

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY

**OU\_170681**

UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY



THE ALBATROSS BOOK OF  
LIVING VERSE



THE ALBATROSS BOOK OF  
LIVING VERSE

ENGLISH

AND AMERICAN POETRY

FROM THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY

TO THE PRESENT DAY

*Edited*

*by*

*Louis Untermeyer*



THE ALBATROSS  
WILLIAM COLLINS SONS & CO. LTD.  
LONDON

MADE AND PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN

COPYRIGHT 1933 BY THE ALBATROSS  
W. COLLINS SONS AND CO. LTD. LONDON

## PREFACE

The reader may well demand an explanation, if not an apology, for this compilation. The title itself might be questioned, and I would have to admit it to be a rather flexible one. Nevertheless, it is one of the book's chief reasons for being. The selections in this volume are living poetry in the sense that they have persisted in spite of changing times and shifting tastes. Thus (even in the section devoted to modern verse) they seem to possess the quality which implies permanence. They are, furthermore, "living" since they contain that vitality which is independent of form and fashion.

It should be said, at the outset, that the compilation does not pretend to include *all* the poetry which is the chief power of English literature. It does, however, aim to present, within the confines of a small volume, such verses as have stirred the imagination of countless readers differing in temperament and traditions, verses whose essential quality is acknowledged by the caught breath and the quickened pulse. Analysis may rationalize the reaction to such poems, but recognition is spontaneous, requiring no knowledge of metres, mannerisms or technical devices. Poetry is a language that tells us, as Edwin Arlington Robinson phrased it, "something that cannot be said. And it seems to me that poetry has two outstanding characteristics. One is that it is, after all, undefinable. The other is that it is eventually unmistakable." Robert Frost extends the implications when he says, "It is absurd to think that the only way to tell if a poem is lasting is to wait and see if it lasts. The right reader of a good poem can tell the moment it strikes him that he has taken an immortal wound—that he will never get over it. That is to say, permanence in poetry, as in love, is perceived instantly. The proof of a poem is not that we have never forgotten it, but that we knew at first sight we never could forget it."

The intent of this book, then, is immediate and intuitive instead of analytic. I have not attempted to draw the line between "experimental" and "traditional", realizing that

the revolt of one period is often the convention of the next. In general my tests have been Palgrave's: "That a poem shall be worthy of the writer's genius; that colour and originality cannot atone for serious imperfections in clearness, unity or truth; that a few good lines do not make a good poem; that popular estimate is serviceable as a guide-post more than as a compass; above all, that excellence should be looked for rather in the whole than in the parts." To these canons I have added one more: that there should be that combination (as well as communication) of passion and personality which is, at least for this editor, a touchstone for poetry.

As a result, certain "key-poems" stand out—poems which have provoked movements and given rise to new tendencies—but no effort has been made to chart schools or define groups. The arrangement is generally chronological (except for the group of early ballads) and the separation by centuries has no other object than to provide convenient divisions. Nor, even in the brief summaries which introduce the nine sections, have I intended to limit or define what is meant by poetry. The art is great enough to include not only the profoundly moving, but the lower-pitched though scarcely less memorable musics—the crisp epigrams of Pope and Landor, the colloquial intensities of Coventry Patmore and Robert Frost, the devout fancifulness of George Herbert, even the inspired nonsense of Lewis Carroll. It is one editor's opinion that Milton is no less magnificent and Shakespeare no less Shakespeare for appearing in their company.

I am, naturally, conscious of my debt as editor to preceding compilations, especially to Palgrave's *The Golden Treasury* and Quiller-Couch's *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. But my excuse for thrusting yet another anthology upon the world is, if I may pervert the proverb, "other times, other rhymes." It is more than thirty years since Quiller-Couch revalued Palgrave's collection (which appeared in 1861, in the middle of the Victorian period) and even the most admirable gathering invites, actually demands, reappraisal. Each generation claims the right not only to emphasize the present, but to re-estimate the past. The last thirty years have been especially rich in poetry—in

America a renaissance dates from about 1900—and a new awareness gives us a keener appreciation of all that has gone before. Modernity no longer means the pet innovations of the latest decade. The human spirit finds its mirror in every age ; and in living verse we recognize our contemporaries in the Canterbury pilgrims of the fourteenth century.

In an effort to maintain this freshness I have adopted (where a uniform spelling was impossible) a generally modern one. The living accent draws us rather than an archaism, no matter how interesting or etymologically significant the latter may be. However, where it has been necessary to translate an early English lyric or a selection from Chaucer, I have accompanied the original text with a modernized version rather than clutter the pages with a glossary.<sup>1</sup> I have done this believing that the prime object of poetry is to increase enjoyment rather than to increase a fourteenth-century vocabulary. Chaucer has been “modernized” ever since 1700 when Dryden presented him in the style native to the eighteenth century. Since the gulf between Chaucer’s idiom—“quaint” to us but not to fourteenth-century ears—and that of the twentieth-century reader is a wide as well as a treacherous one, a rendering in modern verse provides, at least, a bridge to the poet’s meaning.

This is to admit that the collection is not for advanced scholars. It is, primarily, for those who lack either intimacy with the great body of English and American poetry or immediate leisure to pursue the acquaintance. It is, except for the few recent discoveries, a brief vista—a sort of primer-panorama—of the high levels of the last seven hundred years. Naturally, in a survey ranging from the thirteenth to the twentieth century, many poems, especially certain longer and metaphysical verses which are among the glories of English verse, will not be found here, although some of them are listed in the Appendix. In a field so vast and varied, selection is a difficult and often perilous business. For example with Keats, one is inclined to forget editorial

<sup>1</sup> Except where otherwise specified, the modern versions are by the editor.

restrictions and reprint all eight odes; since the exigencies of space make that impossible, one is tempted to include "Lamia", "Isabella or the Pot of Basil" and "The Eve of St. Agnes" merely because they do not appear in *The Oxford Book of English Verse*. The danger of sedulously avoiding what other anthologists have chosen is likely to prove as great a pitfall as blindly following their lead. In the end one is forced to repeat that a good poem remains a good poem, no matter how often it has been read and reprinted, and that, allowing a certain latitude in judgment, Fame has, on the whole rendered fair verdicts. At the same time, where a choice has been compelled between two poems of equal worth, I have (perhaps arbitrarily) chosen the less familiar.

The texts are as authoritative as can be determined. Here and there, following the precedent of Palgrave and others, I have taken the liberty of excising certain stanzas for the sake of unity. In such cases, the condensations have been indicated either in the title or in the poem itself. Every anthologist must make such experiments, and it is hoped that the few shortened selections, such as Pope's "Rape of the Lock" and Smart's "A Song to David", justify themselves.

The confines of this volume have compelled me to omit, though with some regret, all translations from foreign languages, even those which have become classics of their kind. Thus I have left out excerpts from Job, the Song of Songs, the Psalms and other prose-poems from the familiar King James version, though perhaps a knowledge of the Bible cannot be assumed. I have also omitted such poems as Cowley's paraphrase of Anacreon, Surrey's re-wording of Martial, Campion's Horatian ode, Cory's adaptation of Callimachus (in the well-known "Heraclitus") and Fitzgerald's rendering of Omar Khayyám, preferring to devote my limited space to poetry which is English (or American) in origin as well as in expression. The same limitation has compelled me to omit all blank verse passages from poetic plays, even the most purple patches from the dramas of Marlowe and Shakespeare.

If the intent of the volume is not implicit in its contents,

it can scarcely be made more explicit by any amount of introduction. It should be noted, however, that although most—if not all—of the great names may be found in these pages, the emphasis throughout is on the poem rather than on the poet.

My debt to the living poets whose co-operation has been indispensable is a double one, being that of the admiring reader as well as editor. I owe the late Thomas Hardy thanks (fortunately expressed before his death) for certain suggestions; and for help in the preliminary work of determining the choice of poems I am grateful to my friends Robert Frost, Sara Teasdale, Professors Sidney Cox (Dartmouth College, Hanover, New Hampshire), S. B. Neff (University of Utah, Salt Lake City, Utah), James Whaler (Goucher College, Baltimore, Maryland), Robert M. Gay (Simmons College, Boston, Massachusetts) and Padraic Colum, who called my attention to the little known poems of George Darley. I am obliged to Frank Ernest Hill not only for several conferences, but for his translation of Chaucer's "The Friar's Tale", which he prepared specially for this volume, and to Edwin Markham for the revised version of "The Man with the Hoe", copyright by Edwin Markham, 1899, 1924, and used with his permission. For secretarial services and acumen I owe much to my niece, Dorothy Starr Einstein.

My thanks are also due to the publishers without whose consent the section devoted to recent poetry would have been impossible. This indebtedness is specifically acknowledged to:

GEORGE ALLEN AND UNWIN LTD.—for the poems by Richard Aldington, reprinted by permission of Richard Aldington, author, and George Allen and Unwin, Ltd., publishers.

D. APPLETON AND COMPANY—for the selection from *The Poems of William Cullen Bryant*.

THE SOCIETY OF AUTHORS—for *Slow Spring* by Katharine Tynan, reprinted by permission of Miss Pamela Hinkson from *The Collected Poems of Katharine Tynan*, published by Macmillan and Company.

ERNEST BENN LTD.—for *The Lake Isle of Innisfree* and *When you are old* by W. B. Yeats, reprinted by permission of W. B. Yeats, author, and Ernest Benn Ltd., publishers.

BURNS OATES AND WASHBOURNE LTD.—for the poems by Alice Meynell and Francis Thompson.

- THE CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS—for the poem by Charles Hamilton Sorley.
- JONATHAN CAPE LTD.—for the poems by W. H. Davies and H. D.
- CHATTO AND WINDUS LTD., and MRS. OWEN—for the poems by Wilfred Owen.
- CONSTABLE AND COMPANY—for the poems by George Meredith and Walter de la Mare, reprinted by permission of Walter de la Mare, author, and Constable and Company, publishers.
- THE JOHN DAY COMPANY, INC.—for the selections from *High Falcon* by Léonie Adams.
- J. M. DENT AND SONS, LTD.—for the poems by G. K. Chesterton.
- DOUBLEDAY, DORAN AND COMPANY—for the selections from *Man Possessed*, by William Rose Benét, and from *Poems and Ballads* by Stephen Vincent Benét, copyright, 1918-1931, by Stephen Vincent Benét.
- ELKIN MATHEWS AND MARROT—for the poem by Lionel Johnson.
- FABER AND FABER, LTD.—for the selection from the poems of T. S. Eliot, in *The Ariel Poems*.
- FARRAR AND RINEHART—for the poems by Lizette Woodworth Reese.
- HARCOURT, BRACE AND COMPANY—for the selections from *Smoke and Steel*, *Good-Morning, America*, and *Selected Poems* by Carl Sandburg, and for the poem by Merill Moore, reprinted by permission of the author, Merill Moore, and Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc. publishers.
- HARPER AND BROTHERS—for the three poems (*There is no trumpet like the tomb, Love's stricken "why," Go not too near a house of rose*) from *Letters of Emily Dickinson, New and Enlarged Edition*, edited by Mabel Loomis Todd, 1931.
- WILLIAM HEINEMANN LTD.—for the poems by A. C. Swinburne; the selection from *Poems 1914-1926* by Robert Graves, and from *Counter-Attack* by Siegfried Sassoon.
- HENRY HOLT AND COMPANY—for the selection from *Cornhuskers* by Carl Sandburg.
- HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY—The selections from *Selected Poems* by Amy Lowell; *Streets in the Moon* and *New Found Land* by Archibald MacLeish; *The Complete Poems of Ralph Waldo Emerson*; *The Complete Poetical Works of Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*; *The Complete Poetical Works of James Russell Lowell*; *The Complete Poetical Works of John Greenleaf Whittier*; and *The Poetical Works of Oliver Wendell Holmes* are used by permission of, and by special arrangement with, Houghton Mifflin Company, the authorized publishers.
- INGPEN AND GRANT.—for the poems by Edward Thomas.
- ALFRED A. KNOPF, INC.—for the selections from *Nets to Catch the Wind* and *Angels and Earthly Creatures* by Elinor Wylie; *Two Gentlemen in Bonds* by John Crowe Ransom; *Harmonium* by Wallace Stevens; and for the poems by Adelaide Crapsey.
- JOHN LANE, THE BODLEY HEAD—for the selections from *The Works of Ernest Dowson* and *The Selected Poems* of John Davidson.
- LITTLE, BROWN AND COMPANY—for the five poems by Emily Dickinson (*A narrow fellow in the grass, I've known a Heaven like a tent, There's been a death in the opposite house, The only news I know and My life closed twice before its close*), reprinted from *The Poems of Emily Dickinson, Centenary Edition*, published 1930 by Little, Brown and Company.

- HORACE LIVERIGHT, INC.—for the poems by Ezra Pound, Hart Crane, and for *Age in Prospect* and *Promise of Peace* by Robinson Jeffers.
- LONGMANS, GREEN AND COMPANY—for the poems by Robert Frost, and for the poems by William Morris, reprinted by permission of the Trustees of the Estate of William Morris.
- MACMILLAN AND COMPANY—for the selections from the *Works of Tennyson*; from *Collected Poems* by Thomas Hardy; from *Enslaved and Other Poems* and *Collected Poems* by John Masfield; the poems by Christina Rossetti; the selections from *Later Poems* by W. B. Yeats, reprinted by permission of W. B. Yeats, author, and Macmillan and Company, publishers; the poems by W. E. Henley, Lewis Carroll and T. E. Brown, reprinted by permission of James B. Pinker and Son, agents, and Macmillan and Company, publishers; for poems by Ralph Hodgson and James Stephens, reprinted by permission of Ralph Hodgson and James Stephens, authors, and Macmillan and Company, publishers; the selections from *Collected Poems* by Vachel Lindsay, and the poem by Padraic Colum.
- THE MACMILLAN COMPANY, NEW YORK—for the selections from *Collected Poems* by Edwin Arlington Robinson, and from *Flame and Shadow* and *Dark of the Moon* by Sarah Teasdale.
- LINCOLN MACVEAGH: THE DIAL PRESS, INC.—for the selection from *XLI Poems* by E. E. Cummings, copyright, 1925, by E. E. Cummings.
- METHUEN AND COMPANY—for selections from *Barrack Room Ballads*, *The Seven Seas*, and *The Five Nations*, reprinted by permission of Rudyard Kipling, author, and Methuen and Company Ltd., publishers.
- THE OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS—for the poems by Robert Bridges, Austin Dobson and Gerard Manley Hopkins.
- THE POETRY BOOKSHOP—for the selections from the poems of Charlotte Mew; and the poems of Anna Wickham, reprinted by permission of Anna Wickham, author, and The Poetry Bookshop, publishers.
- RANDOM HOUSE—for *Birthday Sonnet*, from *The Poetry Quartos*, by Elinor Wylie.
- SIEGFRIED SASSOON—for selections from *Picture Show*.
- THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE—for the Poem by Richard Hughes.
- CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS—for the selections from *John Deth and other Poems* and *Preludes for Memnon* by Conrad Aiken; *The Black Panther* by John Hall Wheelock; *Poems by Allen Tate 1928-1931*, and the translation of Chaucer's ballade from *The Man Behind the Book* by Henry Van Dyke.
- MARTIN SECKER—for the poems by Martin Armstrong, James Elroy Flecker and Edna St. Vincent Millay.
- SIDGWICK AND JACKSON and the Literary Executors—for the selections from *Collected Poems* by Rupert Brooke.
- Acknowledgments are also due to Derek Patmore for permission to reprint the poems by Coventry Patmore, to the executors of the Estate for permission to reprint the poems by Oscar Wilde, to John Masfield and to Sir William Watson for permission to reprint their poems. Robert Graves, whose permission to reprint his poem is also acknowledged, wishes it to be stated that he only allows it to stand because it appeared in the American edition before he made a rule of not granting permission to any anthologies to include poems of his, because to omit it would have upset the photo-mechanic printing arrangements, and for no other reason.

*Note:* The book's division into centuries is, as has been stated, a convenient device rather than a series of sharp demarcations. Thus the authors do not in all instances appear in the century in which they were born, but in the century in which they produced the chief part of their work.

Unless otherwise specified, the poets are those of the British Isles. (A) before the date of birth indicates that the author was born in America.

# CONTENTS

## EARLY BALLADS OF UNKNOWN DATE AND AUTHORSHIP

	PAGE
CHILDE MAURICE	5
THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY	8
TRUE THOMAS	10
THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL	12
SIR PATRICK SPENS	14
FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM	16
THE TWO SISTERS OF BINNORIE	18
LORD RANDAL	20
GLASGERION	21
BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY •	24
EDWARD, EDWARD	25
MAY COLVIN	26
BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL	28
THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES	29
THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL	30
ST. STEPHEN AND KING HEROD	31
THE OLD CLOAK	33
"GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR"	35
KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF CANTERBURY	36
STILL WATERS	40

## EARLY SONGS OF UNKNOWN DATE AND AUTHORSHIP

CUCCU SONG	43
CUCKOO SONG	43
ALISOUN	44, 45
BY-LOW	46
THE NIGHTINGALE	46
A CHRISTMAS CAROL	47
WHO IS AT MY WINDOW?	48
MOTHER AND MAIDEN	48
MAD SONG: OR, TOM O' BEDLAM'S SONG	49
DROUTH	50
HEY NONNY NO	50
LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE	51
BEAUTY'S SELF	51
THERE IS A LADY SWEET AND KIND	51
LOVE, TIME AND MEASURE	52
PHILLADA FLOUTS ME	52
THE MIRACLE	54
SIC TRANSIT	55
DISPRAISE OF LOVE	55
REST, SAD EYES	56
VANITY OF VANITIES	57
LOVE AND HOPE	57
LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY	58
THE COMING OF THE KING	59

*THE FOURTEENTH TO SIXTEENTH CENTURIES  
CHAUCER TO THE ELIZABETHANS*

	PAGE
<i>Geoffrey Chaucer</i> (1340?-1400)	
PROLOGUE (FROM "THE CANTERBURY TALES")	62
FIVE PILGRIMS (FROM "THE CANTERBURY TALES")	62
THE FRERES TALE	72
THE FRIAR'S TALE	73
BALADE OF BON COUNSEILL	90
BALLADE OF GOOD COUNSEL	91
<i>John Skelton</i> (1460?-1529)	
THE PRELATES (FROM "COLIN CLOUT")	92
<i>Stephen Hawes</i> ( ?-1523?)	
EPITAPH	93
<i>Henry VIII</i> (1491-1547)	
GOOD COMPANY	93
<i>Thomas Wyatt</i> (1503-1542)	
DESCRIPTIONS OF THE CONTRARIOUS PASSIONS IN A LOVER	94
THE LOVER SHOWETH HOW HE IS FORSAKEN OF SUCH AS HE SOME- TIME ENJOYED	95
THE LOVER REJOICETH THAT HE HATH BROKEN THE SNARES OF LOVE	95
<i>Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey</i> (1518-1547)	
VOW TO LOVE FAITHFULLY	96
FRAIL BEAUTY	97
<i>Nicholas Breton</i> (1548?-1626?)	
A PASTORAL	97
PHILLIDA AND CORIDON	98
<i>Walter Raleigh</i> (1552?-1618)	
THE WOOD, THE WEED, THE WAG: TO HIS SON	99
HIS EPITAPH	99
THE PASSIONATE MAN'S PILGRIMAGE: SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ONE AT THE POINT OF DEATH	100
THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD	101
THE LIE	102
<i>Edmund Spenser</i> (1552?-1599)	
HIS LOVE'S RICHES (FROM "AMORETTI")	104
ICE AND FIRE (FROM "AMORETTI")	105
ANOTHER ELEMENT (FROM "AMORETTI")	105
THE GOLDEN HOOK (FROM "AMORETTI")	106
THE TAMED DEER (FROM "AMORETTI")	106
YOUR POWER (FROM "AMORETTI")	106
SO LET US LOVE (FROM "AMORETTI")	107
<i>John Lyly</i> (1553?-1606)	
CUPID AND CAMPASPE	107
LOVE'S SCHOOLING	108

# Contents

xv

	PAGE
<i>Philip Sidney</i> (1554-1586)	108
MY TRUE LOVE HATH MY HEART	108
“WITH HOW SAD STEPS, O MOON” (FROM “ASTROPHEL AND STELLA”)	109
MAGPIES AND SWANS (FROM “ASTROPHEL AND STELLA”)	109
CONDITIONAL SURRENDER (FROM “ASTROPHEL AND STELLA”)	109
COME, SLEEP (FROM “ASTROPHEL AND STELLA”)	110
<i>Thomas Lodge</i> (1558?-1625)	
ROSALINE	110
ROSALIND’S MADRIGAL	112
<i>George Peele</i> (1558-1597?)	
HARVESTER’S SONG	113
BETHSABE, BATHING, SINGS	113
<i>Robert Southwell</i> (1561-1595)	
THE BURNING BABE	114
<i>Samuel Daniel</i> (1562-1619)	
SLEEP	114
THEN AND NOW	115
<i>Michael Drayton</i> (1563-1631)	
THE PARTING	115
GIVE ME MY SELF!	116
LAUGHING AT FORTUNE	116
THE PARADOX	117

## THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

### SECOND HALF: SHAKESPEARE AND THE RENAISSANCE

<i>William Shakespeare</i> (1564-1616)	
SILVIA	121
FAIRY SONGS	121
THE FRAUD OF MEN	123
WINTER	123
SEALS OF LOVE	124
COME AWAY, DEATH	124
SEA DIRGE	125
MORNING SONG	125
LOVERS LOVE THE SPRING	125
BITTER SONG	126
FEAR NO MORE	126
FANCY	127
UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE	127
CRABBED AGE AND YOUTH	128
O MISTRESS MINE	128
MUSIC	129
ETERNAL SUMMER	129
FORTUNE AND MEN’S EYES	130
REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST	130
THESE LINES	131
SUN SAND CLOUDS	131

	PAGE
TIME	131
TIRED WITH ALL THESE	132
TWILIGHT OF LOVE	132
FAREWELL	133
LILIES THAT FESTER	133
CHRONICLE OF WASTED TIME	134
LOVE IS NOT LOVE WHICH ALTERS DESPITE TIME	134
PAST REASON	135
BODY AND SOUL	135
<i>Christopher Marlowe</i> (1564-1593)	
THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE	136
FIRST SIGHT (FROM "HERO AND LEANDER")	137
<i>Thomas Nashe</i> (1567-1601)	
SPRING	137
WINTER, PLAGUE AND PESTILENCE	138
<i>Thomas Campion</i> (1567-1620)	
LOST FREEDOM	138
THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE	139
ROSE-CHEEKED LAURA	139
IT SHALL SUFFICE	140
HIS LOVER'S TRIUMPHS	140
BEAUTY UNBOUND	141
<i>Henry Wotton</i> (1568-1639)	
CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE	141
ON THE DEATH OF SIR ALBERT MORTON'S WIFE	142
<i>John Davies</i> (1569-1626)	
THE VIRGIN QUEEN: AN ANAGRAM	142
<i>Ben Jonson</i> (1572-1637)	
SHORT MEASURES (FROM AN ODE)	143
HYMN TO DIANA	143
TO CELIA	144
SWEET NEGLECT	144
DIRGE FOR NARCISSUS	145
FORTUNATE FOOL	145
<i>Thomas Heywood</i> (1573?-1641)	
WELCOME TO DAY	146
<i>John Donne</i> (1573-1631)	
THE GOOD-MORROW	146
THE SUN RISING	147
THE ECSTASY	148
THE CANONIZATION	150
THE UNDERTAKING	151
SONG	152
PRAYER FOR VIOLENCE: DIVINE POEM	153
DEATH, BE NOT PROUD	154

# Contents

xvii

	PAGE
<i>Thomas Dekker</i> (1570-1641?)	
LULLABY	154
O SWEET CONTENT	154
<i>Richard Barnefield</i> (1574-1627)	
THE NIGHTINGALE	155
<i>John Marston</i> (1575?-1634)	
OBLIVION (FROM "THE SCOURGE OF VILLAINY")	157
<i>John Fletcher</i> (1579-1625)	
MOURN NO MORE	157
ASPATIA'S SONG	158
TO PAN	158
CARE-CHARMING SLEEP	159
<i>John Webster</i> (1580?-1625?)	
NETS TO CATCH THE WIND	159
A LAND DIRGE	159
<i>Richard Corbet</i> (1582-1635)	
THE FAIRIES' FAREWELL	160
<i>Francis Beaumont</i> (1584-1616)	
A DANCE	161
MIRTH	162
ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY	162
<i>George Wither</i> (1588-1667)	
FAREWELL, SWEET GROVES (FROM "FAIR-VIRTUE")	163
WHAT CARE I?	163

## THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY CAVALIERS, PURITANS, METAPHYSICIANS

<i>Robert Herrick</i> (1591-1674)	
THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK	167
TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME	167
TO DAFFODILS	168
THE MAD MAID'S SONG	168
TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON	169
UPON LOVE	169
OBERON'S FEAST	170
HIS PRAYER TO BEN JONSON	171
TO ANTHEA WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANYTHING	172
DELIGHT IN DISORDER	173
UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES	173
<i>Henry King</i> (1592-1669)	
THE SURRENDER	173
A CONTEMPLATION UPON FLOWERS	174
OF HUMAN LIFE	175
<i>George Herbert</i> (1593-1633)	
THE PULLEY	175
DISCIPLINE	176

	PAGE
PARADISE	177
HEAVEN	178
MAN	178
THE ELIXIR	180
VIRTUE	181
LOVE	181
<i>James Shirley</i> (1596-1666)	
THE LEVELLING DUST	182
MORE WAYS TO KILL	183
<i>Thomas Carew</i> (1598-1638)	
EPITAPH ON A YOUNG GIRL	183
NEVER-DYING FIRE	184
<i>William Davenant</i> (1606-1668)	
AWAKE! AWAKE!	184
<i>Edmund Waller</i> (1606-1687)	
THE DANCER	185
GO, LOVELY ROSE	185
ON A GIRDLE	186
<i>John Milton</i> (1608-1674)	
ON SHAKESPEARE	186
ON HIS BLINDNESS	187
SONG ON MAY MORNING	187
L'ALLEGRO	187
IL PENNEROSO	191
ON TIME	196
SONGS	
(FROM "ARCADES")	196
(FROM "COMUS")	197
SATAN (FROM "PARADISE LOST")	199
EVE AND THE SERPENT (FROM "PARADISE LOST")	204
LYCIDAS	206
<i>John Suckling</i> (1609-1642)	
WHY SO PALE AND WAN?	211
THE BRIDE (FROM "A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING")	212
THE CONSTANT LOVER	213
<i>Richard Crashaw</i> (1613-1649)	
AN EPITAPH UPON HUSBAND AND WIFE WHO DIED AND WERE BURIED TOGETHER	213
CHRIST CRUCIFIED	214
ST. TERESA	214
WISHES FOR THE SUPPOSED MISTRESS	215
<i>Richard Lovelace</i> (1618-1658)	
TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS	216
TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON	217
TO AMARANTHA THAT SHE WOULD DISHEVEL HER HAIR	218
<i>Abraham Cowley</i> (1618-1667)	
THE PROPHET	218

# Contents

xix

	PAGE
BEAUTY	219
THE WISH	220
<i>Andrew Marvell</i> (1621-1678)	
TO HIS COY MISTRESS	221
THE GARDEN	222
THE DEFINITION OF LOVE	224
<i>Henry Vaughan</i> (1622-1695)	
THE REVIVAL	226
THE WORLD	226
THE RETREAT	228
<i>John Dryden</i> (1631-1700) •	
ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC	229
THE INSTRUMENTS (FROM "A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY")	232
MILTON	233
<i>Thomas Traherne</i> (1636?-1674)	
EDEN	234
WALKING	235
MEASURE	236
<i>John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester</i> (1647-1680)	
LOVE AND LIFE	236
EPITAPH ON CHARLES II	237
UPON NOTHING	237
<i>THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY</i>	
<i>THE RESTORATION AND REVIVAL OF CLASSICISM</i>	
<i>Anne, Countess of Winchelsea</i> (1661-1720)	
PETITION FOR ABSOLUTE RETREAT	241
A SONG	243
THE SOLDIER'S DEATH	244
THE GREATER TRIAL	244
<i>Matthew Prior</i> (1664-1721)	
SONG	245
A REASONABLE AFFLICTION	245
<i>Alexander Pope</i> (1688-1744)	
THE RAPE OF THE LOCK	246
MAN (SELECTIONS FROM "AN ESSAY ON MAN")	255
THE CRAFT OF VERSE (FROM "AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM")	256
ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT	256
SOLITUDE	257
<i>Thomas Gray</i> (1716-1771)	
ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD	258
<i>William Collins</i> (1721-1759)	
"HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE"	226
ODE TO EVENING	262

	PAGE
<i>Christopher Smart</i> (1722-1771)	
A SONG TO DAVID	264
<i>John Philpot Curran</i> (1750-1817)	
LET US BE MERRY	267
<i>Thomas Chatterton</i> (1752-1770)	
MINSTREL'S SONG (FROM "AELLA")	268
FREEDOM'S WAR-SONG (CHORUS FROM "GODDWYN")	269

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY  
FIRST HALF: ROMANCE AND PROPHECY

<i>William Blake</i> (1757-1827)	
THE TYGER	273
THE LAMB	273
THE FLY	274
THE SUN-FLOWER	275
THE SICK ROSE	275
SONG	275
INFANT SORROW	276
INJUNCTION	276
MY SILKS AND FINE ARRAY	276
MORNING	277
AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE	277
ETERNITY	280
THE SWORD AND THE SICKLE	280
A NEW JERUSALEM (FROM "MILTON")	280
TO THE MUSES	281
LOVE'S SECRET	281
<i>Robert Burns</i> (1759-1796)	
THE BANKS O' DOON	282
MARY MORISON	282
TO A MOUSE ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH	283
JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO	285
WHISTLE AN' I'LL COME TO YE, MY LAD	285
TAM O' SHANTER: A TALE	286
SWEET AFTON	292
BRUCE'S MARCH TO BANNOCKBURN	293
MY LUVE	294
O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST	294
<i>William Wordsworth</i> (1770-1850)	
THE DAFFODILS	295
"MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD"	295
WRITTEN IN MARCH	296
TO THE CUCKOO	296
THE WORLD	297
SLEEP	298
UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE	298
ENGLAND, 1802	298
TO MILTON (LONDON, 1802)	299

# Contents

xxi

	PAGE
EVENING ON THE BEACH	299
THE SONNET	300
LUCY	300
CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR	301
SKY AFTER STORM (FROM "THE EXCURSION")	302
THE SOLITARY REAPER	303
ODE: INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY	304
TO A SKYLARK	308
<i>Walter Scott (1771-1832)</i>	
PROUD MAISIE	309
HUNTING SONG	309
<i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772-1834)</i>	
KUBLA KHAN	310
THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER	312
<i>Robert Southey (1774-1843)</i>	
AFTER BLENHEIM	331
<i>Walter Savage Landor (1775-1864)</i>	
MOTHER, I CANNOT MIND MY WHEEL	333
ROSE AYLMER	333
AUTUMN	333
IANTHE	333
DIRCE	334
ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY	334
VERSE	334
<i>Thomas Moore (1779-1852)</i>	
AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT	334
OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT	335
<i>Leigh Hunt (1784-1859)</i>	
JENNY KISSED ME	336
<i>George Gordon, Lord Byron (1788-1824)</i>	
SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY (FROM "HEBREW MELODIES")	336
WHEN WE TWO PARTED	337
WE'LL GO NO MORE A-ROVING	337
THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB	338
EVENING (FROM "DON JUAN")	339
WATERLOO (FROM "CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE")	339
OCEAN (FROM "CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE")	341
<i>Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822)</i>	
TO NIGHT	342
WINTER	344
TO A SKYLARK	344
THE INDIAN SERENADE	347
THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH	348
TO——	348
FRAGMENT	349
INVOCATION: TO THE SPIRIT OF DELIGHT	349

	PAGE
OZYMANDIAS	350
THE MOON	351
A LAMENT	351
ODE TO THE WEST WIND	351
THE CLOUD	354
A NEW WORLD (FINAL CHORUS FROM "HELLAS")	356
<i>John Clare</i> (1793-1864)	
SONG'S ETERNITY	357
CLOCK-O'-CLAY *	359
<i>John Keats</i> (1795-1821)	
A THING OF BEAUTY (FROM "ENDYMION")	360
LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI	360
MEG MERRILIES	362
ON THE SEA	362
ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER	363
ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET	363
"TO ONE WHO HAS BEEN LONG IN CITY PEN"	364
ON THE ELGIN MARBLES	364
ODE ON A GRECIAN URN	365
ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE	366
ODE TO AUTUMN	368
ODE ON MELANCHOLY	369
THE EVE OF ST. AGNE'S	370
LAST SONNET	381
<i>George Darley</i> (1795-1846)	
THE MERMAIDS' VESPER-HYMN	381
THE SEA (FROM "NEPENTHE")	382
THE PHENIX (FROM "NEPENTHE")	382
<i>THE NINETEENTH CENTURY</i>	
<i>SECOND HALF: VICTORIANS AND AMERICANS</i>	
<i>William Cullen Bryant</i> (A 1794-1878)	
TO A WATERFOWL	385
THANATOPSIS	386
<i>Thomas Hood</i> (1799-1845)	
THE TIME OF ROSES	387
<i>Edward Coote Pinkney</i> (A 1802-1828)	
SERFNADE	388
<i>Ralph Waldo Emerson</i> (A 1803-1882)	
THE POET (FROM "MERLIN")	388
THE RHODORA: ON BEING ASKED, WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?	389
BRAHMA	390
THE SNOWSTORM	390
DAYS	391
<i>Thomas Lovell Beddoes</i> (1803-1849)	
DREAM-PEDLARY	392

# Contents

xxiii

	PAGE
<i>Elizabeth Barrett Browning</i> (1806-1861)	
LOVE (FROM "SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE")	392
GRIEF	393
<i>Henry Wadsworth Longfellow</i> (A 1807-1882)	
CHAUCER	394
NATURE	394
MY LOST YOUTH	395
MILTON	396
THE DAY IS DONE	397
<i>John Greenleaf Whittier</i> (A 1807-1892)	
THE WAITING	398
<i>Oliver Wendell Holmes</i> (A 1809-1894)	
THE LAST LEAF	399
<i>Edgar Allan Poe</i> (A 1809-1849)	
ISRAFEL	401
TO HELEN	402
THE CITY IN THE SEA	403
TO ONE IN PARADISE	404
A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM	405
ANNABEL LEE	406
ROMANCE	407
<i>Alfred, Lord Tennyson</i> (1809-1892)	
MARIANA	408
THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER	410
ULYSSES	410
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK	412
THE EAGLE	413
BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW (SONG FROM "THE PRINCESS")	413
NORTHERN FARMER: NEW STYLE	413
TEARS, IDLE TEARS	416
A VOICE (FROM "MAUD")	416
CROSSING THE BAR	417
<i>Robert Browning</i> (1812-1889)	
"THE WILD JOYS OF LIVING" ("DAVID'S SONG" FROM "SAUL")	418
IN A GONDOLA	419
SOLILOQUY OF THE SPANISH CLOISTER	420
TWO IN THE CAMPAGNA	422
MY LAST DUCHESS	423
AMONG THE ROCKS	425
A CAVALIER TUNE	425
HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD	426
SONG	426
THE LABORATORY: ANCIEN RÉGIME	427
MEETING AT NIGHT	428
EVELYN HOPE	429
AFTER	430
PROSPICE	431

	PAGE
<i>Emily Brontë</i> (1818-1848)	
THE OLD STOIC	432
OH, FOR THE TIME WHEN I SHALL SLEEP	432
LAST LINES	433
<i>James Russell Lowell</i> (A 1819-1891)	
PRELUDE (FROM "THE VISION OF SIR LAUNFAL")	434
AUSPEX	435
<i>Walt Whitman</i> (A 1819-1892)	
WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER	435
SONG OF MYSELF (SELECTIONS)	436
ON THE BEACH AT NIGHT	440
DIRGE FOR TWO VETERANS	441
GIVE ME THE SPLENDID SILENT SUN	442
DEATH CAROL (FROM "WHEN LILACS LAST IN THE DOORYARD BLOOMED")	443
RECONCILIATION	444
THE LAST INVOCATION	444
<i>Matthew Arnold</i> (1822-1888)	
PHILOMELA	445
REQUIESCAT	446
DOVER BEACH	446
SHAKESPEARE	447
THE LAST WORD	448
<i>Coventry Patmore</i> (1823-1896)	
A FAREWELL	448
THE TOYS	449
AN EVENING SCENE	450
TRUTH	450
<i>George Meredith</i> (1828-1909)	
LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT	451
WINTER HEAVENS	451
DIRGE IN WOODS	452
<i>Dante Gabriel Rossetti</i> (1828-1882)	
THE WOODSPURGE	452
LOVE SIGHT	453
SILENT NOON	453
THE BLESSÈD DAMOZEL	453
<i>Thomas Edward Brown</i> (1830-1897)	
VESPERS	458
I BENDED UNTO ME	458
<i>Christina Georgina Rossetti</i> (1830-1894)	
A BIRTHDAY	458
REMEMBER	459
ALOOF	459
WHEN I AM DEAD, MY DEAREST	460
MIRAGE	460
THE BOURNE	461
ECHO	461

# Contents

XXV

	PAGE
<i>Emily Dickinson</i> (A 1830-1886)	
THE ONLY NEWS I KNOW	462
SNAKE	462
I'VE KNOWN A HEAVEN LIKE A TENT	463
THERE'S BEEN A DEATH—	463
THERE IS NO TRUMPET LIKE THE TOMB	464
LOVE'S STRICKEN 'WHY'	464
GO NOT TOO NEAR A HOUSE OF ROSE	464
MY LIFE CLOSED TWICE BEFORE ITS CLOSE	465
<i>Lewis Carroll</i> (1832-1898)	
FATHER WILLIAM	465
JABBERWOCKY	466
<i>James Thomson</i> (1834-1882)	
NIGHTMARE (FROM "THE CITY OF DREADFUL NIGHT")	467
<i>William Morris</i> (1834-1896)	
TWO RED ROSES ACROSS THE MOON	469
LOVE IS ENOUGH	470
<i>Algernon Charles Swinburne</i> (1837-1909)	
MAN (FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON")	470
"WHEN THE HOUNDS OF SPRING" (FROM "ATALANTA IN CALYDON")	472
THE SEA (FROM "THE TRIUMPH OF TIME")	473
SONG	474
<i>Thomas Hardy</i> (1840-1928)	
THE DARKLING THRUSH	475
THE OXEN	476
WEATHERS	476
<i>Henry Austin Dobson</i> (1840-1921)	
IN AFTER DAYS	477
<i>Edward Rowland Sill</i> (A 1841-1887)	
OPPORTUNITY	478
<i>Arthur O'Shaughnessy</i> (1844-1881)	
ODE	478
THE NEW LOVE AND THE OLD	479
<i>Robert Bridges</i> (1844-1930)	
NIGHTINGALES	480
A PASSER-BY	480
ALL BEAUTEOUS THINGS	481
<i>Gerard Manley Hopkins</i> (1844-1889)	
HEAVEN—HAVEN: A NUN TAKES THE VBIL	482
THE HABIT OF PERFECTION	482
PIED BEAUTY	483
SPRING	483
<i>Alice Meynell</i> (1847-1922)	
RENOUNCEMENT	484
CHIMES	484

	PAGE
<i>William Ernest Henley</i> (1849-1903)	
INVICTUS	485
MARGARITAE SORORI	485
<i>Edwin Markham</i> (A 1852-)	
THE MAN WITH THE HOE	486
OUTWITTED	487
<i>Oscar Wilde</i> (1856-1900)	
REQUIESCAT	488
<i>Lizette Woodworth Reese</i> (A 1856-)	
TEARS	488
SPICEWOOD	489
<i>John Davidson</i> (1857-1909)	
A BALLAD OF HELL	489
<i>William Watson</i> (1858-)	
SONG	492
<i>Francis Thompson</i> (1859-1907)	
THE HOUND OF HEAVEN	493
THE HEART	498
TO A SNOWFLAKE	498
"IN NO STRANGE LAND"	499
<i>A. E. Housman</i> (1859-)	499
THE TRUE LOVER	
THE CARPENTER'S SON	
"LOVELIEST OF TREES"	
"OH, WHEN I WAS IN LOVE WITH YOU"	
"IS MY TEAM PLOUGHING?"	
WHEN I WAS ONE-AND-TWENTY	
"ON WENLOCK EDGE"	
<i>Katharine Tynan</i> (1861-1931)	
SLOW SPRING	500
<i>Richard Hovey</i> (A 1864-1900)	
COMRADES	500
<i>Arthur Symons</i> (1865-)	
IN THE WOOD OF FINVARA	501
THE CRYING OF WATER	501
 <i>BEGINNING OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY</i> <i>ROMANTIC REALISM</i>  	
<i>Rudyard Kipling</i> (1865-)	
MANDALAY	505
THE LAST CHANTEY	507
RECESSIONAL	509
<i>William Butler Yeats</i> (1865-)	
THE SONG OF WANDERING AENGUS	510
THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE	511

# Contents

xxvii

	PAGE
AN OLD SONG RESUNG	511
WHEN YOU ARE OLD	511
THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE	512
RUNNING TO PARADISE	513
 <i>Lionel Johnson (1867-1902)</i>	
THE DARK ANGEL	514
 <i>Ernest Dowson (1867-1900)</i>	
CYNARA	516
TO ONE IN BEDLAM	516
ENVOY	517
 <i>Edwin Arlington Robinson (A 1869-)</i>	
FLAMMONDE	517
MR. FLOOD'S PARTY	520
VETERAN SIRENS	522
 <i>Charlotte Mew (1870-1928)</i>	
SEA LOVE	522
I HAVE BEEN THROUGH THE GATES	523
BESIDE THE BED	523
 <i>William Henry Davies (1871-)</i>	
LEISURE	524
THE HERMIT	524
A GREAT TIME	525
 <i>Ralph Hodgson (1872-)</i>	
✓ TIME, YOU OLD GYPSY MAN	525
✓ EVE	526
THE MYSTERY	528
 <i>Walter De La Mare (1873-)</i>	
- THE LISTENERS	528
NOD	529
THE SONG OF SHADOWS	530
AN EPITAPH	530
 <i>G. K. Chesterton (1874-)</i>	
THE PRAISE OF DUST	531
THE DONKEY	532
 <i>Amy Lowell (A 1874-1925)</i>	
PATTERNS	532
APOLOGY	535
 <i>Robert Frost (A 1875-)</i>	
MY NOVEMBER GUEST	536
AN OLD MAN'S WINTER NIGHT	537
HOME BURIAL	537
TREE AT MY WINDOW	541
TO EARTHWARD	541
STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING	542

	PAGE
<i>John Masefield</i> (1878-)	
THE PASSING STRANGE	543
C. L. M.	546
SEA-FEVER	547
<i>Edward Thomas</i> (1878-1917)	
THE TRUMPET	547
IF I SHOULD EVER BY CHANCE	548
<i>Adelaide Crapsey</i> (A 1878-1914)	
CINQUAINS	
TRIAD	548
NOVEMBER NIGHT	549
THE WARNING	549
ON SEEING WEATHER-BEATEN TREES	549
<i>Carl Sandburg</i> (A 1878-)	
PLUNGER	549
GRASS	549
COOL TOMBS	550
FOUR PRELUDES ON PLAYTHINGS OF THE WIND	550
<i>Vachel Lindsay</i> (A 1879-1931)	
THE KALLOPE YELL	552
THE LEADEN-EYED	556
<i>Padraic Colum</i> (1881-)	
AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS	556
<i>Martin Armstrong</i> (1882-)	
THE CAGE	557
<i>James Stephens</i> (1882-)	
THE SHELL	558
TO THE FOUR COURTS, PLEASE	559
<i>Wallace Stevens</i> (A 1882-)	
PETER QUINCE AT THE CLAVIER	559
TO THE ONE OF FICTIVE MUSIC	562
<i>Anna Wickham</i> (1883-)	
SELF-ANALYSIS	563
SONG	563
DOMESTIC ECONOMY	564
ENVOI	564
<i>James Elroy Flecker</i> (1884-1915)	
STILLNESS	564
<i>Sara Teasdale</i> (A 1884-)	
ARCTURUS IN AUTUMN	565
"LET IT BE FORGOTTEN"	565
<i>Ezra Pound</i> (A 1885-)	
BALLAD OF THE GOODLY FERRE	566

# Contents

xxix

	PAGE
<i>Humbert Wolfe</i> (1885-)	
THE GREY SQUIRREL	567
TULIP	568
ILIAD	568
<i>Siegfried Sassoon</i> (1886-)	
THE REAR-GUARD	569
EVERY ONE SANG	570
EVERYMAN	571
ALONE	571
"H. D." (A 1886-)	
OREAD	571
HEAT	572
LETHE	572
<i>John Hall Wheelock</i> (A 1886-)	
THE FISH-HAWK	573
<i>William Rose Benét</i> (A 1886-)	
PEARL DIVER	574
<i>Elinor Wylie</i> (A 1887-1928)	
THE EAGLE AND THE MOLE	574
HYMN TO EARTH	575
BIRTHDAY SONNET	577
<i>Rupert Brooke</i> (1887-1915)	
THE SOLDIER	578
THE GREAT LOVER	578
<i>Robinson Jeffers</i> (A 1887-)	
HURT HAWKS	580
AGE IN PROSPECT	581
PROMISE OF PEACE	582
<i>John Crowe Ransom</i> (A 1888-)	
PARTING, WITHOUT A SEQUEL	582
PIAZZA PIECE	583
<i>T. S. Eliot</i> (A 1888-)	
LA FIGLIA CHE PIANGE	584
SWEENEY AMONG THE NIGHTINGALES	584
A SONG FOR SIMEON	586
<i>Conrad Aiken</i> (A 1889-)	
ANNIHILATION	587
THE ONE-EYED CALENDAR	588
<i>Edna St. Vincent Millay</i> (A 1892-)	
SAY WHAT YOU WILL	589
WHAT'S THIS OF DEATH—	590
THOU ART NOT LOVELIER THAN LILACS	590
DIRGE WITHOUT MUSIC	591

	PAGE
<i>Archibald MacLeish</i> (A 1892-)	
YOU, ANDREW MARVELL	591
MEMORIAL RAIN	592
<i>Richard Aldington</i> (1892-)	
AT THE BRITISH MUSEUM	594
AFTER TWO YEARS	595
<i>Wilfred Owen</i> (1893-1918)	
ANTHEM FOR DOOMED YOUTH	595
THE YOUNG SOLDIER	596
GREATER LOVE	596
<i>Sylvia Townsend Warner</i> (1893-)	
THE IMAGE	597
EPITAPHS	599
THE RIVAL	599
<i>E. E. Cummings</i> (A 1894-)	
THIS IS THE GARDEN	601
<i>Charles Hamilton Sorley</i> (1895-1915)	
"such is death"	601
<i>Robert Graves</i> (1895-)	
THE CORNER-KNOT	602
<i>Sacheverell Sitwell</i> (1897-)	
KINGCUPS	603
<i>Stephen Vincent Benét</i> (A 1898-)	
THE BALLAD OF WILLIAM SYCAMORE	604
<i>Hart Crane</i> (A 1899-1932)	
FROM "VOYAGES"	606
<i>Allen Tate</i> (A 1899-)	
ODE TO FEAR: VARIATION ON A THEME BY COLLINS	607
<i>Léonie Adams</i> (A 1899-)	
COUNTRY SUMMER	608
LULLABY	609
<i>Richard Hughes</i> (1900-)	
BURIAL OF THE SPIRIT OF A YOUNG POET	610
<i>Merrill Moore</i> (A 1903-)	
AND TO THE YOUNG MEN	611
LIST OF LONGER POEMS	612
INDEX OF FORMS AND TYPES	615
POETIC FORMS AND PATTERNS	623
INDEX OF TITLES, AUTHORS, AND FIRST LINES	637

THE ALBATROSS BOOK OF  
LIVING VERSE



# EARLY BALLADS

## OF UNKNOWN DATE AND AUTHORSHIP

Beginning this volume with the anonymous ballads disturbs, to some extent, the chronological scheme. But this is inevitable. The unknown authors of the metrical narratives, rhymed romances and historical songs flourished between the twelfth and the seventeenth centuries—in *The Canterbury Tales* Chaucer quoted and parodied several ballads which were already old in 1380. Nor is it possible to arrange the ballads themselves in the order of their origin. No one can say for certain when the original of such a "late" ballad as "Sir Patrick Spens" was composed, or that "St. Stephen and King Herod", presumably the oldest, actually antedates "Edward, Edward" in the Danish version.

Nor can any editor speak too assuredly concerning the final authority of his examples. In the advertisement to his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, Percy stressed the difficulties confronting even the most careful students of the old manuscripts. The records—which are the uncertain transcripts of an oral, not a written, literature—"are sometimes extremely incorrect and faulty, being in such instances probably made from defective copies, or the imperfect recitation of illiterate singers; so that a considerable portion of the song or narrative is sometimes omitted and miserable trash or nonsense not unfrequently introduced into pieces of considerable merit."

But, as Allingham maintained, a century or so after Percy, "the ballads owe no little of their merit to the countless riddlings, shiftings, siftings, omissions, and additions of innumerable reciters. The lucky changes hold, the stupid ones fall aside." Researchers may demand all the interpolations and eccentricities in the variants of, say, "The Two Sisters of Binnoric." But the lay reader demands, instead of twenty comparative renderings, one—preferably superlative—version. What to do? Again Allingham gives us the key. 'The right course, he says in his preface to *The Ballad Book*, is to present one form—the best of the many, according to the editor's judgment and feeling—"in firm black and white, for critics and for readers cultivated and simple. The ballad itself is multiform and even shifting, vapourlike, as one examines it. . . . To make the narrative clear, and bring out forcibly the dramatic points, is what every balladist aimed at; the comparative success with which this is done tests the value of this version—or that—of a story."

No statement could be more explicit, for it is as a story that the ballad was designed. The happy turns of phrase, the flashes of sheer poetry are incidental, almost accidental. First and last, the singer

was intent on his tale, whether the narrative happens to be fanciful with faery magic as in "True Thomas"—that wild forerunner of Keats's "La Belle Dame Sans Merci"—or half bantering, half bickering as in the domestic dialogue of "The Old Cloak", or darkly macabre as in "The Wife of Usher's Well" or rudely bucolic as in "Get Up and Bar the Door", or quivering with the tragic suspense of "Lord Randal", or naked with drama and violence as in "The Douglas Tragedy" and "Edward, Edward", or poignant with the compound of tenderness and irony which distinguishes "The Cherry-Tree Carol".

The spirit, the spontaneous movement, the strong feeling are as fresh to-day as when these rhymed narratives were composed three to five hundred years ago. In an effort to recapture, or rather to maintain, the strength and simplicity which are the very blood of the ballads, I have not only presented what seemed to me the best version of many (sometimes a composite of several), but I have modernized them. That is to say, I have changed the spelling freely and have even, when necessary, translated an archaic term into its modern equivalent. Something is lost to linguistics by this liberty, but it is my hope that something is gained in speed and in that heightened communication which is the very purpose of the old story-poems. For those who wish a wider background there is Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, in which the poet and adapter have joined hands; while for those who desire a closer study of the originals, as well as the continual and almost countless variations, there is always Francis James Child's far more remarkable work of extended scholarship, *English and Scottish Ballads*.

*CHILDE MAURICE*

Childe Maurice hunted the Silver Wood,  
He whistled and he sung:  
"I think I see the woman yonder  
That I have loved so long."

He called to his little man John,  
"You do not see what I see;  
For yonder I see the very first woman  
That ever lovèd me."

"Here is a glove, a glove," he says,  
"Lined all with fur it is;  
Bid her to come to Silver Wood  
To speak with Childe Maurice.

"And here is a ring, a ring," he says,  
"A ring of the precious stone:  
He prays her come to Silver Wood  
And ask the leave of none."

"Well do I love your errand, master,  
But better I love my life.  
Would you have me go to John Steward's castle,  
To tryst away his wife?"

"Do not I give you meat?" he says,  
"Do not I give you fee?  
How dare you stop my errand  
When that I bid you flee?"

When the lad came to John Steward's castle,  
He ran right through the gate  
Until he came to the high, high hall  
Where the company sat at meat.

"Here is a glove, my lady," said he,  
"Lined all with fur it is;  
It says you're to come to Silver Wood  
And speak with Childe Maurice.

“And here is a ring, a ring of gold,  
Set with the precious stone:  
It prays you to come to Silver Wood  
And ask the leave of none.”

Out then spake the wily nurse,  
A wily woman was she,  
“If this be come from Childe Maurice  
It’s dearly welcome to me.”

“Thou liest, thou liest, thou wily nurse,  
So loud as I hear thee lie!  
I brought it to John Steward’s lady,  
And I trow thou be not she.”

Then up and rose him John Steward,  
And an angry man was he:  
“Did I think there was a lord in the world  
My lady loved but me!”

He dressed himself in his lady’s gown,  
Her mantle and her hood;  
But a little brown sword hung down by his knee,  
And he rode to Silver Wood.

Childe Maurice sat in Silver Wood,  
He whistled and he sung,  
“I think I see the woman coming  
That I have loved so long.”

But then stood up Childe Maurice  
His mother to help from horse:  
“O alas, alas!” says Childe Maurice,  
“My mother was never so gross!”

“No wonder, no wonder,” John Steward he said,  
“My lady loved thee well,  
For the fairest part of my body  
Is blacker than thy heel.”

## Early Ballads

John Steward took the little brown sword  
That hung low down by his knee;  
He has cut the head off Childe Maurice  
And the body put on a tree.

And when he came to his lady—  
Looked over the castle-wall—  
He threw the head into her lap,  
Saying, "Lady, take the ball!"

Says, "Dost thou know Childe Maurice' head,  
When that thou dost it see?  
Now lap it soft, and kiss it oft,  
For thou loved'st him better than me."

But when she looked on Childe Maurice' head  
She ne'er spake words but three:  
"I never bare no child but one,  
And you have slain him, trulye.

"I got him in my mother's bower  
With secret sin and shame;  
I brought him up in the good greenwood  
Under the dew and rain."

And she has taken her Childe Maurice  
And kissed him, mouth and chin:  
"O better I loved my Childe Maurice  
Than all my royal kin!"

"Woe be to thee!" John Steward he said,  
And a woe, woe man was he;  
"For if you had told me he was your son  
He had never been slain by me."

Says, "Wicked be my merry men all,  
I gave meat, drink and cloth!  
But could they not have holden me  
When I was in all that wrath?"

*THE DOUGLAS TRAGEDY*

“Rise up, rise up, Lord Douglas!” she says,  
“And put on your armour so bright;  
Let it ne’er be said that a daughter of ours  
Was married to a lord under night.

“Rise up, rise up, my seven bold sons,  
And put on your armour so bright;  
And take better care o’ your youngest sister,  
For your eldest’s away this night!”

Lady Margaret was on a milk-white steed,  
Lord William was on a gray,  
A buglet-horn hung down by his side,  
And swiftly they rode away.

Lord William looked over his left shoulder  
To see what he could see,  
And there he spied her seven bold brothers  
Come riding over the lea.

“Light down, light down, Lady Margaret,” he said,  
“And hold my steed in your hand,  
Until that against your seven bold brothers,  
And your father, I make a stand.”

O, there she stood, and bitter she stood,  
And never shed one tear,  
Until she saw her brothers fa’,  
And her father who loved her so dear.

“O hold your hand, Lord William!” she said,  
“For your strokes are deep and sore;  
Though lovers I can get many a one,  
A father I can never get more.”

O she’s taken off her handkerchief,  
It was o’ the holland so fine,  
And aye she dressed her father’s wounds;  
His blood ran down like wine.

## Early Ballads

“O choose, O choose, Lady Margaret,  
Will ye go with me, or bide?”  
“I’ll go, I’ll go, Lord William,” she said.  
“Ye’ve left me no other guide.”

He lifted her up on her milk-white steed,  
And mounted his dapple-gray,  
With his buglet-horn hung down by his side,  
And slowly they rode away.

O they rode on, and on they rode,  
And a’ by the light o’ the moon,  
Until they came to a wan water,  
And there they lighted down.

They lighted down to take a drink  
O’ the spring that ran so clear,  
But down the stream ran his red heart’s blood;  
And she began to fear.

“Hold up, hold up, Lord William,” she said,  
“I fear me you are slain!”  
“’Tis but the shadow o’ my scarlet cloak  
That shines in the water so plain.”

O they rode on, and on they rode,  
And a’ by the light o’ the moon,  
Until they saw his mother’s ha’,  
And there they lighted down.

“Get up, get up, lady mother,” he says,  
“Get up, and let in your son!  
Open the door, lady mother,” he says,  
“For this night my fair lady I’ve won!”

“Now make my bed, lady mother,” he says,  
“O make it wide and deep,  
And lay Lady Margaret close at my back,  
And the sounder will I sleep!”

## Early Ballads

Lord William was dead long ere midnight,  
 Lady Margaret long ere day,  
 And all true lovers that go together  
 May they have more luck than they!

Lord William was buried in Mary's Kirk,  
 Lady Margaret in Mary's Quire;  
 And out of her grave grew a bonny red rose,  
 And out of the knight's a brier.

*TRUE THOMAS*

True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank;  
 A marvel he did see;  
 For there he saw a lady bright,  
 Come riding down by the Eildon tree.<sup>1</sup>

Her skirt was of the grass-green silk,  
 Her mantle of the velvet fine;  
 On every lock of her horse's mane,  
 Hung fifty silver bells and nine.

True Thomas he pulled off his cap,  
 And bowed low down on his knee;  
 "All hail, thou mighty Queen of Heaven!  
 For thy peer on earth could never be."

"O no, O no, Thomas," she said,  
 "That name does not belong to me;  
 I'm but the Queen of fair Elfland,  
 That hither am come to visit thee.

"Harp and carp, Thomas," she said,  
 "Harp and carp along with me;  
 And if ye dare to kiss my lips,  
 Sure of your body I will be!"

"Betide me weal, betide me woe,  
 That weird shall never daunten me!"

<sup>1</sup>The Eildon tree was the tree of magic under which the Rhymer delivered his prophecies.

## Early Ballads

Then he has kissed her on the lips,  
All underneath the Eildon tree.

“Now ye must go with me,” she said,  
“True Thomas, ye must go with me;  
And ye must serve me seven years,  
Through weal or woe as may chance to be.”

She’s mounted on her milk-white steed,  
She’s taken True Thomas up behind;  
And aye, whene’er her bridle rang,  
The steed flew swifter than the wind.

O they rode on, and farther on,  
The steed flew swifter than the wind;  
Until they reached a desert wide,  
And living land was left behind.

“Light down, light down now, Thomas,” she said,  
“And lean your head upon my knee;  
Light down, and rest a little space,  
And I will show you marvels three.

“O see ye not yon narrow road,  
So thick beset with thorns and briers?  
That is the path of righteousness,  
Though after it but few enquires.

“And see ye not yon broad, broad road,  
That stretches o’er the lily leven?  
That is the path of wickedness,  
Though some call it the road to heaven.

“And see ye not yon bonny road,  
That winds about the green hillside?  
That is the way to fair Elfland,  
Where you and I this night must bide.

“But, Thomas, ye shall hold your tongue,  
Whatever ye may hear or see;  
For if ye speak word in Elfin land,  
Ye’ll ne’er win back to your own countree!”

## Early Ballads

O they rode on, and farther on;  
 They waded through rivers above the knee,  
 And they saw neither sun nor moon,  
 But they heard the roaring of a sea.

It was mirk, mirk night; there was no star-light;  
 They waded through red blood to the knee;  
 For all the blood that's shed on earth,  
 Runs through the springs o' that countree.

At last they came to a garden green,  
 And she pulled an apple from on high—  
 "Take this for thy wages, True Thomas;  
 It will give thee the tongue that can never lie!"

"My tongue is my own," True Thomas he said,  
 "A goodly gift ye would give to me!  
 I neither could to buy or sell  
 At fair or tryst where I may be.

"I could neither speak to prince or peer,  
 Nor ask of grace from fair ladye."  
 "Now hold thy peace!" the lady said,  
 "For as I say, so must it be."

He has gotten a coat of the even cloth,  
 And a pair of shoes of the velvet green;  
 And till seven years were gone and past,  
 True Thomas on earth was never seen.

*THE WIFE OF USHER'S WELL*

There lived a wife at Usher's Well,  
 And a wealthy wife was she;  
 She had three stout and stalwart sons,  
 And sent them o'er the sea.

They had not been a week from her,  
 A week but barely one,  
 When word came to the mother herself,  
 That her three sons were gone.

## Early Ballads

They had not been a week from her,  
A week but barely three,  
When word came to the mother herself,  
That her sons she'd never see.

"I wish the wind may never cease,  
Nor fishes in the flood,  
Till my three sons come home to me,  
In earthly flesh and blood!"

It fell about the Martinmas,  
When nights are long and dark,  
The mother's three sons they all came home,  
And their hats were of birch bark.

It neither grew in marsh or trench  
Nor yet in any ditch;  
But at the gates of Paradise  
That birch grew fair and rich.

"Blow up the fire, my maidens!  
Bring water from the well!  
For all my house shall feast this night,  
Since my three sons are well."

And she has made to them a bed,  
She's made it large and wide;  
And she's taken her mantle her about,  
Sat down at the bed-side.

Up then crew the red, red cock,  
And up and crew the gray;  
The eldest to the youngest said,  
"Tis time we were away."

The cock he had not crowed but once,  
And clapped his wings at dawn,  
When the youngest to the eldest said,  
"Brother, we must be gone.

"The cock doth crow, the light doth grow,  
The channelling worm doth chide;

If we be missed out of our place,  
A sore pain we must abide."

"Lie still, lie still, but a little wee while,  
Lie still but if we may,  
If our mother should miss us when she wakes,  
She will go mad ere day."

"Fare ye well, my mother dear!  
Farewell to barn and byre!<sup>1</sup>  
And fare ye well, the bonny lass,  
That kindles my mother's fire."

*SIR PATRICK SPENS*

The king sits in Dumferline towne  
Drinking the blood-red wine;  
"O where will I get a skilful skipper  
To sail this ship of mine?"

Up and spake an elder knight,  
Sat at the king's right knee:  
"Sir Patrick Spens is the best sailor  
That ever sailed the sea."

The king has written a broad letter  
And sealed it with his hand.  
And sent it to Sir Patrick Spens  
Was walking on the strand.

"To Noroway, to Noroway,  
To Noroway o'er the foam;  
The King's own daughter of Noroway,  
'Tis thou must bring her hōme!"

The first line that Sir Patrick read  
A loud, loud laugh laughed he:  
The next line that Sir Patrick read  
The tear blinded his ee.<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Byre: cattle-house.

<sup>2</sup> Eye.

## Early Ballads

“Oh who is this has done this deed,  
This ill deed unto me;  
To send me out this time o’ the year  
To sail upon the sea?”

“Make haste, make haste, my merry men all,  
Our good ship sails the morn.”  
“Oh say not so, my master dear,  
For I fear a deadly storm.

“I saw the new moon late yestere’en  
With the old moon in her arm;  
And if we go to sea, master,  
I fear we’ll come to harm.”

They had not sailed a league, a league,  
A league, but barely three,  
When the sky grew dark, the wind blew loud,  
And angry grew the sea.

The anchor broke, the topmast split,  
’Twas such a deadly storm.  
The waves came over the broken ship  
Till all her sides were torn.

O long, long may the ladies sit  
With their fans into their hand,  
Or ere they see Sir Patrick Spens  
Come sailing to the strand.

O long, long may the maidens stand  
With their gold combs in their hair,  
Before they’ll see their own dear loves  
Come home to greet them there.

O forty miles off Aberdeen  
’Tis fifty fathom deep.  
And there lies good Sir Patrick Spens  
With the Scots lords at his feet.

*FAIR MARGARET AND SWEET WILLIAM*

As it fell out on a long summer's day,  
Two lovers they sat on a hill:  
They sat together that long summer's day,  
And could not talk their fill.

"I'm not the man for you, Margaret,  
You're not the wife for me.  
Before to-morrow at eight of the clock,  
A rich wedding you shall see."

Fair Margaret sat in her bower-window  
Combing her yellow hair,  
She saw Sweet William and his brown bride  
Unto the church draw near.

Then down she laid her ivory comb,  
And up she bound her hair;  
She went out from her bower alive,  
But alive nevermore came there.

When day was gone, and night was come,  
And all men fast asleep,  
Came in the ghost of Fair Margaret,  
And stood at William's feet.

"How like ye the lady, Sweet William,  
That lies in your arms asleep?  
God give you joy of your gay bride-bed,  
And me of my winding-sheet!"

When night was gone and day was come  
And all men waked from sleep,  
Sweet William to his lady said,  
"Alas! I have cause to weep.

"I dreamed a dream, my lady,  
A dream that bodes no good;  
I dreamed our bower was full of red swine  
And our bride-bed full of blood."

## Early Ballads

He callèd up his merry men all

' By one, by two, by three.

Saying, "I'll away to Fair Margaret's bower,  
With the leave of my ladye."

And when he came to Fair Margaret's bower

He knockèd at the ring;

And who so ready as her seven brothers

To rise and let him in?

"O, is she in the parlour?" he said,

"Or is she in the hall?

Or is she in the long chamber

Amongst her merry maids all?"

"No, she's not in the parlour," they said,

"Nor she's not in the hall:

But she is in the long chamber,

Laid out against the wall."

He turnèd up the covering-sheet,

And looked upon the dead.

"Methinks her lips are pale and wan,

She has lost her cherry red."

"I would do more for thee, Margaret,

Than would any of thy kin:

And I will kiss thy pale, cold lips

Though thy smile I cannot win."

With that bespake the seven brothers,

Making a piteous moan:

"You may go kiss your jolly brown bride,

And let our sister alone."

"If I do kiss my jolly brown bride,

I do but what is right;

For I made no vow to your sister dear,

By day nor yet by night.

“Deal on, deal on, my merry men all,  
 Deal on your cake and wine!  
 For whatever is dealt at her funeral to-day  
 Shall be dealt to-morrow at mine.”

Fair Margaret died on the over-night,  
 Sweet William died on the morrow.  
 Fair Margaret died for pure, pure love;  
 Sweet William died for sorrow.

Margaret was buried in the lower chancel,  
 Sweet William in the higher;  
 Out of her breast there sprang a rose-tree,  
 Out of his breast a brier.

*THE TWO SISTERS OF BINNORIE*

There were two sisters sat in a bower;  
*Binnorie, O Binnorie;*  
 There came a knight to be their wooer;  
*By the bonny mill-dams of Binnorie.*

He courted the eldest with gloves and rings,  
 But he loved the youngest above all things.

The eldest was vexèd to despair,  
 And much she envied her sister fair.

The eldest said to the youngest one,  
 “Will ye see our father’s ships come in?”

She’s taken her by the lily-white hand,  
 And led her down to the river strand.

The youngest stood upon a stone;  
 The eldest came and pushed her in.

“O sister, sister, reach your hand,  
 And you shall be heir of half my land.

“O sister, reach me but your glove  
 And sweet William shall be all your love.”

## Early Ballads

“Sink on, nor hope for hand or glove!  
Sweet William shall surely be my love.”

Sometimes she sank, sometimes she swam,  
Until she came to the mouth of the dam.

Out then came the miller's son  
And saw the fair maid swimming in.

“O father, father, draw your dam!  
Here's either a mermaid or a swan.”

The miller hasted and drew his dam,  
And there he found a drowned woman.

You could not see her middle small,  
Her girdle was so rich withal.

You could not see her yellow hair  
For the gold and pearls that clustered there.

And by there came a harper fine  
Who harped to nobles when they dine.

And when he looked that lady on,  
He sighed and made a heavy moan.

He's made a harp of her breast bone,  
Whose sounds would melt a heart of stone.

He's taken three locks of her yellow hair  
And with them strung his harp so rare.

He went into her father's hall  
To play his harp before them all.

But as he laid it on a stone,  
The harp began to play alone.

And soon the harp sang loud and clear,  
“Farewell, my father and mother dear.

## Early Ballads

“Farewell, farewell, my brother Hugh,  
Farewell, my William, sweet and true.”

And then as plain as plain could be,  
(*Binnorie, O Binnorie*)

“There sits my sister who drownèd me  
*By the bonny mill-dams of Binnorie!*”

## LORD RANDAL

“O where have you been, Lord Randal, my son?

O where have you been, my handsome young man?”—

“I have been to the wild wood; mother, make my bed  
soon,

For I’m weary with hunting, and fain would lie down.”

“Who gave you your dinner, Lord Randal, my son?

Who gave you your dinner, my handsome young man?”—

“I dined with my sweetheart; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I’m weary with hunting, and fain would lie down.”

“What had you for dinner, Lord Randal, my son?

What had you for dinner, my handsome young man?”—

“I had eels boiled in broth; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I’m weary with hunting, and fain would lie down.”

“And where are your bloodhounds, Lord Randal, my son?  
And where are your bloodhounds, my handsome young  
man?”—

“O they swelled and they died; mother, make my bed  
soon,

For I’m weary with hunting, and fain would lie down.”

“O I fear you are poisoned, Lord Randal, my son!

O I fear you are poisoned, my handsome young man!”—

“O yes! I am poisoned; mother, make my bed soon,  
For I’m sick at the heart, and I fain would lie down.”

## Early Ballads

### *GLASGERION*

Glasgerion was a harper good,  
He harpèd to the King;  
Glasgerion was the best harper  
Who ever played on a string.

He'd harp a fish from the river,  
Or water from a stone;  
He'd harp the heart from a maiden's breast  
To love but him alone.

He's taken his harp into his hand;  
He's harpèd and he's sung;  
And aye he harpèd to the King  
Who never thought it long.

The King and all his nobles  
\* Sat drinking at their wine;  
The King would have none but his daughter  
To wait on them as they dine.

Glasgerion's taken his harp in hand  
Till he's played them all asleep,  
All but the fair young Princess  
Whom love did waking keep.

She said, "Play on, Glasgerion,  
\* Play on and never cease;  
There's never a stroke comes from thy harp  
But it gladdens my heart with peace."

At first he played a slow, grave tune  
\* And then a gay one flew;  
And many's the sigh and the loving word  
That passed between the two.

"Come to my bower, Glasgerion,  
When all men are at rest,  
As I am a lady true to my word,  
Thou shalt be a welcome guest."

## Early Ballads

Home then came Glasgerion;  
A glad man, Lord! was he.  
"And come thou hither, Jack, my boy;  
Come hither unto me.

"For the King's daughter," Glasgerion said,  
"Hath granted me a boon,  
And at her bower I must be  
At the setting of the moon."

"Lie down in your bed, dear master,  
And sleep as long as you may;  
I'll keep good watch and waken you  
Three hours before 'tis day."

But up he rose, that worthless lad,  
His master's clothes did don;  
A collar he cast about his neck;  
He seemed the gentleman.

And when he came to the lady's bower  
He lightly rattled the pin.  
The lady she was true to her word;  
She rose and let him in.

He did not kiss that lady's mouth,  
His love-making was rude;  
And much that lady did mistrust  
He was of churlish blood.

Home then came the worthless lad,  
Took off both cloak and shoon,  
And cast the collar from his neck—  
He was but a churl's son.

"Wake up, wake up, good master,  
I fear 'tis almost dawn,  
Wake up, wake up, the cock has crowed;  
'Tis time that you were gone."

Then quickly rose Glasgerion,  
Put on his cloak and shoon,

And cast a collar about his neck—  
He was a lord's true son.

And when he came to the lady's bower  
He lightly rattled the pin.  
The lady was more than true to her word;  
She rose and let him in.

“O whether have you left with me  
Your bracelet or your glove?  
Or are you returned back again  
To know more of my love?”

Glasgerion swore a full great oath  
By oak and ash and thorn,  
“I was never before in your chamber, lady,  
Since the time that I was born.”

“O then it was your vile foot-page  
Who hath beguiled me.”  
Then she pulled forth a little sharp knife  
That hung down at her knee.

O'er her white feet the red blood ran  
Or ever a hand could stay,  
And dead she lay on her bower-floor  
At the dawning of the day.

But home then went Glasgerion,  
A woe man, Lord! was he.  
“And come thou hither, Jack, my boy;  
Come hither unto me.

“If I had killed a man to-night,  
Jack, I would tell it thee;  
But if I have taken no life to-night,  
Jack, thou hast taken three.”

Then he pulled out his bright, brown sword.  
And dried it on his sleeve,  
And he smote off that vile lad's head  
And asked for no man's leave.

## Early Ballads

He set the sword's point to his breast,  
 The pommel to a stone.  
 Through the falseness of that lying lad,  
 These three lives were all gone.

*BARBARA ALLEN'S CRUELTY*

All in the merry month of May,  
 When green buds they were swelling,  
 Young Jemmy Grove on his death-bed lay  
 For love of Barbara Allen.

He sent his man unto her then,  
 To the town where she was dwelling:  
 "O haste and come to my master dear,  
 If your name be Barbara Allen."

Slowly, slowly she rose up,  
 And she came where he was lying:  
 And when she drew the curtain by,  
 Says, "Young man, I think you're dying."

"O it's I am sick, and very, very sick,  
 And it's all for Barbara Allen."  
 "O the better for me you'll never be,  
 Tho' your heart's blood were a-spilling!

"O do you not mind, young man," she says,  
 "When the red wine you were filling,  
 That you made the healths go round and round,  
 And slighted Barbara Allen?"

He turned his face unto the wall,  
 And death with him was dealing:  
 "Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all;  
 Be kind to Barbara Allen."

As she was walking o'er the fields,  
 She heard the dead-bell knelling;  
 And every beat the dead-bell gave,  
 Cried, "Woe to Barbara Allen!"

“O mother, mother, make my bed,  
 To lay me down in sorrow.  
 My love has died for me to-day,  
 I’ll die for him to-morrow.”

## EDWARD, EDWARD

“Why does your sword so drip with blood,  
 Edward, Edward?

Why does your sword so drip with blood,  
 And why so sad are ye, O?”

“O I have killed my hawk so good,  
 Mother, mother,

O I have killed my hawk so good  
 And I have no more but he, O.”

“Your hawk’s blood was never so red,  
 Edward, Edward,

Your hawk’s blood was never so red,  
 My dear son, I tell thee, O.”

“O I have killed my red-roan steed,  
 Mother, mother,

O I have killed my red-roan steed,  
 That was so fair and free, O.”

“Your steed was old and your stable’s filled,  
 Edward, Edward,

Your steed was old and your stable’s filled,  
 Now say what may it be, O.”

“It was my father that I killed,  
 Mother, mother,

It was my father that I killed,  
 Alas, and woe is me, O.”

“What penance will ye do for that,  
 Edward, Edward?

What penance will ye do for that,  
 My dear son, now tell me, O?”

“I’ll set my feet in yonder boat,  
 Mother, mother,

I’ll set my feet in yonder boat,  
 And I’ll fare over the sea, O.”

“What will ye do with your towers and hall,  
Edward, Edward?

What will ye do with your towers and hall,  
That are so fair to see, O?”

“I’ll let them stand till down they fall,  
Mother, mother,  
I’ll let them stand till down they fall,  
For here nevermore may I be, O.”

“What will ye leave to your babes and your wife,  
Edward, Edward?

What will ye leave to your babes and your wife,  
When ye go over the sea, O?”

“The world’s room—let them beg through life,  
Mother, mother,  
The world’s room—let them beg through life,  
For them nevermore will I see, O.”

“And what will ye leave to your own mother dear,  
Edward, Edward?

And what will ye leave to your own mother dear,  
My dear son, now tell me, O?”

“The curse of Hell from me shall ye bear,  
Mother, mother,  
The curse of Hell from me shall ye bear:  
Such counsel ye gave to me, O!”

*MAY COLVIN*

False Sir John a-wooning came,  
To a maid of beauty rare;  
May Colvin was the lady’s name,  
Her father’s only heir.

He wooed her indoors, he wooed her out,  
He wooed her night and day;  
Until he got the lady’s consent  
To mount and ride away.

“Go fetch me some of your father’s gold  
And some of your mother’s fee,

And I'll carry you to the far Northland  
And there I'll marry thee."

She's gone to her father's coffers,  
Where all his money lay;  
And she's taken the red, and she's left the white,  
And lightly she's tripped away.

She's gone down to her father's stable,  
Where all his steeds did stand;  
And she's taken the best and left the worst,  
That was in her 'father's land.

He rode on, and she rode on,  
They rode a long summer's day,  
Until they came to a broad river,  
An arm of a lonesome sea.

"Leap off the steed," says false Sir John;  
"Your bridal bed you see;  
For it's seven fair maids I have drownèd here,  
And the eighth one you shall be.

"Cast off, cast off your silks so fine,  
And lay them on a stone,  
For they are too fine and costly  
To rot in the salt sea foam."

"O turn about, thou false Sir John,  
And look to the leaf o' the tree;  
For it never became a gentleman  
A naked woman to see."

He's turned himself straight round about  
To look to the leaf o' the tree;  
She's twined her arms about his waist,  
And thrown him into the sea.

"O hold a grip of me, May Colvin,  
For fear that I should drown;  
I'll take you home to your father's gates,  
And safe I'll set you down."

“O safe enough I am, Sir John,  
 And safer I will be;  
 For seven fair maids have you drownèd here,  
 The eighth shall not be me.

“O lie you there, thou false Sir John,  
 O lie you there,” said she,  
 “For you lie not in a colder bed  
 Than the one you intended for me.”

So she went on her father’s steed,  
 As swift as she could away;  
 And she came home to her father’s gates  
 At the breaking of the day.

Up then spake the pretty parrot:  
 “May Colvin, where have you been?  
 What has become of false Sir John,  
 That wooed you yestere’en?”

“O hold your tongue, my pretty parrot,  
 Nor tell no tales on me;  
 Your cage will be made of the beaten gold  
 With spokes of ivory.”

Up then spake her father dear,  
 In the chamber where he lay:  
 “What ails you, pretty parrot,  
 That you prattle so long ere day?”

“There came a cat to my door, master,  
 I thought ’twould have worried me;  
 And I was calling on May Colvin  
 To take the cat from me.”

u  
 BONNIE GEORGE CAMPBELL

High upon Highlands,  
 And low upon Tay,  
 Bonnie George Campbell  
 Rode out on a day;

Saddled and bridled,  
And gallant to see:  
Home came his good horse,  
But home came not he.

Out ran his old mother,  
Wild with despair;  
Out ran his bonnie bride,  
Tearing her hair.  
He rode saddled and bridled,  
With boots to the knee:  
Home came his good horse,  
But never came he.

“My meadow lies green,  
And my corn is unshorn,  
My barn is unbuilt,  
And my babe is unborn.”  
He rode saddled and bridled,  
Careless and free:  
Safe home came the saddle,  
But never came he.

#### *THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES*

Three gipsies stood at the Castle gate,  
They sang so high, they sang so low;  
The lady sate in her chamber late,  
Her heart it melted away as snow.

They sang so sweet, they sang so shrill,  
That fast her tears began to flow.  
And she laid down her silken gown,  
Her golden rings, and all her show.

She's taken off her high-heeled shoes  
All made of the Spanish leather, O.  
She would in the street with her bare, bare feet  
All out in the wind and weather, O.

“O saddle to me my milk-white steed,  
 And go and fetch my pony, O!  
 That I may ride and seek my bride,  
 Who is gone with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!”

O he rode high, and he rode low,  
 He rode thro’ wood and copses too,  
 Until he came to an open field,  
 And there he espied his lady, O!

“What makes you leave your house and land?  
 Your golden treasures to forgo?  
 What makes you leave your new-wedded lord,  
 To follow the wraggle taggle gipsies, O?”

“What care I for my house and my land?  
 What care I for my treasure, O?  
 What care I for my new-wedded lord,—  
 I’m off with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!”

“Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,  
 With the sheet turned down so bravely, O?  
 But to-night you’ll sleep in a cold open field,  
 Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!”

“What care I for a goose-feather bed,  
 With the sheet turned down so bravely, O?  
 For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field,  
 Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O!”

#### *THE CHERRY-TREE CAROL*

Joseph was an old man,  
 An old man was he  
 When he wedded Mary  
 In the land of Galilee.

Joseph and Mary walking  
 In the midst of a wood  
 Saw berries and cherries  
 As red as the blood.

O then bespoke Mary,  
So meek and so mild,  
"Pray get me one cherry,  
For I am with child."

O then bespoke Joseph,  
So rude and unkind,  
"Let him get thee a cherry  
That got thee with child."

O then bespoke the babe  
Within his mother's womb,  
"Bow down, thou tall cherry-tree,  
And give my mother some."

Then bowed down the tall cherry-tree  
To his mother's right hand,  
And she cried, "See, Joseph,  
I have cherries at command!"

And Mary ate her cherry  
As red as the blood;  
Then Mary went on  
With her heavy load.

*ST. STEPHEN AND KING HEROD*

Saint Stephen was a clerk  
In King Herod's hall,  
And served him with bread and cloth  
As every king befall.

Stephen out of kitchen came  
With boar's head on hand,  
He saw a star was fair and bright  
Over Bethlehem stand.

He cast adown the boar's head  
And went into the hall;  
"I forsake thee, Herod,  
And thy works all.

## Early Ballads

“I forsake thee, King Herod,  
 And thy works all,  
 There is a child in Bethlehem born  
 Is better than we all.”

“What aileth thee, Stephen?  
 ♪ What is thee befall?  
 Lacketh thee either meat or drink  
 ‘ In King Herod’s hall?”

“Lacketh me neither meat nor drink  
 In King Herod’s hall;  
 There is a child in Bethlehem born  
 Is better than we all.”

“What aileth thee, Stephen?  
 Art mad or hast grown wroth?  
 Lacketh thee either gold or fee  
 Or any rich cloth?”

“Lacketh me neither gold nor fee  
 Nor cloth nor things of greed.  
 There is a child in Bethlehem born  
 Shall help us in our need.”

“That is all so true, Stephen,  
 All so true, I know,  
 As if the capon in this dish  
 Should come to life and crow.”

That word was not so soon said,  
 That word in that hall,  
 The capon crew *Christus natus est*  
 Among the lords all. ^

“Rise up, my true tormentors,  
 By two and all by one,  
 Lead Stephen here out of this town  
 And stone him with stone.”

They took Stephen  
 And stoned him on the way.  
 And therefore is his even  
 On Christ's own day.

*THE OLD CLOAK*

This winter's weather it waxeth cold,  
 And frost doth freeze on every hill,  
 And Boreas blows his blast so bold,  
 That all our cattle may die with chill.  
 Bell, my wife, who loves no strife,  
 She said unto me quietly,  
 "Rise up, and save cow Crumbock's life.  
 Man, put thine old cloak about thee."

HE

O Bell, why dost thou scold and scorn?  
 Thou knowest my cloak is very thin:  
 It is so bare and overworn  
 A cricket could not creep therein.  
 Then I'll no longer borrow nor lend,  
 For once I'll new-apparelled be,  
 To-morrow I'll to town and spend,  
 For I'll have a new cloak about me.

SHE

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

HE

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

## Early Ballads

Once it was scarlet and fine of grain,  
 'Tis now but a sieve, as you may see,  
 It will neither hold out wind nor rain;  
 And I'll have a new cloak about me.

SHE

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

HE

O Bell, my wife, why dost thou flout!  
 Now is now, and then was then:  
 Seek now all the world throughout,  
 Thou kenst not clowns from gentlemen.  
 They are clad in black, green, yellow, or grey,  
 So far above their own degree:  
 Once in my life I'll do as they,  
 For I'll have a new cloak about me.

SHE

King Stephen was a worthy peer,  
 His breeches cost him but a crown,  
 He held them sixpence all too dear,  
 Therefore he called the tailor "clown"  
 He was a man of high renown,  
 And thou but of a low degree:  
 It's pride that puts this country down,  
 Man, take thine old cloak about thee.

HE

Bell, my wife, she loves not strife,  
 Yet she will lead me if she can;  
 And oft, to live a quiet life,  
 I am forced to yield, though I'm good-man.

It's not for man with woman to strive,  
Unless he first give o'er the plea:  
As we began, so will we live,  
And I'll take mine old cloak about me.

“GET UP AND BAR THE DOOR”

It fell about the Martinmas time,  
And a gay time it was then,  
When our goodwife got puddings to make,  
And she's boiled them in the pan.

The wind so cold blew south and north,  
And blew into the floor;  
Quoth our goodman to our goodwife,  
“Get up and bar the door.”

“My hand is in my household work,  
Goodman, as ye may see;  
And it will not be barred for a hundred years,  
If it's to be barred by me!”

They made a pact between them both,  
They made it firm and sure,  
That whosoe'er should speak the first,  
Should rise and bar the door.

Then by there came two gentlemen,  
At twelve o'clock at night,  
And they could see neither house nor hall,  
Nor coal nor candlelight.

“Now whether is this a rich man's house,  
Or whether is it a poor?”  
But never a word would one of them speak,  
For barring of the door.

The guests they ate the white puddings,  
And then they ate the black;  
Tho' much the goodwife thought to herself,  
Yet never a word she spake.

Then said one stranger to the other,  
 "Here, man, take ye my knife;  
 Do ye take off the old man's beard,  
 And I'll kiss the goodwife."

"There's no hot water to scrape it off,  
 And what shall we do then?"  
 "Then why not use the pudding broth,  
 That boils into the pan?"

O up then started our goodman,  
 An angry man was he: "  
 "Will ye kiss my wife before my eyes!  
 And with pudding broth scald me!"

Then up and started our goodwife,  
 Gave three skips on the floor:  
 "Goodman, you've spoken the foremost word.  
 Get up and bar the door!"

*KING JOHN AND THE ABBOT OF  
 CANTERBURY*<sup>1</sup>

An ancient story I'll tell you anon,  
 Of a notable prince, that was called King John;  
 He ruled over England with main and might,  
 But he did great wrong, and maintained little right.

And I'll tell you a story, a story so merry,  
 Concerning the Abbot of Canterbury;  
 How for his housekeeping and high renown,  
 They rode post to bring him to London town.

A hundred men, as the King heard say,  
 The Abbot kept in his house every day;  
 And fifty gold chains, without any doubt,  
 In velvet coats waited the Abbot about.

<sup>1</sup> This, from Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, bears the marks of much revision on the framework of an old popular ballad. "It seems," says Percy, "to have been abridged and modernized about the time of James I from a much older model," but Percy himself took "considerable liberties" with the stanzas.

“How now, Father Abbot? I hear it of thee,  
Thou keepest a far better house than me;  
And for thy housekeeping and high renown,  
I fear thou work'st treason against my crown.”

“My Liege,” quoth the Abbot, “I would it were known,  
I am spending nothing but what is my own;  
And I trust your grace will not put me in fear,  
For spending my own true-gotten gear.”

“Yes, yes, Father Abbot, thy fault is high,  
And now for the same thou needest must die;  
And except thou canst answer me questions three,  
Thy head struck off from thy body shall be.

“Now first,” quo' the King, “as I sit here,  
With my crown of gold on my head so fair,  
Among all my liegemen of noble birth,  
Thou must tell to one penny what I am worth.

“Secondly, tell me, beyond all doubt,  
How quickly I may ride the whole world about;  
And at the third question thou must not shrink,  
But tell me here truly, what do I think?”

“O, these are deep questions for my shallow wit,  
And I cannot answer your Grace as yet;  
But if you will give me a fortnight's space,  
I'll do my endeavour to answer your Grace.”

“Now a fortnight's space to thee will I give,  
And that is the longest thou hast to live;  
For unless thou answer my questions three,  
Thy life and thy lands are forfeit to me.”

Away rode the Abbot all sad at this word;  
He rode to Cambridge and Oxenford;  
But never a doctor there was so wise,  
That could by his learning an answer devise.

Then home rode the Abbot, with comfort so cold,  
And he met his shepherd, a-going to fold:  
"Now, good Lord Abbot, you are welcome home;  
What news do you bring us from great King John?"

"Sad new, sad news, Shepherd, I must give;  
That I have but three days more to live.  
I must answer the King his questions three.  
Or my head struck off from my body shall be.

"The first is to tell him, as he sits there,  
With his crown of gold on his head so fair  
Among all his liegemen of noble birth,  
'To within one penny, what he is worth.

"The second, to tell him, beyond all doubt,  
How quickly he may ride this whole world about;  
And at question the third, I must not shrink,  
But tell him there truly, what does he think?"

"O, cheer up, my lord; did you never hear yet  
That a fool may teach a wise man wit?  
Lend me your serving-men, horse, and apparel,  
And I'll ride to London to answer your quarrel.

"With your pardon, it oft has been told to me  
That I'm like your lordship as ever can be:  
And if you will but lend me your gown,  
There is none shall know us at London town."

"Now horses and serving-men thou shalt have,  
With sumptuous raiment gallant and brave;  
With crozier, and mitre, and rochet, and cope,  
Fit to draw near to our father, the pope."

"Now welcome, Sir Abbot," the King he did say,  
"Tis well thou'rt come back to keep thy day;  
For if thou canst answer my questions three,  
Thy life and thy living both saved shall be.

“And first, as thou seest me sitting here,  
With my crown of gold on my head so fair,  
Among my liegemen of noble birth,  
Tell to one penny what I am worth.”

“For thirty pence our Saviour was sold  
Among the false Jews as I have been told;  
And twenty-nine is the worth of thee;  
For I think thou art one penny worse than he

The King, he laughed, and swore by St. Bittle,  
“I did not think I was worth so little!  
Now secondly tell me, beyond all doubt,  
How quickly I may ride this world about.”

“You must rise with the sun, and ride with the same,  
Until the next morning he riseth again;  
And then your Grace need never doubt  
But in twenty-four hours you'll ride it about.”

The King he laughed, and swore by St. Jone,  
“I did not think I could do it so soon!  
Now from question the third thou must not shrink,  
But tell me truly, what do I think?”

“Yea, that I shall do, and make your Grace merry:  
You think I'm the Abbot of Canterbury.  
But I'm his poor shepherd, as plain you may see,  
That am come to beg pardon for him and for me.”

The King he laughed, and swore by the mass,  
“I'll make thee Lord Abbot this day in his place!”  
“Now nay, my Liege, be not in such speed;  
For alas! I can neither write nor read.”

“Four nobles a week, then I'll give to thee,  
For this merry jest thou hast shown to me;  
And tell the old Abbot, when thou gettest home,  
Thou hast brought a free pardon with thanks from King  
John.”

## Early Ballads

*STILL WATERS*

Says Tweed to Till,<sup>1</sup>  
"What makes you run so still?"  
Says Till to Tweed,  
"Though you run with speed,  
And I run slow,  
For every man that you drown  
I drown two!"

<sup>1</sup> The Till is a sluggish river in Scotland tributary to the Tweed.

## EARLY SONGS

### OF UNKNOWN DATE AND AUTHORSHIP

The range of early songs of unknown authorship is almost as great in time and in variety as that of the early ballads. Scholars have agreed that the "Cuccu Song" can be dated from the middle of the thirteenth century; the religious and amatory lyrics span the Middle English and Tudor period; while that perfect expression of unaffected fidelity, "There is a lady sweet and kind," has sometimes been assigned to Thomas Ford and certainly was not written before 1600.

Possibly the most engaging, if not the most important of the verses in this section, are the anonymous airs and lyrics generally referred to as Elizabethan. They come chiefly from two sources: (1) the printed miscellanies or anthologies, and (2) the music-sheets and song-books of the period. Apart from the printed volumes there are the rare manuscripts, notably those in the British Museum, the Bodleian Library and the library of Christ Church, Oxford. An examination of the first source alone is sufficient to prove—even without the dramas—the quality of Elizabethan poetry. There is, first of all, that lavish assembly of the time of Henry VIII, issued from the print-shop of Richard Tottel in 1557 under the title *Songs and Sonnets*, and reissued so often that it became popularly known as Tottel's Miscellany. Shakespeare, in *Merry Wives of Windsor*, alludes to it as a contemporary classic. So great was the demand for this anthology that the editor soon received the dubious compliment of imitation. In Elizabeth's reign there followed, in a succession so rapid as to seem rapacious, *A Hundred Sundry Flowers* (1573), *The Paradise of Dainty Devices* (1576), *The Forest of Fancy* (1579), *The Phoenix Nest* (1593), *The Passionate Pilgrim* (1599), falsely attributed to Shakespeare, *England's Helicon* (1600), the best of the Elizabethan collections—actually an anthology of anthologies—and *A Poetical Rhapsody* (1602), the last of them.

Parallel with these miscellanies of poetry *per se*, there were the song-books, in which the words were intended to be sung. Originating with the madrigals imported from Italy, part-songs became a passion in England; if a man could not invent a three-voiced melody, at least he was expected to maintain his part in one. The ear of the Elizabethans must have been sensitively alert, for, though the art was high, it was popular. Scarcely less important were the "airs", as distinguished from the madrigals. It was the "air" that predominated, and the poet matched his skill with the craft of the composer. Slovenly texts were not tolerated; composers employed the best they could find and, when the best was not good enough, called in lyricists of rank to furnish words for their music. Pre-eminent among these books of songs are the

composer Byrd's *Psalmes, Sonets and Songs of Sadness* (1588) and his *Songs of Sundry Natures* (1589), the lute-player John Dowland's *First Book of Songs or Aires* (1597), which was followed by three more, and Thomas Campion's *A Book of Aires* (1601). Campion was not only an editor, a scholarly musician, and composer, but a poet of authority. It has been established that he was the author of some of the most delicate Elizabethan lyrics, though no one can say how many of the anonymous contributions to his song-books are from his pen. That Campion's collections soon became the most popular is evidenced by the continued reprintings and the appearance of his *Fourth Book of Aires* as late as 1617(?). Nor were the lesser editors without merit. Anthologists of the last three hundred years have ransacked Robert Jones's six musical works concluding with *The Muses' Garden for Delights* (1610), as well as Daniel's *Songs for the Lute, Viol and Voice* (1606), Ford's *Music of Sundry Kinds* (1607) and Vautor's *Songs of Divers Aires and Natures* (1619).

Most of the volumes listed in these paragraphs went through several editions and all of them were enriched by a wealth of anonymous lyrics as well as those by recognized poets. The verses either signed by known authors or generally assigned to them will be found chronologically arranged in the section following this one. This division consists of a selection from only the unidentified earlier sources as well as the volumes and manuscripts already mentioned. The verses have been modernized in spelling and punctuation, but no other departures from the texts have been attempted except an occasional condensation and the omission of the "refrains", whose values are musical rather than poetic. This is not true of the first two archaic songs which are presented in two versions: the original, and a translation by the editor.

### CUCCU SONG

Sumer is icumen in;  
Lhude sing cuccu!  
Groweth sed, and bloweth med,  
And springeth the wude nu.  
Sing cuccu!

Awe bleteth after lomb,  
Lhouth after calve cu;  
Bulluc sterteth, bucke verteth,  
Murie sing cuccu!

Cuccu, cuccu, well sings thu, cuccu:  
Ne swike thu naver nu:  
Sing cuccu, nu, sing cuccu,  
Sing cuccu, sing cuccu, nu!

*(About 1250)*

### CUCKOO SONG

Summer is a-coming in,  
Sing a loud "cuckoo!"  
The seed grows, the mead blows,  
The wood springs anew.  
Sing, cuckoo!

For her calf lows the cow;  
For her lamb bleats the ewe;  
The bull rouses, the buck browses,  
Merrily sing, cuckoo!

Cuckoo, cuckoo, O, sing you well, cuckoo:  
Nor let your song be through:  
Sing, cuckoo, now, sing cuckoo;  
Sing cuckoo, sing cuckoo, now!

## Early Songs

## ALISOUN

Bytuene Mershe ant Averil  
 When spray biginneth to spring,  
 The lutel foul hath hire wyl  
 On hyre lud to synge:  
 Ich libbe in love-longinge  
 For semlokest of alle thynges,  
 He may me blisse bringe,  
 Icham in hire bandoun.  
 An hendy hap ichabbe y-hent,  
 Ichot from hevene it is me sent,  
 From alle wymmen my love is lent  
 Ant lyht on Alisoun.

On heu hire her is fayr ynoh,  
 Hire browe broune, hire eye blake;  
 With lossom chere he on me loh;  
 With middel smal ant wel y-make;  
 Bote he me wolle to hire take  
 For to buen hire owen make,  
 Long to lyven ichulle forsake  
 Ant feye fallen adoun.  
 An hendy hap ichabbe y-hent,  
 Ichot from hevene it is me sent,  
 From alle wymmen my love is lent  
 Ant lyht on Alisoun.

Nihtes when I wende and wake,  
 For-thi myn wonges waxeth won;  
 Levedi, al for thine sake  
 Longing is y-lent me on.  
 In world his non so wyter mon  
 That al hire bounte telle con;  
 Hire swyre is whittore than the swon,  
 Ant feyrest may in toune.  
 An hendy hap ichabbe y-hent,  
 Ichot from hevene it is me sent,  
 From alle wymmen my love is lent  
 Ant lyht on Alisoun.

(About 1300)

*ALISOUN*

From middle March to April  
 When the spray begins to spring  
 The little birds of the air desire  
 In their own tongue to sing.  
 While I, I live in longing  
 For the bliss that she may bring,  
 The loveliest living thing;  
 To serve her is a boon.  
 A gracious change for me was meant;  
 I know from heaven it was sent  
 That, from all women, my love was lent  
 And left with Alisoun.

Fair is her hair and soft enough;  
 Her eyes are black, her brow is chaste;  
 Her voice is light and laughs with love;  
 Slight is her figure, small her waist.  
 Unless she comes or bids me wait  
 To take her as my own true mate,  
 I will not live, but, desperate,  
 I'm like to perish soon.  
 A gracious chance for me was meant;  
 I know from heaven it was sent  
 That, from all women, my love was lent  
 And left with Alisoun.

All night long I toss and wake;  
 For thee alone my cheeks grow wan.  
 Lady, it is for thy sweet sake  
 My longing rages on.  
 In all the world the wisest man  
 Cannot describe her bounty's span;  
 Her neck is whiter than the swan—  
 The fairest maid in town.  
 A gracious chance for me was meant;  
 I know from heaven it was sent  
 That, from all women, my love was lent  
 And left with Alisoun.

## Early Songs

*BY-LOW*

By-low, my babe, lie still and sleep;  
 It grieves me sore to see thee weep.  
 If thou wert quiet I'd be glad;  
 Thy mourning makes my sorrow sad.  
 By-low, my boy, thy mother's joy,  
 Thy father breeds me great annoy—  
 By-low, lie low.

When he began to court my love,  
 And me with sugared words to move,  
 His feignings false and flattering cheer  
 To me that time did not appear.  
 But now I see most cruelly  
 He cares not for my babe nor me—  
 By-low, lie low.

Lie still, my darling, sleep awhile,  
 And when thou wak'st thou'lt sweetly smile;  
 But smile not as thy father did,  
 To cozen maids—nay, God forbid!  
 But yet I fear thou wilt grow near  
 Thy father's heart and face to bear—  
 By-low, lie low.

I cannot choose, but ever will  
 Be loving to thy father still;  
 Where'er he stay, where'er he ride  
 My love with him doth still abide.  
 In weal or woe, where'er he go,  
 My heart shall not forsake him; so  
 By-low, lie low.

(*About 1400*)

*THE NIGHTINGALE*

The little pretty nightingale  
 Among the leaves so green  
 Would I were with her all the night!  
 But ye know not whom I mean!

The nightingale sat on a brier  
 Among the thorns so keen  
 And comforted my heart's desire—  
 But ye know not whom I mean.

It did me good on her to look;  
 She was all clothed in green.  
 Away from me her heart she took—  
 But ye know not whom I mean.

“Lady,” I criæd with rueful moan,  
 “Mind ye how true I have been.  
 For I loved none but you alone—  
 Yet ye know not whom I mean.”

*(About 1500)*

*A CHRISTMAS CAROL*

The other night  
 I saw a light!  
 A star as bright as day!  
 And ever among  
 A maiden sung:  
 “By-by, baby, lullay.”

This virgin clear  
 Who had no peer  
 Unto her son did say,  
 “I pray thee, son,  
 Grant me a boon  
 To sing by-by, lullay.

“Le! child or man,  
 Whoever can  
 Be merry on this day,  
 And blessings bring—  
 So I shall sing  
 ‘By-by, baby, lullay.’ ”

*(About 1500)*

## Early Songs

*WHO IS AT MY WINDOW?*

Who is at my window? Who? Who?  
 Go from my window! Go! Go!  
 Who calls there, like a strangèr,  
 Go from my window! Go!

—Lord, I am here, a wretched mortàl,  
 That for thy mercy doth cry and call  
 Unto thee, my lord celestial,  
 See who is at thy window, who?—

Remember thy sin, remember thy smart,  
 And also for thee what was my part,  
 Remember the spear that pierced my heart,  
 And in at my door thou shalt go.

I ask no thing of thee therefore,  
 But love for love, to lay in store.  
 Give me thy heart; I ask no more,  
 And in at my door thou shalt go.

Who is at my window? Who?  
 Go from my window! Go!  
 Cry no more there, like a strangèr,  
 But in at my door thou go!

(*About 1500*)

*MOTHER AND MAIDEN*

I sing of a maiden  
 That is matchless.  
 King of all kings  
 For her son she chose.

He came all so still  
 Where his mother was,  
 As dew in April  
 That falleth on the grass.

He came all so still  
 To his mother's bower,

As dew in April  
That falleth on the flower.

He came all so still—  
There his mother lay,  
As dew in April  
That falleth on the spray.

Mother and maiden  
Was never none but she;  
Well may such a lady  
God's mother be.

(*About 1500*)

*MAD SONG*

OR, TOM O' BEDLAM'S SONG

From the hag and hungry goblin  
That into rags would rend ye,  
All the spirits that stand  
By the naked man  
In the book of moons, defend ye,

That of your five sound senses  
You never be forsaken,  
Nor wander from  
Yourselves with Tom  
Abroad to beg your bacon.

With a thought I took for Maudlin,  
And a cruse of cockle pottage,  
With a thing thus tall,  
Sky bless you all,  
I befell into this dotage.

I slept not since the Conquest,  
Till then I never wakèd,  
Till the roguish boy  
Of love where I lay  
Me found and stript me naked.

## Early Songs

The moon's my constant mistress,  
 And the lonely owl my marrow;  
     The flaming drake  
     And the night-crow make  
 Me music to my sorrow.

I know more than Apollo,  
 For oft, when he lies sleeping,  
     I see the stars  
     At mortal wars  
 In the wounded welkin weeping,  
 The moon embrace her shepherd,  
 And the queen of love her warrior,  
     While the first doth horn  
     The star of morn,  
 And the next the heavenly farrier.

