of Milton's *L"Allegro* which begins at line 41 The sequence of ideas, the metre, the cadences, and even some of the very language of Breton's poem resemble those of *L'Allegro* so strikingly that it seems fair to argue that Milton was undoubtedly, if perhaps unconsciously, influenced by Breton's lines An interesting article in *The Modern Language Review* for April, 1911, deals fully with this subject and in it the writer remarks that the lines immediately following line 20 "might slip in anywhere between lines 41 and 68 of *UAllegro* with scarcely an appreciable break in the rhythm—or, for that matter, in the sense "

No. 108, *Side* = long; *whittle* = knife, *chape* = a metal band round the top of the knife-sheath, *whig* = a drink made from whey; *doon* = do, *alderhefest* = most delightful of all.

No. 109, Izaak Walton is supposed by some critics to have contributed the sixth stanza to this poem of Marlowe's.

No. I ID. A companion poem to this, though not in the present volume, is *II Penseroso* *L'Allegro* = the Joyous; *II Penseroso* = the Thoughtful In the former the descriptions of country scenery and country life are very fine, though they rhfler from descriptions of similar things written by more modern poets like Wordsworth How do they differ?

Yclept = called; *Quips* = smart retorts; *Cranks* = puns, turns of wit, *dight* = decked, *faery Mab* = the Queen of the Fames, *Friar's lantern* = probably Will-o'-the-Wisp, a. flickering light seen sometimes near the ground in marshy districts, *Goblin* = Robin Goodfellow, who was supposed to do work at night in exchange for a bowl of cream, *lubber* = awkward, *weeds ofpeace* = civil dress , *Jonson's learned sock* = Ben Jonson's comedies, which evidence great classical learning on the part of their author The *soccus* or low slipper worn by Roman comedy-actors is symbolical of Comedy just as the *buskin* is of Tragedy.

Note- (i) that the descriptions are so arranged as to represent the passage of an entire day, from sunrise to evening;

(2) that the invocation in the first ten lines is merely a kind of introduction and is therefore cut off in a separate stanza with a rhyme-system differing from that in the remainder of the poem,

(3) that after the invocation the descriptions are continuous and merge into one another like the scenes in a series of dissolving views. Hence the continuity of the metre which is unbroken by any stanzaic arrangement.

No. III. *Prelates*[1] *rage.* The emigrants are represented as having fled from the ecclesiastical administration of Archbishop Laud during the reign of Charles I, *Ormus* = an island in the Persian Gulf, at one time famous as a market for precious stones and pearls.

No. 112. In an essay appended to the Preface to *Lyrical Ballads* (1815), Wordsworth wrote: "Excepting the *Nocturnal Reverie* of Lady Winchilsea and a passage or two in the *Windsor Forest* of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of *Paradise*

Lost and *The Seasons* does not contain a single new image of external nature." Though the accuracy of this statement may be called into question, In connection with the present poem the passage is of great interest, coming as it does from one who introduced so much of what was fresh into the poetry of nature.

No. 113. This very fine poem was first published in 1726, the same year as Thomson's *Winter* (subsequently incorporated in *The Seasons* referred to in the last note) Though Thomson and Dyer were apparently in correspondence with each other m 1726, the two poems are probably independent. Both are interesting as showing that poets were beginning to leave the cities, and to seek inspiration m the more accessible parts of the country. The present poem is a description of a landscape in South Wales as seen from Grongar Hill What simple alteration in lines 82, 83 would make them comply with modern grammatical usage?

No. 114. From Shenstone's *Pastoral Ballad* (stanzas omitted). Generally the narrator has no part in the incidents or descriptions given in an idyll, but not infrequently, as in this and No. 116, narrative is replaced by monologue, and sometimes even by dramatic dialogue

No. 115. *Fountains* = springs.

No. 116. Compare the last three lines of this poem with the last stanza of the same poet's *Daffodils.*

No. Iiy. Coleridge was a master of verbal and metrical music, and this poem, fragment as it is, is convincing proof of his genius in this direction The late Mr Swinburne considered *Kubla Khan* to be the most wondciful poem in the world, and Mr Theodore Watts-Dunton writes that in it Coleridge "having broken away from all restraints of couplet and stanza—having caused his rhymes and pauses to fall just where and just when the emotion demands that they should fall... has found...a music as entrancing, as natural, and at the same time as inscrutable as the music of the winds or of the Sea "

Kubla Khan = Cublai Can, founder of the Mongol Dynasty in China; *Mount Abora,* in Abyssinia. Coleridge had been leading *Purchas His Pilgrimage,* a book of travels which described the great Palace in Xanadu.

No. lib[1]. The simple metre suits the subject well.

ND. 119. This might with equal propriety be included among the songs Why? Note the pathos of the poem and study its onomato-poeic language. Observe that, as in *The Sands of Dee,* the middle portion of the story is, with sound art, left for the imagination to supply.