With an host of furious fancies,  
 Whereof I am commander,  
     With a burning spear  
     And a horse of air  
 To the wilderness I wander;

By a knight of ghosts and shadows  
 I summoned am to tourney  
     Ten leagues beyond  
     The wide world's end—  
 Methinks it is no journey.

(*About 1500*)

*DROUTH*

O Western wind, when wilt thou blow  
 That the small rain down can rain?  
 Christ, that my love were in my arms,  
 And I in my bed again!

(*About 1500*)

*HEY NONNY NO*

Hey nonny no!  
 Men are fools that wish to die!

Is't not fine to dance and sing  
 When the bells of death do ring?  
 Is't not fine to swim in wine,  
 And turn upon the toe,  
 And sing hey nonny no!  
 When the winds blow and the seas flow?  
 Hey nonny no!

(*Before 1600*)

*LOVE NOT ME FOR COMELY GRACE*

Love not me for comely grace,  
 For my pleasing eye or face,  
 Nor for any outward part,  
 No, nor for a constant heart:  
 For these may fail or turn to ill,  
 So thou and I shall sever:  
 Keep, therefore, a true woman's eye,  
 And love me still but know not why—  
 So hast thou the same reason still  
 To doat upon me ever!

(*About 1600*)

*BEAUTY'S SELF*

My love in her attire doth show her wit,  
 It doth so well become her;  
 For every season she hath dressings fit,  
 For winter, spring and summer.  
 No beauty she doth miss  
 When all her robes are on;  
 But Beauty's self she is  
 When all her robes are gone.

(*About 1600*)

*THERE IS A LADY SWEET AND KIND*

There is a lady sweet and kind,  
 Was never face so pleased my mind.  
 I did but see her passing by,  
 And yet I love her till I die.

Her gesture, motion, and her smiles,  
 Her wit, her voice my heart beguiles,  
 Beguiles my heart, I know not why,  
 And yet I love her till I die.

Cupid is wingèd and doth range,  
 Her country so my love doth change;  
 But change she earth, or change she sky,  
 Yet will I love her till I die.

(*About 1600*)

*LOVE, TIME AND MEASURE*

When love on time and measure makes his ground,  
 Time that must end, though love can never die,  
 'Tis love betwixt a shadow and a sound,  
 A love not in the heart but in the eye,  
 A love that ebbs and flows, now up, now down,  
 A morning's favour, and an evening's frown.

Sweet looks show love, yet they are but as beams;  
 Fair words seem true, yet they are but as wind;  
 Eyes shed their tears, yet are but outward streams;  
 Sighs paint a shadow in the falsest mind:  
 Looks, words, tears, sighs, show love, when love they leave;  
 False hearts can weep, sigh, swear, and yet deceive.

(*About 1600*)

*PHILLADA FLOUTS ME*

O what a plague is love!  
 How shall I bear it?  
 She will inconstant prove,  
 I greatly fear it.  
 She so torments my mind  
 That my strength faileth,  
 And wavers with the wind  
 As a ship saileth.  
 Please her the best I may,  
 She loves still to gainsay;  
 Alack and well-a-day!  
 Phillada flouts me.

At the fair yesterday  
 She did pass by me;  
 She looked another way  
 And would not spy me:  
 I wooed her for to dine,  
 But could not get her;  
 Will had her to the wine—  
 He might entreat her.  
 With Daniel she did dance,  
 On me she looked askance:  
 O thrice unhappy chance!  
 Phillada flouts me.

Fair maid, be not so coy,  
 Do not disdain me!  
 I am my mother's joy:  
 Sweet, entertain me!  
 She'll give me, when she dies,  
 All that is fitting:  
 Her poultry and her bees,  
 And her goose sitting,  
 A pair of mattress beds,  
 And a bag full of shreds;  
 And yet, for all these goods,  
 Phillada flouts me.

In the last month of May  
 I made her posies;  
 I heard her often say  
 That she loved roses.  
 Cowslips and gillyflowers  
 And the white lily  
 I brought to deck the bowers  
 For my sweet Philly.  
 But she did all disdain,  
 And threw them back again;  
 Therefore 'tis flat and plain  
 Phillada flouts me.

## Early Songs

Fair maiden, have a care,  
 And in time take me;  
 I can have those as fair  
 If you forsake me:  
 For Doll the dairy-maid  
 Laughed at me lately,  
 And wanton Winifred  
 Favours me greatly.  
 One throws milk on my clothes,  
 T'other plays with my nose;  
 What wanting signs are those?  
 Phillada flouts me.

I cannot work nor sleep  
 At all in season:  
 Love wounds my heart so deep,  
 Without all reason.  
 'gin to pine away  
 In my love's shadow,  
 Like as a fat beast may,  
 Penned in a meadow.  
 I shall be dead, I fear,  
 Within this thousand year:  
 And all for that my dear  
 Phillada flouts me.

(About 1600)

## THE MIRACLE

Behold a wonder here!  
 Love hath received his sight!  
 Which many hundred years  
 Hath not beheld the light.

Such beams infused be  
 By Cynthia in his eyes,  
 As first have made him see  
 And then have made him wise.

Love now no more will weep  
 For them that laugh the while!

Nor wake for them that sleep,  
Nor sigh for them that smile!

So powerful is the Beauty  
That Love doth now behold,  
As Love is turned to Duty  
That's neither blind nor bold.

Thus Beauty shows her might  
To be of double kind;  
In giving Love his sight  
And striking Folly blind.

(About 1600)

*SIC TRANSIT . . .*

Ay me, ay me, I sigh to see the scythe afield:  
Down goeth the grass, soon wrought to withered hay.  
Ay me, alas, ay me, alas, that beauty needs must yield,  
And princes pass, as grass doth fade away!

Ay me, ay me, that life cannot have lasting leave,  
Nor gold take hold of everlasting joy.  
Ay me, alas, ay me, alas, that time hath talents to receive,  
And yet no time can make a surer stay.

Ay me, ay me, that no sure staff is given to age,  
Nor age can give sure wit that youth will take.  
Ay me, alas, ay me, alas, that no counsel wise and sage  
Will shun the show that all doth mar and make.

Ay me, ay me, come Time, shear on, and shake the hay!  
It is no boot to baulk thy bitter blows.  
Ay me, alas, ay me, alas, come Time, take everything away!  
For all is thine, be it good or bad, that grows.

(About 1600)

*DISPRAISE OF LOVE*

If love be life. I long to die.

## Early Songs

And he that gains the most thereby,  
 A fool at least shall be;  
 But he that feels the sorest fits,  
 'Scapes with no less than loss of wits.  
 Unhappy life they gain  
 Which love do entertain!

In day by feignèd looks they live,  
 By lying dreams in night,  
 Each frown a deadly wound doth give,  
 Each smile a false delight.  
 If't hap their lady pleasant seem,  
 It is for other's love they deem;  
 If void she seem of joy,  
 Disdain doth make her coy.

Such is the peace that lovers find!  
 Such is the life they lead!  
 Blown here and there with every wind,  
 Like flowers in the mead.  
 Now war, now peace, now war again;  
 Desire, despair, delight, disdain;  
 Though dead, in midst of life;  
 In peace, and yet in strife!

(*About 1600*)

*REST, SAD EYES*

Weep you no more, sad fountains;  
 What need you flow so fast?  
 Look how the snowy mountains  
 Heaven's sun doth gently waste!  
 But my sun's heavenly eyes,  
 View not your weeping,  
 That now lies sleeping  
 Softly, now softly lies  
 Sleeping.

Sleep is a reconciling,  
 A rest that peace begets;  
 Doth not the sun rise smiling  
 When fair at even he sets?

Rest you then, rest, sad eyes!  
 Melt not in weeping,  
 While she lies sleeping,  
 Softly, now softly lies  
 Sleeping.

(*About 1600*)

*VANITY OF VANITIES*

Whether men do laugh or weep,  
 Whether they do wake or sleep,  
 Whether they die young or old,  
 Whether they feel heat or cold;  
 There is underneath the sun  
 Nothing in true earnest done.

All our pride is but a jest,  
 None are worst and none are best;  
 Grief and joy and hope and fear  
 Play their pageants everywhere:  
 Vain opinion all doth sway,  
 And the world is but a play. }

Powers above in clouds do sit,  
 Mocking our poor apish wit,  
 That so lamely with such state  
 Their high glory imitate.  
 No ill can be felt but pain,—  
 And that happy men disdain.

(*About 1600*)

*LOVE AND HOPE*

Love winged my Hopes and taught me how to fly  
 Far from base earth, but not to mount too high:  
 For true pleasure  
 Lives in measure,  
 Which if men forsake,  
 Blinded they into folly run and grief for pleasure take.

But my vain Hopes, proud of their new-taught flight,  
 Enamoured sought to woo the sun's fair light,  
     Whose rich brightness  
     Moved their lightness  
     To aspire so high  
 That all scorched and consumed with fire now drowned  
 in woe they lie.

And none but Love their woeful hap did rue,  
 For Love did know that their desires were true;  
     Though Fate frowned,  
     And now drowned  
     They in sorrow dwell,  
 It was the purest light of heaven for whose fair love they  
 fell.

(About 1600)

*LOVE WILL FIND OUT THE WAY*<sup>1</sup>

Over the mountains  
 And over the waves;  
 Under the fountains,  
 And under the graves;  
 Under floods that are deepest,  
 Which Neptune obey;  
 Over rocks that are steepest,  
 Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place  
 For the glow-worm to lie;  
 Where there is no space  
 For receipt of a fly;  
 Where the midge dares not venture,  
 Lest herself fast she lay;  
 If love come, he will enter,  
 And soon find out his way.

<sup>1</sup> This song, said Bishop Percy in his *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*, is ancient. Nevertheless, it bears evidence of having been extensively "rewritten" by the good Bishop himself.

You may esteem him  
 A child for his might;  
 Or you may deem him  
 A coward for his flight:  
 But if she, whom love doth honour,  
 Be concealed from the day,  
 Set a thousand guards upon her,  
 Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him,  
 By having him confined;  
 And some do suppose him,  
 Poor thing, to be blind;  
 But if ne'er so close ye wall him,  
 Do the best that you may,  
 Blind love, if so ye call him,  
 Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle  
 To stoop to your fist;  
 Or you may inveigle  
 The phoenix of the east;  
 The lioness, ye may move her  
 To give o'er her prey;  
 But you'll ne'er stop a lover:  
 He will find out his way.

(*About 1600*)

### THE COMING OF THE KING<sup>1</sup>

Yet if His Majesty, our sovereign lord,  
 Should of his own accord  
 Friendly himself invite,  
 And say, "I'll be your guest to-morrow night,"  
 How should we stir ourselves, call and command  
 All hands to work! "Let no man idle stand!"

<sup>1</sup> Some scholars believe these eloquent verses to be part of a longer poem and some suspect the author to be Henry Vaughan (see page 226). But, though they bear his inflection and though the Christ Church manuscript (in which they were discovered) contains other stanzas by Vaughan, it is impossible definitely to declare them his.

“Set me fine Spanish tables in the hall;  
See they be fitted all;  
Let there be room to eat  
And order taken that there want no meat.  
See every sconce and candlestick made bright,  
That without tapers they may give a light.

“Look to the presence. Are the carpets spread?  
The dais o’er the head?  
The cushions in the chairs,  
And all the candles lighted on the stairs?  
Perfume the chambers, and in any case  
Let each man give attendance in his place!”

Thus, if a king were coming, would we do;  
And ’twere good reason, too.  
For ’tis a duteous thing  
To show all honour to an earthly king,  
And after all our travail and our cost  
So he be pleased, to think no labour lost.

But, at the coming of the King of Heaven,  
All’s set at six and seven;  
We wallow in our sin.  
Christ cannot find a chamber in the inn.  
We entertain Him always like a stranger,  
And, as at first, still lodge Him in the manger.

# THE FOURTEENTH TO SIXTEENTH CENTURIES

## CHAUCER TO THE ELIZABETHANS

Although the dates in this collection are as accurate as can be determined, neither the chronological order nor the general divisions are to be taken too dogmatically. Scholars and editors have agreed on certain classifications, but the poets have a way of escaping categories. A certain dramatist of Queen Elizabeth's day may be more modern than any playwright of our own, while a certain sonneteer of this age might well be, in all respects but time, an Elizabethan.

Thus, Chaucer, writing more than five hundred years ago, in a dialect which became the national language, escapes the fourteenth century and is exuberantly alive in any era. His rich inclusiveness, his vivid appreciation, his accurately appraising eye and ear, his unflagging gusto, set him apart from his contemporaries even as they distinguish him from his followers, although one catches something of his unbounded vitality in Byron, in Masfield and, recognizable for all the sea-change, in Whitman. It is almost as dangerous to be strictly categorical with such poets as Thomas Wyatt and Philip Sidney, Walter Raleigh and Edmund Spenser. To place one at the beginning of the Elizabethans and the other at the height of the Renaissance merely because a few years separate them is sheer pedantry.

Nor is category by characterization trustworthy. To say again that Chaucer was "the father of English poetry" or that Wyatt was the first to employ the Italian sonnet in English verse is to stress the wrong thing. It would sometimes be well if the reader could dismiss all previous associations clustering about long-familiar names. Then he would see—and I confess such a recognition is one of the objects of this book—that Wyatt is something more than a craftsman, that Spenser did not design *The Faerie Queene* merely to torture undergraduates, and that Raleigh wrote other (and far greater) verses than the reasonable if unromantic reply to Christopher Marlowe. The very unfamiliarity would, I suspect, lead the reader to explore further among the lyrics of Lodge and Lyly, and the sonnets, as well as the songs, of Sidney, Spenser and Drayton.

The selections from Chaucer are offered in Skeat's edition of the original as well as in modern translations. For the rest, I have used, as in the preceding sections, the spelling of to-day instead of the changing orthography of the fourteenth to the seventeenth centuries. No modern editor adheres to Shakespeare's spelling, and there seems no more reason to preserve Skelton's or Sidney's.

# GEOFFREY CHAUCER

1340(?) · 1400

## PROLOGUE

*From "The Canterbury Tales"*

Whan that Aprille with his shoures sote  
The droghte of Marche hath perced to the rote,  
And batfled every veyne in switch licour,  
Of which vertu engendred is the flour;  
Whan Zephirus eek with his swëte breeth  
Inspired hath in every holt and heeth  
The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne  
Hath in the Ram his halfe cours y-ronne,  
And smale fowles maken melodye,  
That slepen al the night with open yë,  
(So priketh hem nature in hir corages):  
Than longen folk to goon on pilgrimages  
(And palmers for to seken straunge strondes)  
To ferne halwes, couthe in sondry londes;  
And specially, from every shires ende  
Of Engelond, to Caunterbury they wende,  
The holy blisful martir for to seke,  
That hem hath holpen, whan that they were seke. . . .

## FIVE PILGRIMS

*From "The Canterbury Tales"*

### A KNIGHT

A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man  
That fro the tyme that he first bigan  
To ryden out, he loved chivalrye,  
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curteisye.  
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre,  
And therto hadde he riden (no man ferre)  
As wel in Cristendom as hethenesse,  
And ever honoured for his worthinesse. . . .

# GEOFFREY CHAUCER

1340(?) · 1400

## PROLOGUE

*From "The Canterbury Tales"*

When the sweet showers of April follow March,  
Piercing its drought down to the roots that parch,  
Bathing each vein in such a flow of power  
That a new strength's engendered in the flower—  
When, with a gentle warmth, the west-wind's breath  
Awakes in every wood and barren heath  
The tender foliage, when the vernal sun  
Has half his course within the Ram to run—  
When the small birds are making melodies,  
Sleeping all night (they say) with open eyes  
(For Nature so within their bosom rages)—  
Then people long to go on pilgrimages,  
And palmers wander to the strangest strands  
For famous shrines, however far the lands.  
Especially from every shire's end  
Of England's length to Canterbury they wend,  
Seeking the martyr, holiest and blest  
Who helped them, healed their ills, and gave them rest. . . .  
*(Modern version by L. U.)*

## FIVE PILGRIMS

*From "The Canterbury Tales"*

### A KNIGHT

A Knight there was, and that a worthy man,  
Who, from the moment when he first began  
To ride forth, loved the code of chivalry:  
Honour and truth, freedom and courtésy.  
His lord's war had established him in worth;  
He rode—and no man further—ends of earth  
In heathen parts as well as Christendom,  
Honoured wherever he might go or come. . . .

At mortal batailles hadde he been fiftene,  
 And foughten for our feith at Tramissene  
 In listes thryes, and ay slayn his fo.  
 This ilke worthy knight had been also  
 Somtyme with the lord of Palatye,  
 Ageyn another hethen in Turkye:  
 And evermore he hadde a sovereyn prys.  
 And though that he were worthy, he was wys,  
 And of his port as meke as is a mayde.  
 He never yet no vileinye ne sayde  
 In al his lyf, un-to no maner wight.  
 He was a verray parfit gentil knight.

## A SQUYER

With him ther was his sone, a yong Squyer,  
 A lovyere, and a lusty bachelere,  
 With lokkes crulle, as they were leyd in presse.  
 Of twenty yeer of age he was, I gesse.  
 Of his stature he was of evene lengthe,  
 And wonderly deliver, and greet of strengthe.  
 And he had been somtyme in chivachye,  
 In Flaundes, in Artoys, and Picardye,  
 And born him wel, as of so litel space,  
 In hope to stonden in his lady grace.  
 Embrouded was he, as it were a mede  
 Al ful of fresshe floures, whyte and rede.  
 Singinge he was, or floytinge, all the day;  
 He was as fresh as is the month of May.  
 Short was his goune, with sleeves longe and wyde.  
 Wel coude he sitte on hors, and faire ryde.  
 He coude songes make and wel endyte,  
 Juste and eek daunce, and wel purtreye and wryte.  
 So hote he lovede, that by nightertale  
 He sleep namore than dooth a nightingale.  
 Curteys he was, lowly, and servisable,  
 And carf biforn his fader at the table.

## A MONK

A Monk ther was, a fair for the maistrye,  
 An out-rydere, that lovede venerye;

Of mortal battles he had seen fifteen,  
And fought hard for our faith at Tramassene  
Thrice in the lists, and always slain his foe.  
This noble knight was even led to go  
To Turkey where he fought most valiantly  
Against the heathen hordes for Palaty.  
Renowned he was; and, worthy, he was wise—  
Prudence, with him, was more than mere disguise;  
He was as meek in manner as a maid.  
Vileness he shunned, rudeness he never said  
In all his life, treating all persons right.  
He was a truly perfect, noble knight.

## A SQUIRE

With him there was his son, a youthful Squire,  
A merry blade, a lover full of fire;  
With locks as curled as though laid in a press—  
Scarce twenty years of age was he, I guess.  
In stature he was of an average length,  
Wondrously active, bright, and great in strength.  
He proved himself a soldier handsomely  
In Flanders, in Artois and Picardy,  
Bearing himself so well, in so short space,  
Hoping to stand high in his lady's grace.  
Embroidered was his clothing, like a mead  
Full of fresh flowers, shining white and red.  
Singing he was, or fluting, all the day—  
He was as fresh as is the month of May.  
Short was his gown; his sleeves were long and wide;  
Well did he sit his horse, and nimbly ride,  
He could make songs, intune them or indite,  
Joust, play and dance, and also draw and write.  
So well could he repeat love's endless tale,  
He slept no more than does the nightingale.  
Yet he was humble, courteous and able,  
And carved before his father when at table.

## A MONK

A Monk there was, a monk of mastery;  
Hunting he loved—and that exceedingly;

(to page 67)

A manly man, to been an abbot able.  
 Ful many a deyntee hors hadde he in stable:  
 And, whan he rood, men mighte his brydel here  
 Ginglen in a whistling wind as clere,  
 And eek as loude as dooth the chapel-belle  
 Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.  
 The reule of seint **Maure** or of seint Beneit,  
 By-cause that it was old and som-del streit,  
 This ilke monk leet olde thinges pace,  
 And held after the newe world the space.  
 He yaf nat of that text a pulled hen,  
 That seith, that hunters been nat holy men;  
 Ne that a monk, whan he is cloisterlees,  
 Is lykned til a fish that is waterlees;  
 This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloistre.  
 But thilke text held he nat worth an oistre;  
 And I seyde, his opinioun was good.  
 What sholde he studie, and make himselfen wood,  
 Upon a book in cloistre alwey to poure,  
 Or swinken with his handes, and labouré ? . . .  
 Therefore he was a pricasour aright;  
 Grehoundes he hadde, as swifte as fowel in flight;  
 Of priking and of hunting for the hare  
 Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare.  
 I seigh his slevs purfiled at the hond  
 With grys, and that the fyneste of a lond;  
 And, for to festne his hood under his chin,  
 He hadde of gold y-wrought a curious pin:  
 A love-knotte in the gretter end ther was.  
 His heed was balled, that shoon as any glas,  
 And eek his face, as he had been anoint.  
 He was a lord ful fat and in good point;  
 His eyen stepe, and rollinge in his heed,  
 That stemed as a forneys of a leed;  
 His botes souple, his hors in greet estat.  
 Now certeinly he was a fair prelat;  
 He was nat pale as a for-pyned goost.  
 A fat swan loved he best of any roost.

A manly man, to be an abbot able.  
Many a worthy horse was in his stable;  
And, when he rode, his bridle all might hear  
Jing-jingling in a whistling wind as clear  
And lingering-loud as rings the chapel-bell  
Where he himself was keeper of the cell.  
The rules of Saint Maurice or Benedict,  
Because they were both old and somewhat strict,  
This monk passed by, let what was outworn go;  
New times demand new customs here below.  
He scorned that text not worth a poor, plucked hen  
Which says that hunters are not holy men;  
Or that a monk, of walls and cloister free,  
Is like a fish that's out of water. He—  
That is to say a monk out of his cloister—  
Considered such a text not worth an oyster.  
A good opinion, thought I, and it fits.  
What! Should he study till he lose his wits  
Poring on books he scarcely understands,  
Always at work or labouring with his hands? . . .  
Therefore he rode and hunted as he might.  
Greyhounds he had, swift as a finch in flight;  
Rousing the game and hunting for the hare  
Was his delight and no cost would he spare.  
His sleeves, I saw, were fitted near the hand  
With the grey squirrel's fur, best in the land;  
And, to attach the hood beneath his chin,  
He had, all wrought in gold, a curious pin:  
A love-knot at the larger end there was.  
His head was bald and shed the sun like glass,  
Likewise his face, as though anointed, shone—  
A fine, stout monk, if ever there was one.  
His glittering eyes that never seemed to tire  
But blazed like copper cauldrons in a fire—  
His supple boots, his well-appointed horse—  
Here was a prelate! fairness linked with force!  
He was not pale or hollow, like a ghost;  
He loved a fat swan best of any roast.

## A PRIORESSE

Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioeresse,  
 That of hir smyling was ful simple and coy:  
 Hir gretteste ooth was but by scýnt Loy;  
 And she was cleped madame Eglentyne.  
 Ful wel she song the service divyne,  
 Entuned in hir nose ful semely;  
 And Frensh she spak ful faire and fetisly,  
 After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,  
 For Frensh of Paris was to hir unknowe.  
 At mete wel y-taught was she with-alle;  
 She lect no morsel from hir lippes falle,  
 Ne wette hir fingres in hir sauce depe.  
 Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,  
 That no drope ne fille up-on hir brest.  
 In curteisye was set ful muche hir lest.  
 Hir over lippe wyped she so clene,  
 That in hir coppe was no ferthing sene  
 Of grece, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.  
 Ful semely after hir mete she raughte,  
 And sikerly she was of greet disport,  
 And ful plesaunt, and amiable of port,  
 And peyned hir to countrefete chere  
 Of court, and been estatlich of manere,  
 And to ben holden digne of reverence.  
 But, for to speken of hir conscience,  
 She was so charitable and so pitous,  
 She wolde wepe, if that she sawe a mous  
 Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.  
 Of smale houndes had she, that she fedde  
 With rosted flesh, or milk and wastel-breed,  
 But sore weep she if oon of hem were deed,  
 Or if men smoot it with a yerde smerte:  
 And al was conscience and tenðre herte.  
 Ful semely hir wimpel pinched was;  
 Hir nose tretys; hir eyen greye as glas;

## A Prioress

There also was a nun, a Prioress,  
Whose smile was simple, quiet, even coy.  
The only oath she swore was, "By Saint Loy!"<sup>1</sup>  
And she was known as Sister Eglantine.  
Sweetly she sang the services divine,  
Intoning through her nose the melody.  
Fairly she spoke her French, and skilfully,  
After the school of Stratford-at-the-Bow—<sup>2</sup>  
Parisian French was not for her to know.  
Precise at table and well-bred withal  
Her lips would never let a morsel fall;  
She never wet her fingers in her sauce,  
But carried every titbit without loss  
Of even the smallest drop upon her breast.  
Manners and good behaviour pleased her best.  
She always wiped her upper lip so clean  
That not a speck of grease was ever seen  
Upon the cup from which she drank. Her food  
Was reached for neatly; she was never rude.  
Though her demeanour was the very best,  
Her mood was amiable, she loved a jest,  
She always tried to copy each report  
Of how the latest fashion ran at court,  
And yet to hold herself with dignity.  
But, speaking of her inner nature, she  
Was so soft-hearted that she could not see  
A mouse caught in a trap, if it had bled.  
A few small dogs she had, and these she fed  
With roasted meat, or milk and sweetened bread,  
And she wept loud if one of them were dead,  
Of if a person struck and made them smart—  
She was all goodness and a tender heart.  
Her wimple draped itself a modest way;  
Her nose was straight, her eyes transparent grey,

<sup>1</sup> Saint Loy, or Saint Eligius, was not only the most fashionable but the mildest saint of Chaucer's day. Thus the Prioress, when she swore at all, swore in the best and most genteel tradition.

<sup>2</sup> A convent near London.

Hir mouth ful smal, and ther-to softe and reed;  
 But sikerly she hadde a fair forheed;  
 It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe;  
 For, hardily, she was nat undergrowe.  
 Ful fetis was hir cloke, as I was war.  
 Of smal coral aboute hir arm she bar  
 A peire of bedes, gauded al with grene;  
 And ther-on heng a broche of gold ful shene,  
 On which ther was first writ a crowned A,  
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

## A WYF OF BATHE

A good Wyf was ther of bisyde Bathe,  
 But she was som-del deef, and that was scathe.  
 Of clooth-making she hadde swiche an haunt,  
 She passed hem of Ypres and of Gaunt.  
 In al the parisshe wyf ne was ther noon  
 That to th' offring bifore hir sholde goon;  
 And if ther dide, certeyn, so wrooth was she,  
 That she was out of alle charitee.  
 Hir coverchiefs ful fyne were of ground;  
 I dorste swere they weyeden ten pound  
 That on a Sunday were upon hir heed.  
 Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlet reed,  
 Ful streite y-teyd, and shoos ful moiste and newe.  
 Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe.  
 She was a worthy womman al hir lyve,  
 Housbondes at chirche-dore she hadde fyve,  
 Withouten other companye in youthe;  
 But therof nedeth nat to speke as nouthe.  
 And thryes hadde she been at Jerusalem;  
 She hadde passed many a straunge strem;  
 At Rome she hadde been, and at Boloigne,  
 In Galice at seint Jame, and at Coloigne.  
 She coude muche of wandring by the weye:  
 Gat-tothed was she, soothly for to seye.  
 Up-on an amblere esily she sat,  
 Y-wimpled wel, and on hir heed an hat  
 As brood as is a bokeler or a targe;  
 A foot-mantel aboute hir hipes large,

(to page 72)

Her mouth was small, but very soft and red,  
Hers was a noble and a fair forehead,  
Almost a span in breadth, one realized;  
For she was small but scarcely undersized.  
Her cloak was well designed, I was aware;  
Her arm was graced with corals, and she bare  
A string in which the green glass beads were bold,  
And from it hung a brilliant brooch of gold  
On which there was engraved a large, crowned A,  
Followed by *Amor vincit omnia*.

## A WIFE OF BATH

There was a wife from Bath, a well-appearing  
Woman who was (alas!) quite hard of hearing.  
She had such skill in making cloth that all  
The weaver's guilds of Ypres and Ghent looked small.  
In all the parish, not a soul dared offer  
A thing to her, or, if they did, they'd suffer—  
So loud she railed, so full of wrath was she  
That she would lose all sense of charity.  
The kerchiefs that she used were finely wound—  
I'd take an oath they weighed above ten pound—  
Which, of a Sunday, were upon her head.  
Her stockings were the finest scarlet-red,  
Tightly held up; her shoes were soft and new.  
Bold was her face, and fair, and red of hue.  
She was a worthy woman all her life;  
She'd had five church-door husbands as a wife,  
And others in her youth whom she'd allow—  
But there's no need to mention such things now.  
Thrice had she visited Jerusalem  
And she had crossed o'er many a foreign stream.  
She'd been at Rome, she'd journeyed to Boulogne,  
To Saint James' in Galicia, to Cologne.  
She'd gathered much from wandering by the way:  
She was gap-toothed and loose-tongued, truth to say.  
Upon an ambling mare she easily sat,  
Her face half-veiled, and on her head a hat  
Broad as a buckler, broader than a shield.  
A mantle fell about her, but revealed

And on hir feet a paire of spores sharpe.  
 In felawschip wel coude she laughe and carpe.  
 Of remedies of love she knew perchaunce,  
 For she coude of that art the olde daunce.

THE FRERES TALE<sup>1</sup>

Whilom ther was dwellinge in my contree  
 An erchedeken, a man of heigh degree,  
 That boldely dide execucioun  
 In punisshinge of fornicacioun,  
 Of wicchecraft, and eek of bauderye,  
 Of diffamaciou, and avoutrye,  
 Of chirche-reves, and of testaments,  
 Of contractes, and of lakke of sacraments,  
 And eek of many another maner cryme  
 Which nedeth nat rehercen at this tyme;  
 Of usure, and of symonye also.  
 But certes, lechours dide he grettest wo;  
 They sholde singen, if that they were hent;  
 And smale tytheres weren foule y-shent.  
 If any persone wolde up-on hem pleyne,  
 Ther mighte asterte him no pecunial peyne.  
 For smale tythes and for smal offringe  
 He made the peple pitously to singe.  
 For er the bisshop caughte hem with his hook,  
 They weren in the erchedeknes book.  
 Thanne hadde he, thurgh his jurisdiccoun,  
 Power to doon on hem correccioun.  
 He hadde a Somnour redy to his hond,  
 A slyer boy was noon in Engelond;  
 For subtilly he hadde his espaille,  
 That taughte him, wher that him mighte availle.

<sup>1</sup> "The Friar's Tale" follows that of the Wife of Bath in *The Canterbury Tales*. Just before the Wife tells her story, the Summoner and the Friar have an argument and each threatens to tell a tale or two about the other. The Friar is the first to draw blood.

Large hips and feet equipped with sharpened spurs.  
In company the laugh was always hers.  
The remedies for love she knew, perchance—  
She knew the art of dancing that old dance!

*(Modern version by L.U.)*

#### THE FRIAR'S TALE<sup>1</sup>

Once an archdeacon dwelt within my land—  
A man of eminence, and hard of hand  
In laying punishment on perpetrators  
Of witchcraft, and upon all fornicators,  
Defamers, and religious officers,  
Bawds and their victims, and adulterers,  
Breakers of contracts, those who gave offence  
Through wills, or through neglect of sacraments,  
And so with perpetrators of many a crime  
That we can tell about another time.  
With usury he dealt, and simony,  
But hardest was his hand on lechery:  
He gave it to the lechers till they bleated!  
And tithe-defaulters, too, were roughly treated.  
Just let some parson name them: once directed,  
There was no penalty the man neglected.  
For petty unpaid tithe or offering  
How piteously he made the people sing!  
For ere the bishop caught them with his hook,  
This bold archdeacon wrote them in his book,  
Then he had power, by right of jurisdiction,  
To lay a fine for every dereliction.  
He had a summoner close at hand and ready—  
No boy in England was so sly and heady;  
For secretly he spread his band of spies  
Who told him all that he could utilize.

<sup>1</sup> Some facts with regard to the office of both the Friar and the Summoner should be noted. Friars, as opposed to monks, did not live a monastic life, but travelled about the land preaching. Chaucer's Friar was a "limitor" or a friar licensed to beg within a limited district. The Summoner, on the other hand, was an official for the ecclesiastical courts, which were then powerful. These courts handled crimes affecting marriage, morality, church practices and obligations. The Summoner was the agent who notified people to appear.

He coude spare of lechours oon or two,  
 To techen him to foure and twenty mo.  
 For thogh this Somnour wood were as an hare,  
 To tell his harlotrye I wol nat spare;  
 For we been out of his correccioun;  
 They han of us no jurisdiccoun,  
 Ne never shullen, terme of alle hir lyves. . . .

This false thief, this Somnour, quod the Frere,  
 Hadde alwey baudes redy to his hond,  
 As any hawk to lure in Engelond,  
 That tolde him al the secree that they knewe;  
 For hir acqueyntance was nat come of-newe.  
 They weren hise approwours prively;  
 He took him-self a greet profit therby;  
 His maister knew nat alwey what he wan.  
 With-outen mandement, a lewed man  
 He coude somne, on peyne of Cristes curs,  
 And they were gladde for to fille his purs,  
 And make him grete festes atte nale.  
 And right as Judas hadde purses smale,  
 And was a thief, right swich a thief was he;  
 His maister hadde but half his duëtee.  
 He was, if I shall yeven him his laude,  
 A thief, and eek a Somnour, and a baude.  
 He hadde eek wenches at his retenue,  
 That, whether that sir Robert or sir Huwe,  
 Or Jakke, or Rauf, or who-so that it were,  
 That lay by hem, they tolde it in his ere;  
 Thus was the wenche and he of oon assent.  
 And he wolde fecche a feyned mandement,  
 And somne hem to the chapitre bothe two,  
 And pile the man, and lete the wenche go.  
 Thanne wolde he seye, 'frend, I shal for thy sake  
 Do stryken hir out of our letters blake;  
 Thee thar na-more as in this cas travaille;  
 I am thy freend, ther I thee may availle.'  
 Certeyn he knew of bryberyes mo  
 Than possible is to telle in yeres two.  
 For in this world nis dogge for the bowe,  
 That can an hurt deer from an hool y-knowe,

Two lechers he could willingly ignore  
If they would tell on four-and-twenty more;  
For though he was as crazy as a rabbit,  
Yet will I tell of every filthy habit  
This summoner had: he cannot make conviction  
On us,<sup>1</sup> because he hath no jurisdiction  
Over our ways, nor shall have his life long! . . .

This lying thief, this summoner, said the friars,  
Always had bawds, obedient one and all  
As any hawk is to the hunter's call,  
To tell him what they had of secret news.  
They were informers he would slyly use—  
Their friendship was not something of the minute.  
And thus his labour had great profit in it:  
His master knew not always of his winning.  
For he would call some foolish man for sinning,  
Using no writ, and threaten Christ's own curse;  
And they were more than glad to fill his purse,  
And feast him at the ale-house well and high.  
And just as Judas kept upon the sly  
A purse, and was a thief—so he was, too:  
His master got not more than half his due.  
He was, to praise him fitly and applaud,  
A thief, a summoner also, and a bawd!  
And in his pay he had some wenches too,  
That, were the man Sir Robert or Sir Hugh,  
Or Jack or Ralph—whoever it chanced to be  
That lay with them, they told him secretly:  
The wench and he thus had their understanding.  
Then would he bring a bogus writ commanding  
Both to the chapter-house immediately,  
And skin the man and let the girl go free!  
Then he would say: "Friend, since I hold thee dear,  
In our black books this wench shall not appear:  
So in this case thy suffering shall end;  
Where I can serve thee I will be thy friend."  
More kinds of robbery this summoner knew  
Than I could tell you in a year or two;  
For in this world was never a bowman's hound  
Knew a hurt deer from one without a wound

<sup>1</sup> That is, over the friars.

Bet than this Somnour knew a sly lechour,  
 Or an avouter, or a paramour.  
 And, for that was the fruit of al his rente,  
 Therfore on it he sette al his entente.

And so bifel, that ones on a day  
 This Somnour, ever waiting on his pray,  
 Rood for te somne a widwe, an old ribybe,  
 Feyninge a cause, for he wolde brybe.  
 And happed that he saugh bifore him ryde  
 A gay yeman, under a forest-syde.  
 A bowe he bar, and arwes brighte and kene;  
 He hadde up-on a courtepy of grene;  
 An hat up-on his heed with frenges blake.

'Sir,' quod this Somnour, 'hay! and wel a-take!  
 'Wel-come,' quod he, 'and every good felawe!  
 Wher rydestow under this grene shawe?'  
 Seyde this yeman, 'wiltow fer to day?'

This Somnour him answerde, and seyde, 'nay;  
 Heer faste by,' quod he, 'is myn entente  
 To ryden, for to reysen up a rente  
 That longeth to my lordes duëtee.'

'Artow thanne a bailly?' 'Ye!' quod he.  
 He dorste nat, for verray filthe and shame,  
 Seye that he was a somnour, for the name.

'*Depardieux*,' quod this yeman, 'dere brother,  
 Thou art a bailly, and I am another.  
 I am unknowen as in this contree;  
 Of thyn aqueyntance I wolde praye thee,  
 And eek of brotherhede, if that yow leste.  
 I have gold and silver in my cheste;  
 If that thee happe to comen in our shyre,  
 Al shal be thyn, right as thou wolt desyre.'

'Grantmercy,' quod this Somnour, 'by my feith!  
 Everich in othes hand his trouthe leith,  
 For to be sworne bretheren til they deye.  
 In daliance they ryden forth hir weye.

This Somnour, which that was as ful of jangles,  
 As ful of venim been thise wariangles,  
 And ever enquering up-on every thing,  
 'Brother,' quod he, 'where is now your dwelling,

Better than this summoner could tell for sure  
Lecher, adulterer, or paramour.  
And since his knowledge sent his income higher  
He gave it all his mind and whole desire.

So it befell that on a certain day,  
This summoner, ever eager for his prey,  
Rode out to summon a widow, a poor old crone  
He hoped to rob, for cause of guilt was none.  
And soon beneath the trees he saw before him  
A yeoman on a horse, that gaily bore him;  
A bow he had, and arrows bright and keen,  
And wore a little jacket all of green,  
And hat with fringes black upon his head.

"Hail, sir, and all good health!" this summoner said.  
"Welcome," he cried, "and all good fellows like you!  
Where through this greenwood riding? Whither strike  
you?"

This yeoman answered, "Wilt thou far to-day?"

This summoner replied and told him, "Nay;  
Hard by I go," he said, "where I am bent  
To see about the payment of some rent—  
A part of that belonging to my lord."

"Art thou a bailiff then?" "Yea," was his word.  
He dared not say, for very filth and shame,  
He was a summoner—such was the name!

"By God's grace," said this yeoman, "dear my brother,  
"As thou art bailiff, so am I another!

I am a stranger here, and I will pray you  
To give me your acquaintance—come, what say you?  
Also thy brotherhood if thou be willing.  
With gold in sovereign and with silver shilling  
My chest is filled, and com'st thou to our shire  
All shall be thine, just as thou shalt desire!"

"*Gra'mercy!* by my faith!" this summoner said.  
So each his hand within the other's laid,  
Sworn to be brothers till they die, and so  
In merry talk upon their way they go.

This summoner, full of gab and curiosity  
As are these butcher-birds of animosity,  
Asking of one thing now, now of another—

"Where is your dwelling?" said he. "Tell me, brother,

Another day if that I sholde yow seche?’

This yeman him answerde in softe speche,  
 ‘Brother,’ quod he, ‘fer in the north contree,  
 Wher, as I hope, som-tyme I shal thee see.  
 Er we departe, I shal thee so wel wisse,  
 That of myn hous ne shaltow never misse.’

‘Now, brother,’ quod this Somnour, ‘I yow preye,  
 Teche me, whyl that we ryden by the weye,  
 Sin that ye been a baillif as am I,  
 Som subtiltee, and tel me feithfully  
 In myn offyce how I may most winne;  
 And spareth nat for conscience ne sinne,  
 But as my brother tel me, how do ye?’

‘Now, by my trouthe, brother dere,’ seyde he,  
 ‘As I shal tellen thee a feithful tale,  
 My wages been ful streite and ful smale.  
 My lord is hard to me and daungerous,  
 And myn offyce is ful laborous;  
 And therefore by extorcions I live.  
 For sothe, I take al that men wol me yive;  
 Algate, by sleyghte or by violence,  
 Fro yeer to yeer I winne al my dispence.  
 I can no better telle feithfully.’

‘Now, certes,’ quod this Somnour, ‘so fare I;  
 I spare nat to taken, god it woot,  
 But-if it be to hevy or to hoot.  
 What I may gete in conseil prively,  
 No maner conscience of that have I;  
 Nere myn extorcioun, I mighte nat liven,  
 Ne of swiche japes wol I nat be shriven.  
 Stomak ne conscience ne knowe I noon;  
 I shrewe thise shrifte-fadres everichoon.  
 Wel be we met, by god and by seint Jame!  
 But, leve brother, tel me than thy name,  
 Quod this Somnour; and in this mene whyle,  
 This yeman gan a litel for to smyle.

‘Brother,’ quod he, ‘wiltow that I thee telle?  
 I am a feend, my dwelling is in helle.  
 And here I ryde about my purchasing,  
 To wite wher men wolde yeve me any thing.

In case some future day I come a-seeking."

This yeoman made him answer, softly speaking:  
 "Brother," he said, "far to the north I fare;  
 I hope that sometime I shall see thee there.  
 Before we part, thou shalt have preparation  
 Will never let thee miss my habitation."

"Now, brother," said this summoner, "I pray  
 Teach me, as we are riding on our way,  
 Since ye too be a bailiff, just like me,  
 Some cleverness, and tell me truthfully  
 How shall I make the most from what I do?  
 And let not sin or conscience hinder you,  
 But as my brother tell me of your practice."

"Now, dear my brother, by my truth, the fact is,  
 As I shall tell a story true in all,  
 My wages are but limited and small.  
 My lord is haughty and severe with me,  
 My work demandeth endless industry,  
 And by extortions therefore must I live.  
 I take from men all I can make them give—  
 Whether by tricks or violence, and so  
 From year to year I manage as I go—  
 No truer could I tell were Truth my name."

"For sure!" this summoner cried. "I do the same.  
 God knows I take it all—no matter what—  
 Unless it be too heavy or too hot!  
 What I can get by shift or sly endeavour  
 It troubles not my conscience whatsoever:  
 But for extortion I were not alive.  
 Such tricks as these are not for priests to shrive.  
 Of pity or of conscience I have none:  
 Father-confessors curse I every one!  
 By God and by St. James, well met we were!  
 But, dear my brother," said this summoner,  
 "Tell me thy name, then."

For a little while  
 This yeoman smiled the shadow of a smile.  
 "Brother," he said, "and wilt thou what I tell?  
 I am a fiend: my dwelling is in hell.  
 And here I go about my trafficking  
 To see where men will give me anything.

My purchas is th'effect of al my rente.  
 Loke how thou rydest for the same entente,  
 To winne good, thou rekkest never how;  
 Right so fare I, for ryde wolde I now  
 Un-to the worldes ende for a preye.'

'A,' quod this Somnour, '*ben'cite*, what sey ye?  
 I wende ye were a yeman trewely.  
 Ye han a mannes shap as wel as I;  
 Han ye figure than determinat  
 In helle, ther ye been in your estat?'

'Nay, certainly,' quod he, 'ther have we noon;  
 But whan us lyketh, we can take us oon,  
 Or elles make yow seme we ben shape  
 Som-tyme lyk a man, or lyk an ape;  
 Or lyk an angel can I ryde or go.  
 It is no wonder thing thogh it be so;  
 A lousy jogelour can deceyve thee,  
 And pardee, yet can I more craft than he.'

'Why,' quod the Somnour, 'ryde ye thanne or goon  
 In sondry shap, and nat alwey in oon?'

'For we,' quod he, 'wol us swich formes make  
 As most able is our preyes for to take.'

'What maketh yow to han al this labour?'

'Ful many a cause, leve sir Somnour,'  
 Seyde this feend, 'but alle thing hath tyme.  
 The day is short, and it is passed pryme,  
 And yet ne wan I no-thing in this day.  
 I wol entende to winnen, if I may,  
 And nat entende our wittes to declare.  
 For, brother myn, thy wit is al to bare  
 To understonde, al-thogh I tolde hem thee.  
 But, for thou axest why labouren we;  
 For, som-tyme, we ben goddes instruments,  
 And menes to don his comandementis,  
 Whan that him list, up-on his creatures,  
 In divers art and in divers figures.  
 With-outen him we have no might, certayn,  
 If that him list to stonden ther-agayn.  
 And som-tyme, at our prayere, han we leve  
 Only the body and nat the soule greve;

And what I win this way is all I get.  
 Look how thou ridest for the same end set:  
 Something to gain—no thought thou hast of how;  
 Just so with me—I will go riding now  
 Right to the world's end, hunting for my prey."  
 "Ah!" cried this summoner, "What is this ye say!  
 In truth, ye seemed a yeoman to my eye.  
 Ye have as good a man's shape as have I.  
 Have ye some fixed appearance in addition  
 In hell, where ye may take your true position?"  
 "Nay, certainly," he said, "there have we none;  
 Yet at our pleasure we can take on one.  
 Or we can make you think we have a shape:  
 Now sometimes seem a man, sometimes an ape—  
 Or like an angel I can ride or go.  
 This is no wonder, though the thing be so;  
 A lousy juggler plays his tricks on thee,  
 And I, by God, know much more craft than he."  
 "Why," asked this summoner, "do ye ride or run  
 In various shapes—not always in the one?"  
 "Because," he said, "we seek from day to day  
 The forms that help us most to take our prey."  
 "What is the cause for all this work ye do?"  
 "More causes, dear sir summoner, than a few."  
 Answered this fiend. "But all things have their time.  
 The day is short, and it is more than prime,<sup>1</sup>  
 Yet there is nothing I have gained this day.  
 Now I intend to get it if I may,  
 And of our secrets shall no further speak.  
 For, brother mine, thy wit is all too weak  
 To understand, though I explained to thee.  
 But, since thou askest why our industry—  
 Sometimes as instruments in God's own hands  
 We are the means of doing His commands,  
 When it shall please Him, on His creatures here.  
 In various ways and figures we appear;  
 Surely no power were ours unless He chose us,  
 At least, if it should please Him to oppose us.  
 Sometimes, at our petition, we have leave  
 Only the body, and not the soul to grieve—

<sup>1</sup> Nine o'clock in the morning.

Witnesse on Job, whom that we diden wo.  
 And som-tyme han we might of bothe two,  
 This is to seyn, of soule and body eke.  
 And som-tyme be we suffred for to seke  
 Up-on a man, and doon his soule unreste,  
 And nat his body, and al is for the beste.  
 Whan he withstandeth our temptacioun,  
 It is a cause of his savacioun;  
 Al-be-it thát it was nat our entente  
 He sholde be sauf, but that we wolde him hente.  
 And som-tyme be we servant un-to man,  
 As to the erchebisshop Seint Dunstan  
 And to the apostles servant eek was I.'

'Yet tel me,' quod the Somnour, 'feithfully,  
 Make ye yow newe bodies thus alway  
 Of elements?' The feend answerde, 'nay;  
 Som-tyme we feyne, and som-tyme we aryse  
 With dede bodies in ful sondry wyse,  
 And speke as renably and faire and wel  
 As to the Phitonissa dide Samuel.  
 And yet wol som men seye it was nat he;  
 I do no fors of your divinitee.  
 But o thing warne I thee, I wol nat jape,  
 Thou wolt algates wite how we ben shape;  
 Thou shalt her-afterward, my brother dere,  
 Com ther thee nedeth nat of me to lere.  
 For thou shalt by thyn owene experience  
 Conne in a chayer rede of this sentence  
 Bet than Virgyle, whyl he was on lyve,  
 Or Dant also; now lat us ryde blyve.  
 For I wol holde companye with thee  
 Til it be so, that thou forsake me.'

'Nay,' quod this Somnour, 'that shal nat bityde;  
 I am a yeman, knowen is ful wyde;  
 My trouthe wol I holde as in this cas.  
 For though thou were the devel Sathanas,  
 My trouthe wol I holde to my brother,  
 As I am sworn, and ech of us til other  
 For to be trewe brother in this cas;  
 And bothe we goon abouten our purchas.

As witness Job, to whom we brought such woe.  
And sometimes we have power upon the two—  
That is to say, the body and the spirit.  
And sometimes it is suffered us to ferret  
And try the soul and give it great unrest,  
But not the body—and all is for the best.  
For if the man withstandeth our temptation,  
This shall become the cause of his salvation  
Though it was not our will indeed to save him,  
But rather for the pains of hell to have him.  
And sometimes we are servants unto men,  
For instance, to St. Dunstan. And again  
Unto the apostles was I servant, too.”

Then said this summoner, “Yet tell me true—  
Devise ye these new shapes in which ye go  
Of elements?” The fiend responded: “No;  
Sometimes we feign, and sometimes we will raise  
The bodies of the dead in various ways  
And through them speak as reasonably and well  
As to the Pythoness did Samuel.  
Yet there are men who say it was not he!  
I have no use for your divinity!  
Yet I forewarn thee: thou shalt not be fooled;  
Thou hast at all cost longing to be schooled  
As to our shapes: hereafter shalt thou be  
Where thou shalt have no need to learn of me;  
Thine own experience shall fit thee there  
To lecture on this matter from a chair  
Better than Virgil could before he died  
Or Dante. But enough—now let us ride!  
For I will still hold company with thee  
Until the time that thou abandon me.”

“That,” said this summoner, “shall be seen by no man.  
Both far and wide men know me for a yeoman;  
And I will keep my faith for good or evil.  
For though thou shouldst be Sathanas the devil,  
Still will I hold my compact with my brother  
As I am sworn, and each of us to other,  
To be true brother to thee by my troth.  
So go we now to get our profit both.

Tak thou thy part, what that men wol thee yive,  
 And I shal myn; thus may we bothe live.  
 And if that any of us have more than other,  
 Lat him be trewe, and parte it with his brother.'

'I graunte,' quod the devel, 'by my fey.'  
 And with that word they ryden forth hir wey.  
 And right at the entring of the tounes ende,  
 To which this Somnour shoop him for to wende,  
 They saugh a cart, that charged was with hey,  
 Which that a carter droof forth in his wey.  
 Deep was the wey, for which the carte stood.  
 The carter smoot, and cryde, as he were wood,  
 'Hayt, Brok! hayt, Scot! what spare ye for the stones?  
 The feend,' quod he, 'yow fecche body and bones,  
 As ferforthly as ever were ye foled!  
 So muche wo as I have with yow tholed!  
 The devel have al, bothe hors and cart and hey!'

This Somnour seyde, 'heer shal we have a pley;  
 And neer the feend he drough, as noght ne were,  
 Ful prively, and rounded in his ere:  
 'Herkne, my brother, herkne, by thy feith;  
 Herestow nat how that the carter seith?  
 Hent it anon, for he hath yeve it thee,  
 Bothe hey and cart, and eek hise caples three.'

'Nay,' quod the devel, 'god wot, never a deel;  
 It is nat his entente, trust me weel.  
 Axe him thy-self, if thou nat trowest me,  
 Or elles stint a while, and thou shalt see.'

This carter thakketh his hors upon the croupe,  
 And they bigonne drawen and to-stoupe;  
 'Heyt, now!' quod he, 'ther Jesu Crist yow blesse,  
 And al his handwerk, bothe more and lesse!  
 That was wel twight, myn owene lyard boy!  
 I pray god save thee and seynt Loy!  
 Now is my cart out of the slow, pardee!'

'Lo! brother,' quod the feend, 'what tolde I thee?  
 Heer may ye see, myn owene dere brother,  
 The carl spak oo thing, but he thoghte another.  
 Lat us go forth abouten our viage;  
 Heer winne I no-thing up-on cariage.'

Take thou thy part, whatever men will give;  
I shall take mine: so both of us shall live.  
Should either one have more than hath the other,  
Let him be true and share it with his brother."

"Now by my faith," the fiend said, "I agree."

So on their way they rode forth speedily,  
And as they reached the edges of the village  
Whither this summoner was bent on pillage,  
They came upon a cart heaped high with hay,  
There where the carter drove it on its way.  
The road beneath the cart was deep and bad;  
The carter whipped and cried as he were mad:  
"Hi! Brook! Hi! Scot! What! Stop ye for the stones?  
Now the fiend take you, body, blood and bones  
As clean as ever I helped to rid the mare of you!  
God knows the way I suffer from the pair of you!  
The devil take all now, horse, cart and hay!"

This summoner said, "Now shall we have some play!"  
And all as not a thought were going through him,  
He edged towards the fiend and whispered to him:  
"Listen, my brother; listen upon my faith!  
Dost thou not hear this thing the carter saith?  
Seize it at once, for he hath given it thee—  
The hay and cart and horses—all the three."

"Nay," said the devil, "God knows—never a jot!  
The fellow says it, but he means it not.  
Ask him thyself if thou hast doubt of me,  
Or wait a little while and thou shalt see."

The carter pats his horses till again  
They stoop with sudden strength, and tug and strain.  
"Hi there!" cries he, "Christ bless you now, and all  
The creatures he hath made, both great and small!  
That was well-pulled and true, mine own grey boy!  
I pray God that He save you, and Saint Loy!  
By God, my cart is safely through the slough!"

"What said I, brother—was my word not true?"  
Questioned the fiend. "Here may ye see, dear brother,  
The fellow said one thing but thought another.  
Let us along and make no more delay;  
Here win I nothing I can cart away."

Whan that they comen som-what out of toune,  
 This Somnour to his brother gan to rounne,  
 'Brother,' quod he, 'heer woneth an old rebeke,  
 That hadde almost as lief to lese hir nekke  
 As for to yeve a peny of hir good.

I wol han twelf pens, though that she be wood,  
 Or I wol sompne hir un-to our offyce;  
 And yet, god woot, of hir knowe I no vyce.  
 But for thou canst nat, as in this contree,  
 Winne thy cost, tak heer ensample of me.'

This Somnour clappeth at the widwes gate.  
 'Com out,' quod he, 'thou olde viritrate!  
 I trowe thou hast some frere or preest with thee!'

'Who clappeth?' seyde this widwe, '*ben'cite!*  
 God save you, sire, what is your swete wille?'

'I have,' quod he, 'of somonce here a bille;  
 Up peyne of cursing, loke that thou be  
 To-morn bifore the erchedeknes knee  
 T'answere to the court of certeyn thinges.'

'Now, lord,' quod she, 'Crist Jesu, king of kinges,  
 So wisly helpe me, as I ne may.

I have been syk, and that ful many a day.

I may nat go so fer,' quod she, 'ne ryde,  
 But I be deed, so priketh it in my syde.

May I nat axe a libel, sir Somnour,  
 And answeere there, by my procutour,  
 To swich thing as men wol opposen me?'

'Yis,' quod this Somnour, 'pay anon, lat se,  
 Twelf pens to me, and I wol thee acqyete.

I shall no profit han ther-by but lyte;  
 My maister hath the profit, and nat I.

Com of, and lat me ryden hastily;  
 Yif me twelf pens, I may no lenger tarie.'

'Twelf pens,' quod she, 'now lady Seinte Marie  
 So wisly help me out of care and sinne,  
 This wyde world thogh that I sholde winne,  
 Ne have I nat twelf pens with-inne myn hold.

Ye knowen wel that I am povre and old;  
 Kythe your almesse on me povre wrecche.'

'Nay than,' quod he, 'the foule feend me fecche

When they were somewhat out of town again,  
This summoner to his brother whispered then:  
"Here, brother," said he, "doth an old hag live  
Would almost lose her neck ere she would give  
A penny from her store. Yet will I sever  
Full twelve pence from her, be she mad as never,  
Or I will summon her to our chapter hall;  
And yet I know no fault in her at all!  
But since in these parts it is hard for thee  
To make thy living, take a look at me!"

This summoner knocketh at the widow's gate.  
"Come out," he cried, "Come out, thou old grey-pate;  
Art thou within there with some priest or friar?"

"Who knocks?" this widow cried. "God save you, sire!  
*Benedicite!* Sir, what is your sweet will?"

"I have," said he, "of summons here a bill;  
On penalty of curse, look that thou be  
To-morrow morn at the archdeacon's knee  
To answer to the court for certain things."

"Now, lord," said she, "Christ Jesu, King of Kings,  
Give me His help who have no other way.  
I have been sick, and that for many a day.  
I cannot go so far," she said, "nor ride,  
But I shall die, such pain is in my side.  
May I not have a brief, sir summoner,  
And by my proctor make my answer there  
Unto such things as men may say of me?"

He said, "Yes. Pay at once—um—let me see—  
Twelve pence to me—and thou shalt have acquittal.  
My profit in the matter will be little;  
My master gets it—nothing comes to me.  
Pay up, and let me ride off speedily;  
Give me twelve pence: I cannot longer tarry."

"Twelve pence!" she cried. "Now as our holy Mary  
May help me out of sorrow and of sin,  
Though all this wide world I should thereby win,  
I could not find twelve pence inside my door!  
Ye know it well that I am old and poor—  
Then show to me, poor wretch, your charity!"

"Nay, may the foul fiend fetch me," answered he,

(to page 89)

If I th'excuse, though thou shul be spilt!

'Alas,' quod she, 'god woot, I have no gilt.'

'Pay me,' quod he, 'or by the swete seinte Anne,  
As I wol bere away thy newe panne  
For dette, which that thou owest me of old,  
Whan that thou madest thyn housbond cokewold,  
I payde at hoom for thy correccioun.'

'Thou lixt,' quod she, 'by my savacioun!  
Ne was I never er now, widwe ne wyf,  
Somoned un-to your court in al my lyf;  
Ne never I nas but of my body trewe!  
Un-to the devel blak and rough of hewe  
Yeve I thy body and my panne also!'

And whan the devel herde hir cursen so  
Up-on hir knees, he seyde in this manere,  
'Now Mabely, myn owene moder dere,  
Is this your wil in earnest, that ye seye?'

'The devel,' quod she, 'so fecche him er he deye,  
And panne and al, but he wol him repente!'

'Nay, olde stot, that is nat myn entente,'  
Quod this Somnour, 'for to repente me,  
For any thing that I have had of thee;  
I wolde I hadde thy smok and every clooth!'

'Now, brother,' quod the devel, 'be nat wrooth;  
Thy body and this panne ben myne by right.  
Thou shalt with me to helle yet to-night,  
Where thou shalt knowen of our privetee  
More than a maister of divinitee.'

And with that word this foule feend him hente;  
Body and soule, he with the devel wente  
Wher-as that somnours han hir heritage.  
And god, that maked after his image  
Mankinde, save and gyde us alle and some;  
And leve this Somnour good man to bicomel

"If I excuse thee, though thou fall down dead."

"Alas! God knows I have no guilt," she said.

"Pay me," cried he, "or by the sweet St. Anne,  
I shall bear off with me thy newest pan  
For debt, which thou hast owed me since the time  
Thou mad'st thy husband cuckold—for that crime  
I paid thy fine and saved thy reputation."

"Thou liest," she said, "as I shall win salvation!  
Never was I, as widow or as wife,  
Summoned unto your court in all my life  
Till now, nor with my body was untrue.  
Unto the devil, shaggy and black of hue,  
May both my pan and thy vile body go!"

And when the fiend heard how she cursed him so  
Upon her knees, as hard as she was able,  
He said to her: "Mine own dear mother Mabel,  
Is this your will in earnest, what ye cry?"

"The devil," said she, "fetch him before he die  
And pan and all, unless he shall repent!"

"Nay then, old mare, that is not mine intent,"  
This summoner said, "to rue the least success  
I win with thee. I would I had thy dress  
And every rag thou hast—yea, the last shred."

"Now, brother, be not wroth," the devil said.  
"Thy body and this pan are mine by right;  
Thou go'st along to hell with me to-night,  
Where thou shalt know of our deep privacy  
More than a master of divinity!"

And with that word the foul fiend gripped him strong;  
Body and soul. So went this wretch along  
To where indeed all summoners may find  
Their heritage. And God, who made mankind  
In his own image, save us, as he can,  
And let this summoner change to a good man!

*(Translated by Frank Ernest Hill.)*

*BALADE OF BON COUNSEILL*

Flee fro the prees, and dwelle with sothfastnesse,  
 Suffyce unto thy good, though hit be smal;  
 For hord hath hate, and climbing tikelnesse,  
 Prees hath envye, and wele blent overal;  
 Savour no more than thee bihove shal;  
 Werk wel thy-self, that other folk canst rede;  
 And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

Tempest thee nocht al croked to redresse,  
 In trust of hir that turneth as a bal:  
 Gret reste stant in litel besinesse;  
 And eek be war to sporne ageyn an al;  
 Stryve nocht, as doth the crokke with the wal.  
 Daunte thy-self, that dauntest otheres dede;  
 And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

That thee is sent, receyve in buxumnesse,  
 The wrastling for this worlde axeth a fal.  
 Her nis non hoom, her nis but wildernesse:  
 Forth, pilgrim, forth! Forth, beste, out of thy stal!  
 Know thy contree, look up, thank God of al;  
 Hold the hye wey, and lat thy gost thee lede:  
 And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

## ENVOY

Therefore, thou vache, leve thyn old wrecchednesse  
 Unto the worlde; leve now to be thral;  
 Crye him mercy that of his hy goodnesse  
 Made thee of nocht, and in especial  
 Draw unto him, and pray in general  
 For thee, and eek for other, hevenlich mede;  
 And trouthe shal deliver, hit is no drede.

## BALLADE OF GOOD COUNSEL

Flee from the crowd and dwell with truthfulness:  
 Suffice thee with thy goods, tho' they be small:  
 To hoard brings hate, to climb brings giddiness;  
 The crowd has envy, and success blinds all;  
 Desire no more than to thy lot may fall;  
 Work well thyself to counsel others clear,  
 And Truth shall make thee free, there is no fear!

Torment thee not all crooked to redress,  
 Nor put thy trust in fortune's turning ball;  
 Great peace is found in little busy-ness;  
 And war but kicks against a sharpened awl;  
 Strive not, thou earthen pot, to break the wall;  
 Subdue thyself, and others thee shall hear;  
 And Truth shall make thee free, there is no fear!

What God doth send, receive in gladsomeness;  
 To wrestle for this world foretells a fall.  
 Here is no home, here is but wilderness:  
 Forth, pilgrim, forth; up, beast, and leave thy stall!  
 Know thy country, look up, thank God for all:  
 Hold the high way, thy soul the pioneer,  
 And Truth shall make thee free, there is no fear!

## ENVOY

Therefore, poor beast, forsake thy wretchedness;  
 No longer let the vain world be thy stall.  
 His mercy seek who in his mightiness  
 Made thee of naught, but not to be a thrall.  
 Pray freely for thyself and pray for all  
 Who long for larger life and heavenly cheer;  
 And Truth shall make thee free, there is no fear!  
 (*Modern version by Henry Van Dyke.*)

## JOHN SKELTON

1460(?) · 1529

*THE PRELATES**From "Colin Clout"*

My name is Colin Clout.  
I purpose to shake out  
All my cunning bag  
Like a clerkly hag;  
For, though my rhyme be ragged,  
Tattered and jagged,  
Rudely rain-beaten,  
Rusty and moth-eaten,  
If ye take well therewith  
It hath in it some pith.  
For, as far as I can see,  
It is wrong with each degree.  
The temporal  
Accuseth the spiritual;  
The spiritual again  
Doth grudge and complain  
Upon the temporal men.  
Thus each raiseth a pother,  
One against the other.  
Alas, they make me shudder!  
For (do not say it loud!)  
The prelates are so proud,  
They say, and look so high  
As though they would fly  
Above the starry sky.  
Laymen say indeed  
How they take no heed ¶  
Their silly sheep to feed,  
But pluck away and pull  
The fleeces of their wool;  
Scarcely they leave a lock  
Of wool among their flock.  
And as for their cunning,  
A-humming and mumming,  
They make of it a jape.

They gasp and they gape  
 All to have promotion—  
 That is their whole devotion!

## STEPHEN HAWES

(?) · 1523(?)

*EPITAPH*

O mortal folk, you may behold and see  
 How I lie here, sometime a mighty knight.  
 The end of joy and all prosperity  
 Is death at last—thorough his course and might  
 After the day there cometh the dark night:  
 For though the day be never so long,  
 At last the bell ringeth to evensong.

## HENRY VIII

1491 · 1547

*GOOD COMPANY*

Pastime with good company  
 I love, and shall until I die.  
 Grouch who list, but none deny,  
 So God be pleased, thus live will I.  
 For my pastance,<sup>1</sup>  
 Hunt, sing, and dance,  
 My heart is set;  
 All goodly sport  
 For my comfort,  
 Who shall<sup>o</sup> me let?

Youth must have some dalliance,  
 Of good or ill some pastance;  
 Company, methinks, then best  
 All thoughts and fancies to digest.

<sup>1</sup> Pastime.

## Chaucer to Elizabethans

For idleness is chief mistress  
 Of vices all; then who can say  
 But mirth and play  
 Is best of all?

Company with honesty  
 Is virtue, vice to flee;  
 Company is good and ill,  
 But every man hath his free will.  
 The best ensue,  
 The worst eschew;  
 My mind shall be,—  
 Virtue to use,  
 Vice to refuse,  
 Thus shall I use me.

## THOMAS WYATT

1503 · 1542

*DESCRIPTION OF THE CONTRARIOUS  
 PASSIONS IN A LOVER*

I find no peace, and all my war is done;  
 I fear and hope, I burn and freeze like ice;  
 I fly aloft yet can I not arise;  
 And nought I have, and all the world I seize on,  
 That locks nor loseth, holdeth me in prison,  
 And holds me not, yet can I scape no wise:  
 Nor letteth me live, nor die at my devise,  
 And yet of death it giveth me occasion.  
 Without eye I see; without tongue I plain:  
 I wish to perish yet I ask for health;  
 I love another, and I hate myself;  
 I feed me in sorrow, and laugh in all my pain.  
 Lo, thus displeaseth me both death and life;  
 And my delight is causer of this strife.

*THE LOVER SHOWETH HOW HE IS FORSAKEN  
OF SUCH AS HE SOMETIME ENJOYED*

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek,  
With naked foot stalking within my chamber:  
Once have I seen them gentle, tame, and meek,  
That now are wild, and do not once remember,  
That sometime they have put themselves in danger  
To take bread at my hand; and now they range  
Busily seeking in continual change.

Thanks be to Fortune, it hath been otherwise  
Twenty times better; but once especial,  
In thin array, after a pleasant guise,  
When her loose gown did from her shoulders fall,  
And she me caught in her arms long and small,  
And therewithal so sweetly did me kiss,  
And softly said, "Dear heart, how like you this?"

It was no dream; for I lay broad awaking:  
But all is turned now through my gentleness  
Into a bitter fashion of forsaking,  
And I have leave to go of her goodness,  
And she also to use new-fangledness.  
But since that I unkindly so am served:  
"How like you this," what hath she now deserved?

*THE LOVER REJOICETH THAT HE HATH  
BROKEN THE SNARES OF LOVE*

Tangled was I in Love's snare,  
Oppressed with pain, torment with care;  
Of grief right sure, of joy quite bare,  
Clean in despair by cruelty.  
But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
For I am now at liberty.

The woeful days so full of pain,  
The weary nights all spent in vain,  
The labour lost for so small gain,

To write them all it will not be.  
 But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
 For I am now at liberty.

With feignèd words which were but wind  
 To long delays was I assigned;  
 Her wily looks my wits did blind;  
 Whate'er she would I would agree.  
 But ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
 For I am now at liberty.

Was never bird tangled in lime  
 That broke away in better time,  
 Than I, that rotten boughs did climb  
 And had no hurt but 'scapèd free.  
 Now ha! ha! ha! full well is me,  
 For I am now at liberty.

HENRY HOWARD  
 Earl of Surrey

1518 · 1547

*VOW TO LOVE FAITHFULLY*

Set me whereas the sun doth parch the green,  
 Or where his beams do not dissolve the ice,  
 In temperate heat where he is felt and seen;  
 In presence 'prest of people, mad or wise;  
 Set me in high or yet in low degree,  
 In longest night or in the shortest day,  
 In clearest sky or where clouds thickest be,  
 In lusty youth or when my hairs are grey.  
 Set me in heaven, in earth, or else in hell;  
 In hill, or dale, or in the foaming flood;  
 Thrall or at large, alive, whereso I dwell,  
 Sick or in health, in evil fame or good;  
 Hers will I be, and only with this thought  
 Content myself although my chance be nought.

*FRAIL BEAUTY*

Brittle beauty that nature made so frail,  
 Whereof the gift is small, and short the season,  
 Flow'ring to-day, to-morrow apt to fail,  
 Tickle treasure, abhorrèd of reason,  
 Dangerous to deal with, vain, of none avail,  
 Costly in keeping, passed not worth two peason,<sup>1</sup>  
 Slippery in sliding as an eel's tail,  
 Hard to attain, once gotten not geason,<sup>2</sup>  
 Jewel of jeopardy that peril doth assail,  
 False and untrue, enticèd oft to treason,  
 Enemy to youth (that most may I bewail!),  
 Ah, bitter sweet! infecting as the poison,  
 Thou farest as fruit that with the frost is taken:  
 To-day ready ripe, to-morrow all too shaken.

## NICHOLAS BRETON

1548 (?) · 1626 (?)

*A PASTORAL*

On a hill there grows a flower,  
 Fair befall the dainty sweet!  
 By that flower there is a bower  
 Where the heavenly Muses meet.

In that bower there is a chair  
 Fringèd all about with gold,  
 Where doth sit the fairest fair  
 That did ever eye behold.

It is Phillis fair and bright,  
 She that is the shepherds' joy,  
 She that Venus did despite  
 And did blind her little boy.

This is she, the wise, the rich,  
 All the world desires to see;

<sup>1</sup> Not worth two peas,<sup>2</sup> No longer wonderful.

## Chaucer to Elizabethans

This is *ipsa quæ* the which  
 There is none but only she.

Who would not this face admire?  
 Who would not this saint adore?  
 Who would not this sight desire,  
 Though he thought to see no more?

O fair eyes, yet let me see!  
 One good look, and I am gone,  
 Look on me, for I am he—  
 Thy poor silly Coridon.

Thou that art the shepherds' queen,  
 Look upon thy silly swain;  
 By thy comfort have been seen  
 Dead men brought to life again.

## PHILLIDA AND CORIDON

In the merry month of May,  
 In a morn by break of day  
 Forth I walked by the wood-side,  
 When as May was in his pride.  
 There I spièd, all alone,  
 Phillida and Coridon.  
 Much ado there was, God wot,  
 He would love and she would not.  
 She said, "Never man was true."  
 He said, "None was false to you."  
 He said he had loved her long.  
 She said, "Love should have no wrong."  
 Coridon would kiss her then.  
 She said maids must kiss no men  
 Till they did for good and all.  
 Then she made the shephærd call  
 All the heavens to witness truth,  
 Never loved a truer youth.  
 Thus, with many a pretty oath,  
 Yea and nay, and faith and troth,  
 Such as silly shepherds use  
 When they will not love abuse,

Love which had been long deluded  
 Was with kisses sweet concluded.  
 And Phillida with garlands gay  
 Was made the lady of the May.

## WALTER RALEIGH

1552 (?) · 1618

*THE WOOD, THE WEED, THE WAG*

TO HIS SON

Three things there be that prosper all apace  
 And flourish while they grow asunder far;  
 But on a day, they meet all in a place,  
 And when they meet, they one another mar.

And they be these: the wood, the weed, the wag.  
 The wood is that which makes the gallows tree;  
 The weed is that which strings the hangman's bag;  
 The wag, my pretty knave, betokens thee.

Now mark, dear boy, while these assemble not,  
 Green springs the tree, hemp grows, the wag is wild;  
 But when they meet, it makes the timber rot,  
 It frets the halter, and it chokes the child.

Then bless thee, and beware, and let us pray  
 We part not with thee at this meeting day.

*HIS EPITAPH*

Even such is Time, which takes in trust  
 Our youth, our joys, and all we have,  
 And pays us but with age and dust,  
 Who, in the dark and silent grave,  
 When we have wandered all our ways,  
 Shuts up the story of our days.

Yet from this earth, and grave, and dust,  
 The Lord shall raise me up I trust.

*THE PASSIONATE MAN'S PILGRIMAGE*

SUPPOSED TO BE WRITTEN BY ONE AT THE POINT OF DEATH

Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
 My staff of faith to walk upon,  
 My scrip of joy, immortal diet,  
 My bottle of salvation,  
 My gown of glory, hope's true gage,  
 And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.

Blood must be my body's balmer,  
 No other balm will there be given,  
 Whilst my soul, like a white palmer,  
 Travels to the land of heaven,  
 Over the silver mountains,  
 Where spring the nectar fountains;  
 And there I'll kiss  
 The bowl of bliss,  
 And drink my eternal fill  
 On every milken hill.  
 My soul will be a-dry before,  
 But, after, it will ne'er thirst more.

And by the happy blissful way  
 More peaceful pilgrims I shall see,  
 That have shook off their gowns of clay  
 And go apparelled fresh like me.  
 I'll bring them first  
 To slake their thirst,  
 And then to taste those nectar suckets,  
 At the clear wells  
 Where sweetness dwells,  
 Drawn up by saints in crystal buckets.

And when our bottles and all we  
 Are filled with immortality,  
 Then the holy paths we'll travel,  
 Strewed with rubies thick as gravel,  
 Ceilings of diamonds, sapphire floors,  
 High walls of coral, and pearl bowers.

From thence to heaven's bribeless hall  
Where no corrupted voices brawl,  
No conscience molten into gold,  
Nor forged accusers bought and sold,  
No cause deferred, nor vain-spent journey,  
For there Christ is the king's attorney,  
Who pleads for all without degrees,  
And he hath angels, but no fees.

When the grand twelve million jury  
Of our sins and sinful fury,  
'Gainst our souls black verdicts give,  
Christ pleads his death, and then we live.  
Be thou my speaker, taintless pleader,  
Unblotted lawyer, true proceder,  
Thou movest salvation even for alms,  
Not with a bribèd lawyer's palms.

And this is my eternal plea  
To him that made heaven, earth, and sea,  
Seeing my flesh must die so soon,  
And want a head to dine next noon,  
Just at the stroke when my veins start and spread,  
Set on my soul an everlasting head.  
Then am I ready, like a palmer fit,  
To tread those blest paths which before I writ.

*THE NYMPH'S REPLY TO THE SHEPHERD*<sup>1</sup>

If all the world and love were young,  
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,  
These pretty pleasures might me move,  
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,  
When rivers rage, and rocks grow cold;  
And Philomel becometh dumb;  
The rest complains of cares to come.

<sup>1</sup> A reply to Marlowe's poem on page 136.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields  
 To wayward winter reckoning yields;  
 A honey tongue, a heart of gall,  
 Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,  
 Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,  
 Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten;  
 In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,  
 Thy coral clasps and amber studs,  
 All these in me no means can move,  
 To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,  
 Had joys no date, nor age no need,  
 Then these delights my mind might move  
 To live with thee and be thy love.

*THE LIE*

Go, soul, the body's guest,  
 Upon a thankless arrant.<sup>1</sup>  
 Fear not to touch the best;  
 The truth shall be thy warrant.  
 Go, since I needs must die,  
 And give the world the lie.

Say to the court, it glows  
 And shines like rotten wood;  
 Say to the church, it shows  
 What's good, and doth no good.  
 If church and court reply,  
 Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live  
 Acting by others' action,  
 Not loved unless they give,  
 Not strong but by affection.  
 If potentates reply,  
 Give potentates the lie.

<sup>1</sup> Errand or mission.

Tell men of high condition  
That manage the estate,  
Their purpose is ambition,  
Their practice only hate;  
And if they once reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,  
They beg for more by spending,  
Who, in their greatest cost,  
Like nothing but commending;  
And if they make reply,  
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it wants devotion;  
Tell love it is but lust;  
Tell time it meets but motion;  
Tell flesh it is but dust;  
And wish them not reply,  
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth;  
Tell honour how it alters;  
Tell beauty how she blasteth;  
Tell favour how it falters;  
And as they shall reply,  
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles  
In tickle-points of niceness;  
Tell wisdom she entangles  
Herself in over-wiseness;  
And when they do reply,  
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness;  
Tell skill it is prevention;  
Tell charity of coldness;  
Tell law it is contention;  
And as they do reply,  
So give them still the lie.

## Chaucer to Elizabethans

Tell fortune of her blindness;  
 Tell nature of decay;  
 Tell friendship of unkindness;  
 Tell justice of delay;  
 And if they will reply,  
 Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,  
 But vary by esteeming;  
 Tell schools they want profoundness,  
 And stand too much on seeming;  
 If arts and schools reply,  
 Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city;  
 Tell how the country erreth;  
 Tell manhood shakes off pity,  
 Tell virtue least preferrèd;  
 And if they do reply,  
 Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I  
 Commanded thee, done blabbing;  
 Because to give the lie  
 Deserves no less than stabbing.  
 Stab at thee he that will—  
 No stab thy soul can kill.

## EDMUND SPENSER

1552 (?) · 1599

*SONNETS FROM "AMORETTI"*

## HIS LOVE'S RICHES

Ye tradeful Merchants, that, with weary toil,  
 Do seek most precious things to make your gain,  
 And both the Indias of their treasure spoil,  
 What needeth you to seek so far in vain?  
 For lo! my Love doth in herself contain  
 All this world's riches that may far be found:

If sapphires, lo! her eyes be sapphires plain;  
 If rubies, lo! her lips be rubies sound;  
 If pearls, her teeth be pearls, both pure and round;  
 If ivory, her forehead ivory ween;  
 If gold, her locks are finest gold on ground;  
 If silver, her fair hands are silver sheen:  
 But that which fairest is but few behold:  
 Her mind, adorned with virtues manifold.

## ICE AND FIRE

My Love is like to ice, and I to fire:  
 How comes it then that this her cold so great  
 Is not dissolved through my so hot desire,  
 But harder grows the more I her entreat?  
 Or how comes it that my exceeding heat  
 Is not allayed by her heart-frozen cold,  
 But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,  
 And feel my flames augmented manifold?  
 What more miraculous thing may be told,  
 That fire, which all things melts, should harden ice,  
 And ice, which is congealed with senseless cold,  
 Should kindle fire by wonderful device?  
 Such is the power of love in gentle mind,  
 That it can alter all the course of kind.

## ANOTHER ELEMENT

So oft as I her beauty do behold,  
 And therewith do her cruelty compare,  
 I marvel of what substance was the mould  
 The which her made at once so cruel fair.  
 Not earth; for her high thoughts more heavenly are:  
 Not water; for her love doth burn like fire:  
 Not air; for she is not so light or rare:  
 Not fire; for she doth freeze with faint desire.  
 Then needs another element enquire  
 Whereof she might be made; that is, the sky.  
 For to the heaven her haughty looks aspire,  
 And eke her love is pure immortal high.  
 Then since to heaven ye likened are the best,  
 Be like in mercy as in all the rest.

## THE GOLDEN HOOK

Trust not the treason of those smiling looks,  
 Until ye have their guileful trains well tried!  
 For they are like but unto golden hooks,  
 That from the foolish fish their baits do hide:  
 So she with flatt'ring smiles weak hearts doth guide  
 Unto her love, and tempt to their decay;  
 Whom, being caught, she kills with cruel pride,  
 And feeds at pleasure on the wretched prey.  
 Yet even whilst her bloody hands them slay,  
 Her eyes look lovely, and upon them smile,  
 That they take pleasure in their cruel play,  
 And, dying, do themselves of pain beguile.

O mighty charm! which makes men love their bane,  
 And think they die with pleasure, live with pain.

## THE TAMED DEER

Like as a huntsman after weary chase,  
 Seeing the game from him escaped away,  
 Sits down to rest him in some shady place,  
 With panting hounds, beguilèd of their prey:  
 So, after long pursuit and vain assay,  
 When I all weary had the chase forsook,  
 The gentle deer returned the self-same way,  
 Thinking to quench her thirst at the next brook.  
 There she, beholding me with milder look,  
 Sought not to fly, but fearless still did bide,  
 Till I in hand her yet half trembling took,  
 And with her own good-will her firmly tied.

Strange thing, me seemed, to see a beast so wild  
 So goodly won, with her own will beguiled.

## YOUR POWER

More than most fair, full of the living fire  
 Kindled above unto the Maker near:  
 No eyes, but joys, in which all powers conspire,  
 That to the world naught else be counted dear:  
 Through your bright beams doth not the blinded guest  
 Shoot out his darts to base affection's wound;

But angels come, to lead frail minds to rest.  
 In chaste desires, on heavenly beauty bound.  
 You frame my thoughts, and fashion me within,  
 You stop my tongue, and teach my heart to speak,  
 You calm the storm that passion did begin,  
 Strong through your cause, but by your virtue weak.  
 Dark is the world where your light shinèd never;  
 Well is he born that may behold you ever.

## SO LET US LOVE

Most glorious Lord of life! that on this day  
 Didst make thy triumph over death and sin,  
 And, having harrowed hell, didst bring away  
 Captivity thence captive, us to win:  
 This joyous day, dear Lord, with joy begin;  
 And grant that we, for whom thou diddest die,  
 Being, with thy dear blood, clean washed from sin,  
 May live for ever in felicity;  
 And that thy love we weighing worthily,  
 May likewise love thee for the same again;  
 And for thy sake, that all like dear didst buy,  
 With love may one another entertain.  
 So let us love, dear Love, like as we ought:  
 Love is the lesson which the Lord us taught.

## JOHN LYLY

1553 (?) · 1606

*CUPID AND CAMPASPE*

Cupid and my Campaspe played  
 At cards for kisses, Cupid paid;  
 He stakes his quiver, bow and arrows,  
 His mother's doves, and team of sparrows;  
 Loses them too; then down he throws  
 The coral of his lip, the rose  
 Growing on's cheek (but none knows how);  
 With these, the crystal of his brow,

And then the dimple of his chin.  
 All these did my Campaspe win.  
 At last he set her both his eyes.  
 She won, and Cupid blind did rise.  
     O Love! has she done this to thee?  
     What shall, alas! become of me?

„ *LOVE'S SCHOOLING*

O Cupid! monarch over kings,  
 Wherefore hast thou feet and wings?  
 It is to show how swift thou art,  
 When thou woundest a tender heart!  
 Thy wings being clipped, and feet held still,  
 Thy bow so many could not kill.

It is all one in Venus' wanton school,  
 Who highest sits, the wise man or the fool.  
     Fools in love's college  
     Have far more knowledge  
     To read a woman over,  
     Than a neat prating lover:  
     Nay, 'tis confessed  
     That fools please women best.

PHILIP SIDNEY

1554 · 1586

*MY TRUE-LOVE HATH MY HEART*

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,  
 By just exchange one for another given:  
 I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,  
 There never was a better bargain driven:  
     My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,  
 My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides:  
 He loves my heart, for once it was his own,  
 I cherish his because in me it bides:  
     My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

## SONNETS FROM "ASTROPHEL AND STELLA"

"WITH HOW SAD STEPS, O MOON"

With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies;  
 How silently and with how wan a face.  
 What! May it be that even in heav'nly place  
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries?  
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes  
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;  
 I read it in thy looks, thy languished grace,  
 To me, that feel the like, thy state decries.

Then even of fellowship, O moon, tell me:  
 Is constant love deemed there but want of wit?  
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be?  
 Do they above love to be loved, and yet  
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?  
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

## MAGPIES AND SWANS

Because I breathe not love to every one,  
 Nor do not use set colours for to wear,  
 Nor nourish special locks of vowèd hair,  
 Nor give each speech the full point of a groan;  
 The courtly nymphs, acquainted with the moan  
 Of them who on their lips love's standard bear—  
 "What! he?" say they of me. "Now I dare swear  
 He cannot love. No, no; let him alone."

And think so still, so Stella know my mind;  
 Profess indeed I do not Cupid's art;  
 But you, fair maids, at length this true shall find,  
 That his right badge is worn but in the heart.  
 Dumb swans, not chattering pies, do lovers prove:  
 They love indeed who quake to say they love.

## CONDITIONAL SURRENDER

Oh, joy too high for my low style to show!  
 Oh, bliss fit for a nobler state than me!  
 Envy, put out thine eyes, lest thou do see  
 What oceans of delight in me do flow!

My friend, that oft saw, through all masks, my woe,  
 Come, come, and let me pour myself on thee.  
 Gone is the winter of my misery!  
 My spring appears, oh, see what here doth grow.  
 For Stella hath, with words where faith doth shine,  
 Of her high heart giv'n me the monarchy;  
 I, I, oh, I may say that she is mine!  
 And though she gives but thus condition'ly  
 This realm of bliss, while virtuous course I take,  
 No kings be crowned but they some covenants make.

## COME, SLEEP

Come sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace,  
 The bating place of wit, the balm of woe,  
 The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,  
 The indifferent judge between the high and low.  
 With shield of proof shield me from out the press<sup>1</sup>  
 Of those fierce darts despair at me doth throw:  
 Oh, make in me those civil wars to cease;  
 I will good tribute pay if thou do so.

Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed,  
 A chamber deaf to noise, and blind to light,  
 A rosy garland and a weary head.  
 And if these things, as being thine by right,  
 Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me  
 Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

## THOMAS LODGE

1558 (?) · 1625

*ROSALINE*<sup>4</sup>

Like to the clear in highest sphere  
 Where all imperial glory shines,  
 Of selfsame colour is her hair  
 Whether unfolded, or in twines:

<sup>1</sup> The rhyme is more exact in the original, "press" having been "prease.

Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!  
 Her eyes are sapphires set in snow  
 Resembling heaven by every wink;  
 The Gods do fear whenas they glow,  
 And I do tremble when I think,  
     Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud  
 That beautifies Aurora's face,  
 Or like the silver crimson shroud  
 That Phoebus' smiling looks doth grace:  
     Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!  
 Her lips are like two budded roses  
 Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,  
 Within which bounds she balm encloses  
 Apt to entice a deity:  
     Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Her neck is like a stately tower  
 Where Love himself imprisoned lies,  
 To watch for glances every hour  
 From her divine and sacred eyes:  
     Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!  
 Her paps are centres of delight,  
 Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,  
 Where Nature moulds the dew of light  
 To feed perfection with the same:  
     Heigh ho, would she were mine!

With orient pearl, with ruby red,  
 With marble white, with sapphire blue  
 Her body every way is fed,  
 Yet soft in touch and sweet in view:  
     Heigh ho, fair Rosaline!  
 Nature herself her shape admires;  
 The Gods are wounded in her sight;  
 And Love forsakes his heavenly fires  
 And at her eyes his brand doth light:  
     Heigh ho, would she were mine!

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan  
 The absence of fair Rosaline,  
 Since for a fair there's fairer none,  
 Nor for her virtues so divine:  
     Heigh ho, fair Rosaline;  
 Heigh ho, my heart! would God that she were mine!

*ROSALIND'S MADRIGAL*

Love in my bosom like a bee  
     Doth suck his sweet;  
 Now with his wings he plays with me,  
     Now with his feet.  
 Within mine eyes he makes his nest,  
 His bed amidst my tender breast;  
 My kisses are his daily feast,  
 And yet he robs me of my rest.  
     Ah, wanton, will ye?

And if I sleep, then percheth he  
     With pretty flight,  
 And makes his pillow of my knee  
     The livelong night.  
 Strike I my lute, he tunes the string;  
 He music plays if so I sing;  
 He lends me every lovely thing;  
 Yet cruel he my heart doth sting.  
     Whist, wanton, still ye!

Else I with roses every day  
     Will whip you hence  
 And bind you, when you long to play,  
     For your offence.  
 I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,  
 I'll make you fast it for your sin,  
 I'll count your power not worth a pin.  
 Alas, what hereby shall I win,  
     If he gainsay me?

What if I beat the wanton boy  
     With many a rod?

He will repay me with annoy,  
 Because a god.  
 Then sit thou safely on my knee,  
 Then let thy bower my bosom be;  
 Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee.  
 O Cupid, so thou pity me,  
 Spare not, but play thee.

## GEORGE PEELE

1558·1597 (?)

*HARVESTER'S SONG*

All ye that lovely lovers be,  
 Pray you for me:  
 Lo, here we come a-sowing, a-sowing,  
 And sow sweet fruits of love;  
 In your sweet hearts well may it prove!

Lo, here we come a-reaping, a-reaping, a-reaping,  
 To reap our harvest-fruit!  
 And thus we pass the year so long,  
 And never be we mute.

*BETHSABE, BATHING, SINGS*

Hot sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air,  
 Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:  
 Shine, sun; burn, fire; breathe, air, and ease me;  
 Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me, and please me:  
 Shadow, my sweet nurse, keep me from burning,  
 Make not my glad cause cause of mourning,  
 Let not my beauty's fire  
 Inflame unstaïd desire,  
 Nor pierce any bright eye  
 That wandereth lightly.

Chaucer to Elizabethans  
ROBERT SOUTHWELL

1561 · 1595

*THE BURNING BABE*

As I in hoary winter's night stood shivering in the snow,  
 Surprised I was with sudden heat which made my heart  
     to glow;  
 And lifting<sup>1</sup> up a fearful eye to view what fire was near,  
 A pretty babe all burning bright did in the air appear;  
 Who, scorched with excessive heat, such floods of tears did  
     shed  
 As though his floods should quench his flames which with  
     his tears were fed.  
 "Alas," quoth he, "but newly born in fiery heats I fry,  
 Yet none approach to warm their hearts or feel my fire  
     but I!  
 My faultless breast the furnace is; the fuel, wounding  
     thorns;  
 Love is the fire, and sighs the smoke; the ashes, shame and  
     scorns;  
 The fuel justice layeth on, and mercy blows the coals;  
 The metal in this furnace wrought are men's defiled souls,  
 For which, as now on fire I am to work them to their good;  
 So will I melt into a bath to wash them in my blood."  
 With this he vanished out of sight and swiftly shrunk  
     away,—  
 And straight I callèd unto mind that it was Christmas Day.

SAMUEL DANIEL

1562 · 1619

*SLEEP*

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,<sup>1</sup>  
 Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,  
 Relieve my languish, and restore the light;  
 With dark forgetting of my care return.

<sup>1</sup> Compare the poem by Fletcher on page 159.

And let the day be time enough to mourn  
 The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth:  
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,  
 Without the torment of the night's untruth.

Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,  
 To model forth the passions of the morrow;  
 Never let rising sun approve you liars,  
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow:  
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,  
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

*THEN AND NOW*

When men shall find thy flower, thy glory, pass,  
 And thou, with careful brow sitting alone,  
 Received hast this message from thy glass,  
 That tells the truth and says that all is gone;  
 Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou madest,  
 Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining;  
 I that have loved thee thus before thou fadest,  
 My faith shall wax when thou art in thy waning.

The world shall find this miracle in me,  
 That fire can burn when all the matter's spent;  
 Then what my faith hath been, thyself shall see,  
 And that thou wast unkind, thou mayst repent.  
 Thou mayst repent that thou hast scorned my tears,  
 When winter snows upon thy sable hairs.

MICHAEL DRAYTON

1563 · 1631

*THE PARTING*

Since there's no help, come, let us kiss and part;  
 Nay, I have done, you get no more of me;  
 And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart  
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free.

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,  
 And, when we meet at any time again,  
 Be it not seen in either of our brows  
 That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of Love's latest breath,  
 When, his pulse failing, Passion speechless lies,  
 When Faith is kneeling by his bed of death,  
 And Innocence is closing up his eyes—

Now if thou wouldst, when all have given him over,  
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover.

*GIVE ME MY SELF*

You're not alone when you are still alone;  
 O God! from you that I could private be!  
 Since you one were, I never since was one,  
 Since you in me, myself since out of me.  
 Transported from myself into your being,  
 Though either distant, present yet to either;  
 Senseless with too much joy, each other seeing  
 And only absent when we are together.

Give me my self, and take your self again!  
 Devise some means by how I may forsake you!  
 So much is mine that doth with you remain,  
 That taking what is mine, with me I take you.  
 You do bewitch me! O that I could fly  
 From my self you, or from your own self I!

*LAUGHING AT FORTUNE*

I hear some say, "This man is not in love!"  
 "Who! can he love? a likely thing!" they say.  
 "Read but his verse, and it will easily prove!"  
 O judge not rashly, gentle sir, I pray!  
 Because I loosely trifle in this sort,  
 As one that fain his sorrows would beguile,  
 You now suppose me, all this time, in sport,  
 And please yourself with this conceit the while.

Ye shallow Censures! sometimes, see ye not.  
In greatest perils some men pleasant be?  
Where Fame by death is only to be got,  
They resolute! So stands the case with me.  
Where other men in depth of passion cry,  
I laugh at Fortune, as in jest to die!

*THE PARADOX*

When first I ended, then I first began;  
Then more I travelled further from my rest.  
Where most I lost, there most of all I won;  
Pinèd with hunger, rising from a feast.  
Methinks I fly, yet want I legs to go;  
Wise in conceit, in act a very sot;  
Ravished with joy amidst a hell of woe;  
What most I seem that surest I am not.

I build my hopes a world above the sky,  
Yet with the mole I creep into the earth;  
In plenty, I am starved with penury,  
And yet I surfeit in the greatest dearth.  
I have, I want; despair, and yet desire;  
Burned in a sea of ice, and drowned amidst a fire.



# THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY

## SECOND HALF

### SHAKESPEARE AND THE RENAISSANCE

The age commonly known as Elizabethan set the key for the succeeding era in its division of the intellectual and the emotional nature. Sometimes—at its highest pitch in Shakespeare—the two were combined, and the expression was as direct as the feeling that impelled it. But frequently the attitude was prescribed, and the diction, though delicate, became inflexibly mannered. Poets were evidently forced by their profession to be—or profess to be—determined and far from private lovers, and the objects of their love were a succession of lay figures, each resembling the other to the last physical detail. The England of 1600—if one is to trust the picture presented by *England's Helicon*—seemed populated entirely by lightly wanton, rhyme-turning shepherds; and the affairs of state were, seemingly, less important than the affairs of Corydon and his Phillis. Every true gentleman occupied himself with the fashioning of falsely naive pastoral ditties, bucolics bearing the same relation to the soil as did Marie Antoinette's dresden-china milkmaids. In this agreeable world of amorous extravagance and unreality, of appealing languors and (apparently) no labour, the poets' lady—whether a court nymph or a country Nell—was celebrated in no wise for anything mental or spiritual, but always and only for her softness or her hardness, her kindness or her coyness, her redness or her whiteness. Even these qualities were hymned in a limited vocabulary of metaphors, images repeated so often and with so little variety that they were stereotypes even in their own day. Shakespeare mockingly summed up the catalogue of conceits in the sonnet beginning, "My Mistress' eyes are nothing like the sun," and as early as 1578, Barnabe Riche satirized the users of them. "If he be learned", wrote Riche, "and that he be able to write a verse, then his penne must plie to paint his mistresse prayse; she must then be a *Pallas* for her witte, a *Diana* for her chastitie, a *Venus* for her face; then shee shall be prayed for her proportion: first her Haires are wires of golde, her Cheekes are made of Lilies and red Roses, her Browes be arches, her eyes Saphires, her lookes lightnings, her mouth Corall, her teeth Pearles, her pappes Alabaster balles, her bodye streight, her belly softe, from thence downward to her knees, I thinke, is made of Sugar Candie, her hands, her fingers, her legges, her feete, and all the reste of her bodie shall be so perfect, and so pure, that of my conscience, the worst parte they will leave in her, shall be her soule."

It must, however, be added that this monotonous prettifying did not prevent Nashe and Webster and, especially, Campion from developing

a rare and almost perfect lyricism. The various energies of the Renaissance could not be confined; they broke through patterns of sentiment and style, permitting certain other poets, notably Marlowe, Jonson and Fletcher, to attain an eloquence of such richness that it is surpassed only by Shakespeare's.

Contrasted with the latter half of the sixteenth century, the period immediately preceding seems, for all its singers, sparse. Within fifty years English poetry flowered with a splendour comparable to the glory stretched over two centuries of Italian painting. Depths of passion were sounded; heights of rhetoric achieved. The temper as well as the tone of the period came to one kind of climax—an intense if tortured outcry—in Donne, who stands midway between the Elizabethan lyricists and the metaphysicians of the next division. And in Shakespeare this many-sided, almost over-vitalized, age found a complete and spontaneous release.

# WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

1564 · 1616

## SONGS FROM THE PLAYS

### SILVIA

Who is Silvia? 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 admirèd 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 helped, inhabits there.

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

### FAIRY SONGS

#### I

Over hill, over dale,  
Thorough bush, thorough brier,  
Over park, over pale,  
Thorough flood, thorough fire,  
I do wander everywhere,  
Swifter than the moonè's sphere;  
And I serve the fairy queen,  
To dew her orbs upon the green.  
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;  
In their gold coats spots you see,  
Those be rubies, fairy favours,  
In those freckles live their savours:  
I must go seek some dewdrops here,  
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.

## The Sixteenth Century II

## II

You spotted snakes with double tongue,  
 Thorny hedge-hogs, be not seen;  
 Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong;  
 Come not near our fairy queen:  
 Philomel, with melody,  
 Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
*Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.*

Never harm, nor spell, nor charm,  
 Come our lovely lady nigh;  
 So, good night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders, come not here:  
 Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!  
 Beetles black, approach not near;  
 Worm, nor snail, do no offence.  
 Philomel, with melody,  
 Sing in our sweet lullaby;  
*Lulla, lulla, lullaby, lulla, lulla, lullaby.*

## III

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

I am sent with broom before,  
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Through the house give glimmering light,  
By the dead and drowsy fire;  
Every elf and fairy sprite  
Hop as light as bird from brier;  
And this ditty, after me,  
Sing, and dance it, trippingly.  
First rehearse your song by rote,  
To each word a warbling note:  
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,  
Will we sing, and bless this place.

## THE FRAUD OF MEN

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;  
Men were deceivers ever;  
One foot in sea, and one on shore,  
To one thing constant never:  
Then sigh not so, but let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no moe,  
Of dumps so dull and heavy;  
The fraud of men was ever so,  
Since summer first was leavy:  
Then sigh not so, but let them go,  
And be you blithe and bonny,  
Converting all your sounds of woe  
Into Hey nonny, nonny.

## 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;

## The Sixteenth Century II

When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,  
Then nightly sings the staring owl

Tu-whoo!

To-whit, Tu-whoo! A merry note!  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all about the wind both 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-whoo!

To-whit, Tu-whoo! A merry note!  
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

## SEALS OF LOVE

Take, O take those lips away  
That so sweetly were forsworn,  
And those eyes, the break of day,  
Lights that do mislead the morn.  
But my kisses bring again,

Bring again—

Seals of love, but sealed in vain,  
Sealed in vain!

## COME AWAY, DEATH

Come away, come away, Death,  
And in sad cypres<sup>1</sup> let me be laid;  
Fly away, fly away, breath;  
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.  
My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,  
O prepare it!

My part of death no one so true  
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet  
On my black coffin let there be strown;  
Not a friend, not a friend greet  
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown;

<sup>1</sup> Cypres: crêpe.

A thousand thousand sighs to save,  
 Lay me, O where  
 Sad true lover never find my grave,  
 To weep there.

## SEA DIRGE

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.

## MORNING SONG

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

## LOVERS LOVE THE SPRING

It was a lover and his lass,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 That o'er the green corn-field did pass  
 In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.  
 Between the acres of the rye,  
 With a hey and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 These pretty country folks would lie,  
 In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

This carol they began that hour,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 How that a life was but a flower  
 In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

And therefore take the present time,  
 With a hey, and a ho, and a hey nonino,  
 For love is crownèd with the prime  
 In the spring-time, the only pretty ring-time,  
 When birds do sing, hey ding a ding, ding;  
 Sweet lovers love the spring.

## BITTER SONG

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 remembered 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.

## FEAR NO MORE

Fear no more the heat o' the sun  
 Nor the furious winter's rages;

'Thou thy worldly task hast done,  
 Home art gone and ta'en thy wages:  
 Golden lads and girls all must,  
 As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,  
 Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;  
 Care no more to clothe and eat;  
 To thee the reed is as the oak:  
 The sceptre, learning, physic, must  
 All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash  
 Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone;  
 Fear not slander, censure rash;  
 Thou hast finished joy and moan:  
 All lovers young, all lovers must  
 Consign to thee, and come to dust.

## FANCY

Tell me where is Fancy bred,  
 Or in the heart, or in the head?  
 How begot, how nourishèd?  
 Reply, reply.

It is engendered in the eyes;  
 With gazing fed; and Fancy dies  
 In the cradle where it lies.  
 Let us all ring Fancy's knell;  
 I'll begin it:—Ding, dong, bell.  
 —Ding, dong, bell.

## UNDER THE GREENWOOD TREE

Under the greenwood tree  
 Who loves to lie with me,  
 And tune his merry note  
 Unto the sweet bird's throat—  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.

## The Sixteenth Century II

Who doth ambition shun  
 And loves to live i' the sun,  
 Seeking the food he eats  
 And pleased with what he gets—  
 Come hither, come hither, come hither!  
 Here shall he see  
 No enemy  
 But winter and rough weather.

CRABBÈD AGE AND YOUTH<sup>1</sup>

Crabbèd Age and Youth  
 Cannot live together:  
 Youth is full of pleasance,  
 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 bold,  
 Age is weak and cold;  
 Youth is wild, and Age is tame:—  
 Age, I do abhor thee,  
 Youth, I do adore thee.  
 O! my love, my love is young!  
 Age, I do defy thee—  
 O sweet shepherd, hie thee,  
 For methinks thou stay'st too long.

## O MISTRESS MINE

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming?  
 O stay and hear! your true-love's coming  
 That can sing both high and low;  
 Trip no further, pretty sweeting,  
 Journeys end in lovers' meeting—  
 Every wise man's son doth know.

<sup>1</sup> This was printed in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, not in any of the plays, and some editors believe it to be by another hand than Shakespeare's.

What is love? 'tis not hereafter;  
 Present mirth hath present laughter;  
 What's to come is still unsure:  
 In delay there lies no plenty,—  
 Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,  
 Youth's a stuff will not endure.

MUSIC<sup>1</sup>

Orpheus with his lute made trees,  
 And the mountain-tops that freeze,  
     Bow themselves when he did sing:  
 To his music plants and flowers  
 Ever sprung; as sun and showers  
     There had made a lasting spring.

Everything that heard him play,  
 Ev'n the billows of the sea,  
     Hung their heads, and then lay by.  
 In sweet music is such art:  
 Killing care and grief of heart  
     Fall asleep, or, hearing, die.

## SONNETS

## ETERNAL SUMMER

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?  
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate;  
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,  
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date:  
 Sometimes too hot the eye of heaven shines,  
 And often is his gold complexion dimmed:  
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,  
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimmed:

<sup>1</sup> This song, from *Henry VIII*, has sometimes been assigned to Fletcher, who collaborated with Shakespeare in the writing of the play. Since it is impossible to determine what parts were written by either poet, and since the accent of the verse seems Shakespearean, the editor is not shifting the ascription.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade  
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest;  
 Nor shall Death brag thou wanderest 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.

FORTUNE AND MEN'S EYES

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes  
 I all alone bewep my outcast state,  
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,  
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate;  
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,  
 Featured like him, like him with friends possest,  
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,  
 With what I most enjoy contented least;

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,  
 Haply I think on thee—and then my state,  
 Like to the lark at break of day arising  
 From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;  
 For thy sweet love remembered, such wealth brings  
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought  
 I summon up remembrance of things past,  
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,  
 And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;  
 Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,  
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,  
 And weep afresh love's long-since-cancelled woe,  
 And moan the expense of many a vanished sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,  
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er  
 The sad account of fore-bemoanèd moan,  
 Which I new pay as if not paid before.  
 —But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,  
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

## THESE LINES

If Thou survive my well-contented day  
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover.  
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey  
These poor rude lines of thy deceased lover;  
Compare them with the bettering of the time,  
And though they be outstripped by every pen,  
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme  
Exceeded by the height of happier men.

O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought—  
“Had my friend’s muse grown with this growing age,  
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,  
To march in ranks of better equipage:  
But since he died, and poets better prove,  
Theirs for their style I’ll read, his for his love.”

## SUNS AND CLOUDS

Full many a glorious morning have I seen  
Flatter the mountain-tops with sovereign eye,  
Kissing with golden face the meadows green,  
Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy;  
Anon permit the basest clouds to ride  
With ugly rack on his celestial face,  
And from the forlorn world his visage hide,  
Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace.

Even so my sun one early morn did shine  
With all-triumphant splendour on my brow;  
But out, alack! he was but one hour mine,  
The region cloud hath masked him from me now.  
Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth;  
Suns of the world may stain when heaven’s sun staineth.

## TIME

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,  
So do our minutes hasten to their end;  
Each changing place with that which goes before,  
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity, once in the main of light,  
 Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crowned,  
 Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,  
 And Time that gave, doth now his gift confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,  
 And delves the parallels in beauty's brow;  
 Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,  
 And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow:—  
 And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand  
 Praising Thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

TIRED WITH ALL THESE

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry—  
 As, to behold desert a beggar born,  
 And needy nothing trimmed in jollity,  
 And purest faith unhappily forsworn,  
 And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,  
 And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,  
 And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,  
 And strength by limping sway disabled,  
 And art made tongue-tied by authority,  
 And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,  
 And simple truth miscalled simplicity,  
 And captive Good attending captain Ill:—  
 Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,  
 Save that, to die, I leave my love alone.

TWILIGHT OF LOVE

That time of year thou may'st in me behold  
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold—  
 Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.  
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day  
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,  
 Which by-and-by black night doth take away,  
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest:

In me thou seest the glowing of such fire  
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,

As the death-bed whereon it must expire,  
Consumed with that which it was nourished by.  
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,  
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

## FAREWELL

Farewell! thou art too dear for my possessing,  
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate:  
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing;  
My bonds in thee are all determinate.  
For how do I hold thee but by thy granting?  
And for that riches where is my deserving?  
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,  
And so my patent back again is swerving.

Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,  
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking;  
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,  
Comes home again, on better judgment making.  
Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter,  
In sleep, a king; but waking, no such matter.

## LILIES THAT FESTER

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,  
That do not do the thing they most do show,  
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,  
Unmovèd, cold, and to temptation slow,—  
They rightly do inherit heaven's graces,  
And husband nature's riches from expense;  
They are the lords and owners of their faces,  
Others, but stewards of their excellence.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet  
Though to itself it only live and die;  
But if that flower with base infection meet,  
The basest weed outbraves his dignity:  
For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds;  
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

## CHRONICLE OF WASTED TIME

When in the chronicle of wasted time  
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,  
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme  
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights;  
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best  
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,  
 I see their antique pen would have exprest  
 Ev'n such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies  
 Of this our time, all, you prefiguring;  
 And for they looked but with divining eyes,  
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing!  
 For we, which now behold these present days,  
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

## LOVE IS NOT LOVE WHICH ALTERS

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.

## DESPITE TIME

No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change:  
 Thy pyramids built up with newer might,  
 To me are nothing novel, nothing strange;  
 They are but dressings of a former sight.

Our dates are brief, and therefore we admire  
 What thou dost foist upon us that is old,  
 And rather make them born to our desire  
 Than think that we before have heard them told.

Thy registers and thee I both defy,  
 Not wondering at the present nor the past;  
 For thy records and what we see do lie,  
 Made more or less by thy continual haste.  
 This I do vow, and this shall ever be,  
 I will be true, despite thy scythe and thee.

## PAST REASON

The expense of spirit in a waste of shame  
 Is lust in action; and till action lust  
 Is perjured, murderous, bloody, full of blame,  
 Savage, extreme, rude, cruel, not to trust;  
 Enjoyed no sooner but despisèd straight;  
 Past reason hunted; and no sooner had,  
 Past reason hated, as a swallowed bait,  
 On purpose laid to make the taker mad:  
 Mad in pursuit, and in possession so;  
 Had, having, and in quest to have, extreme;  
 A bliss in proof,—and proved, a very woe;  
 Before, a joy proposed; behind, a dream.  
 All this the world well knows; yet none knows well  
 To shun the heaven that leads men to this hell.

## BODY AND SOUL

Poor Soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
 Fooled by those rebel powers that thee array,  
 Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
 Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
 Why so large cost, hâving so short a lease,  
 Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
 Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,  
 Eat up thy charge? is this thy body's end?

Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
 And let that pine to aggravate thy store;

Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
 Within be fed, without be rich no more:—  
 So shalt thou feed on Death, that feeds on men,  
 And Death once dead, there's no more dying then.

## CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

1564 · 1593

*THE PASSIONATE 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 roses  
 And a thousand fragrant posies,  
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle  
 Embroidered 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 gold.

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.

<sup>1</sup> Walter Raleigh's "Reply" is on page 101.

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.

*FIRST SIGHT*  
 From "Hero and Leander"

It lies not in our power to love or hate,  
 For will in us is overruled by fate.  
 When two are stripped, long ere the course begin  
 We wish that one should lose, the other win;  
 And one especially do we affect  
 Of two gold ingots, like in each respect.  
 The reason no man knows, let it suffice,  
 What we behold is censured by our eyes.  
 Where both deliberate, the love is slight;  
 Who ever loved, that loved not at first sight?

THOMAS NASHE

1567 · 1601

*SPRING*

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king;  
 Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
 Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,  
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The palm and may make country houses gay,  
 Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,  
 And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay,  
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,  
 Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,  
 In every street these tunes our ears do greet,  
 Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!  
 Spring! the sweet Spring!

*WINTER, PLAGUE AND PESTILENCE*

Autumn hath all the summer's fruitful treasure;  
 Gone is our sport, fled is our Croydon's pleasure!  
 Short days, sharp days, long nights come on apace:  
 Ah, who shall hide us from the winter's face?  
 Cold doth increase, the sickness will not cease,  
 And here we lie, God knows, with little ease.

From winter, plague, and pestilence, good Lord, deliver  
 us!

London doth mourn, Lambeth is quite forlorn!  
 Trades cry, woe worth that ever they were born!  
 The want of term is town and city's harm;  
 Close chambers we do want to keep us warm.  
 Long banished must we live from all our friends:  
 This low-built house will bring us to our ends.

From winter, plague, and pestilence, good Lord, deliver  
 us!

## THOMAS CAMPION

1567 · 1620

*LOST FREEDOM*

Kind are her answers,  
 But her performance keeps no day;  
 Breaks time, as dancers  
 From their own music when they stray:  
 All her free favours  
 And smooth words wing my hopes in vain.  
 O did ever voice so sweet but only feign?  
 Can true love yield such delay,  
 Converting joy to pain?

Lost is our freedom,  
 When we submit to women so:  
 Why do we need them,  
 When in their best they work our woe?  
 There is no wisdom

Can alter ends, by Fate prefixed.  
 O why is the good of man with evil mixed?  
 Never were days yet called two,  
 But one night went betwixt.

*THERE IS A GARDEN IN HER FACE*

There is a garden in her face,  
 Where roses and white lilies grow;  
 A heav'nly paradise is that place,  
 Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.  
 There cherries grow which none may buy  
 Till "cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose  
 Of orient pearls a double row,  
 Which when her lovely laughter shows,  
 They look like rosebuds filled with snow.  
 Yet them nor peer nor prince can 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 attempt with eye or hand  
 Those sacred cherries to come nigh,  
 Till "cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

*ROSE-CHEEKED LAURA*

Rose-cheeked Laura, come,  
 Sing thou smoothly with thy beauty's  
 Silent music, either other  
 Sweetly gracing.

Lovely forms do flow  
 From concent<sup>1</sup> divinely framèd;  
 Heav'n is music, and thy beauty's  
 Birth is heavenly.

<sup>1</sup> Harmony; concord of tones.

These dull notes we sing  
Discords need for helps to grace them;  
Only beauty purely loving  
    Knows no discord,

But still moves delight,  
Like clear springs renewed by flowing,  
Ever perfect, ever in them-  
    Selves eternal.

*IT SHALL SUFFICE*

Follow your saint, follow with accents sweet!  
Haste you, sad notes, fall at her flying feet!  
There, wrapped in clouds of sorrow, pity move,  
And tell the ravisher of my soul I perish for her love:  
But, if she scorns my never-ceasing pain,  
Then burst with sighing in her sight and ne'er return again.

All that I sang still to her praise did tend,  
Still she was first, still she my songs did end;  
Yet she my love and music both doth fly,  
The music that her echo is and beauty's sympathy.  
Then let my notes pursue her scornful flight!  
It shall suffice that they were breathed and died for her  
delight.

*HIS LOVER'S TRIUMPHS*

When thou must home to shades of underground,  
And there arrived, a new admirèd guest,  
The beauteous spirits do engirt thee round,  
White Iope, blithe Helen and the rest,  
To hear the stories of thy finished love  
From that smooth tongue whose music hell can move:  
Then wilt thou speak of banqueting delights,  
Of masques and revels which sweet youth did make,  
Of tourneys and great challenges of knights,  
And all these triumphs for thy beauty's sake.  
When thou hast told these honours done to thee,  
Then tell, O tell, how thou didst murder me.

*BEAUTY UNBOUND*

Give beauty all her right!  
 She's not to one form tied;  
 Each shape yields fair delight  
 Where her perfections bide:  
 Helen, I grant, might pleasing be,  
 And Rosamond was as sweet as she.

Some the quick eye commends,  
 Some swelling lips and red;  
 Pale looks have many friends,  
 Through sacred sweetness bred:  
 Meadows have flowers that pleasures move,  
 Though roses are the flowers of love.

Free beauty is not bound  
 To one unmoved clime;  
 She visits every ground  
 And favours every time.  
 Let the old loves with mine compare;  
 My sovereign is as sweet and fair.

## HENRY WOTTON

1568 · 1639

*CHARACTER OF A 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,  
 Not tied unto the world with care  
 Of public fame, or private breath;

## The Sixteenth Century II

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 oppressors 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.

*ON THE DEATH OF SIR ALBERT MORTON'S  
 WIFE*

He first deceased—she, for a little, tried  
 To live without him, liked it not and died.

JOHN DAVIES

1569·1626

*THE VIRGIN QUEEN*

AN ANAGRAM

E arly before the day doth spring  
 L et us awake, my Muse, and sing,  
 I t is no time to slumber;  
 S o many joys this time doth bring  
 A s time will fail to number.

B ut whereto shall we bend our lays?  
 E ven up to heaven, again to raise  
 T he maid which, thence descended,  
 H ath brought again the golden days  
 A nd all the world amended.

R udeness itself she doth refine,  
 E 'en like an alchemist divine,  
 G ross times of iron turning  
 I nto the purest form of gold,  
 N ot to corrupt till heaven wax old,  
 A nd be refined with burning.

## BEN JONSON

1572 · 1637

*SHORT MEASURES*

## FROM AN ODE

It is not growing like a tree  
 In bulk, doth make man better be;  
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,  
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:  
     A lily of a day  
     Is fairer far in May,  
 Although it fall and die that night—  
 It was the plant and flower of light.  
 In small proportions we just beauties see;  
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

*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.

## The Sixteenth Century II

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 wishèd 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!

*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 withered 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!

*SWEET NEGLECT*

Still to be neat, still to be drest,  
 As you were going to a feast:  
 Still to be powdered, still perfumed:  
 Lady, it is to be presumed.  
 Though art's hid causes are not found,  
 All is not sweet, all is not sound.

Give me a look, give me a face  
 That makes simplicity a grace;  
 Robes loosely flowing, hair as free:  
 Such sweet neglect more taketh me,  
 Than all th' adulteries of art,  
 That strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

*DIRGE FOR NARCISSUS*

Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time with my salt tears;  
 Yet slower, yet; O faintly, gentle springs;  
 List to the heavy part the music bears,  
 Woe weeps out her division when she sings.

Droop, herbs and flowers;  
 Fall, grief, in showers,  
 Our beauties are not ours;  
 O, I could still,  
 Like melting snow upon some craggy hill,  
 Drop, drop, drop, drop,  
 Since nature's pride is now a withered daffodil.

*FORTUNATE FOOL*

Fools, they are the only nation  
 Worth men's envy or admiration;  
 Free from care or sorrow-taking,  
 Selves and others merry making:  
 All they speak or do is sterling.  
 Your fool, he is your great man's darling,  
 And your ladies' sport and pleasure;  
 Tongue and bauble are his treasure.  
 Ev'n his face begetteth laughter,  
 And he speaketh truth free from slaughter.  
 He's the grace of every feast,  
 And sometimes the chiefest guest;  
 Hath his trencher and his stool,  
 When wit waits upon the fool.  
 O, who would not be  
 He, he, he?

## The Sixteenth Century II

THOMAS HEYWOOD

1573 (?) · 1641

*WELCOME TO DAY*

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!

JOHN DONNE

1573 · 1631

*THE GOOD-MORROW*

I wonder, by my troth, what thou and I  
 Did, till we loved? were we not weaned till then?  
 But sucked on country pleasures, childish?  
 Or snorted we in the Seven Sleepers' den?  
 'Twas so; but this, all pleasures fancies be;  
 If ever any beauty I did see,  
 Which I desired, and got, 'twas but a dream of thee.

And now good-morrow to our waking souls,  
 Which watch not one another out of fear;  
 For love all love of other sights controls,  
 And makes one little room an everywhere.  
 Let sea-discoverers to new worlds have gone;  
 Let maps to other worlds on worlds have shown;  
 Let us possess one world; each hath one, and is one.

My face in thine eye, thine in mine appears,  
 And true plain hearts do in the faces rest;  
 Where can we find two better hemispheres  
 Without sharp north, without declining west?  
 Whatever dies, was not mixed equally;  
 If our two loves be one, or thou and I  
 Love so alike that none can slacken, none can die.

*THE SUN RISING*

Busy old fool, unruly Sun,  
 Why dost thou thus,  
 Through windows, and through curtains, call on us?  
 Must to thy motions lovers' seasons run?  
     Saucy pedantic wretch, go chide  
     Late school-boys and sour prentices,  
 Go tell court-huntsmen that the king will ride,  
 Call country ants to harvest offices;  
 Love, all alike, no season knows nor clime,  
 Nor hours, days, months, which are the rags of time.

Thy beams so reverend and strong  
 Why shouldst thou think?  
 I could eclipse and cloud them with a wink,  
 But that I would not lose her sight so long.  
     If her eyes have not blinded thine,  
     Look, and to-morrow late tell me,  
     Whether both th' Indias of spice and mine  
     Be where thou left'st them, or lie here with me.  
 Ask for those kings whom thou saw'st yesterday,  
 And thou shalt hear, "All here in one bed lay."

She's all states, and all princes I:  
 Nothing else is;  
 Princes do but play us; compared to this,  
 All honour's mimic, all wealth alchemy.  
 Thou, Sun, art half as happy as are we,  
 In that the world's contracted thus;  
 Thine age asks ease, and since thy duties be  
 To warm the world, that's done by warming us.  
 Shine here to us, and thou art everywhere;  
 This bed thy centre is, these walls thy sphere.

*THE ECSTASY*

Where, like a pillow on a bed,  
 A pregnant bank swelled up, to rest  
 The violet's reclining head,  
 Sat we two, one another's best.  
  
 Our hands were firmly cèmented  
 By a fast balm, which thence did spring,  
 Our eye-beams twisted, and did thread  
 Our eyes upon one double string.  
  
 So to engraft our hands, as yet  
 Was all the means to make us one;  
 And pictures in our eyes to get  
 Was all our propagation.  
  
 As, 'twixt two equal armies, Fate  
 Suspends uncertain victory,  
 Our souls—which to advance their state,  
 Were gone out—hung 'twixt her and me.  
  
 And whilst our souls negotiate there,  
 We like sepulchral statues lay;  
 All day, the same our postures were,  
 And we said nothing, all the day.  
  
 If any, so by love refined,  
 That he soul's language understood,  
 And by good love were grown all mind,  
 Within convenient distance stood,

He—though he knew not which soul spake,  
Because both meant, both spoke the same—  
Might thence a new concoction take,  
And part far purer than he came.

This ecstasy doth unperplex  
(We said) and tell us what we love;  
We see by this, it was not sex;  
We see, we saw not, what did move:

But as all several souls contain  
Mixture of things they know not what,  
Love these mixed souls doth mix again,  
And makes both one, each this and that.

A single violet transplant,  
The strength, the colour, and the size—  
All which before was poor and scant—  
Redoubles still, and multiplies.

When love with one another so  
Interinanimates two souls,  
That abler soul, which thence doth flow,  
Defects of loneliness controls.

We then, who are this new soul, know,  
Of what we are composed and made,  
For th'atomies of which we grow  
Are souls, whom no change can invade.

But, O alas! so long, so far,  
Our bodies why do we forbear?  
They are ours, though they're not we; we are  
Th'intelligences, they the spheres.

We owe them thanks, because they thus  
Did us, to us, at first convey,  
Yielded their forces, sense, to us,  
Nor are dross to us, but allay.

On man heaven's influence works not so,  
But that it first imprints the air;  
So soul into the soul may flow,  
Though it to body first repair.

As our blood labours to beget  
 Spirits, as like souls as it can,  
 Because such fingers need to knit  
 That subtle knot, which makes us man:

So must pure lovers' souls descend  
 To affections, and to faculties,  
 Which sense may reach and apprehend,  
 Else a great prince in prison lies.

To our bodies turn we then, that so  
 Weak men on love revealed may look;  
 Love's mysteries in souls do grow,  
 But yet the body is his book.

And if some lover, such as we,  
 Have heard this dialogue of one,  
 Let him still mark us, he shall see  
 Small change when we're to bodies gone.

#### *THE CANONIZATION*

For God's sake hold your tongue, and let me love,  
 Or chide my palsy, or my gout,  
 My five grey hairs, or ruined fortune flout;  
 With wealth your state, your mind with arts improve,  
 Take you a course, get you a place,  
 Observe his honour, or his grace;  
 Or the king's real, or his stampèd face  
 Contemplate; what you will, approve,  
 So you will let me love.

Alas, alas, who's injured by my love?  
 What merchants' ships have my sighs drowned?  
 Who says my tears have overflowèd his ground?  
 When did my colds a forward spring remove?  
 When did the heats which my veins fill  
 Add one more to the plaguy bill?  
 Soldiers find wars, and lawyers find out still  
 Litigious men, which quarrels move,  
 Though she and I do love.

We can die by it, if not live by love,  
 And if unfit for tombs and hearse  
 Our legend be, it will be fit for verse;  
 And if no piece of chronicle we prove,  
 We'll build in sonnets pretty rooms;  
 As well a well-wrought urn becomes  
 The greatest ashes as half-acre tombs,  
 And by these hymns, all shall approve  
 Us canonized for love,

And thus invoke us: You whom reverend love  
 Made one another's hermitage;  
 You, to whom love was peace, that now is rage;  
 Who did the whole world's soul contract, and drove  
 Into the glasses of your eyes—  
 So made such mirrors and such spies  
 That they did all to you epitomize,—  
 Countries, towns, courts; beg from above  
 A pattern of your love!

*THE UNDERTAKING*

I have done one braver thing  
 Than all the worthies did;  
 And yet a braver thence doth spring,  
 Which is, to keep that hid.

It were but madness now to impart  
 The skill of specular stone,  
 When he, which can have learned the art  
 To cut it, can find none.

So, if I now should utter this,  
 Others—because no more  
 Such stuff to work upon there is—  
 Would love but as before.

But he who loveliness within  
 Hath found, all outward loathes,  
 For he who colour loves, and skin,  
 Loves but their oldest clothes.

If, as I have, you also do  
 Virtue in woman see,  
 And dare love that, and say so too,  
 And forget the He and She;

And if this love, though placèd so,  
 From profane men you hide,  
 Which will no faith on this bestow,  
 Or, if they do, deride;

Then you have done a braver thing  
 Than all the worthies did;  
 And yet a braver thence will spring,  
 Which is, to keep that hid.

SONG

Sweetest love, I do not go  
 For weariness of thee,  
 Nor in hope the world can show  
 A fitter love for me;  
 But since that I  
 Must die at last, 'tis best,  
 To use myself in jest  
 Thus by feigned deaths to die.

Yesternight the sun went hence,  
 And yet is here to-day;  
 He hath no desire nor sense,  
 Nor half so short a way;  
 Then fear not me,  
 But believe that I shall make  
 Speedier journeys, since I take  
 More wings and spurs than he

Oh, how feeble is man's power,  
 That if good fortune fall,  
 Cannot add another hour,  
 Nor a lost hour recall!

But come bad chance,  
 And we join to it our strength,  
 And we teach it art and length,  
 Itself o'er us to advance.

When thou sigh'st, thou sigh'st not wind,  
 But sigh'st my soul away;  
 When thou weep'st, unkindly kind,  
 My life's blood doth decay.  
 It cannot be  
 That thou lov'st me, as thou say'st,  
 If in thine my life thou waste;  
 Thou art the best of me.

Let not thy divining heart  
 Forethink me any ill,  
 Destiny may take thy part,  
 And may thy fears fulfil;  
 But think that we  
 Are but turned aside to sleep;  
 They who one another keep  
 Alive, ne'er parted be.

*PRAYER FOR VIOLENCE*

DIVINE POEM

Batter my heart, three-personed God; for you  
 As yet but knock, breathe, shine, and seek to mend.  
 That I may rise and stand, o'erthrow me and bend  
 Your force to break, blow, burn and make me new.  
 I, like an usurped town, to another due,  
 Labour to admit you, but, oh, to no end;  
 Reason, your viceroy in me, me should defend,  
 But is captived and proves weak or untrue.  
 Yet dearly I love you and would be loved fain,  
 But am betrothed unto your enemy:  
 Divorce me, untie or break that knot again,  
 Take me to you, imprison me, for I,  
 Except you enthrall me, never shall be free,  
 Nor ever chaste, except you ravish me.

*DEATH, BE NOT PROUD*

Death, be not proud, though some have callèd thee  
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;  
 For those whom thou think'st thou dost overthrow  
 Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.  
 From Rest and Sleep, which but thy picture be,  
 Much pleasure; then from thee much more must flow;  
 And soonest our best men with thee do go—  
 Rest of their bones and souls' delivery!  
 Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,  
 And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell;  
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well  
 And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then?  
 One short sleep past, we wake eternally,  
 And Death shall be no more: Death, thou shalt die!

## THOMAS DEKKER

1570 (?) · 1641 (?)

*LULLABY*

Golden slumbers kiss your eyes;  
 Smiles awake you when you rise.  
 Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,  
 And I will sing a lullaby:  
*Rock them, rock them, lullaby.*

Care is heavy, therefore sleep you;  
 You are care, and care must keep you.  
 Sleep, pretty wantons, do not cry,  
 And I will sing a lullaby:  
*Rock them, rock them, lullaby.*

*O SWEET CONTENT*

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers?  
 O sweet content!  
 Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexèd?  
 O punishment!

Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexèd  
 To add to golden numbers, golden numbers?  
 O sweet content! O sweet, O sweet content!  
     Work apace, apace, apace, apace;  
     Honest labour bears a lovely face;  
 Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

Canst drink the waters of the crispèd spring?  
     O sweet content!  
 Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears?  
     O 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 nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny!

## RICHARD BARNEFIELD

1574 · 1627

### *THE NIGHTINGALE*

As it fell upon a day,  
 In the merry month of May,  
 Sitting in a pleasant shade,  
 Which a grove of myrtles made,  
 Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,  
 Trees did grow, and plants did spring:  
 Every thing did banish moan,  
 Save the nightingale alone.  
 She (poor bird) as all forlorn,  
 Leaned her breast up-till a thorn,  
 And there sung the dolefulst ditty,  
 That to hear it was great pity.  
 Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry  
 Teru teru, by and by:  
 That to hear her so complain,  
 Scarce I could from tears refrain:

For her grief so lively shown,  
Made me think upon mine own.  
Ah (thought I) thou mournst in vain;  
None takes pity on thy pain:  
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee;  
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee.  
King Pandion, he is dead:  
All thy friends are lapped in lead.  
All thy fellow birds do sing,  
Careless of thy sorrowing.  
Whilst as fickle fortune smiled,  
Thou and I, were both beguiled.  
Every one that flatters thee,  
Is no friend in misery:  
Words are easy, like the wind;  
Faithful friends are hard to find:  
Every man will be thy friend  
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:  
But if store of crowns be scant,  
No man will supply thy want.  
If that one be prodigal,  
Bountiful, they will him call:  
And with such-like flattering,  
Pity but he were a king.  
If he be addict to vice,  
Quickly him they will entice.  
If to women he be bent,  
They have at commandement.  
But if fortune once do frown,  
Then farewell his great renown:  
They that fawned on him before,  
Use his company no more.  
He that is thy friend indeed,  
He will help thee in thy need:  
If thou sorrow, he will weep;  
If thou wake, he cannot sleep:  
Thus of every grief, in heart  
He, with thee doth bear a part.  
These are certain signs, to know  
Faithful friend, from flatt'ring foe.

## JOHN MARSTON

157

1575 (?) · 1634

### OBLIVION

*From "The Scourge of Villainy"*

Thou mighty gulf, insatiate cormorant,  
Deride me not, though I seem petulant  
To fall into thy chops. Let others pray  
Forever their fair poems flourish may;  
But as for me, hungry Oblivion,  
Devour me quick, accept my orison,  
    My earnest prayers, which do importune thee  
    With gloomy shade of thy still empery,  
    To veil both me and my rude poesy.

Far worthier lines in silence of thy state  
Do sleep securely, free from love or hate,  
From which this, living, ne'er can be exempt,  
But whilst it breathes will hate and fury tempt.  
Then close his eyes with thy all-dimming hand,  
Which not right glorious actions can withstand.  
Peace, hateful tongues, I now in silence pace;  
Unless some hound do wake me from my place,  
    I with the sharp, yet well-meant poesy,  
    Will sleep secure, right free from injury  
    Of cankered hate or rankest villainy.

## JOHN FLETCHER

1579 · 1625

### MOURN NO MORE

Weep no more, nor sigh, nor groan,  
Sorrow calls no time that's gone:  
Violets plucked the sweetest rain  
Makes not fresh nor grow again.  
Trim thy locks, look cheerfully;  
Fate's hid ends eyes cannot see.

Joys as wingèd dreams fly fast;  
 Why should sadness longer last?  
 Grief is but a wound to woe:  
 Gentlest fair, mourn, mourn no moe!

*ASPATIA'S SONG*

Lay a garland on my hearse.  
 Of the dismal yew:  
 Maidens, willow branches bear;  
 Say, I dièd true.

My love was false, but I was firm  
 From my hour of birth.  
 Upon my buried body lie  
 Lightly, gentle earth!

*TO PAN*

All ye woods, and trees, and bowers,  
 All ye virtues and ye powers  
 That inhabit in the lakes,  
 In the pleasant springs or brakes,  
     Move your feet  
     To our sound  
     Whilst we greet  
     All this ground  
 With his honour and his name  
 That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,  
 He is ever good, and must  
 Thus be honoured. Daffadillies,  
 Roses, pinks, and lovèd liljies,  
     Let us fling,  
     Whilst we sing,  
     Ever holy,  
     Ever holy,  
 Ever honoured, ever young!  
 Thus great Pan is ever sung.

*CARE-CHARMING SLEEP*<sup>1</sup>

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,  
 Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose  
 On this afflicted prince. Fall like a cloud  
 In gentle showers. Give nothing that is loud,  
 Or painful to his slumbers; easy, light,  
 And as a purling stream, thou son of Night,  
 Pass by his troubled senses. Sing his pain,  
 Like hollow murmuring wind or silver raiñ.  
 Into this prince gently, oh, gently slide.  
 And kiss him into slumbers like a bride.

## JOHN WEBSTER

1580 (?) · 1625 (?)

*NETS TO CATCH THE WIND*

All the flowers of the spring  
 Meet to perfume our burying;  
 These have but their growing prime,  
 And man does flourish but his time.  
 Survey our progress from our birth—  
 We are set, we grow, we turn to earth.  
 Courts adieu, and all delights,  
 All bewitching appetites!  
 Sweetest breath and clearest eye  
 Like perfumes go out and die;  
 And consequently this is done  
 As shadows wait upon the sun.  
 Vain the ambition of kings  
 Who seek by trophies and dead things  
 To leave a living name behind,  
 And weave but nets to catch the wind.

*A LAND DIRGE*

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,  
 Since o'er shady groves they hover,  
 And with leaves and flowers do cover  
 The friendless bodies of unburied men.

<sup>1</sup> Compare the poem by Daniel on page 114.

Call unto his funeral dole  
 The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,  
 To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm,  
 And (when gay tombs are robbed) sustain no harm;  
 But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,  
 For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

RICHARD CORBET  
 Bishop of Oxford and Norwich  
 1582 · 1635

*THE FAIRIES' FAREWELL*

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

Lament, lament, old Abbeys,  
 The fairies' lost command;  
 They did not change priests' babies,  
 But some have changed your land!  
 And all your children sprung from thence  
 Are now grown Puritans,  
 Who live as changelings ever since,  
 For love of your domains.

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

Witness those rings and roundelays  
 Of theirs, which yet remain,  
 Were footed in Queen Mary's days  
 On many a grassy plain;  
 But since of late, Elizabeth  
 And, later, James came in,  
 They never danced on any heath  
 As when the time hath been.

By which we note the fairies  
 Were of the old profession;  
 Their songs were *Ave-Maries*,  
 Their dances were procession.  
 But now, alas! they all are dead,  
 Or gone beyond the seas;  
 Or farther for religion fled;  
 Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company  
 They never could endure;  
 And whoso kept not secretly  
 Their mirth, was punished sure;  
 It was a most just Christian deed  
 To pinch such black and blue:  
 Oh, how the Commonwealth doth need  
 Such justices as you!

## FRANCIS BEAUMONT

1584·1616

*A DANCE*

Shake off your heavy trance!  
 And leap into a dance  
 Such as no mortals use to tread:  
 Fit only for Apollo  
 To play to, for the moon to lead,  
 And all the stars to follow!

*MIRTH*

'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood,  
 More than wine, or sleep, or food;  
 Let each man keep his heart at ease;  
 No man dies of that disease!  
 He that would his body keep  
 From diseases, must not weep;  
 But whoever laughs and sings,  
 Never he his body brings  
 Into fevers, gout, or rheums,  
 Or lingeringly his lungs consumes;  
 Or meets with ague in his bone,  
 Or catarrhs, or griping stone:  
 But contented lives for aye;  
 The more he laughs, the more he may!

*ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY*

Mortality, behold and fear  
 What a change of flesh is here!  
 Think how many royal bones  
 Sleep within this heap of stones;  
 Here they lie, had realms and lands,  
 Who now want strength to stir their hands,  
 Where from their pulpits sealed with dust  
 They preach, "In greatness is no trust."  
 Here's an acre sown indeed  
 With the richest royallest seed  
 That the earth did e'er suck in  
 Since the first man died for sin:  
 Here the bones of birth have cried  
 "Though gods they were, as men they died!"  
 Here are sands, ignoble things,  
 Dropt from the ruined sides of kings:  
 Here's a world of pomp and state  
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

1588 · 1667

*FAREWELL, SWEET GROVES*  
*From "Fair-Virtue"*

Farewell,  
 Sweet groves to you;  
 You hills, that highest dwell,  
 And all you humble vales, adieu.  
 You wanton brooks and solitary rocks,  
 My dear companions all, and you, my tender flocks!  
 Farewell, my pipe, and all those pleasing songs, whose moving strains  
 Delighted once the fairest nymphs that dance upon the plains;  
 You discontents, whose deep and over-deadly smart,  
 Have, without pity, broke the truest heart;  
 Sighs, tears, and every sad annoy,  
 That erst did with me dwell,  
 And all other's joy,  
 Farewell!

Adieu,  
 Fair shepherdesses:  
 Let garlands of sad yew  
 Adorn your dainty golden tresses.  
 I, that loved you, and often with my quill  
 Made music that delighted fountain, grove, and hill:  
 I, whom you loved so, and with a sweet and chaste embrace.  
 (Yea, with a thousand rarer favours) would vouchsafe to grace,  
 I, now must leave you all alone, of love to plain;  
 And never pipe, nor never sing again.  
 I must, for evermore, be gone,  
 And therefore bid I you,  
 And every one,  
 Adieu.

*WHAT CARE I ?*

Shall I, wasting in despair,  
 Die because a woman's fair?  
 Or my cheeks make pale with care  
 'Cause another's rosy are?  
 Be she fairer than the day  
 Or the flowery meads in May—  
 If she be not so to me,  
 What care I how fair she be?

Shall my foolish heart be pined  
'Cause I see a woman kind?  
Or a well disposèd nature  
Joinèd with a lovely feature?  
Be she meeker, kinder, than  
Turtle-dove or pelican,  
    If she be not so to me,  
    What care I how kind she be?

Shall a woman's virtues move  
Me to perish for her love?  
Or her merits' value known  
Make me quite forget mine own?  
Be she with that goodness blest  
Which may gain her name of Best;  
    If she seem not such to me,  
    What care I how good she be?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,  
Shall I play the fool and die?  
Those that bear a noble mind  
Where they want of riches find,  
Think what with them they would do  
Who without them dare to woo;  
    And unless that mind I see,  
    What care I how great she be?

Great or good, or kind or fair,  
I will ne'er the more despair;  
If she love me, this believe,  
I will die ere she shall grieve;  
If she slight me when I woo,  
I can scorn and let her go;  
    For if she be not for me,  
    What care I for whom she be?

# THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

## CAVALIERS, PURITANS, METAPHYSICIANS

All previous strains of English poetry reached a sudden amplification in the seventeenth century. Diverse political movements, new alignments in religion were reflected in swift cultural changes and in an enlarging literature. The gamut ranged from the extreme of delicacy to the height of sublimity; every creative impulse, from the minute to the magnificent, flourished in unprecedented variety. The Elizabethan courtliness was continued, even more nimbly turned, by the cavaliers Suckling, Lovelace and Waller; Herrick took the artfully artless lyric from Ben Jonson and surpassed his master in charm and craftsmanship. Dryden, changing the spirit as well as the versification at the end of the century, was the poet of transition, bridging the Renaissance and the Restoration. Far different and deeper harmonies were sounded by the metaphysical poets, poets in the combined rôles of ministers, "angels and earthly creatures". It was a curious music; lightly or ironically meditative in Marvell, gravely speculative in Vaughan and King, innocent and affirmative in Traherne, suffused with a most radiant simplicity (not a mere " quaintness") in Herbert.

Milton towered above the literature of his day, and his age became as definitely "the age of Milton" as the preceding epoch was "the age of Shakespeare". Writing of *Paradise Lost*, Samuel Johnson, whose reactions to poetry were by turns invaluable and incredible, once concluded: "such is the power of Milton's poetry, that his will is obeyed without resistance; the reader feels himself in captivity to a higher and a nobler mind, and criticism sinks in admiration." Yet Johnson could not see (or hear) the magic in "Lycidas", an elegy which is one of Milton's finest, though, superficially, one of his most "difficult" poems. Johnson, like many others, was probably disturbed by the mounting periods, nonplussed by the remote allusions and the strange mixture of "heathen fictions" and "sacred truths". Yet "Lycidas"—certain schoolmen, to the contrary—is not a scholar's exercise. As the late poet laureate, Robert Bridges, wrote, "It was not Dr. Johnson's ignorance or deficient education that made him dislike 'Lycidas'. It was his unpoetic mind that was at fault, and his taste in music or painting would probably have been at the same level. Moreover, children do not resent what they cannot understand in poetry, and they generally have a keener sense for beauty than Dr. Johnson had—indeed, if he would have become again as a little child, he might have liked 'Lycidas' very well."

The difficulties dwindle if they do not disappear as one reads Milton. The pagan myths, the mythological references, the "remote allusions" are not the poetry but merely the properties, properties which, nevertheless, become an integral part of the poem. It is sheer rapture that lifts the line—whether in the happy running couplets of "L'Allegro" or the immediate orchestral surge of the first book of "Paradise Lost"

—and it is nothing but this magic which is needed to translate “Lycidas” to any reader who cares to listen. Here the poet has combined his memories and his emotions and “the practical aspects of life into a dreamy passionate flux” and, to quote Bridges again, “all is so heightened and inspired that we do not wonder to find embedded therein the clear prophecy of a conspicuous historical event: though the whole literature can scarcely show any comparable example.”

I have said so much (comparatively) of Milton because I have quoted so much less than I would have chosen. Though my excuse is the strictly limited space, I feel guilty because of the omission of the hymn “On the Morning of Christ’s Nativity” (which may be found in practically every anthology), even though I have used the pages for the full-length picture of Satan, a composite from “Paradise Lost”. I apologize for such condensation, rather than for the few textual changes in spelling and punctuation.

# ROBERT HERRICK

1591 · 1674

## *THE ARGUMENT OF HIS BOOK*

I sing of Brooks, of Blossoms, Birds, and Bowers:  
Of April, May, of June, and July-Flowers.  
I sing of May-poles, Hock-carts, Wassails, Wakes,  
Of Bride-grooms, Brides, and of their Bridal-cakes.  
I write of Youth, of Love, and have access  
By these, to sing of cleanly-wantonness.  
I sing of Dews, of Rains, and piece by piece  
Of Balm, of Oil, of Spice, and Amber-Greece.  
I sing of Times trans-shifting; and I write  
How Roses first came red, and Lilies white.  
I write of Groves, of Twilights, and I sing  
The Court of Mab, and of the Fairy-King.  
I write of Hell; I sing (and ever shall)  
Of Heaven, and hope to have it after all.

## *TO THE VIRGINS, TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME*

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,  
Old Time is still a-flying:  
And this same flower that smiles to-day,  
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,  
The higher he's a-getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst  
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And while ye may, go marry:  
For having lost but once your prime,  
You may for ever tarry.

*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 evensong;  
 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 any thing.  
 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.

*THE MAD MAID'S SONG*

Good morrow to the day so fair;  
 Good morning, sir, to you:  
 Good morrow to mine own torn hair  
 Bedabbled with the dew.

Good morning to this primrose, too;  
 Good morrow to each maid  
 That will with flowers the tomb bestrew,  
 Wherein my love is laid.

Ah! woe is me; woe, woe is me!  
 Alack and welladay!  
 For pity, sir, find out that bee,  
 Which bore my love away.

I'll seek him in your bonnet brave;  
 I'll seek him in your eyes;  
 Nay, now I think they've made his grave  
 I' the bed of strawberries.

I'll seek him there; I know, ere this,  
 The cold, cold earth doth shake him;  
 But I will go, or send a kiss  
 By you, sir, to awake him.

Pray hurt him not; though he' be dead,  
 He knows well who do love him,  
 And who with green-turfs rear his head,  
 And who do rudely move him.

He's soft and tender (pray take heed),  
 With bands of cowslips bind him;  
 And bring him home. But 'tis decreed,  
 That I shall never find him.

*TO DAISIES, NOT TO SHUT SO SOON*

Shut not so soon; the dull-eyed night  
 Has not as yet begun  
 To make a seizure on the light,  
 Or to seal up the sun.

No marigolds yet closèd are;  
 No shadows great appear;  
 Nor doth the early shepherd's star  
 Shine like a spangle here.

Stay but till my Julia close  
 Her life-begetting eye;  
 And let the whole world then dispose  
 Itself to live or die.

*UPON LOVE*

Love brought me to a silent grove,  
 And showed me there a tree,  
 Where some had hanged themselves for love,  
 And gave a twist to me.

The halter was of silk and gold,  
 That he reacht forth unto me:  
 No otherwise, than if he would  
 By dainty things undo me.

He bade me then that necklace use;  
 And told me too, he maketh  
 A glorious end by such a noose,  
 His death for love that taketh.

'Twas but a dream. But had I been  
 There really alone,  
 My desperate fears, in love, had seen  
 Mine execution.

*OBERON'S FEAST*

Shapcot! to thee the Fairy State  
 I, with discretion, dedicate.  
 Because thou prizest things that are  
 Curious, and unfamiliar.  
 Take first the feast; these dishes gone;  
 We'll see the Fairy-Court anon.

A little mushroom-table spread,  
 After short prayers, they set on bread;  
 A moon-parcht grain of purest wheat,  
 With some small glitt'ring grit, to eat  
 His choice bits with; then in a trice  
 They make a feast less great than nice.  
 But all this while his eye is served,  
 We must not think his ear was starved:  
 But that there was in place to stir  
 His spleen, the chirring grasshopper;  
 The merry cricket, puling fly,  
 The piping gnat for minstrelsy.  
 And now, we must imagine first,  
 The elves present to quench his thirst  
 A pure seed-pearl of infant dew,  
 Brought and besweetened in a blue  
 And pregnant violet; which done,  
 His catlike eyes begin to run

Quite through the table, where he spies  
 The horns of papery butterflies:  
 Of which he eats, and tastes a little  
 Of that we call the cuckoo's spittle.  
 A little fuzz-ball pudding stands  
 By, yet not blessèd by his hands,  
 That was too coarse. But then, forthwith,  
 He ventures boldly on the pith  
 Of sugared rush, and eats the sag  
 And well bestrutted bee's sweet bag,  
 Gladding his palate with some store  
 Of emmets' eggs. What would he more?  
 But beards of mice, a newt's stewed thigh,  
 A bloated earwig, and a fly,  
 With the red-capped worm that's shut  
 Within the concave of a nut,  
 Brown as his tooth. A little moth,  
 Late fattened in a piece of cloth:  
 With withered cherries; mandrake's ears;  
 Moles' eyes; to these, the slain stag's tears:  
 The unctuous dewlaps of a snail;  
 The broke' heart of a nightingale  
 O'ercome in music; with a wine,  
 Ne'er ravisht from the flattering vine,  
 But gently prest from the soft side  
 Of the most sweet and dainty bride,  
 Brought in a dainty daisy, which  
 He fully quaffs up to bewitch  
 His blood to height. This done, commended  
 Grace by his priest. *The feast is ended.*

*HIS PRAYER TO BEN JONSON*

When I a verse shall make,  
 Know I have prayed thee,  
 For old religion's sake,  
 Saint Ben, to aid me.  
 Make the way smooth for me,  
 When I, thy Herrick,  
 Honouring thee, on my knee  
 Offer my lyric.

## The Seventeenth Century

Candles I'll give to thee,  
 And a new altar;  
 And thou, Saint Ben, shalt be  
 Writ in my psalter.

*TO ANTHEA WHO MAY COMMAND HIM  
 ANYTHING*

• Bid me to live, and I will live  
 Thy protestant to be:  
 Or bid me love, and I will give  
 A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
 A heart as sound and free  
 As in the whole world thou canst find,  
 That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,  
 To honour thy decree:  
 Or bid it languish quite away,  
 And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep  
 While I have eyes to see:  
 And having none, yet I will keep  
 A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair,  
 Under that cypress tree:  
 Or bid me die, and I will dare  
 E'en Death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
 The very eyes of me,<sup>4</sup>  
 And hast command of every part,  
 To live and die for thee.

*DELIGHT IN DISORDER*

A sweet disorder in the dress  
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness:  
 A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
 Into a fine distraction.  
 An erring lace, which here and there  
 Entrhals the crimson stomacher,  
 A cuff neglectful, and thereby  
 Ribbands to flow confusedly,  
 A winning wave (deserving note)  
 In the tempestuous petticoat,  
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie  
 I see a wild civility,  
 Do more bewitch me, than when art  
 Is too precise in every part.

*UPON JULIA'S CLOTHES*

Whenas in silks my Julia goes  
 Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows  
 That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see  
 That brave vibration each way free;  
 O how that glittering taketh me!

## HENRY KING

1592 · 1669

*THE SURRENDER*

My once dear Love; hapless that I no more  
 Must call thee so: the rich affections' store  
 That fed our hopes, lies now exhaust and spent,  
 Like sums of treasure unto bankrupts lent.

We that did nothing study but the way  
 To love each other, with which thoughts the day  
 Rose with delight to us, and with them set,  
 Must learn the hateful art, how to forget.

We that did nothing wish that Heav'n could give  
 Beyond ourselves, nor did desire to live  
 Beyond that wish, all these now cancel must  
 As if not writ in faith, but words and dust.

Yet witness those clear vows which lovers make;  
 Witness the chaste desires that never break  
 Into unruly heats; witness that breast  
 Which in thy bosom anchored his whole rest.  
 'Tis no default in us, I dare acquit  
 Thy maiden faith, thy purpose fair and white  
 As thy pure self. Cross planets did envy  
 Us to each other, and Heaven did untie  
 Faster than vows could bind. O that the stars,  
 When lovers meet, should stand opposed in wars!

Since then some higher Destinies command.  
 Let us not strive, nor labour to withstand  
 What is past help. The longest date of grief  
 Can never yield a hope of our relief;  
 And though we waste ourselves in moist laments,  
 Tears may drown us, but not our discontents.

Fold back our arms, take home our fruitless loves,  
 That must new fortunes try, like turtle doves  
 Dislodgèd from their haunts. We must in tears  
 Unwind a love knit up in many years.  
 In this last kiss I here surrender thee  
 Back to thyself, so thou again art free.  
 Thou in another, sad as that, resend  
 The truest heart that lover ere did lend.

Now turn from each. So fare our severed hearts  
 As the divorced soul from her body parts.

*A CONTEMPLATION UPON FLOWERS*

Brave flowers—that I could gallant it like you,  
 And be so little vain!  
 You come abroad, and make a harmless show,  
 And to your beds of earth again.  
 You are not proud: you know your birth:  
 For your embroidered garments are from earth.

You do obey your months and times, but I  
 Would have it ever Spring:  
 My fate would know no Winter, never die,  
 Nor think of such a thing.  
 O that I could my bed of earth but view  
 And smile, and look as cheerfully as you!

O teach me to see Death and not to fear,  
 But rather to take truce!  
 How often have I seen you at a bier,  
 And there look fresh and spruce!  
 You fragrant flowers, then teach me, that my breath  
 Like yours may sweeten and perfume my death.

*OF HUMAN LIFE*

Like to the falling of a star,  
 Or as the flights of eagles are,—  
 Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,  
 Or silver drops of morning dew;  
 Or like a wind that chafes the flood,  
 Or bubbles which on water stood:  
 Even such a man, whose borrowed light  
 Is straight called in, and paid to night.  
 The wind blows out, the bubble dies;  
 The spring entombed in autumn lies;  
 The dew dries up, the star is shot;  
 The flight is past—and man forgot.

GEORGE HERBERT

1593 · 1633

*THE PULLEY*

When God at first made man,  
 Having a glass of blessings standing by—  
 Let us (said he) pour on him all we can;  
 Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,  
 Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way,  
 Then beauty flowed, then wisdom, honour, pleasure:  
 When almost all was out, God made a stay,  
 Perceiving that, alone of all his treasure,  
 Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said he)  
 Bestow this jewel also on my creature,  
 He would adore my gifts instead of me,  
 And rest in nature, not the God of nature,  
 So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,  
 But keep them with repining restlessness;  
 Let him be rich and weary, that at least,  
 If goodness lead him not, yet weariness  
 May toss him to my breast.

*DISCIPLINE*

Throw away thy rod,  
 Throw away thy wrath;  
 O my God,  
 Take the gentle path.

For my heart's desire  
 Unto thine is bent;  
 I aspire  
 To a full consent.

Not a word or look  
 I affect to own,  
 But by book,  
 And thy book alone.

Though I fail, I weep;  
 Though I halt in pace,  
 Yet I creep  
 To the throne of grace.

Then let wrath remove;  
 Love will do the deed;  
 For with love  
 Stony hearts will bleed.

Love is swift of foot;  
 Love's a man of war,  
     And can shoot,  
 And can hit from far.

Who can 'scape his bow?  
 That which wrought on thee,  
     Brought thee low,  
 Needs must work on me.

Throw away thy rod:  
 Though man frailties hath,  
     Thou art God;  
 Throw away thy wrath.

*PARADISE*

I bless thee, Lord, because I GROW  
 Among the trees, which in a ROW  
 To thee both fruit and order OW.<sup>1</sup>

What open force, or hidden CHARM  
 Can blast my fruit, or bring me HARM,  
 While the inclosure is thine ARM:

Inclose me still for fear I START;  
 Be to me rather sharp and TART,  
 Than let me want thy hand and ART.

When thou dost greater judgments SPARE,  
 And with thy knife but prune and PARE,  
 Even fruitful trees more fruitful ARE:

Such sharpness shows the sweetest FREN<sup>•</sup>D,<sup>1</sup>  
 Such cuttings rather heal than REND,  
 And such beginning touch their END.

<sup>1</sup> The old spelling is retained in order to preserve Herbert's ingenious construction: furnishing new rhymes by the dropping of a single letter at a time.

## HEAVEN

O, who will show me those delights on high?  
 Echo: *I.*  
 Thou Echo, thou art mortal, all men know.  
 Echo: *No.*  
 Wert thou not born among the trees and leaves?  
 Echo: *Leaves.*  
 And are there any leaves that still abide?  
 Echo: *Bide.*  
 What leaves are they? impart the matter wholly.  
 Echo: *Holy.*  
 Are holy leaves the Echo, then, of bliss?  
 Echo: *Yes.*  
 Then tell me, what is that supreme delight?  
 Echo: *Light.*  
 Light to the mind; what shall the will enjoy?  
 Echo: *Joy.*  
 But are there cares and business with the pleasure?  
 Echo: *Leisure.*  
 Light, joy, and leisure; but shall they persèver?  
 Echo: *Ever.*

## MAN

My God, I heard this day  
 That none doth build a stately habitation,  
 But he that means to dwell therein.  
 What house more stately hath there been,  
 Or can be, than is man? to whose creation  
 All things are in decay.

For man is everything,  
 And more: He is a tree, yet, bears more fruit;<sup>1</sup>  
 A beast, yet is, or should be, more:

<sup>1</sup> This line usually reads:

And more: he is a tree, yet bears no fruit;  
 which contradicts the sense and is at complete variance with Herbert's evident intention. The Williams Manuscript has "mo", which certain transcribers took to be "no", and most editions have perpetuated the error.

Reason and speech we only bring;  
Parrots may thank us, if they are not mute,  
They go upon the score.

Man is all symmetry,  
Full of proportions, one limb to another,  
And all to all the world besides;  
Each part may call the furthest brother,  
For head with foot hath private amity,  
And both with moons and tides.

Nothing hath got so far,  
But man hath caught and kept it as his prey;  
His eyes dismount the highest star;  
He is in little all the sphere;  
Herbs gladly cure our flesh, because that they  
Find their acquaintance there.

For us the winds do blow;  
The earth doth rest, heaven move, and fountains flow;  
Nothing we see but means our good,  
As our delight or as our treasure.  
The whole is either our cupboard of food,  
Or cabinet of pleasure.

The stars have us to bed;  
Night draws the curtain, which the sun withdraws;  
Music and light attend our head.  
All things unto our flesh are kind  
In their descent and being; to our mind  
In their ascent and cause.

Each thing is full of duty:  
Waters united are our navigation;  
Distinguishèd, our habitation.  
Below, our drink; above, our meat;  
Both are our cleanliness. Hath one such beauty?  
Then how are all things neat!

More servants wait on man  
 Than he'll take notice of: in every path  
 He treads down that which doth befriend him  
 When sickness makes him pale and wan.  
 O mighty love! Man is one world, and hath  
 Another to attend him.

Since then, my God, thou hast  
 So brave' a palace built, O dwell in it,  
 That it may dwell with thee at last!  
 Till then afford us so much wit,  
 That, as the world serves us, we may serve thee,  
 And both thy servants be.

*THE ELIXIR*

Teach me, my God and King,  
 In all things thee to see,  
 And what I do in anything  
 To do it as for thee.

Not rudely, as a beast,  
 To run into an action;  
 But still to make thee prepossesst,  
 And give it his perfection.

A man that looks on glass,  
 On it may stay his eye;  
 Or, if he pleaseth, through it pass,  
 And then the Heaven espy.

All may of thee partake:  
 Nothing can be so mean  
 Which with his tincture, (for,thy sake)  
 Will not grow bright and clean.

A servant with this clause  
 Makes drudgery divine;  
 Who sweeps a room, as for thy laws,  
 Makes that and the action fine.

This is the famous stone  
 That turneth all to gold;  
 For that which God doth touch and own  
 Cannot for less be told.

*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 springs, 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.

*LOVE*

Love bade me welcome; yet my soul drew back,  
 Guilty of dust and sin.  
 But quick-eyed Love, observing me grow slack  
 From my first entrance in,  
 Drew nearer to me, sweetly questioning  
 If I lacked anything.

“A guest,” I answered, “worthy to be here.”

Love said, “You shall be he.”

“I, the unkind, the ungrateful? Ah, my dear,  
 I cannot look on Thee.”

Love took my hand, and smiling, did reply,  
 “Who made the eyes but I?”

- “Truth, Lord, but I have marred them: let my shame  
Go where it doth deserve.”
- “And know you not,” says Love, “who bore the blame?”  
“My dear, then I will serve.”
- “You must sit down,” says Love, “and taste my meat.”  
So I did sit and eat.

## JAMES SHIRLEY

1596 · 1666

*THE LEVELLING DUST*

The glories of our blood and state  
Are shadows, not substantial things;  
There is no armour against fate;  
Death lays his icy hand on kings:  
Sceptre and Crown  
Must tumble down,  
And in the dust be equal made  
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,  
And plant fresh laurels where they kill:  
But their strong nerves at last must yield;  
They tame but one another still:  
Early or late  
They stoop to fate,  
And must give up their murmuring breath  
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow;  
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;  
Upon Death's purple altar now  
See where the victor-victim bleeds:  
Your heads must come  
To the cold tomb;  
Only the actions of the just  
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

*MORE WAYS TO KILL*

Victorious men of earth, no more  
 Proclaim how wide your empires are:  
 Though you bind-in every shore  
 And your triumphs reach as far  
 As night or day,  
 Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey  
 And mingle with forgotten ashes, when  
 Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,  
 Each able to undo mankind,  
 Death's servile emissaries are;  
 Nor to these alone confined,  
 He hath at will  
 More quaint and subtle ways to kill;  
 A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,  
 Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

## THOMAS CAREW

1598 · 1638

*EPITAPH ON A YOUNG GIRL*

This little vault, this narrow room,  
 Of love and beauty is the tomb;  
 The dawning beam, that 'gan to clear  
 Our clouded sky lies darkened here,  
 For ever set to us: by Death  
 Sent to enflame the world beneath.  
 'Twas but a bud, yet did contain  
 More sweetness than shall spring again;  
 A budding star, that might have grown  
 Into a sun when it had blown.  
 This hopeful beauty did create  
 New life in love's declining state;

But now his empire ends, and we  
 From fire and wounding darts are free.  
 His brand, his bow, let no man fear:  
 The flames, the arrows, all lie here.

*NEVER-DYING FIRE*

He that loves a rosy cheek  
 Or a coral lip admires,  
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek  
 Fuel to maintain his fires;  
 As old Time makes these decay,  
 So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,  
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,  
 Hearts with equal love combined,  
 Kindle never-dying fires:—  
 Where these are not, I despise  
 Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

WILLIAM DAVENANT

1606 · 1668

*AWAKE! AWAKE!*

The lark now leaves his watery nest,  
 And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings.  
 He takes this window for the East,  
 And to implore your light he sings—  
 Awake! awake! The morn will never rise  
 Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,  
 The ploughman from the sun his season takes;  
 But still the lover wonders what they are  
 Who look for day before his mistress wakes.  
 Awake! awake! Break thro' your veils of lawn!  
 Then draw your curtains, and begin the dawn!

1606 · 1687

*THE DANCER*

Behold the brand of beauty tossed!  
See how the motion does dilate the flame!  
Delighted love his spoils does boast,  
And triumph in this game.  
Fire, to no place confined,  
Is both our wonder and our fear;  
Moving the mind,  
As lightning hurled through air.

High heaven the glory does increase  
Of all her shining lamps, this artful way;  
The sun in figures, such as these,  
Joys with the moon to play.  
To the sweet strains they all advance,  
Which do result from their own spheres,  
As this nymph's dance  
Moves with the numbers which she hears.

*GO, LOVELY ROSE*

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  
 They are so wondrous sweet and fair!

*ON A GIRDLE*

That which her slender waist confined  
 Shall now my joyful temples bind.  
 No monarch but would give his crown  
 His arms might do what this has done.

It was my heaven's extremest sphere,  
 The pale which held that lovely deer;  
 My joy, my grief, my hope, my love  
 Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass! and yet there  
 Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.  
 Give me but what this ribband bound,  
 Take all the rest the sun goes round.

JOHN MILTON

1608 · 1674

*ON SHAKESPEARE*

What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones  
 The labour of an age in pilèd stones?  
 Or that his hallowed reliques should be hid  
 Under a star-ypointing pyramid?  
 Dear son of memory, great heir of fame,  
 What need'st thou such weak witness of thy name?  
 Thou in our wonder and astonishment  
 Hast built thyself a livelong monument.  
 For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,  
 Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart  
 Hath from the leaves of thy unvalued book  
 Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,

Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,  
 Dost make us marble with too much conceiving,  
 And so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie  
 That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.

*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  
 Lodged 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 denied?"  
 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 rest;  
 They also serve who only stand and wait."

*SONG ON MAY MORNING*

Now the bright morning star, Day's harbinger,  
 Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her  
 The flowery May, who from her green lap throws  
 The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.

Hail, bounteous May, that does inspire  
 Mirth, and youth, and warm desire!  
 Woods and groves are of thy dressing;  
 Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.  
 Thus we salute thee with our early song,  
 And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

*L'ALLEGRO*

Hence, loathèd Melancholy,  
 Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born  
 In Stygian cave forlorn  
 'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy!

Find out some uncouth cell

Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous 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.

But come, thou goddess fair and free,

In heaven yclept Euphrosyne,

And by men, heart-easing Mirth,

Whom lovely Venus at a birth

With two sister Graces more

To ivy-crownèd 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 washed in dew

Filled her with thee, a daughter fair,

So buxom, blithe, and debonair.

Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee

Jest and youthful jollity,

Quips and cranks and wanton wiles,

Nods and becks and wreathèd 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.

Come, and trip it as you go

On 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 unreprouèd pleasures free;

To hear the lark begin his flight

And singing startle the dull night

From his watch-tower 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 sweetbrier, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine:  
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 listening how the hounds and horn  
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,  
From the side of some hoar 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  
Robed in flames and amber light,  
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;  
While the ploughman, near at hand,  
Whistles o'er the furrowed land,  
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,  
And the mower whets his scythe,  
And every shepherd 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 gray,  
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;  
Towers and battlements it sees  
Bosomed high in tufted 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 tanned haycock in the mead.

Sometimes with secure delight  
 The 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 chequered shade;  
 And young and old come forth to play  
 On a sun-shine holy-day,  
 Till the live-long day-light fail:  
 Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,  
 With stories told of many a feat,  
 How faery Mab the junkets eat:—  
 She was pinched, and pulled, 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 threshed the corn  
 That ten day-labourers could not end;  
 Then lies him down the lubber fiend,  
 And, stretched 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 lulled asleep.

Towered cities please us then  
 And the busy hum of men,  
 Where throngs of knights and barons bold,  
 In weeds<sup>1</sup> of peace, high triumphs hold,  
 With store of ladies, whose bright eyes  
 Rain influence, and judge the prize

<sup>1</sup> Weeds: apparel. Some editions make this "weeks of peace," but "weeds" is evidently the correct form.

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 feast, 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 Jonson's learnèd 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  
 Of linkèd 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 heaped Elysian flowers, and hear  
 Such strains as would have won the ear  
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free  
 His half-regained Eurydice.

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

*IL PENSEROSO*

Hence, vain deluding Joys,  
 The brood of Eolly without father bred!  
 How little you bestead  
 Or fill the fixèd mind with all your toys!  
 Dwell in some idle brain,  
 And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess  
 As thick and numberless  
 As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,

Or likest hovering dreams,  
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.  
 But hail, thou goddess sage and holy.  
 Hail, divinest Melancholy!  
 Whose saintly visage is too bright  
 To hit the sense of human sight,  
 And therefore to our weaker view  
 O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;  
 Black, but such as in esteem  
 Prince Memnon's sister might beseech,  
 Or that starred Ethiop queen that strove  
 To set her beauty's praise above  
 The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended.  
 Yet thou art higher far descended:  
 Thee bright-haired Vesta, long of yore,  
 To solitary Saturn bore;  
 His daughter she; in Saturn's reign  
 Such mixture was not held a stain:  
 Oft in glimmering bowers and glades  
 He met her, and in secret shades  
 Of woody Ida's inmost grove,  
 While yet there was no fear of Jove.  
 Come, pensive Nun, devout and pure,  
 Sober, steadfast, and demure,  
 All in a robe of darkest grain  
 Flowing with majestic train,  
 And sable stole of cypres lawn  
 Over thy decent shoulders drawn.  
 Come, but keep thy wonted state,  
 With even step, and musing gait,  
 And looks commercing with the skies,  
 Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:  
 There, held in holy passion still,  
 Forget thyself to marble, till  
 With a sad leaden downward cast  
 Thou fix them on the earth as fast:  
 And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,  
 Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,  
 And hears the Muses in a ring  
 Aye round about Jove's altar sing:

And add to these retirèd Leisure  
 That in trim gardens takes his pleasure :—  
 But first and chiefest, with thee bring  
 Him that yon soars on golden wing  
 Guiding the fiery-wheelèd throne,  
 The cherub Contemplatìon;  
 And the mute Silence hist along,  
 'Less Philomel will deign a song  
 In her sweetest saddest plight,  
 Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,  
 While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke  
 Gently o'er the accustomed oak.  
 Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,  
 Most musical, most melancholy!  
 Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among  
 I woo, to hear thy even-song;  
 And missing thee, I walk unseen  
 On the dry smooth-shaven green,  
 To behold the wandering Moon  
 Riding near her highest noon,  
 Like one that had been led astray  
 Through the heaven's wide pathless way,  
 And oft, as if her head she bowed,  
 Stooping through a fleecy cloud.

Oft, on a plat of rising ground  
 I hear the far-off curfew sound  
 Over some wide-watered shore,  
 Swinging slow with sullen roar:  
 Or, if the air will not permit,  
 Some still removèd place will fit,  
 Where blowing embers through the room  
 Teach light to counterfeit a gloom,  
 Far from all resort of mirth,  
 Save the cricket on the hearth,  
 Or the bellman's drowsy charm  
 To bless the doors from nightly harm.

Or let my lamp at midnight hour  
 Be seen in some high lonely tower,  
 Where I may oft out-watch the Bear  
 With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere

The spirit of Plato, to unfold  
 What worlds or what vast regions hold  
 The immortal mind that hath forsook  
 Her mansion in this fleshly nook:  
 And of those demons that are found  
 In fire, air, flood, or under ground,  
 Whose power hath a true consent  
 With planet, or with element.  
 Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy  
 In sceptred pall come sweeping by,  
 Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,  
 Or the tale of Troy divine;  
 Or what (though rare) of later age  
 Ennobled hath the buskined stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power,  
 Might raise Musæus from his bower,  
 Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing  
 Such notes as, warbled to the string,  
 Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek  
 And made Hell grant what Love did seek! . . .

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,  
 Till civil-suited Morn appear,  
 Not tricked and frownced as she was wont  
 With the Attic Boy to hunt,  
 But kerchiefed in a comely cloud  
 While rocking winds are piping loud,  
 Or ushered with a shower still,  
 When the gust hath blown his fill,  
 Ending on the rustling leaves  
 With minute drops from off the eaves.  
 And when the sun begins to fling  
 His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring  
 To archèd walks of twilight groves,  
 And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,  
 Of pine, or monumental oak,  
 Where the rude axe, with heavèd stroke,  
 Was never heard the nymphs to daunt  
 Or fright them from their hallowed haunt.  
 There in close covert by some brook  
 Where no profaner eye may look,

Hide me from day's garish eye,  
While the bee with honeyed thigh,  
That at her flowery work doth sing,  
And the waters murmuring,  
With such consort as they keep,  
Entice the dewy-feathered Sleep;  
And let some strange mysterious dream  
Wave at his wings in airy stream  
Of lively portraiture displayed,  
Softly on my eyelids laid:  
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe  
Above, about, or underneath,  
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,  
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.

But let my due feet never fail  
To walk the studious cloister's pale  
And love the high-embowèd roof,  
With antique pillars massy proof  
And storied windows richly dight,  
Casting a dim religious light:  
There let the pealing organ blow  
To the full-voiced quire below  
In service high and anthems clear,  
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.

And may at last my weary age  
Find out the peaceful hermitage,  
The hairy gown and mossy cell  
Where I may sit and rightly spell  
Of every star that heaven doth shew,  
And every herb that sips the dew;  
Till old experience do attain  
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,  
And I with thee will choose to live.

*ON TIME*

Fly, envious Time, till thou run out thy race:  
 Call on the lazy, leaden-stepping hours,  
 Whose speed is but the heavy plummet's pace;  
 And glut thyself with what thy womb devours,  
 Which is no more than what is false and vain,  
 And merely mortal dross;  
 So little is our loss,  
 So little is thy gain!  
 For, when as each thing bad thou hast entombed,  
 And, last of all, thy greedy self consumed,  
 Then long Eternity shall greet our bliss  
 With an individual kiss,  
 And Joy shall overtake us as a flood;  
 When every thing that is sincerely good,  
 And perfectly divine,  
 With Truth, and Peace, and Love, shall ever shine  
 About the supreme throne  
 Of him, to whose happy-making sight alone  
 When once our heavenly-guided soul shall climb,  
 Then, all this earthly grossness quit,  
 Attired with stars we shall for ever sit,  
 Triumphant over Death, and Chance, and thee, O Time!

*SONGS**From "Arcades"*

O'er the smooth enamelled green,  
 Where no print of step hath been,  
     Follow me, as I sing  
     And touch the warbled string;  
 Under the shady roof  
 Of branching elm star- $\pi$ -roof  
     Follow me.  
 I will bring you where she sits,  
 Clad in splendour as befits  
     Her deity.  
 Such a rural Queen  
 All Arcadia hath not seen.

*From "Comus"*

## I

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen  
Within thy airy shell  
By slow Meander's margent green,  
And in the violet-embroidered vale  
Where the love-lorn nightingale  
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well:  
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair  
That likest thy Narcissus are?  
O, if thou have  
Hid them in some flowery cave,  
Tell me but where,  
Sweet Queen of Parley, Daughter of the Sphere!  
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,  
And give resounding grace to all Heaven's harmonies !

## II

The star that bids the shepherd fold  
Now the top of heaven doth hold;  
And the gilded car of day  
His glowing axle doth allay  
In the steep Atlantic stream;  
And the slope sun his upward beam  
Shoots against the dusky pole,  
Pacing toward the other goal  
Of his chamber in the east.  
Meanwhile, welcome joy and feast,  
Midnight shout and revelry,  
Tipsy dance and jollity.  
Braid your locks with rosy twine,  
Dropping odours, dropping wine.  
Rigour now is gone to bed;  
And Advice with scrupulous head,  
Strict Age, and sour Severity,  
With their grave saws, in slumber lie.  
We, that are of purer fire,  
Imitate the starry quire,  
Who, in their nightly watchful spheres,  
Lead in swift round the months and years.

The sounds and seas, with all their finny drove,  
 Now to the moon in wavering morrice move;  
 And on the tawny sands and shelves  
 Trip the pert fairies and the dapper elves.  
 By dimpled brook and fountain-brim,  
 The wood-nymphs, decked with daisies trim,  
 Their merry wakes and pastimes keep:  
 What hath night to do with sleep?  
 Night hath better sweets to prove;  
 Venus now wakes, and wakens Love.  
 Come, let us our rites begin;  
 'Tis only daylight that makes sin. . . .  
 Come, knit hands, and beat the ground  
 In a light fantastic round.

## III

To the ocean now I fly,  
 And those happy climes that lie  
 Where day never shuts his eye,  
 Up in the broad fields of the sky.  
 There I suck the liquid air,  
 All amidst the gardens fair  
 Of Hesperus, and his daughters three  
 That sing about the golden tree.  
 Along the crispèd shades and bowers  
 Revels the spruce and jocund Spring;  
 The Graces and the rosy-bosomed Hours  
 Thither all their bounties bring.  
 There eternal Summer dwells,  
 And west winds with musky wing  
 About the cedarn alleys fling  
 Nard and cassia's balmy smells.  
 Iris there with humid bow  
 Waters the odorous banks, that blow  
 Flowers of more mingled hue  
 Than her purpled scarf can shew,  
 And drenches with Elysian dew  
 (List, mortals, if your ears be true)  
 Beds of hyacinth and roses,  
 Where young Adonis oft reposes,

Waxing well of his deep wound,  
 In slumber soft, and on the ground  
 Sadly sits the Assyrian queen.  
 But far above, in spangled sheen,  
 Celestial Cupid, her famed son, advanced,  
 Holds his dear Psyche, sweet entranced  
 After her wandering labours long,  
 Till free consent the gods among  
 Make her his eternal bride,  
 And from her fair unspotted side  
 Two blissful twins are to be born,  
 Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.

But now my task is smoothly done:  
 I can fly, or I can run  
 Quickly to the green earth's end,  
 Where the bowed welkin slow doth bend,  
 And from thence can soar as soon  
 To the corners of the moon.  
 Mortals, that would follow me,  
 Love Virtue; she alone is free.  
 She can teach ye how to climb  
 Higher than the sphery chime;  
 Or, if Virtue feeble were,  
 Heaven itself would stoop to her.

## SATAN

*From "Paradise Lost," Book I*

. . . His pride

Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host  
 Of rebel Angels, by whose aid, aspiring  
 To set himself in glory above his peers,  
 He trusted to have equalled the Most High,  
 If he opposed, and, with ambitious aim  
 Against the throne and monarchy of God,  
 Raised impious war in Heaven and battle proud,  
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power  
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,  
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down  
 To bottomless perdition, there to dwell  
 In adamantine chains and penal fire,

Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms.

Nine times the space that measures day and night  
 To mortal men, he, with his horrid crew,  
 Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,  
 Confounded, though immortal. But his doom  
 Reserved him to more wrath; for now the thought  
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain  
 Torments him: round he throws his baleful eyes,  
 That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,  
 Mixed with obdurate pride and steadfast hate.  
 At once, as far as Angels ken, he views  
 The dismal situation waste and wild.  
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,  
 As one great furnace flamed; yet from those flames  
 No light; but rather darkness visible  
 Served only to discover sights of woe,  
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace  
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes  
 That comes to all, but torture without end  
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed  
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed.  
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepared  
 For those rebellious; here their prison ordained  
 In utter darkness, and their portion set,  
 As far removed from God and light of Heaven  
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.  
 Oh, how unlike the place from whence they fell!  
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed  
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,  
 He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,  
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,  
 Long after known in Palestine, and named  
 Beëlzebub. To whom the Arch-Enemy,  
 And thence in Heaven called Satan, with bold words  
 Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:—  
 “If thou beest he—but, Oh, how fallen! how changed  
 From him!—who, in the happy realms of light,  
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst out-  
 shine  
 Myriads, though bright—if he whom mutual league,

United thoughts and counsels, equal hope  
And hazard in the glorious enterprise,  
Joined with me once, now misery hath joined  
In equal ruin; into what pit thou seest  
From what height fallen: so much the stronger proved  
He with his thunder: and till then who knew  
The force of those dire arms? Yet not for those,  
Nor what the potent Victor in his rage  
Can else inflict, do I repent, or change,  
Though changed in outward lustre, that fixed mind,  
And high disdain from sense of injured merit,  
That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,  
And to the fierce contentions brought along  
Innumerable force of Spirits armed,  
That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,  
His utmost power with adverse power opposed  
In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,  
And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?  
All is not lost—the unconquerable will,  
And study of revenge, immortal hate,  
And courage never to submit or yield:  
And what is else not to be overcome.”

Thus Satan, talking to his nearest mate,  
With head uplift above the wave, and eyes  
That sparkling blazed; his other parts besides  
Prone on the flood, extended long and large,  
Lay floating many a rood, in bulk as huge  
As whom the fables name of monstrous size,  
Titanian or Earth-born, that warred on Jove,  
Briareos or Typhon, whom the den  
By ancient Tarsus held, or that sea-beast  
Leviathan, which God of all his works  
Created hugest that swim the ocean-stream;  
Him, haply slumbering on the Norway foam,  
The pilot of some small night-foundered skiff,  
Deeming some island, oft, as seamen tell,  
With fixèd anchor in his scaly rind,  
Moors by his side under the lee, while night  
Invests the sea, and wishèd morn delays.

So stretched out huge in length the Arch-fiend lay,  
 Chained on the burning lake; nor ever thence  
 Had risen, or heaved his head, but that the will  
 And high permission of all-ruling heaven  
 Left him at large to his own dark designs. . . .

Forthwith upright he rears from off the pool  
 His mighty stature; on each hand the flames  
 Driven backward slope their pointing spires, and, rolled  
 In billows, leave i' the midst a horrid vale.  
 Then with expanded wings he steers his flight  
 Aloft, incumbent on the dusky air,  
 That felt unusual weight; till on dry land  
 He lights—if it were land that ever burned  
 With solid, as the lake with liquid fire,  
 And such appeared in hue as when the force  
 Of subterranean wind transports a hill  
 Torn from Pelorus, or the shattered side  
 Of thundering Ætna, whose combustible  
 And fuelled entrails, thence conceiving fire,  
 Sublimed with mineral fury, aid the winds,  
 And leave a singèd bottom all involved  
 With stench and smoke.

He scarce had ceased when the superior Fiend  
 Was moving toward the shore; his ponderous shield,  
 Ethereal temper, massy, large, and round,  
 Behind him cast. The broad circumference  
 Hung on his shoulders like the moon, whose orb  
 Through optic glass the Tuscan artist views<sup>1</sup>  
 At evening, from the top of Fiesolè,  
 Or in Valdarno, to descry new lands,  
 Rivers, or mountains, in her spotty globe.  
 His spear—to equal which the tallest pine  
 Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast  
 Of some great admiral, were but a wand—  
 He walked with, to support uneasy steps  
 Over the burning marle, not like those steps

<sup>1</sup> The reference is to the astronomer Galileo whom Milton had visited. Fiesole is a town near Florence; Valdarno is the valley of the river Arno.

On Heaven's azure; and the torrid clime  
 Smote on him sore besides, vaulted with fire.  
 Nathless he so endured, till on the beach  
 Of that inflamèd sea he stood, and called  
 His legions. . . . " Princes, Potentates,  
 Warriors, the flower of Heaven—once yours; now lost,  
 If such astonishment as this can seize  
 Eternal Spirits! Or have ye chosen this place  
 After the toil of battle to repose  
 Your wearied virtue, for the ease you find  
 To slumber here, as in the vales of Heaven?  
 Or in this abject posture have ye sworn  
 To adore the Conqueror, who now beholds  
 Cherub and Seraph rolling in the flood  
 With scattered arms and ensigns, till anon  
 His swift pursuers from Heaven-gates discern  
 The advantage, and, descending, tread us down  
 Thus drooping, or with linkèd thunderbolts  
 Transfix us to the bottom of this gulf?—  
 Awake, arise, or be for ever fallen!"

They heard, and were abashed, and up they sprung  
 Upon the wing, as when men wont to watch,  
 On duty sleeping found by whom they dread,  
 Rouse and bestir themselves ere well awake.  
 Nor did they not perceive the evil plight  
 In which they were, or the fierce pains not feel;  
 Yet to their General's voice they soon obeyed  
 Innumerable. As when the potent rod  
 Of Amram's son, in Egypt's evil day,  
 Waved round the coast, up-called a pitchy cloud  
 Of locusts, warping on the eastern wind,  
 That o'er the realm of impious Pharaoh hung  
 Like Night, and darkened all the land of Nile;  
 So numberless were those bad Angels seen  
 Hovering on wing under the cope of Hell.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks  
 Downcast and damp; yet such wherein appeared  
 Obscure some glimpse of joy to have found their Chief  
 Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost

In loss itself; which on his countenance cast  
 Like doubtful hue. But he, his wonted pride  
 Soon recollecting, with high word, that bore  
 Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised  
 Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears:  
 Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound  
 Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared  
 His mighty standard. That proud honour claimed  
 Azazel as his right, a Cherub tall:  
 Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled  
 The imperial ensign; which, full high advanced,  
 Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,  
 With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,  
 Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while  
 Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:  
 At which the universal host up-sent  
 A shout that tore Hell's concave, and beyond  
 Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.

*EVE AND THE SERPENT*

*From "Paradise Lost", Book IX*

As one who, long in populous city pent,<sup>1</sup>  
 Where houses thick and sewers annoy the air,  
 Forth issuing on a summer's morn, to breathe  
 Among the pleasant villages and farms  
 Adjoined, from each thing met conceives delight—  
 The smell of grain, or tedded grass, or kine,  
 Or dairy, each rural sight, each rural sound—  
 If chance with nymph-like step fair virgin pass,  
 What pleasing seemed, for her now pleases more,  
 She most, and in her look sums all delight:  
 Such pleasure took the Serpent to behold  
 This flowery plat, the sweet recess of Eve  
 Thus early, thus alone. Her heavenly form  
 Angelic, but more soft and feminine,  
 Her graceful innocence, her every air  
 Of gesture or least action, overawed  
 His malice, and with rapine sweet bereaved

<sup>1</sup> See the sonnet by Keats beginning "To one who has been long in city pent" on page 364.

His fierceness of the fierce intent it brought.  
 That space the Evil One abstracted stood  
 From his own evil, and for the time remained  
 Stupidly good, of enmity disarmed,  
 Of guile, of hate, of envy, of revenge.  
 But the hot hell that always in him burns,  
 Though in mid Heaven, soon ended his delight  
 And tortures him now more, the more he sees  
 Of pleasure not for him ordained. Then soon  
 Fierce hate he recollects, and all his thoughts  
 Of mischief, gratulating, thus excites:—

“Thoughts, whither have ye led me? with what sweet  
 Compulsion thus transported to forget  
 What hither brought us? hate, not love, nor hope  
 Of Paradise for Hell, hope here to taste  
 Of pleasure, but all pleasure to destroy,  
 Save what is in destroying; other joy  
 To me is lost. Then let me not let pass  
 Occasion which now smiles. Behold alone  
 The Woman, opportune to all attempts—  
 Her husband, for I view far round, not nigh,  
 Whose higher intellectual more I shun,  
 And strength, of courage haughty, and of limb  
 Heroic built, though of terrestrial mould;  
 Foe not formidable, exempt from wound—  
 I not; so much hath Hell debased, and pain  
 Enfeebled me, to what I was in Heaven.  
 She fair, divinely fair, fit love for Gods,  
 Not terrible, though terror be in love,  
 And beauty, not approached by stronger hate,  
 Hate stronger under show of love well feigned—  
 The way which to her ruin now I tend.”

So spake the Enemy of Mankind, enclosed  
 In serpent, inmate bad, and toward Eve  
 Addressed his way—not with indented wave,  
 Prone on the ground, as since, but on his rear,  
 Circular base of rising folds, that towered  
 Fold above fold, a surging maze; his head  
 Crested aloft, and carbuncle his eyes;  
 With burnished neck of verdant gold, erect

Amidst his circling spires, that on the grass  
 Floated redundant. . . . With track oblique  
 At first, as one who sought access but feared  
 To interrupt, sidelong he works his way.  
 As when a ship, by skilful steersman wrought  
 Nigh river's mouth, or foreland, where the wind  
 Veers oft, as oft so steers, and shifts her sail,  
 So varied he, and of his tortuous train  
 Curled many a wanton wreath in sight of Eve,  
 To lure her eye. She, busied, heard the sound  
 Of rustling leaves, but minded not, as used  
 To such disport before her through the field  
 From every beast, more duteous at her call  
 Than at Circean call the herd disguised.  
 He, bolder now, uncalled, before her stood,  
 But as in gaze admiring. Oft he bowed  
 His turret crest and sleek enamelled neck,  
 Fawning, and licked the ground whereon she trod.

*LYCIDAS*<sup>1</sup>

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more,  
 Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,  
 I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,  
 And with forced fingers rude  
 Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.  
 Bitter constraint and sad occasion dear  
 Compels me to disturb your season due:  
 For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,  
 Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:  
 Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew  
 Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.  
 He must not float upon his watery bier  
 Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,  
 Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well  
 That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;

<sup>1</sup> In this Monody the author bewails a learned friend unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637; and, by occasion, foretells the ruin of the corrupted Clergy, then in their height.

Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string;  
Hence, with denial vain and coy excuse.  
So may some gentle Muse  
With lucky words favour my destined urn;  
And as he passes, turn  
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,  
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.  
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared  
Under the opening eye-lids of the Morn,  
We drove a-field, and both together heard  
What time the grey-fly winds her sultry horn,  
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,  
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,  
Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.  
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,  
Tempered to the oaten flute;  
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel  
From the glad sound would not be absent long;  
And old Damœtas 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 loved 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,  
 Or with the tangles of Næara's hair?  
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise  
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)  
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days;  
 But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,  
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,  
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorrèd shears  
 And slits the thin-spun life. "But not the praise,"  
 Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears.  
 "Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,  
 Nor in the glistening foil  
 Set off to the 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 honoured flood,  
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds!  
 That strain I heard was of a highèf mood:  
 But now my oat proceeds,  
 And listens to the herald of the sea  
 That came in Neptune's plea;  
 He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,  
 What hard mishap hath doomed this gentle swain?  
 And questioned every gust of rugged wings

That blows from off each beakèd promontory:  
 They knew not of his story;  
 And sage Hippotadès their answer brings,  
 That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed;  
 The air was calm, and on the level brine  
 Sleek Panopè, with all her sisters played.  
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark  
 Built in the eclipse, and rigged 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 reckoning 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 learned aught else the least  
 That to the faithful herdman'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 swol'n 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 flowerets 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 sparsely looks;  
 Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes  
 That on the green turf suck the honeyed showers  
 And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.  
 Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,  
 The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,  
 The white pink, and the pansy freaked with jet,  
 The glowing violet,  
 The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,  
 With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,  
 And every flower that sad embroidery wears:  
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,  
 And daffadillies 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 hurled,  
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides  
 Where thou, perhaps, under the whelming tide,  
 Visitest 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, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth!

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,  
 For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,  
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery 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 walked 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 the oaks and rills,  
 While the still morn went out with sandals gray;  
 He touched the tender stops of various quills,  
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay:  
 And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,  
 And now was dropt into the western bay:  
 At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue:  
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

## JOHN SUCKLING

1609 · 1642

*WHY SO PALE AND WAN?*

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?  
 Prithee, why so pale?  
 Will, when looking well can't move her,  
 Looking ill prevail?  
 Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?  
 Prithee, why so mute?  
 Will, when speaking well can't win her,  
 Saying nothing do 't?  
 Prithee, why so mute?

## The Seventeenth Century

Quit, quit for shame! This will not move:  
 This cannot take her.  
 If of herself she will not love,  
 Nothing can make her.  
 The devil take her!

*THE BRIDE*

*From "A Ballad upon a Wedding"*

Her feet beneath her petticoat,  
 Like little mice, stole in and out,  
 As if they feared the light:  
 But O she dances such a way!  
 No sun upon an Easter-day  
 Is half so fine a sight.

Her finger was so small, the ring  
 Would not stay on, which they did bring,  
 It was too wide a peck:  
 And to say truth (for out it must)  
 It looked like the great collar, just,  
 About our young colt's neck.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,  
 No daisy makes comparison;  
 Who sees them is undone;  
 For streaks of red were mingled there,  
 Such as are on a Catherine pear,  
 The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,  
 Compared to that was next her chin  
 (Some bee had stung it newly);  
 But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face;  
 I durst no more upon them gaze  
 Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,  
 Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,  
 That they might passage get;

But she so handled still the matter,  
 They came as good as ours, or better,  
 And are not spent a whit. . . .

*THE CONSTANT LOVER*

Out upon it, I have loved  
 Three whole days together!  
 And am like to love three more,  
 If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings  
 Ere he shall discover  
 In the whole wide world again  
 Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise  
 Is due at all to me:  
 Love with me had made no stays,  
 Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she,  
 And that very face,  
 There had been at least ere this  
 A dozen in her place.

RICHARD CRASHAW

1613 · 1649

*AN EPITAPH UPON HUSBAND AND WIFE*

WHO DIED AND WERE BURIED TOGETHER  
 To those whom death again did wed  
 This grave's the second marriage-bed.  
 For though the hand of Fate could force  
 'Twixt soul and body a divorce,  
 It could not sever man and wife,  
 Because they both lived but one life.  
 Peace, good reader, do not weep;  
 Peace; the lovers are asleep.

They, sweet turtles, folded lie  
 In the last knot that love could tie.  
 Let them sleep, let them sleep on,  
 Till the stormy night be gone,  
 And the eternal morrow dawn;  
 Then the curtains will be drawn,  
 And they wake into a light  
 Whose day shall never die in night.

*CHRIST CRUCIFIED*

Thy restless feet now cannot go  
 For us and our eternal good,  
 As they were ever wont. What though  
 They swim, alas! in their own flood?

Thy hands to give Thou canst not lift,  
 Yet will Thy hand still giving be;  
 It gives, but O, itself's the gift!  
 It gives tho' bound, tho' bound 'tis free!

*ST. TERESA*

O thou undaunted daughter of desires!  
 By all thy dower of lights and fires;  
 By all the eagle in thee, all the dove;  
 By all thy lives and deaths of love;  
 By thy large draughts of intellectual day,  
 And by thy thirsts of love more large than they;  
 By all thy brim-filled bowls of fierce desire,  
 By thy last morning's draught of liquid fire;  
 By the full kingdom of that final kiss  
 That seized thy parting soul, and sealed thee His;  
 By all the Heaven thou hast in Him  
 (Fair sister of the seraphim!);  
 By all of Him we have in thee;  
 Leave nothing of myself in me.  
 Let me so read thy life that I  
 Unto all life of mine may die!

*WISHES FOR THE SUPPOSED MISTRESS*

Whoe'er she be,  
That not impossible She  
That shall command my heart and me;

Where'er she lie,  
Locked up from mortal eye  
In shady leaves of destiny:

Till that ripe birth  
Of studied Fate stand forth,  
And teach her fair steps tread our earth:

Till that divine  
Idea take a shrine  
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine:

Meet you her, my wishes,  
Bespeak her to my blisses,  
And be ye called my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty  
That owes not all its duty  
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie:

A face that's best  
By its own beauty drest,  
And can alone commend the rest . . .

Whate'er delight  
Can make day's forehead bright  
Or give down to the wings of night.

Soft silken hours,  
Open suns, shady bowers;  
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

Days, that need borrow  
No part of their good morrow  
From a fore-spent night of sorrow:

Days, that in spite  
Of darkness, by the light  
Of a clear mind are day all night.

Life, that dares send  
A challenge to his end,  
And when it comes, say, "Welcome, friend."

I wish her store  
Of worth may leave her poor  
Of wishes; and I wish—no more.

Now, if Time knows,  
That Her, whose radiant brows  
Weave them a garland of my vows;

Her that dares be  
What these lines wish to see:  
I seek no further, it is She.

'Tis She, and here  
Lo! I unclothe and clear  
My wishes' cloudy character . . .

Such worth as this is  
Shall fix my flying wishes,  
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,  
My fancies, fly before ye;  
Be ye my fictions—but her story.

### RICHARD LOVELACE

1618·1658<sub>t</sub>

#### *TO LUCASTA, ON 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.

*TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON*

When Love with unconfinèd wings  
 Hovers within my gates,  
 And my divine Althea brings  
 To whisper at the grates;  
 When I lie tangled in her hair  
 And fettered to her eye,  
 The birds that wanton in the air  
 Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round  
 With no allaying Thames,  
 Our careless heads with roses crowned,  
 Our hearts with loyal flames;  
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,  
 When healths and draughts go free,  
 Fishes that tipple in the deep  
 Know no such liberty. . . .

Stone walls do not a prison make,  
 Nor iron bars a cage;  
 Minds innocent and quiet take  
 That for an hermitage;  
 If I have freedom in my love  
 And in my soul am free,  
 Angels alone, that soar above,  
 Enjoy such liberty.

*TO AMARANTHA*

THAT SHE WOULD DISHEVEL HER HAIR

Amarantha, sweet and fair,  
 Ah, braid no more that shining hair!  
 As my curious hand or eye  
 Hovering round thee, let it fly!

Let it fly as unconfined  
 As its calm ravisher the wind,  
 Who hath left his darling East  
 To wanton o'er that spicy nest.

Every tress must be confest,  
 But neatly tangled at the best;  
 Like a clue of golden thread  
 Most excellently ravellèd.

Do not, then, wind up that light  
 In ribbands, and o'ercloud in night,  
 Like the Sun in's early ray;  
 But shake your head, and scatter day!

## ABRAHAM COWLEY

1618 · 1667

*THE PROPHET*

Teach me to love? Go teach thy self more wit:  
 I chief professor am of it.  
 Teach craft to Scots, and thrift to Jews,  
 Teach boldness to the stewes;  
 In tyrant's courts teach supple flattery,  
 Teach Jesuits, that have travelled far, to lie.  
 Teach fire to burn, and winds to blow,  
 Teach restless fountains how to flow,  
 Teach the dull earth, fixt, to abide.  
 Teach woman-kind inconstancy and pride.  
 See if your diligence here will useful prove;  
 But, pr'ithe, teach me not to love.

The god of love, if such a thing there be,  
 May learn to love from me;  
 He who does boast that he has been  
 In every heart since Adam's sin;  
 I'll lay my life, nay, mistress on't, that's more,  
 I'll teach him things he never knew before;  
 I'll teach him a receipt to make  
 Words that weep, and tears that speak,  
 I'll teach him sighs, like those in death,  
 At which the souls go out too with the breath:  
 Still the soul stays, yet still does from me run;  
 As light and heat does with the sun.

'Tis I who love's Columbus am; 'tis I,  
 Who must new worlds in it descry:  
 Rich worlds, that yield of treasure more  
 Than all that has been known before.  
 And yet like his (I fear) my fate must be,  
 To find them out for others; not for me.  
 Me, times to come (I know it) shall  
 Love's last and greatest prophet call.  
 But, ah, what's that, if she refuse  
 To hear the wholesome doctrines of my Muse?  
 If to my share the prophet's fate must come,  
 Hereafter fame, here martyrdom.

### BEAUTY

Beauty, thou wild fantastic ape,  
 Who dost in ev'ry country change thy shape!  
 Here black, there brown, here tawny, and there white;  
 Thou flatt'rer which compli'st with every sight!  
 Thou Babel which confound'st the eye  
 With unintelligible variety!  
 Who hast no certain What, nor Where,  
 But vari'st still, and dost thy self declare  
 Inconstant, as thy she-possessors are.

Beauty, love's scene and masquerade,  
 So gay by well-placed lights, and distance made!

False coin, with which th' impostor cheats us still;  
The stamp and colour good, but metal ill!

Which light, or base we find, when we  
Weigh by enjoyment, and examine thee!

For though thy being be but show,  
'Tis chiefly night which men to thee allow:  
And choose t' enjoy thee, when thou least art thou.

Beauty, thou active, passive ill!  
Which diest thy self as fast as thou dost kill!  
Thou tulip, who thy stock in paint dost waste,  
Neither for physic good, nor smell, nor taste.

Beauty, whose flames but meteors are,  
Short-lived and low, though thou wouldst seem a star,

Who dar'st not thine own home descry,  
Pretending to dwell richly in the eye,  
When thou, alas, dost in the fancy lie.

#### THE WISH

Well then! I now do plainly see  
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree.  
The very honey of all earthly joy  
Does of all meats the soonest cloy;

And they, methinks, deserve my pity  
Who for it can endure the stings,  
The crowd and buzz and murmuring,  
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah, yet, ere I descend to th' grave  
May I a small house and large garden have;  
And a few friends, and many books, both true,  
Both wise, and both delightful too!

And since love ne'er will from me flee,  
A mistress moderately fair,  
And good as guardian angels are,  
Only beloved and loving me.

O fountains! when in you shall I  
Myself eased of unpeaceful thoughts espy?  
O fields! O woods! when, when shall I be made  
The happy tenant of your shade?

Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood:  
 Here's wealthy Nature's treasury,  
 Where all the riches lie that she  
 Has coined and stamped for good.

Pride and Ambition here  
 Only in far-fetched metaphors appear;  
 Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,  
 And nought but Echo flatter.

The gods, when they descended, hither  
 From heaven did always choose their way:  
 And therefore we may boldly say  
 That 'tis the way, too, thither.

How happy here should I  
 And one dear She live, and embracing die!  
 She who is all the world, and can exclude  
 In deserts solitude.

I should have then this only fear;  
 Lest men, when they my pleasure see,  
 Should hither throng to live like me,  
 And make a city here.

## ANDREW MARVELL

1621 · 1678

*TO HIS COY MISTRESS*

Had we but world enough, and time,  
 This coyness, lady, were no crime.  
 We would sit down, and think which way  
 To walk, and pass our long love's day.  
 Thou by the Indian Ganges' side  
 Should'st rubies find: I by the tide  
 Of Humber would complain. I would  
 Love you ten years before the Flood,  
 And you should, if you please, refuse  
 Till the conversion of the Jews.  
 My vegetable love should grow  
 Vaster than empires, and more slow

## The Seventeenth Century

An hundred years should go to praise  
 Thine eyes, and on thy forehead gaze:  
 Two hundred to adore each breast:  
 But thirty thousand to the rest;  
 An age at least to every part,  
 And the last age should show your heart.  
 For, lady, you deserve this state,  
 Nor would I love at lower rate.

But at my back I always hear  
 Time's wingèd chariot hurrying near:  
 And yonder all before us lie  
 Deserts of vast eternity.  
 Thy beauty shall no more be found;  
 Nor, in thy marble vault, shall sound  
 My echoing song: then worms shall try  
 That long-preserved virginity,  
 And your quaint honour turn to dust,  
 And into ashes all my lust.  
 The grave's a fine and private place,  
 But none, I think, do there embrace.  
 Now, therefore, while the youthful hue  
 Sits on thy skin like morning dew,  
 And while thy willing soul transpires  
 At every pore with instant fires,  
 Now let us sport us while we may;  
 And now, like amorous birds of prey,  
 Rather at once our Time devour,  
 Than languish in his slow-chapt power.  
 Let us roll all our strength and all  
 Our sweetness up into one ball,  
 And tear our pleasures with rough strife  
 Thorough the iron gates of life.  
 Thus, though we cannot make our Sun  
 Stand still, yet we will make him run.

*THE GARDEN*

How vainly men themselves amaze  
 To win the palm, the oak, or bays;  
 And their incessant labours see  
 Crowned from some single herb, or tree,

Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade  
Does prudently their toils upbraid;  
While all flow'rs and all trees do close  
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,  
And Innocence, thy sister dear?  
Mistaken long, I sought you then  
In busy companies of men.  
Your sacred plants, if here below,  
Only among the plants will grow;  
Society is all but rude  
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen  
So amorous as this lovely green.  
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,  
Cut in these trees their mistress' name:  
Little, alas! they know or heed  
How far these beauties hers exceed!  
Fair trees! wheres'e'er your barks I wound  
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,  
Love hither makes his best retreat.  
The Gods, that mortal beauty chase,  
Still in a tree did end their race;  
Apollo hunted Daphne so,  
Only that she might laurel grow;  
And Pan did after Syrinx speed,  
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead!  
Ripe apples drop about my head;  
The luscious clusters of the vine  
Upon my mouth do crush their wine;  
The nectarine, and curious peach,  
Into my hands themselves do reach;  
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,  
Insnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile, the mind, from pleasure less,  
Withdraws into its happiness:

## The Seventeenth Century

The mind, that ocean where each kind  
 Does straight its own resemblance find;  
 Yet it creates, transcending these,  
 Far other worlds, and other seas;  
 Annihilating all that's made  
 To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,  
 Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,  
 Casting the body's vest aside,  
 My soul into the boughs does glide:  
 There like a bird it sits, and sings,  
 Then whets and claps its silver wings;  
 And, till prepared for longer flight,  
 Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy garden-state,  
 While man there walked without a mate:  
 After a place so pure and sweet,  
 What other help could yet be meet!  
 But 'twas beyond a mortal's share  
 To wander solitary there:  
 Two paradises 'twere in one,  
 To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew  
 Of flowers, and herbs, this dial new;  
 Where, from above, the milder sun  
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run;  
 And, as it works, the industrious bee  
 Computes its time as well as we.  
 How could such sweet and wholesome hours  
 Be reckoned but with herbs and flowers!

*THE DEFINITION OF LOVE*

My Love is of a birth as rare  
 As 'tis, for object, strange and high:  
 It was begotten by despair  
 Upon impossibility.

Magnanimous despair alone  
Could show me so divine a thing,  
Where feeble hope could ne'er have flown  
But vainly flapped its tinsel wing.

And yet I quickly might arrive  
Where my extended soul is fixt,  
But Fate does iron wedges drive,  
And always crowds itself betwixt.

For Fate with jealous eye does see  
Two perfect loves; nor lets them close:  
Their union would her ruin be,  
And her tyrannic power depose.

And therefore her decrees of steel  
Us as the distant poles have placed,  
(Though love's whole world on us doth wheel)  
Not by themselves to be embraced.

Unless the giddy heaven fall,  
And earth some new convulsion tear;  
And, us to join, the world should all  
Be cramped into a planisphere.

As lines so love's oblique may well  
Themselves in every angle greet:  
But ours, so truly parallel,  
Though infinite, can never meet.

Therefore the love which us doth bind,  
But Fate so enviously debars,  
Is the conjunction of the mind,  
And opposition of the stars.

## HENRY VAUGHAN

1622 · 1695

*THE REVIVAL*

Unfold, unfold! take in his light,  
Who makes thy cares more short than night,  
The joys which with his day-star rise  
He deals to all but drowsy eyes;  
And (what the men of this world miss)  
Some drops and dews of future bliss.

Hark, how his winds have changed their note,  
And with warm whispers call thee out.  
The frosts are past, the storms are gone,  
And backward life at last comes on.  
The lofty groves in express joys  
Reply unto the turtle's voice;  
And here in dust and dirt, O here  
The lilies of his love appear!

*THE WORLD*

I saw Eternity the other night,  
Like a great Ring of pure and endless light,  
All calm, as it was bright;  
And round beneath it, Time in hours, days, years,  
Driven by the spheres  
Like a vast shadow moved; in which the world  
And all her train were hurled.

The doting lover in his quaintest strain  
Did there complain;  
Near him, his lute, his fancy, and his flights,  
Wit's sour delights,  
With gloves, and knots, the silly snares of pleasure,  
Yet his dear treasure,  
All scattered lay, while he his eyes did pour  
Upon a flower.

The darksome statesman, hung with weights and woe,  
Like a thick midnight-fog, moved there so slow,  
He did not stay, nor go;  
Condemning thoughts—like sad eclipses—sowl  
Upon his soul,  
And clouds of crying witnesses without  
Pursued him with one shout.  
Yet digged the mole, and lest his ways be found,  
Worked under ground,  
Where he did clutch his prey; (But one did see  
That policy;)  
Churches and altars fed him: perjuries  
Were gnats and flies;  
It rained about him blood and tears; but he  
Drank them as free.

The fearful miser on a heap of rust  
Sate pining all his life there, did scarce trust  
His own hands with the dust,  
Yet would not place one piece above, but lives  
In fear of thieves.  
Thousands there were as frantic as himself  
And hugged each one his pelf,  
The downright epicure placed heaven in sense  
And scorned pretence,  
While others, slipped into a wide excess,  
Said little less;  
The weaker sort slight, trivial wares enslave,  
Who think them brave;  
And poor, despisèd Truth sat counting by  
Their victory.

Yet some, who all this while did weep and sing,  
And sing, and weep, soared up into the Ring;  
But most would use no wing.  
O fools (said I) thus to prefer dark night  
Before true light!  
To live in grots and caves, and hate the day  
Because it shows the way,  
The way, which from this dead and dark abode  
Leads up to God,

A way where you might tread the sun, and be  
 More bright than he.  
 But as I did their madness so discuss,  
 One whispered thus,  
 "This Ring the Bridegroom did for none provide,  
 But for his bride."

*THE RETREAT*

Happy those early days, when I  
 Shined in my Angel-infancy!  
 Before I understood this place  
 Appointed for my second race,  
 Or taught my soul to fancy aught  
 But a white, celestial thought;  
 When yet I had not walked above  
 A mile or two from my first Love,  
 And looking back, at that short space  
 Could see a glimpse of His bright face;  
 When, on some gilded cloud or flower  
 My gazing soul would dwell an hour,  
 And in those weaker glories spy  
 Some shadows of eternity;  
 Before I taught my tongue to wound  
 My conscience with a sinful sound,  
 Or had the black art to dispense  
 A several sin to every sense,  
 But felt through all this fleshly dress  
 Bright shoots of everlastingness.  
 O how I long to travel back,  
 And tread again that ancient track!  
 That I might once more reach that plain  
 Where first I felt my glorious train;  
 From whence th' enlightened spirit sees  
 That shady City of palm trees!  
 But ah! my soul with too much stay  
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way.  
 Some men a forward motion love,  
 But I by backward steps would move;  
 And when this dust falls to the urn,  
 In that state I came, return.

1631 · 1700

*ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR, THE POWER OF  
MUSIC*

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won  
 By Philip's warlike son—  
 Aloft in awful state  
 The godlike hero sate  
 On his imperial throne;  
 His valiant peers were placed around,  
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound,  
 (So should desert in arms be crowned);  
 The lovely Thais by his side  
 Sat like a blooming eastern bride  
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride:—  
 Happy, happy, happy pair!  
 None but the brave  
 None but the brave  
 None but the brave deserves the fair!