No. 122 contains some singularly fine imaginative marine pictures.

Nos. 123, 124. Two Victorian poems of rare beauty in their description and sentiment. Desire for the quiet pleasures of a country life—especially dunng the later years of life—is a very common motive in English lyrical verse.

V. THE ELEGY

No. 125. Hebrew poetry is rhythmical, but has no metre as we understand the term, inasmuch as there are no regularly recurring groups of accented and unaccented syllables or of long and short

syllables as in classical verse. It is, however, divided into rhythmical verses on the principle *of parallelism.* Two or more lines make a verse, and the thoughts in each line of the verse are parallel either synonymously or antithetically—more generally the former. Thus in the present poem we have:

"Tell it not in Gath,
Publish it not in the streets of Askelon;
Lest the daughters of the Philistines rejoice,
Lest the daughters of the uncircumcised triumph,"

where the lines clearly fall into pairs.

Numerous other examples can be found in the *Psalms* and in the *Book of Proverbs,* much of the spirit and many of the characteristics of the Hebrew poetry being preserved in the English translation as given in the Authorised Version.

No. Iz6. To the memory of Milton's friend and fellow-student, Edward King, here referred to as Lycidas.

11. i and *z, laurels*—a garland of this evergreen was awarded to a successful poet by the Greeks and Romans; *myrtles* were held by the guests at a Greek banquet as songs were chanted in turn by each; 1 14, *melodious tear* = elegy; 1. 15, *Sisters of the sacred well* = the nine Muses, who were supposed to dwell on Mt Helicon, whence sprang two streams; 1. 29, *Batt'ning* — feeding, 1. 34, *Satyrs and Fauns* = probably a pastoral reference to the undergraduates of his day, 1. 36, *Damastas* = possibly Chappell, a tutor of Christ's College, Cambridge; 1. 54, *Mona* = Anglcsea; 1. 55, *Deva* = the Dee; 1. 65, *shepherd's trade* = the poet's calling; 1 75, *the blind Fury* = Atropos, one of the Fates; 1 89, *the herald of the sea* = Triton; 1 103, *Camus* = the deity of the River Cam; 1. 106, *that sanguine flower* (Lat. *sangmncus)* = the hyacinth, said to have sprung from the *blood* of the youth, Hyacinth, accidentally killed by Apollo. The markings on its le-avcs are said to resemble the Gk AI,Al|alasl alns'). 1. *ivy, pilot of the Gahleanlake* = St Peter, 1 124, jcfawweJ=probably harsh, screeching, 1 *128, grim wolf* = Roman Catholic Church; 1 130, *two-handed engine* = possibly the two Houses of the English Parliament which in 1640 proceeded to reform the abuses in the Church of England. Writing in 1637 Milton probably foresaw what was about to happen. There are several other possible explanations. 1. 138, *the swart star* = Sinus, which, appearing to the Greeks about the height of summer, was supposed to bring heat which darkened, or made swart, leaves and flnwcrs; 1. 142, *rathe* = early; 1 160, *Bellerus* = probably connected with Bellerium (Land's End); 11 161, 162, Mount St Michael, the island in Cornwall, which faces Namancos and the *hold* |castle) of Bayona on the Spanish coast, was according to a legend the scene of an appearance of the Archangel Michael, 1. 163, *ruth* = pity; 1. 186, *uncouth* = unskilled; 1. 188, *quills* = reeds; 1. 189, *Done* = the dialect *par excellence* of the Greek pastoral poets.

The attack |11. 113-131), represented as made by St Peter, on the ritualistic clergy of Laud seems an intrusion in the poem *considered as an elegy.* Indeed, Milton himself seems to have felt something of the kind, for in his short note, prefatory to the poem, after explaining the elegiac motive he adds the words—"and by occasion foretells the rum of our corrupted clergy then in their height " The passage in question is memorable and forceful and should be read in the light of Ruskin's exposition of it in his lecture. " Of King's Treasuries."

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(The numbers in brackets after the poems indicate the pages on which the latter occur)