Timotheus, placèd on high  
 Amid the tuneful choir,  
 With flying fingers touched 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 curled,  
 And stamped 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 ravished ears  
 The monarch hears,

Assumes the god;  
 Affects to nod  
 And seems to shake the spheres.  
 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!  
 Flushed 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.

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 checked 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 sat,  
 Revolving in his altered soul  
 The various turns of chance below;

And now and then a sigh he stole,  
And tears began to flow.

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, O think, it worth enjoying:  
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,  
Take the good the gods provide thee!

—The many rend the skies with loud applause;  
So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.  
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,  
Gazed on the fair  
Who caused his care,  
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked again:  
Sighed and looked, and sighed again:  
At length with love and wine at once opprest  
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

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 awakèd 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!

—Thus, long ago,  
 Ere heaving bellows learned 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-wit, and arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize  
 Or both divide the crown;  
 He raised a mortal to the skies;  
 She drew an angel down!

#### THE INSTRUMENTS

*From "A Song for St. Cecilia's Day"*

The trumpet's loud clangour  
 Excites us to arms  
 With shrill notes of anger  
 And mortal alarms.

The double, double, double beat  
Of the thundering drum  
Cries, "Hark! the foes come!  
Charge! charge! 'tis too late to retreat!"

The soft complaining flute  
In dying notes discovers  
The woes of hopeless lovers,  
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim  
Their jealous pangs and desperation,  
Fury, frantic indignation,  
Depth of pain and height of passion,  
For the fair, disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,  
What human voice can reach  
The sacred organ's praise?  
Notes inspiring holy love,  
Notes that wing their heavenly ways  
To mend the choirs above. . . .

As from the power of sacred lays  
The spheres began to move,  
And sung the great Creator's praise  
To all the Blest above;  
So, when the last and dreadful hour  
This crumbling pageant shall devour,  
The trumpet shall be heard on high,  
The dead shall live, the living die,  
And Music shall untune the sky.

*MILTON*

Three poets, in three distant ages born,  
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.  
The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,  
The next in majesty, in both the last.  
The force of Nature could no further go—  
To make a third she joined the other two.

## THOMAS TRAHERNE

1636 (?) · 1674

*EDEN*

A learnèd and a happy ignorance  
 Divided me  
 From all the vanity,  
 From all the sloth, care, sorrow, that advance  
 The madness and the misery  
 Of men. No error, no distraction, I  
 Saw cloud the earth, or overcast the sky.

I knew not that there was a serpent's sting,  
 Whose poison, shed  
 On men, did overspread  
 The world; nor did I dream of such a thing  
 As sin, in which mankind lay dead.  
 They all were brisk and living things to me,  
 Yea, pure, and full of immortality. . . .

Only what Adam in his first estate  
 Did I behold;  
 Hard silver and dry gold  
 As yet lay underground: my happy fate  
 Was more acquainted with the old  
 And innocent delights which he did see  
 In his original simplicity.

Those things which first his Eden did adorn,  
 My infancy  
 Did crown: simplicity  
 Was my protection when I first was born.  
 Mine eyes those treasures first did see  
 Which God first made: the first effects of love  
 My first enjoyments upon earth did prove.

And were so great and so divine, so pure,  
 So fair and sweet,  
 So true; when I did meet

Them here at first, they did my soul allure,  
And drew away mine infant feet  
Quite from the works of men, that I might see  
The glorious wonders of the Deity.

*WALKING*

To walk abroad is, not with eyes,  
But thoughts, the fields to see and prize;  
Else may the silent feet,  
Like logs of wood,  
Move up and down, and see no good,  
Nor joy nor glory meet.

Ev'n carts and wheels their place do change,  
But cannot see; though very strange  
The glory that is by:  
Dead puppets may  
Move in the bright and glorious day,  
Yet not behold the sky.

And are not men than they more blind,  
Who having eyes yet never find  
The bliss in which they move:  
Like statues dead  
They up and down are carried,  
Yet neither see nor love. . . .

Observe those rich and glorious things;  
The rivers, meadows, woods, and springs,  
The fructifying sun;  
To note from far  
The rising of each twinkling star  
For us his race to run.

A little child these well perceives,  
Who, tumbling in green grass and leaves,  
May rich as kings be thought.  
But there's a sight  
Which perfect manhood may delight,  
To which we shall be brought.

While in those pleasant paths we talk  
 'Tis that towards which at last we walk;  
 For we may by degrees  
 Wisely proceed  
 Pleasures of love and praise to heed,  
 From viewing herbs and trees.

*MEASURE*

All music, sauces, feasts, delights, and pleasures,  
 Games, dancing, arts, consist in governed measures;  
 Much more do words and passions of the mind  
 In temperance their sacred beauty find.

JOHN WILMOT

Earl of Rochester

1647 · 1680

*LOVE AND LIFE*

All my past life is mine no more;  
 The flying hours are gone,  
 Like transitory dreams given o'er,  
 Whose images are kept in store  
 By memory alone.

The time that is to come is not;  
 How can it then be mine?  
 The present moment's all my lot;  
 And that, as fast as it is got,  
 Phillis, is only thine.

Then talk not of inconstancy,  
 False hearts, and broken vows;  
 If I by miracle can be  
 This live-long minute true to thee,  
 'Tis all that Heaven allows.

*EPITAPH ON CHARLES II*

Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King,  
Whose word no man relies on,  
Who never said a foolish thing,  
Nor ever did a wise one.

*UPON NOTHING*

Nothing! thou elder brother ev'n to Shade,  
Thou hadst a being ere the world was made,  
And (well fixt) art alone of ending not afraid.

Ere time and place were, time and place were not,  
When primitive Nothing something straight begot,  
Then all proceeded from the great united—What.

Something the general attribute of all,  
Severed from thee, its sole original,  
Into thy boundless self must undistinguished fall.

Yet something did thy mighty pow'r command,  
And from thy fruitful emptiness's hand,  
Snatched men, beasts, birds, fire, air and land.

Matter, the wickedest off-spring of thy race,  
By Form assisted, flew from thy embrace,  
And rebel Light obscured thy reverend dusky face.

With Form, and Matter, Time and Place did join,  
Body, thy foe, with thee did leagues combine,  
To spoil thy peaceful realm, and ruin all thy line.

But turn-coat Time assists the foe in vain,  
And, bribed by thee, assists thy short-lived reign,  
And to thy hungry womb drives back thy slaves again.



# THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

## THE RESTORATION AND REVIVAL OF

### CLASSICISM

The eighteenth century is usually identified with a revival of classicism, a scientific detachment, and, more specifically, with the clipped precisions of Pope. In reality, the century witnessed two distinct tendencies: the literature of the town which was (generally) polished and so pointed as to be barbed; and the more rounded if less reasoned literature of the country-side. Pope, refining the tone dictated by Dryden, almost refined poetry out of it; his witty rationalism influencing an entire generation which turned from passionate, or natural, poetry to a high species of social verse and thence, logically enough, to prose. But the fashion, like all conventions, forced the revolt. The revulsion from the elegantly artificial was as swift as it was inevitable. Even so great an admirer (and, in form, a follower) of Pope's as Lady Winchelsea was out of sympathy with the prevailing mode of thought, and her lovely if little known "Petition for Absolute Retreat" is the expression of a wholly different spirit.

Thus the purely intellectual note was not as continuous as is frequently assumed. The elaborate classical detachment was interrupted by simple romantic affection; the malicious urban brilliance of Pope and the *vers de société* of Prior were met, if not matched, by the rural sincerities of Gray and Collins and Ramsay, who were already sounding that strain of unaffected love of Nature which flowered, soon after, in Burns and, fifty years later, in Wordsworth. Nor was the age without its flashes of wild genius. The boy Chatterton, dead by his own hand in his eighteenth year, appeared suddenly in the literary heavens and burned out in his own meteoric flame; Christopher Smart's "A Song to David" stands forth as a completely noble poem in a century of wit. As Hugh l'Anson Fausset has put it, "Viewed from this standpoint, the poetry of the eighteenth century has a double appeal. It is both an expression of cultured and very English sobriety, of sanity untouched by fanaticism, and of social elegance, and it trembles with the first vibrations of a new life of vast potentialities."

The very combination of two opposed idioms - the courtly and the common - is typical of this transitional period. The discovery of the law of gravitation affected not only religion, but the arts. Pope's tribute is, in both senses, illuminating:

Nature and Nature's laws lay hid in night:  
God said, "Let Newton be!" and all was light.

It is no exaggeration to repeat that the influence of Science is as apparent in the carefully turned couplets of Pope as the spirit of chivalry in the sonnets of Sidney or the Elizabethan luxuriance in the plays of Shakespeare. Profound changes were imminent; men were conscious of complex questions for which they had few answers.

Nevertheless, though the romantic reflex of the eighteenth century should be noted instead of neglected, it should not be overstressed. In the main, the period followed Dryden's precept that poetry should resemble natural truth, but it should be ethical. Thus the clue to the Augustans' conception of poetry lies, as Jean Stewart declares, "in the strong sense of the unity and continuity of human nature." Despite the idyllic cross-currents, it was an era of innuendo and subtlety, in which reason and artifice were skilfully integrated.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA

1661 · 1720

*PETITION FOR ABSOLUTE RETREAT*

Give me, O indulgent fate!  
Give me yet, before I die,  
A sweet, but absolute retreat,  
'Mongst paths so lost, and trees so high,  
That the world may ne'er invade  
Through such windings and such shade  
My unshaken liberty.

No intruders thither come,  
Who visit but to be from home!  
None who their vain moments pass  
Only studious of their glass;  
News, that charm to list'ning ears,  
That false alarm to hopes and fears,  
That common theme of every fop,  
From the statesmen to the shop,  
In those coverts ne'er be spread  
Of who's deceased, or who's to wed;  
Be no tidings thither brought  
But silent as a midnight thought:  
Where the world may ne'er invade  
Be those windings and that shade.

Courteous fate! afford me there  
A table spread, without my care,  
With what the neighb'ring fields impart,  
Whose cleanliness be all its art.  
When of old the calf was dressed  
(Tho' to make an angel's feast)  
In the plain, unstudied sauce,  
Nor truffle, nor morillia was;  
Nor could the mighty patriarch's board  
One far-fetched ortolan afford.  
Courteous fate, then give me there  
Only plain and wholesome fare.

Fruits indeed would Heaven bestow,  
 All that did in Eden grow,  
 All, but the Forbidden Tree,  
 Would be coveted by me:  
 Grapes with juice so crowded up,  
 As breaking thro' the native cup,  
 Figs, yet growing, candied o'er  
 By the sun's attracting power,  
 Cherries, with the downy peach  
 All within my easy reach,  
 While creeping near the humble ground,  
 Should the strawberry be found,  
 Springing wheresoe'er I strayed,  
 Thro' those windings and that shade.

Give me there (since heaven has shown  
 It was not good to be alone)  
 A partner suited to my mind,  
 Solitary, pleased, and kind;  
 Who, partially, may something see  
 Preferred to all the world in me,  
 Slighting, by my humble side,  
 Fame and splendour, wealth and pride.  
 When but two the earth possessed,  
 'Twas their happiest days and best:  
 They by bus'ness, nor by wars,  
 They by no domestic cares,  
 From each other e'er were drawn,  
 But in some grove, or flow'ry lawn  
 Spent the swiftly flying time,  
 Spent their own and nature's prime  
 In love—that only passion given  
 To perfect man, whilst friends with heaven.  
 Rage, and jealousy, and hate,  
 Transports of this sullen state  
 (When by Satan's wiles betrayed)  
 Fly those windings and that shade!

Let me then, indulgent fate!  
 Let me still in my retreat

From all roving thoughts be freed,  
 Or aims that may contention breed:  
 Nor be my endeavours led  
 By goods that perish with the dead!  
 Fitly might the life of man  
 Be indeed esteemed a span,  
 If the present moment were  
 Of delight his only share:  
 If no other joys he knew  
 Than what round about him grew.  
 But as those who stars would trace  
 From a subterranean place,  
 Through some engine lift their eyes  
 To the outward, glorious skies:  
 So th' immortal spirit may,  
 When descended to our clay,  
 From a rightly governed frame  
 View the height from whence she came:  
 To her paradise be caught,  
 And things unutterable taught.  
 Give me then, in that retreat,  
 Give me, O indulgent fate!  
 For all pleasures left behind  
 Contemplations of the mind.  
 Let the fair, the gay, the vain  
 Courtship and applause obtain;  
 Let th' ambitious rule the earth;  
 Let the giddy fool have mirth;  
 Give the epicure his dish,  
 Ev'ry one their sev'ral wish,  
 Whilst my transports I employ  
 On that more extensive joy:  
 When all heaven shall be surveyed  
 From those windings and that shade.

## A SONG

'Tis strange, this heart within my breast,  
 Reason opposing, and her pow'rs,  
 Cannot one gentle moment rest  
 Unless it knows what's done in yours.

## The Eighteenth Century

In vain I ask it of your eyes,  
 Which subtly would my fears control:  
 For art has taught them to disguise  
 Which nature made t' explain the soul.

In vain that sound your voice affords,  
 Flatters sometimes my easy mind;  
 But of too vast extent are words  
 In them the jewel truth to find.

Then let my fond inquiries cease,  
 And so let all my troubles end:  
 For sure, that heart shall ne'er know peace  
 Which on another's does depend.

*THE SOLDIER'S DEATH*

Trail all your pikes, dispirit every drum,  
 March in a slow procession from afar,  
 Ye silent, ye dejected men of war!  
 Be still the hautboys, and the flute be dumb!  
 Display no more, in vain, the lofty banner.  
 For see! where on the bier before ye lies  
 The pale, the fall'n, th' untimely sacrifice  
 To your mistaken shrine, to your false idol Honour.

*THE GREATER TRIAL*

Wretched Amintor with a flame  
 Too strong to be subdued,  
 A nymph above his rank and name  
 Still eagerly pursued.

To gain her ev'ry art he tried,  
 But no return procured,  
 Mistook her prudence for her pride,  
 Nor guessed what she endured.

Till prostrate at her feet one day  
 Urging in deep despair,  
 Thus softly was she heard to say,  
 Or sighed it to the air:

Witness ye secret cares I prove,  
 Which is the greater trial,  
 To sue for unrewarded love,  
 Or die by self-denial.

## MATTHEW PRIOR

1664 · 1721

## SONG

The merchant, to secure his treasure,  
 Conveys it in a borrowed name:  
 Euphelia serves to grace my measure,  
 But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre  
 Upon Euphelia's toilet lay—  
 When Cloe noted her desire  
 That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,  
 But with my numbers mix my sighs;  
 And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,  
 I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blushed; Euphelia frowned:  
 I sung, and gazed; I played, and trembled:  
 And Venus to the Loves around  
 Remarked how ill we all dissembled.

*A REASONABLE AFFLICTION*

On his death-bed poor Lubin lies:  
 His spouse is in despair;  
 With frequent cries, and mutual sighs,  
 They both express their care.

“A different cause,” says Parson Sly,  
 “The same effect may give:  
 Poor Lubin fears that he may die;  
 His wife, that he may live.”

## ALEXANDER POPE

1688 · 1744

*THE RAPE OF THE LOCK*<sup>1</sup>

## CANTO I

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,  
 What mighty contests rise from trivial things,  
 I sing—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:  
 This, even Belinda may vouchsafe to view:  
 Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,  
 If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel  
 A well-bred lord to assault a gentle belle?  
 O say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,  
 Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?  
 In tasks so bold, can little men engage,  
 And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,  
 And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day:  
 Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,  
 And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:  
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the ground,  
 And the pressed watch returned a silver sound.

## CANTO II

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,  
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,  
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams  
 Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.  
 Fair nymphs, and well-dressed youths around her shone,  
 But every eye was fixed on her alone.  
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,  
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.

<sup>1</sup>This condensed arrangement is a compromise between Pope's first version (consisting of two cantos of less than three hundred and fifty lines) and the final form of the poem in which Pope found a subject on the precise level of his genius as a delineator of manners. The first canto of these mock-heroic verses (here reduced to the original draft) immediately achieves a parody of the epic.

Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,  
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those:  
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;  
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.  
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,  
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.  
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,  
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:  
 If to her share some female errors fall,  
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,  
 Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind  
 In equal curls, and well conspired to deck  
 With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.  
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,  
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.  
 With hairy springes<sup>1</sup> we the birds betray,  
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,  
 Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,  
 And beauty draws us with a single hair.

The adventurous Baron the bright locks admired;  
 He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.  
 Resolved to win, he meditates the way,  
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;  
 For when success a lover's toil attends,  
 Few ask, if fraud or force attained his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored  
 Propitious heaven, and every Power adored,  
 But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,  
 Of twelve vast French romances neatly gilt.  
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;  
 And all the trophies of his former loves;  
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,  
 And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.  
 Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes  
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:  
 The Powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer,  
 The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.

But now secure the painted vessel glides,  
 The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:

<sup>1</sup> Snarres made of horse-hair.

While melting music steals upon the sky,  
 And softened sounds along the waters die;  
 Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,  
 Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.  
 All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppressed,  
 The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.  
 He summons straight his denizens of air;  
 The liquid squadrons round the sails repair:  
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,  
 That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.  
 Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,  
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;  
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,  
 Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,  
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,  
 Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,  
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,  
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,  
 While every beam new transient colours flings,  
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.  
 Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,  
 Superior by the head, was Ariel placed;  
 His purple pinions opening to the sun,  
 He raised his azure wand, and thus begun:  
 "Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear!  
 Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!  
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assigned  
 By laws eternal to the aerial kind.  
 Some in the fields of purest ether play,  
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.  
 Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,  
 Or roll the planets through the boundless sky.  
 Some less refined, beneath the moon's pale light  
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,  
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,  
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,  
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,  
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.  
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,  
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:

Of these the chief the care of nations own,  
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the fair,  
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;  
To save the powder from too rude a gale,  
Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale;  
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;  
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers  
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,  
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;  
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,  
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

This day, black omens threat the brightest fair,  
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;  
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;  
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.  
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,  
Or some frail china jar receive a flaw;  
Or stain her honour or her new brocade;  
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;  
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;  
Or whether Heaven has doomed that Shock<sup>1</sup> must fall.  
Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:  
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;  
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;  
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;  
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock;  
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,  
We trust th' important charge, the petticoat:  
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,  
Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale:  
Form a strong line about the silver bound,  
And guard the wide circumference around. . . ."

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;  
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;  
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;  
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear:  
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,  
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.

<sup>1</sup> Shock was Belinda's lap-dog.

## CANTO III

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,  
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,  
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,  
 Which from the neighb'ring Hampton<sup>1</sup> takes its name.  
 Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom  
 Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;  
 Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,  
 Dost sometimes counsel take--and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,  
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;  
 In various talk the instructive hours they passed,  
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;  
 One speaks the glory of the British queen,  
 And one describes a charming Indian screen;  
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes.  
 At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,  
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,  
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;  
 The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,  
 And wretches hang that jury-men may dine;  
 The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace,  
 And the long labours of the toilet cease. . . .

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,  
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round;<sup>2</sup>  
 On shining altars of Japan they raise  
 The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:  
 From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,  
 While China's earth receives the smoking tide:  
 At once they gratify their scent and taste,  
 And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.  
 Straight hover round the fair her airy band;  
 Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,  
 Some o'er her lap their careful plumes displayed,  
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.

<sup>1</sup> Hampton Court, the most famous of English palaces.

<sup>2</sup> The coffee-beans (or berries) were roasted as well as ground on a side-board by the ladies themselves.

Coffee (which makes the politician wise,  
 And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)  
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain  
 New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain. . . .

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,  
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill!  
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace  
 A two-edged weapon from her shining case:  
 So ladies in romance assist their knight,  
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.  
 He takes the gift with reverence, and extends  
 The little engine on his fingers' ends;  
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,  
 As o'er the fragrant steam she bends her head.  
 Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,  
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;  
 And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;  
 Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.  
 Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought  
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought;  
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,  
 He watched the ideas rising in her mind,  
 Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,  
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart.  
 Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,  
 Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex<sup>1</sup> wide,  
 To inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide. . . .  
 The meeting points the sacred hair dissever  
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,  
 And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.  
 Not louder shrieks to pitying heaven are cast,  
 When husbands, or when lap-dogs breathe their last;  
 Or when rich China vessels fallen from high,  
 In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine  
 (The victor cried), the glorious prize is mine!  
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,  
 Or in a coach and six the British fair. . . .

<sup>1</sup> Shears.

While visits shall be paid on solemn days,  
 When numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,  
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,  
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!  
 What time would spare, from steel receives its date,  
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate!  
 Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,  
 And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy;  
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,  
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.  
 What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel  
 The conquering force of unresisted steel?

. . . . .

## CANTO V

“To arms, to arms!” the fierce virago cries,  
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.  
 All side in parties, and begin the attack;  
 Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;  
 Heroes’ and heroines’ shouts confusedly rise,  
 And bass and treble voices strike the skies.  
 No common weapons in their hands are found,  
 Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.  
 So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,  
 And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;  
 ’Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms,  
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:  
 Jove’s thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,  
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:  
 Earth shakes her nodding towers the ground gives way,  
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!  
 Triumphant Umbriel on a sponce’s height  
 Clapped his glad wings, and sat to view the fight:  
 Propped on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey  
 The growing combat, or assist the fray. . . .  
 A beau and witling perished in the throng;  
 One died in metaphor, and one in song.  
 “O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,”  
 Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair,

A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,  
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.  
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies  
The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,  
Chloe stepped in, and killed him with a frown;  
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,  
But, at her smile, the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,  
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;  
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;  
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,  
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:  
Nor feared the chief the unequal fight to try,  
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.  
But this bold lord with manly strength endued,  
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:  
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,  
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw;  
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,  
The pungent grains of titillating dust.  
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,  
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.

"Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda cried,  
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.

"Boast not my fall" (he cried), "insulting foe!  
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low,  
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:  
All that I dread is leaving you behind!  
Rather than so, ah, let me still survive,  
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."

"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all around  
"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.  
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain  
Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.  
But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,  
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!  
The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,  
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:

With such a prize no mortal must be blest,  
So heaven decrees! with heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,  
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.  
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,  
And beaux in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.  
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found.  
And lovers' hearts with ends of ribband bound,  
The courtier's promises, and sick men's prayers,  
The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs,  
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,  
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,  
Though marked by none but quick, poetic eyes:  
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,  
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.  
Not Berenice's locks<sup>1</sup> first rose so bright  
The heavens bespangling with dishevelled light.  
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,  
And, pleased, pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,  
And hail with music its propitious ray.  
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,  
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.<sup>2</sup> . . .

Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravished hair,  
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!  
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,  
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.  
For, after all the murders of your eye,  
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die:  
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,  
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,  
This lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,  
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

<sup>1</sup> The constellation of seven twinkling stars.

<sup>2</sup> A pond in St. James's Park "consecrated to disastrous love and elegiac poetry."

## MAN

*Selections from "An Essay on Man"*

Know then thyself, presume not God to scan,  
 The proper study of mankind is man.  
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,  
 A being darkly wise, and rudely great:  
 With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,  
 With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,  
 He hangs between; in doubt to act, or rest;  
 In doubt to deem himself a God, or beast;  
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer;  
 Born but to die, and reasoning but to err;  
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,  
 Whether he thinks too little or too much:  
 Chaos of thought and passion, all confused;  
 Still by himself abused or disabused;  
 Created half to rise and half to fall;  
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;  
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled:  
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world!

Whate'er the passion—knowledge, fame, or pelf,  
 Not one will change his neighbour with himself.  
 The learned is happy nature to explore,  
 The fool is happy that he knows no more;  
 The rich is happy in the plenty given,  
 The poor contents him with the care of Heaven.  
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,  
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king;  
 The starving chemist in his golden views  
 Supremely blest, the poet in his muse.  
 See some strange comfort every state attend,  
 And pride bestowed on all, a common friend;  
 See some fit passion every age supply,  
 Hope travels through nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,  
 Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw:  
 Some livelier play-things gives his youth delight,  
 A little louder, but as empty quite:

Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,  
 And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age:  
 Pleased with this bauble still, as that before;  
 Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;  
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.  
 Fortune in men has some small difference made,  
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;  
 The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,  
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.  
 "What differ more [you cry] than crown and cowl!"  
 I'll tell you, friend! a wise man and a fool.  
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,  
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,  
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow;  
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.<sup>1</sup>

#### THE CRAFT OF VERSE

*From "An Essay on Criticism"*

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
 As those move easiest who have learned to dance.  
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,  
 The sound must seem an echo to the sense.  
 Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,  
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;  
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,  
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:  
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
 The line too labours, and the words move slow;  
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,  
 Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.

#### ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT

I know the thing that's most uncommon  
 (Envy be silent, and attend!);

<sup>1</sup> Prunella was the material of which the parson's gown was made, meaning that the rest is only a matter of clothing.

I know a reasonable woman,  
 Handsome and witty, yet a friend.  
 Not warped by passion, awed by rumour,  
 Not grave thro' pride, or gay thro' folly,  
 An equal mixture of good humour,  
 And sensible soft melancholy.  
 "Has she no faults then [Envy says], Sir?"  
 Yes, she has one, I must aver:  
 When all the world conspires to praise her,  
 The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

*SOLITUDE*<sup>1</sup>

Happy the man, whose wish and care  
 A few paternal acres bound,  
 Content to breathe his native air  
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,  
 Whose flocks supply him with attire;  
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcernedly find  
 Hours, days, and years, slide soft away  
 In health of body, peace of mind;  
 Quiet by day.

Sound sleep by night; study and ease  
 Together mixed, sweet recreation,  
 And innocence, which most does please  
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown;  
 Thus unlamented let me die;  
 Steal from the world, and not a stone  
 Tell where I lie.

<sup>1</sup> This, according to Pope, was written when he was about twelve years old.

## THOMAS GRAY

1716 · 1771

*ELEGY*

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

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

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:

Save where 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.

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.

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.

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.

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 bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

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.

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.

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

Can storied 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?

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

But knowledge to their eyes her ample page,  
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;  
Chill penury repressed their noble rage,  
And froze the genial current of the soul.

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

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.

Th' applause of listening 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.

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone  
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;  
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,  
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind;

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.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife  
Their sober wishes never learned to stray;  
Along the cool sequestered vale of life  
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

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

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

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

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.

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

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;

“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.

“Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,  
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;  
Now drooping, woeful-wan, like one forlorn,  
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

“One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,  
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;  
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,  
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

“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  
Graved 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 frowned not on his humble birth  
And melancholy marked 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 gained 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.

## WILLIAM COLLINS

1721 · 1759

## "HOW SLEEP THE BRAVE"

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest,  
 By all their country's wishes blest!  
 When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,  
 Returns to deck their hallowed mould,  
 She there shall dress a sweeter sod,  
 Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,  
 By forms unseen their dirge is sung;  
 There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,  
 To bless the turf that wraps their clay,  
 And Freedom shall a-while repair,  
 To dwell a weeping hermit there!

## ODE TO EVENING

If ought of oaten stop or pastoral song  
 May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear,  
   Like thy own solemn springs,  
   Thy springs, and dying gales,  
 O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun  
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,  
   With brede ethereal wove,  
   O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hushed, 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,  
 As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,

Against the pilgrim born in heedless hum:  
Now teach me, maid composed,  
To breathe some softened strain,  
Whose numbers stealing thro' thy darkening vale,  
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,  
As, musing slow, I hail  
Thy genial loved return!

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,  
And many a nymph who wreaths her brows with sedge,  
And sheds the fresh'ning dew, and lovelier still,  
The pensive pleasures sweet  
Prepare thy shadowy car.

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.  
Or if chill blust'ring winds, or driving rain,  
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,  
That from the mountain's side,  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,  
And hamlets brown, and dim-discovered spires,  
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all  
Thy dewy fingers draw  
The gradual dusky veil.

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

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,  
 Shall fancy, friendship, science, smiling peace,  
 Thy gentlest influence own,  
 And love thy favourite name!

## CHRISTOPHER SMART

1722 · 1771

*From "A SONG TO DAVID"*

He sang of God—the mighty source  
 Of all things—the stupendous force  
 On which all strength depends;  
 From whose right arm, beneath whose eyes,  
 All period, power, and enterprise  
 Commences, reigns and ends.

Angels—their ministry and meed,  
 Which to and fro with blessings speed,  
 Or with their citherns wait;  
 Where Michael, with his millions, bows,  
 Where dwell the seraph and his spouse,  
 The cherub and her mate.

Of man—the semblance and effect  
 Of God and love—the saint elect  
 For infinite applause—  
 To rule the land, and briny broad,  
 To be laborious in his laud,  
 And heroes in his cause.

The world—the clustering spheres he made;  
 The glorious light, the soothing shade,  
 Dale, champaign, grove, and hill;  
 The multitudinous abyss,  
 Where Secrecy remains in bliss,  
 And Wisdom hides her skill.

Trees, plants, and flowers—of virtuous root;  
 Gem-yielding blossom, yielding fruit,

Choice gums and precious balm;  
 Bless ye the nosegay in the vale,  
 And with the sweetness of the gale  
 Enrich the thankful psalm.

Of fowl—e'en every beak and wing  
 Which cheer the winter, hail the spring,  
 That live in peace, or prey;  
 They that make music, or that mock,  
 The quail, the brave domestic cock,  
 The raven, swan, and jay.

Of fishes—every size and shape,  
 Which nature frames of light escape,  
 Devouring man to shun;  
 The shells are in the weedy deep,  
 The shoals upon the surface leap,  
 And love the glancing sun.

Of beasts—the beaver plods his task;  
 While the sleek tigers roll and bask,  
 Nor yet the shades arouse:  
 Her cave the mining coney scoops;  
 Where o'er the mead the mountain stoops,  
 The kids exult and browse.

Of gems—their virtue and their price,  
 Which hid in earth from man's device,  
 Their darts of lustre sheathe;  
 The jasper of the master's stamp,  
 The topaz blazing like a lamp  
 Among the mines beneath.

Strong is the horse upon his speed;  
 Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,<sup>1</sup>  
 Which makes at once his game;  
 Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;  
 Strong through the turbulent profound  
 Shoots xiphias<sup>2</sup> to his aim.

<sup>1</sup> The kite.

<sup>2</sup> The sword-fish.

Strong is the lion—like a coal  
 His eyeball,—like a bastion's mole  
 His chest against the foes;  
 Strong the gier-eagle on his sail;  
 Strong against tide the enormous whale  
 Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still, in earth and air,  
 And in the sea, the man of prayer,  
 And far beneath the tide!  
 And in the seat to faith assigned,  
 Where ask is have, where seek is find,  
 Where knock is open wide.

Beauteous the fleet before the gale;  
 Beauteous the multitudes in mail,  
 Ranked arms and crested heads:  
 Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,  
 Walk, water, meditated wild,  
 And all the bloomy beds.

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn;  
 And beauteous, when the veil's withdrawn,  
 The virgin to her spouse:  
 Beauteous the temple decked and filled,  
 When to the heaven of heavens they build  
 Their heart-directed vows.

Beauteous, yea, beauteous, more than these,  
 The shepherd-king upon his knees,  
 For his momentous trust;  
 With wish of infinite conceit,  
 For man, beast, mute, the small and great,  
 And prostrate dust to dust.

Glorious the sun in mid career;  
 Glorious the assembled fires appear;  
 Glorious the comet's train;  
 Glorious the trumpet and alarm;  
 Glorious the almighty stretched-out arm;  
 Glorious the enraptured main.

Glorious the northern lights astream;  
 Glorious the song, when God's the theme;  
 Glorious the thunder's roar;  
 Glorious hosanna from the den;  
 Glorious the catholic Amen;  
 Glorious the martyr's gore.

Glorious—more glorious is the crown  
 Of Him that brought salvation down  
 By meekness, called thy Son.  
 Thou that stupendous truth believed,  
 And now the matchless deed's achieved,  
 Determined, dared, and done.

## JOHN PHILPOT CURRAN

1750 · 1817

*LET US BE MERRY*

If sadly thinking, with spirits sinking,  
 Could, more than drinking, my cares compose  
 A cure for sorrow from sighs I'd borrow,  
 And hope to-morrow would end my woes.  
 But as in wailing, there's nought availing,  
 And Death unfailing will strike the blow;  
 Then for that reason, and for a season,  
 Let us be merry before we go.

To joy a stranger, a wayworn ranger,  
 In every danger my course I've run;  
 Now hope all ending, and death befriending,  
 His last aid lending, my cares are done.  
 No more a rover, nor hapless lover,  
 My griefs are over—my glass runs low;  
 Then for that reason, and for a season,  
 Let us be merry before we go.

## THOMAS CHATTERTON

1752 · 1770

*MINSTREL'S SONG**From "Aella"*

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

Black his hair 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 tabour, cudgel stout;  
 Oh! he lies by the willow-tree.  
 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 evering cloud.  
 My love is dead,  
 Gone to his death-bed,  
 All under the willow-tree.

Come, with acorn-cup and thorn,  
 Drain my own heart'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.

*FREEDOM'S WAR-SONG*

*Chorus from "Goddwyn"*

When Freedom, dressed in bloodstained vest,  
 To every knight her war-song sung,  
 Upon her head wild weeds were spread  
 A gory sword-blade by her hung.  
 She dancèd on the heath,  
 She heard the voice of death.

Pale-eyed Affright, his heart of silver hue,  
 In vain assailed her bosom to acale.<sup>1</sup>  
 She heard, unmoved, the shrieking voice of woe,  
 And sadness in the owlet shake the dale,  
 She shook the armèd spear,  
 On high she raised her shield;  
 Her foemen all appear,  
 And fly along the field.

Power, with head stretchèd into the skies,  
 His spear a sunbeam, and his shield a star;  
 Alike two flaming meteors, rolls his eyes,  
 Stamps with his iron feet, and sounds to war.  
 She sits upon a rock,  
 She bends before his spear,  
 She rises from the shock,  
 Wielding her own in air.

Hard as the thunder doth she drive it on;  
 Wit, closely mantled, guides it to his crown;  
 His long sharp spear, his spreading shield is gone,  
 He falls, and, falling, rolleth thousands down.  
 War, gore-faced War, by Envy armed, arist,<sup>2</sup>  
 His fiery helmet nodding to the air,  
 Ten bloody arrows in his straining fist!

<sup>1</sup> Acale: chill.

<sup>2</sup> Arist: arisen,



# THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

## FIRST HALF

### ROMANCE AND PROPHECY

Category has again been disturbed by placing Blake and Burns at the beginning of this section rather than at the end of the preceding one. Yet it is obvious that the mingled purity and passion of their songs spring from the romantic faith which characterizes the nineteenth century rather than the scientific scepticism which we attribute to the eighteenth. With the passing of Pope, melody again resumed control, and the impulse to sing—an impulse alien to Pope's spirit of deliberate inquiry—was nowhere more lavishly gratified than in the earthly tunes of Burns and the super-terrestrial and symbolic lyrics of Blake.

The change was dramatic. The revival of the musical "tone" in poetry, quickened by a revulsion from versified pedantry, brought about not only a new set of concepts but another vocabulary. Instead of the stiff couplets and clenched quatrains, the poets fashioned a more flexible line, varied the rhythms, rediscovered the sonnet, revived the ballad form, amplified the almost forgotten Spenserian stanza. Turning from the archaic inversions and mythological allusions, the language became richer and, at the same time, more real. Byron was the link between the two periods. He extended the tradition of the eighteenth century, which to-day seems far more remote to us than the seventeenth, and added a tradition of his own. Byron's contemporaries approved of his songs though they deprecated his morals, while we—such is the mutability of taste—excuse if we do not applaud his morals and condemn his songs. Byron may be said to persist not by virtue of the lyrics by which he set great store, but by the narratives and "set pieces" that embellish the longer poems.

In programme and practice, however, no one contributed more towards the new poetic language than Wordsworth. The "advertisement" to the *Lyrical Ballads*, which spoke up for a more vivid and even vulgar speech, still serves as a credo for those who wish to keep poetry from too much literature and too little life. In his effort to ascertain "how far the language of conversation is adapted to the purposes of poetic pleasure," Wordsworth accomplished more than he intended. His "natural piety" intensified a natural if sometimes too naive idiom; it enabled him to restore freshness to a diction that had become affected and false, and it gave, as his collaborator Coleridge said, "the charm of novelty to things of every day . . . awakening the mind's attention from the lethargy of custom and directing it to the wonders of the world before us."

If we look for likenesses between Wordsworth and those who immediately followed him, we must look for spiritual affinities rather than for direct influences. The principles of liberty expressed through political revolutions on both sides of the Atlantic, the boldness of the American experiment, the disparate movements towards a wider humanitarianism were reflected in the work of the younger poets. New currents agitated every surface—explicit in the case of Byron, implicit in Shelley. In Shelley the fiery soul leaped uppermost, the poetry was enriched with a more rebellious and resonant timbre. In Keats, possibly the “purest” poet who ever wrote in English, the effect was of continuous ecstasy—the odes being maintained on the perilous pitch of high, extended songs. In these two poets (Keats and Shelley) as with the prophetic Blake—and Wordsworth at his best—the moving syllables proceed not only from deeper wells of sound, but from an almost soundless depth of spirit.

WILLIAM BLAKE

1757 · 1827

*THE TYGER*

Tyger! Tyger! 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 watered heaven with their tears,  
Did he smile his work to see?  
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger! Tyger! burning bright  
In the forests of the night,  
What immortal hand or eye  
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

*THE LAMB*

Little Lamb, who made thee?  
Dost thou know who made thee?  
Gave thee life and bid thee feed  
By the stream and o'er the mead;

Gave thee clothing of delight,  
 Softest clothing, woolly, bright;  
 Gave thee such a tender voice  
 Making all the vales rejoice?  
 Little Lamb, who made thee?  
 Dost thou know who made thee?

Little Lamb, I'll tell thee,  
 Little Lamb, I'll tell thee:  
 He is callèd by thy name,  
 For he calls himself a Lamb.  
 He is meek and he is mild;  
 He became a little child.  
 I a child and thou a lamb,  
 We are callèd by his name.  
 Little Lamb, God bless thee.  
 Little Lamb, God bless thee.

*THE FLY*

Little Fly,  
 Thy summer's play  
 My thoughtless hand  
 Has brushed away.

Am not I  
 A fly like thee?  
 Or art not thou  
 A man like me?

For I dance  
 And drink and sing,  
 Till some blind hand  
 Shall brush my wing.

If thought is life  
 And strength and breath,  
 And the want  
 Of thought is death,

Then am I  
 A happy fly  
 If I live  
 Or if I die.

*THE SUN-FLOWER*

Ah, Sun-flower! weary of time,  
 Who countest the steps of the Sun,  
 Seeking after that sweet golden clime  
 Where the traveller's journey is done:

Where the Youth pined away with desire,  
 And the pale Virgin shrouded in snow,  
 Arise from their graves and aspire  
 Where my Sun-flower wishes to go.

*THE SICK ROSE*

O rose, thou art sick:  
 The invisible worm  
 That flies in the night  
 In the howling storm,

Has found out thy bed  
 Of crimson joy,  
 And his dark secret love  
 Does thy life destroy.

*SONG*

How sweet I roamed from field to field  
 And tasted all the summer's pride,  
 Till I the prince of love beheld  
 Who in the sunny beams did glide!

He showed me lilies for my hair,  
 And blushing roses for my brow;  
 He led me through his gardens fair  
 Where all his golden pleasures grow.

With sweet May dews my wings were wet,  
 And Phoebus fired my vocal rage;  
 He caught me in his silken net,  
 And shut me in his golden cage.

He loves to sit and hear me sing,  
 Then, laughing, sports and plays with me;  
 Then stretches out my golden wing,  
 And mocks my loss of liberty.

*INFANT SORROW*

My mother groaned, my father wept;  
 Into the dangerous world I leapt;  
 Helpless, naked, piping loud,  
 Like a fiend hid in a cloud.

Struggling in my father's hands,  
 Striving against my swaddling-bands,  
 Bound and weary, I thought best  
 To sulk upon my mother's breast.

*INJUNCTION*

'The Angel that presided o'er my birth  
 Said, "Little creature, formed of joy and mirth,  
 Go, love, without the help of anything on earth."

*MY SILKS AND FINE ARRAY*

My silks and fine array,  
 My smiles and languished air,  
 By love are driven away;  
 And mournful lean Despair  
 Brings me yew to deck my grave;  
 Such end true lovers have.

His face is fair as heaven  
 When springing buds unfold;  
 Oh, why to him was't given,  
 Whose heart is wintry cold?

His breast is Love's all-worshipped tomb  
Where all Love's pilgrims come.

Bring me an axe and spade,  
Bring me a winding sheet;  
When I my grave have made,  
Let winds and tempests beat:  
Then down I'll lie, as cold as clay.  
True love doth pass away!

*MORNING*

To find the Western path,  
Right thro' the Gates of Wrath  
I urge my way.  
Sweet Mercy leads me on;  
With soft repentant moan  
I see the break of day.

The war of swords and spears,  
Melted by dewy tears,  
Exhales on high.  
The Sun is freed from fears,  
And with soft grateful tears  
Ascends the sky.

*AUGURIES OF INNOCENCE*

To see a World in a Grain of Sand  
And a Heaven in a Wild Flower,  
Hold Infinity in the palm of your hand  
And Eternity in an hour.

A Robin Redbreast in a Cage  
Puts all Heaven in a rage.

A Dove-house filled with Doves and Pigeons  
Shudders Hell thro' all its regions.

A Dog starved at his Master's Gate  
Predicts the ruin of the State.

A Horse misused upon the Road  
Calls to Heaven for human blood.

Each outcry of the hunted Hare  
A fibre from the Brain does tear.

A Skylark wounded in the wing,  
A Cherubim does cease to sing.

The Game Cock clipped and armed for fight  
Does the Rising Sun affront.

Every Wolf's and Lion's howl  
Raises from Hell a human Soul.

The wild Deer wand'ring here and there  
Keeps the human Soul from Care.

The Lamb misused breeds public strife  
And yet forgives the Butcher's Knife.

The Bat that flits at close of Eve  
Has left the Brain that won't believe.

The Owl that calls upon the Night  
Speaks the Unbeliever's fright.

He who shall hurt the little Wren  
Shall never be beloved by Men.

He who the Ox to wrath had moved  
Shall never be by Woman loved.

The wanton Boy that kills the Fly  
Shall feel the Spider's enmity.

He who torments the Chafer's sprite  
Weaves a Bower in endless Night.

The Caterpillar on the Leaf  
Repeats to thee thy Mother's grief.

Kill not the Moth nor Butterfly  
For the Last Judgement draweth nigh.

He who mocks the Infant's Faith  
Shall be mocked in Age and Death.  
He who shall teach the Child to Doubt  
The rotting Grave shall ne'er get out.  
He who respects the Infant's faith  
Triumphs over Hell and Death.

The Child's Toys and the Old Man's Reasons  
Are the Fruits of the Two seasons.

The Questioner who sits so sly  
Shall never know how to Reply.  
He who replies to words of Doubt  
Doth put the Light of Knowledge out.

He who Doubts from what he sees  
Will ne'er Believe, do what you please.  
If the Sun and Moon should doubt,  
They'd immediately go out.

To be in a Passion you Good may do,  
But no Good if a Passion is in you.

The Whore and Gambler, by the State  
Licensed, build that Nation's Fate.  
The Harlot's cry from Street to Street  
Shall weave Old England's winding Sheet.

The Winner's Shout, the Loser's Curse,  
Dance before dead England's Hearse.

Every Night and every Morn  
Some to Misery are Born.  
Every Morn and every Night  
Some are Born to sweet delight.

Some are Born to sweet delight,  
Some are Born to Endless Night.

We are led to believe a Lie  
 When we see with, not thro' the Eye  
 Which was born in a Night, to perish in a Night,  
 When the Soul slept in Beams of Light.

God Appears, and God is Light  
 To those poor Souls who dwell in Night,  
 But does a Human Form display  
 To those who dwell in Realms of Day.

*ETERNITY*

He who binds to himself a joy  
 Does the wingèd life destroy;  
 But he who kisses the joy as it flies  
 Lives in eternity's sun-rise.

*THE SWORD AND THE SICKLE*

The sword sang on the barren heath;  
 The sickle in the fruitful field.  
 The sword he sang a song of death,  
 But could not make the sickle yield.

*A NEW JERUSALEM*

*From "Milton"*

And did those feet in ancient time  
 Walk upon England's mountains green?  
 And was the Holy Lamb of God  
 On England's pleasant pastures seen?

And did the countenance divine  
 Shine forth upon our clouded hills?  
 And was Jerusalem builded here  
 Among these dark satanic mills?

Bring me my bow of burning gold!  
 Bring me my arrows of desire!  
 Bring me my spear! O clouds, unfold!  
 Bring me my chariot of fire!

I will not cease from mental fight,  
Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,  
Till we have built Jerusalem  
In England's green and pleasant land.

*TO THE MUSES*

Whether on Ida's shady brow,  
Or in the chambers of the East,  
The chambers of the sun that now  
From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,  
Or the green corners of the earth,  
Or the blue regions of the air,  
Where the melodious winds have birth;

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,  
Beneath the bosom of the sea  
Wandering in many a coral grove,  
Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry;

How have you left the ancient love  
That bards of old enjoyed in you!  
The languid strings do scarcely move;  
The sound is forced, the notes are few!

*LOVE'S SECRET*

Never seek to tell thy love,  
Love that never told can be;  
For the gentle wind does move  
Silently, invisibly.

I told my love, I told my love,  
I told her all my heart;  
Trembling, cold, in ghastly fears,  
Ah! she did depart!

Soon as she was gone from me,  
A traveller came by,  
Silently, invisibly:  
He took her with a sigh.

## ROBERT BURNS

1759 · 1796

*THE BANKS O' DOON*

Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,  
 How can ye blume sae fair?  
 How can ye chant, ye little birds,  
 And I sae fu' o' care!

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie bird  
 That sings upon the bough;  
 Thou minds me o' the happy days  
 When my fause<sup>1</sup> Luve was true.

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonie 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 bonie Doon  
 To see the woodbine twine,  
 And ilka<sup>2</sup> bird sang o' its love;  
 And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,  
 Frae aff its thorny tree;  
 And my fause Luver staw<sup>3</sup> the rose,  
 But left the thorn wi' me.

*MARY MORISON*

O Mary, at thy window be,  
 It is the wished, the trysted hour!  
 Those smiles and glances let me see,  
 That make the miser's, treasure poor:  
 How blithely wad I bide the stour,<sup>4</sup>  
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,  
 Could I the rich reward secure,  
 The lovely Mary Morison.

<sup>1</sup> False.  
<sup>4</sup> Struggle.

<sup>2</sup> Every.

<sup>3</sup> Stole.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string  
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',  
 To thee my fancy took its wing,  
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw:  
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,  
 And yon the toast of a' the town,  
 I sighed, and said amang them a',  
 "Ye are na Mary Morison."

Oh, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,  
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die?  
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,  
 Whose only faut is loving thee?  
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,  
 At least be pity to me shown;  
 A thought ungentle canna be  
 The thought o' Mary Morison.

*TO A MOUSE*

ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST WITH THE PLOUGH

Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous beastie,  
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie!  
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,  
 Wi' bickering brattle!  
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,  
 Wi' murd'ring pattle!<sup>1</sup>

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

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve;  
 What then? poor beastie, thou maun live!  
 A daimen icker in a thrave<sup>2</sup>  
 'S a sma' request;

<sup>1</sup> Plough-stick.

<sup>2</sup> An odd ear of wheat in a shock of grain.

I'll get a blessin wi' the lave,<sup>1</sup>  
An' never miss't!

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin!  
It's silly wa's the winds are strewin!  
An' naething, now, to big<sup>2</sup> a new ane,  
O' foggage<sup>3</sup> green!  
An' bleak December's winds ensuin,  
Baith snell an' keen!<sup>4</sup>

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

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,  
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble!  
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,  
But house or hald,<sup>5</sup>  
To thole<sup>6</sup> the winter's sleety dribble,  
An' cranreuch<sup>7</sup> cauld!

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane,<sup>8</sup>  
In proving foresight may be vain;  
The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men  
Gang aft agley,  
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,  
For promised joy!

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me;  
The present only toucheth thee:  
But och! I backward cast<sup>†</sup> me e'e,  
On prospects drear!  
An' forward, tho' I canna see,  
I guess an' fear!

<sup>1</sup> The leavings.

<sup>2</sup> Build.

<sup>3</sup> Moss.

<sup>4</sup> Sharp and bitter.

<sup>5</sup> Without house or home.

<sup>6</sup> Endure. <sup>7</sup> Hoar-frost.

<sup>8</sup> Not the only one

*JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO*

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 When we were first acquent;  
 Your locks were like the raven,  
 Your bonie brow was brent;<sup>1</sup>  
 But now your brow is bald, John,  
 Your locks are like the snow;  
 But blessings on your frosty pow,<sup>2</sup>  
 John Anderson, my jo.

John Anderson, my jo, John,  
 We clamb the hill thegither;  
 And mony a cantie<sup>3</sup> day, John,  
 We've had wi' ane anither:  
 Now we maun totter down, John,  
 And hand in hand we'll go,  
 And sleep thegither at the foot,  
 John Anderson, my jo.

*WHISTLE AN' I'LL COME TO YE, MY LAD*

*Chorus.*—O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad,  
 O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad,  
 Tho' father an' mother an' a' should gae mad,  
 O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad.

But warily tent<sup>4</sup> when ye come to court me,  
 And come nae unless the back-yett be a-jee;<sup>5</sup>  
 Syne up the back-stile, and let naeboddy see,  
 And come as ye were na comin to me,  
 And come as ye were na comin to me.

O whistle an' I'll come . . .

At kirk, or at market, whene'er ye meet me,  
 Gang by me as tho' that ye car'd na a flea;  
 But steal me a blink o' your bonie black e'e,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin to me,  
 Yet look as ye were na lookin to me.

O whistle an' I'll come . . .

<sup>1</sup>Smooth.

<sup>2</sup>Head.

<sup>3</sup>Lively.

<sup>4</sup>Watch.

<sup>5</sup>. . . the back-gate be ajar.

Aye, vow and protest that ye care na for me,  
 And whiles ye may lightly my beauty a-wee;  
 But court na anither, tho' jokin ye be,  
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me,  
 For fear that she wile your fancy frae me.  
 O whistle an' I'll come . . .

*TAM O' SHANTER*

A TALE

"Of Brownis and of Bogillis full is this Buke."

GAWIN DOUGLAS.

When chapman billies<sup>1</sup> leave the street,  
 And drouthy neibors neibors meet;  
 As market days are wearing late,  
 And folk begin to tak the gate,  
 While we sit bousing at the nappy,<sup>2</sup>  
 An' getting fou and unco happy,  
 We think na on the lang Scots miles,  
 The mosses, water, slaps<sup>3</sup> and stiles,  
 That lie between us and our hame,  
 Where sits our sulky, sullen dame,  
 Gathering her brows like gathering storm,  
 Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,  
 As he frae Ayr ae night did canter  
 (Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses,  
 For honest men and bonie lasses).

O Tam! had'st thou but been sae wise,  
 As taen thy ain wife Kate's advice!  
 She tauld thee weel thou was a skellum,<sup>4</sup>  
 A blethering, blustering, drunken blellum;<sup>5</sup>  
 That frae November till October,  
 Ae market-day thou was no sober;

<sup>1</sup> Peddlers.

<sup>2</sup> Drinking-ale.

<sup>3</sup> Gaps.

<sup>4</sup> Rogue.

<sup>5</sup> Babblers.

That ilka melder<sup>1</sup> wi' the Miller,  
 Thou sat as lang as thou had siller;<sup>2</sup>  
 That ev'ry naig was ca'd a shoe on<sup>3</sup>  
 The Smith and thee gat roarin fou on;  
 That at the Lord's house, ev'n on Sunday,  
 Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday;  
 She prophesied that late or soon,  
 Thou wad be found, deep drowned in Doon,  
 Or caught wi' warlocks<sup>4</sup> in the mirk,  
 By Alloway's auld, haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars me greet,<sup>5</sup>  
 To think how mony counsels sweet,  
 How mony lengthened, sage advices,  
 The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale:—Ae market night,  
 Tam had got planted unco right,  
 Fast by an ingle, bleezing finely,<sup>6</sup>  
 Wi' reaming swats<sup>7</sup> that drank divinely;  
 And at his elbow, Souter Johnie,  
 His ancient, trusty, drouthy crony:  
 Tam lo'ed him like a very brither;<sup>8</sup>  
 They had been fou for weeks thegither.  
 The night drave on wi' sangs an' clatter;  
 And aye the ale was growing better:  
 The Landlady and Tam grew gracious,  
 Wi' favours secret, sweet and precious:  
 The Souter tauld his qucerest stories;  
 The Landlord's laugh was ready chorus:  
 The storm without might rair and rustle,  
 Tam did na mind the storm a whistle.

Care, mad to see a man sae happy,  
 E'en drowned himsel amang the nappy.  
 As bees flee hame wi' lades<sup>9</sup> o' treasure,  
 The minutes winged their way wi' pleasure:

<sup>1</sup> Corn-grinding.

<sup>3</sup> Every nag had a shoe driven on.

<sup>5</sup> Makes me weep.

<sup>8</sup> Brother.

<sup>6</sup> A blazing hearth.

<sup>9</sup> Loads.

<sup>2</sup> (Silver) Money.

<sup>4</sup> Male witches.

<sup>7</sup> Foaming tankards.

Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,  
O'er a' the ills o' life victorious!

But pleasures are like poppies spread,  
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed;  
Or like the snow falls in the river,  
A moment white—then melts for ever;  
Or like the borealis race,  
That flit ere you can point their place;  
Or like the rainbow's lovely form  
Evanishing amid the storm.  
Nae man can tether time or tide;—  
The hour approaches Tam maun ride;  
That hour, o' night's black arch the key-stane,  
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;  
And sic a night he taks the road in,  
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last;  
The rattling showers rose on the blast;  
The speedy gleams the darkness swallowed;  
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellowed:  
That night, a child might understand,  
The Deil<sup>1</sup> had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his grey mare, Meg,  
A better never lifted leg,  
Tam skelpit<sup>2</sup> on through dub<sup>3</sup> and mire,  
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;  
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet;  
Whiles crooning o'er some auld Scots sonnet;  
Whiles glowering round wi' prudent cares,  
Lest bogles<sup>4</sup> catch him unawares;  
Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,  
Whare ghaists and houlets<sup>5</sup> nightly cry.

By this time he was cross the ford,  
Whare in the snaw the chapman smooed,<sup>6</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Devil.<sup>2</sup> Splashed.<sup>3</sup> Puddle.<sup>4</sup> Goblins.<sup>5</sup> Ghosts and owls.<sup>6</sup> Smothered.

And past the birks and meikle-stane,<sup>1</sup>  
 Whare drunken Charlie brak's neckbane;  
 And through the whins, and by the cairn,<sup>2</sup>  
 Whare hunters fand the murdered bairn;  
 And near the thorn, aboon the well,  
 Whare Mungo's mither hanged hersel.  
 Before him Doon pours all his floods;  
 The doubling storm roars through the woods;  
 The lightnings flash from pole to pole;  
 Near and more near the thunders roll:  
 When, glimmering thro' the groaning trees,  
 Kirk Alloway seemed in a bleeze;  
 Through ilka bore<sup>3</sup> the beams were glancing;  
 And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!  
 What dangers thou canst make us scorn!  
 Wi' tippenny,<sup>4</sup> we fear nae evil;  
 Wi' usquebae,<sup>5</sup> we'll face the Devil!  
 The swats sae reamed in Tammie's noddle,  
 Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.<sup>6</sup>  
 But Maggie stood right sair astonished,  
 Till, by the heel and hand admonished,  
 She ventured forward on the light;  
 And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!  
 Warlocks and witches in a dance;  
 Nae cotillion brent-new frae France,  
 But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,  
 Put life and mettle in their heels.  
 At winnock-bunker<sup>7</sup> in the east,  
 There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;  
 A towzie tyke,<sup>8</sup> black, grim, and large,  
 To gie them music was his charge:  
 He screwed the pipes and gart them skirl,<sup>9</sup>  
 Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.<sup>10</sup>—  
 Coffins stood round, like open presses,  
 That shawed the dead in their last dresses;

<sup>1</sup> The large stone.

<sup>2</sup> Through brush by the stone-pile

<sup>3</sup> Every chink.

<sup>4</sup> Twopenny ale.

<sup>5</sup> Whisky.

<sup>6</sup> Cared not a copper.

<sup>7</sup> Window-seat.

<sup>8</sup> Shaggy cur.

<sup>9</sup> Played the bag-pipes and made them scream.

<sup>10</sup> Rattle.

And by some devilish cantrip<sup>1</sup> sleight,  
 Each in its cauld hand held a light,—  
 By which heroic Tam was able  
 To note upon the haly table  
 A murderer's banes in gibbet-airns;<sup>2</sup>  
 Two span-lang, wee, unchristened bairns;  
 A thief, new-cuttet frae a rape,<sup>3</sup>  
 Wi' his last gasp his gab<sup>4</sup> did gape;  
 Five tomahawks wi' blude red-rusted;  
 Five scimitars wi' murder crusted;  
 A garter which a babe had strangled;  
 A knife a father's throat had mangled,  
 Whom his ain son of life bereft,  
 The grey hairs sticking to the heft;  
 Wi' mair of horrible and awfu',  
 Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glowr'd, amazed and curious,  
 The mirth and fun grew fast and furious;  
 The Piper loud and louder blew,  
 The dancers quick and quicker flew,  
 They reeled, they set, they crossed, they cleekit,<sup>5</sup>  
 Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,<sup>6</sup>  
 And coost her duddies to the wark,<sup>7</sup>  
 And linkit at it in her sark!<sup>8</sup>

But Tam kent what was what fu' brawlie:<sup>9</sup>  
 There was ae winsome wench and waulie<sup>10</sup>  
 That night enlisted in the core,<sup>11</sup>  
 Lang after ken'd on Carrick shore  
 (For mony a beast to dead she shot,  
 And perished mony a bonie boat,  
 And shook baith meikle corn and bear,  
 And kept the country-side in fear);  
 Her cutty sark,<sup>12</sup> o' Paisley harn,<sup>13</sup>  
 That while a lassie she had worn,

<sup>1</sup> Magic.      <sup>2</sup> Gallows-irons.      <sup>3</sup> Rope.      <sup>4</sup> Mouth.

<sup>5</sup> Joined hands.      <sup>6</sup> Till every old woman sweat and reeked.

<sup>7</sup> And cast off her clothes in the excitement.

<sup>8</sup> And danced in her shirt.      <sup>9</sup> Fine.      <sup>10</sup> Jolly.      <sup>11</sup> Corps, company

<sup>12</sup> Short shirt.

<sup>13</sup> Linen.

In longitude tho' sorely scanty,  
 It was her best, and she was vauntie.<sup>1</sup>  
 Ah! little ken'd thy reverend grannie,  
 That sark she coft<sup>2</sup> for her wee Nannie,  
 Wi' twa pund Scots ('twas a' her riches),  
 Wad ever graced a dance of witches!

But here my Muse her wing maun cower,  
 Sic flights are far beyond her power;  
 To sing how Nannie lap and flang  
 (A souple jade she was and strang).  
 And how Tam stood, like ane bewitched,  
 And thought his very een enriched:  
 Even Satan glowr'd, and fidg'd fu' fain,<sup>3</sup>  
 And hotched<sup>4</sup> and blew wi' might and main:  
 Till first ae caper, syne anither,  
 Tam tint<sup>5</sup> his reason a' thegither,  
 And roars out, "Weel done, Cutty-sark!"  
 And in an instant all was dark:  
 And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,  
 When out the hellish legion sallied.

As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,<sup>6</sup>  
 When plundering herds assail their byke;<sup>7</sup>  
 As open pussie's<sup>8</sup> mortal foes,  
 When, pop! she starts before their nose;  
 As eager runs the market-crowd,  
 When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;  
 So Maggie runs, the witches follow,  
 Wi' mony an eldritch<sup>9</sup> skreich and hollo.

Ah, Tam! Ah, Tam! thou'll get thy fairin!<sup>10</sup>  
 In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin!  
 In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin!  
 Kate soon will be a woefu' woman!  
 Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,  
 And win the key-stane o' the brig;<sup>11</sup>

<sup>1</sup> Vain, proud of it.

<sup>4</sup> Squirmed.

<sup>7</sup> Hive.

<sup>10</sup> Reward.

<sup>2</sup> Bought.

<sup>5</sup> Lost.

<sup>8</sup> The hare's.

<sup>11</sup> Bridge.

<sup>3</sup> Fidgeted eagerly.

<sup>6</sup> Fuss.

<sup>9</sup> Unearthly.

There, at them thou thy tail may toss,  
 A running stream they dare na cross;  
 But ere the key-stane she could make,  
 The fiend a tail she had to shake!  
 For Nannie, far before the rest,  
 Hard upon noble Maggie prest,  
 And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle;<sup>1</sup>  
 But little wist she Maggie's mettle!  
 Ae spring brought off her master hale,  
 But left behind her ain grey tail:  
 The carlin claught her by the rump,  
 And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now wha this tale o' truth shall read,  
 Ilk' man and mother's son, take heed,  
 Whene'er to drink you are inclined,  
 Or cutty-sarks run in your mind,  
 Think, ye may buy the joys o'er dear,  
 Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare!

*SWEET AFTON*

Flow gently, sweet Afton! among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, I'll sing thee a song in thy praise;  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

Thou stock-dove whose echo resounds thro' the glen,  
 Ye wild whistling blackbirds in yon thorny den,  
 Thou green crested lapwing, thy screaming forbear,  
 I charge you, disturb not my slumbering Fair.

How lofty, sweet Afton, thy neighbouring hills,  
 Far marked with the courses of clear, winding rills;  
 There daily I wander as noon rises high,  
 My flocks and my Mary's sweet eot in my eye.

How pleasant thy banks and green valleys below,  
 Where, wild in the woodlands, the primroses blow;  
 There oft, as mild ev'ning weeps over the lea,  
 The sweet-scented birk<sup>2</sup> shades my Mary and me.

<sup>1</sup> Intent.

<sup>2</sup> Birch.

Thy crystal stream, Afton, how lovely it glides,  
 And winds by the cot where my Mary resides;  
 How wanton thy waters her snowy feet lave,  
 As, gathering sweet flowerets, she stems thy clear wave.

Flow gently, sweet Afton, among thy green braes,  
 Flow gently, sweet river, the theme of my lays;  
 My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream,  
 Flow gently, sweet Afton, disturb not her dream.

*BRUCE'S MARCH TO BANNOCKBURN*

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

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

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

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

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

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

*MY LUVE*

O my Luvie is like a red, red rose,  
 That's newly sprung in June:  
 O my Luvie is like the melodie,  
 That's sweetly played in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonie lass,  
 So deep in luvie am I;  
 And I will luvie 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;  
 And I will luvie thee still, my dear,  
 While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare-thee-weel, my only Luvie!  
 And fare-thee-weel a while!  
 And I will come again, my Luvie,  
 Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

*O WERT THOU IN THE CAULD BLAST*

O wert thou in the cauld blast,  
 On yonder lea, on yonder lea,  
 My plaidie to the angry airt,<sup>1</sup>  
 I'd shelter thee, I'd shelter thee.  
 Or did misfortune's bitter storms  
 Around thee blaw, around thee blaw,  
 Thy bield<sup>2</sup> should be my bosom,  
 To share it a', to share it a'!

Or were I in the wildest waste,  
 Sae black and bare, sae black and bare,  
 The desert were a Paradise,  
 If thou wert there, if thou wert there;  
 Or were I monarch o' the globe,  
 Wi' thee to reign, wi' thee to reign,  
 The brightest jewel in my crown  
 Wad be my queen, wad be my queen!

<sup>1</sup> Wind.<sup>2</sup> Shelter.

1770 · 1850

*THE DAFFODILS*

I wandered 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 stretched 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  
 Out-did 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.

*“MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD”*

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 of the Man;  
 And I could wish my days to be  
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

*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 ploughboy 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!

*TO THE CUCKOO*

O blithe new-comer! I have heard,  
 I hear thee and rejoice:  
 O cuckoo! shall I call thee Bird,  
 Or but a wandering Voice?

While I am lying on the grass  
 Thy twofold shout I hear;  
 From hill to hill it seems to pass,  
 At once far off and near. 't

Though babbling only to the vale  
 Of sunshine and of flowers,  
 Thou bringest unto me a tale  
 Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring!  
Even yet thou art to me  
No bird, but an invisible thing,  
A voice, a mystery;

The same whom in my school-boy days  
I listened to; that cry  
Which made me look a thousand ways  
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove  
Through woods and on the green;  
And thou wert still a hope, a love;  
Still longed for, never seen!

And I can listen to thee yet;  
Can lie upon the plain  
And listen, till I do beget  
That golden time again.

O blessèd bird! the earth we pace  
Again appears to be  
An unsubstantial, fairy place,  
That is fit home for thee!

#### *THE WORLD*

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!  
The sea that bares her bosom to the moon;  
The winds that will be howling at all hours  
And are up-gathered 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 wreathèd horn.

*SLEEP*

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,  
 One after one; the sound of rain, and bees  
 Murmuring; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,  
 Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky;  
 I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie  
 Sleepless! and soon the small birds' melodies  
 Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees;  
 And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.  
 Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,  
 And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:  
 So do not let me wear to-night away:  
 Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?  
 Come, blessèd barrier between day and day,  
 Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

*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!

*ENGLAND, 1802*

O Friend! I know not which way I must look  
 For comfort, being, as I am, opprest,  
 To think that now our life is only drest  
 For show; mean handy-work of craftsman, cook,

Or groom ! We must run glittering like a brook  
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest:  
The wealthiest man among us is the best:  
No grandeur now in nature or in book  
Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,  
This is idolatry; and these we adore;  
Plain living and high thinking are no more:  
The homely beauty of the good old cause  
Is gone; our peace, our fearful innocence,  
And pure religion breathing household laws.

*TO MILTON*

(LONDON, 1802)

Milton! thou should'st be living at this hour:  
England hath need of thee: she is a fen  
Of stagnant waters: altar, sword, and pen,  
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,  
Have forfeited their ancient English dower  
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men.  
Oh! raise us up, return to us again;  
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.  
Thy soul was like a star, and dwelt apart:  
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea:  
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free,  
So didst thou travel on life's common way,  
In cheerful godliness; and yet thy heart  
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

*EVENING ON THE BEACH*

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free;  
The holy time is quiet as a nun  
Breathless with adoration; the broad sun  
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;  
The gentleness of heaven is on the sea:  
Listen! the mighty Being is awake,  
And doth with his eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear child! dear girl! that walkest with me here,  
 If thou appear untouched by solemn thought  
 Thy nature is not therefore less divine:  
 Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,  
 And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,  
 God being with thee when we know it not.

*THE SONNET*

Scorn not the Sonnet; critic, you have frowned,  
 Mindless of its just honours; with this key  
 Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody  
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;  
 A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;  
 With it Camöens soothed an exile's grief;  
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf  
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned  
 His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,  
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from faeryland  
 To struggle through dark ways; and, when a damp  
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand  
 The thing became a trumpet; whence he blew  
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

*LUCY*

I

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!

## II

I travelled among unknown men,  
 In lands beyond the sea;  
 Nor, England! did I know till then  
 What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream!  
 Nor will I quit thy shore  
 A second time; for still I seem  
 To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
 The joy of my desire;  
 And she I cherished turned her wheel  
 Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings showed, thy nights concealed  
 The bowers where Lucy played;  
 And thine too is the last green field  
 That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

## III

A slumber did my spirit seal;  
 I had no human fears:  
 She seemed a thing that could not feel  
 The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force;  
 She neither hears nor sees;  
 Rolled round in earth's diurnal course,  
 With rocks, and stones, and trees.

*CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR*

Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he  
 That every man in arms should wish to be?  
 —It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought  
 Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
 Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought:  
 Whose high endeavours are an inward light  
 That makes the path before him always bright:

Who, with a natural instinct to discern  
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn;  
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
But makes his moral being his prime care;  
Who, doomed to go in company with pain,  
And fear, and bloodshed, miserable train!  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain;  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human nature's highest dower;  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives:  
By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate;  
Is placable—because occasions rise  
So often that demand such sacrifice;  
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,  
As tempted more; more able to endure,  
As more exposed to suffering and distress;  
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.  
—'Tis he whose law is reason; who depends  
Upon that law as on the best of friends;  
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
And what in quality or act is best  
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,  
He labours good on good to fix, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows . . .

*SKY AFTER STORM*

*From "The Excursion," Book Two*

A single step, that freed me from the skirts  
Of the blind vapour, opened to my view  
Glory beyond all glory ever seen  
By waking sense or by the dreaming soul!  
The appearance, instantaneously disclosed,  
Was of a mighty city—boldly say  
A wilderness of building, sinking far  
And self-withdrawn into a boundless depth,  
Far sinking into splendour—without end!

Fabric it seemed of diamond and of gold,  
With alabaster domes, and silver spires,  
And blazing terrace upon terrace, high  
Uplifted; here, serene pavilions bright,  
In avenues disposed; there, towers begirt  
With battlements that on their restless fronts  
Bore stars—illumination of all gems!  
By earthly nature had the effect been wrought  
Upon the dark materials of the storm  
Now pacified; on them, and on the coves  
And mountain-steeps and summits, whereunto  
The vapours had receded, taking there  
Their station under a cerulean sky.  
Oh, 'twas an unimaginable sight!  
Clouds, mists, streams, watery rocks and emerald turf,  
Clouds of all tincture, rocks and sapphire sky,  
Confused, commingled, mutually inflamed,  
Molten together, and composing thus,  
Each lost in each, that marvellous array  
Of temple, palace, citadel, and huge  
Fantastic pomp of structure without name,  
In fleecy folds voluminous, enwrapped.  
Right in the midst, where interspace appeared  
Of open court, an object like a throne  
Under a shining canopy of state  
Stood fixed. . . .

*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;  
O 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 listened, motionless and still;  
 And, as I mounted up the hill  
 The music in my heart I bore,  
 Long after it was heard no more.

*ODE*

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY

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 see no more.

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 glorious birth;  
 But yet I know, where'er I go,  
 That there hath passed away a glory from the earth.

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.

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.

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.

Behold the child among his newborn blisses,  
    A six years' darling of a pygmy 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.

O 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  
Of sense and outward things,  
Fallings from us, vanishings;  
Blank misgivings of a creature  
Moving about in worlds not realized,  
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.

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.

And oh, ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,  
 Forebode not 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 newborn day

Is lovely yet;

The clouds that gather round the setting sun

Do take a sober colouring 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.

TO A SKYLARK

Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the sky!

Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?

Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye

Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?

Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,  
 Those quivering wings composed, that music still!  
 Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;  
 A privacy of glorious light is thine;  
 Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood  
 Of harmony, with instinct more divine;  
 Type of the wise who soar, but never roam;  
 True to the kindred points of Heaven and home!

## WALTER SCOTT

1771 · 1832

*PROUD MAISIE*

Proud Maisie is in the wood,  
 Walking so early;  
 Sweet Robin sits on the bush  
 Singing so rarely.

“Tell me, thou bonny bird,  
 When shall I marry me?”

“When six braw gentlemen  
 Kirkward shall carry ye.”

“Who makes the bridal bed,  
 Birdie, say truly?”

“The grey-headed sexton  
 That delves the grave duly.

“The glow-worm o’er grave and stone  
 Shall light thee steady;

The owl from the steeple sing,  
 ‘Welcome, proud lady.’ ”

*HUNTING SONG*

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 On the mountain dawns the day;  
 All the jolly chase is here  
 With hawk and horse and hunting-spear;  
 Hounds are in their couples yelling,  
 Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling;

Merrily, merrily mingle they,  
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 'The mist has left the mountain grey,  
 Springlets in the dawn are streaming,  
 Diamonds on the brake are gleaming;  
 And foresters have busy been  
 To track the buck in thicket green;  
 Now we come to chant our lay,  
 "Waken, lords and ladies gay."

Waken, lords and ladies gay,  
 To the greenwood haste away;  
 We can show you where he lies,  
 Fleet of foot and tall of size;  
 We can show the marks he made  
 When the oak his antlers frayed;  
 You shall see him brought to bay;  
 Waken, lords and ladies gay.

Louder, louder chant the lay,  
 Waken, lords and ladies gay!  
 Tell them youth and mirth and glee  
 Run a course as well as we;  
 Time, stern huntsman! who can baulk,  
 Staunch as hound and fleet as hawk;  
 Think of this, and rise with day,  
 Gentle lords and ladies gay!

## SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

1772 · 1834

### *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 here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,  
Where blossomed 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 reached 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 played,  
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 dread,  
 For he on honey-dew hath fed,  
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

*THE RIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER*

PART I

An ancient  
 Mariner  
 meeteth  
 three Gal-  
 lants bidden  
 to a wed-  
 ding-feast,  
 and detain-  
 eth one.

It is an ancient Mariner,  
 And he stoppeth one of three.  
 "By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,  
 Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,  
 And I am next of kin;  
 The guests are met, the feast is set:  
 May'st hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,  
 "There was a ship," quoth he.  
 "Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon!"  
 Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

The Wed-  
 ding-Guest  
 is spell-  
 bound by the  
 old sea-  
 faring man,  
 and con-  
 strained to  
 hear his tale.

He holds him with his glittering eye—  
 The Wedding-Guest stood still,  
 And listens like a three years' child:  
 The mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:  
 He cannot choose but hear;  
 And thus spake on that ancient man,  
 The bright-eyed Mariner

“The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,  
Merrily did we drop  
Below the kirk, below the hill,  
Below the lighthouse top.

The Mariner  
tells how the  
ship sailed  
southward  
with a good  
wind and fair  
weather, till  
it reached  
the Line.

The sun came up upon the left,  
Out of the sea came he!  
And he shone bright, and on the right  
Went down into the sea.

Higher and higher every day,  
Till over the mast at noon—”  
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,  
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The Wed-  
ding-Guest  
heareth the  
bridal music;  
but the Mar-  
iner con-  
tinueth his  
tale.

The bride hath paced into the hall,  
Red as a rose is she;  
Nodding their heads before her goes  
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,  
Yet he cannot choose but hear;  
And thus spake on that ancient man,  
The bright-eyed Mariner.

The ship  
drawn by a  
storm toward  
the south  
pole.

“And now the Storm-blast came, and he  
Was tyrannous and strong:  
He struck with his o’ertaking wings,  
And chased us south along.

With sloping masts and dipping prow,  
As who pursued with yell and blow  
Still treads the shadow of his foe,  
And forward bends his head,  
The ship droye fast, loud roared the blast,  
And southward aye we fled.

And now there came both mist and snow,  
And it grew wondrous cold:  
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,  
As green as emerald.

The land of  
ice, and of  
fearful  
sounds where  
no living  
thing was to  
be seen.

And through the drifts the snowy clifts  
Did send a dismal sheen:  
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—  
The ice was all between.

Till a great  
sea-bird,  
called the  
Albatross,  
came  
through the  
snow-fog,  
and was re-  
ceived with  
great joy and  
hospitality.

The ice was here, the ice was there,  
The ice was all around:  
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled  
Like noises in a swound!

At length did cross an Albatross,  
Thorough the fog it came;  
As if it had been a Christian soul,  
We hailed it in God's name.

And lo! the  
Albatross  
proveth a  
bird of good  
omen, and  
followeth the  
ship as it re-  
turned north-  
ward  
through fog  
and floating  
ice.

It ate the food it ne'er had eat,  
And round and round it flew.  
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;  
The helmsman steered us through!

And a good south wind sprung up behind;  
The Albatross did follow,  
And every day, for food or play,  
Came to the mariners' hollo!

In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,  
It perched for vespers nine;  
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,  
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

The ancient  
Mariner in-  
hospitably  
killeth the  
pious bird of  
good omen.

"God save thee, ancient Mariner!  
From the fiends, that plague thee thus!—  
Why look'st thou so?"—With my cross-bow  
I shot the Albatross.

## PART II

The Sun now rose upon the right:  
Out of the sea came he,  
Still hid in mist, and on the left  
Went down into the sea.

And the good south wind still blew behind,  
 But no sweet bird did follow,  
 Nor any day for food or play  
 Came to the mariners' hollo!

His ship-  
 mates cry out  
 against the  
 Mariner, for  
 killing the  
 bird of good  
 luck.

And I had done a hellish thing,  
 And it would work 'em woe:  
 For all averred, I had killed the bird  
 That made the breeze to blow.  
 Ah wretch! said they, the bird to slay,  
 That made the breeze to blow!

But when the  
 fog cleared  
 off, they  
 justify the  
 same, and  
 thus make  
 themselves  
 accomplices  
 in the crime.

Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,  
 The glorious Sun uprist:  
 Then all averred, I had killed the bird  
 That brought the fog and mist.  
 'Twas right, said they, such birds to slay,  
 That bring the fog and mist.

The fair  
 breeze con-  
 tinues; the  
 ship enters  
 the Pacific  
 Ocean, and  
 sails north-  
 ward, even  
 till it reaches  
 the Line.

The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,  
 The furrow followed free;  
 We were the first that ever burst  
 Into that silent sea.

The ship  
 hath been  
 suddenly be-  
 calmed.

Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,  
 'Twas sad as sad could be;  
 And we did speak only to break  
 The silence of the sea!

All in a hot and copper sky,  
 The bloody Sun, at noon,  
 Right up above the mast did stand,  
 No bigger than the Moon.

Day after day, day after day,  
 We stuck, nor breath nor motion;  
 As idle as a painted ship  
 Upon a painted ocean.

And the Al-  
 batross be-  
 gins to be  
 avenged.

Water, water, everywhere,  
 And all the boards did shrink;  
 Water, water, everywhere  
 Nor any drop to drink.

The very deep did rot: O Christ!  
That ever this should be!  
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs  
Upon the slimy sea.

About, about, in reel and rout  
The death-fires danced at night;  
The water, like a witch's oils,  
Burnt green, and blue and white.

A Spirit had followed them; one of the invisible inhabitants of this planet, neither departed souls nor angels; concerning whom the learned Jew, Josephus, and the Platonic Constantinopolitan, Michael Psellus, may be consulted. They are very numerous, and there is no climate or element without one or more.

And some in dreams assurèd were  
Of the Spirit that plagued us so,  
Nine fathom deep he had followed us  
From the land of mist and snow.

And every tongue, through utter droug  
Was withered at the root;  
We could not speak, no more than if  
We had been choked with soot.

The ship-mates, in their sore distress, would fain throw the whole guilt on the ancient Mariner in sign whereof they hang the dead sea-bird round his neck.

Ah! well a-day! what evil looks  
Had I from old and young!  
Instead of the cross, the Albatross  
About my neck was hung.

### PART III

There passed a weary time. Each thro:  
Was parched, and glazed each eye.  
A weary time! a weary time!  
How glazed each weary eye,  
When looking westward, I beheld  
A something in the sky.

The Ancient Mariner beholdeth a sign in the element afar off.

At first it seemed a little speck,  
And then it seemed a mist;  
It moved and moved, and took at last  
A certain shape, I wist.

A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!  
And still it neared and neared:  
As if it dodged a water-sprite,  
It plunged and tacked and veered.

At its nearer  
approach, it  
seemeth  
him to be a  
ship; and at  
a dear ran-  
som he  
freeth his  
speech from  
the bonds of  
thirst.

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
We could nor laugh nor wail;  
Through utter drought all dumb we stood!  
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,  
And cried, A sail! a sail!

A flash of  
joy:

With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,  
Agape they heard me call;  
Gramercy! they for joy did grin,  
And all at once their breath drew in,  
As they were drinking all.

And horror  
follows.  
For can it be  
a ship that  
comes on-  
ward with-  
out wind or  
tide?

See! see! (I cried) she tacks no more!  
Hither to work us weal;  
Without a breeze, without a tide,  
She steadies with upright keel!

The western wave was all a-flame.  
The day was well nigh done!  
Almost upon the western wave  
Rested the broad bright Sun;  
When that strange shape drove suddenly  
Betwixt us and the Sun.

It seemeth  
him but the  
skeleton of a  
ship.

And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,  
(Heaven's Mother send us grace!)  
As if through a dungeon-grate he peered  
With broad and burning face.

Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)  
How fast she nears and nears!  
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun,  
Like restless gossameres?

And its ribs  
are seen as  
bars on the  
face of the  
setting Sun.  
The Spectre-  
Woman and  
her Death-

Are those her ribs through which the Sun  
Did peer, as through a grate?  
And is that Woman all her crew?  
Is that a Death? and are there two?  
Is Death that woman's mate?

mate, and no  
other on  
board the  
skeleton-  
ship.

Like vessel,  
like crew!

Death and  
Life-in-  
Death have  
diced for the  
ship's crew,  
and she (the  
latter)  
winneth the  
ancient  
Mariner.

No twilight  
within the  
courts of the  
Sun.

At the rising  
of the Moon,

One after  
another,

His ship-  
mates drop  
down dead.

But Life-in-  
Death  
begins her  
work on the  
ancient  
Mariner.

Her lips were red, her looks were free,  
Her locks were yellow as gold:  
Her skin was as white as leprosy,  
The nightmare Life-in-Death was she,  
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

The naked hulk alongside came,  
And the twain were casting dice;  
"The game is done! I've won! I've won!"  
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out:  
At one stride comes the dark;  
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea,  
Off shot the spectre-bark.

We listened and looked sideways up!  
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,  
My life-blood seemed to sip!  
The stars were dim, and thick the night,  
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed  
white;  
From the sails the dew did drip—  
Till clomb above the eastern bar  
The hornèd Moon, with one bright star  
Within the nether tip.

One after one, by the star-dogged Moon,  
Too quick for groan or sigh,  
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,  
And cursed me with his eye.

Four times fifty living men,  
(And I heard nor sigh nor groan)  
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,  
They dropped down one by one.

The souls did from their bodies fly,—  
They fled to bliss or woe!  
And every soul, it passed me by,  
Like the whizz of my cross-bow!

## PART IV

The Wedding-Guest  
feareth that  
a Spirit is  
talking to  
him;

“I fear thee, ancient Mariner!  
I fear thy skinny hand!  
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,  
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

But the  
ancient  
Mariner as-  
sureth him  
of his bodily  
life, and pro-  
ceedeth to  
relate his  
horrible pen-  
ance.

I fear thee and thy glittering eye,  
And thy skinny hand, so brown.”—  
Fear not, fear not, thou Wedding-Guest!  
This body dropt not down.

He despiseth  
the creatures  
of the calm.

Alone, alone, all, all alone,  
Alone on a wide, wide sea!  
And never a saint took pity on  
My soul in agony.

And envieth  
that they  
should live,  
and so many  
lie dead.

The many men, so beautiful!  
And they all dead did lie:  
And a thousand thousand slimy things  
Lived on; and so did I.

I looked upon the rotting sea,  
And drew my eyes away;  
I looked upon the rotting deck,  
And there the dead men lay.

I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;  
But or ever a prayer had gusht,  
A wicked whisper came, and made  
My heart as dry as dust.

I closed my lids, and kept them close,  
And the balls like pulses beat;  
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the  
sky  
Lay like a load on my weary eye,  
And the dead were at my feet.

But the  
curse liveth  
for him in  
the eye of  
the dead  
men.

The cold sweat melted from their limbs,  
Nor rot nor reek did they:  
The look with which they looked on me  
Had never passed away.

An orphan's curse would drag to hell  
 A spirit from on high;  
 But oh! more horrible than that  
 Is the curse in a dead man's eye!  
 Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,  
 And yet I could not die.

In his loneliness and  
 fixedness he yearneth  
 towards the journeying  
 Moon, and the stars that  
 still sojourn, yet still  
 move onward; and every-  
 where the blue sky be-  
 longs to them, and is their  
 appointed rest, and their  
 native country, and their  
 own natural homes, which  
 they enter unannounced,  
 as lords that are certainly  
 expected and yet there is  
 a silent joy at their arrival.

The moving Moon went up the sky,  
 And nowhere did abide:  
 Softly she was going up,  
 And a star or two beside—

Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,  
 Like April hoar-frost spread;  
 But where the ship's huge shadow lay,  
 The charmed water burnt always  
 A still and awful red.

By the light of the  
 Moon he beholdeth  
 God's creatures of the  
 great calm.

Beyond the shadow of the ship,  
 I watched the water-snakes:  
 They moved in tracks of shining white,  
 And when they reared, the elfish light  
 Fell off in hoary flakes.

Within the shadow of the ship  
 I watched their rich attire:  
 Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,  
 They coiled and swam: and every track  
 Was a flash of golden fire.

Their beauty and  
 their happiness.

O happy living things! no tongue  
 Their beauty might declare:  
 A spring of love gushed from my heart,  
 And I blessed them unaware:  
 Sure my kind saint took pity on me,  
 And I blessed them unaware.

He blesseth them in  
 his heart.

The spell begins to  
 break.

The selfsame moment I could pray;  
 And from my neck so free  
 The Albatross fell off, and sank  
 Like lead into the sea.

## PART V

Oh sleep! it is a gentle thing,  
 Beloved from pole to pole!  
 To Mary Queen the praise be given!  
 She sent the gentle sleep from Heaven,  
 That slid into my soul.

By grace of  
 the holy  
 Mother, the  
 ancient  
 Mariner is  
 refreshed  
 with rain.

The silly buckets on the deck,  
 That had so long remained,  
 I dreamt that they were filled with dew;  
 And when I awoke, it rained.

My lips were wet, my throat was cold,  
 My garments all were dank;  
 Sure I had drunken in my dreams,  
 And still my body drank.

I moved, and could not feel my limbs;  
 I was so light—almost  
 I thought that I had died in sleep,  
 And was a blessèd ghost.

He heareth  
 sounds and  
 seeth strange  
 sights and  
 commotions  
 in the sky  
 and the  
 element.

And soon I heard a roaring wind:  
 It did not come anear;  
 But with its sound it shook the sails,  
 That were so thin and sere.

The upper air burst into life!  
 And a hundred fire-flags sheen,  
 To and fro they were hurried about!  
 And to and fro, and in and out,  
 The wan stars danced between.

And the coming wind did roar more loud,  
 And the sails did sigh like sedge;  
 And the rain poured down from one black  
 cloud;  
 The Moon was at its edge.

## The Nineteenth Century I

The thick black cloud was cleft, and still  
 The Moon was at its side:  
 Like waters shot from some high crag,  
 The lightning fell with never a jag,  
 A river steep and wide.

The loud wind never reached the ship,  
 Yet now the ship moved on!  
 Beneath the lightning and the Moon  
 The dead men gave a groan.

The bodies  
 of the ship's  
 crew are in-  
 spired, and  
 the ship  
 moves on;

They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,  
 Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;  
 It had been strange, even in a dream,  
 To have seen those dead men rise.

The helmsman steered, the ship moved on;  
 Yet never a breeze up blew;  
 The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,  
 Where they were wont to do;  
 They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—  
 We were a ghastly crew.

The body of my brother's son  
 Stood by me, knee to knee:  
 The body and I pulled at one rope  
 But he said nought to me.

But not by  
 the souls of  
 the men, nor  
 by dæmons  
 of earth or  
 middle air,  
 but by a  
 blessed troop  
 of angelic  
 spirits, sent  
 down by the  
 invocation of  
 the guardian  
 saint.

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner!"  
 Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!  
 'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,  
 Which to their corsers came again,  
 But a troop of spirits blest:

For when it dawned—<sup>l</sup>they dropped their  
 arms,  
 And clustered round the mast;  
 Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,  
 And from their bodies passed.

Around, around, flew each sweet sound,  
Then darted to the Sun;  
Slowly the sounds came back again,  
Now mixed, now one by one.

Sometimes a-dropping from the sky  
I heard the skylark sing;  
Sometimes all little birds that are,  
How they seemed to fill the sea and air  
With their sweet jargoning!

And now 'twas like all instruments,  
Now like a lonely flute;  
And now it is an angel's song,  
That makes the heavens be mute.

It ceased; yet still the sails made on  
A pleasant noise till noon,  
A noise like of a hidden brook  
In the leafy month of June,  
That to the sleeping woods all night  
Singeth a quiet tune.

'Till noon we quietly sailed on,  
Yet never a breeze did breathe:  
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,  
Moved onward from beneath.

The lone-  
some Spirit  
from the  
south-pole  
carries on the  
ship as far as  
the Line, in  
obedience to  
the angelic  
troop, but  
still requir-  
eth venge-  
ance.

Under the keel nine fathom deep,  
From the land of mist and snow,  
The Spirit slid: and it was he  
That made the ship to go.  
The sails at noon left off their tune,  
And the ship stood still also.

The Sun, right up above the mast,  
Had fixed her to the ocean:  
But in a minute she 'gan stir,  
With a short uneasy motion—  
Backwards and forwards half her length  
With a short uneasy motion.

Then like a pawing horse let go,  
 She made a sudden bound:  
 It flung the blood into my head,  
 And I fell down in a swound.

The Polar Spirit's fellow-dæmons, the invisible inhabitants of the element, take part in his wrong; and two of them relate, one to the other, that penance long and heavy for the ancient Mariner hath been accorded to the Polar Spirit, who returneth southward.

How long in that same fit I lay,  
 I have not to declare;  
 But ere my living life returned,  
 I heard and in my soul discerned  
 Two voices in the air.

“Is it he?” quoth one, “Is this the man?  
 By Him who died on cross,  
 With his cruel bow he laid full low  
 The harmless Albatross.

The Spirit who bideth by himself  
 In the land of mist and snow,  
 He loved the bird that loved the man  
 Who shot him with his bow.”

The other was a softer voice,  
 As soft as honey-dew:  
 Quoth he, “The man hath penance done,  
 And penance more will do.”

#### PART VI

##### *First Voice*

“But tell me, tell me! speak again,  
 Thy soft response renewing—  
 What makes that ship drive on so fast?  
 What is the ocean doing?”

†

##### *Second Voice*

“Still as a slave before his lord,  
 The ocean hath no blast;  
 His great bright eye most silently  
 Up to the moon is cast—

If he may know which way to go;  
 For she guides him smooth or grim.  
 See, brother, see! how graciously  
 She looketh down on him."

*First Voice*

The Mariner  
 hath been  
 cast into a  
 trance; for  
 the angelic  
 power caus-  
 eth the vessel  
 to drive  
 northward  
 faster than  
 human life  
 could en-  
 dure.

"But why drives on that ship so fast,  
 Without or wave or wind?"

*Second Voice*

"The air is cut away before,  
 And closes from behind.

Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!  
 Or we shall be belated:  
 For slow and slow that ship will go,  
 When the Mariner's trance is abated."

The super-  
 natural  
 motion is  
 retarded;  
 the Mariner  
 awakes, and  
 his penance  
 begins anew.

I woke, and we were sailing on  
 As in a gentle weather:  
 'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high,  
 The dead men stood together.

All stood together on the deck,  
 For a charnel-dungeon fitter:  
 All fixed on me their stony eyes,  
 That in the moon did glitter.

The pang, the curse, with which they died,  
 Had never passed away:  
 I could not draw my eyes from theirs,  
 Nor turn them up to pray.

The curse is  
 finally ex-  
 piated.

And now this spell was snapt: once more  
 I viewed the ocean green,  
 And looked far forth, yet little saw  
 Of what had else been seen—

Like one, that on a lonesome road  
 Doth walk in fear and dread,  
 And having once turned round walks on,  
 And turns no more his head;  
 Because he knows, a frightful fiend  
 Doth close behind him tread.

But soon there breathed a wind on me,  
 Nor sound nor motion made:  
 Its path was not upon the sea,  
 In ripple or in shade.

It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek  
 Like a meadow-gale of spring—  
 It mingled strangely with my fears,  
 Yet it felt like a welcoming.

Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,  
 Yet she sailed softly too:  
 Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—  
 On me alone it blew.

And the  
 ancient Ma-  
 riner be-  
 holdeth his  
 native  
 country.

Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed  
 The lighthouse top I see?  
 Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
 Is this mine own countree?

We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,  
 And I with sobs did pray—  
 O let me be awake, my God!  
 Or let me sleep alway.

The harbour-bay was clear as glass,  
 So smoothly it was strewn!  
 And on the bay the moonlight lay,  
 And the shadow of the moon.

The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,  
 That stands above the rock:  
 The moonlight steeped in silentness  
 The steady weathercock.

And the bay was white with silent light  
 Till rising from the same,  
 Full many shapes, that shadows were,  
 In crimson colours came.

The Angelic  
 spirits leave  
 the dead  
 bodies,

A little distance from the prow  
 Those crimson shadows were:  
 I turned my eyes upon the deck—  
 Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

And appear  
 in their own  
 forms of light.

Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,  
 And, by the holy rood!  
 A man all light, a seraph-man,  
 On every corse there stood.

This seraph-band, each waved his hand;  
 It was a heavenly sight!  
 They stood as signals to the land,  
 Each one a lovely light;

This seraph-band, each waved his hand,  
 No voice did they impart—  
 No voice; but oh! the silence sank  
 Like music on my heart.

But soon I heard the dash of oars,  
 I heard the Pilot's cheer;  
 My head was turned perforce away,  
 And I saw a boat appear.

The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,  
 I heard them coming fast:  
 Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy  
 The dead men could not blast.

I saw a third—I heard his voice:  
 It is the Hermit good!  
 He singeth loud his godly hymns  
 That he makes in the wood.  
 He'll shrive my soul; he'll wash away  
 The Albatross's blood.

## PART VII

The Hermit  
of the Wood

This Hermit good lives in that wood  
Which slopes down to the sea.  
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!  
He loves to talk with marineres  
That come from a far countree.

He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—  
He hath a cushion plump:  
It is the moss that wholly hides  
The rotted old oak-stump.

The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,  
“Why, this is strange, I trow!  
Where are those lights so many and fair,  
That signal made but now?”

Approacheth  
the ship with  
wonder.

“Strange, by my faith!” the Hermit said—  
“And they answered not our cheer!  
The planks look warped! and see those sails,  
How thin they are and sere!  
I never saw aught like to them,  
Unless perchance it were

Brown skeletons of leaves that lag  
My forest-brook along;  
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,  
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,  
That eats the she-wolf’s young.”

“Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—  
(The Pilot made reply)  
I am a-feared”—“Push on, push on!”  
Said the Hermit cheerily.

The boat came closer to the ship,  
But I nor spake nor stirred;  
The boat came close beneath the ship,  
And straight a sound was heard.

The ship  
suddenly sink-  
eth.

Under the water it rumbled on,  
Still louder and more dread:  
It reached the ship, it split the bay;  
The ship went down like lead.

The ancient  
Mariner is  
saved in the  
Pilot's boat.

Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,  
Which sky and ocean smote,  
Like one that hath been seven days drowned  
My body lay afloat;  
But swift as dreams, myself I found  
Within the Pilot's boat.

Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,  
The boat spun round and round;  
And all was still, save that the hill  
Was telling of the sound.

I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked  
And fell down in a fit;  
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,  
And prayed where he did sit.

I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,  
Who now doth crazy go,  
Laughed loud and long, and all the while  
His eyes went to and fro.  
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,  
The Devil knows how to row."

And now, all in my own countree,  
I stood on the firm land!  
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,  
And scarcely he could stand.

The ancient  
Mariner  
earnestly en-  
treateth the  
Hermit to  
shrieve him;  
and the  
penance of  
life falls on  
him.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"  
The Hermit crossed his brow.  
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—  
What manner of man art thou?"

Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched  
With a woful agony,  
Which forced me to begin my tale;  
And then it left me free.

And ever  
and anon  
throughout  
his future life  
an agony  
constraineth  
him to travel  
from land to  
land,

Since then, at an uncertain hour,  
That agony returns:  
And till my ghastly tale is told,  
This heart within me burns.

I pass, like night, from land to land;  
I have strange power of speech;  
That moment that his face I see,  
I know the man that must hear me:  
To him my tale I teach.

What loud uproar bursts from that door!  
The Wedding-guests are there:  
But in the garden-bower the bride  
And bride-maids singing are:  
And hark the little vesper bell  
Which biddeth me to prayer!

O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been  
Alone on a wide, wide sea;  
So lonely 'twas, that God himself  
Scarce seemèd there to be.

O sweeter than the marriage-feast,  
'Tis sweeter far to me,  
'To walk together to the kirk  
With a goodly company!—

To walk together to the kirk,  
And all together pray,  
While each to his great Father bends,  
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,  
And youths and maidens gay!

And to teach,  
by his own  
example,  
love and rev-  
erence to all  
things that  
God made  
and loveth.

Farewell, farewell! but this I tell  
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest!  
He prayeth well, who loveth well  
Both man and bird and beast.

He prayeth best, who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,  
Whose beard with age is hoar,  
Is gone: and now the Wedding-Guest  
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,  
And is of sense forlorn:  
A sadder and a wiser man,  
He rose the morrow morn.

## ROBERT SOUTHEY

1774·1843

*AFTER BLENHEIM*

It was a summer evening,  
Old Kaspar's work was done,  
And he before his cottage door  
Was sitting in the sun;  
And by him sported on the green  
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin  
Roll something large and round  
Which he beside the rivulet  
In playing there had found;  
He came to ask what he had found  
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy  
Who stood expectant by;  
And then the old man shook his head,  
And with a natural sigh,  
“ 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,” said he,  
“Who fell in the great victory.

“I find them in the garden,  
For there's many here about;  
And often when I go to plough  
The ploughshare turns them out.  
For many thousand men,” said he,  
“Were slain in that great victory.”

“Now tell us what ’twas all about,”  
 Young Peterkin he cries;  
 And little Wilhelmine looks up  
 With wonder-waiting eyes;  
 “Now tell us all about the war,  
 And what they fought each other for.”

“It was the English,” Kaspar cried,  
 “Who put the French to rout;  
 But what they fought each other for  
 I could not well make out.  
 But everybody said,” quoth he,  
 “That ’twas a famous victory.

“My father lived at Blenheim then,  
 Yon little stream hard by;  
 They burnt his dwelling to the ground,  
 And he was forced to fly:  
 So with his wife and child he fled,  
 Nor had he where to rest his head.

“With fire and sword the country round  
 Was wasted far and wide,  
 And many a childing mother then  
 And newborn baby died:  
 But things like that, you know, must be  
 At every famous victory.

“Great praise the Duke of Marlboro’ won  
 And our good Prince Eugene.”  
 “Why ’twas a very wicked thing!”  
 Said little Wilhelmine;  
 “Nay . . . nay . . . my little girl,” quoth he,  
 “It was a famous victory.

“And everybody praised the Duke  
 Who this great fight did win.”  
 “But what good came of it at last?”  
 Quoth little Peterkin:—  
 “Why, that I cannot tell,” said he,  
 “But ’twas a famous victory.”

1775 · 1864

*MOTHER, I CANNOT MIND MY WHEEL*

Mother, I cannot mind my wheel;  
 My fingers ache, my lips are dry;  
 O, if you felt the pain I feel!  
 But O, who ever felt as I?

No longer could I doubt him true—  
 All other men may use deceit.  
 He always said my eyes were blue,  
 And often swore my lips were sweet.

*ROSE AYLMER*

Ah, what avails the sceptred race!  
 Ah, what the form divine!  
 What every virtue, every grace!  
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.

Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes  
 May weep, but never see,  
 A night of memories and sighs  
 I consecrate to thee.

*AUTUMN*

Mild is the parting year, and sweet  
 The odour of the falling spray;  
 Life passes on more rudely fleet,  
 And balmless is its closing day.

I wait its close, I court its gloom,  
 But mourn that never must there fall  
 Or on my breast or on my tomb  
 The tear that would have soothed it all.

*IANTHE*

From you, Ianthe, little troubles pass  
 Like little ripples down a sunny river;

## The Nineteenth Century I

Your pleasures spring like daisies in the grass,  
Cut down, and up again as blithe as ever.

*DIRCE*

Stand close around, ye Stygian set,  
With Dirce in one boat conveyed,  
Or Charon, seeing, may forget  
That he is old and she a shade.

*ON HIS SEVENTY-FIFTH BIRTHDAY*

I strove with none; for none was worth my strife.  
Nature I loved and, next to Nature, Art;  
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;  
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

*VERSE*

Past ruined Ilium Helen lives,  
Alcestis rises from the shades.  
Verse calls them forth; 'tis verse that gives  
Immortal youth to mortal maids.

Soon shall oblivion's deepening veil  
Hide all the peopled hills you see,  
The gay, the proud, while lovers hail  
These many summers you and me.

## THOMAS MOORE

1779 · 1852

*AT THE MID HOUR OF NIGHT*

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly  
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine  
eye;  
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air  
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there  
And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky!

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear  
 When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on the  
     ear;  
 And as echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,  
 I think, O my love! 'tis thy voice, from the kingdom of  
     souls  
 Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

*OFT IN THE STILLY NIGHT*

Oft in the stilly night  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Fond memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me:  
     The smiles, the tears  
     Of boyhood's years,  
 The words of love then spoken;  
     The eyes that shone,  
     Now dimmed and gone,  
 The cheerful hearts now broken!  
 Thus in the stilly night  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

When I remember all  
 The friends so linked together  
 I've seen around me fall  
 Like leaves in wintry weather,  
     I feel like one  
     Who treads alone  
 Some banquet-hall deserted,  
     Whose lights are fled,  
     Whose garlands dead,  
 And all but he departed!  
 Thus in the stilly night  
 Ere slumber's chain has bound me,  
 Sad memory brings the light  
 Of other days around me.

## LEIGH HUNT

1784 · 1859

*JENNY KISSED ME*

Jenny kissed me when we met,  
 Jumping from the chair she sat in;  
 Time, you thief, who love to get  
 Sweets into your list, put that in!  
 Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,  
 Say that health and wealth have missed me,  
 Say I'm growing old, but add,  
 Jenny kissed me.

## GEORGE GORDON, LORD BYRON

1788 · 1824

*SHE WALKS IN BEAUTY**From "Hebrew Melodies"*

She walks in beauty, like the night  
 Of cloudless climes and starry skies,  
 And all that's best of dark and bright  
 Meet in her aspect and her eyes;  
 Thus mellowed to that tender light  
 Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,  
 Had half impaired the nameless grace  
 Which waves in every raven tress  
 Or softly lightens o'er her face,  
 Where thoughts serenely sweet express  
 How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow  
 So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,  
 The smiles that win, the tints that glow  
 But tell of days in goodness spent,  
 A mind at peace with all below,  
 A heart whose love is innocent.

*WHEN WE TWO PARTED*

When we two parted  
In silence and tears,  
Half broken-hearted,  
To sever for years,  
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,  
Colder thy kiss;  
Truly that hour foretold  
Sorrow to this!

The dew of the morning  
Sunk chill on my brow;  
It felt like the warning  
Of what I feel now.  
Thy vows are all broken,  
And light is thy fame:  
I hear thy name spoken  
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,  
A knell to mine ear;  
A shudder comes o'er me—  
Why wert thou so dear?  
They know not I knew thee  
Who knew thee too well:  
Long, long shall I rue thee  
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met:  
In silence I grieve  
That thy heart could forget,  
Thy spirit deceive.  
If I should meet thee  
After long years,  
How should I greet thee?—  
With silence and tears.

*WE'LL GO NO MORE A-ROVING*

So, we'll go no more a-roving  
So late into the night,

Though the heart be still as loving,  
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,  
And the soul wears out the breast,  
And the heart must pause to breathe,  
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,  
And the day returns too soon,  
Yet we'll go no more a-roving  
By the light of the moon.

*THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB*

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

Like the leaves of the forest when summer is green,  
That host with their banners at sunset were seen:  
Like the leaves of the forest when autumn hath blown,  
That host on the morrow lay withered and strown.

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

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

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

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

EVENING

*From "Don Juan" Canto III*

O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—  
 Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,  
 To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,  
 The welcome stall to the o'erlaboured steer:  
 Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,  
 Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,  
 Are gathered round us by thy look of rest;  
 Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

Soft hour! which wakes the wish and melts the heart  
 Of those who sail the seas, on the first day  
 When they from their sweet friends are torn apart;  
 Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way  
 As the far bell of vesper makes him start,  
 Seeming to weep the dying day's decay;  
 Is this a fancy which our reason scorns?  
 Ah! surely nothing dies but something mourns.

WATERLOO

*From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" Canto III*

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
 Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright  
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;  
 A thousand hearts beat happily; and when  
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
 And all went merry as a marriage bell;  
 But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,  
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;

On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing hours with flying feet.—  
But hark! that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!  
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear  
That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear,  
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell.  
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated: who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And wild and high the "Cameron's Gathering" rose,  
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes;  
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills  
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills  
Their mountain pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
With the fierce native daring which instils  
The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
Dewy with Nature's tear-drops, as they pass,

Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
 Over the unreturning brave—alas!  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
 The morn the marshalling arms—the day  
 Battle's magnificently stern array!  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent  
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
 Rider and horse—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

#### OCEAN

*From "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" Canto IV*

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!  
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;  
 Man marks the earth with ruin; his control  
 Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain  
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain  
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,  
 When for a moment, like a drop of rain,  
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,  
 Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields  
 Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise  
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields  
 For earth's destruction! thou dost all despise,  
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,  
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,  
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies  
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,  
 And dashest him again to earth—there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls  
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,  
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,  
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make  
 Their clay creator the vain title take  
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war;  
 These are thy toys and, as the snowy flake,  
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar  
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—  
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?  
 Thy waters washed them power while they were free,  
 And many a tyrant since: their shores obey  
 The stranger, slave or savage; their decay  
 Has dried up realms to deserts:—not so thou,  
 Unchangeable save to thy wild wave's play—  
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow—  
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form  
 Glasses itself in tempests: in all time,  
 Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,  
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime  
 Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—  
 The image of Eternity—the throne  
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime  
 The monsters of the deep are made; each zone  
 Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

1792 · 1822

*TO NIGHT*

Swiftly walk o'er the western wave,  
 Spirit of Night!  
 Out of the misty eastern cave,  
 Where, all the long and lone day-light,

Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,  
Which make thee terrible and dear—  
Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,  
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,  
Murmured 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!

*WINTER*

A widow bird sat mourning for her love  
 Upon a wintry bough;  
 The frozen wind crept on above,  
 The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,  
 No flower upon the ground,  
 And little motion in the air  
 Except the mill-wheel's sound.

*TO A SKYLARK*

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.

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.

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.

The pale purple even  
 Melts around thy flight;  
 Like a start of heaven<sup>6</sup>  
 In the broad daylight  
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight:

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.

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-  
flowed.

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 showers a rain of melody.

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:

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:

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

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

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

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.

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

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?

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.

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?

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

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.

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!

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!

*THE INDIAN SERENADE*

I arise from dreams of thee  
In the first sweet sleep of night,  
When the winds are breathing low,  
And the stars are shining bright.  
I arise from dreams of thee,  
And a spirit in my feet  
Hath led me—who knows how?  
To thy chamber window, Sweet!

Thy wandering airs they faint  
On the dark, the silent stream—  
The champak odours fail  
Like sweet thoughts in a dream;  
The nightingale's complaint,  
It dies upon her heart;  
As I must on thine,  
Belovèd as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!  
I die! I faint! I fail!  
Let thy love in kisses rain  
On my lips and eyelids pale,

My cheek is cold and white, alas!  
 My heart beats loud and fast;—  
 Oh! press it close to thine again,  
 Where it will break at last.

*THE DESIRE OF THE MOTH*

One word is too often profaned  
 For me to profane it,  
 One feeling too falsely disdained  
 For thee to disdain it;  
 One hope is too like despair  
 For prudence to smother,  
 And pity from thee more dear  
 Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love;  
 But wilt thou accept not  
 The worship the heart lifts above  
 And the Heavens reject not:  
 The desire of the moth for the star,  
 Of the night for the morrow,  
 The devotion to something afar  
 From the sphere of our sorrow?

*TO —*

Music, when soft voices die,  
 Vibrates in the memory—  
 Odours, when sweet violets sicken,  
 Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,  
 Are heaped for the belovèd's bed;  
 And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,  
 Love itself shall slumber on

## FRAGMENT

To thirst and find no fill—to wail and wander  
 With short unsteady steps—to pause and ponder—  
 To feel the blood run through the veins and tingle  
 Where busy thought and blind sensation mingle;  
 To nurse the image of unfelt caresses  
 Till dim imagination just possesses  
 The half-created shadow, then all the night  
 Sick . . .

## INVOCATION

## TO THE SPIRIT OF DELIGHT

Rarely, rarely comest thou,  
 Spirit of Delight!  
 Wherefore hast thou left me now  
 Many a day and night?  
 Many a weary night and day  
 'Tis since thou art fled away.  
 How shall ever one like me  
 Win thee back again?  
 With the joyous and the free  
 Thou wilt scoff at pain.  
 Spirit false! thou hast forgot  
 All but those who need thee not.  
 As a lizard with the shade  
 Of a trembling leaf,  
 Thou with sorrow art dismayed;  
 Even the sighs of grief  
 Reproach thee, that thou art not near,  
 And reproach thou wilt not hear.  
 Let me set my mournful ditty  
 To a merry measure;—  
 Thou wilt never come for pity,  
 Thou wilt come for pleasure;—  
 Pity, thou wilt cut away  
 Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.  
 I love all that thou lovèst,  
 Spirit of Delight!

The fresh Earth in new leaves drest  
 And the starry night;  
 Autumn evening, and the morn  
 When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms  
 Of the radiant frost;  
 I love waves, and winds, and storms,  
 Everything almost  
 Which is Nature's, and may be  
 Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,  
 And such society  
 As is quiet, wise, and good;  
 Between thee and me  
 What diff'rence? but thou dost possess  
 The things I seek, nor love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,  
 And like light can flee,  
 But above all other things,  
 Spirit, I love thee—  
 Thou art love and life! O come!  
 Make once more my heart thy home!

#### OZYMANDIAS

I met a traveller from an antique land,  
 Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone  
 Stand in the desert. Near them, on the sand,  
 Half sunk, a shattered visage lies, whose frown  
 And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command,  
 Tell that its sculptor well those passions read,  
 Which yet survive stamped on these lifeless things,  
 The hand that mocked them, and the heart that fed:  
 And on the pedestal these words appear:  
 "My name is Ozymandias, King of Kings:  
 Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!"  
 Nothing beside remains. Round the decay  
 Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare  
 The lone and level sands stretch far away.

*THE MOON*

## I

Art thou pale for weariness  
 Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,  
 Wandering companionless  
 Among the stars that have a different birth,—  
 And ever-changing, like a joyless eye  
 That finds no object worth its constancy?

## 2

And like a dying lady, lean and pale,  
 Who totters forth, wrapped in a gauzy veil,  
 Out of her chamber, led by the insane  
 And feeble wanderings of her fading brain,  
 The moon arose up in the murky East,  
 A white and shapeless mass—

*A LAMENT*

O world! O life! O time!  
 On whose last steps I climb,  
 Trembling at that where I had stood before;  
 When will return the glory of your prime?  
 No more—oh, never more!

Out of the day and night  
 A joy has taken flight;  
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,  
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight  
 No more—oh, never more!

*ODE TO THE WEST WIND*

## I

O 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! O thou,  
 Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingèd 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!

## II

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 aery surge,  
 Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Mænad, even 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!

## III

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 Baiæ'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!

## IV

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

The 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.

## V

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is:  
What if my leaves are 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 unextinguished hearth  
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind!  
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy! O Wind,  
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?

*THE CLOUD*

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,  
From the seas and the streams;  
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid  
In their noonday dreams.  
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
The sweet buds every one,  
When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,  
As she dances about the sun.  
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,  
And their great pines groan aghast;  
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,  
While I sleep in the arms of the blast.  
Sublime on the towers of my skiey bowers,  
Lightning, my pilot, sits;  
In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,  
It struggles and howls at fits;  
Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,  
This pilot is guiding me,  
Lured by the love of the genii that move  
In the depths of the purple sea;  
Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,  
Over the lakes and the plains,

Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,  
The Spirit he loves remains;  
And I all the while bask in Heaven's blue smile,  
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,  
And his burning plumes outspread,  
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,  
When the morning star shines dead;  
As on the jag of a mountain crag,  
Which an earthquake rocks and swings,  
An eagle alit one moment may sit  
In the light of its golden wings.  
And when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,  
Its ardours of rest and of love,  
And the crimson pall of eve may fall  
From the depth of Heaven above,  
With wings folded I rest, on mine aery nest,  
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,  
Whom mortals call the Moon,  
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,  
By the midnight breezes strewn;  
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,  
Which only the angels hear,  
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,  
The stars peep behind her and peer;  
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,  
Like a swarm of golden bees,  
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,  
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,  
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,  
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throile with a burning zone,  
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;  
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim  
When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl.  
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,  
Over'a torrent sea,

Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,—  
 The mountains its columns be.  
 The triumphal arch through which I march  
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,  
 When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,  
 Is the million-coloured bow;  
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,  
 While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,  
 And the nursling of the Sky;  
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;  
 I change, but I cannot die.  
 For after the rain when with never a stain  
 The pavilion of Heaven is bare,  
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams  
 Build up the blue dome of air,  
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,  
 And out of the caverns of rain,  
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,  
 I arise and unbuild it again.

#### A NEW WORLD

##### *Final Chorus from "Hellas"*

The world's great age begins anew,  
 The golden years return,  
 The earth doth like a snake renew  
 Her winter weeds outworn:  
 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam,  
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains  
 From waves screener far;  
 A new Peneus rolls his fountains  
 Against the morning star.  
 Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep  
 Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,  
 Fraught with a later prize;

Another Orpheus sings again,  
And loves, and weeps, and dies.  
A new Ulysses leaves once more  
Calypso for his native shore

Oh! write no more the tale of Troy,  
If earth Death's scroll must be!  
Nor mix with Laian rage the joy  
Which dawns upon the free,  
Altho' a subtler Sphinx renew  
Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,  
And to remoter time  
Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,  
The splendour of its prime;  
And leave, if naught so bright may live,  
All earth can take or heaven can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose  
Shall burst, more bright and good  
Than all who fell, than One who rose,  
Than many unsubdued:  
Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,  
But votive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh, cease! must hate and death return?  
Cease! must men kill and die?  
Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn  
Of bitter prophecy.  
The world is weary of the past.  
Oh, might it die or rest at last!

## JOHN CLARE

1793 · 1864

*SONG'S ETERNITY*

What is song's eternity?  
Come and see.  
Can it noise and bustle be?  
Come and see.

Praises sung or praises said  
 Can it be?  
 Wait awhile and these are dead—  
 Sigh, sigh;  
 Be they high or lowly bred  
 They die.

What is song's eternity?  
 Come and see.  
 Melodies of earth and sky,  
 Here they be.  
 Song once sung to Adam's ears  
 Can it be?  
 Ballads of six thousand years  
 Thrive, thrive;  
 Song awakens with the spheres  
 Alive.

Mighty songs that miss decay,  
 What are they?  
 Crowds and cities pass away  
 Like a day.  
 Books are out and books are read;  
 What are they?  
 Years will lay them with the dead—  
 Sigh, sigh;  
 Trifles unto nothing wed,  
 They die.

Dreamers, mark the honey bee;  
 Mark the tree  
 Where the blue cap "*tootle tee*"  
 Sings a glee  
 Sung to Adam and to Eve—  
 Here they be.  
 When floods covered every bough,  
 Noah's ark  
 Heard that ballad singing now;  
 Hark, hark,

"Tuttle tuttle tuttle tee"—  
 Can it be  
 Pride and fame must shadows be?  
 Come and see—  
 Every season owns her own;  
 Bird and bee  
 Sing creation's music on;  
 Nature's glee  
 Is in every mood and tone  
 Eternity.

*CLOCK-O'-CLAY*

In the cowslip pips I lie,  
 Hidden from the buzzing fly,  
 While green grass beneath me lies,  
 Pearled with dew like fishes' eyes,  
 Here I lie, a clock-o'-clay,  
 Waiting for the time o' day.

While the forest quakes surprise,  
 And the wild wind sobs and sighs,  
 My home rocks as like to fall,  
 On its pillar green and tall;  
 When the pattering rain drives by  
 Clock-o'-clay keeps warm and dry.

Day by day and night by night,  
 All the week I hide from sight;  
 In the cowslip pips I lie,  
 In the rain still warm and dry;  
 Day and night, and night and day,  
 Red, black-spotted clock-o'-clay.

My home shakes in wind and showers,  
 Pale green pillar topped with flowers,  
 Bending at the wild wind's breath,  
 Till I touch the grass beneath;  
 Here I live, lone clock-o'-clay,  
 Watching for the time of day.

## JOHN KEATS

1795 · 1821

*A THING OF BEAUTY**From "Endymion"*

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever:  
 Its loveliness increases; it will never  
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep  
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.  
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing  
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,  
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth  
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,  
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways  
 Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,  
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall  
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,  
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon  
 For simple sheep; and such are daffodils  
 With the green world they live in; and clear rills  
 That for themselves a cooling covert make  
 'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,  
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:  
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms  
 We have imagined for the mighty dead;  
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read:  
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,  
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

*LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI*

"O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
 Alone and palely loitering?  
 The sedge has withered from the lake,  
 And no birds sing.  
 "O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,  
 So haggard and so woe-begone?  
 The squirrel's granary is full,  
 And the harvest's done.

“I see a lily on thy brow  
With anguish moist and fever dew,  
And on thy cheeks a fading rose  
Fast withereth too.”

I met a lady in the meads,  
Full beautiful—a faery’s child,  
Her hair was long, her foot was light,  
And her eyes were wild.

I made a garland for her head,  
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone,  
She looked at me as she did love,  
And made sweet moan.

I set her on my pacing steed,  
And nothing else saw all day long,  
For sidelong would she bend, and sing  
A faery’s song.

She found me roots of relish sweet,  
And honey wild, and manna dew,  
And sure in language strange she said—  
“I love thee true!”

She took me to her elfin grot,  
And there she wept and sighed full sore,  
And there I shut her wild, wild eyes  
With kisses four.

And there she lullèd me asleep,  
And there I dreamed—ah! woe betide!  
The latest dream I ever dreamed  
On the cold hill’s side.

I saw pale kings and princes too,  
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;  
They cried—“Là Belle Dame sans Merci  
Hath thee in thrall!”

I saw their starved lips in the gloam,  
With horrid warning gapèd wide,  
And I awoke and found me here,  
On the cold hill’s side.

And this is why I sojourn here,  
 Alone and palely loitering,  
 Though the sedge is withered from the lake,  
 And no birds sing.

*MEG MERRILIES*

Old Meg she was a gipsy;  
 And lived upon the moors:  
 Her bed it was the brown heath turf,  
 And her house was out of doors.  
 Her apples were swart blackberries,  
 Her currants, pods o' broom;  
 Her wine was dew of the wild white rose,  
 Her book a church-yard tomb.  
 Her brothers were the craggy hills,  
 Her sisters larchen trees;  
 Alone with her great family  
 She lived as she did please.  
 No breakfast had she many a morn,  
 No dinner many a noon,  
 And, 'stead of supper, she would stare  
 Full hard against the moon.  
 But every morn, of woodbine fresh  
 She made her garlanding,  
 And, every night, the dark glen yew  
 She wove, and she would sing.  
 And with her fingers, old and brown,  
 She plaited mats of rushes,  
 And gave them to the cottagers  
 She met among the bushes.  
 Old Meg was brave as Margaret Queen,  
 And tall as Amazon;  
 An old red blanket cloak she wore,  
 A chip-hat had she on.  
 God rest her aged bones somewhere!  
 She died full long agone!

*ON THE SEA*

It keeps eternal whisperings around  
 Desolate shores, and with its mighty swell

Gluts twice ten thousand caverns, till the spell  
 Of Hecate leaves them their old shadowy sound.  
 Often 'tis in such gentle temper found,  
 That scarcely will the very smallest shell  
 Be moved for days from whence it sometime fell,  
 When last the winds of heaven were unbound.  
 O ye! who have your eye-balls vexed and tired,  
 Feast them upon the wideness of the Sea;  
 Oh ye! whose ears are dinned with uproar rude,  
 Or fed too much with cloying melody,—  
 Sit ye near some old cavern's mouth, and brood  
 Until ye start, as if the sea-nymphs quired!

*ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER*

Much have I travelled 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.  
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,  
 That deep-browed 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  
 Looked at each other with a wild surmise—  
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

*ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET*

The poetry of earth is never dead:  
 When all the birds are faint with the hot sun,  
 And hide in cooling trees, a voice will run  
 From hedge to hedge about the new-mown mead.  
 That is the grasshopper's—he takes the lead  
 In summer luxury,—he has never done  
 With his delights, for when tired out with fun,  
 He rests at ease beneath some pleasant weed.  
 The poetry of earth is ceasing never:  
 On a lone winter evening, when the frost

Has wrought a silence, from the stove there shrills  
 The cricket's song, in warmth increasing ever,  
 And seems to one, in drowsiness half-lost,  
 The grasshopper's among some grassy hills.

“TO ONE WHO HAS BEEN LONG IN CITY  
 PENT”<sup>1</sup>

To one who has been long in city pent,  
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair  
 And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer  
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament.  
 Who is more happy, when, with heart's content,  
 Fatigued he sinks into some pleasant lair  
 Of wavy grass, and reads a debonair  
 And gentle tale of love and languishment?  
 Returning home at evening, with an ear  
 Catching the notes of Philomel,—an eye  
 Watching the sailing cloudlet's bright career,  
 He mourns that day so soon has glided by,  
 E'en like the passage of an angel's tear  
 That falls through the clear ether silently.

ON THE ELGIN MARBLES

My spirit is too weak; mortality  
 Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep,  
 And each imagined pinnacle and steep  
 Of godlike hardship tells me I must die  
 Like a sick eagle looking at the sky.  
 Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep  
 That I have not the cloudy winds to keep  
 Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.  
 Such dim-conceivèd glories of the brain,  
 Bring round the heart an indescribable feud;  
 So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,  
 That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude  
 Wasting of old Time—with a billowy main—  
 A sun, a shadow of a magnitude.

<sup>1</sup> See the passage in Milton (on page 204) which suggested this.

*ODE ON A GRECIAN URN*

Thou still unravished 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 loath?  
 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 enjoyed,  
 For ever panting and for ever young;  
 All breathing human passion far above,  
 That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloyed,  
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?  
 To what green altar, O 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."

*ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE*

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
 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-wingèd Dryad of the trees,  
 In some melodious plot  
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been  
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delvèd earth,  
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
 Dance, and Provençal 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-stainèd mouth;  
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

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 sit 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.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,  
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,  
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,  
Clustered 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.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,  
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,  
But, in embalmèd 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 covered up in leaves;  
And mid-May's eldest child,  
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,  
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and for many a time  
I have been half in love with easeful Death,  
Called him soft names in many a musèd 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.

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  
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam  
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell  
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self.  
 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?

*ODE 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 mossed 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-brimmed 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-reaped furrow sound asleep,  
 Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook  
 Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers;  
 And sometime 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 barrèd 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 shallows, 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.

*ODE ON MELANCHOLY*

No, no! go not to Lethe, neither twist  
 Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine;  
 Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kissed  
 By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;  
 Make not your rosary of yew-berries,  
 Nor let the beetle nor the death-moth be  
 Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl  
 A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;  
 For shade to shade will come too drowsily,  
 And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall  
 Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,  
 That fosters the droop-headed flowers all,  
 And hides the green hill in an April shroud;

Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,  
 Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,  
 Or on the wealth of globèd peonies;  
 Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,  
 Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,  
 And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.

She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die;  
 And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips  
 Bidding adieu; and aching Pleasure nigh,  
 Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips:  
 Ay, in the very temple of Delight  
 Veiled Melancholy has her sovran shrine,  
 Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue  
 Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine:  
 His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,  
 And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

*THE EVE OF ST. AGNES*

St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it was!  
 The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;  
 The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,  
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold:  
 Numb were the Beadsman's fingers while he told  
 His rosary, and while his frosted breath,  
 Like pious incense from a censer old,  
 Seemed taking flight for heaven without a death,  
 Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he said, this patient, holy man;  
 Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,  
 And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,  
 Along the chapel aisle by slow degrés:  
 The sculptured dead, on each side seem to freeze,  
 Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails:  
 Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,  
 He passeth by, and his weak spirit fails  
 To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails.

Northward he turneth through a little door,  
 And scarce three steps, ere Music's golden tongue  
 Flattered to tears this aged man and poor.  
 But no—already had his death-bell rung;  
 The joys of all his life were said and sung;  
 His was harsh penance on St. Agnes' Eve:  
 Another way he went, and soon among  
 Rough ashes sat he for his soul's reprieve  
 And all night kept awake, for sinner's sake to grieve.

That ancient Beadsman heard the prelude soft;  
 And so it chanced, for many a door was wide,  
 From hurry to and fro. Soon, up aloft,  
 The silver, snarling trumpets 'gan to chide:  
 The level chambers, ready with their pride,  
 Were glowing to receive a thousand guests.  
 The carved angels, ever eager-eyed,  
 Stared, where upon their heads the cornice rests,  
 With hair blown back, and wings put crosswise on their  
 breasts.

At length burst in the argent revelry,  
 With plume, tiara, and all rich array,  
 Numerous as shadows haunting fairily  
 The brain new-stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay  
 Of old romance. These let us wish away,  
 And turn, sole-thoughted, to one Lady there,  
 Whose heart had brooded, all that wintry day,  
 On love, and winged St. Agnes' saintly care,  
 As she had heard old dames full many times declare.

They told her how, upon St. Agnes' Eve,  
 Young virgins might have visions of delight,  
 And soft adorings from their loves receive  
 Upon the honeyed middle of the night,  
 If ceremonies due they did aright;  
 As, supperless to bed they must retire,  
 And couch supine their beauties, lily white;  
 Nor look behind, nor sideways, but require  
 Of Heaven with upward eyes for all that they desire.

Full of this whim was thoughtful Madeline:  
 The music, yearning like a God in pain,  
 She scarcely heard: her maiden eyes divine,  
 Fixed on the floor, saw many a sweeping train  
 Pass by—she heeded not at all: in vain  
 Came many a tiptoe, amorous cavalier,  
 And back retired; not cooled by high disdain,  
 But she saw not: her heart was elsewhere;  
 She sighed for Agnes' dreams, the sweetest of the year.

She danced along with vague, regardless eyes,  
 Anxious her lips, her breathing quick and short:  
 The hallowed hour was near at hand: she sighs  
 Amid the timbrels, and the thronged resort  
 Of whisperers in anger or in sport;  
 'Mid looks of love, defiance, hate, and scorn,  
 Hoodwinked with faery fancy; all amorn,  
 Save to St. Agnes and her lambs unshorn,  
 And all the bliss to be before to-morrow morn.

So, purposing each moment to retire,  
 She lingered still. Meantime, across the moors,  
 Had come young Porphyro, with heart on fire  
 For Madeline. Beside the portal doors,  
 Buttressed from moonlight, stands he, and implores  
 All saints to give him sight of Madeline,  
 But for one moment in the tedious hours,  
 That he might gaze and worship all unseen;  
 Perchance speak, kneel, touch, kiss—in sooth such things  
 have been.

He ventures in: let no buzzed whisper tell,  
 All eyes be muffled, or a hundred swords  
 Will storm his heart, Love's feverous citadel:  
 For him, those chambers held barbarian hordes,  
 Hyena foemen, and hot-blooded lords,  
 Whose very dogs would execration howl  
 Against his lineage; not one breast affords  
 Him any mercy in that mansion foul.  
 Save one old beldame, weak in body and in soul.

Ah, happy chance! the aged creature came,  
 Shuffling along with ivory-headed wand,  
 To where he stood, hid from the torch's flame,  
 Behind a broad hall pillar, far beyond  
 The sound of merriment and chorus bland.  
 He startled her: but soon she knew his face,  
 And grasped his fingers in her palsied hand,  
 Saying, "Mercy, Porphyro! hie thee from this place;  
 They are all here to-night, the whole blood-thirsty race!

"Get hence! get hence! there's dwarfish Hildebrand:  
 He had a fever late, and in the fit  
 He cursèd thee and thine, both house and land:  
 Then there's that old Lord Maurice, not a whit  
 More tame for his grey hairs—Alas me! flit!  
 Flit like a ghost away."—"Ah, Gossip dear,  
 We're safe enough; here in this arm-chair sit,  
 And tell me how—" "Good saints! not here, not here!  
 Follow me, child, or else these stones will be thy bier."

He followed through a lowly archèd way,  
 Brushing the cobwebs with his lofty plume;  
 And as she muttered "Well-a—well-a-day!"  
 He found him in a little moonlight room,  
 Pale, latticed, chill, and silent as a tomb.  
 "Now tell me where is Madeline," said he,  
 "O tell me, Angela, by the holy loom  
 Which none but secret sisterhood may see,  
 When they St. Agnes' wool are weaving piously."

"St. Agnes! Ah! it is St. Agnes' Eve—  
 Yet men will murder upon holy days.  
 Thou must hold water in a witch's sieve,  
 And be liege-lord of all the Elves and Fays  
 To venture so: it fills me with amaze  
 To see thee, Porphyro!—St. Agnes' Eve!  
 God's help! my lady fair the conjurer plays  
 This very night: good angels her deceive!  
 But let me laugh awhile,—I've mickle time to grieve."

Feebly she laugheth in the languid moon,  
 While Porphyro upon her face doth look,  
 Like puzzled urchin on an aged crone  
 Who keepeth closed a wondrous riddle-book,  
 As spectacled she sits in chimney nook.  
 But soon his eyes grew brilliant, when she told  
 His lady's purpose; and he scarce could brook  
 Tears at the thought of those enchantments cold,  
 And Madeline asleep in lap of legends old.

Sudden a thought came like a full-blown rose,  
 Flushing his brow, and in his pained heart  
 Made purple riot: then doth he propose  
 A stratagem, that makes the beldame start:  
 "A cruel man and impious thou art!  
 Sweet lady, let her pray, and sleep and dream  
 Alone with her good angels, far apart  
 From wicked men like thee. Go, go! I deem  
 Thou canst not surely be the same that thou didst seem."

"I will not harm her, by all saints I swear!"  
 Quoth Porphyro: "O may I ne'er find grace  
 When my weak voice shall whisper its last prayer,  
 If one of her soft ringlets I displace,  
 Or look with ruffian passion in her face.  
 Good Angela, believe me, by these tears;  
 Or I will, even in a moment's space,  
 Awake, with horrid shout, my foemen's ears,  
 And beard them, though they be more fanged than wolves  
 and bears."

"Ah! why wilt thou affright a feeble soul?  
 A poor, weak, palsy-stricken, churchyard thing,  
 Whose passing-bell may ere the midnight toll;  
 Whose prayers for thee, each morn and evening,  
 Were never missed." Thus plaining, doth she bring  
 A gentler speech from burning Porphyro;  
 So woeful, and of such deep sorrowing,  
 That Angela gives promise she will do  
 Whatever he shall wish, betide her weal or woe.

Which was, to lead him, in close secrecy,  
 Even to Madeline's chamber, and there hide  
 Him in a closet, of such privacy  
 That he might see her beauty unespied,  
 And win perhaps that night a peerless bride,  
 While legioned fairies paced the coverlet,  
 And pale enchantment held her sleepy-eyed.  
 Never on such a night have lovers met,  
 Since Merlin paid his Demon all the monstrous debt.

"It shall be as thou wishest," said the Dame:  
 "All cates and dainties shall be storèd there  
 Quickly on this feast-night: by the tambour frame  
 Her own lute thou wilt see: no time to spare,  
 For I am slow and feeble, and scarce dare  
 On such a catering trust my dizzy head.  
 Wait here, my child, with patience; kneel in prayer  
 The while. Ah! thou must needs the lady wed,  
 Or may I never leave my grave among the dead."

So saying she hobbled off with busy fear.  
 The lover's endless minutes slowly passed;  
 The dame returned, and whispered in his ear  
 To follow her; with aged eyes aghast  
 From fright of dim espial. Safe at last  
 Through many a dusky gallery, they gain  
 The maiden's chamber, silken, hushed and chaste;  
 Where Porphyro took covert, pleased amain.  
 His poor guide hurried back with agues in her brain.

Her faltering hand upon the balustrade,  
 Old Angela was feeling for the stair,  
 When Madeline, St. Agnes' charmèd maid,  
 Rose, like a missioned spirit, unaware:  
 With silver taper's light, and pious care,  
 She turned, and down the aged gossip led  
 To a safe level matting. Now prepare,  
 Young Porphyro, for gazing on that bed;  
 She comes, she comes again, like ring-dove frayed and  
 fled.

Out went the taper as she hurried in;  
 Its little smoke, in pallid moonshine, died:  
 She closed the door, she panted, all akin  
 To spirits of the air, and visions wide:  
 No uttered syllable, or, woe betide!  
 But to her heart, her heart was voluble,  
 Paining with eloquence her balmy side;  
 As though a tongueless nightingale should swell  
 Her throat in vain, and die, heart-stifled, in her dell.

A casement high and triple-arched there was,  
 All garlanded with carven imageries,  
 Of fruits and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,  
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,  
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,  
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings;  
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,  
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,  
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and  
 kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,  
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,  
 As down she knelt for Heaven's grace and boon;  
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands, together prest,  
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,  
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint:  
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,  
 Save wings, for heaven:—Porphyro grew faint:  
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint.

Anon his heart revives: her vespers done,  
 Of all its wreathèd pearls her hair she frees;  
 Uncasps her warmèd jewels one by one;  
 Loosens her fragrant bodice; by degrees  
 Her rich attire creeps rustling to her knees:  
 Half-hidden, like a mermaid in sea-weed,  
 Pensive awhile she dreams awake, and sees,  
 In fancy, fair St. Agnes in her bed,  
 But dares not look behind, or all the charm is fled.

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,  
In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,  
Until the poppièd warmth of sleep oppressed  
Her soothèd limbs, and soul fatigued away;  
Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;  
Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;  
Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray;  
Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,  
As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again.

Stol'n to this paradise, and so entranced,  
Porphyro gazed upon her empty dress,  
And listened to her breathing, if it chanced  
To wake into a slumberous tenderness;  
Which when he heard, that minute did he bless,  
And breathed himself: then from the closet crept,  
Noiseless as fear in a wide wilderness,  
And over the hushed carpet, silent, stept,  
And 'tween the curtains peeped, where, lo!—how fast she  
slept!

Then by the bed-side, where the faded moon  
Made a dim, silver twilight, soft he set  
A table, and half anguished, threw thereon  
A cloth of woven crimson, gold, and jet:—  
O for some drowsy Morphean amulet!  
The boisterous, midnight, festive clarion,  
The kettle-drum, and far-heard clarionet,  
Affray his ears, though but in dying tone:—  
The hall-door shuts again, and all the noise is gone.

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,  
In blanchèd linen, smooth, and lavendered,  
While he from forth the closet brought a heap  
Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;  
With jellies soother than the creamy curd,  
And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;  
Manna and dates, in argosy transferred  
From Fez; and spicèd dainties, every one,  
From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon.

These delicates he heaped with glowing hand  
 On golden dishes and in baskets bright  
 Of wreathèd silver : sumptuous they stand  
 In the retired quiet of the night,  
 Filling the chilly room with perfume light.—  
 “And now, my love, my seraph fair, awake!  
 Thou art my heaven, and I thine eremite:  
 Open thine eyes, for meek St. Agnes’ sake,  
 Or I shall drowse beside thee, so my soul doth ache.”

Thus whispering, his warm, unnervèd arm  
 Sank in her pillow. Shaded was her dream  
 By the dusk curtains:—’twas a midnight charm  
 Impossible to melt as icèd stream:  
 The lustrous salvers in the moonlight gleam;  
 Broad golden fringe upon the carpet lies:  
 It seemed he never, never could redeem  
 From such a steadfast spell his lady’s eyes;  
 So mused awhile, entoièd in woofèd phantasies.

Awakening up, he took her hollow lute,—  
 Tumultuous,—and, in chords that tenderest be,  
 He played an ancient ditty, long since mute,  
 In Provence called “ La belle dame sans mercy:”  
 Close to her ear touching the melody;—  
 Wherewith disturbed, she uttered a soft moan:  
 He ceased—she panted quick—and suddenly  
 Her blue affrayèd eyes wide open shone:  
 Upon his knees he sank, pale as smooth-sculptured stone.

Her eyes were open, but she still beheld,  
 Now wide awake, the vision of her sleep:  
 There was a painful change, that nigh expelled  
 The blisses of her dream so pure and deep.  
 At which fair Madeline began to weep,  
 And moan forth witless words with many a sigh,  
 While still her gaze on Porphyro would keep;  
 Who knelt, with joinèd hands and piteous eye,  
 Fearing to move or speak, she looked so dreamingly.

"Ah, Porphyro!" said she, "but even now  
 Thy voice was at sweet tremble in mine ear,  
 Made tunable with every sweetest vow;  
 And those sad eyes were spiritual and clear:  
 How changed thou art! how pallid, chill, and drear!  
 Give me that voice again, my Porphyro,  
 Those looks immortal, those complainings dear!  
 Oh, leave me not in this eternal woe,  
 For if thou diest, my Love, I know not where to go."

Beyond a mortal man impassioned far  
 At these voluptuous accents, he arose,  
 Ethereal, flushed, and like a throbbing star  
 Seen 'mid the sapphire heaven's deep repose;  
 Into her dream he melted, as the rose  
 Blendeth its odour with the violet,—  
 Solution sweet: meantime the frost-wind blows  
 Like Love's alarum, pattering the sharp sleet  
 Against the window-panes; St. Agnes' moon hath set.

'Tis dark: quick pattereth the flaw-blown sleet.  
 "This is no dream, my bride, my Madeline!"  
 'Tis dark: the icèd gusts still rave and beat:  
 "No dream, alas! alas! and woe is mine!  
 Porphyro will leave me here to fade and pine.  
 Cruel! what traitor could thee hither bring?  
 I curse not, for my heart is lost in thine,  
 Though thou forsakest a deceived thing;—  
 A dove forlorn and lost with sick unpruned wing."

"My Madeline! sweet dreamer! lovely bride!  
 Say, may I be for aye thy vassal blest?  
 Thy beauty's shield, heart-shaped and vermeil-dyed?  
 Ah, silver shrine, here will I take my rest  
 After so many hours of toil and quest,  
 A famished pilgrim,—saved by miracle.  
 Though I have found, I will not rob thy nest,  
 Saving of thy sweet self; if thou think'st well  
 To trust, fair Madeline, to no rude infidel.

"Hark! 'tis an elfin storm from faery land,  
 Of haggard seeming, but a boon indeed:  
 Arise—arise! the morning is at hand;—  
 The bloated wassailers will never heed;—  
 Let us away, my love, with happy speed;  
 There are no ears to hear, or eyes to see,—  
 Drowned all in Rhenish and the sleepy mead.  
 Awake! arise! my love, and fearless be,  
 For o'er the southern moors I have a home for thee."

She hurried at his words, beset with fears,  
 For there were sleeping dragons all around,  
 At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spears.  
 Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found;  
 In all the house was heard no human sound.  
 A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door;  
 The arras, rich with horsemen, hawk, and hound,  
 Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;  
 And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide, like phantoms, into the wide hall!  
 Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,  
 Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,  
 With a huge empty flagon by his side:  
 The wakeful bloodhound rose, and shook his hide,  
 But his sagacious eye an inmate owns:  
 By one, and one, the bolts full easy slide:—  
 The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;  
 The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

And they are gone: ay, ages long ago  
 These lovers fled away into the storm.  
 That night the Baron dreamt of many a woe,  
 And all his warrior-guests with shade and form  
 Of witch, and demon, and large coffin-worm,  
 Were long be-nightmared. Angela the old  
 Died palsy-twitched, with meagre face deform;  
 The Beadsman, after thousand aves told,  
 For aye unsought-for slept among his ashes cold.

*LAST SONNET*

Bright Star! would I were steadfast as thou art—  
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,  
And watching, with eternal lids apart,  
Like Nature's patient sleepless Eremite,  
The moving waters at their priest-like task  
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,  
Or gazing on the new soft fallen mask  
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors:  
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,  
Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast  
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,  
Awake for ever in a sweet unrest;  
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,  
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

## GEORGE DARLEY

1795 · 1846

*THE MERMAIDS' VESPER-HYMN*

Troop home to silent grotts and caves!  
Troop home! and mimic as you go  
The mournful winding of the waves  
Which to their dark abysses flow.

At this sweet hour, all things beside  
In amorous pairs to covert creep:  
The swans that brush the evening tide  
Homeward in snowy couples keep.

In his green den the murmuring seal  
Close by his sleek companion lies;  
While singly we to bedward steal,  
And close in fruitless sleep our eyes.

In bowers of love men take their rest,  
In loveless bowers we sigh alone,  
With bosom-friends are others blest—  
But we have none! but we have none!

*PASSAGES FROM "NEPENTHE"*

## THE SEA

Hurry me, Nymphs, O, hurry me  
Far above the grovelling sea,  
Which, with blind weakness and base roar  
Casting his white age on the shore,  
Wallows along the slimy floor;  
With his widespread webbed hands  
Seeking to climb the level sands,  
And rejected still to rave  
Alive in his uncovered grave.

## THE PHENIX

O blest unfabled Incense Tree,  
That burns in glorious Araby,  
With red scent chaliceing the air,  
Till earth-life grow Elysian there.

Half buried to her flaming breast  
In this bright tree, she makes her nest,  
Hundred-sunned Phoenix! when she must  
Crumble at length to hoary dust!

Her gorgeous death-bed! her rich pyre  
Burnt up with aromatic fire!  
Her urn, sight high from spoiler men;  
Her birth-place when self-born again!

The mountainless green wilds among,  
Here ends she her unechoing song.  
With amber tears and odorous sighs  
Mourned by the desert where she dies.

# THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

## SECOND HALF

### VICTORIANS AND AMERICANS

The second half of the nineteenth century is commonly referred to as Victorian and the reference is usually accompanied by a sneer. In fact there is scarcely a more destructive shot in the critic's arsenal, unless it is the adjective "mid-Victorian". Yet nothing could be more inaccurate than a blanket characterization based on the assumption that all poets of the period wrote under the influence of a domesticated and moralizing Muse bearing a strong family likeness to the buxom Queen. It is true that an overemphasis on "sweetness and light" resulted in a great deal of mawkish versifying by the lesser poets and even, at times, by Tennyson. Yet no fifty years of English poetry displayed a greater variety than the half-century between 1850 and 1900. A composite picture of the proverbial, staid Victorian becomes an absurdity when we are confronted by the dramatic and challenging Browning, the calm but equally confident Patmore, the violent and rebellious Swinburne, the meditative Arnold, the high-pitched luxuriance of Francis Thompson, the subdued astringency of Hardy, the stern courage of Emily Brontë, the mediæval richness of Dante Gabriel Rossetti and the quiet-coloured warmth of his sister Christina.

Nor, in an age supposedly cowed by Science and the growing dominance of the machine, is there a lack of lyrical notes. The range of melody is all the way from the simple quatrains of A. E. Housman (whose "A Shropshire Lad" continues to ignore changing fashions and remains a collection of practically perfect songs) to the onrushing, image-crowded lines of Gerard Hopkins; it includes the nun-like serenity of Christina Rossetti and the forceful if unfamiliar acerbity of the "Northern Farmer" Tennyson, the long measures of George Meredith and the telegraphic concisions of Emily Dickinson.

A similar richness and variety is obvious if the American scene is examined with unprejudiced eyes. It becomes increasingly apparent that the poets of the famous New England group, overrated by their contemporaries and underrated by their successors, were both praised and blamed for the wrong thing. It was, in most cases, the same thing: the Sunday-school lesson in easily remembered rhyme; the tag-end motto; the parade of exemplary village blacksmiths, alp-climbing youths and a moralizing nauticus. This was the weaker work of genuine poets, the worst of which was too often interred in the textbooks of the past. In the light of unprejudiced reappraisal, Longfellow emerges as a ballad-writer of importance and a pioneer user of native material; Bryant stands out, not as "a smooth, silent iceberg", but as a prophet of dignity; Whittier impresses us as a genre painter in the manner of Burns, if Burns had been both a zealot and a Yankee; Emerson looms

as a metaphysician without whom Whitman and Emily Dickinson—highly original geniuses though they were—would have written far differently than they did. Nor will Poe, that self-driven, song-tortured Israfel, fit the tabulator's tight limitations. Like Whitman, Poe has passed beyond national borders. Poe's influence affected or, one might even say, effected a new literature abroad; Whitman's sometimes too inclusive affirmations, his attempted synthesis of life at every extreme—"immense in passion, impetuous with power"—spread a new gospel to remote corners of the world.

The keynote to the period, after all, was not so much righteousness (though the note was repeatedly struck) as richness.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

(A)1794 · 1878

*TO A WATERFOWL*

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!

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.

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

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

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.

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.

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.

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

*THANATOPSIS*

To him who in the love of nature holds  
 Communion with her visible forms, she speaks  
 A various language; for his gayer hours  
 She has a voice of gladness, and a smile  
 And eloquence of beauty; and she glides  
 Into his darker musings, with a mild  
 And healing sympathy that steals away  
 Their sharpness ere he is aware. When thoughts  
 Of the last bitter hour come like a blight  
 Over thy spirit, and sad images  
 Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,  
 And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,  
 Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—  
 Go forth, under the open sky, and list  
 To Nature's teachings, while from all around—  
 Earth and her waters, and the depths of air—  
 Comes a still voice. Yet a few days, and thee  
 The all-beholding sun shall see no more. . . .

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place  
 Shalt thou retire alone, nor couldst thou wish  
 Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down  
 With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,  
 The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,  
 Fair forms, and hoary seers, of ages past,  
 All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills  
 Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun, the vales  
 Stretching in pensive quietness between;  
 The venerable woods—rivers that move  
 In majesty, and the complaining brooks  
 That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,  
 Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste,—  
 Are but the solemn decorations all  
 Of the great tomb of man. . . .

So shalt thou rest,—and what if thou withdraw  
 Unheeded by the living and no friend  
 Take note of thy departure? All that breathe  
 Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh  
 When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care

Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase  
 His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave  
 Their mirth and their employments, and shall come  
 And make their bed with thee. As the long train  
 Of ages glide away, the sons of men,  
 The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes  
 In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,  
 And the sweet babe, and the grey-headed man,—  
 Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,  
 By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join  
 The innumerable caravan, that moves  
 To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
 His chamber in the silent halls of death,  
 Thou go not, like the quarry-slave, at night,  
 Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed  
 By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,  
 Like one that draws the drapery of his couch  
 About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

## THOMAS HOOD

1799 · 1845

*THE TIME OF ROSES*

It was not in the winter  
 Our loving lot was cast;  
 It was the time of roses—  
 We plucked them as we passed.

That churlish season never frowned  
 On early lovers yet:  
 Oh, no, the world was newly crowned  
 With flowers when first we met.

'Twas twilight, and I bade you go;  
 But still you held me fast.  
 It was the time of roses—  
 We plucked them as we passed.

## EDWARD COOTE PINKNEY

(A)1802 · 1828

*SERENADE*

Look out upon the stars, my love,  
And shame them with thine eyes,  
On which, than on the lights above,  
There hang more destinies.  
Night's beauty is the harmony  
Of blending shades and light;  
Then, lady, up,—look out, and be  
A sister to the night!

Sleep not!—thine image wakes for aye  
Within my watching breast:  
Sleep not!—from her soft sleep should fly,  
Who robs all hearts of rest.  
Nay, lady, from thy slumbers break,  
And make this darkness gay  
With looks, whose brightness well might make  
Of darker nights a day.

## RALPH WALDO EMERSON

(A)1803 · 1882

*THE POET**From "Merlin"*

Thy trivial harp will never please  
Or fill my craving ear;  
Its chords should ring as 'blows the breeze,  
Free, peremptory, clear.  
No jingling serenader's art,  
Nor tinkle of piano strings,  
Can make the wild blood start  
In its mystic springs.

The kingly bard  
 Must smite the chords rudely and hard,  
 As with hammer or with mace;  
 That they may render back  
 Artful thunder, which conveys  
 Secrets of the solar track,  
 Sparks of the supersolar blaze.  
 Merlin's blows are strokes of fate,  
 Chiming with the forest tone,  
 When boughs buffet boughs in the wood;  
 Chiming with the gasp and moan  
 Of the ice-imprisoned flood;  
 With the pulse of manly hearts;  
 With the voice of orators;  
 With the din of city arts;  
 With the cannonade of wars;  
 With the marches of the brave;  
 And prayers of might from martyrs' cave.

Great is the art,  
 Great be the manners, of the bard.  
 He shall not his brain encumber  
 With the coil of rhythm and number;  
 But, leaving rule and pale forethought,  
 He shall aye climb  
 For his rhyme.  
 "Pass in, pass in," the angels say,  
 "In to the upper doors,  
 Nor count compartments of the floors,  
 But mount to paradise  
 By the stairway of surprise."

*THE RHODORA:*

ON BEING ASKED,<sup>3</sup> WHENCE IS THE FLOWER?

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,  
 I found the fresh Rhodora in the woods,  
 Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,  
 To please the desert and the sluggish brook.  
 The purple petals, fallen in the pool,

Made the black water with their beauty gay;  
 Here might the red-bird come his plumes to cool,  
 And court the flower that cheapens his array.  
 Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why  
 This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,  
 Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,  
 Then Beauty is its own excuse for being:  
 Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!  
 I never thought to ask, I never knew:  
 But, in my simple ignorance, suppose  
 The self-same Power that brought me there brought you.

*BRAHMA*

If the red slayer think he slays,  
 Or if the slain think he is slain,  
 They know not well the subtle ways  
 I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near;  
 Shadow and sunlight are the same;  
 The vanished gods to me appear;  
 And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out;  
 When me they fly, I am the wings;  
 I am the doubter and the doubt,  
 And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,  
 And pine in vain the sacred Seven;  
 But thou, meek lover of the good!  
 Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

*THE SNOWSTORM*

Announced by all the trumpets of the sky,  
 Arrives the snow, and, driving o'er the fields,  
 Seems nowhere to alight: the whited air  
 Hides hills and woods, the river, and the heaven,  
 And veils the farmhouse at the garden's end.

The sled and traveller stopped, the courier's feet  
Delayed, all friends shut out, the housemates sit  
Around the radiant fireplace, enclosed  
In a tumultuous privacy of storm.

Come, see the north wind's masonry.  
Out of an unseen quarry evermore  
Furnished with tile, the fierce artificer  
Curves his white bastions with projected roof  
Round every windward stake or tree or door.  
Speeding, the myriad-handed, his wild work  
So fanciful, so savage, naught cares he  
For number or proportion. Mockingly  
On coop or kennel he hangs Parian wreaths;  
A swan-like form invests the hidden thorn;  
Fills up the farmer's lane from wall to wall,  
Maugre the farmer's sighs; and at the gate  
A tapering turret overtops the work.  
And when his hours are numbered, and the world  
Is all his own, retiring, as he were not.  
Leaves, when the sun appears, astonished Art  
To mimic in slow structures, stone by stone,  
Built in an age, the mad wind's night-work,  
The frolic architecture of the snow.

#### DAYS

Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days,  
Muffled and dumb like barefoot dervishes,  
And marching single in an endless file,  
Bring diadems and faggots in their hands.  
To each they offer gifts after his will,  
Bread, kingdoms, stars, and sky that holds them all.  
I, in my pleached garden, watched the pomp.  
Forgot my morning wishes, hastily  
Took a few herbs and apples, and the Day  
Turned and departed silent. I, too late,  
Under her solemn fillet saw the scorn.

The Nineteenth Century II  
 THOMAS LOVELL BEDDOES

1803 · 1849

*DREAM-PEDLARY*

If there were dreams to sell  
 What would you buy?  
 Some cost a passing bell,  
 Some a light sigh,  
 That shakes from life's fresh crown  
 Only a rose-leaf down.

If there were dreams to sell,  
 Merry and sad to tell,  
 And the crier rang the bell,  
 What would you buy?

A cottage lone and still,  
 With bowers nigh,  
 Shadowy, my woes to still  
 Until I die.  
 Such pearl from life's fresh crown  
 Fain would I shake me down,  
 Were dreams to have at will,  
 'This would best heal my ill,  
 'This would I buy.

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

1806 · 1861

*LOVE*

*From "Sonnets from the Portuguese"*

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, Belovèd, 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.

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.  
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height  
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight  
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.  
I love thee to the level of every day's  
Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light.  
I love thee freely, as men strive for right;  
I love thee purely, as they turn from praise.  
I love thee with the passion put to use  
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.  
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose  
With my lost saints—I love thee with the breath,  
Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,  
I shall but love thee better after death.

#### GRIEF

I tell you hopeless grief is passionless,  
That only men incredulous of despair,  
Half-taught in anguish, through the midnight air  
Beat upward to God's throne in loud access  
Of shrieking and reproach. Full desertness  
In souls, as countries, lieth silent-bare  
Under the blanching, vertical eye-glare  
Of the absolute heavens. Deep-hearted man, express  
Grief for thy dead in silence like to death—  
Most like a monumental statue set  
In everlasting watch and moveless woe  
Till itself crumble to the dust beneath.  
Touch it; the marble eyelids are not wet  
If it could weep, it could arise and go.

## HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

(A) 1807 · 1882

*CHAUCER*

An old man in a lodge within a park;  
 The chamber walls depicted all around  
 With portraitures of huntsman, hawk, and hound,  
 And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,  
 Whose song comes with the sunshine through the dark  
 Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;  
 He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,  
 Then writeth in a book like any clerk.  
 He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote  
 The Canterbury Tales, and his old age  
 Made beautiful with song; and as I read  
 I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note  
 Of lark and linnet, and from every page  
 Rise odours of ploughed field or flowery mead.

*NATURE*

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,  
 Leads by the hand her little child to bed,  
 Half willing, half reluctant to be led,  
 And leave his broken playthings on the floor,  
 Still gazing at them through the open door,  
 Nor wholly reassured and comforted  
 By promises of others in their stead,  
 Which, though more splendid, may not please him more;  
 So Nature deals with us, and takes away  
 Our playthings one by one, and by the hand  
 Leads us to rest so gently, that we go  
 Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,  
 Being too full of sleep to understand  
 How far the unknown transcends the what we know.

*MY LOST YOUTH*

Often I think of the beautiful town  
That is seated by the sea;  
Often in thought go up and down  
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,  
And my youth comes back to me.  
And a verse of a Lapland song  
Is haunting my memory still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I can see the shadowy lines of its trees,  
And catch, in sudden gleams,  
The sheen of the far-surrounding seas,  
And islands that were the Hesperides  
Of all my boyish dreams.  
And the burden of that old song,  
It murmurs and whispers still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the black wharves and the slips,  
And the sea-tides tossing free;  
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,  
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,  
And the magic of the sea.  
And the voice of that wayward song  
Is singing and saying still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the bulwarks by the shore,  
And the fort upon the hill;  
The sunrise gun, with its hollow roar,  
The drumbeat repeated o'er and o'er,  
And the bugle wild and shrill.  
And the music of that old song  
Throbs in my memory still:  
"A boy's will is the wind's will,  
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

I remember the sea-fight far away,  
 How it thundered o'er the tide!  
 And the dead captains, as they lay  
 In their graves, o'erlooking the tranquil bay  
 Where they in battle died.  
 And the sound of that mournful song  
 Goes through me with a thrill:  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

Strange to me now are the forms I meet  
 When I visit the dear old town;  
 But the native air is pure and sweet,  
 And the trees that o'ershadow each well-known street,  
 As they balance up and down,  
 Are singing the beautiful song,  
 Are sighing and whispering still:  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

And Deering's Woods are fresh and fair,  
 And with joy that is almost pain  
 My heart goes back to wander there,  
 And among the dreams of the days that were,  
 I find my lost youth again.  
 And the strange and beautiful song,  
 The groves are repeating it still:  
 "A boy's will is the wind's will,  
 And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."

#### MILTON<sup>1</sup>

I pace the sounding sea-beach and behold  
 How the voluminous billow's roll and run,  
 Upheaving and subsiding, while the sun  
 Shines through their sheeted emerald far unrolled  
 And the ninth wave, slow gathering fold by fold  
 All its loose-flowing garments into one,

<sup>1</sup> Compare Wordsworth's sonnet on page 299.

Plunges upon the shore, and floods the dun  
 Pale reach of sands, and changes them to gold.  
 So in majestic cadence rise and fall  
 The mighty undulations of thy song,  
 O sightless bard, England's Mæonides!  
 And ever and anon, high over all  
 Uplifted, a ninth wave superb and strong,  
 Floods all the soul with its melodious seas.

*THE DAY IS DONE*

The day is done, and the darkness  
 Falls from the wings of Night,  
 As a feather is wafted downward  
 From an eagle in his flight.

I see the lights of the village  
 Gleam through the rain and the mist,  
 And a feeling of sadness comes o'er me  
 That my soul cannot resist:

A feeling of sadness and longing,  
 That is not akin to pain,  
 And resembles sorrow *only*  
 As the mist resembles the rain.

Come, read to me some poem,  
 Some simple and heartfelt lay,  
 That shall soothe this restless feeling,  
 And banish the thoughts of day.

Not from the grand old masters,  
 Not from the bards sublime,  
 Whose distant footsteps echo  
 Through the corridors of Time.

For, like strains of martial music,  
 Their mighty thoughts suggest  
 Life's endless toil and endeavour;  
 And to-night I long for rest.

## The Nineteenth Century II

Read from some humbler poet,  
 Whose songs gushed from his heart,  
 As showers from the clouds of summer,  
 Or tears from the eyelids start:

Who, through long days of labour,  
 And nights devoid of ease,  
 Still heard in his soul the music  
 Of wonderful melodies.

Such songs have power to quiet  
 The restless pulse of care,  
 And come like the benediction  
 That follows after prayer.

Then read from the treasured volume  
 The poem of thy choice,  
 And lend to the rhyme of the poet  
 The beauty of thy voice.

And the night shall be filled with music,  
 And the cares, that infest the day,  
 Shall fold their tents, like the Arabs,  
 And as silently steal away.

## JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

(A) 1807 · 1892

*THE WAITING*

I wait and watch: before my eyes  
 Methinks the night grows thin and gray;  
 I wait and watch the eastern skies  
 To see the golden spears arise  
 Beneath the oriflamme of day!

Like one whose limbs are bound in trance  
 I hear the day-sounds swell and grow,  
 And see across the twilight glance,  
 Troop after troop, in swift advance,  
 The shining ones with plumes of snow!

I know the errand of their feet,  
I know what mighty work is theirs;  
I can but lift up hands unmeet  
The threshing-floors of God to beat,  
And speed them with unworthy prayers.

I will not dream in vain despair  
The steps of progress wait for me:  
The puny leverage of a hair  
The planet's impulse well may spare,  
A drop of dew the tided sea.

The loss, if loss there be, is mine,  
And yet not mine if understood;  
For one shall grasp and one resign,  
One drink life's rue, and one its wine,  
And God shall make the balance good.

O power to do! O baffled will!  
O prayer and action! ye are one.  
Who may not strive, may yet fulfil  
The harder task of standing still,  
And good but wished with God is done!

## OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

(A)1809 · 1894

*THE LAST LEAF*

I saw him once before,  
As he passed by the door,  
And again  
The pavement stones resound,  
As he totter'd o'er the ground  
With his cane.

They say that in his prime,  
Ere the pruning-knife of Time  
Cut him down,

## The Nineteenth Century II

Not a better man was found  
By the Crier on his round  
Through the town.

But now he walks the streets,  
And he looks at all he meets  
Sad and wan,  
And he shakes his feeble head,  
That it seems as if he said,  
"They are gone."

The mossy marbles rest  
On the lips that he has prest  
In their bloom,  
And the names he loved to hear  
Have been carved for many a year  
On the tomb.

My grandmamma has said—  
Poor old lady, she is dead  
Long ago—  
That he had a Roman nose,  
And his cheek was like a rose  
In the snow.

But now his nose is thin,  
And it rests upon his chin  
Like a staff,  
And a crook is in his back,  
And a melancholy crack  
In his laugh.

I know it is a sin  
For me to sit and grin  
At him here;  
But the old three-cornered hat,  
And the breeches, and all that,  
Are so queer!

And if I should live to be  
The last leaf upon the tree  
In the spring,

Let them smile, as I do now,  
 At the old forsaken bough  
 Where I cling.

## EDGAR ALLAN POE

(A) 1809 · 1849

*ISRAFEL*

And the angel Israfel, whose heart-strings are a lute and who has the sweetest voice of all God's creatures.—KORAN.

In Heaven a spirit doth dwell  
 "Whose heart-strings are a lute";  
 None sing so wildly well  
 As the angel Israfel,  
 And the giddy stars (so legends tell)  
 Ceasing their hymns, attend the spell  
 Of his voice, all mute.

Tottering above  
 In her highest noon,  
 The enamoured moon  
 Blushes with love,  
 While, to listen, the red levin  
 (With the rapid Pleiads, even,  
 Which were seven)  
 Pauses in Heaven.

And they say (the starry choir  
 And the other listening things)  
 That Israfeli's fire  
 Is owing to that lyre  
 By which he sits and sings—  
 The trembling living wire  
 Of those unusual strings.

But the skies that angel trod,  
 Where deep thoughts are a duty,  
 Where Love's a grown-up God,

Where the Hours glances are  
 Imbued with all the beauty  
 Which we worship in a star.

Therefore, thou art not wrong,  
 Israfe!i, who despisest  
 An unimpassioned song;  
 To thee the laurels belong,  
 Best bard, because the wisest!  
 Merrily live, and long!

The ecstasies above  
 With thy burning measures suit—  
 Thy grief, thy joy, thy hate, thy love,  
 With the fervour of thy lute—  
 Well may the stars be mute!

Yes, Heaven is thine; but this  
 Is a world of sweets and sour;  
 Our flowers are merely—flowers,  
 And the shadow of thy perfect bliss  
 Is the sunshine of ours.

If I could dwell  
 Where Israfe!l  
 Hath dwelt, and he where I,  
 He might not sing so wildly well  
 A mortal melody,  
 While a bolder note than this might swell  
 From my lyre within the sky.

*TO HELEN*

Helen, thy beauty is to me  
 Like those Nicæan barks of yore,  
 That gently, o'er a perfumed sea,  
 The weary, way-worn wanderer bore  
 To his own native shore.

On desperate seas long wont to roam,  
 Thy hyacinth hair, thy classic face,

Thy Naiad airs have brought me home  
To the glory that was Greece,  
And the grandeur that was Rome.

Lo! in yon brilliant window-niche  
How statue-like I see thee stand,  
The agate lamp within thy hand!  
Ah, Psyche, from the regions which  
Are Holy-Land!

*THE CITY IN THE SEA*

Lo! Death has reared himself a throne  
In a strange city lying alone  
Far down within the dim West,  
Where the good and the bad and the worst and the best  
Have gone to their eternal rest.  
There shrines and palaces and towers  
(Time-eaten towers that tremble not!)  
Resemble nothing that is ours.  
Around, by lifting winds forgot,  
Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie.

No rays from the holy heaven come down  
On the long night-time of that town;  
But light from out the lurid sea  
Streams up the turrets silently—  
Gleams up the pinnacles far and free—  
Up domes—up spires—up kingly halls—  
Up fanes—up Babylon-like walls—  
Up shadowy long-forgotten bowers;  
Of sculptured ivy and stone flowers—  
Up many and many a marvellous shrine  
Whose wreathèd friezes intertwine  
The viol, the violet, and the vine.

Resignedly beneath the sky  
The melancholy waters lie.  
So blend the turrets and shadows there  
That all seem pendulous in air,

While from a proud tower in the town  
Death looks gigantically down.

There open fanes and gaping graves  
Yawn level with the luminous waves;  
But not the riches there that lie  
In each idol's diamond eye—  
Not the gaily-jewelled dead  
Tempt the waters from their bed;  
For no ripples curl, alas!  
Along that wilderness of glass—  
No swellings tell that winds may be  
Upon some far-off happier sea—  
No heavings hint that winds have been  
On seas less hideously serene.

But lo, a stir is in the air!  
The wave—there is a movement there!  
As if the towers had thrust aside,  
In slightly sinking, the dull tide—  
As if their tops had feebly given  
A void within the filmy Heaven.

The waves have now a redder glow—  
The hours are breathing faint and low—  
And when, amid no earthly moans,  
Down, down that town shall settle hence,  
Hell, rising from a thousand thrones,  
Shall do it reverence.

*TO ONE IN PARADISE*

Thou wast all that to me, love,  
For which my soul did pine—  
A green isle in the sea, love,  
A fountain and a shrine,  
All wreathed with fairy fruits and flowers,  
And all the flowers were mine.

Ah, dream too bright to last!  
Ah, starry Hope! that didst arise

But to be overcast!

A voice from out the Future cries,  
 "On! on!"—but o'er the Past  
 (Dim gulf!) my spirit hovering lies  
 Mute, motionless, aghast!

For, alas! alas! with me

The light of Life is o'er!  
 "No more—no more—no more—"  
 (Such language holds the solemn sea  
 To the sands upon the shore)  
 Shall bloom the thunder-blasted tree,  
 Or the stricken eagle soar!

And all my days are trances,

And all my nightly dreams  
 Are where thy grey eye glances,  
 And where thy footstep gleams—  
 In what ethereal dances,  
 By what eternal streams.

*A DREAM WITHIN A DREAM*

Take this kiss upon the brow!  
 And, in parting from you now,  
 Thus much let me avow—  
 You are not wrong, who deem  
 That my days have been a dream;  
 Yet if Hope has flown away  
 In a night, or in a day,  
 In a vision, or in none,  
 Is it therefore the less *gone*?  
*All* that we see or seem  
 Is but a dream within a dream.

I stand amid the roar  
 Of a surf-tormented shore,  
 And I hold within my hand  
 Grains of the golden sand—

How few! yet how they creep  
 Through my fingers to the deep,  
 While I weep—while I weep!  
 O God! can I not grasp  
 Them with a tighter clasp?  
 O God! can I not save  
*One* from the pitiless wave?  
 Is *all* that we see or seem  
 But a dream within a dream?

ANNABEL LEE

It was many and many a year ago,  
 In a kingdom by the sea,  
 That a maiden there lived whom you may know  
 By the name of Annabel Lee;—  
 And this maiden she lived with no other thought  
 Than to love and be loved by me.

She was a child and I was a child,  
 In this kingdom by the sea,  
 But we loved with a love that was more than love—  
 I and my Annabel Lee—  
 With a love that the wingèd seraphs of Heaven  
 Coveted her and me.

And this was the reason that, long ago,  
 In this kingdom by the sea,  
 A wind blew out of a cloud by night  
 Chilling my Annabel Lee;  
 So that her highborn kinsmen came  
 And bore her away from me,  
 To shut her up in a sepulchre  
 In this kingdom by the sea.

The angels, not half so happy in Heaven,  
 Went envying her and me:  
 Yes! that was the reason (as all men know,  
 In this kingdom by the sea)  
 That the wind came out of the cloud, chilling  
 And killing my Annabel Lee.

But our love it was stronger by far than the love  
 Of those who were older than we—  
 Of many far wiser than we—  
 And neither the angels in heaven above  
 Nor the demons down under the sea,  
 Can ever dissever my soul from the soul  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee:—

For the moon never beams without bringing me dreams  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
 And the stars never rise but I see the bright eyes  
 Of the beautiful Annabel Lee;  
 And so, all the night-tide, I lie down by the side  
 Of my darling, my darling, my life and my bride,  
 In her sepulchre there by the sea—  
 In her tomb by the sounding sea.

*ROMANCE*

Romance, who loves to nod and sing,  
 With drowsy head and folded wing,  
 Among the green leaves as they shake  
 Far down within some shadowy lake,  
 To me a painted paroquet  
 Hath been—a most familiar bird—  
 Taught me my alphabet to say—  
 To lisp my very earliest word  
 While in the wild wood I did lie,  
 A child—with a most knowing eye.

Of late, eternal condor years  
 So shake the very Heaven on high  
 With tumult as they thunder by,  
 I have no time for idle cares  
 Through gazing on the unquiet sky.  
 And when an hour with calmer wings  
 Its down upon my spirit flings—  
 That little time with lyre and rhyme  
 To while away—forbidden things!  
 My heart would feel to be a crime  
 Unless it trembled with the strings.

## ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

1809 · 1892

MARIANA

“Mariana in the moated grange.”—*Measure for Measure*

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 looked 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 dead!”

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!”

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 seemed to walk forlorn,  
 Till cold winds woke the grey-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!"

About a stone-cast from the wall  
A sluice with blackened waters slept,  
And o'er it many, round and small,  
The clustered marish-mosses crept.  
Hard by a poplar shook alway,  
All silver-green with gnarlèd 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!"

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!"

All day within the dreamy house,  
The doors upon their hinges creaked;  
The blue fly sung in the pane: the mouse  
Behind the mouldering wainscot shrieked,  
Or from the crevice peered about.  
Old faces glimmered thro' the doors,  
Old footsteps trod the upper floors,  
Old voices called her from without.

## The Nineteenth Century II

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

*THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER*

It is the miller's daughter,  
 And she is grown so dear, so dear,  
 That I would be the jewel  
 That trembles at her ear:  
 For hid in ringlets day and night,  
 I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle  
 About her dainty, dainty waist,  
 And her heart would beat against me,  
 In sorrow and in rest:  
 And I should know if it beat right,  
 I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,  
 And all day long to fall and rise  
 Upon her balmy bosom,  
 With her laughter or her sighs:  
 And I would lie so light, so light,  
 I scarce should be unclasped at night.

*ULYSSES*

It little profits that an idle king,  
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,  
 Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole  
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,  
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.  
 I cannot rest from travel: I will drink  
 Life to the lees: all times I have enjoyed  
 Greatly, have suffered greatly, both with those  
 That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when  
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades  
 Vext the dim sea. I am become a name;

For always roaming with a hungry heart  
Much have I seen and known: cities of men  
And manners, climates, councils, governments,  
Myself not least, but honoured of them all;  
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,  
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.  
I am a part of all that I have met;  
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'  
Gleams that untravelled world, whose margin fades  
For ever and for ever when I move.  
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,  
To rust unburnished, not to shine in use!  
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life  
Were all too little, and of one to me  
Little remains: but every hour is saved  
From that eternal silence, something more,  
A bringer of new things; and vile it were  
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,  
And this grey spirit yearning in desire  
To follow knowledge, like a sinking star,  
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,  
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—  
Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil  
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild  
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees  
Subdue them to the useful and the good.  
Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere  
Of common duties, decent not to fail  
In offices of tenderness, and pay  
Meet adoration to my household gods,  
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:  
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,  
Souls that have toiled, and wrought, and thought with me—  
That ever with a frolic welcome took  
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed  
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;  
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil;  
Death closes all: but something ere the end,

Some work of noble note, may yet be done,  
 Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.  
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:  
 The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep  
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,  
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.  
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite  
 The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds  
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the paths  
 Of all the western stars, until I die.  
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down:  
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,  
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.  
 Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'  
 We are not now that strength which in old days  
 Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are;  
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,  
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will  
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

*BREAK, BREAK, BREAK*

Break, break, break,  
 On thy cold grey 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 vanished 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.

*THE EAGLE*

He clasps the crag with hookèd hands:  
Close to the sun in lonely lands,  
Ringed with the azure world, he stands.

The wrinkled sea beneath him crawls;  
He watches from his mountain walls,  
And like a thunderbolt he falls.

*BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW*

*Song from "The Princess"*

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.

*NORTHERN FARMER*

NEW STYLE

Dosn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs, as they canters awaäy?  
Proputtty, proputtty, proputtty—that's what I 'ears 'em saäy.

Proputty, proputty, proputty—Sam, thou's an ass for thy  
paäins:

Theer's moor sense i' one o' 'is legs nor in all thy braäins.

Woä—theer's a crow to pluck wi' tha, Sam: yon's parson's  
'ouse—

Doesn't thou know that a man mun be eäther a man or a  
mouse?

Time to think on it then; for thou'll be twenty this weeäk.

Proputty, proputty—woä then, woä—let ma 'ear mysèn  
speäk.

Me an' thy muther, Sammy, 'as beän a-talkin' o' thee;  
Thou's beän talkin' to muther, an' she beän a-tellin' it  
me.

Thou'll not marry for munny—thou's sweet upo' parson's  
lass—

Noä—thou'll marry fur luvv—an' we boäth on us thinks  
tha an ass!

Secä'd her to-daäy goä by—Saäint's daäy—they was ringing  
the bells.

She's a beauty, thou thinks—an' soä is scoors o' gells!  
Them as 'as munny an' all—wot's a beauty?—the flower as  
blaws.

But proputty, proputty sticks, an' proputty, proputty graws.

Do'ant be stunt:<sup>1</sup> taäke time: I knaws what maäkes tha sa  
mad.

Warn't I craäzed fur the lasses mysèn when I wur a lad?  
But I know'd a Quaäker feller as often 'as tow'd ma this:  
“Doänt thou marry for munny, but goä wheer munny  
is!”

An' I went wheer munny war: an' thy mother coom to  
'and,

Wi' lots o' munny laäid by, an' a nicetish bit o' land.  
Maäybe she warn't a beauty:—I niver giv it a thowt—  
But warn't she as good to cuddle an' kiss as a lass as 'ant  
nowt?

<sup>1</sup> Obstinate.

Parson's lass 'ant nowt, an' she weänt 'a nowt when 'e's  
deäd,

Mun be a guvness, lad, or summut, and addle<sup>1</sup> her breäd:  
Why? fur 'e's nobbut a curate, an' weänt nivir git naw  
'igher;

An' 'e maäd the bed as 'e ligs on afoor 'e coom'd to the  
shire. . . .

Luvv? what's luvv? thou can luvv thy lass an' 'er munny  
too,

Maäkin' 'em goä together as they've good right to do.  
Could'n I luvv thy muther by cause o' 'er munny laäid by?  
Naäy—fur I luvv'd her a vast sight moor fur it: reäson why.

Ay an' thy muther says thou wants to marry the lass,  
Cooms of a gentleman burn: an' we boäth on us thinks tha  
an ass.

Woä then, propuppy, wiltha?<sup>2</sup>—an ass as near as inays  
nowt—<sup>2</sup>

Woä then, wiltha? dangtha!—the bees is as fell as owt.<sup>3</sup>

Breäk me a bit o' the esh for his 'eäd, lad, out o' the fence!  
Gentleman burn! what's gentleman burn? is it shillins an'  
pence?

Propuppy, propuppy's ivrything 'ere, an', Sammy, I'm blest  
If it isn't the saäme oop yonder, fur them as 'as it's the  
best.

Tis'n them as 'as munny as breäks into 'ouses an' steäls,  
Them as 'as coäts to their backs an' taäkes their regular  
meäls.

Noä, but it's them as niver knaws wheer a meäl's to be 'ad.  
Taäke my word for it, Sammy, the poor in a loomp is bad.

Looök thou their wheer Wrigglesby beck comes out by the  
'ill!

Feyther run oop to the farm, an' I runs oop to the mill;  
An' I'll run oop to the brig,<sup>4</sup> an' that thou'll live to see;  
And if thou marries a good un I'll læve the land to thee.

<sup>1</sup> Earn.

<sup>3</sup> The flies are as fierce as anything.

<sup>2</sup> Makes nothing.

<sup>4</sup> Bridge.

Thim's my noätions, Sammy, wheerby I means to stick;  
 But if thou marries a bad un, I'll læve the land to Dick.—  
 Coom oop, propuppy, propuppy—that's what I 'ears 'im  
     saäy—  
 Propuppy, propuppy, propuppy—canter an' canter awaäy.

*TEARS, IDLE TEARS*

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,  
 Tears from the depth of some divine despair  
 Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,  
 In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,  
 And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,  
 That brings our friends up from the underworld,  
 Sad as the last which reddens over one  
 That sinks with all we love below the verge;  
 So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns  
 The earliest pipe of half-awakened birds  
 To dying ears, when unto dying eyes  
 The casement slowly grows a glimmering square;  
 So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,  
 And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigned  
 On lips that are for others; deep as love,  
 Deep as first love, and wild with all regret;  
 O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

*A VOICE*

*From "Maud"*

A voice by the cedar tree,  
 In the meadow under the Hall!  
 She is singing an air that is known to me,  
 A passionate ballad gallant and gay,  
 A martial song like a trumpet's call!

Singing alone in the morning of life,  
In the happy morning of life and of May,  
Singing of men that in battle array,  
Ready in heart and ready in hand,  
March with banner and bugle and fife  
To the death, for their native land.

Maud with her exquisite face,  
And wild voice pealing up to the sunny sky,  
And feet like sunny gems on an English green,  
Maud in the light of her youth and her grace,  
Singing of Death, and of Honour that cannot die,  
Till I well could weep for a time so sordid and mean,  
And myself so languid and base.

Silence, beautiful voice!  
Be still, for you only trouble the mind  
With a joy in which I cannot rejoice,  
A glory I shall not find.  
Still! I will hear you no more,  
For your sweetness hardly leaves me a choice  
But to move to the meadow and fall before  
Her feet on the meadow grass, and adore,  
Not her, who is neither courtly nor kind,  
Not her, not her, but a voice.

#### *CROSSING THE BAR*

Sunset and evening star,  
And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
When I embark;

For though from out our bourne of Time and Place  
 The flood may bear me far,  
 I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
 When I have crossed the bar.

## ROBERT BROWNING

1812 · 1889

## "THE WILD JOYS OF LIVING"

*David's Song from "Saul"*

Oh, our manhood's prime vigour! No spirit feels waste,  
 Not a muscle is stopped in its playing, nor sinew unbraced.  
 Oh, the wild joys of living! the leaping from rock up to  
 rock—  
 The strong rending of boughs from the fir-tree,—the cool  
 silver shock  
 Of the plunge in a pool's living water,—the hunt of the  
 bear,  
 And the sultriness showing the lion is couched in his lair.  
 And the meal—the rich dates—yellowed over with gold dust  
 divine,  
 And the locust's-flesh steeped in the pitcher; the full draught  
 of wine,  
 And the sleep in the dried river-channel where bulrushes  
 tell  
 That the water was wont to go warbling so softly and well.  
 How good is man's life, the mere living! how fit to employ  
 All the heart and the soul and the senses, for ever in joy!  
 Hast thou loved the white locks of thy father, whose sword  
 thou didst guard  
 When he trusted thee forth with the armies, for glorious  
 reward?  
 Didst thou see the thin hands of thy mother, held up as  
 men sung  
 The low song of the nearly-departed, and heard her faint  
 tongue  
 Joining in while it could to the witness, "Let one more attest,

I have lived, seen God's hand thro' a lifetime, and all was  
for best . . .”  
Then they sung thro' their tears in strong triumph, not  
much,—but the rest.  
And thy brothers, the help and the contest, the working  
whence grew  
Such result as from seething grape-bundles, the spirit  
strained true!  
And the friends of thy boyhood—that boyhood of wonder  
and hope,  
Present promise, and wealth of the future beyond the eye's  
scope,—  
Till lo, thou art grown to a monarch; a people is thine;  
And all gifts which the world offers singly, on one head  
combine!  
On one head, all the beauty and strength, love and rage,  
like the throe  
That, a-work in the rock, helps its labour, and lets the gold  
go:  
High ambition and deeds which surpass it, fame crowning  
them—all  
Brought to blaze on the head of one creature—King Saul!

*IN A GONDOLA*

The moth's kiss, first!  
Kiss me as if you made believe  
You were not sure, this eve,  
How my face, your flower, had pursed  
Its petals up; so, here and there  
You brush it, till I grow aware  
Who wants me, and wide open burst.

The bee's kiss, now!  
Kiss me as if you entered gay  
My heart at some noonday,  
A bud that dares not disallow  
The claim, so all is rendered up,  
And passively its shattered cup  
Over your head to sleep I bow.

## SOLILOQUY OF THE SPANISH CLOISTER

Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's abhorrence!

Water your damned flower-pots, do!

If hate killed men, Brother Lawrence,

God's blood, would not mine kill you!

What? your myrtle-bush wants trimming?

Oh, that rose has prior claims—

Needs its leaden vase filled brimming?

Hell dry you up with its flames!

At the meal we sit together;

*Salve tibi!* I must hear

Wise talk of the kind of weather,

Sort of season, time of year:

*Not a plenteous cork-crop: scarcely*

*Dare we hope oak-galls, I doubt:*

*What's the Latin name for "parsley"?*

What's the Greek name for Swine's Snout?

Whew! We'll have our platter burnished,

Laid with care on our own shelf!

With a fire-new spoon we're furnished,

And a goblet for ourself,

Rinsed like something sacrificial

Ere 'tis fit to touch our chaps—

Marked with L. for our initial!

(He-he! There his lily snaps!)

*Saint*, forsooth! While brown Dolores

Squats outside the Convent bank

With Sanchicha, telling stories,

Steeping tresses in the tank,

Blue-black, lustrous, thick like horsehairs,

—Can't I see his dead eye glow;

Bright as 'twere a Barbary corsair's?

(That is, if he'd let it show!)

When he finishes refection,

Knife and fork he never lays

Cross-wise, to my recollection,

As do I, in Jesu's praise.

I, the Trinity illustrate,  
 Drinking watered orange-pulp—  
 In three sips the Arian frustrate;  
 While he drains his at one gulp!

Oh, those melons! If he's able  
 We're to have a feast; so nice!  
 One goes to the Abbot's table,  
 All of us get each a slice.  
 How go on your flowers? None double?  
 Not one fruit-sort can you spy?  
 Strange!—And I, too, at such trouble,  
 Keep them close-nipped on the sly!

There's a great text in Galatians,  
 Once you trip on it, entails  
 Twenty-nine distinct damnations,  
 One sure, if another fails;  
 If I trip him just a-dying,  
 Sure of heaven as sure can be,  
 Spin him round and send him flying  
 Off to hell, a Manichee?

Or, my scrofulous French novel  
 On grey paper with blunt type!  
 Simply glance at it, you grovel  
 Hand and foot in Belial's gripe;  
 If I double down its pages  
 At the woeful sixteenth print,  
 When he gathers his greengages,  
 Ope a sieve and slip it in't?

Or, there's Satan!—One might venture  
 Pledge one's soul to him, yet leave  
 Such a flaw in the indenture  
 As he'd miss, till, past retrieve,  
 Blasted lay that rose-acacia  
 We're so proud of. *Hy, Zy, Hine . . .*  
 'st! There's Vespers! *Plena gratia*  
*Ave, Virgo.* Gr-r-r—you swine!

*TWO IN THE CAMPAGNA*

I wonder do you feel to-day  
 As I have felt since, hand in hand,  
 We sat down on the grass, to stray  
 In spirit better through the land,  
 This morn of Rome and May?

For me, I touched a thought, I know,  
 Has tantalized me many times,  
 (Like turns of thread the spiders throw  
 Mocking across our path) for rhymes  
 To catch at and let go.

Help me to hold it! First it left  
 The yellowing fennel, run to seed  
 There, branching from the brickwork's cleft,  
 Some old tomb's ruin; yonder weed  
 Took up the floating weft,

Where one small orange cup amassed  
 Five beetles—blind and green they grope  
 Among the honey-meal; and last,  
 Everywhere on the grassy slope  
 I traced it. Hold it fast!

The champaign with its endless fleece  
 Of feathery grasses everywhere!  
 Silence and passion, joy and peace,  
 An everlasting wash of air—  
 Rome's ghost since her decease.

Such life here, through such length of hours,  
 Such miracles performed in play,  
 Such primal naked forms of flowers,  
 Such letting Nature have her way  
 While Heaven looks from its towers!

How say you? Let us, O my dove,  
 Let us be unashamed of soul,  
 As earth lies bare to heaven above!  
 How is it under our control  
 To love or not to love?

I would that you were all to me,  
You that are just so much, no more,  
Nor yours, nor mine, nor slave nor free!  
Where does the fault lie? What the core  
Of the wound, since wound must be?

I would I could adopt your will,  
See with your eyes, and set my heart  
Beating by yours, and drink my fill  
At your soul's springs—your part, my part  
In life, for good and ill.

No. I yearn upward—touch you close,  
Then stand away. I kiss your cheek,  
Catch your soul's warmth; I pluck the rose  
And love it more than tongue can speak—  
'Then the good minute goes.

Already how am I so far  
Out of that minute? Must I go  
Still like the thistle-ball, no bar,  
Onward, whenever light winds blow,  
Fixed by no friendly star?

Just when I seemed about to learn!  
Where is the thread now? Off again!  
The old trick! Only I discern  
Infinite passion and the pain  
Of finite hearts that yearn.

### *MY LAST DUCHESS*

SCENE : FERRARA

That's my last Duchess painted on the wall,  
Looking as if she were alive. I call  
That piece a wonder, now: Fra Pandolf's hands  
Worked busily a day, and there she stands.  
Will't please you sit and look at her? I said  
"Fra Pandolf" by design, for never read  
Strangers like you that pictured countenance,  
The depth and passion of its earnest glance,

But to myself they turned (since none puts by  
The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)  
And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,  
How such a glance came there; so, not the first  
Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not  
Her husband's presence only, called that spot  
Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps  
Fra Pandolf chanced to say "Her mantle laps  
Over my Lady's wrist too much," or "Paint  
Must never hope to reproduce the faint  
Half-flush that dies along her throat"; such stuff  
Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough  
For calling up that spot of joy. She had  
A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made glad,  
Too easily impressed; she liked whate'er  
She looked on, and her looks went everywhere.  
Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,  
The drooping of the daylight in the West,  
The bough of cherries some officious fool  
Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule  
She rode with round the terrace—all and each  
Would draw from her alike the approving speech,  
Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good; but thanked  
Somehow . . . I know not how . . . as if she ranked  
My gift of a nine hundred years old name  
With anybody's gift. Who'd stoop to blame  
This sort of trifling? Even had you skill  
In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will  
Quite clear to such an one, and say "Just this  
Or that in you disgusts me; here you miss,  
Or there exceed the mark"—and if she let  
Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set  
Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,  
—E'en then would be some stooping, and I choose  
Never to stoop. Oh, Sir, she smiled, no doubt,  
Whene'er I passed her; but who passed without  
Much the same smile? This grew; I gave commands;  
Then all smiles stopped together. There she stands  
As if alive. Will't please you rise? We'll meet  
The company below, then. I repeat,

The Count your Master's known munificence  
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence  
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed;  
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed  
 At starting, is my object. Nay, we'll go  
 Together down, Sir! Notice Neptune, tho',  
 Taming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,  
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me.

AMONG THE ROCKS

Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth,  
 This autumn morning! How he sets his bones  
 To bask i' the sun, and thrusts out knees and feet  
 For the ripple to run over in its mirth;

Listening the while, where on the heap of stones  
 The white breast of the sea-lark twitters sweet.

That is the doctrine, simple, ancient, true;

Such is life's trial, as old earth smiles and knows.  
 If you loved only what were worth your love,  
 Love were clear gain, and wholly well for you:

Make the low nature better by your throes!  
 Give earth yourself, go up for gain above.

A CAVALIER TUNE

King Charles, and who'll do him right now?  
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?  
 Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite now,  
 King Charles!

Who gave me the goods that went since?  
 Who raised me the house that sank once?  
 Who helped me to gold I spent since?  
 Who found me in wine you drank once?

(*Cho.*) *King Charles, and who'll do him right now?  
 King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?  
 Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite now,  
 King Charles!*

To whom used my boy George quaff else,  
 By the old fool's side that begot him?  
 For whom did he cheer and laugh else,  
 While Noll's damned troopers shot him?

(*Cho.*) *King Charles, and who'll do him right now?*  
*King Charles, and who's ripe for fight now?*  
*Give a rouse: here's, in Hell's despite now,*  
*King Charles!*

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 brush-wood 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 blossomed pear-tree in the hedge  
 Leans to the field and scatters on the clover  
 Blossoms and dewdrops—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!

SONG

Nay, but you, who do not love her,  
 Is she not pure gold, my mistress?  
 Holds earth aught—speak truth—above her?  
 Aught like this tress, see, and this tress,  
 And this last fairest tress of all,  
 So fair, see, ere I let it fall!

Because, you spend your lives in praising;  
 To praise, you search the wide world over;  
 So, why not witness, calmly gazing,  
 If earth holds aught—speak truth—above her?  
 Above this tress, and this I touch  
 But cannot praise, I love so much!

*THE LABORATORY*

ANCIEN RÉGIME

Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly,  
 May gaze thro' these faint smokes curling whitely,  
 As thou pliest thy trade in this devil's-smithy—  
 Which is the poison to poison her, prithee?

He is with her; and they know that I know  
 Where they are, what they do: they believe my tears flow  
 While they laugh, laugh at me, at me fled to the drear  
 Empty church, to pray God in, for them!—I am here.

Grind away, moisten and mash up thy paste,  
 Pound at thy powder,—I am not in haste!  
 Better sit thus, and observe thy strange things,  
 Than go where men wait me and dance at the King's.

That in the mortar—you call it a gum?  
 Ah, the brave tree whence such gold oozings come!  
 And yonder soft phial, the exquisite blue  
 Sure to taste sweetly,—is that poison too?

Had I but all of them, thee and thy treasures,  
 What a wild crowd of invisible pleasures!  
 To carry pure death in an earring, a casket,  
 A signet, a fan-mount, a filagree-basket!

Soon, at the King's, a mere lozenge to give  
 And Pauline should have just thirty minutes to live!  
 But to light a pastille, and Elise, with her head,  
 And her breast, and her arms, and her hands, should drop  
 dead!

Quick—is it finished? The colour's too grim!  
 Why not soft like the phial's, enticing and dim?  
 Let it brighten her drink, let her turn it and stir,  
 And try it and taste, ere she fix and prefer!

What a drop! She's not little, no minion like me—  
 That's why she ensnared him: this never will free  
 The soul from those masculine eyes,—say, “no!”  
 To that pulse's magnificent come-and-go.

For only last night, as they whispered, I brought  
 My own eyes to bear on her so, that I thought  
 Could I keep them one half minute fixed, she would fall,  
 Shrivelled; she fell not; yet this does it all!

Not that I bid you spare her the pain!  
 Let death be felt and the proof remain;  
 Brand, burn up, bite into its grace—  
 He is sure to remember her dying face!

Is it done? Take my mask off! Nay, be not morose,  
 It kills her, and this prevents seeing it close:  
 The delicate droplet, my whole fortune's fee—  
 If it hurts her, beside, can it ever hurt me?

Now, take all my jewels, gorge gold to your fill,  
 You may kiss me, old man, on my mouth if you will!  
 But brush this dust off me, lest horror it brings  
 Ere I know it—next moment I dance at the King's!

#### *MEETING AT NIGHT*

The grey sea and the long black land;  
 And the yellow half-moon large and low;  
 And the startled little waves that leap  
 In fiery ringlets from their sleep,  
 As I gain the cove with pushing prow,  
 And quench its speed in the slushy sand.

Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach;  
 Three fields to cross till a farm appears;

A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch  
 And blue spurt of a lighted match,  
 And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,  
 Than the two hearts beating each to each!

*EVELYN HOPE*

Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!  
 Sit and watch by her side an hour.  
 That is her book-shelf, this her bed;  
 She plucked that piece of geranium-flower,  
 Beginning to die, too, in the glass.  
 Little has yet been changed, I think—  
 The shutters are shut, no light may pass  
 Save two long rays thro' the hinge's chink.

Sixteen years old when she died!  
 Perhaps she had scarcely heard my name—  
 It was not her time to love: beside,  
 Her life had many a hope and aim,  
 Duties enough and little cares,  
 And now was quiet, now astir—  
 Till God's hand beckoned unawares,  
 And the sweet white brow is all of her.

Is it too late then, Evelyn Hope?  
 What, your soul was pure and true,  
 The good stars met in your horoscope,  
 Made you of spirit, fire and dew—  
 And just because I was thrice as old,  
 And our paths in the world diverged so wide,  
 Each was nought to each, must I be told?  
 We were fellow mortals, nought beside?

No, indeed! for God above  
 Is great to grant, as mighty to make,  
 And creates the love to reward the love,—  
 I claim you still, for my own love's sake!  
 Delayed it may be for more lives yet,  
 Through worlds I shall traverse, not a few—  
 Much is to learn and much to forget  
 Ere the time be come for taking you.

But the time will come,—at last it will  
 When, Evelyn Hope, what meant, I shall say,  
 In the lower earth, in the years long still,  
 That body and soul so pure and gay?  
 Why your hair was amber, I shall divine,  
 And your mouth of your own geranium's red—  
 And what you would do with me, in fine,  
 In the new life come in the old one's stead.

I have lived, I shall say, so much since then,  
 Given up myself so many times,  
 Gained me the gains of various men,  
 Ransacked the ages, spoiled the climes;  
 Yet one thing, one, in my soul's full scope,  
 Either I missed or itself missed me—  
 And I want and find you, Evelyn Hope!  
 What is the issue? let us see!

I loved you, Evelyn, all the while;  
 My heart seemed full as it could hold—  
 There was place and to spare for the frank young smile  
 And the red young mouth and the hair's young gold.  
 So, hush—I will give you this leaf to keep—  
 See, I shut it inside the sweet cold hand.  
 There, that is our secret! go to sleep;  
 You will wake, and remember, and understand.

#### AFTER

Take the cloak from his face, and at first  
 Let the corpse do its worst.

How he lies in his rights of a man!  
 Death has done all death can.  
 And absorbed in the new life he leads,  
 He recks not, he heeds  
 Nor his wrong nor my vengeance—both strike  
 On his senses alike,  
 And are lost in the solemn and strange  
 Surprise of the change.

Ha, what avails death to erase  
 His offence, my disgrace?  
 I would we were boys as of old  
 In the field, by the fold—  
 His outrage, God's patience, man's scorn  
 Were so easily borne.

I stand here now, he lies in his place—  
 Cover the face.

*PROSPICE*

Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat,  
 The mist in my face,  
 When the snows begin, and the blasts denote  
 I am nearing the place,  
 The power of the night, the press of the storm,  
 The post of the foe;  
 Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,  
 Yet the strong man must go:  
 For the journey is done and the summit attained,  
 And the barriers fall,  
 Though a battle's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,  
 The reward of it all.  
 I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,  
 The best and the last!  
 I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,  
 And bade me creep past,  
 No! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers  
 The heroes of old,  
 Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears  
 Of pain, darkness and cold.  
 For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,  
 The black minute's at end,  
 And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,  
 Shall dwindle, shall blend,  
 Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain.  
 Then a light, then thy breast,  
 O thou soul of my soul! I shall clasp thee again,  
 And with God be the rest!

## EMILY BRONTË

1818 · 1848

*THE OLD STOIC*

Riches I hold in light esteem,  
 And love I laugh to scorn;  
 And lust of fame was but a dream,  
 That vanished with the morn:

And if I pray, the only prayer  
 That moves my lips for me  
 Is, "Leave the heart that now I bear,  
 And give me liberty!"

Yes, as my swift days near their goal,  
 'Tis all that I implore;  
 In life and death a chainless soul,  
 With courage to endure.

*OH, FOR THE TIME WHEN I SHALL SLEEP*

Oh, for the time when I shall sleep  
 Without identity,  
 And never care how rain may steep,  
 Or snow may cover me!  
 No promised heaven, these wild desires  
 Could all, or half fulfil;  
 No threatened hell, with quenchless fires,  
 Subdue this quenchless will!

So said I, and still say the same;  
 Still, to my death, will say—  
 Three gods, within this little frame,  
 Are warring night and day;  
 Heaven could not hold them all, and yet  
 They all are held in me;  
 And must be mine till I forget  
 My present entity!

Oh, for the time, when in my breast  
Their struggles will be o'er!  
Oh, for the day when I shall rest,  
And never suffer more!

*LAST LINES*

No coward soul is mine,  
No trembler in the world's storm-troubled sphere:  
I see Heaven's glories shine,  
And faith shines equal, arming me from fear.

O God within my breast,  
Almighty, ever-present Deity!  
Life—that in me hast rest,  
As I—undying Life—have power in thee!

Vain are the thousand creeds  
That move men's hearts: unalterably vain;  
Worthless as withered weeds,  
Or idlest froth amid the boundless main,

To waken doubt in one  
Holding so fast by thine infinity;  
So surely anchored on  
'The steadfast rock of immortality.

With wide-embracing love  
Thy spirit animates eternal years,  
Pervades and broods above;  
Changes, sustains, dissolves, creates, and rears.

Though earth and man were gone,  
And suns and universes ceased to be,  
And Thou wert left alone,  
Every existence would exist in Thee.

There is not room for Death,  
Nor atom that his might could render void:  
Thou—Thou art being and breath,  
And what Thou art may never be destroyed.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

(A) 1819 · 1891

## PRELUDE

*From "The Vision of Sir Launfal"*

Not only around our infancy  
 Doth heaven with all its splendours lie;<sup>1</sup>  
 Daily, with souls that cringe and plot,  
 We Sinais climb and know it not.

Over our manhood bend the skies;  
 Against our fallen and traitor lives  
 The great winds utter prophecies;  
 With our faint hearts the mountain strives;  
 Its arms outstretched, the druid wood  
 Waits with its benedicite;  
 And to our age's drowsy blood  
 Still shouts the inspiring sea.

Earth gets its price for what Earth gives us;  
 The beggar is taxed for a corner to die in,  
 The priest hath his fee who comes and shrives us,  
 We bargain for the graves we lie in;  
 At the devil's booth are all things sold,  
 Each ounce of dross costs its ounce of gold;  
 For a cap and bells our lives we pay,  
 Bubbles we buy with a whole soul's tasking:  
 'Tis heaven alone that is given away,  
 'Tis only God may be had for the asking;  
 No price is set on the lavish summer;  
 June may be had by the poorest comer.

And what is so rare as a day in June?  
 Then, if ever, come perfect days;  
 Then Heaven tries earth if it be in tune,  
 And over it softly her warm ear lays:  
 Whether we look, or whether we listen,  
 We hear life murmur, or see it glisten;

<sup>1</sup> Lowell here refers to a line in Wordsworth's Ode "Intimations of Immortality" on page 305.

Every clod feels a stir of might,  
 An instinct within it that reaches and towers,  
 And, groping blindly above it for light,  
 Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;  
 The flush of life may well be seen  
 Thrilling back over hills and valleys;  
 The cowslip startles in meadows green,  
 The buttercup catches the sun in its chalice,  
 And there's never a leaf nor a blade too mean  
 To be some happy creature's palace.

*AUSPEX*

My heart, I cannot still it,  
 Nest that had song-birds in it;  
 And when the last shall go,  
 The dreary days, to fill it,  
 Instead of lark or linnet,  
 Shall whirl dead leaves and snow.

Had they been swallows only,  
 Without the passion stronger  
 That skyward longs and sings,—  
 Woe's me, I shall be lonely  
 When I can feel no longer  
 The impatience of their wings!

A moment, sweet delusion,  
 Like birds the brown leaves hover;  
 But it will not be long  
 Before their wild confusion  
 Fall wavering down to cover  
 The poet and his song.

## WALT WHITMAN

(A) 1819 · 1892

*WHEN I HEARD THE LEARN'D ASTRONOMER*

When I heard the learn'd astronomer,  
 When the proofs, the figures, were ranged in columns  
 before me,

When I was shown the charts and diagrams, to add, divide,  
 and measure them,  
 When I sitting heard the astronomer where he lectured  
 with much applause in the lecture-room,  
 How soon unaccountable I became tired and sick,  
 Till rising and gliding out I wandered off by myself,  
 In the mystical moist night-air, and from time to time,  
 Looked up in perfect silence at the stars.

SONG OF MYSELF

(Selections)

A child said, *What is the grass?* fetching it to me with full  
 hands;  
 How could I answer the child? I do not know what it is  
 any more than he.

I guess it must be the flag of my disposition, out of hopeful  
 green stuff woven.

Or I guess it is the handkerchief of the Lord,  
 A scented gift and remembrancer designedly dropt,  
 Bearing the owner's name someway in the corners, that  
 we may see and remark, and say *Whose?*

Or I guess the grass is itself a child, the produced babe of  
 the vegetation.

Or I guess it is a uniform hieroglyphic,  
 And it means, Sprouting alike in broad zones and narrow  
 zones,

Growing among black folks as among white,  
 Kanuck, Tuckahoe, Congressman, Cuff, I give them the  
 same, I receive them the same.

And now it seems to me the beautiful uncut hair of graves.

Tenderly will I use you curling grass,  
 It may be you transpire from the breasts of young men,

It may be if I had known them I would have loved them,  
It may be you are from old people, or from offspring taken  
soon out of their mothers' laps,  
And here you are the mothers' laps.

This grass is very dark to be from the white heads of old  
mothers,  
Darker than the colourless beards of old men,  
Dark to come from under the faint red roofs of mouths.  
O I perceive after all so many uttering tongues,  
And I perceive they do not come from the roofs of mouths  
for nothing.

I wish I could translate the hints about the dead young  
men and women,  
And the hints about old men and mothers, and the off-  
spring taken soon out of their laps.

What do you think has become of the young and old  
men?  
And what do you think has become of the women and  
children?

They are alive and well somewhere,  
The smallest sprout shows there is really no death,  
And if ever there was it led forward life, and does not wait  
at the end to arrest it,  
And ceased the moment life appeared.

All goes onward and outward, nothing collapses,  
And to die is different from what any one supposed, and  
luckier.

With music strong I come, with my cornets and my drums,  
I play not marches for accepted victors only, I play marches  
for conquered and slain persons.

Have you heard that it was good to gain the day?  
I also say it is good to fall, battles are lost in the same  
spirit in which they are won.

I beat and pound for the dead,  
I blow through my embouchures my loudest and gayest for  
them.

Vivas to those who have failed!  
And to those whose war-vessels sank in the sea!  
And to those themselves who sank in the sea!  
And to all generals that lost engagements, and all overcome  
heroes!  
And the numberless unknown heroes equal to the greatest  
heroes known!

\*

I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of  
the stars,  
And the pismire is equally perfect, and a grain of sand, and  
the egg of the wren,  
And the tree-toad is a chef-d'œuvre for the highest,  
And the running blackberry would adorn the parlours of  
heaven,  
And the narrowest hinge in my hand puts to scorn all  
machinery,  
And the cow crunching with depressed head surpasses any  
statue,  
And a mouse is miracle enough to stagger sextillions of  
infidels.

\*

Press close, bare-bosomed night—press close magnetic nour-  
ishing night!  
Night of south winds—night of the large few stars—  
Still nodding night—mad naked summer night.  
Smile, O voluptuous cool-breathed earth!  
Earth of the slumbering and liquid trees!  
Earth of departed sunset—earth of the mountains misty-  
topt!  
Earth of the vitreous pour of the full moon just tinged with  
blue!  
Earth of shine and dark mottling the tide of the river!  
Earth of the limpid grey of clouds brighter and clearer for  
my sake!

Far-swooping elbowed earth—rich apple-blossomed earth!  
Smile, for your lover comes.

I think I could turn and live with animals, they are so  
placid and self-contained,  
I stand and look at them long and long.

They do not sweat and whine about their condition,  
They do not lie awake in the dark and weep for their  
sins,  
They do not make me sick discussing their duty to God,  
Not one is dissatisfied, not one is demented with the mania  
of owning things,  
Not one kneels to another, nor to his kind that lived  
thousands of years ago,  
Not one is respectable or unhappy over the whole earth.

I have said that the soul is not more than the body,  
And I have said that the body is not more than the  
soul,  
And nothing, not God, is greater to one than one's  
self is,  
And whoever walks a furlong without sympathy walks to  
his own funeral drest in his shroud,  
And I or you pocketless of a dime may purchase the pick  
of the earth.  
And to glance with an eye or show a bean in its pod con-  
founds the learning of all times,  
And there is no trade or employment but the young man  
following it may become a hero,  
And there is no object so soft but it makes a hub for the  
wheeled universe,  
And I say to any man or woman, Let your soul stand cool  
and composed before a million universes.  
And I say to mankind, Be not curious about God,  
For I who am curious about each am not curious about  
God  
(No array of terms can say how much I am at peace about  
God and about death).

I hear and behold God in every object, yet understand God  
 not in the least,  
 Nor do I understand who there can be more wonderful  
 than myself.

Why should I wish to see God better than this day?  
 I see something of God each hour of the twenty-four, and  
 each moment then,  
 In the faces of men and women I see God, and in my own  
 face in the glass,  
 I find letters from God dropt in the street and every one is  
 signed by God's name,  
 And I leave them where they are, for I know that where-  
 soe'er I go,  
 Others will punctually come for ever and ever.

*ON THE BEACH AT NIGHT*

On the beach at night,  
 Stands a child with her father,  
 Watching the east, the autumn sky.

Up through the darkness,  
 While ravening clouds, the burial clouds, in black masses  
 spreading,  
 Lower sullen and fast athwart and down the sky,  
 Amid a transparent clear belt of ether yet left in the east,  
 Ascends large and calm the lord-star Jupiter,  
 And nigh at hand, only a very little above,  
 Swim the delicate sisters the Pleiades.  
 From the beach the child holding the hand of her father,  
 Those burial-clouds that lower victorious soon to devour  
 all,  
 Watching, silently weeps.  
 Weep not, child,  
 Weep not, my darling,  
 With these kisses let me remove your tears,  
 The ravening clouds shall not long be victorious,  
 They shall not long possess the sky, they devour the stars  
 only in apparition,

Jupiter shall emerge, be patient, watch again another night,  
 the Pleiades shall emerge,  
 They are immortal, all those stars both silvery and golden  
 shall shine out again,  
 The great stars and the little ones shall shine out again,  
 they endure.  
 The vast immortal suns and the long-enduring pensive  
 moons shall again shine.

Then, dearest child, mournest thou only for Jupiter?  
 Considerest thou alone the burial of the stars?