1517 I?)—1547 *Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey.* Spring [78).
1545—1626 *Nicholas Breton* Country Life (132).
1552 (?)—1599 *Edmund Spenser.* "One day I wrote her name" |y8)
1560—1592 *Robert Greene.* The Shepherd and his Wife [133).
1564—1593 *Christopher Marlowe.* The Shepherd to his Love (135).
1564—1616 *William Shakespeare* Who is Sylvia ? (21); Winter (21). The Fairy Life [22); Youth and Age (22); A Morning Song (23), Ingratitude (23), A Fairy Dance (24); Sea-Magic (24), Elfin Life (24), To His Love (79); "To me, fair friend" 179); True Love (80).
1567 I?)—1623 *Thomas Campion* Cherry-Ripe (25).
1568—1639 *Sir Henry Wotton.* The Happy Life (25).
1570 (?)—1641 *Thomas Dekker.* Content (26).
1573—1637 *Ben Jonson.* ToCeha(27), Hymn to Diana (27).
1575—1650 *Thomas Heywood* Pack, Clouds, Away (28).
1591—1674 *Robert Hernck* To Daffodils (29), To Blossoms (13).
1593—1633 *George Herbert.* Virtue (28).
1606—1687 *Edmund Waller* Go, Lovely Rose' 130).
1608—1674 *John Milton.* When the Assault was Intended to the City |Bo); On his Blindness |8i); L'Allegro [136), Lycidas (168).
1618—1658 *Richard Lovelace.* Going to the Wars (30).
1621—1678 *Andrew Marvell.* Emigrants m the Bermudas 1140).
1631—1700 *John Dry den.* Alexanders Feast (92).
1639—1701 *Sw Charles Sedley,* Phyllis (31)
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1664—1721 *Matthew Prior.* To a Child of Quality 131).
1685—1732 *John Gay.* Black-eyed Susan (33)
1693—1743 *Henry Carey.* Sally m our Alley (34).
1698 (?)-—1758 *John Dyer.* &rongar Hill (142).
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1714—1763 *William Shenstone.* The Home Prepared (146).
1716—1771 *Thomas Gray.* The Progress of Poesy 198), Elegy written in a Country Churchyard |i73).
1721—1759 *William Collins.* To Evening (96).
I?) —1797 *Robert Graham.* If Doughty Deeds [37).
1727—1805 *Jane Elliot.* Lament for Flodden (40).
1731—1800 *William Cowper.* On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture (178)-

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1752—1770 *Thomas Chatterton.* Roundelay (38).
1757—1827 *William Blake.* The Tiger (44).
1759—1796 *Robert Burns.* My LUVe (42); Ye Banks and Braes |42).
1762—1850 *William Lisle Bowles.* The Bells of Dstend |8i).
1755 — 1845 *Lady Nairne.* The Land o' the Leal (43).
1770 — 1850 *William Wordsworth.* A Rainbow (47); Daffodils (47); Lines Wntten in Early Spring (48), Reverie of Poor Susan (48); Sonnet on the Sonnet |48); Upon Westminster Bridge |82); "The World is too much with us" |f13), To Duty (102); On the Intimations of Immortality (104), Lines written in March (147); The Solitary Reaper |i48), "She dwelt among the untiodden ways" |181), Elegiac Stanzas (182).
1771–1832 *Sir Walter Scott.* Soldier, Rest' (45)
1772 — 1834 *Samuel Taylor Coleridge* Kubla Khan (149).
1772 — 1835 *James Hogg* The Skylark (46).
1775 — 1834 *Charles Lamb* Hester (184).
1775 — 1841 */ Blanco White* Night and Death (85).
1775 — 1864 *Walter Savage Landor* To the Sister of Elia [185).
1777 — 1844 *Thomas Campbell.* To the Evening Star (49).
1779 — 1852 *Thomas Moore.* The Last Rose of Summer (50).
1784 — 1859 *Allan Cunningham* A Sea Song (50)
1784 — 1859 *Leigh Hunt.* The Grasshopper and the Cricket (86).
1785 — 1854 *John Wilson.* An Evening Cloud (84).
1787 — 1874 *Bryan W Procter* A Song of the Sea (51).
1788 — 1824 *Lord Byron.* The Castle of Chillon (83).
1788—1846 *Sir Aubrey de Vere.* The Rock of Cashel (84)
1792 — 1822 *Percy Bysshe Shelley.* To Night (52), Hymn to the Spirit of Nature (53); To a Skylark |no); Ode to the West Wind (113).
1794–1878 *William Cullen Bryant* To a Water-fowl (120).
1795 — 1821 *John Keats.* On First Looking into Chapman's "Homer" (85), To Autumn (115), On a Giecian Urn (116), To a Nightingale (118)
1798 — 1845 *Thomas Hood* Sonnet Written in a Workhouse |86); Ruth (150)
1806—1861 *Elizabeth Barrett Browning.* Love's Reason (87).
1807 — 1882 *Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.* The Rainy Day (159) The Sound of the Sea (13); My Cathedral (87) The Village Blacksmith 1152).
1809 — 1892 *Tennyson* Two Songs from "The Princess": Slumber Song |6o), Blow, Bugle, Blow (61); Ring Out, Wild Bells' |62); Manana (153); "Break, break, break!" |185)
1811 — 1849 *Edgar Allan Poe.* The Bells (54).
1812 — 1889 *Robert Browning.* Home Thoughts, from Abroad (59); Boot and Saddle |6o).
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1819 — 1875 *Charles Kingsley* A Farewell (58); The Three Fishers |i5i), The Sands of Dee 158); Ode to the North-East Wind (122).