Something there is,  
 (With my lips soothing thee, adding I whisper,  
 I give thee the first suggestion, the problem and indirection),  
 Something there is more immortal even than the stars,  
 (Many the burials, many the days and nights passing  
 away),  
 Something that shall endure longer even than lustrous  
 Jupiter,  
 Longer than sun or any revolving satellite,  
 Or the radiant sisters the Pleiades.

#### *DIRGE FOR TWO VETERANS*

The last sunbeam  
 Lightly falls from the finished Sabbath,  
 On the pavement here, and there beyond it is looking,  
 Down a new-made double grave.

Lo, the moon ascending,  
 Up from the east the silvery round moon,  
 Beautiful over the house-tops ghastly, phantom moon,  
 Immense and silent moon.

I see a sad procession,  
 And I hear the sound of coming full-keyed bugles,  
 All the channels of the city streets they're flooding,  
 As with voices and with tears

I hear the great drums pounding,  
 And the small drums steady whirring,  
 And every blow of the great convulsive drums,  
     Strikes me through and through.

For the son is brought with the father,  
 (In the foremost ranks of the fierce assault they fell,  
 Two veterans son and father dropt together,  
     And the double grave awaits them.)

Now nearer blow the bugles,  
 And the drums strike more convulsive,  
 And the daylight o'er the pavement quite has faded,  
     And the strong dead-march enwraps me.

In the eastern sky up-buoying,  
 The sorrowful vast phantom moves illumined,  
 ('Tis some mother's large transparent face,  
     In heaven brighter growing.)

O strong dead-march you please me!  
 O moon immense with your silvery face you soothe me!  
 O my soldiers twain! O my veterans passing to burial!  
     What I have I also give you.

The moon gives you light,  
 And the bugles and the drums give you music,  
 And my heart, O my soldiers, my veterans,  
     My heart gives you love.

*GIVE ME THE SPLENDID SILENT SUN*

Give me the splendid silent sun with all his beams full-  
 dazling,  
 Give me juicy autumnal fruit ripe and red from the  
 orchard,  
 Give me a field where the unmowed grass grows,  
 Give me an arbour, give me the trellised grape,  
 Give me fresh corn and wheat, give me serene-moving  
 animals teaching content,  
 Give me nights perfectly quiet as on high plateaus west of  
 the Mississippi, and I looking up at the stars,

Give me odorous at sunrise a garden of beautiful flowers  
where I can walk undisturbed,  
Give me for marriage a sweet-breathed woman of whom I  
should never tire,  
Give me a perfect child, give me away aside from the noise  
of the world a rural domestic life,  
Give me to warble spontaneous songs recluse by myself, for  
my own ears only,  
Give me solitude, give me Nature, give me again, O Nature,  
your primal sanities!

*DEATH CAROL*

*From "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed"*

Come lovely and soothing death,  
Undulate round the world, serenely arriving, arriving,  
In the day, in the night, to all, to each,  
Sooner or later delicate death.

Praised be the fathomless universe,  
For life and joy, and for objects and knowledge curious,  
And for love, sweet love—but praise! praise! praise!  
For the sure-enwinding arms of cool-enfolding death.

Dark mother always gliding near with soft feet,  
Have none chanted for thee a chant of fullest welcome?  
Then I chant it for thee, I glorify thee above all,  
I bring thee a song that when thou must indeed come, come  
unflinchingly.

Approach strong deliveress,  
When it is so, when thou hast taken them I joyously sing  
the dead,  
Lost in the loving floating ocean of thee,  
Laved in the flood of thy bliss, O death.

From me to thee glad serenades,  
Dances for thee I propose saluting thee, adornments and  
feastings for thee,  
And the sights of the open landscape and the high-spread  
sky are fitting,  
And life and the fields, and the huge and thoughtful night.

The night in silence under many a star,  
 The ocean shore and the husky whispering wave whose  
     voice I know,  
 And the soul turning to thee, O vast and well-veiled death,  
 And the body gratefully nestling close to thee.

Over the tree-tops I float thee a song,  
 Over the rising and sinking waves, over the myriad fields  
     and the prairies wide,  
 Over the dense-packed cities all and the teeming wharves  
     and ways,  
 I float this carol with joy, with joy to thee, O death.

#### RECONCILIATION

Word over all, beautiful as the sky,  
 Beautiful that war and all its deeds of carnage must in time  
     be utterly lost,  
 That the hands of the sisters Death and Night incessantly  
     softly wash again, and ever again, this soiled world;  
 For my enemy is dead, a man divine as myself is dead,  
 I look where he lies white-faced and still in the coffin—I  
     draw near,  
 Bend down and touch lightly with my lips the white face  
     in the coffin.

#### THE LAST INVOCATION

At the last, tenderly,  
 From the walls of the powerful fortified house,  
 From the clasp of the knitted locks, from the keep of the  
     well-closed doors,  
 Let me be wafted.

Let me glide noiselessly forth;  
 With the key of softness unlock the locks—with a whisper,  
 Set open the doors O soul.

Tenderly—be not impatient,  
 (Strong is your hold O mortal flesh.  
 Strong is your hold O love).

1822 · 1888

*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 bewildered brain  
That wild, unquenched, 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 racked heart and brain  
Afford no balm?

Dost thou to-night behold,  
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,  
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild?  
Dost thou again peruse  
With hot cheeks and seared 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 hearest?  
Eternal passion!  
Eternal pain!

*REQUIESCAT*

Strew on her roses, roses,  
And never a spray of yew!  
In quiet she reposes;  
Ah, would that I did too!

Her mirth the world required;  
She bathed it in smiles of glee.  
But her heart was tired, tired,  
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,  
In mazes of heat and sound.  
But for peace her soul was yearning,  
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabined, ample spirit,  
It fluttered and failed for breath.  
To-night it doth inherit  
The vasty hall of death.

*DOVER BEACH*

The sea is calm to-night.  
The tide is full, the moon lies fair  
Upon the Straits—on the French coast, the light  
Gleams, and is gone; the cliffs of England stand,  
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay.

Come to the window, sweet is the night air!  
Only, from the long line of spray  
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd sand,  
Listen! you hear the grating roar  
Of pebbles which the waves' suck back, and fling,  
At their return, up the high strand,  
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,  
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring  
The eternal note of sadness in.

Sophocles long ago  
 Heard it on the Ægæan, and it brought  
 Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow.  
 Of human misery; we  
 Find also in the sound a thought,  
 Hearing it by this distant northern sea.

The sea of faith  
 Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore  
 Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furled;  
 But now I only hear  
 Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,  
 Retreating to the breath  
 Of the night-wind down the vast edges drear  
 And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true  
 To one another! for the world, which seems  
 To lie before us like a land of dreams,  
 So various, so beautiful, so new,  
 Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,  
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain;  
 And we are here as on a darkling plain  
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,  
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

*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 steadfast footsteps in the sea,  
 Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,  
 Spares but the cloudy border of his base  
 To the foiled searching of mortality;  
 And thou, who didst the stars and sunbeams know,  
 Self-schooled, self-scanned, self-honoured, self-secure,  
 Didst tread on earth unguessed at.—Better so!  
 All pains the immortal spirit must endure,  
 All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,  
 Find their sole speech in that victorious brow.

*THE LAST WORD*

Creep into thy narrow bed,  
 Creep, and let no more be said!  
 Vain thy onset! all stands fast.  
 Thou thyself must break at last.

Let the long contention cease!  
 Geese are swans, and swans are geese.  
 Let them have it how they will!  
 Thou art tired; best be still.

They out-talked thee, hissed thee, tore thee?  
 Better men fared thus before thee;  
 Fired their ringing shot and passed,  
 Hotly charged—and sank at last.

Charge once more, then, and be dumb!  
 Let the victors, when they come,  
 When the forts of folly fall,  
 Find thy body by the wall!

## COVENTRY PATMORE

1823 · 1896

*A FAREWELL*

With all my will, but much against my heart,  
 We two now part.  
 My Very Dear,  
 Our solace is, the sad road lies so clear.  
 It needs no art,  
 With faint, averted feet  
 And many a tear,  
 In our opposèd paths to persevere.  
 Go thou to East, I West.  
 We will not say  
 There's any hope, it is so far away.  
 But, O my Best,  
 When the one darling of our widowhead,

The nursling Grief,  
Is dead,  
And no dews blur our eyes  
To see the peach-bloom come in evening skies,  
Perchance we may,  
Where now this night is day,  
And even through faith of still averted feet,  
Making full circle of our banishment,  
Amazèd meet;  
The bitter journey to the bourne so sweet  
Seasoning the termless feast of our content  
With tears of recognition never dry.

*THE TOYS*

My little Son, who looked from thoughtful eyes  
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,  
Having my law the seventh time disobeyed,  
I struck him, and dismissed  
With hard words and unkissed,  
—His Mother, who was patient, being dead.  
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,  
I visited his bed,  
But found him slumbering deep,  
With darkened eyelids, and their lashes yet  
From his late sobbing wet.  
And I, with moan,  
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own;  
For, on a table drawn beside his head,  
He had put, within his reach,  
A box of counters and a red-veined stone,  
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,  
And six or seven shells,  
A bottle with bluebells,  
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,  
To comfort his sad heart.  
So when that night I prayed  
To God, I wept, and said:  
“Ah, when at last we lie with trancèd breath,  
Not vexing Thee in death,

And Thou rememberest of what toys  
 We made our joys,  
 How weakly understood  
 Thy great commanded good,  
 Then, fatherly not less  
 Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,  
 Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,  
 'I will be sorry for their childishness.' "

*AN EVENING SCENE*

The sheep-bell tolleth curfew-time;  
 The gnats, a busy rout,  
 Fleck the warm air; the dismal owl  
 Shouteth a sleepy shout;  
 The voiceless bat, more felt than seen,  
 Is flitting round about.

The aspen leaflets scarcely stir;  
 The river seems to think;  
 Athwart the dusk, broad primroses  
 Look coldly from the brink,  
 Where, listening to the freshet's noise,  
 The quiet cattle drink.

The bees boom past; the white moths rise  
 Like spirits from the ground;  
 The gray flies hum their weary tune,  
 A distant, dream-like sound;  
 And far, far off, to the slumb'rous eve,  
 Bayeth an old guard-hound.

*TRUTH*

Here, in this little Bay,  
 Full of tumultuous life and great repose,  
 Where, twice a day,  
 The purposeless, glad ocean comes and goes,  
 Under high cliffs, and far from the huge town,  
 I sit me down.

For want of me the world's course will not fail;  
When all its work is done, the lie shall rot;  
The truth is great, and shall prevail,  
When none cares whether it prevail or not.

## GEORGE MEREDITH

1828 · 1909

*LUCIFER IN STARLIGHT*

On a starred night Prince Lucifer arose.  
Tired of his dark dominion swung the fiend  
Above the rolling ball in cloud part screened,  
Where sinners hugged their spectre of repose.  
Poor prey to his hot fit of pride were those.  
And now upon his western wing he leaned,  
Now his huge bulk o'er Afric's sands careened,  
Now the black planet shadowed Arctic snows.  
Soaring through wider zones that pricked his scars  
With memory of the old revolt from Awe,  
He reached a middle height, and at the stars,  
Which are the brain of heaven, he looked, and sank.  
Around the ancient track marched, rank on rank,  
The army of unalterable law.

*WINTER HEAVENS*

Sharp is the night, but stars with frost alive  
Leap off the rim of earth across the dome.  
It is a night to make the heavens our home  
More than the nest whereto apace we strive.  
Lengths down our road each fir-tree seems a hive,  
Its swarms outrushing from the golden comb.  
They waken waves of thoughts that burst to foam:  
The living throb in me, the dead revive.  
Yon mantle clothes us: there, past mortal breath,  
Life glistens on the river of the death.  
It folds us, flesh and dust; and have we knelt,  
Or never knelt, or eyed as kine the springs  
Of radiance, the radiance enring:  
And this is the soul's haven to have felt.

*DIRGE IN WOODS*

A wind sways the pines,  
 And below  
 Not a breath of wild air;  
 Still as the mosses that glow  
 On the flooring and over the lines  
 Of the roots here and there.  
 The pine-tree drops its dead;  
 They are quiet, as under the sea.  
 Overhead, overhead  
 Rushes life in a race,  
 As the clouds the clouds chase;  
 And we go,  
 And we drop like the fruits of the tree,  
 Even we,  
 Even so.

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI

1828 · 1882

*THE WOODSPURGE*

The wind flapped loose, the wind was still,  
 Shaken out dead from tree and hill:  
 I had walked on at the wind's will,—  
 I sat now, for the wind was still.

Between my knees my forehead was,—  
 My lips, drawn in, said not Alas!  
 My hair was over in the grass,  
 My naked ears heard the day pass.

My eyes, wide open, had the run  
 Of some ten weeds to fix upon;  
 Among those few, out of the sun,  
 The woodspurge flowered, three cups in one.

From perfect grief there need not be  
 Wisdom or even memory:  
 One thing then learnt remains to me,—  
 The woodspurge has a cup of three.

*LOVE SIGHT*

When do I see thee most, beloved one?  
When in the light the spirits of mine eyes  
Before thy face, their altar, solemnize  
The worship of that Love through thee made known?  
Or when, in the dusk hours (we two alone),  
Close-kissed and eloquent of still replies  
Thy twilight-hidden glimmering visage lies,  
And my soul only sees thy soul its own?

O love, my love! if I no more should see  
Thyself, nor on the earth the shadow of thee,  
Nor image of thine eyes in any spring,—  
How then should sound upon Life's darkening slope  
The ground-whirl of the perished leaves of Hope,  
The wind of Death's imperishable wing?

*SILENT NOON*

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,  
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms;  
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms  
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.  
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,  
Are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge  
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn-hedge.  
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.  
Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly  
Hangs like a blue thread loosened from the sky—  
So this winged hour is dropt to us from above.  
Oh! clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,  
This close-companioned inarticulate hour  
When twofold silence was the song of love.

*THE BLESSÈD DAMOZEL*

The blessèd damozel leaned out  
From the gold bar of Heaven;

Her eyes were deeper than the depth  
Of waters stilled at even;  
She had three lilies in her hand,  
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,  
No wrought flowers did adorn,  
But a white rose of Mary's gift,  
For service meetly worn;  
Her hair that lay along her back  
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day  
One of God's choristers;  
The wonder was not yet quite gone  
From that still look of hers;  
Albeit, to them she left, her day  
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.  
. . . Yet now, and in this place,  
Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair  
Fell all about my face. . . .  
Nothing: the autumn fall of leaves.  
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house  
That she was standing on;  
By God built over the sheer depth  
The which is Space begun;  
So high, that looking downward thence  
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood  
Of ether, as a bridge.  
Beneath the tides of day and night  
With flame and darkness ridge  
The void, as low as where this earth  
Spins like a fretful midge.

Around her, lovers, newly met  
    'Mid deathless love's acclaims,  
Spoke evermore among themselves  
    Their heart-remembered names;  
And the souls mounting up to God  
    Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped  
    Out of the circling charm;  
Until her bosom must have made  
    The bar she leaned on warm,  
And the lilies lay as if asleep  
    Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw  
    Time like a pulse shake fierce  
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove  
    Within the gulf to pierce  
Its path; and now she spoke as when  
    The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now; the curled moon  
    Was like a little feather  
Fluttering far down the gulf; and now  
    She spoke through the still weather.  
Her voice was like the voice the stars  
    Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet! Even now, in that bird's song,  
    Strove not her accents there,  
Fain to be hearkened? When those bells  
    Possessed the mid-day air,  
Strove not her steps to reach my side  
    Down all the echoing stair?)

“I wish that he were come to me,  
    For he will come,” she said.  
“Have I not prayed to Heaven?—on earth,  
    Lord, Lord, has he not prayed?  
Are not two prayers a perfect strength?  
    And shall I feel afraid?”

“When round his head the aureole clings,  
 And he is clothed in white,  
 I'll take his hand and go with him  
 To the deep wells of light;  
 As unto a stream we will step down,  
 And bathe there in God's sight.

“We two will stand beside that shrine,  
 Occult, withheld, untrod,  
 Whose lamps are stirred continually  
 With prayer sent up to God;  
 And see our old prayers, granted, melt  
 Each like a little cloud.

“We two will lie i' the shadow of  
 That living mystic tree  
 Within whose secret growth the Dove  
 Is sometimes felt to be,  
 While every leaf that His plumes touch  
 Saith His Name audibly.

“And I myself will teach to him,  
 I myself, lying so,  
 The songs I sing here; which his voice  
 Shall pause in, hushed and slow,  
 And find some knowledge at each pause,  
 Or some new thing to know.”

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!  
 Yea, one wast thou with me  
 That once of old. But shall God lift  
 To endless unity  
 The soul whose likeness with thy soul  
 Was but its love for thee?)

“We two,” she said, “will seek the groves  
 Where the lady Mary is,  
 With her five handmaidens, whose names  
 Are five sweet symphonies,  
 Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,  
 Margaret and Rosalys.”

“Circlewise sit they, with bound locks  
And foreheads garlanded;  
Into the fine cloth white like flame  
Weaving the golden thread,  
To fashion the birth-ropes for them  
Who are just born, being dead.

“He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:  
Then will I lay my cheek  
To his, and tell about our love,  
Not once abashed or weak:  
And the dear Mother will approve  
My pride, and let me speak.

“Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,  
To Him round whom all souls  
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads  
Bowed with their aureoles:  
And angels meeting us shall sing  
To their citherns and citoles.

“There will I ask of Christ the Lord  
Thus much for him and me:—  
Only to live as once on earth  
With Love, only to be,  
As then awhile, for ever now  
Together, I and he.”

She gazed and listened and then said,  
Less sad of speech than mild:—  
“All this is when he comes.” She ceased.  
Then light thrilled towards her, filled  
With angels in strong level flight.  
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path  
Was vague in distant spheres:  
And then she cast her arms along  
The golden barriers,  
And laid her face between her hands,  
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

## THOMAS EDWARD BROWN

1830 · 1897

*VESPERS*

O blackbird, what a boy you are!  
 How you do go it!  
 Blowing your bugle to that one sweet star—  
 How you do blow it!  
 And does she hear you, blackbird boy, so far?  
 Or is it wasted breath?  
 “Good Lord! she is so bright  
 To-night!”  
 The blackbird saith.

*I BENDED UNTO ME*

I bended unto me a bough of May,  
 That I might see and smell:  
 It bore it in a sort of way,  
 It bore it very well.  
 But when I let it backward sway,  
 Then it were hard to tell  
 With what a toss, with what a swing,  
 The dainty thing  
 Resumed its proper level,  
 And sent me to the devil.  
 I know it did—you doubt it?  
 I turned, and saw them whispering about it.

## CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

1830 · 1894

*A BIRTHDAY*

My heart is like a singing bird  
 Whose nest is in a watered shoot;  
 My heart is like an apple-tree  
 Whose bough is bent with thick-set fruit;

My heart is like a rainbow shell  
That paddles in a halcyon sea;  
My heart is gladder than all these  
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down;  
Hang it with vair and purple dyes;  
Carve it in doves, and pomegranates,  
And peacocks with a hundred eyes;  
Work it in gold and silver grapes,  
In leaves, and silver fleur-de-lys;  
Because the birthday of my life  
Is come, my love is come to me.

*REMEMBER*

Remember me when I am gone away,  
Gone far away into the silent land;  
When you can no more hold me by the hand,  
Nor I half turn to go, yet turning stay.  
Remember me when no more, day by day,  
You tell me of our future that you planned;  
Only remember me; you understand  
It will be late to counsel then or pray.  
Yet if you should forget me for a while  
And afterwards remember, do not grieve;  
For if the darkness and corruption leave  
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,  
Better by far you should forget and smile  
Than that you should remember and be sad

*ALOOF*

The irresponsive silence of the land,  
The irresponsive sounding of the sea,  
Speak both one message of one sense to me:—  
“Aloof, aloof, we stand aloof; so stand  
Thou too aloof bound with the flawless band  
In inner solitude; we bind not thee.  
But who from thy self-chain shall set thee free?  
What heart shall touch thy heart? what hand thy hand?”

And I am sometimes proud and sometimes meek,  
 And sometimes I remember days of old  
 When fellowship seemed not so far to seek<sup>1</sup>  
 And all the world and I seemed much less cold,  
 And at the rainbow's foot lay surely gold,  
 And hope felt strong and life itself not weak.

*WHEN I AM DEAD, MY DEAREST*

When I am dead, my dearest,  
 Sing no sad songs for me;  
 Plant thou no roses at my head,  
 Nor shady cypress tree:  
 Be the green grass above me  
 With showers and dewdrops wet:  
 And if thou wilt, remember,  
 And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,  
 I shall not feel the rain;  
 I shall not hear the nightingale  
 Sing on as if in pain:  
 And dreaming through the twilight  
 That doth not rise nor set,  
 Haply I may remember,  
 And haply may forget.

*MIRAGE*

The hope I dreamed of was a dream,  
 Was but a dream; and now I wake,  
 Exceeding comfortless, and worn, and old,  
 For a dream's sake.

I hang my harp upon a tree,  
 A weeping willow in a lake;  
 I hang my silent harp there, wrung and snapt  
 For a dream's sake.

Lie still, lie still, my breaking heart;  
 My silent heart, lie still and break:

Life, and the world, and mine own self, are changed  
For a dream's sake.

*THE BOURNE*

Underneath the growing grass,  
Underneath the living flowers,  
Deeper than the sound of showers:  
There we shall not count the hours  
By the shadows as they pass.

Youth and health will be but vain,  
Beauty reckoned of no worth:  
There a very little girth  
Can hold round what once the earth  
Seemed too narrow to contain.

*ECHO*

Come to me in the silence of the night;  
Come in the speaking silence of a dream;  
Come with soft rounded cheeks and eyes as bright  
As sunlight on a stream;  
Come back in tears,  
O memory, hope and love of finished years.

O dream how sweet, too sweet, too bitter-sweet,  
Whose wakening should have been in Paradise,  
Where souls brim-full of love abide and meet;  
Where thirsting longing eyes  
Watch the slow door  
That opening, letting in, lets out no more.

Yet come to me in dreams, that I may live  
My very life again though cold in death;  
Come back to me in dreams, that I may give  
Pulse for pulse, breath for breath.  
Speak low, lean low,  
As long ago, my love, how long ago.

## EMILY DICKINSON

(A) 1830 · 1886

*THE ONLY NEWS I KNOW*

The only news I know  
Is bulletins all day  
From Immortality.

The only shows I see,  
To-morrow and To-day,  
Perchance Eternity.

The only One I meet  
Is God,—the only street,  
Existence; this traversed

If other news there be,  
Or admirabler show—  
I'll tell it you.

*SNAKE*

A narrow fellow in the grass  
Occasionally rides;  
You may have met him,—did you not?  
His notice sudden is.

The grass divides as with a comb,  
A spotted shaft is seen;  
And then it closes at your feet  
And opens further on.

He likes a boggy acre,  
A floor too cool for corn.  
Yet when a child, and barefoot,  
I more than once, at morn,

Have passed, I thought, a whip-lash  
Unbraiding in the sun,—  
When, stopping to secure it,  
It wrinkled, and was gone.

Several of nature's people  
I know, and they know me;  
I feel for them a transport  
Of cordiality;

But never met this fellow,  
Attended or alone,  
Without a tighter breathing,  
And zero at the bone.

*I'VE KNOWN A HEAVEN LIKE A TENT*

I've known a Heaven like a tent  
To wrap its shining yards,  
Pluck up its stakes and disappear  
Without the sound of boards  
Or rip of nail, or carpenter,  
But just the miles of stare  
That signalize a show's retreat  
In North America.  
No trace, no figment of the thing  
That dazzled yesterday,  
No ring, no marvel;  
Men and feats  
Dissolved as utterly  
As birds' far navigation  
Discloses just a hue;  
A plash of oars—a gaiety,  
Then swallowed up to view.

*THERE'S BEEN A DEATH*

There's been a death in the opposite house  
As lately as to-day.  
I know it by the numb look  
Such houses have always.

The neighbours rustle in and out,  
The doctor drives away.  
A window opens like a pod,  
Abrupt, mechanically;

Somebody flings a mattress out,—  
 The children hurry by;  
 They wonder if It died on that,—  
 I used to when a boy.

The minister goes stiffly in  
 As if the house were his,  
 And he owned all the mourners now,  
 And little boys besides;

And then the milliner, and the man  
 Of the appalling trade,  
 To take the measure of the house.  
 There'll be that dark parade

Of tassels and of coaches soon;  
 It's easy as a sign,—  
 The intuition of the news  
 In just a country town.

*THERE IS NO TRUMPET LIKE THE TOMB*

The Immortality she gave  
 We borrowed at her grave;  
 For just one plaudit banishing  
 The might of human love.

*LOVE'S STRICKEN "WHY"*

Love's stricken "why"  
 Is all that love can speak—  
 Built of but just a syllable  
 The hugest hearts that break.

*GO NOT TOO NEAR A HOUSE OF ROSE*

Go not too near a house of rose,  
 The depredation of a breeze  
 Or inundation of a dew  
 Alarm its walls away;

Nor try to tie the butterfly;  
 Nor climb the bars of ecstasy.  
 In insecurity to lie  
 Is joy's insuring quality.

*MY LIFE CLOSED TWICE BEFORE ITS CLOSE*

My life closed twice before its close;  
 It yet remains to see  
 If Immortality unveil  
 A third event to me,

So huge, so hopeless to conceive,  
 As these that twice befell.  
 Parting is all we know of heaven,  
 And all we need of hell.

LEWIS CARROLL

1832 · 1898

*FATHER WILLIAM*

"You are old, Father William," the young man said,  
 "And your hair has become very white;  
 And yet you incessantly stand on your head—  
 Do you think, at your age, it is right?"

"In my youth," Father William replied to his son,  
 "I feared it might injure the brain;  
 But, now that I'm perfectly sure I have none,  
 Why, I do it again and again."

"You are old," said the youth, "as I mentioned before,  
 And have grown most uncommonly fat;  
 Yet you turned a back-somersault in at the door—  
 Pray, what is the reason of that?"

"In my youth," said the sage, as he shook his gray locks,  
 "I kept all my limbs very supple  
 By the use of this ointment—one shilling the box—  
 Allow me to sell you a couple?"

“You are old,” said the youth, “and your jaws are too weak  
 For anything tougher than suet;  
 Yet you finished the goose, with the bones and the beak—  
 Pray, how did you manage to do it?”

“In my youth,” said his father, “I took to the law,  
 And argued each case with my wife;  
 And the muscular strength which it gave to my jaw  
 Has lasted the rest of my life.”

“You are old,” said the youth, “one would hardly suppose  
 That your eye was as steady as ever;  
 Yet you balanced an eel on the end of your nose—  
 What made you so awfully clever?”

“I have answered three questions, and that is enough,”  
 Said his father. “Don’t give yourself airs!  
 Do you think I can listen all day to such stuff?  
 Be off, or I’ll kick you down-stairs!”

### JABBERWOCKY

’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
 All mimsy were the borogoves,  
 And the mome raths outgrabe.

“Beware the Jabberwock, my son!  
 The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!  
 Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun  
 The frumious Bandersnatch!”

He took his vorpal sword in hand;  
 Long time the manxome foe he sought—  
 So rested he by the Tumtum tree,  
 And stood awhile in thought.

And, as in uffish thought he stood,  
 The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,  
 Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,  
 And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through  
 The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!  
 He left it dead, and with its head  
 He went galumphing back.

“And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?  
 Come to my arms, my beamish boy!  
 O frabjous day! Callooh, Callay!”  
 He chortled in his joy.

’Twas brillig, and the slithy toves  
 Did gyre and gimble in the wabe:  
 All mimsy were the borogoves,  
 And the mome raths outgrabe.

## JAMES THOMSON

1834 · 1882

### NIGHTMARE

*From “The City of Dreadful Night”*

As I came through the desert thus it was,  
 As I came through the desert: All was black,  
 In heaven no single star, on earth no track;  
 A brooding hush without a stir or note,  
 The air so thick it clotted in my throat;  
 And thus for hours; then some enormous things  
 Swooped past with savage cries and clanking wings:  
     But I strode on austere;  
     No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert, thus it was,  
 As I came through the desert: Eyes of fire  
 Glared at me throbbing with a starved desire;  
 The hoarse and heavy and carnivorous breath  
 Was hot upon me from deep jaws of death;  
 Sharp claws, swift talons, fleshless fingers cold  
 Plucked at me from the bushes, tried to hold:  
     But I strode on austere;  
     No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,  
 As I came through the desert: Meteors ran  
 And crossed their javelins on the black sky-span;  
 The zenith opened to a gulf of flame,  
 The dreadful thunderbolts jarred earth's fixed frame:  
 The ground all heaved in waves of fire that surged  
 And weltered round me sole there unsubmerged:  
     Yet I strode on austere;  
     No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,  
 As I came through the desert: Air once more,  
 And I was close upon a wild sea-shore;  
 Enormous cliffs arose on either hand,  
 The deep tide thundered up a league-broad strand;  
 White foam-belts seethed there, wan spray swept and flew;  
 The sky broke, moon and stars and clouds and blue:  
     And I strode on austere:  
     No hope could have no fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,  
 As I came through the desert: From the right  
 A shape came slowly with a ruddy light;  
 A woman with a red lamp in her hand,  
 Bareheaded and barefooted on that strand;  
 O desolation moving with such grace!  
 O anguish with such beauty in thy face.  
     I fell as on my bier,  
     Hope travailed with such fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,  
 As I came through the desert: I was twain,  
 Two selves distinct that cannot join again;  
 One stood apart and knew but could not stir,  
 And watched the other stark in swöon and her;  
 And she came on, and never turned aside,  
 Between such sun and moon and roaring tide:  
     And as she came more near  
     My soul grew mad with fear.

As I came through the desert thus it was,  
 As I came through the desert: When the tide  
 Swept up to her there kneeling by my side,  
 She clasped that corpse-like me, and they were borne  
 Away, and this vile me was left forlorn;  
 I know the whole sea cannot quench that heart,  
 Or cleanse that brow, or wash those two apart:  
     They love; their doom is drear,  
     Yet they nor hope nor fear;  
     But I, what do I here?

## WILLIAM MORRIS

1834 · 1896

*TWO RED ROSES ACROSS THE MOON*

There was a lady lived in a hall,  
 Large of eyes and slim and tall;  
 And ever she sang from noon to noon,  
*Two red roses across the moon.*

There was a knight came riding by  
 In early spring, when the roads were dry;  
 And he heard that lady sing at the noon,  
*Two red roses across the moon.*

Yet none the more he stopped at all,  
 But he rode a-gallop past the hall;  
 And left that lady singing at noon,  
*Two red roses across the moon.*

Because, forsooth, the battle was set,  
 And the scarlet and gold had got to be met,  
 He rode on the spur till the next warm noon;  
*Two red roses across the moon.*

But the battle was scattered from hill to hill,  
 From the windmill to the watermill;  
 And he said to himself, as it neared the noon,  
*Two red roses across the moon.*

You scarce could see for the scarlet and blue,  
 A golden helm or a golden shoe;  
 So he cried, as the fight grew thick at the noon,  
*Two red roses across the moon.*

Verily then the gold bore through  
 The huddled spears of the scarlet and blue;  
 And they cried, as they cut them down at the noon,  
*Two red roses across the moon.*

I trow he stopped when he rode again  
 By the hall, though draggled sore with the rain;  
 And his lips were pinched to kiss at the noon  
*Two red roses across the moon.*

Under the may she stooped to the crown,  
 All was gold, there was nothing of brown,  
 And the horns blew up in the hall at noon,  
*Two red roses across the moon*

#### LOVE IS ENOUGH

Love is enough: though the world be a-waning,  
 And the woods have no voice but the voice of complaining,  
 Though the skies be too dark for dim eyes to discover  
 The gold-cups and daisies fair blooming thereunder,  
 Though the hills be held shadows, and the sea a dark  
 wonder,  
 And this day draw a veil over all deeds passed over,  
 Yet their hands shall not tremble, their feet shall not falter:  
 The void shall not weary, the fear shall not alter  
 These lips and these eyes of the loved and the lover.

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

1837 · 1909

MAN

*From "Atalanta in Calydon"*

Before the beginning of years,  
 There came to the making of man

Time, with a gift of tears;  
Grief, with a glass that ran;  
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;  
Summer, with flowers that fell;  
Remembrance fallen from heaven,  
And madness risen from hell;  
Strength without hands to smite;  
Love that endures for a breath;  
Night, the shadow of light,  
And life, the shadow of death.  
And the high gods took in hand  
Fire, and the falling of tears,  
And a measure of sliding sand  
From under the feet of the years;  
And froth and drift of the sea;  
And dust of the labouring earth;  
And bodies of things to be  
In the houses of death and of birth;  
And wrought with weeping and laughter,  
And fashioned with loathing and love,  
With life before and after  
And death beneath and above,  
For a day and a night and a morrow,  
That his strength might endure for a span  
With travail and heavy sorrow,  
The holy spirit of man.  
From the winds of the north and the south  
They gathered as unto strife;  
They breathed upon his mouth,  
They filled his body with life;  
Eyesight and speech they wrought  
For the veils of the soul therein,  
A time for labour and thought,  
A time to serve and to sin;  
They gave him light in his ways,  
And love, and a space for delight,  
And beauty and length of days,  
And night, and sleep in the night.  
His speech is burning fire;  
With his lips he travaileth;

In his heart is a blind desire,  
 In his eyes foreknowledge of death;  
 He weaves, and is clothed with derision;  
 Sows, and he shall not reap;  
 His life is a watch or a vision  
 Between a sleep and a sleep.

“WHEN THE HOUNDS OF SPRING”

*From “Atalanta in Calydon”*

When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces,  
 The mother of months in meadow or plain  
 Fills the shadows and windy places  
 With lips of leaves and ripple of rain;  
 And the brown bright nightingale amorous  
 Is half assuaged for Itylus,  
 For the Thracian ships and the foreign faces,  
 The tongueless vigil, and all the pain.

Come with bows bent and with emptying of quivers,  
 Maiden most perfect, lady of light,  
 With a noise of winds and many rivers,  
 With a clamour of waters, and with might;  
 Bind on thy sandals, O thou most fleet,  
 Over the splendour and speed of thy feet;  
 For the faint east quickens, the wan west shivers,  
 Round the feet of the day and the feet of the night.

Where shall we find her, how shall we sing to her,  
 Fold our hands round her knees, and cling?  
 O that man's heart were as fire and could spring to her,  
 Fire, or the strength of the streams that spring!  
 For the stars and the winds are unto her  
 As raiment, as songs of the harp-player;  
 For the risen stars and the fallen cling to her,  
 And the southwest-wind and the west-wind sing.

For winter's rains and ruins are over,  
 And all the season of snows and sins;  
 The days dividing lover and lover,  
 The light that loses, the night that wins;

And time remembered is grief forgotten,  
And frosts are slain and flowers begotten,  
And in green underwood and cover  
    Blossom by blossom the spring begins.

The full streams feed on flower of rushes,  
    Ripe grasses trammel a travelling foot,  
The faint fresh flame of the young year flushes  
    From leaf to flower and flower to fruit;  
And fruit and leaf are as gold and fire,  
And the oat is heard above the lyre,  
And the hoofèd heel of a satyr crushes  
    The chestnut-husk at the chestnut-root.

And Pan by noon and Bacchus by night,  
    Fleeter of foot than the fleet-foot kid,  
Follows with dancing and fills with delight  
    The Mænad and the Bassarid;  
And soft as lips that laugh and hide  
The laughing leaves of the trees divide,  
And screen from seeing and leave in sight  
    The god pursuing, the maiden hid.

The ivy falls with the Bacchanal's hair  
    Over her eyebrows hiding her eyes;  
The wild vine slipping down leaves bare  
    Her bright breast shortening into sighs;  
The wild vine slips with the weight of its leaves,  
But the berried ivy catches and cleaves  
To the limbs that glitter, the feet that scare  
    The wolf that follows, the fawn that flies.

### THE SEA

*From "The Triumph of Time"*

I will go back to the great sweet mother,  
    Mother and lover of men, the sea.  
I will go down to her, I and none other,  
    Close with her, kiss her and mix her with me;  
Cling to her, strive with her, hold her fast;  
O fair white mother, in days long past

Born without sister, born without brother,  
Set free my soul as thy soul is free.

O fair green-girdled mother of mine,  
Sea, that art clothed with the sun and the rain,  
Thy sweet hard kisses are strong like wine,  
Thy large embraces are keen like pain.  
Save me and hide me with all thy waves,  
Find me one grave of thy thousand graves,  
Those pure cold populous graves of thine,  
Wrought without hand in a world without stain.

I shall sleep, and move with the moving ships,  
Change as the winds change, veer in the tide;  
My lips will feast on the foam of thy lips,  
I shall rise with thy rising, with thee subside;  
Sleep, and not know if she be, if she were,  
Filled full with life to the eyes and hair,  
As a rose is fulfilled to the roseleaf tips  
With splendid summer and perfume and pride.

This woven raiment of nights and days,  
Were it once cast off and unwound from me,  
Naked and glad would I walk in thy ways,  
Alive and aware of thy ways and thee;  
Clear of the whole world, hidden at home,  
Clothed with the green and crowned with the foam,  
A pulse of the life of thy straits and bays,  
A vein in the heart of the streams of the sea.

SONG

Love laid his sleepless head  
On a thorny rosy bed;  
And his eyes with tears were red,  
And pale his lips as the lead.

And fear and sorrow and scorn  
Kept watch by his head forlorn,  
Till the night was overworn,  
And the world was merry with morn.

And Joy came up with the day,  
And kissed Love's lips as he lay,  
And the watchers ghostly and gray  
Sped from his pillow away.

And his eyes as the dawn grew bright,  
And his lips waxed ruddy as light:  
Sorrow may reign for a night,  
But day shall bring back delight.

## THOMAS HARDY

1840 · 1928

*THE DARKLING THRUSH*

I leaned upon a coppice gate  
When Frost was spectre-gray,  
And Winter's dregs made desolate  
The weakening eye of day.  
The tangled bine-stems scored the sky  
Like strings from broken lyres,  
And all mankind that haunted nigh  
Had sought their household fires.

The land's sharp features seemed to be  
The Century's corpse outleant;  
His crypt the cloudy canopy,  
The wind his death-lament.  
The ancient pulse of germ and birth  
Was shrunken hard and dry,  
And every spirit upon earth  
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice burst forth among  
The bleak twigs overhead  
In a full-hearted evensong  
Of joy unlimited;  
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt and small,  
In blast-beruffled plume,  
Had chosen thus to fling his soul  
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carollings  
 Of such ecstatic sound  
 Was written on terrestrial things  
 Afar or nigh around,  
 That I could think there trembled through  
 His happy good-night air  
 Some blessed hope, whereof he knew  
 And I was unaware.

*THE OXEN*

Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock,  
 "Now they are all on their knees,"  
 An elder said as we sat in a flock  
 By the embers in hearthside ease.

We pictured the meek mild creatures where  
 They dwelt in their strawy pen,  
 Nor did it occur to one of us there  
 To doubt they were kneeling then.

So fair a fancy few would weave  
 In these years! Yet, I feel,  
 If some one said on Christmas Eve,  
 "Come; see the oxen kneel

"In the lonely barton by yonder coomb<sup>1</sup>  
 Our childhood used to know,"  
 I should go with him in the gloom,  
 Hoping it might be so.

*WEATHERS*

This is the weather the cuckoo likes,  
 And so do I;           "  
 When showers betumble the chestnut spikes,  
 And nestlings fly;  
 And the little brown nightingale bills his best,  
 And they sit outside the "Traveller's Rest,"

<sup>1</sup> Farmyard in the hollow.

And maids come forth sprig-muslin drest,  
 And citizens dream of the South and West,  
 And so do I.

This is the weather the shepherd shuns,  
 And so do I;  
 When beeches drip in browns and duns,  
 And thresh, and ply;  
 And hill-hid tides throb, throe on throe,  
 And meadow rivulets overflow,  
 And drops on gate-bars hang in a row,  
 And rooks in families homeward go,  
 And so do I.

## HENRY AUSTIN DOBSON

1840 · 1921

*IN AFTER DAYS*

In after days when grasses high  
 O'ertop the stone where I shall lie,  
 Though ill or well the world adjust  
 My slender claim to honoured dust,  
 I shall not question or reply.

I shall not see the morning sky;  
 I shall not hear the night-wind's sigh;  
 I shall be mute, as all men must  
 In after days!

But yet, now living, fain were I  
 That some one then should testify,  
 Saying—"He held his pen in trust  
 To Art, not serving shame or lust."  
 Will none?—Then let my memory die  
 In after days!

## EDWARD ROWLAND SILL

(A)1841 · 1887

*OPPORTUNITY*

This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream:  
 There spread a cloud of dust along a plain;  
 And underneath the cloud, or in it, raged  
 A furious battle, and men yelled, and swords  
 Shocked upon swords and shields. A prince's banner  
 Wavered, then staggered backward, hemmed by foes.  
 A craven hung along the battle's edge,  
 And thought, "Had I a sword of keener steel—  
 That blue blade that the king's son bears,—but this  
 Blunt thing—!" he snapt and flung it from his hand,  
 And lowering crept away and left the field.  
 Then came the king's son, wounded, sore bestead,  
 And weaponless, and saw the broken sword,  
 Hilt-buried in the dry and trodden sand,  
 And ran and snatched it, and with battle-shout  
 Lifted afresh he hewed his enemy down,  
 And saved a great cause that heroic day.

## ARTHUR O'SHAUGHNESSY

1844 · 1881

*ODE*

We are the music-makers,  
 And we are the dreamers of dreams,  
 Wandering by lone sea-breakers,  
 And sitting by desolate streams;  
 World-losers and world-forsakers,  
 On whom the pale moon gleams:  
 Yet we are the movers and shakers  
 Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties  
 We build up the world's great cities,

And out of a fabulous story  
We fashion an empire's glory:  
One man with a dream, at pleasure,  
Shall go forth and conquer a crown;  
And three with a new song's measure  
Can trample an empire down.

We, in the ages lying  
In the buried past of the earth,  
Built Nineveh with our sighing,  
And Babel itself with our mirth;  
And o'erthrew them with prophesying  
To the old of the new world's worth;  
For each age is a dream that is dying,  
Or one that is coming to birth.

*THE NEW LOVE AND THE OLD*

I made another garden, yea,  
For my new Love:  
I left the dead rose where it lay  
And set the new above.  
Why did my Summer not begin?  
Why did my heart not haste?  
My old Love came and walked therein,  
And laid the garden waste.

She entered with her weary smile,  
Just as of old;  
She looked around a little while  
And shivered with the cold:  
Her passing touch was death to all,  
Her passing look a blight;  
She made the white rose-petals fall,  
And turned the red rose white.

Her pale robe clinging to the grass  
Seemed like a snake  
That bit the grass and ground, alas!  
And a sad trail did make.

She went up slowly to the gate,  
 And then, just as of yore,  
 She turned back at the last to wait  
 And say farewell once more.

## ROBERT BRIDGES

1844 · 1930

*NIGHTINGALES*

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,  
 And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams wherefrom  
     Ye learn your song:  
 Where are those starry woods? O might I wander there,  
     Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air  
     Bloom the year long!

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams:  
 Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,  
     A thro' of the heart,  
 Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,  
     No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,  
     For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men  
 We pour our dark nocturnal secret; and then,  
     As night is withdrawn  
 From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of  
     May,  
 Dream, while the innumerable choir of day  
     Welcome the dawn.

*A PASSER-BY*

Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding,  
 Leaning across the bosom of the urgent West,  
 That fearest nor sea rising nor sky clouding,  
 Whither away, fair rover, and what thy quest?

Ah! soon, when Winter has all our vales opprest,  
 When skies are cold and misty, and hail is hurling,  
 Wilt thou glide on the blue Pacific, or rest  
 In a summer haven asleep, thy white sails furling.

I there before thee, in the country that well thou knowest,  
 Already arrived am inhaling the odorous air:  
 I watch thee enter unerringly where thou goest,  
 And anchor queen of the strange shipping there,  
 Thy sails for awnings spread, thy masts bare;  
 Nor is aught from the foaming reef to the snow-capped,  
 grandest  
 Peak, that is over the feathery palms, more fair  
 Than thou, so upright, so stately, and still thou standest.

And yet, O splendid ship, unhailed and nameless,  
 I know not if, aiming a fancy, I rightly divine  
 That thou hast a purpose joyful, a courage blameless,  
 Thy port assured in a happier land than mine,  
 But for all I have given thee, beauty enough is thine,  
 As thou, aslant with trim tackle and shrouding,  
 From the proud nostril curve of a prow's line  
 In the offing scatterest foam, thy white sails crowding.

*ALL BEAUTEOUS THINGS*

I love all beauteous things,  
 I seek and adore them;  
 God hath no better praise,  
 And man in his hasty days  
 Is honoured for them.

I too will something make  
 And joy in the making;  
 Although to-morrow it seem  
 Like empty words of a dream  
 Remembered on waking.

## GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

1844 · 1889

*HEAVEN-HAVEN*

## A NUN TAKES THE VEIL

I have desired to go  
 Where springs not fail,  
 To fields where flies no sharp and sided hail,  
 And a few lilies blow.

And I have asked to be  
 Where no storms come,  
 Where the green swell is in the havens dumb  
 And out of the swing of the sea.

*THE HABIT OF PERFECTION*

Elected Silence, sing to me  
 And beat upon my whorlèd ear,  
 Pipe me to pastures still, and be  
 The music that I care to hear.

Shape nothing, lips; be lovely-dumb;  
 It is the shut, the curfew sent  
 From there where all surrenders come  
 Which only makes you eloquent.

Be shellèd, eyes, with double dark  
 And find the uncreated light:  
 This ruck and reel which you remark  
 Coils, keeps, and teases simple sight.

Palate, the hatch of tasty lust,  
 Desire not to be rinsed with wine:  
 The can must be so sweet, the crust  
 So fresh that come in fasts divine!

Nostrils, your careless breath that spend  
 Upon the stir and keep of pride,

What relish shall the censers send  
Along the sanctuary side!

O feel-of-primrose hands, O feet  
That want the yield of plushy sward,  
But you shall walk the golden street  
And you unhouse and house the Lord.

And, Poverty, be thou the bride  
And now the marriage feast begun,  
And lily-coloured clothes provide  
Your spouse not laboured-at nor spun.

*PIED BEAUTY*

Glory be to God for dappled things—  
For skies as couple-coloured as a brindled cow;  
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;  
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;  
Landscapes plotted and pieced—fold, fallow and plough;  
And all trades, their gear and tackle and trim.  
All things counter, original, spare, strange;  
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)  
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;  
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:  
Praise Him.

*SPRING*

Nothing is so beautiful as spring—  
When weeds, in wheels, shoot long and lovely and lush;  
Thrush's eggs look little low heavens, and thrush  
Through the echoing timber does so rinse and wring  
The ear, it strikes like lightnings to hear him sing;  
The glassy pear-tree leaves and blooms, they brush  
The descending blue; that blue is all in a rush  
With richness; the racing lambs too have fair their fling.

What is all this juice and all this joy?  
"A strain of the earth's sweet being in the beginning  
In Eden garden.—Have, get, before it cloy,

Before it cloud, Christ, lord, and sour with sinning,  
 Innocent mind and Mayday in girl and boy,  
 Most, O Maid's child, thy choice and worthy the winning.

## ALICE MEYNELL

1847 · 1922

*RENOUNCEMENT*

I must not think of thee; and, tired yet strong,  
 I shun the thought that lurks in all delight—  
 The thought of thee—and in the blue Heaven's height,  
 And in the sweetest passage of a song.  
 O just beyond the fairest thoughts that throng  
 This breast, the thought of thee waits hidden yet bright;  
 But it must never, never come in sight;  
 I must stop short of thee the whole day long.

But when sleep comes to close each difficult day,  
 When night gives pause to the long watch I keep,  
 And all my bonds I needs must loose apart,  
 Must doff my will as raiment laid away,  
 With the first dream that comes with the first sleep  
 I run, I run, I am gathered to thy heart.

*CHIMES*

Brief, on a flying night  
 From the shaken tower,  
 A flock of bells take flight,  
 And go with the hour.

Like birds from the cote to the gales,  
 Abrupt—O hark!  
 A fleet of bells set sails,  
 And go to the dark.

Sudden the cold airs swing,  
 Alone, aloud,  
 A verse of bells takes wing  
 And flies with the cloud.

1849 · 1903

*INVICTUS*

Out of the night that covers me,  
Black as the Pit from pole to pole,  
I thank whatever gods may be  
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance  
I have not winced nor cried aloud.  
Under the bludgeonings of chance  
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears  
Looms but the horror of the shade,  
And yet the menace of the years  
Finds, and shall find me, unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll.  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

*MARGARITAE SORORI*

A late lark twitters from the quiet skies;  
And from the west,  
Where the sun, his day's work ended,  
Lingers as in content,  
There falls on the old, grey city  
An influence luminous and serene,  
A shining peace.

The smoke ascends  
In a rosy-and-golden haze. The spires  
Shine, and are changed. In the valley  
Shadows rise. The lark sings on. The sun,  
Closing his benediction,

Sinks, and the darkening air  
 Thrills with a sense of the triumphing night—  
 Night with her train of stars  
 And her great gift of sleep.

So be my passing!  
 My task accomplished and the long day done,  
 My wages taken, and in my heart  
 Some late lark singing,  
 Let me be gathered to the quiet west,  
 The sundown splendid and serene,  
 Death.

EDWIN MARKHAM

(A)1852.

*THE MAN WITH THE HOE*

Written after seeing Millet's world-famous painting of a toiler in the abyss of labour.

*God made man in his own image: in the image of God made He him.—Genesis.*

Bowed by the weight of centuries he leans  
 Upon his hoe and gazes on the ground,  
 The emptiness of ages in his face,  
 And on his back the burden of the world.  
 Who made him dead to rapture and despair,  
 A thing that grieves not and that never hopes,  
 Stolid and stunned, a brother to the ox?  
 Who loosened and let down this brutal jaw?  
 Whose was the hand that slanted back this brow?  
 Whose breath blew out the light within this brain?

Is this the Thing the Lord God made and gave  
 To have dominion over sea and land;  
 To trace the stars and search the heavens for power;  
 To feel the passion of Eternity?  
 Is this the dream He dreamed who shaped the suns  
 And markt their ways upon the ancient deep?  
 Down all the caverns of Hell to their last gulf

There is no shape more terrible than this—  
 More tongued with cries against the world's blind greed—  
 More filled with signs and portents for the soul—  
 More packt with danger to the universe.

What gulfs between him and the seraphim!  
 Slave of the wheel of labour, what to him  
 Are Plato and the swing of Pleiades?  
 What the long reaches of the peaks of song,  
 The rift of dawn, the reddening of the rose?  
 Through this dread shape the suffering ages look;  
 Time's tragedy is in that aching stoop;  
 Through this dread shape humanity betrayed,  
 Plundered, profaned and disinherited,  
 Cries protest to the Powers that made the world,  
 A protest that is also prophecy.

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
 Is this the handiwork you give to God,  
 This monstrous thing distorted and soul-quentch?  
 How will you ever straighten up this shape;  
 Touch it again with immortality;  
 Give back the upward looking and the light;  
 Rebuild in it the music and the dream;  
 Make right the immemorial infamies,  
 Perfidious wrongs, immedicable woes?

O masters, lords and rulers in all lands,  
 How will the future reckon with this Man?  
 How answer his brute question in that hour  
 When whirlwinds of rebellion shake all shores?  
 How will it be with kingdoms and with kings—  
 With those who shaped him to the thing he is—  
 When the dumb Terror shall rise to judge the world,  
 After the silence of the centuries?

#### OUTWITTED

He drew a circle that shut me out—  
 Heretic, rebel, a thing to flout.  
 But Love and I had the wit to win:  
 We drew a circle that took him in!

## OSCAR WILDE

1856 · 1900

*REQUIESCAT*

Tread lightly, she is near  
 Under the snow,  
 Speak gently, she can hear  
 The daisies grow.

All her bright golden hair  
 Tarnished with rust,  
 She that was young and fair  
 Fallen to dust.

Lily-like, white as snow,  
 She hardly knew  
 She was a woman, so  
 Sweetly she grew.

Coffin-board, heavy stone,  
 Lie on her breast;  
 I vex my heart alone,  
 She is at rest.

Peace, peace; she cannot hear  
 Lyre or sonnet;  
 All my life's buried here.  
 Heap earth upon it.

## LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

(A) 1856.

*TEARS*

When I consider Life and its few years—  
 A wisp of fog betwixt us and the sun;  
 A call to battle, and the battle done  
 Ere the last echo dies within our ears;

A rose choked in the grass; an hour of fears;  
The gusts that past a darkening shore do beat;  
The burst of music down an unlistening street,—  
I wonder at the idleness of tears.

Ye old, old dead, and ye of yesternight  
Chieftains, and bards, and keepers of the sheep,  
By every cup of sorrow that you had,  
Loose me from tears, and make me see aright  
How each hath back what once he stayed to weep:  
Homer, his sight, David his little lad!

*SPICEWOOD*

The spicewood burns along the gray, spent sky,  
In moist unchimneyed places, in a wind,  
That whips it all before, and all behind,  
Into one thick, rude flame, now low, now high.  
It is the first, the homeliest thing of all—  
At sight of it, that lad that by it fares,  
Whistles afresh his foolish, town-caught airs—  
A thing so honey-coloured and so tall!

It is as though the young Year, ere he pass  
To the white riot of the cherry tree,  
Would fain accustom us, or here, or there,  
To his new sudden ways with bough and grass,  
So starts with what is humble, plain to see,  
And all familiar as a cup, a chair.

JOHN DAVIDSON

1857 · 1909

*A BALLAD OF HELL*

“A letter from my love to-day!  
Oh, unexpected, dear appeal!”  
She struck a happy tear away,  
And broke the crimson seal.

“My love, there is no help on earth,  
No help in heaven; the dead-man’s bell  
Must toll our wedding; our first hearth  
Must be the well-paved floor of hell.”

The colour died from out her face,  
Her eyes like ghostly candles shone;  
She cast dread looks about the place,  
Then clenched her teeth and read right on.

“I may not pass the prison door;  
Here must I rot from day to day,  
Unless I wed whom I abhor,  
My cousin, Blanche of Valencay.

“At midnight with my dagger keen,  
I’ll take my life; it must be so.  
Meet me in hell to-night, my queen,  
For weal and woe.”

She laughed, although her face was wan,  
She girded on her golden belt,  
She took her jewelled ivory fan,  
And at her glowing missal knelt.

Then rose, “And am I mad?” she said:  
She broke her fan, her belt untied;  
With leather girt herself instead,  
And stuck a dagger at her side.

She waited, shuddering in her room,  
Till sleep had fallen on all the house.  
She never flinched; she faced her doom:  
They two must sin to keep their vows.

Then out into the night she went,  
And, stooping, crept by hedge and tree;  
Her rose-bush flung a snare of scent,  
And caught a happy memory.

She fell, and lay a minute’s space;  
She tore the sward in her distress;

The dewy grass refreshed her face;  
She rose and ran with lifted dress.

She started like a morn-caught ghost  
Once when the moon came out and stood  
To watch; the naked road she crossed,  
And dived into the murmuring wood.

The branches snatched her streaming cloak;  
A live thing shrieked; she made no stay!  
She hurried to the trysting-oak—  
Right well she knew the way.

Without a pause she bared her breast,  
And drove her dagger home and fell,  
And lay like one that takes her rest,  
And died and wakened up in hell.

She bathed her spirit in the flame,  
And near the centre took her post;  
From all sides to her ears there came  
The dreary anguish of the lost.

The devil started at her side,  
Comely, and tall, and black as jet.  
“I am young Malespina’s bride;  
Has he come hither yet?”

“My poppet, welcome to your bed.”  
“Is Malespina here?”

“Not he! To-morrow he must wed  
His cousin Blanche, my dear!”

“You lie, he died with me to-night.”  
“Not he! it was a plot” . . . “You lie!”  
“My dear, I never lie outright.”  
“We died at midnight, he and I.”

The devil went. Without a groan  
She, gathered up in one fierce prayer,  
Took root in hell’s midst all alone,  
And waited for him there.

She dared to make herself at home  
 Amidst the wail, the uneasy stir.  
 The blood-stained flame that filled the dome,  
 Scentless and silent, shrouded her.

How long she stayed I cannot tell;  
 But when she felt his perfidy,  
 She marched across the floor of hell;  
 And all the damned stood up to see.

The devil stopped her at the brink:  
 She shook him off; she cried, "Away!"  
 "My dear, you have gone mad, I think."  
 "I was betrayed: I will not stay."

Across the weltering deep she ran;  
 A stranger thing was never seen:  
 The damned stood silent to a man;  
 They saw the great gulf set between.

To her it seemed a meadow fair;  
 And flowers sprang up about her feet.  
 She entered heaven; she climbed the stair  
 And knelt down at the mercy-seat.

Seraphs and saints with one great voice  
 Welcomed the soul that knew not fear.  
 Amazed to find it could rejoice,  
 Hell raised a hoarse, half-human cheer. *gl*

WILLIAM WATSON

1858.

SONG

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!

## FRANCIS THOMPSON

1859 · 1907

*THE HOUND OF HEAVEN*

I fled Him, down the nights and down the days;  
 I fled Him, down the arches of the years;  
 I fled Him, down the labyrinthine ways  
 Of my own mind; and in the mist of tears  
 I hid from Him, and under running laughter.  
     Up vistaed hopes I sped;  
     And shot, precipitated,  
 Adown Titanic glooms of chasmed fears,  
 From those strong Feet that followed, followed after.  
     But with unhurrying chase,  
     And unperturbèd pace,  
     Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
     They beat—and a Voice beat  
     More instant than the Feet—  
 “All things betray thee, who betrayest Me.”  
     I pleaded, outlaw-wise,  
 By many a hearted casement, curtained red,  
     Trellised with intertwining charities  
 (For, though I knew His love Who followèd,  
     Yet was I sore adread  
 Lest, having Him, I must have naught beside);  
 But, if one little casement parted wide,  
     The gust of His approach would clash it to:  
     Fear wist not to evade, as Love wist to pursue.  
 Across the margent of the world I fled,  
     And troubled the gold gateways of the stars,  
     Smiting for shelter on their clangèd bars;  
     Fretted to dulcet jars  
 And silvern chatter the pale ports o’ the moon.

I said to Dawn: Be sudden—to Eve: Be soon;  
     With thy young skiey blossoms heap me over  
         From this tremendous Lover—  
 Float thy vague veil about me, lest He see!  
     I tempted all His servitors, but to find  
 My own betrayal in their constancy,  
 In faith to Him their fickleness to me,  
     Their traitorous trueness, and their loyal deceit.  
 To all swift things for swiftness did I sue;  
     Clung to the whistling mane of every wind.  
         But whether they swept, smoothly fleet,  
         The long savannahs of the blue;  
         Or whether, Thunder-driven,  
         They clanged his chariot 'thwart a heaven,  
 Plashy with flying lightnings round the spurn o' their feet:  
     Fear wist not to evade as Love wist to pursue.  
         Still with unhurrying chase,  
         And unperturbèd pace,  
         Deliberate speed, majestic instancy,  
         Came on the following Feet,  
         And a Voice above their beat—  
 “Naught shelters thee, who wilt not shelter Me.”

I sought no more that after which I strayed  
     In face of man or maid;  
 But still within the little children's eyes  
     Seems something, something that replies,  
*They* at least are for me, surely for me!  
 I turned me to them very wistfully;  
 But just as their young eyes grew sudden fair  
     With dawning answers there,  
 Their angel plucked them from me by the hair.  
 “Come then, ye other children, Nature's—share  
 With me” (said I) “your delicate fellowship;  
     Let me greet you lip to lip;  
     Let me twine with you caresses,  
         Wantoning  
     With our Lady-Mother's vagrant tresses,  
     Banqueting  
     With her in her wind-walled palace,

Underneath her azured daïs,  
 Quaffing, as your taintless way is,  
 From a chalice  
 Lucent-weeping out of the dayspring.”

So it was done:

*I* in their delicate fellowship was one—  
 Drew the bolt of Nature's secrecies.

*I* knew all the swift importings

On the wilful face of skies;

*I* knew how the clouds arise

Spumèd of the wild sea-snotings;

All that's born or dies

Rose and drooped with; made them shapers  
 Of mine own moods, or wailful or divine;

With them joyed and was bereaven.

*I* was heavy with the even,

When she lit her glimmering tapers

Round the day's dead sanctities.

*I* laughed in the morning's eyes.

*I* triumphed and *I* saddened with all weather,

Heaven and *I* wept together,

And its sweet tears were salt with mortal mine.

Against the red throb of its sunset-heart

*I* laid my own to beat,

And share commingling heat;

But not by that, by that, was eased my human smart.

In vain my tears were wet on Heaven's grey cheek.

For ah! we know not what each other says,

These things and *I*; in sound *I* speak—

*Their* sound is but *their* stir, they speak by silences.

Nature, poor stepdame, cannot slake my drouth;

Let her, if she would owe me,

Drop yon blue bosom-veil of sky, and show me

The breasts o' her tenderness:

Never did any milk of hers once bless

My thirsting mouth.

Nigh and nigh draws the chase,

With unperturbèd pace,

Deliberate speed, majestic instancy;  
 And past those noisèd Feet  
 A Voice comes yet more fleet—  
 “Lo! naught contents thee, who content’st not Me.”

Naked I wait Thy love’s uplifted stroke!  
 My harness piece by piece Thou hast hewn from me,  
     And smitten me to my knee;  
 I am defenceless utterly.  
 I slept, methinks, and woke,  
 And, slowly gazing, find me stripped in sleep.  
 In the rash lustihead of my young powers,  
     I shook the pillaring hours  
 And pulled my life upon me; grimed with smears,  
 I stand amid the dust o’ the mounded years—  
 My mangled youth lies dead beneath the heap.  
 My days have crackled and gone up in smoke,  
 Have puffed and burst as sun-starts on a stream.  
     Yea, faileth now even dream  
 The dreamer, and the lute the lutanist;  
 Even the linked fantasies, in whose blossomy twist  
 I swung the earth a trinket at my wrist,  
 Are yielding; cords of all too weak account  
 For earth with heavy griefs so overplussed.  
     Ah! is Thy love indeed  
 A weed, albeit an amaranthine weed,  
 Suffering no flowers except its own to mount?  
     Ah! must—  
     Designer infinite!—  
 Ah! must Thou char the wood ere Thou canst limn with  
     it?  
 My freshness spent its wavering shower i’ the dust;  
 And now my heart is as a broken fount,  
 Wherein tear-drippings stagnate, spilt down ever  
     From the dank thoughts that shiver  
 Upon the sighful branches of my mind.  
     Such is; what is to be?  
 The pulp so bitter, how shall taste the rind?  
 I dimly guess what Time in mists confounds;  
 Yet ever and anon a trumpet sounds

From the hid battlements of Eternity;  
 Those shaken mists a space unsettle, then  
 Round the half-glimpsèd turrets slowly wash again.

But not ere him who summoneth  
 I first have seen, enwound  
 With glooming robes purpureal, cypress-crowned;  
 His name I know, and what his trumpet saith.  
 Whether man's heart or life it be which yields  
 Thee harvest, must Thy harvest-fields  
 Be dunged with rotten death?

Now of that long pursuit  
 Comes on at hand the bruit;  
 That Voice is round me like a bursting sea:  
 "And is thy earth so marred,  
 Shattered in shard on shard?  
 Lo, all things fly thee, for thou fliest Me!  
 Strange, piteous, futile thing!  
 Wherefore should any set thee love apart?  
 Seeing none but I makes much of naught" (He said),  
 "And human love needs human meriting:  
 How hast thou merited—  
 Of all man's clotted clay the dingiest clot?  
 Alack, thou knowest not  
 How little worthy of any love thou art!  
 Whom wilt thou find to love ignoble thee  
 Save Me, save only Me?  
 All which I took from thee I did but take,  
 Not for thy harms,  
 But just that thou might'st seek it in My arms.  
 All which thy child's mistake  
 Fancies as lost, I have stored for thee at home:  
 Rise, clasp My hand, and come!"

Halts by me that fool's fall:  
 Is my gloom, after all,  
 Shade of His hand, outstretched caressingly?  
 "Ah, fondest, blindest, weakest,  
 I am He Whom thou seekest!  
 Thou dravest love from thee, who dravest Me."

*THE HEART*

O nothing, in this corporal earth of man,  
 That to the imminent heaven of his high soul  
 Responds with colour and with shadow, can  
 Lack correlated greatness. If the scroll  
 Where thoughts lie fast in spell of hieroglyph  
 Be mighty through its mighty habitants;  
 If God be in His Name; grave potency if  
 The sounds unbind of hieratic chants;  
 All's vast that vastness means. Nay, I affirm  
 Nature is whole in her least things exprest,  
 Nor know we with what scope God builds the worm.  
 Our towns are copied fragments from our breast;  
 And all man's Babylons strive but to impart  
 The grandeurs of his Babylonian heart.

*TO A SNOWFLAKE*

What heart could have thought you?—  
 Past our devisal  
 (O filigree petal!)  
 Fashioned so purely,  
 Fragilely, surely,  
 From what Paradisal  
 Imagineless metal,  
 Too costly for cost?  
 Who hammered you, wrought you,  
 From argentine vapour?—  
 "God was my shaper.  
 Passing surmised,  
 He hammered, He wrought me,  
 From curled silver vapour,  
 To lust of his mind:—  
 Thou couldst not have thought me!  
 So purely, so palely,  
 Tinily, surely,  
 Mightily, frailly,  
 Insculped and embossed,  
 With His hammer of wind,  
 And His graver of frost."

*"IN NO STRANGE LAND"*

O world invisible, we view thee,  
O world intangible, we touch thee,  
O world unknowable, we know thee,  
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee!

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,  
The eagle plunge to find the air—  
That we ask of the stars in motion  
If they have rumour of thee there?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,  
And our benumbed conceiving soars!—  
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,  
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places;—  
Turn but a stone, and start a wing!  
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,  
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But, when so sad thou canst not sadder,  
Cry—and upon thy so sore loss  
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder  
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,  
Cry—clinging Heaven by the hems . . .  
And lo, Christ walking on the water  
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames!

A. E. HOUSMAN

1859

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

In fairness to the readers, it must be explained that the Editor included, in the American edition of this anthology, the poems given in the Contents, but the author refused permission for the European edition.

## The Nineteenth Century II

KATHARINE TYNAN

1861 · 1931

*SLOW SPRING*

O year, grow slowly. Exquisite, holy,  
 The days go on  
 With almonds showing the pink stars blowing,  
 And birds in the dawn.

Grow slowly, year, like a child that is dear,  
 Or a lamb that is mild,  
 By little steps, and by little skips,  
 Like a lamb or a child.

RICHARD HOVEY

(A) 1864 · 1900

*COMRADES*

Comrades, pour the wine to-night,  
 For the parting is with dawn.  
 Oh, the clink of cups together,  
 With the daylight coming on!  
 Greet the morn  
 With a double horn,  
 When strong men drink together!

Comrades, gird your swords to-night,  
 For the battle is with dawn.  
 Oh, the clash of shields together,  
 With the triumph coming on!  
 Greet the foe  
 And lay him low,  
 When strong men fight together.

Comrades, watch the tides to-night,  
 For the sailing is with dawn.  
 Oh, to face the spray together,

With the tempest coming on!  
 Greet the sea  
 With a shout of glee,  
 When strong men roam together.

Comrades, give a cheer to-night,  
 For the dying is with dawn.  
 Oh, to meet the stars together,  
 With the silence coming on!  
 Greet the end  
 As a friend a friend,  
 When strong men die together.

## ARTHUR SYMONS

1865.

*IN THE WOOD OF FINVARA*

I have grown tired of sorrow and human tears;  
 Life is a dream in the night, a fear among fears,  
 A naked runner lost in a storm of spears.

I have grown tired of rapture and love's desire;  
 Love is a flaming heart, and its flames aspire  
 Till they cloud the soul in the smoke of a windy fire.

I would wash the dust of the world in a soft green flood;  
 Here between sea and sea, in the fairy wood,  
 I have found a delicate, wave-green solitude.

Here, in the fairy wood, between sea and sea,  
 I have heard the song of a fairy bird in a tree,  
 And the peace that is not in the world has flown to me.

*THE CRYING OF WATER*

O water, voice of my heart, crying in the sand,  
 All night long crying with a mournful cry,  
 As I lie and listen, and cannot understand

The voice of my heart in my side or the voice of the sea.  
O water crying for rest, is it I, is it I?  
All night long the water is crying to me.

Unresting water, there shall never be rest  
Till the last moon drop and the last tide fail,  
And the fire of the end begin to burn in the west;  
And the heart shall be weary and wonder and cry like  
the sea,  
All life long crying without avail,  
As the water all night long is crying to me.

# BEGINNING OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

## ROMANTIC REALISM

Two features distinguish the poetry of the first quarter of the twentieth century: the differences in technique, the differences in background. The first, though the less important, is the more obvious—so obvious that the beginning of the twentieth century threatens to become known as the era of experiment. In America the passion for new modes of expression was particularly strong; schools, movements, tendencies formed and split apart overnight. Sometimes the impulse was opposed to all familiar forms, but the fertility behind the departures roused the reader to fresh appraisals and an appreciation of the diversity of the art.

But the beginning of another poetic language was accomplished neither by innovations in technique nor originality of idea. Romantic realism was again in the ascendancy; "the glory of the commonplace" was no longer a rhetorical phrase. To the new poets "a leaf of grass was no less than the journey-work of the stars . . . and the running blackberry would adorn the parlours of heaven." The return to the material of casual life and the language of every day was swift and spontaneous. In England, Kipling gloried in the mechanical world, and glorified it. Masefield reanimated the rhymed narrative of swiftly moving events. Siegfried Sassoon, seconded by Wilfred Owen, re-created the pity and terror of the trenches. These proved Synge's contention that though the poetry of exaltation will always be the highest, "when men lose their poetic feeling for ordinary life, their exalted poetry is likely to lose its strength of exaltation in the way men cease to build beautiful churches when they have lost happiness in building shops."

National differences began to be more sharply accentuated, especially in America. Idioms that, at first, suggested a foreign origin, were localized so that such writers as Robert Frost, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Vachel Lindsay and Carl Sandburg are classed as definitely American rather than English poets. Robinson's dryly pointed stanzas became recognizably native, no longer sounding the overtones of Browning. Sandburg added his own mid-western metaphysics to the mysticism of "The Great Barbarian". Lindsay, letting in a torrent of sound from the vernacular, stressed not only the speed but the disrupted rhythms of his syncopated times. Frost, carrying the conversational tone to a new pitch of eloquence, widened his appeal with each new work, progressing from a narrator of New England dramas to a singer of universal lyrics.

It was in America that the experimental tendency was most varied. A tentative new tongue was shaped by the witty nuances of Wallace Stevens, the strangely dramatic juxtapositions of T. S. Eliot and Ezra Pound, the shifting modulations of Archibald MacLeish, the musical allusiveness of Hart Crane, the revived classicism of John Crowe

Ransom, Allen Tate and Merrill Moore, the arresting of light and movement accomplished by H. D. and Amy Lowell, to name only a representative ten.

Nor, even in the midst of post-war disillusion, was the lyric note forgotten. Few quieter songs have been fashioned in England, and few more confident, than those of William Butler Yeats, Robert Bridges, Ralph Hodgson, Walter de la Mare, W. H. Davies, as well as those of the more introspective Anna Wickham and Charlotte Mew. In America there was—and still is—almost an excess of melody; a list of contemporary lyricists would barely begin with Conrad Aiken, Edna St. Vincent Millay, Sara Teasdale, Léonie Adams and Elinor Wylie, whose last odes and sonnets attain the rank of major poetry.

It is too early to characterize the quality of the present century; impossible to chart the future of so diversified a period. But the beginning points to the maintenance of a broad tradition on one side of the Atlantic and the possibility of a new literature on the other.

## RUDYARD KIPLING

1865.

### MANDALAY

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' eastward to the sea,  
There's a Burma girl a-settin', an' I know she thinks o' me;  
For the wind is in the palm-trees, an' the temple-bells they  
say:

"Come you back, you British soldier; come you back to  
Mandalay!"

Come you back to Mandalay,  
Where the old Flotilla lay:  
Can't you 'ear their paddles chunkin' from Rangoon  
to Mandalay?  
On the road to Mandalay,  
Where the flyin'-fishes play,  
An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China  
'crost the Bay!

'Er petticut was yaller an' 'er little cap was green,  
An' 'er name was Supi-yaw-let—jes' the same as Theebaw's  
Queen,

An' I seed her fust a-smokin' of a whackin' white cheroot,  
An' a-wastin' Christian kisses on an 'eathen idol's foot:  
Bloomin' idol made o' mud—  
What they called the Great Gawd Budd—  
Plucky lot she cared for idols when I kissed 'er where  
she stud!  
On the road to Mandalay—

When the mist was on the rice-fields an' the sun was  
droppin' slow,  
She'd git 'er little banjo an' she'd sing "*Kulla-lo-lo!*"  
With 'er arm upon my shoulder an' her cheek agin my  
cheek

We useter watch the steamers an' the *hathis* pilin' teak.  
Elephints a-pilin' teak  
In the sludgy, squdgy creek,  
Where the silence 'ung that 'eavy you was 'arf afraid  
to speak!  
On the road to Mandalay—

But that's all shove be'ind me—long ago an' fur away,  
 An' there ain't no 'busses runnin' from the bank to  
 Mandalay;

An' I'm learnin' 'ere in London what the ten-year sodger  
 tells:

“If you've 'eard the East a-callin', why, you won't 'eed  
 nothin' else.”

No! you won't 'eed nothin' else

But them spicy garlic smells

An' the sunshine an' the palm-trees an' the tinkly  
 temple bells!

On the road to Mandalay—

I am sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin'-stones,  
 An' the blasted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my  
 bones;

Tho' I walks with fifty 'ousemaids outer Chelsea to the  
 Strand,

An' they talks a lot o' lovin', but wot do they understand?

Beefy face an' grubby 'and—

Law! wot *do* they understand?

I've a neater, sweeter maiden in a cleaner, greener  
 land!

On the road to Mandalay—

Ship me somewheres east of Suez where the best is like the  
 worst,

Where there aren't no Ten Commandments, an' a man can  
 raise a thirst;

For the temple-bells are callin' an' it's there that I would  
 be—

By the old Moulmein Pagoda, lookin' lazy at the sea—

On the road to Mandalay,

Where the old Flotilla lay,

With our sick beneath the awnings when we went to  
 Mandalay!

Oh, the road to Mandalay,

Where the flyin' fishes play,

An' the dawn comes up like thunder outer China  
 'crost the Bay!

*THE LAST CHANTEY**"And there was no more sea"*

Thus said the Lord in the Vault above the Cherubim,  
Calling to the Angels and the Souls in their degree:

    "Lo! Earth has passed away  
    On the smoke of Judgement Day.

That Our word may be established shall We gather up  
the sea?"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:

    "Plague upon the hurricane that made us furl and flee!

    But the war is done between us,  
    In the deep the Lord hath seen us—

Our bones we'll leave the barracout', and God may sink  
the sea!"

Then said the soul of Judas that betrayed Him:

    "Lord, hast Thou forgotten Thy covenant with me?

    How once a year I go  
    To cool me on the floe?

And Ye take my day of mercy if Ye take away the  
sea."

Then said the soul of the Angel of the Off-shore Wind:

(He that bits the thunder when the bull-mouthed  
breakers flee):

    "I have watch and ward to keep  
    O'er Thy wonders on the deep,

And Ye take mine honour from me if Ye take away the  
sea!"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners:

    "Nay, but we were angry, and a hasty folk are we.

    If we worked the ship together  
    Till she foundered in foul weather,

Are we babes that we should clamour for a vengeance on  
the sea?"

Then said the souls of the slaves that men threw overboard:  
 "Kennelled in the picaroon a weary band were we;  
     But Thy arm was strong to save,  
     And it touched us on the wave,  
 And we drownd the long tides idle till Thy Trumpets  
     tore the sea."

Then cried the soul of the stout Apostle Paul to God:  
 "Once we frapped a ship, and she laboured woundily.  
     There were fourteen score of these,  
     And they blessed Thee on their knees,  
 When they learned Thy Grace and Glory under Malta  
     by the sea!"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,  
 Plucking at their harps, and they plucked unhandily:  
     "Our thumbs are rough and tarred,  
     And the tune is something hard—  
 May we lift a Deepsea Chantey such as seamen use at  
     sea?"

Then said the souls of the gentlemen-adventurers—  
 Fettered wrist to bar all for red iniquity:  
     "Ho, we revel in our chains  
     O'er the sorrow that was Spain's;  
 Heave or sink it, leave or drink it, we were masters of  
     the sea!"

Up spake the soul of a grey Gothavn 'speckshioner—  
 (He that led the flenching in the fleets of fair Fundee):  
     "Oh, the ice-blink white and near,  
     And the bowhead breaching clear!  
 Will Ye whelm them all for wantonness that wallow in  
     the sea?"

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,  
 Crying: "Under Heaven, here is neither lead nor lea!  
     Must we sing for evermore  
     On the windless, glassy floor?  
 Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat to open  
     sea!"

\*Then stooped the Lord, and He called the good sea up to  
 Him,  
 And 'stablished its borders unto all eternity,  
 That such as have no pleasure  
 For to praise the Lord by measure,  
 They may enter into galleons and serve Him on the  
 sea.

*Sun, Wind, and Cloud shall fail not from the face of it,  
 Stinging, ringing spindrift, nor the fulmar flying free;  
 And the ships shall go abroad  
 To the Glory of the Lord  
 Who heard the silly sailor-folk and gave them back their  
 sea!*

#### 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;  
 On dune and headland 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,

Or 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!

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

1865.

*THE SONG OF WANDERING AENGUS*

I went out to the hazel wood,  
 Because a fire was in my head,  
 And cut and peeled a hazel wand,  
 And hooked a berry to a thread,  
 And when white moths were on the wing,  
 And moth-like stars were flickering out,  
 I dropped the berry in a stream  
 And caught a little silver trout.

When I had laid it on the floor  
 I went to blow the fire a-flame,  
 But something rustled on the floor,  
 And some one called me by my name:  
 It had become a glimmering girl  
 With apple blossoms in her hair  
 Who called me by my name and ran  
 And faded through the brightening air.

Though I am old with wandering  
 Through hollow lands and hilly lands,  
 I will find out where she has gone,  
 And kiss her lips and take her hands;  
 And walk among long dappled grass,  
 And pluck till time and times are done,

The silver apples of the moon,  
The golden apples of the sun.

*THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE*

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,  
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;  
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,  
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes drop-  
ping slow,  
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket  
sings;  
There midnight's all a glimmer, and noon a purple glow,  
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day  
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;  
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,  
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

*AN OLD SONG RESUNG*

Down by the salley gardens my love and I did meet;  
She passed the salley gardens with little snow-white feet.  
She bid me take love easy, as the leaves grow on the tree;  
But I, being young and foolish, with her would not agree.

In a field by the river my love and I did stand,  
And on my leaning shoulder she laid her snow-white hand.  
She bid me take life easy, as the grass grows on the weirs;  
But I was young and foolish, and now am full of tears.

*WHEN YOU ARE OLD*

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,  
And nodding by the fire, take down this book,  
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look  
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep;

How many loved your moments of glad grace,  
And loved your beauty with love false or true;  
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,  
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars  
Murmur, a little sadly, how love fled  
And paced upon the mountains overhead  
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

*THE WILD SWANS AT COOLE*

The trees are in their autumn beauty,  
The woodland paths are dry,  
Under the October twilight the water  
Mirrors a still sky;  
Upon the brimming water among the stones  
Are nine and fifty swans.

The nineteenth Autumn has come upon me  
Since I first made my count;  
I saw, before I had well finished,  
All suddenly mount  
And scatter, wheeling, in great broken rings  
Upon their clamorous wings.

I have looked upon those brilliant creatures,  
And now my heart is sore.  
All's changed since I, hearing at twilight,  
The first time on this shore,  
The bell-beat of their wings above my head,  
Trod with a lighter tread.

Unwearied still, lover by lover,  
They paddle in the cold,  
Companionable streams or climb the air;  
Their hearts have not grown old;  
Passion or conquest, wander where they will,  
Attend upon them still.

But now they drift on the still water  
 Mysterious, beautiful;  
 Among what rushes will they build,  
 By what lake's edge or pool  
 Delight men's eyes, when I awake some day  
 To find they have flown away?

*RUNNING TO PARADISE*

As I came over Windy Gap  
 They threw a halfpenny into my cap,  
 For I am running to Paradise;  
 And all that I need do is to wish  
 And somebody puts his hand in the dish  
 To throw me a bit of salted fish:  
 And there the king *is* but as the beggar.

My brother Mourteen is worn out  
 With skelping<sup>1</sup> his big brawling lout,  
 And I am running to Paradise;  
 A poor life do what he can,  
 And though he keep a dog and a gun,  
 A serving maid and a serving man:  
 And there the king *is* but as the beggar.

Poor men have grown to be rich men,  
 And rich men grown to be poor again,  
 And I am running to Paradise;  
 And many a darling wit's grown dull  
 That tossed a bare heel when at school,  
 Now it has filled an old sock full:  
 And there the king *is* but as the beggar.

The wind is old and still at play  
 While I must hurry upon my way,  
 For I am running to Paradise; |  
 Yet never have I lit on a friend  
 To take my fancy like the wind  
 That nobody can buy or bind:  
 And there the king *is* but as the beggar.

<sup>1</sup> Hurrying.

## LIONEL JOHNSON

1867 · 1902

*THE DARK ANGEL*

Dark Angel, with thine aching lust  
To rid the world of penitence:  
Malicious Angel, who still dost  
My soul such subtle violence!

Because of thee, no thought, no thing,  
Abides for me undesecrate:  
Dark Angel, ever on the wing,  
Who never reachest me too late!

When music sounds, then changest thou  
Its silvery to a sultry fire:  
Nor will thine envious heart allow  
Delight untortured by desire.

Through thee, the gracious Muses turn  
To Furies, O mine Enemy!  
And all the things of beauty burn  
With flames of evil ecstasy.

Because of thee, the land of dreams  
Becomes a gathering place of fears:  
Until tormented slumber seems  
One vehemence of useless tears.

When sunlight glows upon the flowers,  
Or ripples down the dancing sea:  
Thou, with thy troop of passionate powers,  
Beleaguerest, bewilderest me.

Within the breath of autumn woods,  
Within the winter silences,  
Thy venomous spirit stirs and broods,  
O Master of impieties!

The ardour of red flame is thine,  
And thine the steely soul of ice:  
Thou poisonest the fair design  
Of nature, with unfair device.

Apples of ashes, golden bright;  
Waters of bitterness, how sweet!  
O banquet of a foul delight,  
Prepared by thee, dark Paraclete!

Thou art the whisper in the gloom,  
The hinting tone, the haunting laugh:  
Thou art the adorer of my tomb,  
The minstrel of mine epitaph.

I fight thee, in the Holy Name!  
Yet, what thou dost, is what God saith:  
Tempter! should I escape thy flame,  
Thou wilt have helped my soul from Death:

The second Death, that never dies,  
That cannot die, when time is dead:  
Live Death, wherein the lost soul cries,  
Eternally uncomforted.

Dark Angel, with thine aching lust!  
Of two defeats, of two despairs:  
Less dread, a change to drifting dust,  
Than thine eternity of cares.

Do what thou wilt, thou shalt not so,  
Dark Angel! triumph over me:  
Lonely, unto the Lone I go;  
Divine, to the Divinity.

## ERNEST DOWSON

1867 · 1900

## CYNARA

*Non Sum Qualis Eram Bonæ Sub Regno Cynaræ*

Last night, ah, yesternight, betwixt her lips and mine  
 There fell thy shadow, Cynara! thy breath was shed  
 Upon my soul between the kisses and the wine;  
 And I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
 Yea, I was desolate and bowed my head:  
 I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

All night upon mine heart I felt her warm heart beat,  
 Night-long within mine arms in love and sleep she lay;  
 Surely the kisses of her bought red mouth were sweet;  
 But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
 When I awoke and found the dawn was grey:  
 I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I have forgot much, Cynara! gone with the wind,  
 Flung roses, roses riotously with the throng,  
 Dancing, to put thy pale, lost lilies out of mind;  
 But I was desolate and sick of an old passion,  
 Yea, all the time, because the dance was long:  
 I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

I cried for madder music and for stronger wine,  
 But when the feast is finished and the lamps expire,  
 Then falls thy shadow, Cynara! the night is thine;  
 And I am desolate and sick of an old passion,  
 Yea, hungry for the lips of my desire:  
 I have been faithful to thee, Cynara! in my fashion.

## TO ONE IN BEDLAM

With delicate, mad hands, behind his sordid bars,  
 Surely he hath his posies, which they tear and twine;  
 Those scentless wisps of straw that, miserable, line  
 His strait, caged universe, whereat the dull world stares.

Pedant and pitiful. O, how his rapt gaze wars  
 With their stupidity! Know they what dreams divine  
 Lift his long, laughing reveries like enchanted wine,  
 And make his melancholy germane to the stars?

O lamentable brother! if those pity thee,  
 Am I not fain of all thy lone eyes promise me;  
 Half a fool's kingdom, far from men who sow and reap,  
 All their days, vanity? Better than mortal flowers,  
 Thy moon-kissed roses seem: better than love or sleep,  
 The star-crowned solitude of thine oblivious hours!

ENVY

*Vite summa brevis spes nos vetat incolare longam*

They are not long, the weeping and the laughter,  
 Love and desire and hate;  
 I think they have no portion in us after  
 We pass the gate.

They are not long, the days of wine and roses:  
 Out of a misty dream  
 Our path emerges for a while, then closes  
 Within a dream.

EDWIN ARLINGTON ROBINSON

(A) 1869.

FLAMMONDE

The man Flammonde, from God knows where,  
 With firm address and foreign air,  
 With news of nations in his talk  
 And something royal in his walk,  
 With glint of iron in his eyes,  
 But never doubt, nor yet surprise,  
 Appeared, and stayed, and held his head  
 As one by kings accredited.

Erect, with his alert repose  
About him, and about his clothes,  
He pictured all tradition hears  
Of what we owe to fifty years.  
His cleansing heritage of taste  
Paraded neither want nor waste;  
And what he needed for his fee  
To live, he borrowed graciously.

He never told us what he was,  
Or what mischance, or other cause,  
Had banished him from better days  
To play the Prince of Castaways.  
Meanwhile he played surpassing well  
A part, for most, unplayable;  
In fine, one pauses, half afraid  
To say for certain that he played.

For that, one may as well forgo  
Conviction as to yes or no;  
Nor can I say just how intense  
Would then have been the difference  
To several, who, having striven  
In vain to get what he was given,  
Would see the stranger taken on  
By friends not easy to be won.

Moreover, many a malcontent  
He soothed and found munificent;  
His courtesy beguiled and foiled  
Suspicion that his years were soiled;  
His mien distinguished any crowd,  
His credit strengthened when he bowed;  
And women, young and old, were fond  
Of looking at the man Flammonde.

There was a woman in our town  
On whom the fashion was to frown;  
But while our talk renewed the tinge  
Of a long-faded scarlet fringe,

The man Flammonde saw none of that,  
And what he saw we wondered at—  
That none of us, in her distress,  
Could hide or find our littleness.

There was a boy that all agreed  
Had shut within him the rare seed  
Of learning. We could understand,  
But none of us could lift a hand.  
The man Flammonde appraised the youth,  
And told a few of us the truth;  
And thereby, for a little gold,  
A flowered future was unrolled.

There were two citizens who fought  
For years and years, and over nought;  
They made life awkward for their friends,  
And shortened their own dividends.  
The man Flammonde said what was wrong  
Should be made right; nor was it long  
Before they were again in line,  
And had each other in to dine.

And these I mention are but four  
Of many out of many more.  
So much for them. But what of him—  
So firm in every look and limb?  
What small satanic sort of kink  
Was in his brain? What broken link  
Withheld him from the destinies  
That came so near to being his?

What was he, when we came to sift  
His meaning, and to note the drift  
Of incommunicable ways  
That make us ponder while we praise?  
Why was it that his charm revealed  
Somehow the surface of a shield?  
What was it that we never caught?  
What was he, and what was he not?

How much it was of him we met  
 We cannot ever know; nor yet  
 Shall all he gave us quite atone  
 For what was his, and his alone;  
 Nor need we now, since he knew best,  
 Nourish an ethical unrest:  
 Rarely at once will nature give  
 The power to be Flammonde and live.

We cannot know how much we learn  
 From those who never will return,  
 Until a flash of unforeseen  
 Remembrance falls of what has been.  
 We've each a darkening hill to climb;  
 And this is why, from time to time  
 In Tilbury Town, we look beyond  
 Horizons for the man Flammonde.

*MR. FLOOD'S PARTY*

Old Eben Flood, climbing alone one night  
 Over the hill between the town below  
 And the forsaken upland hermitage  
 That held as much as he should ever know  
 On earth again of home, paused warily.  
 The road was his with not a native near;  
 And Eben, having leisure, said aloud,  
 For no man else in Tilbury Town to hear:

"Well, Mr. Flood, we have the harvest moon  
 Again, and we may not have many more;  
 The bird is on the wing, the poet says,  
 And you and I have said it here before.  
 Drink to the bird." He raised up to the light  
 The jug that he had gone so far to fill,  
 And answered huskily: "Well, Mr. Flood,  
 Since you propose it, I believe I will."

Alone, as if enduring to the end  
 A valiant armour of scarred hopes outworn,  
 He stood there in the middle of the road  
 Like Roland's ghost winding a silent horn.

Below him, in the town among the trees,  
Where friends of other days had honoured him,  
A phantom salutation of the dead  
Rang thinly till old Eben's eyes were dim.

Then, as a mother lays her sleeping child  
Down tenderly, fearing it may awake,  
He set the jug down slowly at his feet  
With trembling care, knowing that most things break;  
And only when assured that on firm earth  
It stood, as the uncertain lives of men  
Assuredly did not, he paced away,  
And with his hand extended paused again:

"Well, Mr. Flood, we have not met like this  
In a long time; and many a change has come  
To both of us, I fear, since last it was  
We had a drop together. Welcome home!"  
Convivially returning with himself,  
Again he raised the jug up to the light;  
And with an acquiescent quaver said:  
"Well, Mr. Flood, if you insist, I might.

"Only a very little, Mr. Flood—  
For auld lang syne. No more, sir; that will do."  
So, for the time, apparently it did,  
And Eben evidently thought so too;  
For soon amid the silver loneliness  
Of night he lifted up his voice and sang,  
Secure, with only two moons listening,  
Until the whole harmonious landscape rang—

"For auld lang syne." The weary throat gave out,  
The last word wavered; and the song being done,  
He raised again the jug regretfully  
And shook his head, and was again alone.  
There was not much that was ahead of him,  
And there was nothing in the town below—  
Where strangers would have shut the many doors  
That many friends had opened long ago.

*VETERAN SIRENS*

The ghost of Ninon would be sorry now  
 To laugh at them, were she to see them here,  
 So brave and so alert for learning how  
 To fence with reason for another year.

Age offers a far comelier diadem  
 Than theirs; but anguish has no eye for grace,  
 When time's malicious mercy cautions them  
 To think a while of number and of space.

The burning hope, the worn expectancy,  
 The martyred humour, and the maimed allure,  
 Cry out for time to end his levity,  
 And age to soften its investiture;

But they, though others fade and are still fair,  
 Defy their fairness and are unsubdued;  
 Although they suffer, they may not forswear  
 The patient ardour of the unpursued.

Poor flesh, to fight the calendar so long;  
 Poor vanity, so quaint and yet so brave;  
 Poor folly, so deceived and yet so strong,  
 So far from Ninon and so near the grave.

## CHARLOTTE MEW

1870 · 1928

*SEA LOVE*

Tide be runnin' the great world over:  
 'Twas only last June month I mind that we  
 Was thinkin' the toss and the call in the breast of the lover  
 So everlastin' as the sea.

Here's the same little fishes that sputter and swim,  
 Wi' the moon's old glim on the gray, wet sand;  
 An' him no more to me nor me to him  
 Than the wind goin' over my hand.

*I HAVE BEEN THROUGH THE GATES*

His heart, to me, was a place of palaces and pinnacles and  
 shining towers;  
 I saw it then as we see things in dreams—I do not remember  
 how long I slept;  
 I remember the trees, and the high, white walls, and how  
 the sun was always on the towers—  
 The walls are standing to-day, and the gates: I have been  
 through the gates, I have groped, I have crept  
 Back, back. There is dust in the streets, and blood; they are  
 empty; darkness is over them;  
 His heart is a place with the lights gone out, forsaken by  
 great winds and the heavenly rain, unclean and  
 unswept,  
 Like the heart of the holy city, old, blind, beautiful  
 Jerusalem,  
 Over which Christ wept.

*BESIDE THE BED*

Some one has shut the shining eyes, straightened and folded  
 The wandering hands quietly covering the unquiet  
 breast:  
 So, smoothed and silenced you lie, like a child, not again to  
 be questioned or scolded:  
 But, for you, not one of us believes that this is rest.

Not so to close the windows down can cloud and deaden  
 The blue beyond: or to screen the wavering flame subdue  
 its breath:  
 Why, if I lay my cheek to your cheek, your grey lips, like  
 dawn, would quiver and redden,  
 Breaking into the old, odd smile at this fraud of death.

Because all night you have not turned to us or spoken  
 It is time for you to wake; your dreams were never very  
 deep:  
 I, for one, have seen the thin bright, twisted threads of  
 them dimmed suddenly and broken.  
 This is only a most piteous pretence of sleep!

## WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

1871

*LEISURE*

What is this life if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

No time to stand beneath the boughs  
And stare as long as sheep or cows.

No time to see, when woods we pass,  
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

No time to see, in broad daylight,  
Streams full of stars, like skies at night.

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,  
And watch her feet, how they can dance.

No time to wait till her mouth can  
Enrich that smile her eyes began.

A poor life this if, full of care,  
We have no time to stand and stare.

*THE HERMIT*

What moves that lonely man is not the boom  
Of waves that break against the cliff so strong;  
Nor roar of thunder, when that travelling voice  
Is caught by rocks that carry far along.

'Tis not the groan of oak tree in its prime,  
When lightning strikes its solid heart to dust.  
Nor frozen pond when, melted by the sun,  
It suddenly doth break its sparkling crust.

What moves that man is when the blind bat taps  
His window where he sits alone at night;  
Or when the small bird sounds like some great beast  
Among the dead, dry leaves so frail and light;

Or when the moths on his night-pillow beat  
 Such heavy blows he fears they'll break his bones;  
 Or when a mouse inside the papered walls,  
 Comes like a tiger crunching through the stones.

*A GREAT TIME*

Sweet Chance, that led my steps abroad,  
 Beyond the town, where wild flowers grow—  
 A rainbow and a cuckoo, Lord!  
 How rich and great the times are now!  
 Know, all ye sheep  
 And cows that keep  
 On staring that I stand so long  
 In grass that's wet from heavy rain—  
 A rainbow and a cuckoo's song  
 May never come together again;  
 May never come  
 This side the tomb.

RALPH HODGSON

1872 ·

*TIME, YOU OLD GYPSY MAN*

Time, you old gypsy man,  
 Will you not stay,  
 Put up your caravan  
 Just for one day?

All things I'll give you  
 Will you be my guest,  
 Bells for your jennet  
 Of silver the best,  
 Goldsmiths shall beat you  
 A great golden ring,  
 Peacocks shall bow to you,  
 Little boys sing,  
 Oh, and sweet girls will  
 Festoon you with may.

## The Twentieth Century

Time, you old gypsy,  
Why hasten away?

Last week in Babylon,  
Last night in Rome,  
Morning, and in the crush  
Under Paul's dome;  
Under Paul's dial  
You tighten your rein—  
Only a moment,  
And off once again;  
Off to some city  
Now blind in the womb,  
Off to another  
Ere that's in the tomb.

Time, you old gypsy man,  
Will you not stay,  
Put up your caravan  
Just for one day?

*EVE*

Eve, with her basket, was  
Deep in the bells and grass,  
Wading in bells and grass  
Up to her knees.  
Picking a dish of sweet  
Berries and plums to eat,  
Down in the bells and grass  
Under the trees.

Mute as a mouse in a  
Corner the cobra lay,  
Curled round a bough of the  
Cinnamon tall. . . .  
Now to get even and  
Humble proud heaven and  
Now was the moment or  
Never at all.

“Eva!” Each syllable  
Light as a flower fell,  
“Eva!” he whispered the  
Wondering maid,  
Soft as a bubble sung  
Out of a linnet’s lung,  
Soft and most silverly  
“Eva!” he said.

Picture that orchard sprite;  
Eve, with her body white,  
Supple and smooth to her  
Slim finger-tips;  
Wondering, listening,  
Listening, wondering,  
Eve with a berry  
Half-way to her lips.

Oh, had our simple Eve  
Seen through the make-believe!  
Had she but known the  
Pretender he was!  
Out of the boughs he came,  
Whispering still her name,  
Tumbling in twenty rings  
Into the grass.

Here was the strangest pair  
In the world anywhere,  
Eve in the bells and grass  
Kneeling, and he  
Telling his story low. . . .  
Singing birds saw them go  
Down the dark path to  
The Blasphemous Tree.

Oh, what a clatter when  
Titmouse and Jenny Wren  
Saw him successful and  
Taking his leave!

## The Twentieth Century

How the birds rated him,  
 How they all hated him!  
 How they all pitied  
 Poor motherless Eve!

Picture her crying  
 Outside in the lane,  
 Eve, with no dish of sweet  
 Berries and plums to eat,  
 Haunting the gate of the  
 Orchard in vain. . . .  
 Picture the lewd delight  
 Under the hill to-night—  
 "Eva!" the toast goes round,  
 "Eva!" again.

*THE MYSTERY*

He came and took me by the hand  
 Up to a red rose tree,  
 He kept His meaning to Himself  
 But gave a rose to me.

I did not pray Him to lay bare  
 The mystery to me,  
 Enough the rose was Heaven to smell,  
 And His own face to see.

WALTER DE LA MARE

1873.

*THE LISTENERS*

"Is there anybody there?" said the Traveller,  
 Knocking on the moonlit door;  
 And his horse in the silence champed the grasses  
 Of the forest's ferny floor.  
 And a bird flew up out of the turret,  
 Above the Traveller's head:  
 And he smote upon the door again a second time;  
 "Is there anybody there?" he said.

But no one descended to the Traveller;  
No head from the leaf-fringed sill  
Leaned over and looked into his grey eyes,  
Where he stood perplexed and still.  
But only a host of phantom listeners  
That dwelt in the lone house then  
Stood listening in the quiet of the moonlight  
To that voice from the world of men:  
Stood thronging the faint moonbeams on the dark stair  
That goes down to the empty hall,  
Harkening in an air stirred and shaken  
By the lonely Traveller's call.  
And he felt in his heart their strangeness,  
Their stillness answering his cry,  
While his horse moved, cropping the dark turf,  
'Neath the starred and leafy sky;  
For he suddenly smote on the door, even  
Louder, and lifted his head:—  
"Tell them I came, and no one answered,  
That I kept my word," he said.  
Never the least stir made the listeners,  
Though every word he spake  
Fell echoing through the shadowiness of the still house  
From the one man left awake:  
Aye, they heard his foot upon the stirrup,  
And the sound of iron on stone,  
And how the silence surged softly backward,  
When the plunging hoofs were gone.

*NOD*

Softly along the road of evening,  
In a twilight dim with rose,  
Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew  
Old Nod, the shepherd, goes.

His drowsy flock streams on before him,  
Their fleeces charged with gold,  
To where the sun's last beam leans low  
On Nod the shepherd's fold.

The hedge is quick and green with brier,  
 From their sand the conies creep;  
 And all the birds that fly in heaven  
 Flock singing home to sleep.

His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,  
 Yet, when night's shadows fall,  
 His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon,  
 Misses not one of all.

His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,  
 The waters of no-more-pain;  
 His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,  
 "Rest, rest, and rest again."

*THE SONG OF SHADOWS*

Sweep thy faint strings, Musician,  
 With thy long lean hand;  
 Downward the starry tapers burn,  
 Sinks soft the waning sand;  
 The old hound whimpers couched in sleep,  
 The embers smoulder low;  
 Across the walls the shadows  
 Come, and go.

Sweep softly thy strings, Musician,  
 The minutes mount to hours;  
 Frost on the windless casement weaves  
 A labyrinth of flowers;  
 Ghosts linger in the darkening air,  
 Harken at the open door;  
 Music hath called them, dreaming,  
 Home once more.

*AN EPITAPH*

Here lies a most beautiful lady,  
 Light of step and heart was she;  
 I think she was the most beautiful lady  
 That ever was in the West Country.  
 But beauty vanishes; beauty passes;

However rare—rare it be;  
And when I crumble, who will remember  
This lady of the West Country?

G. K. CHESTERTON

1874.

*THE PRAISE OF DUST*

“What of vile dust?” the preacher said.

    Methought the whole world woke,  
The dead stone lived beneath my foot,  
And my whole body spoke:

“You, that play tyrant to the dust,  
    And stamp its wrinkled face,  
This patient star that flings you not  
    Far into homeless space,

“Come down out of your dusty shrine  
    The living dust to see,  
The flowers that at your sermon’s end  
    Stand blazing silently.

“Rich white and blood-red blossom; stones,  
    Lichens like fire encrust;  
A gleam of blue, a glare of gold,  
    The vision of the dust.

“Pass them all by: till, as you come  
    Where, at a city’s edge,  
Under a tree—I know it well—  
    Under a lattice ledge,

“The sunshine falls on one brown head.  
    You, too; O cold of clay,  
Eater of stones, may haply hear  
    The trumpets of that day

“When God to all his paladins  
    By his own splendour swore  
To make a fairer face than heaven,  
    Of dust and nothing more.”

## The Twentieth Century

*THE DONKEY*

When fishes flew and forests walked  
 And figs grew upon thorn,  
 Some moment when the moon was blood,  
 Then surely I was born;

With monstrous head and sickening cry  
 And ears like errant wings,  
 The devil's walking parody  
 On all four-footed things.

The tattered outlaw of the earth,  
 Of ancient crooked will;  
 Starve, scourge, deride me: I am dumb,  
 I keep my secret still.

Fools! For I also had my hour;  
 One far fierce hour and sweet:  
 There was a shout about my ears,  
 And palms before my feet!

## AMY LOWELL

(A)1874 · 1925

*PATTERNS*

I walk down the garden paths,  
 And all the daffodils  
 Are blowing, and the bright blue squills.  
 I walk down the patterned garden-paths  
 In my stiff, brocaded gown,  
 With my powdered hair and jewelled fan,  
 I too am a rare  
 Pattern. As I wander down  
 The garden paths.

My dress is richly figured,  
 And the train  
 Makes a pink and silver stain

On the gravel, and the thrift  
Of the borders.  
Just a plate of current fashion,  
Tripping by in high-heeled, ribboned shoes.  
Not a softness anywhere about me,  
Only whalebone and brocade.  
And I sink on a seat in the shade  
Of a lime tree. For my passion  
Wars against the stiff brocade.  
The daffodils and squills  
Flutter in the breeze  
As they please.  
And I weep;  
For the lime tree is in blossom  
And one small flower has dropped upon my bosom.  
  
And the plashing of waterdrops  
In the marble fountain  
Comes down the garden paths.  
The dripping never stops.  
Underneath my stiffened gown  
Is the softness of a woman bathing in a marble basin,  
A basin in the midst of hedges grown  
So thick, she cannot see her lover hiding,  
But she guesses he is near,  
And the sliding of the water  
Seems the stroking of a dear  
Hand upon her.  
What is Summer in a fine brocaded gown!  
I should like to see it lying in a heap upon the ground.  
All the pink and silver crumpled up on the ground.  
  
I would be the pink and silver as I ran along the paths,  
And he would stumble after,  
Bewildered by my laughter.  
I should see the sun flashing from his sword-hilt and the  
    buckles on his shoes.  
I would choose  
To lead him in a maze along the patterned paths,  
A bright and laughing maze for my heavy-booted lover.  
Till he caught me in the shade,

And the buttons of his waistcoat bruised my body as he  
clasped me,

Aching, melting, unafraid.

With the shadows of the leaves and the sundrops,

And the plopping of the waterdrops,

All about us in the open afternoon—

I am very like to swoon

With the weight of this brocade,

For the sun sifts through the shade.

Underneath the fallen blossom

In my bosom

Is a letter I have hid.

It was brought to me this morning by a rider from the Duke.

“Madam, we regret to inform you that Lord Hartwell

Died in action Thursday sennight.”

As I read it in the white, morning sunlight,

The letters squirmed like snakes.

“Any answer, Madam?” said my footman.

“No,” I told him.

“See that the messenger takes some refreshment.

No, no answer.”

And I walked into the garden,

Up and down the patterned paths,

In my stiff, correct brocade.

The blue and yellow flowers stood up proudly in the sun,

Each one.

I stood upright too,

Held rigid to the pattern

By the stiffness of my gown;

Up and down I walked,

Up and down.

In a month he would have been my husband.

In a month, here, underneath this lime,

We would have broke the pattern;

He for me, and I for him,

He as Colonel, I as Lady,

On this shady seat.

He had a whim

That sunlight carried blessing.

And I answered, "It shall be as you have said."  
Now he is dead.

In Summer and in Winter I shall walk  
Up and down  
The patterned garden paths  
In my stiff, brocaded gown.  
The squills and daffodils  
Will give place to pillared roses, and to asters, and to snow.  
I shall go  
Up and down  
In my gown.  
Gorgeously arrayed,  
Boned and stayed.  
And the softness of my body will be guarded from embrace  
By each button, hook, and lace.  
For the man who should loose me is dead,  
Fighting with the Duke in Flanders,  
In a pattern called a war.  
Christ! What are patterns for?

*APOLOGY*

Be not angry with me that I bear  
Your colours everywhere,  
All through each crowded street,  
And meet  
The wonder-light in every eye,  
As I go by.

Each plodding wayfarer looks up to gaze,  
Blinded by rainbow haze,  
The snuff of happiness,  
No less,  
Which wraps me in its glad-hued folds  
Of peacock golds.

Before my feet the dusty, rough-paved way  
Flushes beneath its gray.  
My steps fall ringed with light,  
So bright,

It seems a myriad suns are strown  
About the town.

Around me is the sound of steepled bells,  
And richly perfumed smells  
Hang like a wind-forgotten cloud,  
And shroud  
Me from close contact with the world.  
I dwell imperaled.

You blazon me with jewelled insignia,  
A flaming nebula  
Rims in my life. And yet  
You set  
The word upon me, unconfessed  
To go unguessed.

ROBERT FROST

(A) 1875.

*MY NOVEMBER GUEST*

My Sorrow, when she's here with me,  
Thinks these dark days of autumn rain  
Are beautiful as days can be;  
She loves the bare, the withered tree;  
She walks the sodden pasture lane.

Her pleasure will not let me stay.  
She talks and I am fain to list:  
She's glad the birds are gone away,  
She's glad her simple worsted grey  
Is silver now with clinging mist.

The desolate, deserted trees,  
The faded earth, the heavy sky,  
The beauties she so truly sees,  
She thinks I have no eye for these,  
And vexes me for reason why.

Not yesterday I learned to know  
The love of bare November days  
Before the coming of the snow,  
But it were vain to tell her so,  
And they are better for her praise.

*AN OLD MAN'S WINTER NIGHT*

All out of doors looked darkly in at him  
Through the thin frost, almost in separate stars,  
That gathers on the pane in empty rooms.  
What kept his eyes from giving back the gaze  
Was the lamp tilted near them in his hand.  
What kept him from remembering the need  
That brought him to that creaking room was age.  
He stood with barrels round him—at a loss.  
And having scared the cellar under him  
In clomping there, he scared it once again  
In clomping off; and scared the outer night,  
Which has its sounds, familiar, like the roar  
Of trees and crack of branches, common things,  
But nothing so like beating on a box.  
A light he was to no one but himself  
Where now he sat, concerned with he knew what;  
A quiet light, and then not even that.  
He consigned to the moon, such as she was,  
So late-arising, to the broken moon  
As better than the sun in any case  
For such a charge, his snow upon the roof,  
His icicles along the wall to keep;  
And slept. The log that shifted with a jolt  
Once in the stove, disturbed him and he shifted,  
And eased his heavy breathing, but still slept.  
One aged man—one man—can't keep a house,  
A farm, a countryside, or if he can,  
It's thus he does it of a winter night.

*HOME BURIAL*

He saw her from the bottom of the stairs  
Before she saw him. She was starting down.

Looking back over her shoulder at some fear.  
 She took a doubtful step and then undid it  
 To raise herself and look again. He spoke  
 Advancing toward her: "What is it you see  
 From up there always—for I want to know."  
 She turned and sank upon her skirts at that,  
 And her face changed from terrified to dull.  
 He said to gain time: "What is it you see,"  
 Mounting until she cowered under him.

"I will find out now—you must tell me, dear."

- She, in her place, refused him any help
- With the least stiffening of her neck and silence.
- She let him look, sure that he wouldn't see,
- Blind creature; and a while he didn't see.
- But at last he murmured, "Oh," and again, "Oh."

· "What is it—what?" she said.

"Just that I see."

- "You don't," she challenged. "Tell me what it is."

"The wonder is I didn't see at once.

I never noticed it from here before.

- I must be wonted to it—that's the reason.
- The little graveyard where my people are!
- So small the window frames the whole of it.
- Not so much larger than a bedroom, is it?
- There are three stones of slate and one of marble,
- Broad-shouldered little slabs there in the sunlight
- On the sidehill. We haven't to mind *those*.
- But I understand: it is not the stones,
- But the child's mound—"

"Don't, don't, don't, don't," she cried.

- She withdrew shrinking from beneath his arm
- That rested on the banister, and slid downstairs;
- And turned on him with such a daunting look,
- He said twice over before he knew himself:
- "Can't a man speak of his own child he's lost?"

"Not you! Oh, where's my hat? Oh, I don't need it!  
I must get out of here. I must get air.  
I don't know rightly whether any man can."

"Amy! Don't go to some one else this time.  
Listen to me. I won't come down the stairs."  
He sat and fixed his chin between his fists.  
"There's something I should like to ask you, dear."

"You don't know how to ask it."

"Help me, then."

Her fingers moved the latch for all reply.

"My words are nearly always an offence.  
I don't know how to speak of anything  
So as to please you. But I might be taught,  
I should suppose. I can't say I see how.  
A man must partly give up being a man  
With womenfolk. We could have some arrangement  
By which I'd bind myself to keep hands off  
Anything special you're a-mind to name.  
Though I don't like such things 'twixt those that love.  
- Two that don't love can't live together without them.  
- But two that do can't live together with them."  
- She moved the latch a little. "Don't—don't go.  
- Don't carry it to some one else this time.  
- Tell me about it if it's something human.  
- Let me into your grief. I'm not so much  
Unlike other folks as your standing there  
Apart would make me out. Give me my chance.  
- I do think though, you overdo it a little.  
What was it brought you up to think it the thing  
- To take your mother-loss of a first child  
So inconsolably—in the face of love.  
You'd think his memory might be satisfied—"

"There you go sneering now!"

"I'm not, I'm not!  
You make me angry. I'll come down to you."

God, what a woman! And it's come to this,  
A man can't speak of his own child that's dead."

"You can't because you don't know how to speak.  
If you had any feelings, you that dug  
With your own hand—how could you?—his little grave;  
I saw you from that very window there,  
Making the gravel leap and leap in air,  
Leap up, like that, like that, and land so lightly  
And roll back down the mound beside the hole.  
I thought, Who is that man? I didn't know you.  
And I crept down the stairs and up the stairs  
To look again, and still your spade kept lifting.  
Then you came in. I heard your rumbling voice  
Out in the kitchen, and I don't know why,  
But I went near to see with my own eyes.  
You could sit there with the stains on your shoes  
Of the fresh earth from your own baby's grave  
And talk about your everyday concerns.  
You had stood the spade up against the wall  
Outside there in the entry, for I saw it."

"I shall laugh the worst laugh I ever laughed.  
I'm cursed. God, if I don't believe I'm cursed."

"I can repeat the very words you were saying.  
'Three foggy mornings and one rainy day  
Will rot the best birch fence a man can build.'  
Think of it, talk like that at such a time!  
What had how long it takes a birch to rot  
To do with what was in the darkened parlour.  
You *couldn't* care! The nearest friends can go  
With any one to death, comes so far short  
They might as well not try to go at all.  
No, from the time when one is sick to death,  
One is alone, and he dies more alone.  
Friends make pretence of following to the grave,  
But before one is in it, their minds are turned  
And making the best of their way back to life  
And living people, and things they understand.

But the world's evil. I won't have grief so  
If I can change it. Oh, I won't, I won't!"

"There, you have said it all and you feel better.  
You won't go now, you're crying. Close the door.  
The heart's gone out of it: why keep it up.  
Amy! There's some one coming down the road!"

"You—oh, you think the talk is all. I must go—  
Somewhere out of this house. How can I make you——"

"If—you—do!" She was opening the door wider.  
"Where do you mean to go? First tell me that.  
I'll follow and bring you back by force. I will!——" ( 2

*TREE AT MY WINDOW*

Tree at my window, window tree,  
My sash is lowered when night comes on;  
But let there never be curtain drawn  
Between you and me.

Vague dream-head lifted out of the ground,  
And thing next most diffuse to cloud,  
Not all your light tongue talking aloud  
Could be profound.

But, tree, I have seen you taken and tossed,  
And if you have seen me when I slept,  
You have seen me when I was taken and swept  
And all but lost.

That day she put our heads together,  
Fate had her imagination about her,  
Your head so much concerned with outer,  
Mine with inner, weather.

*TO EARTHWARD*

Love at the lips was touch  
As sweet as I could bear;

## The Twentieth Century

And once that seemed too much;  
I lived on air

That crossed me from sweet things,  
The flow of—was it musk  
From hidden grape-vine springs  
Down hill at dusk?

I had the swirl and ache  
From sprays of honeysuckle  
That when they're gathered shake  
Dew on the knuckle.

I craved strong sweets, but those  
Seemed strong when I was young;  
The petal of the rose  
It was that stung.

Now no joy but lacks salt  
That is not dashed with pain  
And weariness and fault;  
I crave the stain

Of tears, the aftermark  
Of almost too much love,  
The sweet of bitter bark  
And burning clove.

When stiff and sore and scarred  
I take away my hand  
From leaning on it hard  
In grass and sand,

The hurt is not enough:  
I long for weight and strength  
To feel the earth as rough  
To all my length.

*STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING*

Whose woods these are I think I know.  
His house is in the village though;

He will not see me stopping here  
To watch his woods fill up with snow

My little horse must think it queer  
To stop without a farmhouse near  
Between the woods and frozen lake  
The darkest evening of the year.

He gives his harness bells a shake  
To ask if there is some mistake.  
The only other sound's the sweep  
Of easy wind and downy flake.

The woods are lovely, dark and deep.  
But I have promises to keep,  
And miles to go before I sleep.  
And miles to go before I sleep.

## JOHN MASEFIELD

1878.

### *THE PASSING STRANGE*

Out of the earth of rest or range  
Perpetual in perpetual change,  
The unknown passing through the strange.

Water and saltness held together  
To tread the dust and stand the weather,  
And plough the field and stretch the tether,

To pass the wine-cup and be witty,  
Water the sands and build the city,  
Slaughter like devils and have pity,

Be red with rage and pale with lust,  
Make beauty come, make peace, make trust,  
Water and saltness mixed with dust;

Drive over earth, swim under sea,  
Fly in the eagle's secrecy,  
Guess where the hidden comets be;

Know all the deathly seeds that still  
Queen Helen's beauty, Caesar's will,  
And slay them even as they kill;

Fashion an altar for a rood,  
Defile a continent with blood,  
And watch a brother starve for food:

Love like a madman, shaking, blind,  
Till self is burnt into a kind  
Possession of another mind;

Brood upon beauty, till the grace  
Of beauty with the holy face  
Brings peace into the bitter place;

Probe in the lifeless granites, scan  
The stars for hope, for guide, for plan;  
Live as a woman or a man;

Fasten to lover or to friend,  
Until the heart break at the end  
The break of death that cannot mend:

Then to lie useless, helpless, still,  
Down in the earth, in dark, to fill  
The roots of grass or daffodil.

Down in the earth, in dark, alone,  
A mockery of the ghost in bone,  
The strangeness, passing the unknown.

Time will go by, that outlasts clocks,  
Dawn in the thorps will rouse the cocks,  
Sunset be glory on the rocks:

But it, the thing, will never heed  
Even the rooting from the seed  
Thrusting to suck it for its need.

Since moons decay and suns decline,  
How else should end this life of mine?  
Water and saltness are not wine.

But in the darkest hour of night,  
When even the foxes peer for sight,  
The byre-cock crows; he feels the light.

So, in this water mixed with dust,  
The byre-cock spirit crows from trust  
That death will change because it must.

For all things change: the darkness changes,  
The wandering spirits change their ranges,  
The corn is gathered to the granges.

The corn is sown again, it grows;  
The stars burn out, the darkness goes;  
The rhythms change, they do not close.

They change, and we, who pass like foam,  
Like dust blown through the streets of Rome,  
Change ever, too; we have no home.

Only a beauty, only a power,  
Sad in the fruit, bright in the flower,  
Endlessly erring for its hour,

But gathering as we stray, a sense  
Of Life, so lovely and intense,  
It lingers when we wander hence,

That those who follow feel behind  
Their backs, when all before is blind,  
Our joy, a rampart to the mind.

*C. L. M.*

In the dark womb where I began  
 My mother's life made me a man.  
 Through all the months of human birth  
 Her beauty fed my common earth.  
 I cannot see, nor breathe, nor stir,  
 But through the death of some of her.

Down in the darkness of the grave  
 She cannot see the life she gave.  
 For all her love, she cannot tell  
 Whether I use it ill or well,  
 Nor knock at dusty doors to find  
 Her beauty dusty in the mind.

If the grave's gates could be undone,  
 She would not know her little son,  
 I am so grown. If we should meet,  
 She would pass by me in the street,  
 Unless my soul's face let her see  
 My sense of what she did for me.

What have I done to keep in mind  
 My debt to her and womankind?  
 What woman's happier life repays  
 Her for those months of wretched days?  
 For all my mouthless body leeches  
 Ere Birth's releasing hell was reached?

What have I done, or tried, or said  
 In thanks to that dear woman dead?  
 Men triumph over women still,  
 Men trample women's rights at will,  
 And man's lust roves the world untamed

• • • • •  
 O grave, keep shut lest I be shamed.

*SEA-FEVER*

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,  
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,  
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white  
sail's shaking,  
And a grey mist on the sea's face and grey dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the running  
tide  
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be denied;  
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,  
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the sea-gulls  
crying.

I must down to the seas again to the vagrant gypsy life.  
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the wind's  
like a whetted knife;  
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing fellow-rover,  
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long trick's  
over.

## EDWARD THOMAS

1878 · 1917

*THE TRUMPET*

Rise up, rise up,  
And, as the trumpet blowing  
Chases the dreams of men,  
As the dawn glowing  
The stars that left unlit  
The land and water,  
Rise up and scatter  
The dew that covers  
The print of last night's lovers—  
Scatter it, scatter it!

While you are listening  
To the clear horn,

Forget, men, everything  
 On this earth newborn,  
 Except that it is lovelier  
 Than any mysteries.  
 Open your eyes to the air  
 That has washed the eyes of the stars  
 Through all the dewy night:  
 Up with the light,  
 To the old wars;  
 Arise, arise!

*IF I SHOULD EVER BY CHANCE*

If I should ever by chance grow rich  
 I'll buy Codham, Cockridden, and Childerditch,  
 Roses, Pyrgo, and Lapwater,  
 And let them all to my elder daughter.  
 The rent I shall ask of her will be only  
 Each year's first violets, white and lonely,  
 The first primroses and orchises—  
 She must find them before I do, that is.  
 But if she finds a blossom on furze  
 Without rent they shall all for ever be hers,  
 Codham, Cockridden, and Childerditch,  
 Roses, Pyrgo, and Lapwater—  
 I shall give them all to my elder daughter.

ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

(A)1878 · 1914

*CINQUAINS*

TRIAD

These be  
 Three silent things:  
 The falling snow . . . the hour  
 Before the dawn . . . the mouth of one  
 Just dead.

## NOVEMBER NIGHT

Listen . . .  
With faint dry sound,  
Like steps of passing ghosts,  
The leaves, frost-crisped, break from the trees  
And fall.

## THE WARNING

Just now,  
Out of the strange  
Still dusk . . . as strange, as still . . .  
A white moth flew. Why am I grown  
So cold?

*ON SEEING WEATHER-BEATEN TREES*

Is it as plainly in our living shown,  
By slant and twist, which way the wind hath blown ?

## CARL SANDBURG

(A)1878 .

*PLUNGER*

Empty the last drop.  
Pour out the final clinging heartbeat.  
Great losers look on and smile.  
Great winners look on and smile.

Plunger:  
Take a long breath and let yourself go.

*GRASS*

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo.  
Shovel them under and let me work—  
I am the grass; I cover all.

And pile them high at Gettysburg  
 And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun.  
 Shovel them under and let me work.  
 Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the conductor:  
     What place is this?  
     Where are we now?

I am the grass.  
 Let me work.

*COOL TOMBS*

When Abraham Lincoln was shovelled into the tombs, he  
 forgot the copperheads and the assassin . . . in the  
 dust, in the cool tombs.

And Ulysses Grant lost all thought of con men and Wall  
 Street, cash and collateral turned ashes . . . in the dust,  
 in the cool tombs.

Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a red haw  
 in November or a pawpaw in May, did she wonder?  
 does she remember? . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs?

Take any streetful of people buying clothes and groceries,  
 cheering a hero or throwing confetti and blowing tin  
 horns . . . tell me if the lovers are losers . . . tell me  
 if any get more than the lovers . . . in the dust . . .  
 in the cool tombs.

*FOUR PRELUDES ON PLAYTHINGS OF THE WIND*

I

The woman named To-morrow  
 sits with a hairpin in her teeth  
 and takes her time  
 and does her hair the way she wants it  
 and fastens at last the last braid and coil  
 and puts the hairpin where it belongs  
 and turns and draws: Well, what of it?

My grandmother, Yesterday, is gone.  
What of it? Let the dead be dead.

2

The doors were cedar  
and the panel strips of gold  
and the girls were golden girls  
and the panels read and the girls chanted:

We are the greatest city,  
and the greatest nation:  
nothing like us ever was.

The doors are twisted on broken hinges.  
Sheets of rain swish through on the wind  
where the golden girls ran and the panels  
read:

We are the greatest city,  
the greatest nation,  
nothing like us ever was.

3

It has happened before.  
Strong men put up a city and got  
a nation together,  
And paid singers to sing and women  
to warble: We are the greatest city,  
the greatest nation,  
nothing like us ever was.

And while the singers sang  
and the strong men listened  
and paid the singers well,  
there were rats and lizards who listened  
. . . and the only listeners left now  
. . . are . . . the rats . . . and the lizards.  
And there are black crows  
crying, "Caw, caw,"  
bringing mud and sticks  
building a nest  
over the words carved  
on the doors where the panels were cedar

and the strips on the panels were gold  
 and the golden girls came singing:  
 We are the greatest city,  
 the greatest nation:  
 nothing like us ever was.

The only singers now are the crows crying, "Caw, caw."  
 And the sheets of rain whine in the wind and doorways.  
 And the only listeners now are . . . the rats . . . and  
 the lizards.

## 4

The feet of the rats  
 scribble on the doorsills;  
 the hieroglyphs of the rat footprints  
 chatter the pedigrees of the rats  
 and babble of the blood  
 and gabble of the breed  
 of the grandfathers and the great-grandfathers  
 of the rats.  
 And the wind shifts  
 and the dust on a doorsill shifts  
 and even the writing of the rat footprints  
 tells us nothing, nothing at all  
 about the greatest city, the greatest nation  
 where the strong men listened  
 and the women warbled: Nothing like us ever was.

VACHEL LINDSAY

(A) 1879 · 1931

*THE KALLOPE YELL*

## I

Proud men  
 Eternally  
 Go about  
 Slander me,  
 Call me the "Calliope",  
 Sizz . . .  
 Fizz . . .

## II

I am the Gutter Dream,  
 Tune-maker, born of steam,  
 Tooting joy, tooting hope.  
 I am the Kallyope,  
 Car called the Kallyope.  
 Willy willy willy wah HOO!  
 See the flags: snow-white tent,  
 See the bear and elephant,  
 See the monkey jump the rope,  
 Listen to the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!  
 Soul of the rhinoceros  
 And the hippopotamus  
 (Listen to the lion roar!)  
 Jaguar, cockatoot,  
 Loons, owls,  
 Hoot, hoot.  
 Listen to the lion roar,  
 Listen to the lion roar,  
 Listen to the lion R-O-A-R!  
 Hear the leopard cry for gore,  
 Willy willy willy wah HOO!  
 Hail the bloody Indian band,  
 Hail, all hail the popcorn stand,  
 Hail to Barnum's picture there,  
 People's idol everywhere,  
 Whoop whoop whoop WHOOP!  
 Music of the mob am I,  
 Circus day's tremendous cry:—  
 I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!  
 Hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot,  
 Willy willy willy wah HOO!  
 Sizz, fizz. . . .

## III

Born of mobs, born of steam,  
 Listen to my golden dream,  
 Listen to my golden dream,  
 Listen to my G-O-L-D-E-N D-R-E-A-M!  
 Whoop whoop whoop whoop WHOOP!

I will blow the proud folk low,  
 Humanize the dour and slow,  
 I will shake the proud folk down,  
 (Listen to the lion roar!)  
 Popcorn crowds shall rule the town—  
 Willy willy willy wah HOO!  
 Steam shall work melodiously,  
 Brotherhood increase.  
 You'll see the world and all it holds  
 For fifty cents apiece.  
 Willy willy willy wah HOO!  
 Every day a circus day.

What?

Well, almost every day.  
 Nevermore the sweater's den,  
 Nevermore the prison pen.  
 Gone the war on land and sea  
 That aforetime troubled men.  
 Nations all in amity,  
 Happy in their plumes arrayed  
 In the long bright street parade.  
 Bands a-playing every day.

What?

Well, almost every day.  
 I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!  
 Willy willy willy wah HOO!  
 Hoot toot, hoot toot,  
 Whoop whoop whoop whoop,  
 Willy willy willy wah HOO!  
 Sizz, fizz. . . .

IV

Every soul  
 Resident  
 In the earth's one circus-tent!  
 Every man a trapeze king,  
 Then a pleased spectator there.

On the benches! In the ring!  
While the neighbours gawk and stare  
And the cheering rolls along.  
Almost every day a race  
When the merry starting gong  
Rings, each chariot on the line,  
Every driver fit and fine  
With a steel-spring Roman grace.  
Almost every day a dream.  
Almost every day a dream.  
Every girl,  
Maid or wife,  
Wild with music,  
Eyes agleam  
With that marvel called desire:  
Actress, princess, fit for life,  
Armed with honour like a knife,  
Jumping thro' the hoops of fire.  
(Listen to the lion roar!)  
Making all the children shout.  
Clowns shall tumble all about,  
Painted high and full of song  
While the cheering rolls along,  
Tho' they scream,  
Tho' they rage,  
Every beast  
In his cage,  
Every beast  
In his den  
That aforetime troubled men.

## v

I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope,  
Tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting  
hope;  
Shaking window-pane and door  
With a crashing cosmic tune,  
With the war-cry of the spheres,  
Rhythm of the roar of noon,  
Rhythm of Niagara's roar,

Voicing planet, star and moon,  
*Shrieking* of the better years.  
 Prophet-singers will arise,  
 Prophets coming after me,  
 Sing my song in softer guise  
 With more delicate surprise;  
 I am but the pioneer  
 Voice of Democracy;  
 I am the gutter dream,  
 I am the golden dream,  
 Singing science, singing steam,  
 I will blow the proud folk down,  
 (Listen to the lion roar!)  
 I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kalloype,  
 Tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting hope, tooting  
     hope,  
 Willy willy willy wah HOO!  
 Hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot,  
 Whoop whoop, whoop whoop,  
 Whoop whoop, whoop whoop,  
 Willy willy willy wah HOO!  
 Sizz . . .  
 Fizz . . .

*THE LEADEN-EYED*

Let not young souls be smothered out before  
 They do quaint deeds and fully flaunt their pride.  
 It is the world's one crime its babes grow dull,  
 Its poor are ox-like, limp and leaden-eyed.

Not that they starve, but starve so dreamlessly;  
 Not that they sow, but that they seldom reap;  
 Not that they serve, but have no gods to serve;  
 Not that they die, but that they die like sheep.

PADRAIC COLUM

1881

*AN OLD WOMAN OF THE ROADS*

O, to have a little house!  
 To own the hearth and stool and all!

The heaped-up sods upon the fire,  
The pile of turf against the wall!

To have a clock with weights and chains  
And pendulum swinging up and down!  
A dresser filled with shining delph,  
Speckled and white and blue and brown!

I could be busy all the day  
Clearing and sweeping hearth and floor,  
And fixing on their shelf again  
My white and blue and speckled store!

I could be quiet there at night  
Beside the fire and by myself,  
Sure of a bed and loth to leave  
The ticking clock and the shining delph!

Och! but I'm weary of mist and dark,  
And roads where there's never a house nor bush,  
And tired I am of bog and road,  
And the crying wind and the lonesome hush!

And I am praying to God on high,  
And I am praying Him night and day,  
For a little house—a house of my own—  
Out of the wind's and the rain's way.

## MARTIN ARMSTRONG

1882.

### *THE CAGE*

Man, afraid to be alive,  
Shuts his soul in senses five;  
From fields of uncreated light  
Into the crystal tower of sight;  
And from the roaring songs of space  
Into the small, flesh-carven place  
Of the ear whose cave impounds  
Only small and broken sounds;

And to his narrow sense of touch  
From strength that held the stars in clutch;  
And from the warm ambrosial spice  
Of flowers and fruits of Paradise  
To the frail and fitful power  
Of tongue's and nose's sweet and sour;  
And toiling for a sordid wage  
There in his self-created cage.  
Ah, how safely barred is he  
From menace of Eternity.

JAMES STEPHENS

1882.

*THE SHELL*

And then I pressed the shell  
Close to my ear  
And listened well,  
And straightway like a bell  
Came low and clear  
The slow, sad murmur of the distant seas,  
Whipped by an icy breeze  
Upon a shore  
Wind-swept and desolate.  
It was a sunless strand that never bore  
The footprint of a man,  
Nor felt the weight  
Since time began  
Of any human quantity or stir  
Save what the dreary winds and waves incur.  
And in the hush of waters was the sound  
Of pebbles rolling round,  
For ever rolling with a hollow sound.  
And bubbling sea-weeds as the waters go,  
Swish to and fro  
Their long, cold tentacles of slimy gray.  
There was no day,  
Nor ever came a night  
Setting the stars alight

To wonder at the moon:  
 Was twilight only and the frightened croon,  
 Smitten to whimpers, of the dreary wind  
 And waves that journeyed blind—  
 And then I loosed my ear . . . O, it was sweet  
 To hear a cart go jolting down the street.

*TO THE FOUR COURTS, PLEASE*

The driver rubbed at his nettly chin  
 With a huge, loose forefinger, crooked and black,  
 And his wobbly, violet lips sucked in,  
 And puffed out again and hung down slack;  
 One fang shone through his lop-sided smile,  
 In his little pouched eye flickered years of guile.

And the horse, poor beast, it was ribbed and forked,  
 And its ears hung down, and its eyes were old,  
 And its knees were knuckly, and as we talked  
 It swung the stiff neck that could scarcely hold  
 Its big, skinny head up—then I stepped in,  
 And the driver climbed to his seat with a grin.

God help the horse and the driver too,  
 And the people and beasts who have never a friend,  
 For the driver easily might have been you,  
 And the horse be me by a different end.  
 And nobody knows how their days will cease,  
 And the poor, when they're old, have little of peace.

WALLACE STEVENS

(A) 1882.

*PETER QUINCE AT THE CLAVIER*

I

Just as my fingers on these keys  
 Make music, so the self-same sounds  
 On my spirit make a music, too.

Music is feeling, then, not sound;  
And thus it is that what I feel,  
Here in this room, desiring you,

Thinking of your blue-shadowed silk,  
Is music. It is like the strain  
Waked in the elders by Susanna:

Of a green evening, clear and warm,  
She bathed in her still garden, while  
The red-eyed elders, watching, felt

The basses of their beings throb  
In witching chords, and their thin blood  
Pulse pizzicati of Hosanna.

## II

In the green water, clear and warm,  
Susanna lay,  
She searched  
The touch of springs,  
And found  
Concealed imaginings.  
She sighed,  
For so much melody.

Upon the bank, she stood  
In the cool  
Of spent emotions.  
She felt, among the leaves,  
The dew  
Of old devotions.

She walked upon the grass,  
Still quavering.  
The winds were like her maids  
On timid feet,  
Fetching her woven scarves,  
Yet wavering.

A breath upon her hand  
Muted the night.  
She turned—  
A cymbal crashed,  
And roaring horns.

## III

Soon, with a noise like tambourines,  
Came her attendant Byzantines.

They wondered why Susanna cried  
Against the elders by her side;

And as they whispered, the refrain  
Was like a willow swept by rain.

Anon, their lamps' uplifted flame  
Revealed Susanna and her shame.

And then, the simpering Byzantines  
Fled, with a noise like tambourines.

## IV

Beauty is momentary in the mind—  
The fitful tracing of a portal;  
But in the flesh it is immortal.

The body dies; the body's beauty lives.  
So evenings die, in their green going,  
A wave, interminably flowing.  
So gardens die, their meek breath scenting  
The cowl of Winter, done repenting.  
So maidens die, to the auroral  
Celebration of a maiden's choral.

Susanna's music touched the bawdy strings  
Of those white elders; but, escaping,  
Left only Death's ironic scraping.  
Now, in its immortality, it plays  
On the clear viol of her memory,  
And makes a constant sacrament of praise.

*TO THE ONE OF FICTIVE MUSIC*

Sister and mother and diviner love,  
And of the sisterhood of the living dead  
Most near, most clear, and of the clearest bloom,  
And of the fragrant mothers the most dear  
And queen, and of diviner love the day  
And flame and summer and sweet fire, no thread  
Of cloudy silver sprinkles in your gown  
Its venom of renown, and on your head  
No crown is simpler than the simple hair.

Now, of the music summoned by the birth  
That separates us from the wind and sea,  
Yet leaves us in them, until earth becomes,  
By being so much of the things we are,  
Gross effigy and simulacrum, none  
Gives motion to perfection more serene  
Than yours, out of our imperfections wrought,  
Most rare, or ever of more kindred air  
In the laborious weaving that you wear.

For so retentive of themselves are men  
That music is intensest which proclaims  
The near, the clear, and vaunts the clearest bloom,  
And of all vigils musing the obscure,  
That apprehends the most which sees and names,  
As in your name, an image that is sure,  
Among the arrant spices of the sun,  
O bough and bush and scented vine, in whom  
We give ourselves our likest issuance.

Yet not too like, yet not so like to be  
Too near, too clear, saving a little to endow  
Our feigning with the strange unlike, whence springs  
The difference that heavenly pity brings.  
For this, musician, in your girdle fixed  
Bear other perfumes. On your pale head wear  
A band entwining, set with fatal stones.  
Unreal, give back to us what once you gave:  
The imagination that we spurned and crave.

1883.

*SELF-ANALYSIS*

The tumult of my fretted mind  
Gives me expression of a kind;  
But it is faulty, harsh, not plain—  
My work has the incompetence of pain.

I am consumed with a slow fire,  
For righteousness is my desire;  
Towards that good goal I cannot whip my will,  
I am a tired horse that jibs upon a hill.

I desire Virtue, though I love her not—  
I have no faith in her when she is got:  
I fear that she will bind and make me slave  
And send me songless to the sullen grave.

I am like a man who fears to take a wife,  
And frets his soul with wantons all his life.  
With rich, unholy foods I stuff my maw;  
When I am sick, then I believe in law.

I fear the whiteness of straight ways—  
I think there is no colour in unsullied days.  
My silly sins I take for my heart's ease,  
And know my beauty in the end disease.

Of old there were great heroes, strong in fight,  
Who, tense and sinless, kept a fire alight:  
God of our hope, in their great name,  
Give me the straight and ordered flame!

*SONG*

I was so chill, and overworn, and sad,  
To be a lady was the only joy I had.  
I walked the street as silent as a mouse,  
Buying fine clothes, and fittings for the house.

But since I saw my love  
 I wear a simple dress,  
 And happily I 'move  
 Forgetting weariness.

*DOMESTIC ECONOMY*

I will have few cooking-pots,  
 They shall be bright;  
 They shall reflect to blinding  
 God's straight light.  
 I will have four garments,  
 They shall be clean;  
 My service shall be good,  
 Though my diet be mean.  
 Then I shall have excess to give to the poor,  
 And right to counsel beggars at my door.

*ENVOI*

God, thou great symmetry,  
 Who put a biting lust in me  
 From whence my sorrows spring,  
 For all the frittered days  
 That I have spent in shapeless ways,  
 Give me one perfect thing.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER

1884 · 1915

*STILLNESS*

When the words rustle no more,  
 And the last work's done,  
 When the bolt lies deep in the door,  
 And Fire, our Sun,  
 Falls on the dark-laned meadows of the floor;  
 When from the clock's last chime to the next chime  
 Silence beats his drum,  
 And Space with gaunt grey eyes and her brother Time

Wheeling and whispering come,  
She with the mould of form and he with the loom of rhyme:

Then twittering out in the night my thought-birds flee,  
I am emptied of all my dreams:  
I only hear Earth turning, only see  
Ether's long bankless streams,  
And only know I should drown if you  
Laid not your hand on me.

## SARA TEASDALE

(A)1884.

*ARCTURUS IN AUTUMN*

When, in the gold October dusk, I saw you near to setting,  
Arcturus, bringer of spring,  
Lord of the summer nights, leaving us now in autumn,  
Having no pity on our withering;

Oh, then I knew at last that my own autumn was upon me,  
I felt it in my blood,  
Restless as dwindling streams that still remember  
The music of their flood.

There in the thickening dark a wind-bent tree above me  
Loosed its last leaves in flight—  
I saw you sink and vanish, pitiless Arcturus;  
You will not stay to share our lengthening night.

“*LET IT BE FORGOTTEN*”

Let it be forgotten, as a flower is forgotten,  
Forgotten as a fire that once was singing gold,  
Let it be forgotten for ever and ever,  
Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.

If any one asks, say it was forgotten  
Long and long ago,  
As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed footfall  
In a long-forgotten snow.

## EZRA POUND

(A)1885 ·

*BALLAD OF THE GOODLY FERÉ*<sup>1</sup>*Simon Zelotes speaketh it somewhile after the Crucifixion*

Ha' we lost the goodliest fere o' all  
 For the priests and the gallows-tree?  
 Aye, lover he was of brawny men,  
 O' ships and the open sea.

When they came wi' a host to take Our Man  
 His smile was good to see,  
 "First let these go!" quo' our Goodly Fere,  
 "Or I'll see ye damned," says he.

Aye, he sent us out through the crossed high spears,  
 And the scorn of his laugh rang free,  
 "Why took ye not me when I walked about  
 Alone in the town?" says he.

Oh, we drank his "Hale" in the good red wine  
 When we last made company,  
 No capon priest was the Goodly Fere  
 But a man o' men was he.

I ha' seen him drive a hundred men  
 Wi' a bundle o' cords swung free,  
 When they took the high and holy house  
 For their pawn and treasury.

They'll no get him a' in a book I think  
 Though they write it cunningly;  
 No mouse of the scrolls was the Goodly Fere  
 But aye loved the open sea.

If they think they ha' snared our Goodly Fere  
 They are fools to the last degree.  
 "I'll go to the feast," quo' our Goodly Fere,  
 "Though I go to the gallows-tree."

<sup>1</sup> Fere=Mate, companion.

“Ye ha’ seen me heal the lame and the blind,  
 And wake the dead,” says he,  
 “Ye shall see one thing to master ‘all:  
 ’Tis how a brave man dies on the tree.”

A son of God was the Goodly Fere  
 That bade us his brothers be.  
 I ha’ seen him cow a thousand men.  
 I ha’ seen him upon the tree.

He cried no cry when they drave the nails  
 And the blood gushed hot and free,  
 The hounds of the crimson sky gave tongue  
 But never a cry cried he.

I ha’ seen him cow a thousand men  
 On the hills o’ Galilee,  
 They whined as he walked out calm between,  
 Wi’ his eyes like the grey o’ the sea.

Like the sea that brooks no voyaging  
 With the winds unleashed and free,  
 Like the sea that he cowed at Gennesaret  
 Wi’ twey words spoke’ suddenly.

A master of men was the Goodly Fere,  
 A mate of the wind and sea,  
 If they think they ha’ slain our Goodly Fere  
 They are fools eternally.

I ha’ seen him eat o’ the honeycomb  
 Sin’ they nailed him to the tree.

## HUMBERT WOLFE

1885 ·

### *THE GREY SQUIRREL*

Like a small grey  
 coffee-pot,  
 sits the squirrel.  
 He is not

## The Twentieth Century

all he should be,  
 kill§ by dozens  
 trees, and eats  
 his red-brown cousins.

The keeper on the  
 other hand,  
 who shot him, is  
 a Christian, and

loves his enemies,  
 which shows  
 the squirrel was not  
 one of those.

*TULIP*

Clean as a lady,  
 cool as glass,  
 fresh without fragrance  
 the tulip was.

The craftsman, who carved her  
 of metal, prayed:  
 "Live, oh thou lovely!"  
 Half metal she stayed.

*ILIAD*

False dreams, all false,  
 mad heart, were yours.  
 The word, and nought else,  
 in time endures.  
 Not you long after,  
 perished and mute,  
 will last, but the<sup>d</sup>defter  
 viol and lute.  
 Sweetly they'll trouble  
 the listeners  
 with the cold dropped pebble  
 of painless verse.

Not you will be offered,  
but the poet's false pain.  
You have loved and suffered,  
mad heart, in vain.  
What love doth Helen  
or Paris have  
where they lie still in  
a nameless grave?  
Her beauty's a wraith,  
and the boy Paris  
muffles in death  
his mouth's cold cherries.  
Yes! these are less,  
that were love's summer,  
than one gold phrase  
of old blind Homer.  
Not Helen's wonder  
nor Paris stirs,  
but the bright, untender  
hexameters.  
And thus, all passion  
is nothing made,  
but a star to flash in  
an Iliad.  
Mad heart, you were wrong!  
No love of yours,  
but only what's sung,  
when love's over, endures.

## SIEGFRIED SASSOON

1886.

*THE REAR-GUARD*

Groping along the tunnel, step by step,  
He winked his prying torch with patching glare  
From side to side, and sniffed the unwholesome air.

Tins, boxes, bottles, shapes too vague to know,  
A mirror smashed, the mattress from a bed;

And he, exploring fifty feet below  
The rosy gloom of battle overhead.  
Tripping, he grabbed the wall; saw someone lie  
Humped at his feet, half-hidden by a rug,  
And stooped to give the sleeper's arm a tug.  
"I'm looking for headquarters." No reply.  
"God blast your neck!" (For days he'd had no sleep.  
"Get up and guide me through this stinking place."  
Savage, he kicked a soft, unanswering heap,  
And flashed his beam across the livid face  
Terribly glaring up, whose eyes yet wore  
Agony dying hard ten days before;  
And fists of fingers clutched a blackening wound.  
Alone he staggered on until he found  
Dawn's ghost that filtered down a shafted stair  
To the dazed, muttering creatures underground  
Who hear the boom of shells in muffled sound.  
At last, with sweat of horror in his hair,  
He climbed through darkness to the twilight air,  
Unloading hell behind him step by step.

*EVERY ONE SANG*

Every one suddenly burst out singing;  
And I was filled with such delight  
As prisoned birds must find in freedom  
Winging wildly across the white  
Orchards and dark green fields; on; on;  
and out of sight.

Every one's voice was suddenly lifted,  
And beauty came like the setting sun.  
My heart was shaken with tears, and horror  
Drifted away. . . . O, but every one  
Was a bird; and the song was wordless; the  
singing will never be done.

## EVERYMAN

The weariness of life that has no will,  
To climb the steepening hill:  
The sickness of the soul for sleep, and to be still.

And then once more the impassioned pygmy fist  
Clenched cloudward and defiant;  
The pride that would prevail, the doomed protagonist,  
Grappling the ghostly giant.

Victim and venturer, turn by turn; and then  
Set free to be again  
Companion in repose with those who once were men.

## ALONE

"*When I'm alone*"—the words tripped off his tongue  
As though to be alone were nothing strange.  
"*When I was young*," he said; "*when I was young. . . .*"

I thought of age, and loneliness, and change.  
I thought how strange we grow when we're alone,  
And how unlike the selves that meet and talk,  
And blow the candles out, and say good night.  
*Alone. . . .* The word is life endured and known.  
It is the stillness where our spirits walk  
And all but inmost faith is overthrown.

"H. D."

(A)1886.

## OREAD

Whirl up, sea—  
Whirl your pointed pines.  
Splash your great pines  
On our rocks.  
Hurl your green over us—  
Cover us with your pools of fir.

*HEAT*

O wind, rend open the heat,  
cut apart the heat,  
rend it to tatters.

Fruit cannot drop  
through this thick air—  
fruit cannot fall into heat  
that presses up and blunts  
the points of pears  
and rounds the grapes.

Cut through the heat—  
plough through it,  
turning it on either side  
of your path.

*LETHE*

Nor skin nor hide nor fleece  
Shall cover you,  
Nor curtain of crimson nor fine  
Shelter of cedar-wood be over you,  
Nor the fir-tree  
Nor the pine.

Nor sight of whin nor gorse  
Nor river-yew,  
Nor fragrance of flowering bush,  
Nor wailing of reed-bird to waken you.  
Nor of linnet  
Nor of thrush.

Nor word nor touch nor sight  
Of lover, you  
Shall long through the night but for this:  
The roll of the full tide to cover you  
Without question,  
Without kiss.

(A)1886.

*THE FISH-HAWK*

On the large highway of the awful air that flows  
Unbounded between sea and heaven, while twilight  
screened

The sorrowful distances, he moved and had repose;  
On the huge wind of the Immensity he leaned  
His steady body in long lapse of flight—and rose

Gradual, through broad gyres of ever-climbing rest,  
Up the clear stair of the eternal sky, and stood  
Throned on the summit! Slowly, with his widening breast,  
Widened around him the enormous Solitude,  
From the grey rim of ocean to the glowing west.

Headlands and capes forlorn of the far coast, the land  
Rolling her barrens toward the south, he, from his  
throne

Upon the gigantic wind, beheld: he hung—he fanned  
The abyss for mighty joy, to feel beneath him strown  
Pale pastures of the sea, with heaven on either hand—

The world with all her winds and waters, earth and air,  
Fields, folds, and moving clouds. The awful and adored  
Arches and endless aisles of vacancy, the fair  
Void of sheer heights and hollows hailed him as her lord  
And lover in the highest, to whom all heaven lay bare!

Till from that tower of ecstasy, that baffled height,  
Stooping he sank; and slowly on the world's wide way  
Walked, with great wing on wing, the merciless, proud  
Might,

Hunting the huddled and lone reaches for his prey  
Down the dim shore—and faded in the crumbling light.

Slowly the dusk covered the land. Like a great hymn  
The sound of moving winds and waters was; the sea  
Whispered a benediction, and the west grew dim  
Where evening lifted her clear candles quietly . . .  
Heaven, crowded with stars, trembled from rim to rim.

## WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

(A)1886.

*PEARL DIVER*

I had an image of the bright, bare Day  
 Like a tall diver poised above the surge  
 Of blackest night, where its vast fluctuant verge  
 Lapped against heaven's ramparts, broad and gray.  
 Flickering with ghostly fires, beneath him lay  
 That gulf where light must drown that light emerge.  
 His nimbused radiance stooped to dare its gurge,  
 Plunged, and flashed deep through showers of starry spray.

Swift his transfigured contours clove the dark,  
 Suffusing fathom on fathom of night aswirl  
 With tints of rose, all trembling into one,  
 Till from cloud floors he plucked a filmy pearl  
 And held it high for earth and heaven to mark  
 The cold globe of the winter-shrunken sun.

## ELINOR WYLIE

(A)1887 · 1928

*THE EAGLE AND THE MOLE*

Avoid the reeking herd,  
 Shun the polluted flock,  
 Live like that stoic bird,  
 The eagle of the rock.

The huddled warmth of crowds  
 Begets and fosters hate;  
 He keeps, above the clouds,  
 His cliff inviolate.

When flocks are folded warm,  
 And herds to shelter run,  
 He sails above the storm,  
 He stares into the sun.

If in the eagle's track  
 Your sinews cannot leap,  
 Avoid the lathered pack,  
 Turn from the steaming sheep.

If you would keep your soul  
 From spotted sight or sound,  
 Live like the velvet mole;  
 Go burrow underground.

And there hold intercourse  
 With roots of trees and stones,  
 With rivers at their source,  
 And disembodied bones.

*HYMN TO EARTH*

Farewell, incomparable element,  
 Whence man arose, where he shall not return;  
 And hail, imperfect urn  
 Of his last ashes, and his firstborn fruit;  
 Farewell, the long pursuit,  
 And all the adventures of his discontent;  
 The voyages which sent  
 His heart averse from home:  
 Metal of clay, permit him that he come  
 To thy slow-burning fire as to a hearth;  
 Accept him as a particle of earth.

Fire, being divided from the other three,  
 It lives removed, or secret at the core;  
 Most subtle of the four,  
 When air flies not, nor water flows,  
 It disembodied goes,  
 Being light, elixir of the first decree,  
 More volatile than he;  
 With strength and power to pass  
 Through space, where never his least atom was:  
 He has no part in it, save as his eyes  
 Have drawn its emanation from the skies.

A wingless creature heavier than air,  
He is rejected of its quintessence;  
Coming and going, hence,  
In the twin minutes of his birth and death,  
He may inhale as breath,  
As breath relinquish heaven's atmosphere,  
Yet in it have no share,  
Nor can survive therein  
Where its outer edge is filtered pure and thin:  
It doth but lend its crystal to his lungs  
For his early crying, and his final songs.

The element of water has denied  
Its child; it is no more his element;  
It never will relent;  
Its silver harvests are more sparsely given  
Than the rewards of heaven,  
And he shall drink cold comfort at its side:  
The water is too wide:  
The seamew and the gull  
Feather a nest made soft and pitiful  
Upon its foam; he has not any part  
In the long swell of sorrow at its heart.

Hail and farewell, beloved element,  
Whence he departed, and his parent once;  
See where thy spirit runs  
Which for so long hath had the moon to wife;  
Shall this support his life  
Until the arches of the waves be bent  
And grow shallow and spent?  
Wisely it cast him forth  
With his dead weight of burdens nothing worth  
Leaving him, for the universal years,  
A little sea-water to make his tears.

Hail, element of earth, receive thy own,  
And cherish, at thy charitable breast,  
This man, this mongrel beast:  
He ploughs the sand, and, at his hardest need,  
He sows himself for seed;

He ploughs the furrow, and in this lies down  
Before the corn is grown;  
Between the apple bloom  
And the ripe apple is sufficient room  
In time, and matter, to consume his love  
And make him parcel of a cypress grove.

Receive him as thy lover for an hour  
Who will not weary, by a longer stay,  
The kind embrace of clay;  
Even within thine arms he is dispersed  
To nothing, as at first;  
The air flings downward from its four-quartered tower  
Him whom the flames devour;  
At the full tide, at the flood,  
The sea is mingled with his salty blood:  
The traveller dust, although the dust be vile,  
Sleeps as thy lover for a little while.

*BIRTHDAY SONNET*

Take home Thy prodigal child, O Lord of Hosts!  
Protect the sacred from the secular danger;  
Advise her, that Thou never needst avenge her;  
Marry her mind neither to man's nor ghost's  
Nor holier domination's, if the costs  
Of such commingling should transport or change her;  
Defend her from familiar and stranger,  
And earth's and air's contagions and rusts.

Instruct her strictly to preserve Thy gift  
And alter not its grain in atom sort;  
Angels may wed her to their ultimate hurt  
And men embrace a spectre in a shift,  
So that no drop of the pure spirit fall  
Into the dust; defend Thy prodigal.

So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,  
 And the high cause of Love's magnificence,  
 And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names  
 Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames,  
 And set them as a banner, that men may know,  
 To dare the generations, burn, and blow  
 Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming. . . .

These I have loved:

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,  
 Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;  
 Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust  
 Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;  
 Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;  
 And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;  
 And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,  
 Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;  
 Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon  
 Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss  
 Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is  
 Shining and free; blue-massing clouds; the keen  
 Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;  
 The benison of hot water; furs to touch;  
 The good smell of old clothes; and other such—  
 The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,  
 Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers  
 About dead leaves and last year's ferns. . . .

Dear names,  
 And thousand others throng to me! Royal flames;  
 Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring;  
 Holes in the ground; and voices that do sing:  
 Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,  
 Soon turned to peace; and the deep-panting train;  
 Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam  
 That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home;  
 And washen stones, gay for an hour; the cold  
 Graveness of iron; moist black earthen mould;  
 Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew;  
 And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new;

So, for their sakes I loved, ere I go hence,  
 And the high cause of Love's magnificence,  
 And to keep loyalties young, I'll write those names  
 Golden for ever, eagles, crying flames,  
 And set them as a banner, that men may know,  
 To dare the generations, burn, and blow  
 Out on the wind of Time, shining and streaming. . . .

These I have loved:

White plates and cups, clean-gleaming,  
 Ringed with blue lines; and feathery, faery dust;  
 Wet roofs, beneath the lamp-light; the strong crust  
 Of friendly bread; and many-tasting food;  
 Rainbows; and the blue bitter smoke of wood;  
 And radiant raindrops couching in cool flowers;  
 And flowers themselves, that sway through sunny hours,  
 Dreaming of moths that drink them under the moon;  
 Then, the cool kindliness of sheets, that soon  
 Smooth away trouble; and the rough male kiss  
 Of blankets; grainy wood; live hair that is  
 Shining and free; blue-massing clouds; the keen  
 Unpassioned beauty of a great machine;  
 The benison of hot water; furs to touch;  
 The good smell of old clothes; and other such—  
 The comfortable smell of friendly fingers,  
 Hair's fragrance, and the musty reek that lingers  
 About dead leaves and last year's ferns. . . .

Dear names,  
 And thousand others throng to me! Royal flames;  
 Sweet water's dimpling laugh from tap or spring;  
 Holes in the ground; and voices that do sing:  
 Voices in laughter, too; and body's pain,  
 Soon turned to peace; and the deep-panting train;  
 Firm sands; the little dulling edge of foam  
 That browns and dwindles as the wave goes home;  
 And washen stones, gay for an hour; the cold  
 Graveness of iron; moist black earthen mould;  
 Sleep; and high places; footprints in the dew;  
 And oaks; and brown horse-chestnuts, glossy-new;

And new-peeled sticks; and shining pools on grass;—  
 All these have been my loves. And these shall pass,  
 Whatever passes not, in the great hour,  
 Nor all my passion, all my prayers, have power  
 To hold them with me through the gate of Death.  
 They'll play deserter, turn with traitor breath,  
 Break the high bond we made, and sell Love's trust  
 And sacramented covenant to the dust.  
 —Oh, never a doubt but, somewhere, I shall wake,  
 And give what's left of love again, and make  
 New friends now strangers. . . .

But the best I've known

Stays here, and changes, breaks, grows old, is blown  
 About the winds of the world, and fades from brains  
 Of living men, and dies.

Nothing remains.

O dear my loves, O faithless, once again  
 This one last gift I give: that after men  
 Shall know, and later lovers, far-removed,  
 Praise you, "All these were lovely"; say, "He loved."

## ROBINSON JEFFERS

(A) 1887.

### *HURT HAWKS*

The broken pillar of the wing jags from the clotted  
 shoulder,  
 The wing trails like a banner in defeat,  
 No more to use the sky forever but live with famine  
 And pain a few days: cat nor coyote  
 Will shorten the week of waiting for death, there is game  
 without talons.

He stands under the oak-bush and waits  
 The lame feet of salvation; at night he remembers freedom  
 And flies in a dream, the dawns ruin it.  
 He is strong and pain is worse to the strong, incapacity is  
 worse.

The curs of the day come and torment him

At distance, no one but death the redeemer will humble  
that head,  
The intrepid readiness, the terrible eyes.  
The wild God of the world is sometimes merciful to those  
That ask mercy, not often to the arrogant.  
You do not know him, you communal people, or you have  
forgotten him;  
Intemperate and savage, the hawk remembers him;  
Beautiful and wild, the hawks, and men that are dying  
remember him.

I'd sooner, except the penalties, kill a man than a hawk;  
but the great redtail  
Had nothing left but unable misery  
From the bone too shattered for mending, the wing that  
trailed under his talons when he moved.  
We had fed him six weeks, I gave him freedom,  
He wandered over the foreland hill and returned in the  
evening, asking for death,  
Not like a beggar, still eyed with the old  
Implacable arrogance. I gave him the lead gift in the  
twilight.

What fell was relaxed,  
Owl-downy, soft feminine feathers; but what  
Soared: the fierce rush: the night-herons by the flooded  
river cried fear at its rising  
Before it was quite unsheathed from reality.

*AGE IN PROSPECT*

Praise youth's hot blood if you will, I think that happiness  
Rather consists in having lived clear through  
Youth and hot blood, on to the wintrier hemisphere  
Where one has time to wait and to remember.

Youth and hot blood are beautiful, so is peacefulness.  
Youth had some islands in it, but age is indeed  
An island and a peak; age has infirmities,  
Not few, but youth is all one fever.

To look around and to love in his appearances,  
 Though a little calmly, the universal God's  
 Beauty is better I think than to lip eagerly  
 The mother's breast or another woman's.

And there is no possession more sure than memory's;  
 But if I reach that grey island, that peak,  
 My hope is still to possess with eyes the homeliness  
 Of ancient loves, ocean and mountains,

And meditate the sea-mouth of mortality  
 And the fountain six feet down with a quieter thirst  
 Than now I feel for old age; a creature progressively  
 Thirsty for life will be for death too.

*PROMISE OF PEACE*

The heads of strong old age are beautiful  
 Beyond all grace of youth. They have strange quiet,  
 Integrity, health, soundness, to the full  
 They've dealt with life and been attempered by it.  
 A young man must not sleep; his years are war  
 Civil and foreign but the former's worse;  
 But the old can breathe in safety now that they are  
 Forgetting what youth meant, the being perverse,  
 Running the fool's gauntlet and being cut  
 By the whips of the five senses. As for me,  
 If I should wish to live long it were but  
 To trade those fevers for tranquillity,  
 Thinking though that's entire and sweet in the grave  
 How shall the dead taste the deep treasure they have?

JOHN CROWE RANSOM

(A) 1888.

*PARTING, WITHOUT A SEQUEL*

She has finished and sealed the letter  
 At last, which he so richly has deserved,  
 With characters venomous and hatefully curved,  
 And nothing could be better.

But even as she gave it,  
 Saying to the blue-capped functioner of doom,  
 "Into his hands," she hoped the leering groom  
 Might somewhere lose and leave it.

Then all the blood  
 Forsook the face. She was too pale for tears,  
 Observing the ruin of her younger years.  
 She went and stood

Under her father's vaunting oak  
 Who kept his peace in wind and sun, and glistened  
 Stoical in the rain; to whom she listened  
 If he spoke.

And now the agitation of the rain  
 Rapped his sere leaves, and he talked low and gentle,  
 Reproaching the wan daughter by the lintel;  
 Ceasing, and beginning again.

Away went the messenger's bicycle,  
 His serpent's track went up the hill forever.  
 And all the time she stood there hot as fever  
 And cold as any icicle.

#### PIAZZA PIECE

—I am a gentleman in a dustcoat trying  
 To make you hear. Your ears are soft and small  
 And listen to an old man not at all;  
 They want the young men's whispering and sighing.  
 But see the roses on your trellis dying  
 And hear the spectral singing of the moon—  
 For I must have my lovely lady soon.  
 I am a gentleman in a dustcoat trying.

—I am a lady young in beauty waiting  
 Until my true love comes, and then we kiss.  
 But what grey man among the vines is this  
 Whose words are dry and faint as in a dream?  
 Back from my trellis, sir, before I scream!  
 I am a lady young in beauty waiting.

T. S. ELIOT

‘ (A)1888.

*LA FIGLIA CHE PIANGE**O quam te memorem virgo . . .*

Stand on the highest pavement of the stair—  
 Lean on a garden urn—  
 Weave, weave the sunlight in your hair—  
 Clasp your flowers to you with a pained surprise—  
 Fling them to the ground and turn  
 With a fugitive resentment in your eyes:  
 But weave, weave the sunlight in your hair.

So I would have had him leave,  
 So I would have had her stand and grieve,  
 So he would have left  
 As the soul leaves the body torn and bruised,  
 As the mind deserts the body it has used.

I should find  
 Some way incomparably light and deft,  
 Some way we both should understand,  
 Simple and faithless as a smile and shake of the hand.

She turned away, but with the autumn weather  
 Compelled my imagination many days,  
 Many days and many hours:  
 Her hair over her arms and her arms full of flowers,  
 And I wonder how they should have been together!  
 I should have lost a gesture and a pose.  
 Sometimes these cogitations still amaze  
 The troubled midnight and the noon's repose.

*SWEENEY AMONG THE NIGHTINGALES*

Apeneck Sweeney spreads his knees  
 Letting his arms hang down to laugh,  
 The zebra stripes along his jaw  
 Swelling to maculate giraffe.

The circles of the stormy moon  
Slide westward toward the River Plate,  
Death and the Raven drift 'above  
And Sweeney guards the hornèd gate.

Gloomy Orion and The Dog  
Are veiled; and hushed the shrunken seas;  
The person in the Spanish cape  
Tries to sit on Sweeney's knees;

Slips and pulls the table cloth,  
Overturns a coffee-cup,  
Reorganized upon the floor  
She yawns and draws a stocking up;

The silent man in mocha brown  
Sprawls at the window-sill and gapes;  
The waiter brings in oranges  
Bananas figs and hothouse grapes;

The silent vertebrate in brown  
Contracts and concentrates, withdraws;  
Rachel *née* Rabinovitch  
Tears at the grapes with murderous paws;

She and the lady in the cape  
Are suspect, thought to be in league;  
Therefore the man with heavy eyes  
Declines the gambit, shows fatigue,

Leaves the room and reappears  
Outside the window, leaning in,  
Branches of wistaria  
Circumscribe a golden grin;

The host with some one indistinct  
Converses at the door apart,  
The nightingales are singing near  
The Convent of the Sacred Heart,

And sang within the bloody wood  
 When Agamemnon cried aloud,  
 And let their liquid droppings fall  
 To stain the stiff dishonoured shroud.

*A SONG FOR SIMEON*

Lord, the Roman hyacinths are blooming in bowls and  
 The winter sun creeps by the snow hills;  
 The stubborn season has made stand.  
 My life is light, waiting for the death wind,  
 Like a feather on the back of my hand.  
 Dust in sunlight and memory in corners  
 Wait for the wind that chills towards the dead land.

Grant us thy peace.

I have walked many years in this city,  
 Kept faith and fast, provided for the poor,  
 Have given and taken honour and ease.  
 There went never any rejected from my door.  
 Who shall remember my house, where shall live my  
     children's children

When the time of sorrow is come?

They will take to the goat's path, and the fox's home,  
 Fleeing from the foreign faces and the foreign swords.

Before the time of cords and scourges and lamentation  
 Grant us thy peace.

Before the stations of the mountain of desolation,  
 Before the certain hour of maternal sorrow,  
 Now at this birth season of decease,  
 Let the Infant, the still unspeaking and unspoken Word,  
 Grant Israel's consolation  
 To one who has eighty years and no to-morrow.

According to thy word.

They shall praise Thee and sutler in every generation  
 With glory and derision,  
 Light upon light, mounting the saint's stair.  
 Not for me the martyrdom, the ecstasy of thought and  
     prayer,

Not for me the ultimate vision.

Grant me thy peace.

(And a sword shall pierce thy heart,  
Thine also.)

I am tired with my own life and the lives of those after me,  
I am dying in my own death and the deaths of those after  
me.

Let thy servant depart,  
Having seen thy salvation.

## CONRAD AIKEN

(A)1889.

### *ANNIHILATION*

While the blue moon above us arches  
And the poplar sheds disconsolate leaves,  
Tell me again why love bewitches  
And what love gives.

Is it the trembling finger that traces  
The eyebrow's curve, the curve of the cheek?  
The mouth that quivers, while the hand caresses,  
But cannot speak?

No, not these, not in these is hidden  
The secret, more than in other things:<sup>1</sup>  
Not only the touch of a hand can gladden  
Till the blood sings.

It is the leaf that falls between us,  
The bell that murmurs, the shadows that move,  
The autumnal sunlight that fades upon us,  
These things are love.

It is the "No, let us sit here longer,"  
The "Wait till to-morrow," the "Once I knew"—  
These trifles, said as you touch my finger  
And the clock strikes two.

The world is intricate, and we are nothing.  
 It is the complex world of grass,  
 The twig on the path, a look of loathing,  
 Feelings that pass—

These are the secret; and I could hate you  
 When, as I lean for another kiss,  
 I see in your eyes that I do not meet you,  
 And that love is this.

Rock meeting rock can know love better  
 Than eyes that stare or lips that touch.  
 All that we know in love is bitter,  
 And it is not much.

*THE ONE-EYED CALENDAR*

Stood, at the closed door, and remembered—  
 Hand on the doorpost faltered, and remembered—  
 The long ago, the far away, the near  
 With its absurdities—the calendar,  
 The one-eyed calendar upon the wall,  
 And time dispersed, and in a thousand ways,  
 Calendars torn, appointments made and kept,  
 Or made and broken, and the shoes worn out  
 Going and coming, street and stair and street,  
 Lamplight and starlight, fog and north-east wind,  
 St. Mary's ringing the angelus at six—

And it was there, at eight o'clock I saw  
 Vivien and the infinite, together,  
 And it was here I signed my name in pencil  
 Against the doorpost, and later saw the snow  
 Left by the messenger, and here were voices—  
 Come back later, do come back later, if you can,  
 And tell us what it was, tell us what you saw,  
 Put your heart on the table with your hand  
 And tell us all those secrets that are known  
 In the profound interstices of time—  
 The glee, the wickedness, the smirk, the sudden  
 Divine delight—do come back and tell us,

The clock has stopped, sunset is on the snow,  
Midnight is far away, and morning farther—

And then the trains that cried at night, the ships  
That mourned in fog, the days whose gift was rain,  
June's daisy, and she loved me not, the skull  
Brought from the tomb—and I was there, and saw  
The bright spade break the bone, the trumpet-vine  
Bugled with bees, and on my knees I picked  
One small white clover in the cactus shade,  
Put it in water and took it to that room  
Where blinds were drawn and all was still—

Neighbours, I have come  
From a vast everything whose sum is nothing,  
From a complexity whose speech is simple;  
Here are my hands and heart, and I have brought  
Nothing you do not know, and do not fear.  
Here is the evening paper at your door—  
Here are your letters, I have brought the tickets,  
The hour is early, and the speech is late.  
Come, we are gods,—let us discourse as gods;  
And weigh the grain of sand with Socrates;  
Before we fall to kissing, and to bed.

## EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

(A)1892.

### *SAY WHAT YOU WILL*

Say what you will, and scratch my heart to find  
The roots of last year's roses in my breast;  
I am as surely riper in my mind  
As if the fruit stood in the stalls confessed.  
Laugh at the unshed leaf, say what you will,  
Call me in all things what I was before,  
A flutterer in the wind, a woman still;  
I tell you I am what I was and more.  
My branches weigh me down, frost cleans the air,  
My sky is black with small birds bearing south;

Say what you will, confuse me with fine care,  
Put by my word as but an April truth—  
Autumn is no less on me than a rose  
Hugs the brown bough and sighs before it goes.

*WHAT'S THIS OF DEATH—*

What's this of death, from you who never will die?  
Think you the wrist that fashioned you in clay,  
The thumb that set the hollow just that way  
In your full throat and lidded the long eye  
So roundly from the forehead, will let lie  
Broken, forgotten, under foot some day  
Your unimpeachable body, and so slay  
The work he most had been remembered by?  
I tell you this: whatever of dust to dust  
Goes down, whatever of ashes may return  
To its essential self in its own season,  
Loveliness such as yours will not be lost,  
But, cast in bronze upon his very urn,  
Make known him Master, and for what good reason.

*THOU ART NOT LOVELIER THAN LILACS*

Thou art not lovelier than lilacs,—no,  
Nor honeysuckle; thou art not more fair  
Than small white single poppies,—I can bear  
Thy beauty; though I bend before thee, though  
From left to right, not knowing where to go,  
I turn my troubled eyes, nor here nor there  
Find any refuge from thee, yet I swear  
So has it been with mist,—with moonlight so.  
Like him who day by day unto his draught  
Of delicate poison adds him one drop more  
Till he may drink unharmed the death of ten,  
Even so, inured to beauty, who have quaffed  
Each hour more deeply than the hour before,  
I drink—and live—what has destroyed some men.

*DIRGE WITHOUT MUSIC*

I am not resigned to the shutting away of loving hearts in  
the hard ground.

So it is, and so it will be, for so it has been, time out of  
mind:

Into the darkness they go, the wise and the lovely. Crowned  
With lilies and with laurel they go; but I am not resigned.

Lovers and thinkers, into the earth with you.  
Be one with the dull, the indiscriminate dust.  
A fragment of what you felt, of what you knew,  
A formula, a phrase remains,—but the best is lost.

The answers quick and keen, the honest look, the laughter,  
the love,—

They are gone. They have gone to feed the roses. Elegant  
and curled

Is the blossom. Fragrant is the blossom. I know. But I do  
not approve.

More precious was the light in your eyes than all the roses  
in the world.

Down, down, down into the darkness of the grave  
Gently they go, the beautiful, the tender, the kind;  
Quietly they go, the intelligent, the witty, the brave.  
I know. But I do not approve. And I am not resigned.

## ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

(A) 1892 ·

*YOU, ANDREW MARVELL*

And here face down beneath the sun,  
And here upon earth's noonward height,  
To feel the always coming on,  
The always rising of the night.

To feel creep up the curving east  
The earthly chill of dusk and slow  
Upon those under lands the vast  
And ever-climbing shadow grow,

And strange at Ecbatan the trees  
 Take leaf by leaf the evening, strange,  
 The flooding dark about their knees,  
 The mountains over Persia change,

And now at Kermanshah the gate,  
 Dark, empty, and the withered grass,  
 And through the twilight now the late  
 Few travellers in the westward pass,

And Baghdad darken and the bridge  
 Across the silent river gone,  
 And through Arabia the edge  
 Of evening widen and steal on,

And deepen on Palmyra's street  
 The wheel rut in the ruined stone,  
 And Lebanon fade out and Crete  
 High through the clouds and overblown,

And over Sicily the air  
 Still flashing with the landward gulls,  
 And loom and slowly disappear  
 The sails above the shadowy hulls,

And Spain go under and the shore  
 Of Africa, the gilded sand,  
 And evening vanish and no more  
 The low pale light across that land,

Nor now the long light on the sea—

And here face downward in the sun  
 To feel how swift, how secretly,  
 The shadow of the night comes on. . . .

*MEMORIAL RAIN*

Ambassador Puser the ambassador  
 Reminds himself in French, felicitous tongue,  
 What these (young men no longer) lie here for  
 In rows that once, and somewhere else, were young—

All night in Brussels the wind had tugged at my door:

I had heard the wind at my door and the trees strung  
Taut, and to me who had never been before  
In that country it was a strange wind blowing  
Steadily, stiffening the walls, the floor,  
The roof of my room. I had not slept for knowing  
He too, dead, was a stranger in that land  
And felt beneath the earth in the wind's flowing  
A tightening of roots and would not understand,  
Remembering lake winds in Illinois,  
That strange wind. I had felt his bones in the sand  
Listening.

—Reflects that these enjoy  
Their country's gratitude, that deep repose,  
That peace no pain can break, no hurt destroy,  
That rest, that sleep—

At Ghent the wind rose.  
There was a smell of rain and a heavy drag  
Of wind in the hedges but not as the wind blows  
Over fresh water when the waves lag  
Foaming and the willows huddle and it will rain:  
I felt him waiting.

—Indicates the flag  
Which (may he say) enisles in Flanders' plain  
This little field these happy, happy dead  
Have made America—

In the ripe grain  
The wind coiled glistening, darted, fled,  
Dragging its heavy body: at Waereghem  
The wind coiled in the grass above his head:  
Waiting—listening—

—Dedicates to them  
This earth their bones have hallowed, this last gift  
A grateful country—



And the swallows dive and swirl and whistle  
 About the cleft battlements of Can Grande's castle . . .

*AFTER TWO YEARS*

She is all so slight  
 And tender and white  
     As a May morning.  
 She walks without hood  
 At dusk. It is good  
     To hear her sing.

It is God's will  
 That I shall love her still  
     As he loves Mary,  
 And night and day  
 I will go forth to pray  
     That she love me.

She is as gold  
 Lovely, and far more cold.  
     Do thou pray with me,  
 For if I win grace  
 To kiss twice her face  
     God has done well to me.

WILFRED OWEN

1893 · 1918

*ANTHEM FOR DOOMED YOUTH*

What passing-bells for these who die as cattle?  
 Only the monstrous anger of the guns.  
 Only the stuttering rifles' rapid rattle  
 Can patter out their hasty orisons.  
 No mockeries for them; no prayers nor bells,  
 Nor any voice of mourning save the choirs,—  
 The shrill, demented choirs of wailing shells;  
 And bugles calling for them from sad shires.

What candles may be held to speed them all?  
 Not in the hands of boys, but in their eyes  
 Shall shine the holy glimmers of good-byes.  
 The pallor of girls' brows shall be their pall;  
 Their flowers the tenderness of patient minds,  
 And each slow dusk a drawing-down of blinds.

*THE YOUNG SOLDIER*

It is not death  
 Without hereafter  
 To one in dearth  
 Of life and its laughter,

Nor the sweet murder  
 Dealt slow and even  
 Unto the martyr  
 Smiling at heaven:

It is the smile  
 Faint as a myth,  
 Faint, and exceeding small  
 On a boy's murdered mouth.

*GREATER LOVE*

Red lips are not so red  
 As the stained stones kissed by the English dead.  
 Kindness of wooed and wooer  
 Seems shame to their love pure.  
 O Love, your eyes lose lure  
 When I behold eyes blinded in my stead!

Your slender attitude  
 Trembles not exquisite like limbs knife-skewed,  
 Rolling and rolling there  
 Where God seems not to care;  
 Till the fierce love they bear  
 Cramps them in death's extreme decrepitude.

Your voice sings not so soft,—  
 Though even as wind murmuring through raftered  
 loft,—  
 Your dear voice is not dear,  
 Gentle, and evening clear,  
 As theirs whom none now hear  
 Now earth has stopped their piteous mouths that  
 coughed.

Heart, you were never hot,  
 Nor large, nor full like hearts made great with shot;  
 And though your hand be pale,  
 Paler are all which trail  
 Your cross through flame and hail:  
 Weep, you may weep, for you may touch them not.

## SYLVIA TOWNSEND WARNER

1893.

*THE IMAGE*

“Why do you look so pale, my son William?  
 Where have you been so long?”  
 “I’ve been to my sweetheart, Mother,  
 As it says in the song.”<sup>1</sup>

“Though you be pledged and cried to the parish  
 ’Tis not fitting or right  
 To visit a young maiden  
 At this hour of night.”

“I went not for her sweet company,  
 I meant not any sin,  
 But only to walk round her house  
 And think she was within.

“Unbeknown I looked in at the window;  
 And there I saw my bride

<sup>1</sup> The reference is to the ballad “Lord Randal” (see page 20).

Sitting lonesome in the chimney-nook,  
With the cat alongside.

“Slowly she drew out from under her apron  
An image made of wax,  
Shaped like a man, and all stuck over  
With pins and with tacks.

“Hair it had, hanging down to its shoulders,  
Straight as any tow—  
Just such a lock she begged of me  
But three days ago.

“She set it down to stand in the embers—  
The wax began to run,  
Mother! Mother! That waxen image,  
I think it was your son!”

“ ’Twas but a piece of maiden’s foolishness,  
Never think more of it.  
I warrant that when she’s a wife  
She’ll have a better wit.”

“Maybe, maybe, Mother.  
I pray you, mend the fire.  
For I am cold to the knees  
With walking through the mire.

“The snow is melting under the rain,  
The ways are full of mud;  
The cold has crept into my bones,  
And glides along my blood.

“Take out, take out my winding sheet  
From the press where it lies,  
And borrow two pennies from my money-box  
To put upon my eyes;

“For now the cold creeps up to my heart,  
My ears go Ding, go Dong:  
I shall be dead long before day,  
For winter nights are long.”

“Cursèd, cursèd be that Devil’s vixen  
 To rob you of your life!  
 And cursèd be the day you left mæ  
 To go after a wife!”

“Why do you speak so loud, Mother?  
 I was almost asleep.  
 I thought the churchbells were ringing  
 And the snow lay deep.

“Over the white fields we trod to our wedding,  
 She leant upon my arm—  
 What have I done to her that she  
 Should do me this harm?”

#### EPITAPHS

After long thirty years re-met  
 I, William Clarke, and I, Jeanette  
 His wife, lie side by side once more;  
 But quieter than we lay before.

John Bird, a labourer, lies here,  
 Who served the earth for sixty year  
 With spade and mattock, drill and plough;  
 But never found it kind till now.

Her grieving parents cradled here  
 Ann Monk, a gracious child and dear.  
 Lord, let this epitaph suffice:  
 Early to Bed and Early to Rise.

#### THE RIVAL

The farmer’s wife looked out of the dairy:  
 She saw her husband in the yard;  
 She said: “A woman’s life is hard,  
 The chimney smokes, the churn’s contrary.”  
 She said:  
 “I of all women am the most ill-starred.

“Five sons I’ve borne and seven daughters,  
And the last of them is on my knee.  
Finer children you could not see.  
Twelve times I’ve put my neck in the halter:  
    You’d think  
So much might knit my husband’s love to me.

“But no! Though I should serve him double  
He keeps another love outdoors,  
Who thieves his strength, who drains his stores,  
Who haunts his mind with fret and trouble;  
    I pray  
God’s curse may light on such expensive whores.

“I am grown old before my season,  
Weather and care have worn me down;  
Each year delves deeper in my frown,  
I’ve lost my shape and for good reason:  
    But she  
Yearly puts on young looks like an Easter gown

“And year by year she has betrayed him  
With blight and mildew, rain and drought,  
Smut, scab, and murrain, all the rout;  
But he forgets the tricks she’s played him  
    When first  
The fields give a good smell and the leaves put out.

“Aye, come the Spring, and the gulls keening,  
Over her strumpet lap he’ll ride,  
Watching those wasteful fields and wide,  
Where the darkened tilth will soon be greening,  
    With looks  
Fond and severe, as looks the groom on bride.”

(A)1894 ·

*THIS IS THE GARDEN*

this is the garden: colours come and go,  
 frail azures fluttering from night's outer wing  
 strong silent greens serenely lingering,  
 absolute lights like baths of golden snow.  
 This is the garden: pursèd lips do blow  
 upon cool flutes within wide glooms, and sing  
 (of harps celestial to the quivering string)  
 invisible faces hauntingly and slow.

This is the garden. Time shall surely reap,  
 and on Death's blade lie many a flower curled,  
 in other lands where other songs be sung;  
 yet stand they here enraptured, as among  
 the slow deep trees perpetual of sleep  
 some silver-fingered fountain steals the world.

## CHARLES HAMILTON SORLEY

1895 · 1915

*"SUCH IS DEATH"*

## I

Saints have adored the lofty soul of you.  
 Poets have whitened at your high renown.  
 We stand among the many millions who  
 Do hourly wait to pass your pathway down.  
 You, so familiar, once were strange: we tried  
 To live as of your presence unaware.  
 But now in every road on every side  
 We see your straight and steadfast signpost there.

I think it like that signpost in my land  
 Hoary and tall, which pointed me to go  
 Upward, into the hills, on the right hand,  
 Where the mists swim and the winds shriek and blow,

A homeless land and friendless, but a land  
I did not know and that I wished to know.

## II

Such, such is Death: no triumph: no defeat:  
Only an empty pail, a slate rubbed clean,  
A merciful putting away of what has been.  
And this we know: Death is not Life effete,  
Life crushed, the broken pail. We who have seen  
So marvellous things know well the end not yet.

Victor and vanquished are a-one in death:  
Coward and brave: friend, foe. Ghosts do not say,  
"Come, what was your record when you drew breath?"  
But a big blot has hid each yesterday  
So poor, so manifestly incomplete.  
And your bright Promise, withered long and sped,  
Is touched; stirs, rises, opens and grows sweet  
And blossoms and is you, when you are dead.

## ROBERT GRAVES

1895.

*THE CORNER-KNOT*

I was a child and overwhelmed: Mozart  
Had snatched me up fainting and wild at heart  
To a green land of wonder, where estranged  
I dipped my feet in shallow brooks, I ranged  
Rough mountains and fields yellow with small vetch:  
Of which, though long I tried, I could not fetch  
One single flower away, nor from the ground  
Pocket one pebble of the scores I found  
Twinkling enchanted there. So for relief  
"I'll corner-knot," said I, "this handkerchief,  
Faithful familiar that I hold or shake  
In these cold airs for proof that I'm awake."  
I tied the knot, the aspens all around  
Shook, and the river-reeds were filled with sound;

Which failing presently, the insistent loud  
Clapping of hands returned me to the crowd.  
I felt and fumbling took away with me  
The knotted witness of my ecstasy.  
But flowers and streams were vanished past recall,  
The aspens, the sad singing reeds and all.

Vanished: but that was twenty years ago.  
Now again, listening to Mozart, I know  
What then I never guessed, that he Mozart  
Himself had been snatched up by curious art  
To my green land: estranged and wild at heart  
He too had crossed the brooks, essayed to pick  
That yellow vetch with which the plains are thick,  
And being put to it as I had been  
To smuggle back some witness of the scene  
Had knotted up his broad silk handkerchief  
In common music, rippling flat and brief:  
And home again, had sighed above the score,  
"Yes, a remembrancer, but nothing more."  
Oh, most mistaken, for that faithful knot  
Once charged to witness how and where and what,  
Though in itself a dull and idle thing,  
Will yet by art again contrive to bring  
Convoys of novices to that green land;  
They gasp and stare and quite dumfounded stand.

## SACHEVERELL SITWELL

1897

*KINGCUPS*

When poetry walked the live, spring wood,  
Hid, ghostlike, in the leaves' green hood  
She came to a slant fence of sun,  
Whose golden timbers, one by one,  
Trod into a marsh's toils  
And here she stayed her flowery spoils;

But pitying the marshes' plight  
 She shook her lap and wide and bright  
 Great kingcups to that waste she threw  
 Where nothing lived and nothing grew.  
 Now, where poetry passed, there stays  
 The light of suns, the fire of days;  
 And these cups for kings to hold  
 Make summer with their wide-eyed gold.

## STEPHEN VINCENT BENÉT

(A) 1898.

*THE BALLAD OF WILLIAM SYCAMORE*

(1790-1871)

My father, he was a mountaineer,  
 His fist was a knotty hammer;  
 He was quick on his feet as a running deer,  
 And he spoke with a Yankee stammer.

My mother, she was merry and brave,  
 And so she came to her labour,  
 With a tall green fir for her doctor grave  
 And a stream for her comforting neighbour.

And some are wrapped in the linen fine,  
 And some like a godling's scion;  
 But I was cradled on twigs of pine  
 In the skin of a mountain lion.

And some remember a white, starched lap  
 And a ewer with silver handles;  
 But I remember a coonskin cap  
 And the smell of bayberry candles.

The cabin logs, with the bark still rough,  
 And my mother who laughed at trifles,  
 And the tall, lank visitors, brown as snuff,  
 With their long, straight squirrel-rifles.

I can hear them dance, like a foggy song,  
Through the deepest one of my slumbers,  
The fiddle squeaking the boots along  
And my father calling the numbers.

The quick feet shaking the puncheon-floor,  
The fiddle squeaking and squealing,  
Till the dried herbs rattled above the door  
And the dust went up to the ceiling.

There are children lucky from dawn till dusk,  
But never a child so lucky!  
For I cut my teeth on "Money Musk"  
In the Bloody Ground of Kentucky!

When I grew tall as the Indian corn,  
My father had little to lend me,  
But he gave me his great, old powder-horn  
And his woodsman's skill to befriend me.

With a leather shirt to cover my back,  
And a redskin nose to unravel  
Each forest sign, I carried my pack  
As far as a scout could travel.

Till I lost my boyhood and found my wife,  
A girl like a Salem clipper!  
A woman straight as a hunting-knife  
With eyes as bright as the Dipper!

We cleared our camp where the buffalo feed,  
Unheard-of streams were our flagons;  
And I sowed my sons like apple-seed  
On the trail of the Western wagons.

They were right, tight boys, never sulky or slow,  
A fruitful, a goodly muster.  
The eldest died at the Alamo.  
The youngest fell with Custer.

The letter that told it burned my hand.  
Yet we smiled and said, "So be it!"  
But I could not live when they fenced the land.  
For it broke my heart to see it.

I saddled a red, unbroken colt  
And rode him into the day there;  
And he threw me down like a thunderbolt  
And rolled on me as I lay there.

The hunter's whistle hummed in my ear  
As the city-men tried to move me,  
And I died in my boots like a pioneer  
With the whole wide sky above me.

Now I lie in the heart of the fat, black soil,  
Like the seed of a prairie-thistle;  
It has washed my bones with honey and oil  
And picked them clean as a whistle.

And my youth returns, like the rains of Spring,  
And my sons, like the wild-geese flying;  
And I lie and hear the meadow-lark sing  
And have much content in my dying.

Go play with the towns you have built of blocks,  
The towns where you would have bound me!  
I sleep in my earth like a tired fox,  
And my buffalo have found me.

## HART CRANE

(A) 1899 · 1932

*From "VOYAGES"*

—And yet this great wink of eternity,  
Of rimless floods, unfettered leewardings,  
Samite sheeted and processioned where  
Her undinal vast belly moonward bends,  
Laughing the wrapt inflections of our love;

Take this Sea, whose diapason knells  
 On scrolls of silver snowy sentences,  
 The sceptred terror of whose sessions rends  
 As her demeanours motion well or ill,  
 All but the pieties of lovers' hands.

And onward, as bells off San Salvador  
 Salute the crocus lustres of the stars,  
 In these poinsettia meadows of her tides,—  
 Adagios of islands, O my Prodigal,  
 Complete the dark confessions her veins spell.

Mark how her turning shoulders wind the hours,  
 And hasten while her penniless rich palms  
 Pass superscription of bent foam and wave,—  
 Hasten, while they are true,—sleep, death, desire,  
 Close round one instant in one floating flower.

Bind us in time, O seasons clear, and awe.  
 O minstrel galleons of Carib fire,  
 Bequeath us to no earthly shore until  
 Is answered in the vortex of our grave  
 The seal's wide spindrift gaze toward paradise.

## ALLEN TATE

(A)1899.

## ODE TO FEAR

## VARIATION ON A THEME BY COLLINS

Let the day glare: O Memory, your tread  
 Beats to the pulse of suffocating night—  
 Night peering from his dark but fire-lit head  
 Burns on the day his ænse and secret light.

Now they dare not to hunt your savage dream  
 O Beast of the heart, those saints who cursed your name,  
 You are the current of the frozen stream,  
 Shadow invisible, ambushed and vigilant flame!

My eldest companion present in solitude  
 Watch-dog of Thebes when the blind hero strove,  
 'Twas your omniscience at the cross-road stood  
 When Laius the slain dotard drenched the grove.

Now to the fading harried eyes immune  
 Of prophecy you stalk us in the street  
 From the recesses of the August noon  
 World over, crouched on the air's feet.

You are the surety to immortal life  
 God's hatred of the universal stain,  
 The heritage, O fear, of ancient strife  
 Compounded with the tissue of the vein,

And I when all is said have seen your form  
 Most agile, and most treacherous to the world  
 When on a child's long day a dry storm  
 Burst on the cedars by the sunlight hurled.

### LÉONIE ADAMS

(A) 1899 ·

#### *COUNTRY SUMMER*

Now the rich cherry whose sleek wood  
 And top with silver petals traced,  
 Like a strict box its gems encased,  
 Has spilt from out that cunning lid,  
 All in an innocent green round,  
 Those melting rubies which it hid;  
 With moss ripe-strawberry-encrusted,  
 So birds get half, and minds lapse merry  
 To taste that deep-red lark's-bite berry,  
 And blackcap-bloom is yellow-dusted.

The wren that thieved it in the eaves  
 A trailer of the rose could catch  
 To her poor droopy sloven thatch,  
 And side by side with the wren's brood,—

O lovely time of beggars' luck—  
 Opens the quaint and hairy bud.  
 And full and golden is the yield  
 Of cows that never have to house,  
 But all night nibble under boughs,  
 Or cool their sides in the moist field.

Into the rooms flow meadow airs,  
 The warm farm-baking smell blows round;  
 Inside and out and sky and ground  
 Are much the same; the wishing star,  
 Hesperus, kind and early-born,  
 Is risen only finger-far.  
 All stars stand close in summer air,  
 And tremble, and look mild as amber;  
 When wicks are lighted in the chamber  
 You might say stars were settling there.

Now straightening from the flowery hay,  
 Down the still light the mowers look;  
 Or turn, because their dreaming shook,  
 And they waked half to other days,  
 When left alone in yellow stubble,  
 The rusty-coated mare would graze.  
 Yet thick the lazy dreams are born;  
 Another thought can come to mind,  
 But like the shivering of the wind,  
 Morning and evening in the corn.

*LULLABY*

Hush, lullay,  
 Your treasures all  
     Encrust with rust.  
 Your trinket pleasures  
     Fall  
 To dust.  
 Beneath the sapphire arch  
 Upon the grassy floor  
 Is nothing more  
     To hold,  
 And play is over old.

Your eyes  
     In sleepy fever gleam,  
 Your lids droop  
     To their dream.  
 You wander late alone,  
 The flesh frets on the bone,  
 Your love fails  
     In your breast.  
 Here is the pillow.  
     Rest.

## RICHARD HUGHES

1900 ·

*BURIAL OF THE SPIRIT*

OF A YOUNG POET

Dead hangs the fruit on that tall tree:  
 The lark in my cold hand is dead.  
 What meats his funeral stars decree  
 By their own light I've spread:  
 The bearded fog among the leaves  
 Too sad to move, excludes the air:  
 No bursting seed this stiff soil heaves,  
 Nor ever will again, when we have laid him there.

Then come, ye silent wheels of fire,  
 Ye birds among the tulip-trees,  
 And let your brilliancy conspire  
 In rings of visual threnodies:  
 And thou, heart-breaking nightingale  
 Who phoenix-like forever burnst  
 In thine own voice, oh Philomel  
 Let not thy tuneful flame *now* fail,  
 But burn in it this spirit pale  
 Which once was grand, but now to naught, to  
     nothing naught returns.

(A)1903 ·

*AND TO THE YOUNG MEN*

And to the young men awaiting their sacrifice  
You brought water in an invisible pail  
And promised them the plans would surely fail  
That were written against them, recorded in the stars.  
And you brought straw and padded the cold bars  
Of the prison beds whereon the young men lay,  
And sung to some at night and fanned by day  
Those who were fevering into paradise.

But even then you did not do enough.  
For you remember a boy, the silent one?  
With a silent eye, who scarcely loved the sun,  
And felt too keenly the winter wind's dry sough?  
Well, you should have brought him cresses from a far  
stream  
Over which nymphs and under which naiads dream.

## LONGER POEMS

The following important longer poems are not included in this volume because of the lack of space. They are, however, easily accessible and the list should be considered as a supplement.

The Parlement of Foules .....	Geoffrey Chaucer
The Canterbury Pilgrims .....	Geoffrey Chaucer
Troilus and Criseyde .....	Geoffrey Chaucer
Prothalamion .....	Edmund Spenser
Epithalamion .....	Edmund Spenser
Astrophel (An Elegy) .....	Edmund Spenser
The Faerie Queene .....	Edmund Spenser
Astrophel and Stella .....	Philip Sidney
Hero and Leander .....	Christopher Marlowe
Venus and Adonis .....	William Shakespeare
Lucrece .....	William Shakespeare
The Second Anniversary .....	John Donne
An Epithalamion .....	John Donne
Paradise Lost .....	John Milton
On the Morning of Christ's Nativity ..	John Milton
Comus .....	John Milton
Absalom and Achitophel.....	John Dryden
An Essay on Criticism .....	Alexander Pope
An Essay on Man .....	Alexander Pope
Moral Essays .....	Alexander Pope
The Deserted Village .....	Oliver Goldsmith
The Bard .....	Thomas Gray
The Progress of Poesy.....	Thomas Gray
The Bristowe Tragedie.....	Thomas Chatterton
The Book of Thel.....	William Blake
Milton .....	William Blake
The Everlasting Gospel.....	William Blake
The Cotter's Saturday Night.....	Robert Burns
Don Juan .....	George Gordon, Lord Byron
Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.....	George Gordon, Lord Byron
The Prelude .....	William Wordsworth
The Excursion .....	William Wordsworth
Christabel .....	Samuel Taylor Coleridge
The Battle of Flodden Field (From "Marmion") .....	Walter Scott
Queen Mab .....	Percy Bysshe Shelley
Adonais .....	Percy Bysshe Shelley
Alastor or the Spirit of Solitude.....	Percy Bysshe Shelley

Epipsychidion .....	Percy Bysshe Shelley
Prometheus Unbound .....	Percy Bysshe Shelley
Hyperion .....	John Keats
Endymion .....	John Keats
Lamia .....	John Keats
Isabella, or the Pot of Basil.....	John Keats
Sordello .....	Robert Browning
Fra Lippo Lippi .....	Robert Browning
Christmas Eve .....	Robert Browning
The Flight of the Duchess.....	Robert Browning
The Ring and the Book.....	Robert Browning
In a Balcony .....	Robert Browning
Sonnets from the Portuguese.....	Elizabeth Barrett Browning
Maud .....	Alfred, Lord Tennyson
In Memoriam .....	Alfred, Lord Tennyson
The Lady of Shalott.....	Alfred, Lord Tennyson]
Sohrab and Rustum .....	Matthew Arnold
The Scholar-Gipsy .....	Matthew Arnold
Snowbound .....	John Greenleaf Whittier
Anactoria .....	A. C. Swinburne
Hymn to Proserpine .....	A. C. Swinburne
Hertha .....	A. C. Swinburne
Tristram of Lyonesse.....	A. C. Swinburne
The Angel in the House.....	Coventry Patmore
The Golden Legend.....	Henry Wadsworth Longfellow
Song of Myself.....	Walt Whitman
Drum-Taps .....	Walt Whitman
By Blue Ontario's Shore.....	Walt Whitman
The House of Life:	
A Sonnet Sequence.....	D. G. Rossetti
From House to Home.....	Christina Rossetti
Goblin Market .....	Christina Rossetti
Any Saint .....	Francis Thompson
From the Night of Forebeing.....	Francis Thompson
Ode to the Setting Sun.....	Francis Thompson
Modern Love: A Sonnet Sequence..	George Meredith
Love in the Valley.....	George Meredith
The Testament of Beauty.....	Robert Bridges
The Song of Honour.....	Ralph Hodgson
The Bull .....	Ralph Hodgson
The Everlasting Mercy.....	John Masefield
Dauber .....	John Masefield

Reynard the Fox.....	John Masefield
Lepanto .....	G. K. Chesterton
The Ballad of the White Horse.....	G. K. Chesterton
The Flaming Terrapin.....	Roy Campbell
Ben Jonson Entertains a Man from Stratford .....	Edwin Arlington Robinson
Tristram .....	Edwin Arlington Robinson
Snow .....	Robert Frost
The Death of the Hired Man.....	Robert Frost
West-Running Brook.....	Robert Frost
Two Lives: A Sonnet Sequence.....	William Ellery Leonard
Smoke and Steel.....	Carl Sandburg
The Chinese Nightingale.....	Vachel Lindsay
The Congo .....	Vachel Lindsay
Lilacs .....	Amy Lowell
XXX Cantos.....	Ezra Pound
The Waste Land.....	T. S. Eliot
Tamar .....	Robinson Jeffers
Cawdor .....	Robinson Jeffers
Punch: The Immortal Liar.....	Conrad Aiken
The Pot of Earth.....	Archibald MacLeish
One Person: A Sonnet Sequence.....	Elinor Wylie
Renascence .....	Edna St. Vincent Millay

## INDEX OF FORMS AND TYPES

This Index is suggestive rather than exhaustive. No attempt has been made to divide the book arbitrarily into classes and subjects, nor has it seemed necessary to define the ballad, the lyric, the ode, the sonnet, et cetera. It is taken for granted that the reader is familiar with these forms, or that, if he is not, he will refer to one of the many volumes which analyse the structure of verse and its technique. Here the editor has merely arranged most of the poems for the convenience of readers interested in classification and for those who wish to compare examples of the various forms.

### THE BALLAD

Childe Maurice (*Author unknown*), 5; The Douglas Tragedy (*Author unknown*), 8; True Thomas (*Author unknown*), 10; The Wife of Usher's Well (*Author unknown*), 12; Sir Patrick Spens (*Author unknown*), 14; Fair Margaret and Sweet William (*Author unknown*), 16; The Two Sisters of Binnorie (*Author unknown*), 18; Lord Randal (*Author unknown*), 20; Glasgerion (*Author unknown*), 21; Barbara Allen's Cruelty (*Author unknown*), 24; Edward, Edward (*Author unknown*), 25; May Colvin (*Author unknown*), 26; Bonnie George Campbell (*Author unknown*), 28; The Wraggle Taggle Gipsies (*Author unknown*), 29; The Cherry-Tree Carol (*Author unknown*), 30; St. Stephen and King Herod (*Author unknown*), 31; The Old Cloak (*Author unknown*), 33; Get Up and Bar the Door! (*Author unknown*), 35; King John and the Abbot of Canterbury (*Author unknown*), 36; Still Waters (*Author unknown*), 40; Proud Maisie (*Scott*), 309; La Belle Dame Sans Merci (*Keats*), 360; Meg Merrilies (*Keats*), 362; Two Red Roses Across the Moon (*Morris*), 469; A Ballad of Hell (*Davidson*), 489; Ballad of the Goodly Fere (*Pound*), 566; The Image (*Warner*), 597; The Ballad of William Sycamore (*S. V. Benét*), 604.

### BLANK VERSE

Satan: from "Paradise Lost" (*Milton*), 199; Eve and the Serpent: from "Paradise Lost" (*Milton*), 204; Sky after Storm: from "The Excursion" (*Wordsworth*), 302; Thanatopsis (*Bryant*), 386; The Snowstorm (*Emerson*), 390; Days (*Emerson*), 391; Ulysses (*Tennyson*), 410; Opportunity (*Sill*), 478; The Man with the Hoe (*Markham*), 486; An Old Man's Winter Night (*Frost*), 537; Home Burial (*Frost*), 537.

### DESCRIPTIVE VERSE

Prologue (*Chaucer*), 62; Five Pilgrims (*Chaucer*), 62; Satan (*Milton*), 199; Eve and the Serpent (*Milton*), 204; Sky after Storm (*Wordsworth*), 302; The Snowstorm (*Emerson*), 390; My Lost Youth (*Longfellow*), 395; The City in the Sea (*Poe*), 403; The Eagle (*Tennyson*), 413; Prelude: from "The Vision of Sir Launfal" (*J. R. Lowell*), 434; An Evening Scene (*Patmore*), 450; There's Been a Death (*Dickinson*), 463; Nightmare (*J. Thomson*), 467; To a Snowflake (*F. Thompson*), 498; The Rear-Guard (*Sassoon*), 569; The Great Lover (*Brooke*), 578; The Corner-Knot (*Graves*), 602; Country Summer (*Adams*), 608.

## DIDACTIC, OR, RELIGIOUS VERSE

Good Company (*Henry VIII*), 93; The Wood, the Weed, the Wag (*Raleigh*), 99; The Passionate Man's Pilgrimage (*Raleigh*), 100; The Lie (*Raleigh*), 102; The Burning Babe (*Southwell*), 114; Character of a Happy Life (*Wotton*), 141; Short Measures (*Jonson*), 143; Prayer for Violence (*Donne*), 153; Nets to Catch the Wind (*Webster*), 159; Mirth (*Beaumont*), 162; On the Tombs in Westminster Abbey (*Beaumont*), 162; To the Virgins (*Herrick*), 167; To Daffodils (*Herrick*), 168; Delight in Disorder (*Herrick*), 173; A Contemplation upon Flowers (*King*), 174; Of Human Life (*King*), 175; Man (*Herbert*), 178; The Elixir (*Herbert*), 180; Virtue (*Herbert*), 181; Go, Lovely Rose (*Waller*), 185; On Time (*Milton*), 196; Christ Crucified (*Crashaw*), 214; St. Teresa (*Crashaw*), 214; To Althea from Prison (*Lovelace*), 217; Injunction (*Blake*), 276; Eternity (*Blake*), 280; Character of the Happy Warrior (*Wordsworth*), 301; To a Waterfowl (*Bryant*), 385; Thanatopsis (*Bryant*), 386; The Rhodora (*Emerson*), 389; The Waiting (*Whittier*), 398; Among the Rocks (*R. Browning*), 425; Prospice (*R. Browning*), 431; After (*R. Browning*), 430; Oh, For the Time When I Shall Sleep (*Brontë*), 432; The Old Stoic (*Brontë*), 432; Last Lines (*Brontë*), 433; The Last Word (*Arnold*), 448; Truth (*Patmore*), 450; Invictus (*Henley*), 485; Comrades (*Hovey*), 500; Recessional (*Kipling*), 509; Leisure (*Davies*), 524; The Praise of Dust (*Chesterton*), 531; The Laden-Eyed (*Lindsay*), 556; Self-Analysis (*Wickham*), 563; Domestic Economy (*Wickham*), 564; Envoi (*Wickham*), 564; The Eagle and the Mole (*Wylie*), 574.

## THE ELEGY

Many of the following poems, being in the nature of songs, might be classified as lyrics. Their subject as well as their measured rhythm suggests a separate division.

Come Away, Death (*Shakespeare*), 124; Sea Dirge (*Shakespeare*), 125; Fear No More (*Shakespeare*), 126; Dirge for Narcissus (*Jonson*), 145; The Levelling Dust (*Shirley*), 182; Lycidas (*Milton*), 206; Elegy Written in a Country Churchyard (*Gray*), 258; How Sleep the Brave (*Collins*), 262; Crossing the Bar (*Tennyson*), 417; Oh, For the Time When I Shall Sleep (*Brontë*), 432; Death Carol (*Whitman*), 443; Requiesscat (*Arnold*), 446; Dirge in Woods (*Meredith*), 452; The Bourne (*C. Rossetti*), 461; Requiesscat (*Wilde*), 488; Beside the Bed (*Mew*), 523; C. L. M. (*Masefield*), 546; Lethe (*H. D.*), 572; Dirge Without Music (*Millay*), 591; Memorial Rain (*MacLeish*), 592; Lullaby (*Adams*), 609.

## THE EPIGRAM

On the Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife (*Wotton*), 142; Milton (*Dryden*), 233; Epitaph on Charles II (*Wilmot*), 237; A Reasonable Affliction (*Prior*), 245; Man, from "An Essay on Man" (*Pope*), 255; On a Certain Lady at Court (*Pope*), 256; Auguries of Innocence (*Blake*), 277; Ianthe (*Landor*), 333; Dirce (*Landor*), 334; On his Seventy-fifth Birthday (*Landor*), 334; Outwitted (*Markham*), 487; On Seeing Weather-Beaten Trees (*Crapsey*), 549; The Grey Squirrel (*Wolfe*), 567; Tulip (*Wolfe*), 568.

## THE EPITAPH

Epitaph (*Hawes*), 93; His Epitaph (*Raleigh*), 99; On the Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife (*Wotton*), 142; Epitaph on a Young Girl (*Carew*), 183; An Epitaph upon Ihusband and Wife (*Crashaw*), 213; Epitaph on Charles II (*Wilmot*), 237; An Epitaph (*de la Mare*), 530; Epitaphs (*S. T. Warner*), 599.

## FREE (OR CADENCED) VERSE

When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer (*Whitman*), 435; Song of Myself (*Whitman*), 436; On the Beach at Night (*Whitman*), 440; Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun (*Whitman*), 442; Death Carol (*Whitman*), 443; Philomela (*Arnold*), 445; Margaritae Sorori (*Henley*), 485; Patterns (*A. Lowell*), 532; Plunger (*Sandburg*), 549; Grass (*Sandburg*), 549; Cool Tombs (*Sandburg*), 550; Four Preludes on Playthings of the Wind (*Sandburg*), 550; Oread (*H. D.*), 571; Heat (*H. D.*), 572; Hurt Hawks (*Jeffers*), 580; At the British Museum (*Aldington*), 594.

## THE LULLABY

By-Low (*Author Unknown*), 46; Lullaby (*Dekker*), 154; Nod (*de la Mare*), 529; Lullaby (*Adams*), 609.

## THE LYRIC

See, also, the poems listed under "The Pastoral" and "Lullabies".

Cuckoo Song (*Author unknown*), 43; Alisoun (*Author unknown*), 44; By-Low (*Author unknown*), 46; The Nightingale (*Author unknown*), 46; Who Is at My Window? (*Author unknown*), 48; Mother and Maiden (*Author unknown*), 48; Mad Song (*Author unknown*), 49; Hey Nonny No (*Author unknown*), 50; Drouth (*Author unknown*), 50; Love Not Me for Comely Grace (*Author unknown*), 51; Beauty's Self (*Author unknown*), 51; There is a Lady Sweet and Kind (*Author unknown*), 51; Love, Time and Measure (*Author unknown*), 52; Phillada Flouts Me (*Author unknown*), 52; The Miracle (*Author unknown*), 54; Sic Transit (*Author unknown*), 55; Dispraise of Love (*Author unknown*), 55; Rest, Sad Eyes (*Author unknown*), 56; Vanity of Vanities (*Author unknown*), 57; Love and Hope (*Author unknown*), 57; Love Will Find Out the Way (*Author Unknown*), 58; The Coming of the King (*Author unknown*), 59; The Lover Showeth How He is Forsaken (*Wyatt*), 95; The Lover Rejoiceth That He Hath Broken the Snares of Love (*Wyatt*), 95; Cupid arā Campaspe (*Lyly*), 107; Love's Schooling (*Lyly*), 108; My True Love Hath my Heart (*Sidney*), 108; Rosaline (*Lodge*), 110; Rosalind's Madrigal (*Lodge*), 112; Bethsabe Bathing (*Peele*), 113; Silvia (*Shakespeare*), 121; Fairy Songs (*Shakespeare*), 121; The Fraud of Men (*Shakespeare*), 123; Winter (*Shakespeare*); 123; Seals of Love (*Shakespeare*), 124; Morning Song (*Shakespeare*), 125; Lovers Love the Spring (*Shakespeare*), 125; Bitter Song (*Shakespeare*), 126; Crabbèd Age and Youth (*Shakespeare*), 128; O Mistress Mine

(*Shakespeare*), 128; Spring (*Nashe*), 137; Lost Freedom (*Campion*), 138  
 Beauty Unbound (*Campion*), 141; Welcome to Day (*Heywood*), 146  
 Hymn to Diana (*Jonson*), 143; To Celia (*Jonson*), 144; Sweet Neglect  
 (*Jonson*), 144; Song (*Donne*), 152; O Sweet Content (*Dekker*), 154  
 Mourn No More (*Fletcher*), 157; Aspatia's Song (*Fletcher*), 158; Care-  
 Charming Sleep (*Fletcher*), 159; To Pan (*Fletcher*), 158; A Dance  
 (*Beaumont*), 161; What Care I (*Wither*), 163; The Argument of His  
 Book (*Herrick*), 167; To the Virgins (*Herrick*), 167; The Mad Maid's  
 Song (*Herrick*), 168; To Daisies (*Herrick*), 169; Upon Love (*Herrick*)  
 169; Oberon's Feast (*Herrick*), 170; His Prayer to Ben Jonson (*Herrick*)  
 171; To Anthea (*Herrick*), 172; Upon Julia's Clothes (*Herrick*), 173;  
 Never-Dying Fire (*Carew*), 184; Awakel Awakel (*Davenant*), 184; The  
 Dancer (*Waller*), 185; Go, Lovely Rose (*Waller*), 185; On a Girdle (*Wal-  
 ler*), 186; Song on May Morning (*Milton*), 187; Songs from "Arcades"  
 (*Milton*), 196; Songs from "Comus" (*Milton*), 197; Why So Pale and  
 Wan (*Suckling*), 211; The Bride (*Suckling*), 212; The Constant Lover  
 (*Suckling*), 213; Wishes for the Supposed Mistress (*Crashaw*), 215; To  
 Lucasta (*Lovelace*), 216; To Althea from Prison (*Lovelace*), 217; To  
 Amarantha (*Lovelace*), 218; Love and Life (*Wilmot*), 236; Upon Noth-  
 ing (*Wilmot*), 237; A Song (*Anne of Winchelsea*), 243; Song (*Prior*),  
 245; Let Us Be Merry (*Curran*), 267; Minstrel's Song (*Chatterton*), 268;  
 Freedom's War-Song (*Chatterton*), 269; The Tyger (*Blake*), 273; The  
 Lamb (*Blake*), 273; The Fly (*Blake*), 274; Song (*Blake*), 275; My Silks  
 and Fine Array (*Blake*), 276; Morning (*Blake*), 277; A New Jerusalem  
 (*Blake*), 280; To the Muses (*Blake*), 281; Love's Secret (*Blake*), 281;  
 The Banks o' Doon (*Burns*), 282; To a Mouse (*Burns*), 283; John  
 Anderson, my Jo (*Burns*), 285; Whistle an' I'll Come to Ye (*Burns*),  
 285; Sweet Afton (*Burns*), 292; My Luve (*Burns*), 294; O Wert Thou in  
 the Cauld Blast (*Burns*), 294; The Daffodils (*Wordsworth*), 295; My  
 Heart Leaps Up When I Behold (*Wordsworth*), 295; To the Cuckoo  
 (*Wordsworth*), 296; Lucy (*Wordsworth*), 300; The Solitary Reaper  
 (*Wordsworth*), 303; Hunting Song (*Scott*), 309; Autumn (*Landor*), 333;  
 Mother, I Cannot Mind My Wheel (*Landor*), 333; Rose Aylmer (*Land-  
 or*), 333; Verse (*Landor*), 334; At the Mid Hour of Night (*T. Moore*),  
 334; Oft in the Stilly Night (*T. Moore*), 335; She Walks in Beauty  
 (*Byron*), 336; When We Two Parted (*Byron*), 337; We'll Go no  
 more A-Roving (*Byron*), 337; Song's Eternity (*Clare*), 357; Clock-o'-  
 Clay (*Clare*), 359; To Night (*Shelley*), 342; Winter (*Shelley*), 344; The  
 Indian Serenade (*Shelley*), 347; The Desire of the Moth (*Shelley*), 348;  
 To ——— (*Shelley*), 348; The Moon (*Shelley*), 351; The Cloud (*Shelley*),  
 354; The Mermaids' Vesper-Hymn (*Darley*), 381; The Time of Roses  
 (*Hood*), 387; Serenade (*Pinkney*), 388; Dream-Pedlary (*Beddoes*), 392;  
 My Lost Youth (*Longfellow*), 395; Israfel (*Poe*), 401; To Helen (*Poe*),  
 402; To One in Paradise (*Poe*), 404; A Dream Within a Dream  
 (*Poe*), 405; The Miller's Daughter (*Tennyson*), 410; Break, Break,  
 Break (*Tennyson*), 412; Blow, Bugle, Blow (*Tennyson*), 413; Tears, Idle  
 Tears (*Tennyson*), 416; In a Gondola (*R. Browning*), 419; A Cavalier  
 Tune (*R. Browning*), 425; Home-Thoughts from Abroad (*R. Brown-  
 ing*), 426; Song (*R. Browning*), 426; Auspex (*J. R. Lowell*), 435; The  
 Woodspurge (*D. G. Rossetti*), 452; Vespers (*Brown*), 458; A Birthday  
 (*C. Rossetti*), 458; When I Am Dead, My Dearest (*C. Rossetti*), 460;  
 Mirage (*C. Rossetti*), 460; Echo (*C. Rossetti*), 461; Snake (*Dickinson*),  
 462; I've Known a Heaven Like a Tent (*Dickinson*), 463; Love's

Stricken "Why" (*Dickinson*), 464; My Life Closed Twice (*Dickinson*), 465; Man (*Swinburne*), 470; When the Hounds of Spring (*Swinburne*), 472; The Sea (*Swinburne*), 473; Song (*Swinburne*), 474; The Darkling Thrush (*Hardy*), 475; The Oxen (*Hardy*), 476; The New Love and the Old (*O'Shaughnessy*), 479; Nightingales (*Bridges*), 480; A Passer-by (*Bridges*), 480; Chimes (*Meynell*), 484; Song (*Watson*), 492; Slow Spring (*Tynan*), 500; In the Wood of Finvara (*Symons*), 501; The Crying of Water (*Symons*), 501; The Song of Wandering Aengus (*Yeats*), 510; The Lake Isle of Innisfree (*Yeats*), 511; An Old Song Resung (*Yeats*), 511; The Wild Swans at Coole (*Yeats*), 512; Cynara (*Dowson*), 516; Veteran Sirens (*Robinson*), 522; Sea Love (*Mew*), 522; The Hermit (*Davies*), 524; A Great Time (*Davies*), 525; Time, You Old Gypsy Man (*Hodgson*), 525; The Mystery (*Hodgson*), 528; The Song of Shadows (*de la Mare*), 530; The Donkey (*Chesterton*), 532; Apology (*A. Lowell*), 535; My November Guest (*Frost*), 536; To Earthward (*Frost*), 541; Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening (*Frost*), 542; Sea-Fever (*Masefield*), 547; The Trumpet (*Thomas*), 547; To the Four Courts, Please (*Stephens*), 559; To the One of Fictive Music (*Stevens*), 562; Song (*Wickham*), 563; Arcturus in Autumn (*Teasdale*), 565; Let It Be Forgotten (*Teasdale*), 565; Iliad (*Wolfe*), 568; Every One Sang (*Sassoon*), 570; Annihilation (*Aitken*), 587; After Two Years (*Aldington*), 595.

#### MYSTICAL AND METAPHYSICAL VERSE

The Good-Morrow (*Donne*), 146; The Sun Rising (*Donne*), 147; The Ecstasy (*Donne*), 148; The Canonization (*Donne*), 150; The Undertaking (*Donne*), 151; Prayer for Violence (*Donne*), 153; Death, Be Not Proud (*Donne*), 154; Oblivion (*Marston*), 157; The Surrender (*King*), 173; The Pulley (*Herbert*), 175; Discipline (*Herbert*), 176; Paradise (*Herbert*), 177; Man (*Herbert*), 178; The Elixir (*Herbert*), 180; Virtue (*Herbert*), 181; Love (*Herbert*), 181; The Prophet (*Cowley*), 218; Beauty (*Cowley*), 219; The Wish (*Cowley*), 220; To His Coy Mistress (*Marvell*), 221; The Garden (*Marvell*), 222; The Definition of Love (*Marvell*), 224; The Revival (*Vaughan*), 226; The World (*Vaughan*), 226; The Retreat (*Vaughan*), 228; Eden (*Traherne*), 234; Walking (*Traherne*), 235; Measure (*Traherne*), 236; Upon Nothing (*Wilmot*), 237; The Tyger (*Blake*), 273; The Lamb (*Blake*), 273; The Fly (*Blake*), 274; The Sun-Flower (*Blake*), 275; The Sick Rose (*Blake*), 275; Morning (*Blake*), 277; Auguries of Innocence (*Blake*), 277; A New Jerusalem (*Blake*), 280; The Poet: from "Merlin" (*Emerson*), 388; Brahma (*Emerson*), 390; Days (*Emerson*), 391; Romance (*Poe*), 407; Song of Myself (*Whitman*), 436; On the Beach at Night (*Whitman*), 440; The Last Invocation (*Whitman*), 444; The Toys (*Patmore*), 449; The Only News I Know (*Dickinson*), 462; There is no Trumpet Like the Tomb (*Dickinson*), 464; Go Not Too Near a House of Rose (*Dickinson*), 464; Heaven—Haven (*Hopkins*), 482; The Habit of Perfection (*Hopkins*), 482; Pied Beauty (*Hopkins*), 483; The Hound of Heaven (*F. Thompson*), 493; To a Snowflake (*F. Thompson*), 498; In No Strange Land (*F. Thompson*), 499; Envoy (*Dowson*), 517; I Have Been Through the Gates (*Mew*), 523; Tree at My Window (*Frost*), 541; To Earthward (*Frost*), 541; Grass (*Sandburg*), 549; Four Preludes on Playthings of the Wind (*Sandburg*), 550; The Passing Strange (*Masefield*), 543; Everyman (*Sassoon*), 571;

Alone (*Sassoon*), 571; The Fish-Hawk (*Wheelock*), 573; Age in Prospect (*Jeffers*), 581; The One-Eyed Calendar (*Aiken*), 588; You, Andrew Marvell (*MacLeish*), 591.

### THE NARRATIVE

This category includes all the tales listed under "The Ballad" on page 615, as well as the following stories in verse.

The Friar's Tale (*Chaucer*), 73; The Burning Babe (*Southwell*), 114; The Rape of the Lock (*Pope*), 246; Tam o' Shanter (*Burns*), 286; Kubla Khan (*Coleridge*), 310; The Rime of the Ancient Mariner (*Coleridge*), 312; After Blenheim (*Southey*), 331; The Destruction of Sennacherib (*Byron*), 338; Waterloo (*Byron*), 339; La Belle Dame Sans Merci (*Keats*), 360; The Eve of St. Agnes (*Keats*), 370; Annabel Lee (*Poe*), 406; Mariana (*Tennyson*), 408; Ulysses (*Tennyson*), 410; Northern Farmer (*Tennyson*), 413; The Wild Joys of Living (*R. Browning*), 418; Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister (*R. Browning*), 420; Two in the Campagna (*R. Browning*), 422; My Last Duchess (*R. Browning*), 423; The Laboratory (*R. Browning*), 427; Meeting at Night (*R. Browning*), 428; Evelyn Hope (*R. Browning*), 429; The Blessed Damozel (*D. G. Rossetti*), 453; Mandalay (*Kipling*), 505; The Last Chantey (*Kipling*), 507; Flammonde (*Robinson*), 517; Mr. Flood's Party (*Robinson*), 520; Eve (*Hodgson*), 526; The Listeners (*de la Mare*), 528; Patterns (*A. Lowell*), 532; An Old Man's Winter Night (*Frost*), 537; Home Burial (*Frost*), 537; Peter Quince at the Clavier (*Stevens*), 559; Parting, Without a Sequel (*Ransom*), 582; The Image (*Warner*), 597; The Rival (*Warner*), 599.

### ODD FORMS, STRANGE DEVICES

Balade of Bon Counseill (*Chaucer*), 90; The Virgin Queen: An Anagram (*Davies*), 142; Farewell, Sweet Groves (*Wither*), 163; Paradise (*Herbert*), 177; Heaven (*Herbert*), 178; In After Days: Rondeau (*Dobson*), 477; Cinquains (*Crapsey*), 548; The Kallyope Yell (*Lindsay*), 552.

### THE ODE

L'Allegro (*Milton*), 187; Il Penseroso (*Milton*), 191; Lycidas (*Milton*), 206; Alexander's Feast (*Dryden*), 229; Ode to Evening (*Collins*), 262; Ode: Intimations of Immortality (*Wordsworth*), 304; To a Skylark (*Shelley*), 344; Invocation: To the Spirit of Delight (*Shelley*), 349; Ode to the West Wind (*Shelley*), 351; Ode on a Grecian Urn (*Keats*), 365; Ode to a Nightingale (*Keats*), 366; Ode to Autumn (*Keats*), 368; Ode on Melancholy (*Keats*), 369; Ode (*O'Shaughnessy*), 478; Hymn to Earth (*Wylie*), 575; Ode to Fear (*Tate*), 607.

### THE PASTORAL

The following poems might, with equal justice, be grouped under "The Lyric" on page 617. But the Elizabethans and their successors have made so definite a place for bucolic verse—the true variety as well as the artificial pastoral—that it has been thought advisable to list it separately.

A Pastoral (*Breton*), 97; Phillida and Coridon (*Breton*), 98; The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd (*Raleigh*), 101; Harvester's Song (*Peele*), 113; Winter (*Shakespeare*), 123; The Passionate Shepherd to His Love (*Marlowe*), 136; Under the Greenwood Tree (*Shakespeare*), 127; The Nightingale (*Barnefield*), 155; To Pan (*Fletcher*), 158; The Garden (*Marvell*), 222; Petition for Absolute Retreat (*Anne of Winchelsea*), 241; Solitude (*Pope*), 257; The Daffodils (*Wordsworth*), 295; Written in March (*Wordsworth*), 296; A Great Time (*Davies*), 525; If I Should Ever By Chance (*Thomas*), 548; 'The Rival (*Warner*), 599.

## THE SONNET

Description of the Contrarious Passions (*Wyatt*), 94; Vow to Love Faithfully (*Howard, Earl of Surrey*), 96; Frail Beauty (*Howard, Earl of Surrey*), 97; His Love's Riches (*Spenser*), 104; Ice and Fire (*Spenser*), 105; Another Element (*Spenser*), 105; The Golden Hook (*Spenser*), 106; The Tamed Deer (*Spenser*), 106; Your Power (*Spenser*), 106; So Let Us Love (*Spenser*), 107; With How Sad Steps, O Moon (*Sidney*), 109; Magpies and Swans (*Sidney*), 109; Conditional Surrender (*Sidney*), 109; Come, Sleep (*Sidney*), 110; Sleep (*Daniel*), 114; Then and Now (*Daniel*), 115; The Parting (*Drayton*), 115; Give Me My Self (*Drayton*), 116; Laughing at Fortune (*Drayton*), 116; The Paradox (*Drayton*), 117; Fortune and Men's Eyes (*Shakespeare*), 130; Eternal Summer (*Shakespeare*), 129; Chronicle of Wasted Time (*Shakespeare*), 134; Twilight of Love (*Shakespeare*), 132; Tired with All These (*Shakespeare*), 132; Body and Soul (*Shakespeare*), 135; Love Is Not Love Which Alters (*Shakespeare*), 134; Remembrance of Things Past (*Shakespeare*), 130; Time (*Shakespeare*), 131; Past Reason (*Shakespeare*), 135; Suns and Clouds (*Shakespeare*), 131; Despite Time (*Shakespeare*), 134; Lilies That Fester (*Shakespeare*), 133; Farewell (*Shakespeare*), 133; These Lines (*Shakespeare*), 131; When I am dead (*Shakespeare*), 630; Death, Be Not Proud (*Donne*), 154; On the Late Massacre in Piedmont (*Milton*), 630; On his Blindness (*Milton*), 187; The World (*Wordsworth*), 297; Sleep (*Wordsworth*), 298; Upon Westminster Bridge (*Wordsworth*), 298; England, 1802 (*Wordsworth*), 298; To Milton (*Wordsworth*), 299; Evening on the Beach (*Wordsworth*), 299; The Sonnet (*Wordsworth*), 300; Ozymandias (*Shelley*), 350; On the Sea (*Keats*), 362; On First Looking into Chapman's Homer (*Keats*), 363; On the Grasshopper and Cricket (*Keats*), 363; To One Who Has Been Long in City Pent (*Keats*), 364; On the Elgin Marbles (*Keats*), 364; Last Sonnet (*Keats*), 381; Love (*E. B. Browning*), 392; Grief (*E. B. Browning*), 393; Chaucer (*Longfellow*), 394; Nature (*Longfellow*), 394; Milton (*Longfellow*), 396; Shakespeare (*Arnold*), 447; Lucifer in Starlight (*Meredith*), 451; Winter Heavens (*Meredith*), 451; Love Sight (*D. G. Rossetti*), 453; Silent Noon (*D. G. Rossetti*), 453; Remember (*C. Rossetti*), 459; Aloof (*C. Rossetti*), 459; Spring (*Hopkins*), 483; Renouncement (*Meynell*), 484; Tears (*Reese*), 488; Spicewood (*Reese*), 489; The Heart (*F. Thompson*), 498; To One in Bedlam (*Dowson*), 516; Pearl Diver (*W. R. Benét*), 574; Birthday Sonnet (*Wylie*), 577; The Soldier (*Brooke*), 578; Promise of Peace (*Jeffers*), 582; Piazza Piece (*Ransom*), 583; Say What You Will (*Millay*), 589; What's This of Death (*Millay*), 590; Thou Art Not lovelier than Lilacs (*Millay*), 590; Anthem

for Doomed Youth (*Owen*), 595; Such is Death (*Sorley*), 601; This is the Garden (*Cummings*), 601; And to the Young Men (*M. Moore*), 611.

#### THE SPENSERIAN STANZA

Waterloo: from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" (*Byron*), 339; Ocean: from "Childe Harold's Pilgrimage" (*Byron*), 341; The Eve of St. Agnes (*Keats*), 370.

#### TERZA RIMA

A form rarely encountered in English except in strict translations of Dante's *Divina Commedia*.

Ode to the West Wind (*Shelley*), 351.

## POETIC FORMS AND PATTERNS

Although condensed and limited, this addendum presents the chief poetic designs and devices. It is not a complete outline, but rather a brief explanation of the principal forms of poetry and the common properties of versification. The definitions are general, not inclusive, popular (in the sense that they do not list exceptions to the rules) rather than pedagogic. However, most of the traditional forms have been included and only the rare or archaic terms have been omitted.

The poems which illustrate the various forms do not appear in the body of the book, but are in addition to those referred to by page-number.

### FEET AND METRES

The problems of rhythm and accent, of duration and pause, have been variously interpreted. The very nature of accent has given rise to controversy, some scholars maintaining it is due to a change in pitch of the voice, others to an increase of volume of tone. It is, however, generally accepted as *stress*, and in the following paragraphs it will be so regarded.

In English verse the rhythm is based upon this stress or accent, "the measured undulation of accented and unaccented syllables being its essential feature without which it becomes prose" (Brewer). The measures of Latin and Greek poetry, however, are not governed by accent, but are based upon quantity (the time consumed in pronouncing a syllable, a long syllable being considered equal to two short syllables), the laws governing quantity being far more strict than the rules determining English verse. Although classical prosody lists about thirty combinations of stressed and unstressed syllables (divided into accented and unaccented "feet"), the fundamental ones in English verse are five.

1. *The Iambic foot* is an unaccented syllable followed by an accented one. It is commonly expressed thus:  $\upsilon -$ ; such words as *oppose*, *delight*, *amuse* being, in themselves, iambic feet. English verse is founded on the iambic beat; it might

be said that our very speech tends to fall into iambs. An illustrative couplet:

A book of verses underneath the bough,  
A jug of wine, a loaf of bread—and thou.

2. *The Trochaic foot* is an accented syllable followed by an unaccented one. It is commonly expressed thus: - ∪; such words as *gather*, *heartless*, *feeling* being, in themselves, trochaic feet. It is second in importance to the iambic measure. An illustrative example:

Soft and easy is thy cradle  
Coarse and hard thy Saviour lay.

It should be noted that the majority of trochaic lines in English show a deficient last foot; that is to say, the last syllable is often omitted as in the second line of the example quoted.

3. *The Dactylic foot* is an accented syllable followed by two unaccented ones. It is commonly expressed thus: - ∪ ∪; such words as *happiness*, *sentiment*, *merrily* being, in themselves, dactylic feet. Grace and a lilting movement are achieved by its use. An illustrative example:

Love again, song again, nest again, young again.

4. *The Anapæstic foot* consists of two unaccented syllables followed by an accented syllable. It is commonly expressed thus: ∪ ∪ -; such words as *interrupt*, *supersede*, *disappear* being, in themselves, anapæstic feet. It is a speedy and propulsive rhythm. An illustrative example:

With the sheep in the fold and the cows in their stalls.

Both the dactylic and anapæstic measures tend to become monotonous and, therefore, most poets who employ them vary the measures by introducing two-syllable (iambic or trochaic) feet. It might be added that the poem which adheres absolutely to one foot or accent is rare, most poems of any length revealing a variety of accents. See Pope's "The Craft of Verse" (256).

5. *The Spondee* consists of two strongly accented syllables, expressed thus: - - ; compound words like *heartbreak*, *childhood*, *wineglass* being perfect spondees. It is mostly found in classic poetry and is used chiefly for occasional, grave emphasis. An illustrative example:

Slow Spondee stalks; strong foot.

*The Metre* or measure of a verse is determined by the number of feet in the line. The terms explain themselves: *monometer*—one foot; *dimeter*—two feet; *trimeter*—three feet; *tetrameter*—four feet; *pentameter*—five feet; *hexameter*—six feet; *heptameter*—seven feet; *octameter*—eight feet. Thus the following line:

To hear | the lark | begin | his flight

is a line of four feet; since it is a compound of four iambic feet it would be classified as *iambic tetrameter*.

#### STANZA FORMS

In the same way that feet are combined into the structure of a line, lines are combined into the pattern of a poem. These patterns, or stanzas, have certain distinct characteristics and are usually classified as follows:

*The Couplet* (formerly called the "distich") consists of two lines of matched verse in immediate succession. It has always been popular, especially for sharp or epigrammatic effect. The form has been a favourite since the time of Chaucer's "Canterbury Tales", Dryden having brought it to a kind of perfection which Pope tightened into a "thought couplet", each couplet being a unit in itself.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

Pope

*The Tercet* (sometimes known as the "triplet") is a stanza of three lines rhyming together. Examples of this pattern may be found in Crashaw's "Wishes for the Supposed Mistress" (215), Herrick's "Upon Julia's Clothes" (173), Herbert's "Paradise" (177), Symons' "In the Wood of Finvara" (501). A further illustration is Browning's:

Boot, saddle, to horse, and away!  
 Rescue my castle before the hot day  
 Brightens to blue from its silvery grey.

The *Quatrain*, the commonest stanza form, consists of four lines rhymed in a variety of ways. Perhaps the most familiar arrangement is the ballad metre, in which the second and fourth lines are rhymed while the first and third are unrhymed. See "Childe Maurice" (5), "The Douglas Tragedy" (8), "Sir Patrick Spens" (14). Almost as well known is the quatrain in which the rhymes are *a-b-a-b*, as, for example, Emerson's:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,	a
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,	b
Here once the embattled farmers stood	a
And fired the shot heard round the world.	b

A form of quatrain somewhat less familiar is one in which the lines rhyme *a-b-b-a*, as, for example, Tennyson's:

Our little systems have their day;	a
They have their day and cease to be:	b
They are but broken lights of Thee,	b
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.	a

The variations are great and range from the clipped stanzas of Herbert's "Discipline" (176) to the long measure of Charlotte Mew's "Beside the Bed" (523). The quatrain itself, in its various shapes, appears throughout this volume too numerous to be listed.

The *Quintet* is a five-line stanza variously rhymed, although the favourite formula seems to be *a-b-a-b-b*; Swinburne's "Hertha" is written in this form, a particularly fluent example, with its long-rolling last line:

I the grain and the furrow,	a
The plough-cloven clod	b
And the ploughshare drawn thorough,	a
The germ and the sod,	b
The deed and the doer, the seed and the sower, the dust which is God.	b

Shelley's "To a Skylark" (344), Waller's "Go, Lovely Rose" (185) and Christina Rossetti's "The Bourne" (461) are among the more famous poems built on the quintet.

*The Sestet* is a six-line stanza in which the possibilities of line and rhyme arrangement are almost endless. It may be composed of interlacing couplets as in Shakespeare's "O Mistress Mine" (128), or a mingling of rhymed and unrhymed lines as in D. G. Rossetti's "The Blessèd Damozel" (453), or the quaint arrangement which Robert Burns made his own in "To a Mouse" (283) and "The Hermit":

In this lone cave, in garments lowly,	a
Alike a foe to noisy folly,	a
And brow-bent gloomy melancholy,	a
I wear away	b
My life, and in my office holy,	a
Consume the day.	b

The term "sestet" is also used to designate the last six lines of the sonnet.

*The Septet*, a rather uncommon but flexible seven-line form, is chiefly esteemed in the variation known as *rime royal*, so called because it was supposedly first employed by King James I of Scotland. Chaucer was fond of using it (*vide* his "Tale of the Man of Law" and "Troilus and Criseyde" and "Parlement of Foules"); Masfield erected his "The Widow in the Bye Street", "Dauber" and others on this design.

On every bough the briddes herde I singe,	a
With voys of aungel in hir armonye,	b
Som besyed hem hir briddes forth to bringe;	a
The litel conyes to hir pley gunne hye,	b
And further al aboute I gan espye	b
The dredful roo, the buk, the hert and hinde,	c
Squerels, and bestes smale of gentil kinde.	c

*The Octave*, a stanza of eight lines, presents infinite possibilities for the poet. It may be composed of the linking of two quatrains ( $a-b, a-b-c-d-c-d$ ) or two triplets with an intervening pair of rhyming lines ( $a-a-a-b-c-c-c-b$ ), as in the first example quoted below, or a quatrain, a triplet and an extra, final rhyme ( $a-b-a-b-c-c-c-b$ ), as in the second example. Robert Bridges' "A Passer-by" (480) presents still another arrangement ( $a-b-a-b-b-c-b-c$ ).

Upon Saint Crispin's Day	a
Fought was this noble fray,	a
Which fame did not delay	a
To England to carry.	b
O when shall English men	c
With such acts fill a pen?	c
Or England breed again	c
Such a King Harry?	b

*Agincourt**Michael Drayton*

From too much love of living,	a
From hope and fear set free,	b
We thank with brief thanksgiving	a
Whatever gods may be	b
That no life lives for ever;	c
That dead men rise up never;	c
That even the weariest river	c
Winds somewhere safe to sea.	b

*The Garden of Proserpine**A. G. Swinburne*

A particular form of the eight-line stanza is known as *ttava rima* since it was adapted from the Italian. The arrangement is *a-b-a-b-a-b-c-c*, and examples of it are found in Byron's "Don Juan" (339).

The term "octave" is also used to designate the first eight lines of the sonnet.

*The Spenserian Stanza* is a solemn, nine-line stanza, invented by Spenser. Its rhyme-scheme is intricate (*a-b-a-b-b-b-b-c-c*) and the ninth line (called the Alexandrine) is one foot longer than the others, rounding out the stanza with an impressive sonority. Among the poems built on Spenserian stanza are Byron's "Childe Harold" (339), Byron's "Ocean" (341), Keats' "The Eve of St. Agnes" (370), Shelley's "Adonais" and Spenser's "The Faerie Queene", the stanza of which follows:

For take thy balance, if thou be so wise,	a
And weigh the wind that under heaven doth blow;	b
Or weigh the light that in the east doth rise;	a
Or weigh the thought that from man's mind doth flow:	b
But if the weight of these thou canst not show,	b
Weigh but one word which from thy lips doth fall:	c

For how canst thou these greater secrets know	b
That dost not know the least thing of them all?	c
Ill can he rule the great that cannot reach the small.	c

The ten-, eleven-, and twelve-line stanzas are combinations of smaller units and are rather uncommon. The fourteen-line stanza (the sonnet) has developed into one of the richest patterns in English poetry and must be considered separately.

## THE SONNET

The sonnets in this volume are listed on pages 621-622. Although they show a variety of rhyme-schemes, their basic structure is identical. All sonnets are built on fourteen lines, the lines themselves (with few exceptions) being composed of ten syllables—iambic pentameter. These fourteen lines are usually divided into the first eight (the octave) and the second six (the sestet). The three main types are the Petrarchan (or Italian), the Shakespearean, and the Miltonic sonnet.

*The Petrarchan Sonnet* is the strictest, permitting only two rhymes in the octave and not more than three (often two) in the sestet. The octave is rhymed *a-b-b-a-a-b-b-a*. The sestet allows a variation in the line arrangement, the favourite pattern being either *c-d-e-c-d-e* or *c-d-c-d-c-d*. An example of the Petrarchan sonnet follows:

O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes;	a
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth;	b
Lie close around her; leave no room for mirth	b
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.	a
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,	a
Hushed in and curtained with a blessed dearth	b
Of all that irked her from the hour of birth;	b
With stillness that is almost Paradise.	a

Darkness more clear than noonday holdeth her,	c
Silence more musical than any song;	d
Even her very heart has ceased to stir:	c
Until the morning of Eternity	e
Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be;	e
And when she wakes she will not think it long.	d

*The Shakespearean Sonnet*, perfected but not invented by Shakespeare, completely departs from the finely interlaced Italian model. It is actually nothing more than a set of three quatrains concluded and cemented by a couplet. An example:

No longer mourn for me when I am dead	a
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell	b
Give warning to the world that I am fled	a
From this vile world with vilest worms to dwell;	b
Nay, if you read this line, remember not	c
The hand that writ it, for I love you so	d
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot	c
If thinking on me then should make you woe.	d
O if, I say, you look upon this verse	e
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,	f
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,	e
But let your love even with my life decay,	f
Lest the wise world should look into your moan	g
And mock you with me after I am gone.	g

From "Sonnets"

William Shakespeare

*The Miltonic Sonnet* is an adaptation of the Petrarchan with a striking difference. The Italian model separated the octave and sestet by a break in thought; the octave usually presented a general idea while the sestet pointed it and made it particular. Instead of dividing his sonnets in two parts, Milton unrolled his thought and his rich music without interruption through the fourteen lines. An example:

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered Saints, whose bones	a
Lie scattered on the Alpine mountains cold;	b
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,	b
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones,	a
Forget not: in thy book record their groans	a
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold	b
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled	b
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans	a
The vale redoubled to the hills, and they	c
To Heaven. Their martyred blood and ashes sow	d
O'er all th' Italian fields, where still doth sway	c
The triple Tyrant; that from these may grow	d
A hundredfold, who, having learnt thy way,	c
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.	d

"On the Late Massacre in Piedmont"

John Milton

## THE BALLADE AND RONDEAU

*The Ballade* is the most popular as well as the most important of the strict forms brought over from France. Villon immortalized the form and Chaucer used it in England as early as the fourteenth century—*vide* “Ballade of Good Counsel” (90–91). It is composed of three stanzas of eight lines and a half-stanza (the Envoy) of four lines. The rhymes of the first stanza are arranged in the order *a-b-a-b-b-c-b-c*, and this arrangement is repeated in all the other stanzas—the envoy being *b-c-b-c*. No rhyme-word or rhyming sound may be repeated throughout the entire ballade.

The outstanding feature of the ballade is its *refrain*. The refrain is the line which ends all the stanzas and the envoy; it is repeated in its entirety and gives a unity to the poem.

I hid my heart in a nest of roses,	a
Out of the sun's way, hidden apart;	b
In a softer bed than the soft white snow's is,	a
Under the roses I hid my heart.	b
Why would it sleep not? Why should it start,	b
When never a leaf of the rose-tree stirred?	c
What made sleep flutter his wings and part?	b
Only the song of a secret bird.	c
Lie still, I said, for the wind's wing closes,	a
And mild leaves muffle the keen sun's dart;	b
Lie still, for the wind on the warm seas dozes,	a
And the wind is unquieter yet than thou art.	b
Does a thought in thee still as a thorn's wound smart?	b
Does the fang still fret thee of hope deferred?	c
What bids the lips of thy sleep dispart?	b
Only the song of a secret bird.	c
The green land's name that a charm encloses,	a
It never was writ in the traveller's chart,	b
And sweet on its trees is the fruit that grows is;	a
It never was sold in the merchant's mart.	b
The swallows of dreams through its dim fields dart,	b
And sleep's are the tunes in its tree-tops heard;	c
No hound's note wakens the wildwood hart,	b
Only the song of a secret bird.	c

## ENVOY

In the world of dreams I have chosen my part,	b
To sleep for a season and hear no word	c
Of true love's truth or of light love's art,	b
Only the song of a secret bird.	c

*A Ballade of Dreamland**A. C. Swinburne*

*The Rondeau* is a nimbler form usually employed for sprightly themes although it can be used gravely as in Dobson's "In After Days" (477). It is composed of thirteen lines built on only two rhymes, the refrain being a repetition of the first part of the first line. Using *x* to represent the refrain, the rhyme-scheme would be *a-a-b-b-a*, *a-a-b-x*, *a-a-b-b-a-x*. An example:

What is to come we know not. But we know	a
That what has been was good—was good to show,	a
Better to hide, and best of all to bear.	b
We are the masters of the days that were:	b
We have lived, we have loved, we have suffered—even so.	a
Shall we not take the ebb who had the flow?	a
Life was our friend. Now, if it be our foe—	a
Dear, though it break and spoil us!—need we care	b
What is to come?	x

Let the great winds their worst and wildest blow,	a
Or the gold weather round us mellow slow:	a
We have fulfilled ourselves, and we can dare	b
And we can conquer, though we may not share	b
In the rich quiet of the afterglow.	a
What is to come?	x

*What Is To Come**W. E. Henley*

Leigh Hunt's "Jenny Kissed Me" (336) is often referred to as a *rondeau*; actually it bears no resemblance to the form of the *rondeau* except the repetition of the first phrase as a sort of refrain.

## THE VILLANELLE

Originally used for pastoral subjects, the *Villanelle* has become so stylized that its simplicity is quite artificial. It is composed of five three-line stanzas and a concluding stanza of four lines, each stanza ending with an alternating line of the first verse. In the last stanza both of these lines appear

together as a concluding couplet. Only two rhymes are permitted throughout the verses. Henley has described the very essence of this form as follows:

A dainty thing's the Villanelle.	a 1
Sly, musical, a jewel in rhyme,	b
It serves its purpose passing well.	a 2
A double-clappered silver bell	a
That must be made to clink in chime,	b
A dainty thing's the Villanelle;	a 1
And if you wish to flute a spell,	a
Or ask a meeting 'neath the lime,	b
It serves its purpose passing well.	a 2
You must not ask of it the swell	a
Of organs grandiose and sublime—	b
A dainty thing's the Villanelle;	a 1
And, filled with sweetness, as a shell	a
Is filled with sound, and launched in time,	b
It serves its purpose passing well.	a 2
Still fair to see and good to smell	a
As in the quaintness of its prime,	b
A dainty thing's the Villanelle;	a 1
It serves its purpose passing well.	a 2

#### THE ODE

Derived from a Greek word meaning "song", the Ode, according to the lexicographers, became "a form of stately and elaborate verse." Originally chanted, the ode was built on a set of themes and responses and sung by divided choirs, half the singers intoning the strophe, the other half replying with the antistrophe, and both uniting with the epode. Most of the odes in English verse depart from the Greek model, although Swinburne's "Athens" and some of his political odes preserve the antique mode, while Dryden's "Alexander's Feast" (229) blends the responsive voices in the antique manner. Cowley invented a variation on the form which he called the Pindaric ode—an irregular, passionate declamation in which the form is swept aside on a wave of emotion—Cowley failing to comprehend that Pindar varied the verse-arrangement of his odes but that each was consistently and strictly patterned.

Since Cowley, the shape of the ode has grown more and more uncertain. The odes of Coleridge, Wordsworth and Tennyson, though eloquent, are irregular. The magnificent odes of Keats and Shelley are, in reality, extended and sustained lyrics. The term itself has been broadened; strophe and antistrophe have disappeared; the length and stanza-pattern are unpredictable. To-day the ode may be recognized not by its form at all, but rather by its tone: an intense, richly elaborated and often profound apostrophe.

#### BLANK VERSE

Blank verse may be defined as (1) any unrhymed regular measure or (2) unrhymed verse in iambic pentameter. Most scholars favour the second interpretation, although the unrhymed dactylic hexameter of Longfellow's "Evangeline" and the unrhymed trochaic tetrameter of his "Hiawatha" are obviously a variety of blank verse. But the term "blank verse" seems inevitably attached to the iambic five-accented line first employed in English by Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, and glorified by Shakespeare's dramas, Milton's epics and Wordsworth's meditations. Along with its sonority, its great strength lies in its flexibility. It can deviate from strict metrical regularity without injuring the rolling line—in fact the departures, the endless variety of effects, reveal its never-exhausted power. Every master of blank verse has given the measure new modulations and stamped it with his characteristic idiom. (Examples of blank verse contained in this volume are listed on page 615.)

#### VARIOUS DEVICES

Besides the patterns already defined the poet has recourse to various devices. Some of the most easily recognizable are *Alliteration*, *Rhyme*, *Assonance*, *Onomatopœia*, *Metonymy*, *Synecdoche*, *Simile* and *Metaphor*.

#### *Devices of Sound*

*Alliteration* is the repetition of the same consonant sound in words or syllables succeeding each other at close intervals. Usually it refers to the repetition of a sound or letter at the beginning of words, like:

Fields ever fresh and groves ever green.

But, besides the repetition of *f* and *g* in this line, there is alliteration of the *v* sounds, half buried in the midst of the words. It is the most recognizable of devices, often overused—Swinburne having carried it to the point of parody—but extremely effective as an enrichment of rhyme, even a substitute for it, as in Anglo-Saxon poetry. A famous example is Tennyson's:

The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

*Rhyme*, sometimes spelled *rime*, has been variously defined. However, the principle laid down by Thomas Hood still holds: "A rhyme must commence on an accented syllable. From the accented vowel of that syllable to the end, the words intended to rhyme must be *identical* in sound, but the letter or letters preceding the accented vowel must be *unlike* in sound." "Night" and "fight", for example, are true rhymes, but "night" and "knight" do not rhyme, there being nothing unlike in the sound preceding the vowel. Neither can "night" and "ride" be said to rhyme, for though the sound preceding the vowel is different, the sound *following* the vowel is not identical, as it should be to constitute a true rhyme. "Night" and "ride" is an instance of *assonance*.

*Assonance* is the matching of the vowel-sound alone, irrespective of the consonant (or sound) which follows it. Thus "base" and "face" would be true rhyme, whereas "base" and "fade" would be *assonance*. The old ballads and folk-poetry are full of *assonance*, sometimes purposeful, sometimes accidental, as in "Sir Patrick Spens" (14):

The anchor broke, the topmast *split*,  
'Twas such a deadly *storm*.  
The waves came over the broken *ship*  
Till all her sides were *torn*.

*Onomatopœia* is the formation of the words by the imitation of sounds, the words thus formed vividly suggesting the object or action producing the sound. Such words are found in the cradle of the individual as well as in the infancy of the race: *bow-wow*, *ding-dong*, *hum*, *buzz*, etc. Though not con-

fined to verse, words like *whiz*, *crash*, *crunch*, *crackle*, *jangle* have become properties of the poet.

#### *Devices of Sense*

*Metonymy* and *Synecdoche* are figures of speech in which a word or phrase is used to suggest another word or thought, or in which a part is used for the whole or a whole for a part. They might be called "figures of association" and though they are recognizable, they are not easily distinguishable. Thus in Shirley's "The Levelling Dust" (182) "sceptre and crown" and "scythe and spade" are used to symbolize the kings and peasants which the phrases suggest. When Kipling in "Recessional" (509) speaks of England holding dominion over "palm and pine" he suggests, by selecting typically northern and southern trees, the extent of the British Empire. We say "the kettle is boiling" when we mean the water in the kettle is boiling, or "We enjoy Keats" when we mean that we enjoy the writings of Keats.

*Simile* and *Metaphor* are poetry's most constant properties. The power of each lies in fixing the attention on one object by comparing it to another. When the comparison is direct and introduced by *like* or *as* it is a simile; when the comparison is indirect or implied, without the use of *like* or *as*, it is a metaphor. Burns, "O my Luve is like a red, red rose" (294) and Wordsworth's "I wandered lonely as a cloud" are among the most familiar similes; Campion's "There is a garden in her face" (139) and Brown's "O blackbird, what a boy you are!" (458) are vivid examples of metaphor. Poetry might be said to be founded on the vigour and range of the metaphorical mind. Its element is surprise. To relate the hitherto unrelated, to make the strange seem familiar and the familiar seem strange is the aim of metaphor. Through this heightened awareness, poetry, though variously defined, is invariably pronounced and unmistakably perceived.

## INDEX OF AUTHORS, TITLES, FIRST LINES

- A child said, *What is the grass?*  
fetching it to me with full  
hands, 436
- A flock of sheep that leisurely  
pass by, 298
- A Knight ther was, and that a  
worthy man, 62
- A Knight there was, and that a  
worthy man, 63
- A late lark twitters from the quiet  
skies, 485
- A learned and a happy ignorance,  
234
- "A letter from my love to-day!" 489
- A narrow fellow in the grass, 462
- A single step, that freed me from  
the skirts, 302
- A sweet disorder in the dress, 173
- A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,  
360
- A voice by the cedar tree, 416
- A widow bird sat mourning for  
her love, 344
- A wind sways the pines, 452
- ADAMS, LÉONIE, 608
- Aella* (excerpt from), 268
- After*, 430
- After Blenheim*, 331
- After long thirty years re-met, 599
- After Two Years*, 595
- Age in Prospect*, 581
- Ah, Sun-flower! weary of time, 275
- Ah, what avails the sceptred rael,  
333
- AIKEN, CONRAD, 587
- ALDINGTON, RICHARD, 594
- Alexander's Feast, or, The Power  
of Music*, 229
- Alisoun*, 44, 45
- All Beauteous Things*, 481
- All in the merry month of May,  
24
- All music, sauces, feasts, delights,  
and pleasures, 236
- All my past life is mine no more,  
236
- All out of doors looked darkly  
in at him, 537
- All the flowers of the spring, 158
- All ye that lovely lovers be, 113
- All ye woods, and trees, and bow-  
ers, 158
- Alone*, 571
- Aloof*, 459
- Amarantha, sweet and fair, 218
- Ambassador Puser the ambassa-  
dor, 592
- Among the Rocks*, 425
- Amoretti* (sonnets from), 104-107
- An ancient story I'll tell you anon,  
36
- An old man in a lodge within a  
park, 394
- And did those feet in ancient  
time, 280
- And here face down beneath the  
sun, 591
- And then I pressed the shell, 558
- And to the Young Men*, 611
- And to the young men awaiting  
their sacrifice, 611
- And yet this great wink of eter-  
nity, 606
- Annabel Lee*, 406
- Annihilation*, 587
- Announced by all the trumpets  
of the sky, 390
- Another Element*, 105
- Anthem for Doomed Youth*, 595
- Apeneck Swency spreads his  
knees, 584
- Apology*, 535
- April, April, 492
- Arcades* (excerpt from), 196
- Arcturus in Autumn*, 565
- Argument of His Book, The*, 167
- ARMSTRONG, MARTIN, 557
- ARNOLD, MATTHEW, 445
- Art thou pale for weariness, 351
- Art thou poor, yet hast thou  
golden slumbers?, 154
- As a fond mother, when the day  
is o'er, 394
- As I came over Windy Gap, 513
- As I came through the desert  
thus it was, 467
- As I in hoary winter's night stood  
shivering in the snow, 114
- As it fell out on a long summer's  
day, 16
- As it fell upon a day, 155
- As one who, long in populous  
city pent, 204
- Aspatia's song*, 158
- Astrophel and Stella* (sonnets  
from), 109, 110
- At the British Museum*, 594
- At the last, tenderly, 444

- At the Mid Hour of Night*, 334  
 At the mid hour of night, when  
   stars are weeping, I fly, 334  
*Atalanta in Calydon* (excerpts  
   from), 470, 472  
*Auguries of Innocence*, 277  
*Auspex*, 435  
*Autumn*, 333  
 Autumn hath all the summer's  
   fruitful treasure, 138  
 Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughtered  
   Saints, whose bones, 630  
 Avoid the reeking herd, 574  
*Awake! Awake!*, 184  
 Ay me, ay me, I sigh to see the  
   scythe afield, 55  
  
*Balade of Bon Couseill*, 90  
*Ballad of Hell, A*, 489  
*Ballad of the Goodly Fere*, 566  
*Ballad of William Sycamore, The*,  
   604  
*Ballad upon a Wedding, A* (ex-  
   cerpt from), 212  
*Ballade of Good Counsel*, 91  
 Banks o' Doon, *The*, 282  
*Barbara Allen's Cruelty*, 24  
 BARNEFIELD, RICHARD, 155  
 Batter my heart, three-personed  
   God; for you, 153  
 Be not angry with me that I bear,  
   535  
 BEAUMONT, FRANCIS, 161  
 Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!,  
   429  
 Beautiful must be the mountains  
   whence ye come, 480  
*Beauty*, 219  
 Beauty, thou wild fantastic ape,  
   219  
*Beauty Unbound*, 141  
*Beauty's Self*, 51  
 Because I breathe not love to  
   every one, 109  
 BEDDOES, THOMAS LOVELL, 392  
 Before the beginning of years, 470  
 Behold a wonder herel, 54  
 Behold her, single in the field, 303  
 Behold the brand of beauty  
   tossed!, 185  
 BENÉT, STEPHEN VINCENT, 604  
 BENÉT, WILLIAM ROSE, 574  
*Beside the Bed*, 523  
*Bethsabe, Bathing, Sings*, 113  
 Bid me to live, and I will live,  
   172  
  
*Birthday, A*, 458  
*Birthday Sonnet*, 577  
*Bitter Song*, 126  
 BLAKE, WILLIAM, 273  
*Blessed Damozel, The*, 453  
 Blow, blow, thou winter wind,  
   126  
*Blow, Bugle, Blow*, 413  
*Body and Soul*, 135  
*Bonnie George Campbell*, 28  
*Bourne, The*, 461  
 Bowed by the weight of centuries  
   he leans, 486  
*Brahma*, 390  
 Brave flowers—that I could gal-  
   lant it like you, 174  
*Break, Break, Break*, 412  
 Break, break, break, 412  
 BRETON, NICHOLAS, 97  
*Bride, The*, 212  
 BRIDGES, ROBERT, 480  
 Brief, on a flying night, 484  
 Bright Star! would I were stead-  
   fast as thou art—, 381  
 Brittle beauty that nature made so  
   frail, 97  
 BRONTË, EMILY, 432  
 BROOKE, RUPERT, 578  
 BROWN, THOMAS EDWARD, 458  
 BROWNING, ELIZABETH BARRETT,  
   392  
 BROWNING, ROBERT, 418  
*Bruce's March to Bannockburn*,  
   293  
 BRYANT, WILLIAM CULLEN, 385  
*Burial of the Spirit of a Young  
   Poet*, 610  
*Burning Babe, The*, 114  
 BURNS, ROBERT, 282  
 Busy old fool, unruly Sun, 147  
*By-Low*, 46  
 By-low, my babe, lie still and  
   sleep, 46  
 By the old Moulmein Pagoda,  
   lookin' eastward to the sea, 505  
 BYRON, GEORGE GORDON, LORD,  
   336  
 Bytuene Mershe ant Averil, 44  
  
*C. L. M.*, 546  
*Cage, The*, 557  
 Call for the robin-redbreast and  
   the wren, 159  
 CAMPION, THOMAS, 138  
*Canonization, The*, 150

- Canterbury Tales, The* (excerpts from), 62-89  
 Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night, 114  
*Care-Charming Sleep*, 159  
 Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes, 159  
 CAREW, THOMAS, 183  
 CARROLL, LEWIS, 465  
*Cavalier Tune, A*, 425  
*Character of a Happy Life*, 141  
*Character of the Happy Warrior*, 301  
 CHATTERTON, THOMAS, 268  
*Chaucer*, 394  
 CHAUCER, GEOFFREY, 62  
*Cherry-Tree Carol, The*, 30  
 CHESTERTON, G. K., 531  
*Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* (excerpts from), 339, 341  
*Childe Maurice*, 5  
 Childe Maurice hunted the Silver Wood, 5  
*Chimes*, 484  
*Christ Crucified*, 214  
*Christmas Carol, A*, 47  
 Christmas Eve, and twelve of the clock, 476  
*Chronicle of Wasted Time*, 134  
*Cinquains*, 548  
*City in the Sea, The*, 403  
*City of Dreadful Night, The* (excerpt from), 467  
 CLARE, JOHN, 357  
 Clean as a lady, 568  
*Clock-o'-Clay*, 359  
*Cloud, The*, 354  
 COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR, 310  
*Colin Clout* (excerpt from), 92  
 COLLINS, WILLIAM, 262  
 COLUM, PADRIAC, 556  
 Come away, come away, Death, 124  
*Come Away, Death*, 124  
 Come live with me and be my Love, 136  
 Come, lovely and soothing death, 443  
*Come, Sleep*, 110  
 Come, sleep, O sleep, the certain knot of peace, 110  
 Come to me in the silence of the night, 461  
*Coming of the King, The*, 59  
*Comrades*, 500  
 Comrades, pour the wine to-night, 500  
*Comus* (excerpts from), 197  
*Conditional Surrender*, 109  
*Constant Lover, The*, 213  
*Contemplation upon Flowers, A*, 174  
*Cool Tombs*, 550  
 CORBET, RICHARD, Bishop of Oxford and Norwich, 160  
*Corner-Knot, The*, 602  
*Country Summer*, 608  
 COWLEY, ABRAHAM, 218  
*Crabbèd Age and Youth*, 128  
*Crabbèd Age and Youth*, 128  
*Craft of Verse, The*, 256  
 CRANE, HART, 606  
 CRAPSEY, ADELAIDE, 548  
 CRASHAW, RICHARD, 213  
 Creep into thy narrow bed, 448  
*Crossing the Bar*, 417  
*Crying of Water, The*, 501  
*Cuccu Song*, 43  
*Cuckoo Song*, 43  
 CUMMINGS, E. E., 601  
*Cupid and Campaspe*, 107  
 Cupid and my Campaspe played, 107  
 CURRAN, JOHN PHILPOT, 267  
*Cynara*, 516  
*Daffodils, The*, 295  
*Dance, A*, 161  
*Dancer, The*, 185  
 DANIEL, SAMUEL, 114  
*Dark Angel, The*, 514  
 Dark Angel, with thine aching lust, 514  
*Darkling Thrush, The*, 475  
 DARLEY, GEORGE, 381  
 Daughters of Time, the hypocritic Days, 391  
 DAVENANT, WILLIAM, 184  
 DAVIDSON, JOHN, 489  
 DAVIES, JOHN, 142  
 DAVIES, WILLIAM HENRY, 524  
*Day is Done, The*, 397  
*Days*, 391  
 DE LA MARE, WALTER, 528  
 Dead hangs the fruit on that tall tree, 610  
*Death, Be Not Proud*, 154  
 Death, be not proud, though some have callèd thee, 154  
*Death, Carol*, 443  
*Definition of Love, The*, 224

- DEKKER, THOMAS, 154  
*Delight in Disorder*, 173  
*Description of the Contrarious Passions in a Lover*, 94,  
*Desire of the Moth, The*, 348  
*Despite Time*, 134  
*Destruction of Sennacherib, The*  
 338
- DICKINSON, EMILY, 462  
*Dirce*, 334  
*Dirge for Narcissus*, 145  
*Dirge for Two Veterans*, 441  
*Dirge in Woods*, 452  
*Dirge Without Music*, 591  
*Discipline*, 176  
*Dispraise of Love*, 55
- DOBSON, HENRY AUSTIN, 477  
*Domestic Economy*, 564  
*Don Juan* (excerpt from), 339  
*Donkey, The*, 532
- DONNE, JOHN, 146  
 Dosn't thou 'ear my 'erse's legs,  
 as they canters awaãy?, 413  
*Douglas Tragedy, The*, 8  
*Dover Beach*, 446  
 Down by the salley gardens my  
 love and I did meet, 511
- DOWSON, ERNEST, 516  
 DRAYTON, MICHAEL, 115  
*Dream-Pedlary*, 392  
*Dream Within a Dream, A*, 405  
 Drink to me only with thine eyes,  
 144  
*Drouth*, 50
- DRYDEN, JOHN, 229
- Eagle, The*, 413  
*Eagle and the Mole, The*, 574  
 Early before the Day doth spring,  
 142  
 Earth has not anything to show  
 more fair, 298
- Echo*, 461  
*Ecstasy, The*, 148  
*Eden*, 234  
*Edward, Edward*, 25  
 Elected Silence, sing to me, 482  
*Elegy Written in a Country*  
*Churchyard*, 258
- ELIOT, T. S., 584  
*Elixir, The*, 180
- EMERSON, RALPH WALDO, 388  
 Empty the last drop, 549  
*Endymion* (excerpt from), 360  
*England, 1802*, 298  
*Envoi*, 564
- Envoy*, 517  
*Epitaph* (Hawes), 93  
*Epitaph, An* (de la Mare), 530  
*Epitaph on a Young Girl*, 183  
*Epitaph on Charles II*, 237  
*Epitaph upon Husband and Wife*  
*Who Died and Were Buried*  
*Together, An*, 213  
*Epitaphs* (Warner), 599  
*Essay on Criticism, An*, (excerpt  
 from), 256  
*Essay on Man, An* (selections  
 from), 255  
*Eternal Summer*, 129  
*Eternity*, 280  
 Ethereal minstrel! pilgrim of the  
 sky!, 308  
*Eve*, 526  
*Eve and the Serpent*, 204  
*Eve of St. Agnes, The*, 370  
 Eve, with her basket, was, 526  
*Evelyn Hope*, 429  
 Even such is Time, which takes in  
 trust, 99  
*Evening*, 339  
*Evening on the Beach*, 299  
*Evening Scene, An*, 450  
*Every One Sang*, 570  
 Every one suddenly burst out  
 singing, 570  
*Everyman*, 571  
*Excursion, The* (excerpt from),  
 302
- Fair daffodils, we weep to see, 168  
*Fair Margaret and Sweet William*,  
 16  
*Fair-Virtue* (excerpt from), 163  
*Fairies' Farewell, The*, 160  
*Fairy Songs*, 121, 122  
 False dreams, all false, 568  
 False Sir John a-wooing came, 26  
*Fancy*, 127  
 Farewell, 163  
*Farewell* (Shakespeare), 133  
*Farewell, A* (Patmore), 448  
 Farewell, incomparable element,  
 575  
 Farewell, rewards and fairies, 160  
*Farewell, Sweet Groves*, 163  
 Farewell, thou art too dear for my  
 possessing, 133  
*Father William*, 465  
 Fear death?—to feel the fog in my  
 throat, 431  
*Fear No More*, 126

- Fear no more the heat o' the sun,  
126  
*First Sight*, 137  
*Fish-Hawk, The*, 573  
*Five Pilgrims from The Canterbury Tales*, 62, 63  
*Flammonde*, 517  
FLECKER, JAMES ELROY, 564  
Flee fro the pees, and dwelle  
with sothfastnesse, 90  
Flee from the crowd and dwell  
with truthfulness, 91  
FLETCHER, JOHN, 157  
Flow gently, sweet Afton! among  
thy green braes, 292  
*Fly, The*, 274  
Fly, envious 'Time, till thou run  
out thy race, 196  
Follow your saint, follow with  
accents sweet!, 140  
Fools, they are the only nation,  
145  
For God's sake hold your tongue,  
and let me love, 150  
*Fortunate Fool*, 145  
*Fortune and Men's Eyes*, 130  
*Four Preludes on Playthings of the  
Wind*, 550  
*Fragment*, 349  
*Frail Beauty*, 97  
*Fraud of Men, The*, 123  
*Freedom's War Song*, 269  
*Freres Tale, The*, 72  
*Friar's Tale, The*, 73  
From middle March to April, 45  
From the hag and hungry goblin,  
49  
From you, Ianthe, little troubles  
pass, 333  
FROST, ROBERT, 536  
Full fathom five thy father lies,  
125  
Full many a glorious morning  
have I seen, 131  
*Garden, The*, 222  
Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,  
167  
"Get Up and Bar the Door," 35  
Give beauty all her right!, 141  
Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,  
100  
*Give Me My Self!*, 116  
Give me, O indulgent fatel 241  
*Give Me the Splendid Silent Sun*,  
442  
Give me the splendid silent sun  
with all his beams full-dazzling,  
442  
*Glasgerign*, 21  
Glasgerion was a harper good, 21  
Glory be to God for dappled  
things—, 483  
*Go, Lovely Rose*, 185  
*Go, lovely Rose!*, 185  
*Go Not Too Near a House of  
Rose*, 464  
Go not too near a house of rose,  
464  
Go, soul, the body's guest, 102  
God of our fathers, known of old,  
509  
God, thou great symmetry, 564  
*Goddwyn* (excerpt from), 269  
*Golden Hook, The*, 106  
Golden slumbers kiss your eyes,  
154  
*Good Company*, 93  
*Good-Morrow, The*, 146  
Good-morrow to the day so fair,  
168  
GORDON, GEORGE, LORD BYRON,  
336  
*Grass*, 549  
GRAVES, ROBERT, 602  
GRAY, THOMAS, 258  
*Great Lover, The*, 578  
*Great Time, A*, 525  
*Greater Love*, 596  
*Greater Trial, The*, 244  
*Grey Squirrel, The*, 567  
*Grief*, 393  
Groping along the tunnel, step by  
step, 569  
Gr-r-r—there go, my heart's ab-  
horrencel, 420  
"H. D.," 571  
Ha' we lost the goodliest fere o'  
all, 566  
*Habit of Perfection, The*, 482  
Had we but world enough, and  
time, 221  
Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!, 344  
Happy the man, whose wish and  
care, 257  
Happy those early days, when I,  
228  
HARDY, THOMAS, 475  
Hark, ah, the nightingale—, 445  
Hark! hark! the lark at heaven'  
gate sings, 125

- Harvester's Song*, 113  
 HAWES, STEPHEN, 93  
 He came and took me by the hand, 528  
 He clasps the crag with hookèd hands, 413  
 He drew a circle that shut me out—, 487  
 He first deceased—she, for a little, tried, 142  
 He sang of God—the mighty source, 264  
 He saw her from the bottom of the stairs, 537  
 He that loves a rosy cheek, 184  
 He who binds to himself a joy, 280  
*Heart, The*, 498  
*Heat*, 572  
*Heaven*, 178  
*Heaven—Haven: A Nun Takes the Veil*, 482  
*Hebrew Melodies* (excerpt from), 336  
 Helen, thy beauty is to me, 402  
*Hellas* (excerpt from), 356  
 Hence, loathèd Melancholy, 187  
 Hence, vain deluding Joys, 191  
 HENLEY, WILLIAM ERNEST, 485  
 HENRY VIII, 93  
 Her feet beneath her petticoat, 212  
 Her grieving parents cradled her, 599  
 HERBERT, GEORGE, 175  
 Here, in this little Bay, 450  
 Here lies a most beautiful lady, 530  
 Here lies our Sovereign Lord the King, 237  
*Hermit, The*, 524  
*Hero and Leander* (excerpt from), 137  
 HERRICK, ROBERT, 167  
*Hey Nonny No*, 50  
 Hey nonny nol, 50  
 HEYWOOD, THOMAS, 146  
 High upon Highlands, 28  
 HILL, FRANK ERNEST (translator), 80  
*His Epitaph*, 99  
 His heart, to me, was a place of palaces and pinnacles and shining towers, 523  
*His Love's Riches*, 104  
*His Lover's Triumphs*, 140  
*His Prayer to Ben Jonson*, 171  
 . . . His pride, 199  
 HODGSON, RALPH, 525  
 HOLMES, OLIVER WENDELL, 399  
*Home Burial*, 537  
*Home-Thoughts, from Abroad*, 426  
 Honour and shame from no condition rise, 256  
 HOOD, THOMAS, 387  
 HOPKINS, GERARD MANLEY, 482  
 Hot sun, cool fire, tempered with sweet air, 113  
*Hound of Heaven, The*, 493  
 HOUSMAN, A. E., 499  
 HOVEY, RICHARD, 500  
 How do I love thee? Let me count the ways, 393  
 How happy is he born and taught, 141  
 "How Sleep the Brave," 262  
 How sleep the brave, who sink to rest, 262  
 How sweet I roamed from field to field, 275  
 How vainly men themselves amaze, 222  
 HOWARD, HENRY, 96  
 HUGHES, RICHARD, 610  
 HUNT, LEIGH, 336  
*Hunting Song*, 309  
 Hurry me, Nymphs, O, hurry me, 382  
*Hurt Hawks*, 580  
 Hush, lullay, 609  
*Hymn to Diana*, 143  
*Hymn to Earth*, 575  
 —I am a gentleman in a dustcoat trying, 583  
 I am not resigned to the shutting away of loving hearts in the hard ground, 591  
 I arise from dreams of thee, 347  
 I believe a leaf of grass is no less than the journey-work of the stars, 438  
*I Bended unto Me*, 458  
 I bended unto me a bough of May, 458  
 I bless thee, Lord, because I grow, 177  
 I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers, 354  
 I find no peace, and all my war is done, 94

- I fled Him, down the nights and  
down the days, 493
- I had an image of the bright, bare  
Day, 574
- I have been so great a lover: filled  
my days, 578
- I Have Been Through the Gates*,  
523
- I have desired to go, 482
- I have done one braver thing, 151
- I have grown tired of sorrow and  
human tears, 501
- I have said that the soul is not  
more than the body, 439
- I hear some say, "This man is not  
in love!", 116
- I know the thing that's most un-  
common, 256
- I leaned upon a coppice gate, 475
- I love all beauteous things, 481
- I made another garden, yea, 479
- I met a traveller from an antique  
land, 350
- I must down to the seas again,  
to the lonely sea and the sky,  
547
- I must not think of thee; and,  
tired, yet strong, 484
- I pace the sounding sea-beach and  
behold, 396
- I saw Eternity the other night,  
226
- I saw him once before, 399
- I sing of a maiden, 48
- I sing of Brooks, of Blossoms,  
Birds, and Bowers, 167
- I strove with none; for none was  
worth my strife, 334
- I tell you hopeless grief is pas-  
sionless, 393
- I think I could turn and live with  
animals, they are so placid and  
self-contained, 439
- I turn the page and read, 594
- I wait and watch: before my eyes,  
398
- I walk down the garden paths,  
532
- I wandered lonely as a cloud, 295
- I was a child and overwhelmed:  
Mozart, 602
- I was so chill, and overworn, and  
sad, 563
- I went out to the hazel wood, 510
- I will arise and go now, and go to  
Innisfree, 511
- I will go back to the great sweet  
mother, 473
- I will have few cooking-pots, 564
- I wonder, by my troth, what thou  
and I, 146
- I wonder do you feel to-day, 422
- I've Known A Heaven Like a Tent*,  
463
- I've known a Heaven like a tent,  
463
- Ianthe*, 333
- Ice and Fire*, 105
- If all the world and love were  
young, 101
- If I should die, think only this of  
me, 578
- If I Should Ever by Chance*, 548
- If I should ever by chance grow  
rich, 548
- If love be life, I long to die, 55
- If ought of oaten stop or pastoral  
song, 262
- If sadly thinking, with spirits  
sinking, 267
- If the red slayer thinks he slays,  
390
- If there were dreams to sell, 392
- If thou must love me, let it be for  
nought, 392
- If Thou survive my well-con-  
tented day, 131
- Il Penseroso*, 191
- Iliad* (Wolfe), 568
- Image, The*, 597
- In a Gondola*, 419
- In After Days*, 477
- In after days when grasses high,  
477
- In Heaven a spirit doth dwell,  
401
- In May, when sea-winds pierced  
our solitudes, 389
- "*In No Strange Land*," 499
- In the cowslip pips I lie, 359
- In the dark womb where I began,  
546
- In the merry month of May, 98
- In the Wood of Finvara*, 501
- In Xanadu did Kubla Khan, 310
- Indian Serenade, The*, 347
- Infant Sorrow*, 276
- Injunction*, 276
- Instruments, The*, 232
- Invictus*, 485
- Invocation: To the Spirit of De-  
light*, 349

- Is it as plainly in our living shown,  
549  
"Is there anybody there?" said the  
Traveller, 528  
*Israfel*, 401  
It fell about the Martinmas time,  
35  
It is a beauteous evening, calm  
and free, 299  
It is an ancient Mariner, 312  
It is not death, 596  
It is not growing like a tree, 143  
It is the miller's daughter, 410  
It keeps eternal whisperings  
around, 362  
It lies not in our power to love or  
hate, 137  
It little profits that an idle king,  
410  
*It Shall Suffice*, 140  
It was a lover and his lass, 125  
It was a summer evening, 331  
It was many and many a year ago,  
406  
It was not in the winter, 387
- Jabberwocky*, 466  
JEFFERS, ROBINSON, 580  
*Jenny Kissed Me*, 336  
Jenny kissed me when we met,  
336  
*John Anderson, My Jo*, 285  
John Anderson, my jo, John, 285  
John Bird, a labourer, lies here,  
599  
JOHNSON, LIONEL, 514  
JONSON, BEN, 143  
Joseph was an old man, 30  
Just as my fingers on these keys,  
559
- Kallyope Yell, The*, 552  
KEATS, JOHN, 360  
Kind are her answers, 138  
King Charles, and who'll do him  
right now?, 425  
KING, HENRY, 173  
*King John and the Abbot of  
Canterbury*, 36  
*Kingcups*, 603  
KPLING, RUDYARD, 505  
Know then thyself, presume not  
God to scan, 255  
*Kubla Khan*, 310
- L'Allegro*, 187  
*La Belle Dame Sans Merci*, 360  
*La Figlia Che Piange*, 584  
*Laboratory, The: Ancien Régime*,  
427  
*Lake Isle of Innisfree, The*, 511  
*Lamb, The*, 273  
*Lament, A*, 351  
*Land Dirge, A*, 159  
LANDOR, WALTER SAVAGE, 333  
*Last Chantey, The*, 507  
*Last Invocation, The*, 444  
*Last Leaf, The*, 399  
*Last Lines*, 433  
Last night, ah, yester-night, be-  
twixt her lips and mine, 516  
*Last Sonnet*, 381  
*Last Word, The*, 448  
*Laughing at Fortune*, 116  
Lay a garland on my hearse, 158  
*Leaden-Eyed, The*, 556  
*Leisure*, 524  
"Let It Be Forgotten," 565  
Let it be forgotten, as a flower is  
forgotten, 565  
Let me not to the marriage of  
true minds, 134  
Let not young souls be smothered  
out before, 556  
Let the day glare: O Memory,  
your tread, 607  
*Let Us Be Merry*, 267  
*Lethe*, 572  
*Levelling Dust, The*, 182  
*Lie, The*, 102  
Like a small grey, 567  
Like as a huntsman after weary  
chase, 106  
Like as the waves make towards  
the pebbled shore, 131  
Like to the clear in highest sphere,  
110  
Like to the falling of a star, 175  
*Lilies That Fester*, 133  
LINDSAY, VACHEL, 552  
*Listeners, The*, 528  
Little Fly, 274  
Little Lamb, who made thee? 273  
Lo! Death has reared himself a  
throne, 403  
LODGE, THOMAS, 110  
LONGFELLOW, HENRY WADSWORTH  
394  
Look out upon the stars, my love,  
388  
*Lord Randal*, 20

- Lord, the Roman hyacinths are  
 blooming in bowls and, 586  
*Lost Freedom*, 138  
*Love* (Browning), 392  
*Love* (Herbert), 181  
*Love and Hope*, 57  
*Love and Life*, 236  
 Love at the lips was touch, 541  
 Love bade me welcome; yet my  
 soul drew back, 181  
 Love brought me to a silent grove,  
 169  
 Love in my bosom like a bee, 112  
*Love Is Enough*, 470  
 Love is enough; though the world  
 be a-waning, 470  
*Love Is Not Love Which Alters*,  
 134  
 Love laid his sleepless head, 474  
*Love Not Me for Comely Grace*,  
 51  
 Love not me for comely grace, 51  
*Love Sight*, 453  
*Love, Time and Measure*, 52  
*Love Will Find Out the Way*, 58  
 Love winged my Hopes and  
 taught me how to fly, 57  
*Love's Schooling*, 108  
*Love's Secret*, 281  
*Love's Stricken "Why,"* 464  
 Love's stricken "why," 464  
 LOVELACE, RICHARD, 216  
*Lover Rejoiceth That He Hath  
 Broken the Snares of Love, The*,  
 95  
*Lover Showeth How He is For-  
 saken of Such as He Sometime  
 Enjoyed, The*, 95  
*Lovers Love The Spring*, 125  
 LOWELL, AMY, 532  
 LOWELL, JAMES RUSSELL, 434  
*Lucifer in Starlight*, 451  
*Lucy*, 300  
*Lullaby* (Adams), 609  
*Lullaby* (Dekker), 154  
*Lycidas*, 206  
 LYLY, JOHN, 107  
  
 MACLEISH, ARCHIBALD, 591  
*Mad Maid's Song, The*, 168  
*Mad Song: or, Tom o' Bedlam's  
 Song*, 49  
*Magpies and Swans*, 109  
*Man* (Herbert), 178  
*Man* (Pope), 255  
*Man* (Swinburne), 470  
  
 Man, afraid to be alive, 557  
*Man with the Hoe, The*, 486  
*Mandalay*, 505  
*Margaritæ Sorori*, 485  
*Mariana*, 408  
 MARKHAM, EDWIN, 486  
 MARLOWE, CHRISTOPHER, 136  
 MARSTON, JOHN, 157  
 MARVELL, ANDREW, 221  
*Mary Morison*, 282  
 MASEFIELD, JOHN, 543  
*Maud* (excerpt from), 416  
*May Colvin*, 26  
*Measure*, 236  
*Meeting at Night*, 428  
*Meg Merrilies*, 362  
*Memorial Rain*, 592  
 MEREDITH, GEORGE, 451  
*Merlin* (excerpt from), 388  
*Mermaids' Vesper-Hymn, The*, 381  
 MEW, CHARLOTTE, 522  
 MEYNELL, ALICE, 484  
 Mild is the parting year, and  
 sweet, 333  
 MILLAY, EDNA ST. VINCENT, 589  
*Miller's Daughter, The*, 410  
*Milton* (excerpt from Blake's),  
 280  
*Milton* (Dryden), 233  
*Milton* (Longfellow), 396  
 MILTON, JOHN, 186  
 Milton! thou should'st be living  
 at this hour, 299  
*Minstrel's Song*, 268  
*Miracle, The*, 54  
*Mirage*, 460  
*Mirth*, 162  
*Moon, The*, 351  
 MOORE, MERRILL, 611  
 MOORE, THOMAS, 334  
 More than most fair, full of the  
 living fire, 106  
*More Ways to Kill*, 183  
*Morning*, 277  
*Morning Song*, 125  
 MORRIS, WILLIAM, 469  
 Mortality, behold and fear, 162  
 Most glorious Lord of life! that  
 on this day, 107  
*Mother and Maiden*, 48  
*Mother, I Cannot Mind My  
 Wheel*, 333  
 Mother, I cannot mind my wheel,  
 333  
*Mourn No More*, 157  
*Mr. Flood's Party*, 520

- Much have I travelled in the realms of gold, 363  
*Music*, 129  
 Music, when soft voices die, 348  
 My father, he was a mountaineer, 604  
 My God, I heard this day, 178  
 My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains, 366  
 My heart, I cannot still it, 435  
 My heart is like a singing bird, 458  
 "My Heart Leaps Up When I Behold," 295  
 My heart leaps up when I behold, 295  
*My Last Duchess*, 423  
*My Life Closed Twice Before Its Close*, 465  
 My life closed twice before its close, 465  
 My little Son, who looked from thoughtful eyes, 449  
*My Lost Youth*, 395  
 My love in her attire doth show her wit, 51  
 My love is like to ice, and I to fire, 105  
 My Love is of a birth as rare, 224  
*My Luve*, 294  
 My mother groaned, my father wept, 276  
*My November Guest*, 536  
 My once dear Love; hapless that I no more, 173  
*My Silks and Fine Array*, 276  
 My silks and fine array, 276  
 My Sorrow, when she's here with me, 536  
 My spirit is too weak; mortality, 364  
*My True-Love Hath My Heart*, 108  
 My true-love hath my heart, and I have his, 108  
*Mystery, The*, 528  
  
 NASHB, THOMAS, 137  
*Nature*, 394  
 Nay, but you, who do not love her, 426  
*Nepenthe* (passages from), 382  
*Nets to Catch the Wind*, 159  
*Never-Dying Fire*, 184  
 Never seek to tell thy love, 281  
  
*New Jerusalem, A*, 280  
*New Love and the Old, The*, 479  
*New World, A*, 356  
*Nightingale, The* (Anonymous), 46  
*Nightingale, The* (Barnefield), 155  
*Nightingales*, 480  
*Nightmare*, 467  
 No coward soul is mine, 433  
 No longer mourn for me when I am dead, 630  
 No, nol go not to Lethe, neither twist, 369  
 No, Time, thou shalt not boast that I do change, 134  
*Nod*, 529  
 Nor skin nor hide nor fleece, 572  
*Northern Farmer: New Style*, 413  
 Not only around our infancy, 434  
 Nothing is so beautiful as spring, 483  
 Nothing! thou elder brother ev'n to Shade, 237  
 Now that I, tying thy glass mask tightly, 427  
 Now the bright morning star, Day's harbinger, 187  
 Now the hungry lion roars, 122  
 Now the rich cherry whose sleek wood, 608  
*Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd, The*, 101  
  
 O blackbird, what a boy you are!, 458  
 O blest unfabled Incense Tree, 382  
 O blithe new-comer! I have heard, 296  
 O Cupid! monarch over kings, 108  
 O Friend! I know not which way I must look, 298  
 O Hesperus! thou bringest all good things—, 339  
 O Mary, at thy window be, 282  
 O mortal folk, you may behold and see, 93  
 O *Mistress Mine*, 128  
 O *Mistress mine*, where are you roaming?, 128  
 O my Luve is like a red, red rose, 294  
 O nothing, in this corporal earth of man, 498  
 O rose, thou art sick, 275  
 O *Sweet Content*, 154

- O thou undaunted daughter of desires!, 214
- O, to have a little house!, 556
- O water, voice of my heart, crying in the sand, 501
- O *Wert Thou in the Cauld Blast*, 294
- O wert thou in the cauld blast, 294
- O Western wind, when wilt thou blow, 50
- O what a plague is love!, 52
- "O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms," 360
- "O where have you been, Lord Randal, my son?", 20
- O whistle an' I'll come to ye, my lad, 285
- O, who will show me those delights on high?, 178
- O Wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being, 351
- O wind, rend open the heat, 572
- O world invisible, we view thee, 499
- O world! O life! O time!, 351
- O year, grow slowly. Exquisite, holy, 500
- Oberon's Feast*, 170
- Oblivion*, 157
- Ocean*, 341
- Ode* (O'Shaughnessy), 478
- Ode: Intimations of Immortality*, 304
- Ode on a Grecian Urn*, 365
- Ode on Melancholy*, 369
- Ode to a Nightingale*, 366
- Ode to Autumn*, 368
- Ode to Evening*, 262
- Ode to Fear: Variation on a Theme by Collins*, 607
- Ode to the West Wind*, 351
- O'er the smooth enamelled green, 196
- Of Human Life*, 175
- Oft in the Stilly Night*, 335
- Oft in the stilly night, 335
- Oftentimes I think of the beautiful town, 395
- Oh, For the Time When I Shall Sleep*, 432
- Oh, for the time when I shall sleep, 432
- Oh, good gigantic smile o' the brown old earth, 425
- Oh, joy too high for my low style to show!, 109
- Oh, our manhood's prime vigour! no spirit feels waste, 418
- Oh! sing unto my roundelay, 268
- Oh, to be in England, 426
- Old Cloak, The*, 33
- Old Eben Flood, climbing alone one night, 520
- Old Man's Winter Night, An*, 537
- Old Meg she was a gipsy, 362
- Old Song Resung, An*, 511
- Old Stoic, The*, 432
- Old Woman of the Roads, An*, 556
- On a Certain Lady at Court*, 256
- On a Girdle*, 186
- On a hill there grows a flower, 97
- On a starred night Prince Lucifer uprose, 451
- On First Looking into Chapman's Homer*, 363
- On His Blindness*, 187
- On his death-bed poor Lubin lies, 245
- On His Seventy-Fifth Birthday*, 334
- On Seeing Weather-Beaten Trees*, 549
- On Shakespeare*, 186
- On the Beach at Night*, 440
- On the beach at night, 440
- On the Death of Sir Albert Morton's Wife*, 142
- On the Elgin Marbles*, 364
- On the Grasshopper and Cricket*, 363
- On the large highway of the awful air that flows, 573
- On the late Massacre in Piedmont*, 630
- On the Sea*, 362
- On the Tombs in Westminster, Abbey*, 162
- On Time*, 196
- Once an archdeacon dwelt within my land—, 73
- One-Eyed Calendar, The*, 588
- One word is too often profaned 348
- Only News I Know, The*, 462
- Opportunity*, 478
- Oread*, 571
- Orpheus with his lute made trees, 129
- O'SHAUGHNESSY, ARTHUR, 478

- Others abide our question. Thou art free, 447  
 Out of the earth to rest or range, 543  
 Out of the night that covers me, 485  
 Out upon it, I have loved, 213  
*Outwitted*, 487  
 Over hill, over dale, 121  
 Over the mountains, 58  
 OWEN, WILFRED, 595  
*Oxen, The*, 476  
*Ozymandias*, 350
- Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day, 146  
*Paradise*, 177  
*Paradise Lost* (excerpts from), 199, 204  
*Paradox, The*, 117  
*Parting, The*, 115  
*Parting, Without a Sequel*, 582  
*Passer-By, A*, 480  
*Passing Strange, The*, 543  
*Passionate Man's Pilgrimage, The*, 100  
*Passionate Shepherd to His Love, The*, 136  
*Past Reason*, 135  
 Past ruined Ilion Helen lives, 334  
 Pastime with good company, 93  
*Pastoral, A*, 97  
 PATMORE, COVENTRY, 448  
*Patterns*, 532  
*Pearl Diver*, 574  
 PEELE, GEORGE, 113  
*Peter Quince at the Clavier*, 559  
*Petition for Absolute Retreat*, 241  
*Phillada Flouts Me*, 52  
*Phillada and Coridon*, 98  
*Philomela*, 445  
*Phœnix, The*, 382  
*Piazza Piece*, 583  
*Pied Beauty*, 483  
 Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo, 549  
 PINKNEY, EDWARD COOTE, 388  
*Plunger*, 549  
 POE, EDGAR ALLAN, 401  
*Poet, The*, 388  
 Poor Soul, the centre of my sinful earth, 135  
 POPE, ALEXANDER, 246  
 POUND, EZRA, 566  
*Praise of Dust, The*, 531  
 Praise youth's hot blood if you will, I think that happiness, 581  
*Prayer for Violence, Divine Poem*, 153  
*Prelates, The*, from *Colin Clout*, 92  
*Prelude*, 434  
 Press close, bare-bosomed night—press close magnetic nourishing night!, 438  
*Princess, The* (song from), 413  
 PRIOR, MATTHEW, 245  
*Prologue from The Canterbury Tales*, 62, 63  
*Promise of Peace*, 582  
*Prophet, The*, 218  
*Prospice*, 431  
*Proud Maisie*, 309  
 Proud Maisie is in the wood, 309  
 Proud Men, 552  
*Pulley, The*, 175
- Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair, 143
- RALEIGH, WALTER, 99  
 RANSOM, JOHN CROWE, 582  
*Rape of the Lock, The*, 246  
 Rarely, rarely comest thou, 349  
*Rear-Guard, The*, 569  
*Reasonable Affliction, A*, 245  
*Recessional*, 509  
*Reconciliation*, 444  
 Red lips are not so red, 596  
 REESE, LIZETTE WOODWORTH, 488  
*Remember*, 459  
 Remember me when I am gone away, 459  
*Remembrance of Things Past*, 130  
*Renouncement*, 484  
*Requiescat* (Arnold), 446  
*Requiescat* (Wilde), 488  
*Rest, Sad Eyes*, 56  
*Retreat, The*, 228  
*Revival, The*, 226  
*Rhodora, The: On Being Asked, Whence Is the Flower?*, 389  
 Riches I hold in light esteem, 432  
*Rime of the Ancient Mariner, The*, 312  
 Rise up, rise up, 547  
 "Rise up, rise up, Lord Douglas!" she says, 8  
*Rival, The*, 599  
 ROBINSON, EDWIN ARLINGTON, 517

- Roll on, thou deep and dark blue  
Ocean—roll!, 341  
*Romance*, 407  
Romance, who loves to nod and  
sing, 407  
*Rosalind's Madrigal*, 112  
*Rosaline*, 110  
*Rose Aylmer*, 333  
*Rose-Cheeked Laura*, 139  
Rose-checked Laura, come, 139  
ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA GEORGINA,  
458  
ROSSETTI, DANTE GABRIEL, 452  
*Running to Paradise*, 513
- St. Agnes' Eve—ah, bitter chill it  
was!, 370  
*St. Stephen and King Herod*, 31  
Saint Stephen was a clerk, 31  
*St. Teresa*, 214  
Saints have adored the lofty soul  
of you, 601  
SANDBURG, CARL, 549  
SASSOON, SIEGFRIED, 569  
*Satan*, 199  
*Saul* (song from), 418  
*Say What You Will*, 589  
Say what you will, and scratch my  
heart to find, 589  
Says Tweed to Till, 40  
Scorn not the Sonnet; critic, you  
have frowned, 300  
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled,  
293  
SCOTT, WALTER, 309  
*Scourge of Villainy, The* (excerpt  
from), 157  
*Sea, The* (Darley), 382  
*Sea, The* (Swinburne), 473  
*Sea Dirge*, 125  
*Sea-Fever*, 547  
*Sea Love*, 522  
*Seals of Love*, 124  
Season of mists and mellow fruit-  
fulness!, 368  
*Self-Analysis*, 563  
*Serenade*, 388  
Set me whereas the sun doth parch  
the green, 96  
Shake off your heavy trancel, 161  
SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM, 121  
*Shakespeare*, 447  
Shall I compare thee to a summer's  
day?, 129  
Shall I, wasting in despair, 163  
*Shapcot! to thee the Fairy State*,  
170  
Sharp is the night, but stars with  
frost alive, 451  
She dwelt among the untrodden  
ways, 300  
She has finished and sealed the  
letter, 582  
She is all so slight, 595  
*She Walks in Beauty*, 336  
She walks in beauty, like the night,  
336  
*Shell, The*, 558  
SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE, 342  
SHIRLEY, JAMES, 182  
*Short Measures: From an Ode*,  
143  
Shut not so soon; the dull-eyed  
night, 169  
*Sic Transit . . .*, 55  
*Sick Rose, The*, 275  
SIDNEY, PHILIP, 108  
Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no  
more, 123  
*Silent Noon*, 453  
SILL, EDWARD ROWLAND, 478  
*Silvia*, 121  
Since there's no help, come, let us  
kiss and part, 115  
*Sir Patrick Spens*, 14  
Sister and mother and diviner  
love, 562  
SITWELL, SACHEVERELL, 603  
SKELTON, JOHN, 92  
*Sky After Storm*, 302  
*Sleep* (Daniel), 114  
*Sleep* (Wordsworth), 298  
Slow, slow, fresh fount, keep time  
with my salt tears, 145  
*Slow Spring*, 500  
SMART, CHRISTOPHER, 264  
*Snake*, 462  
*Snowstorm, The* 390  
*So Let us Love*, 107  
So oft as I her beauty do behold,  
105  
So, we'll go no more a-roving,  
337  
Softly along the road of evening,  
529  
*Soldier, The*, 578  
*Soldier's Death, The*, 244  
*Soliloquy of the Spanish Cloister*,  
420  
*Solitary Reaper, The*, 303  
*Solitude*, 257

- Some one has shut the shining eyes, straightened and folded, 523
- Song* (Blake), 275
- Song* (Browning), 426
- Song* (Donne), 152
- Song* (Prior), 245
- Song* (Swinburne), 474
- Song* (Watson), 492
- Song* (Wickham), 563
- Song, A* (Winchelsea), 243
- Song for St. Cecilia's Day, A* (excerpt from), 232
- Song for Simeon, A*, 586
- Song of Myself* (selections), 436-440
- Song of Shadows, The*, 530
- Song of Wandering Aengus, The*, 510
- Song on May Morning*, 187
- "*Song to David, A*" (excerpt from), 264
- Song's Eternity*, 342
- Songs* (Milton), 196
- Sonnet, The*, 300
- Sonnets from the Portuguese* (excerpts from), 392
- SORLEY, CHARLES HAMILTON, 601
- SOUTHEY, ROBERT, 331
- SOUTHWELL, ROBERT, 114
- SPENSER, EDMUND, 104
- Spicewood*, 489
- Spring* (Hopkins), 483
- Spring* (Nashe), 137
- Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant king, 137
- Stand close around, ye Stygian set, 334
- Stand on the highest pavement of the stair, 584
- STEPHENS, JAMES, 558
- STEVENS, WALLACE, 559
- Still to be neat, still to be drest, 144
- Still Waters*, 40
- Stillness*, 564
- Stood, at the closed door, and remembered—, 588
- Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening*, 542
- Strew on her roses, roses, 446
- "*Such Is Death*," 601
- SUCKLING, JOHN, 211
- Summer is icumen in, 43
- Summer is a-coming in, 43
- Sun-Flower, The*, 275
- Sun Rising, The*, 147
- Suns and Clouds*, 131
- Sunset and evening star, 417
- Surrender, The*, 173
- SURREY, HENRY HOWARD, EARL OF, 96
- Sweeney Among the Nightingales*, 584
- Sweep thy faint strings, Musician, 530
- Sweet Afton*, 292
- Sweet Chance, that led my steps abroad, 525
- Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright—, 181
- Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen, 197
- Sweet Neglect*, 144
- Sweetest love, I do not go, 152
- Swiftly walk o'er the western wave, 342
- SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES, 470
- Sword and the Sickle, The*, 280
- SYMONS, ARTHUR, 501
- Take home Thy prodigal child, O Lord of Hosts!, 577
- Take, O take those lips away, 124
- Take the cloak from his face, and at first, 430
- Take this kiss upon the brow!, 405
- Tam o' Shanter*, 286
- Tamed Deer, The*, 106
- Tangled was I in Love's snare, 95
- TATE, ALLEN, 607
- Teach me, my God and King, 180
- Teach me to love? Go teach thyself more wit, 218
- Tears*, 488
- Tears, Idle Tears*, 416
- Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean, 416
- THASDALE, SARA, 565
- Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind, 216
- Tell me where is Fancy bred, 127
- TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD, 408
- Thanatopsis*, 386
- That's my last Duchess painted on the wall, 423
- That time of year thou may'st in me behold, 132

- That which her slender waist confined, 186
- The Angel that presided o'er my birth, 276
- The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold, 338
- The blessed damozel leaned out, 453
- The broken pillar of the wing jags from the clotted shoulder, 580
- The cock is crowing, 296
- The curfew tolls the knell of parting day, 258
- The day is done, and the darkness, 397
- The driver rubbed at his nettly chin, 559
- The expense of spirit in a waste of shame, 135
- The farmer's wife looked out of the dairy, 599
- The ghost of Ninon would be sorry now, 522
- The glories of our blood and state, 182
- The grey sea and the long black land, 428
- The heads of strong old age are beautiful, 582
- The hope I dreamed of was a dream, 460
- The Immortality she gave, 464
- The irresponsible silence of the land, 459
- The king sits in Dumferline towne, 14
- The lark now leaves his watery nest, 184
- The last sunbeam, 441
- The little pretty nightingale, 46
- The man Flammonde, from God knows where, 517
- The merchant, to secure his treasure, 245
- The moth's kiss, first!, 419
- The only news I know, 462
- The other night, 47
- The poetry of earth is never dead, 363
- The sea is calm to-night, 446
- The sheep-bell tolleth curfew-time, 450
- The spicewood burns along the grey, spent sky, 489
- The splendour falls on castle walls, 413
- The star that bids the shepherd fold, 497
- The sword sang on the barren heath, 280
- The trees are in their autumn beauty, 512
- The trumpet's loud clangour, 232
- The tumult of my fretted mind, 563
- The weariness of life that has no will, 571
- The wind flapped loose, the wind was still, 452
- The woman named To-morrow, 550
- The world is too much with us; late and soon, 297
- The world's great age begins anew, 356
- Then and Now*, 115
- There is a Garden in Her Face*, 139
- There is a garden in her face, 139
- There is a Lady Sweet and Kind*, 51
- There is a lady sweet and kind, 51
- There Is No Trumpet Like the Tomb*, 464
- There lived a wife at Usher's Well, 12
- There was a lady lived in a hall, 469
- There was a sound of revelry by night, 339
- There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream, 304
- There were two sisters sat in a bower, 18
- There's Been a Death*, 463
- There's been a death in the opposite house, 463
- These be, 548
- These Lines*, 131
- They are not long, the weeping and the laughter, 517
- They flee from me, that sometime did me seek, 95
- They that have power to hurt, and will do none, 133
- Thing of Beauty, A*, 360
- This I beheld, or dreamed it in a dream, 478

- This Is the Garden*, 601  
 this is the garden: colours come and go, 601  
 This is the weather the cuckoo likes, 476  
 This little vault, this narrow room, 183  
 This winter's weather it waxeth cold, 33  
 THOMAS, EDWARD, 547  
 THOMPSON, FRANCIS, 493  
 THOMSON, JAMES, 467  
*Thou Art Not Lovelier Than Lilacs* 590  
 Thou art not lovelier than lilacs, —no, 590  
 Thou mighty gulf; insatiate cormorant, 157  
 Thou still unravished bride of quietness!, 365  
 Thou wast all that to me, love, 404  
 Three gypsies stood at the Castle gate, 29  
 Three poets, in three distant ages born, 233  
 Three things there be that prosper all apace, 99  
 Throw away thy rod, 176  
 Thus said the Lord in the Vault above the Cherubim, 507  
 Thy restless feet now cannot go, 214  
 Thy trivial harp will never please, 388  
 Tide be runnin' the great world over, 522  
*Time*, 131  
*Time, You Old Gypsy Man*, 525  
 Time, you old gypsy man, 525  
*Time of Roses, The*, 387  
*Tired with All These*, 132  
 Tired with all these, for restful death I cry—, 132  
 'Tis mirth that fills the veins with blood, 162  
 'Tis strange, this heart within my breast, 243  
 To ———, 348  
*To a Mouse: On Turning Her Up in Her Nest with the Plough*, 283  
*To a Skylark* (Shelley), 344  
*To a Skylark* (Wordsworth), 308  
*To a Snowflake*, 498  
*To a Waterfowl*, 385  
*To Althea from Prison*, 217  
*To Amarantha: That She Would Dishevel Her Hair*, 218  
*To Anthea Who May Command Him Any Thing*, 172  
*To Celia*, 144  
*To Daffodils*, 168  
*To Daisies, Not to Shut So Soon*, 169  
*To Earthward*, 541  
 To find the Western path, 277  
*To Helen*, 402  
 To him who in the love of nature holds, 386  
*To His Coy Mistress*, 221  
*To Lucasta, on Going to the Wars*, 216  
*To Milton*, 299  
*To Night*, 342  
*To One in Bedlam*, 516  
*To One in Paradise*, 404  
 "To One Who Has Been Long in City Pent," 364  
 To one who has been long in city pent, 364  
*To Pan*, 158  
 To see a World in a Grain of Sand, 277  
*To the Cuckoo*, 296  
*To the Four Courts, Please*, 559  
*To the Muses*, 281  
 To the Ocean Now I Fly, 198  
*To the One of Fictive Music*, 562  
*To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time*, 167  
 To thirst and find no fill—to wail and wander, 349  
 To those whom death again did wed, 213  
 To walk abroad is, not with eyes, 235  
*Toys, The*, 449  
 TRAHERNE, THOMAS, 234  
 Trail all your pikes, dispirit every drum, 244  
 Tread lightly, she is near, 488  
*Treat at My Window*, 541  
 Tree at my window, window tree, 541  
*Triumph of Time, The* (excerpt from), 473  
 Troop home to silent grots and caves!, 381  
 True ease in writing comes from art, not chance, 256  
*True Thomas*, 10

- True Thomas lay on Huntlie bank,  
10  
*Trumpet, The*, 547  
Trust not the treason of those  
smiling looks, 106  
*Truth* (Patmore), 450  
*Tulip*, 568  
"Twas at the royal feast for Persia  
won, 229  
"Twas brillig, and the slithy toves,  
466  
*Twilight of Love*, 132  
*Two in the Campagna*, 422  
*Two Red Roses Across the Moon*,  
469  
*Two Sisters of Binnorie, The*, 18  
*Tyger, The*, 273  
Tyger! Tyger, burning bright,  
273  
TYNAN, KATHERINE, 500
- Ulysses*, 410  
*Under the Greenwood Tree*, 127  
Under the greenwood tree, 127  
Underneath the growing grass,  
461  
*Undertaking, The*, 151  
Unfold, unfold! take in his light,  
226  
*Upon Julia's Clothes*, 173  
*Upon Love*, 169  
*Upon Nothing*, 237  
*Upon Westminster Bridge*, 298
- VAN DYKE, HENRY (translator), 91  
*Vanity of Vanities*, 57  
VAUGHAN, HENRY, 226  
*Versé*, 334  
*Vespers*, 458  
*Veteran Sirens*, 522  
Victorious men of earth, no more,  
183  
*Virgin Queen, The: An Anagram*,  
142  
*Virtue*, 181  
*Vision of Sir Launfal, The* (ex-  
cerpt from), 434  
*Voice, A*, 416  
*Vow to Love Faithfully*, 96  
*Voyages* (excerpt from), 606
- Waiting, The*, 398  
Waken, Lords and ladies gay, 309  
*Walking*, 235  
WALLER EDMUND, 185  
WARNER, SYLVIA TOWNSEND, 597  
*Waterloo*, 339  
WATSON, WILLIAM, 492  
We are the music-makers, 478  
*We'll Go No More A-Roving*, 337  
*Weathers*, 476  
WEBSTER, JOHN, 159  
Wee, sleekit, cowrin, tim'rous  
beastie, 283  
Weep no more, nor sigh, nor  
groan, 157  
Weep you no more, sad fountains,  
56  
*Welcome to Day*, 146  
Well then! I now do plainly see,  
220  
Whan that Aprille with his shoures  
sote, 62  
*What care I?*, 163  
What dire offence from amorous  
causes springs, 246  
What heart could have thought  
you?—, 498  
What is song's eternity?, 357  
What is this life if, full of care,  
524  
What moves that lonely man is  
not the boom, 524  
What needs my Shakespeare for  
his honoured bones, 186  
"What of vile dust?" the preacher  
said, 531  
What passing-bells for these who  
die as cattle?, 595  
*What's This of Death—*, 590  
What's this of death, from you  
who never will die?, 590  
Whate'er the passion—knowledge,  
fame, or pelf, 255  
WHEELOCK, JOHN HALL, 573  
When Abraham Lincoln was  
shovelled into the tombs, 550  
When chapman billies leave the  
street, 286  
When do I see thee most, belovèd  
one?, 453  
When first I ended, then I first  
began, 117  
When fishes flew and forests  
walked, 532  
When Freedom, dressed in blood-  
stained vest, 269  
When God at first made man, 175  
When I a verse shall make, 171

- When I Am Dead, My Dearest*, 460  
 When I am dead, my dearest, 460  
 When I consider how my light is spent, 187  
 When I consider Life and its few years—, 488  
*When I Heard the Learn'd Astronomer*, 435  
 When I heard the learn'd astronomer, 435  
 "When I'm Alone"—the words tripped off his tongue, 571  
 When icicles hang by the wall, 123  
 When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes, 130  
 When in the chronicle of wasted time, 134  
 When, in the gold October dusk, I saw you near to setting, 565  
*When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloomed* (excerpt from), 443  
 When love on time and measure makes his ground, 52  
 When Love with unconfined wings, 217  
 When men shall find thy flower, thy glory, pass, 115  
 When poetry walked the live, spring wood, 603  
 "When the Hounds of Spring," 472  
 When the hounds of spring are on winter's traces, 472  
 When the sweet showers of April follow March, 63  
 When the words rustle no more, 564  
 When thou must home to shades of underground, 140  
 When to the sessions of sweet silent thought, 130  
*When We Two Parted*, 337  
 When we two parted, 337  
*When You Are Old*, 511  
 When you are old and grey and full of sleep, 511  
 Whenas in silks my Julia goes, 173  
 Where, like a pillow on a bed, 148  
 Whether men do laugh or weep, 57  
 Whether on Ida's shady brow, 281  
 While the blue moon above us arches, 587  
 Whilom ther was dwellinge in my contree, 72  
 Whirl up, sea—, 571  
*Whistle An' I'll Come to Ye, My Lad*, 285  
 Whither, 'midst falling dew, 385  
 Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding, 480  
 WHITMAN, WALT, 435  
 WHITTIER, JOHN GREENLEAF, 398  
*Who Is at My Window?*, 48  
 Who is at my window? Who? Who?, 48  
 Who is Silvia? what is she, 121  
 Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he, 301  
 Whoe'er she be, 215  
 Whose woods these are I think I know, 542  
 "Why do you look so pale, my son William?," 597  
 "Why does your sword so drip with blood," 25  
*Why So Pale and Wan?*, 211  
 Why so pale and wan, fond lover?, 211  
 WICKHAM, ANNA, 563  
*Wife of Usher's Well, The*, 12  
 "Wild Joys of Living, The," 418  
*Wild Swans at Coole, The*, 512  
 WILDE, OSCAR, 488  
 WILMOT, JOHN, Earl of Rochester, 236  
 WINCHELSEA, ANNE, COUNTESS OF, 241  
*Winter* (Shakespeare), 123  
*Winter* (Shelley), 344  
*Winter Heavens*, 451  
*Winter, Plague and Pestilence*, 138  
*Wish, The*, 220  
*Wishes for the Supposed Mistress*, 215  
 With all my will, but much against my heart, 448  
 With blackest moss the flower-plots, 408  
 With delicate, mad hands, behind his sordid bars, 516  
 "With How Sad Steps; O Moon," 109  
 With how sad steps, O moon, thou climb'st the skies, 109

- With music strong I come, with  
my cornets and my drums, 438
- WITHER, GEORGE, 163
- WOLFE, HUMBERT, 567
- Wood, the Weed, the Wag, The,*  
99
- Woodspurge, The,* 452
- Word over all, beautiful as the  
sky, 444
- WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM, 295
- World, The* (Vaughan), 226
- World, The* (Wordsworth), 297
- WOTTON, HENRY, 141
- Wraggle Taggle Gipsies, The,* 29
- Wretched Amintor with a flame,  
244
- Written in March,* 296
- WYATT, THOMAS, 94
- WYLIE, ELINOR, 574
- Ye flowery banks o' bonie Doon,  
282
- Ye tradeful Merchants, that, with  
weary toil, 104
- YEATS, WILLIAM BUTLER, 510
- Yet if His Majesty, our sovereign  
lord, 59
- Yet once more, O ye laurels, and  
once more, 206
- You, Andrew Marvell,* 591
- "You are old, Father William,"  
the young man said, 465
- You spotted snakes with double  
tongue, 122
- You're not alone when you are  
still alone, 116
- Young Soldier, The,* 596
- Your hands lie open in the long  
fresh grass, 453
- Your Power,* 106

THIS ANTHOLOGY  
IS COMPOSED IN BASKERVILLE TYPE  
SPECIALLY CUT BY THE MONOTYPE  
CORPORATION. THE COMPOSITION IS  
THE WORK OF THE CAMELOT PRESS,  
SOUTHAMPTON. THE PAPER WAS SUP-  
PLIED BY THE NEW NORTHFLEET PAPER  
MILLS LTD., AND THE PRINTING AND  
BINDING WERE EXECUTED BY MESSRS  
WILLIAM COLLINS SONS & CO. LTD.,  
GLASGOW. THE PRESENT EDITION HAS  
BEEN COLLATED AND REVISED BY  
RONALD H. BOOTHROYD, M.A.























