UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY
OU_170292
UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

MOUNT HELICON

A School Anthology of Verse

Bright is the ring of words
  When the right man rings them,
Fair the fall of songs
  When the singer sings them.
Still they are carolled and said—
  On wings they are carried—
After the singer is dead
  And the maker buried.

—*R. L. Stevenson.*

LONDON
EDWARD ARNOLD & CO.

[*All rights reserved*]

Made and Printed in Great Britain by
Butler & Tanner Ltd., *Frome and London*

CONTENTS

		PAGE
THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE	*Christopher Marlowe*	1
THE NYMPH'S REPLY	*Sir Walter Ralegh*	2
THE SEASONS	*Edmund Spenser*	3
SWEET AND SOUR	,, ,,	4
MY MIND TO ME A KINGDOM IS	*Sir Edward Dyer*	4
FAIRIES' SONGS	*William Shakespeare*	6
ARIEL'S SONGS	,, ,,	7
AMIENS' SONGS	,, ,,	8
MERCY	,, ,,	9
THE SEVEN AGES OF MAN	,, ,,	10
ENGLAND	,,	10
BEFORE AGINCOURT	,, ,,	11
MARK ANTONY'S SPEECH	,, ,,	12
TO THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE	,, ,,	13
LET ME NOT TO THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS	,, ,,	14
TO THE VIRGINIAN VOYAGE	*Michael Drayton*	14
THE MAN OF LIFE UPRIGHT	*Thomas Campion*	17
THE HAPPY LIFE	*Sir Henry Wotton*	18
HYMN TO DIANA	*Ben Jonson*	19
TO CELIA	,, ,,	19
TO DAFFODILS	*Robert Herrick*	20
TO BLOSSOMS	,, ,,	21
VIRTUE	*George Herbert*	21
DEATH THE LEVELLER	*James Shirley*	22
AN EPITAPH ON SHAKESPEARE	*John Milton*	23
ON HIS BLINDNESS	,, ,,	23
FAME	,, ,,	24
THE GARDEN OF EDEN	,,	25
SPEECH OF EVE TO ADAM	,, ,,	26
THE DEATH OF SAMSON	,, ,,	27
A BALLAD UPON A WEDDING	*Sir John Suckling*	29

		PAGE
THE SHEPHERDS' SONG	*Richard Crashaw*	32
SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA	*Andrew Marvell*	32
ON MILTON	*John Dryden*	34
SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687	,, ,,	34
ODE ON SOLITUDE	*Alexander Pope*	36
A LITTLE LEARNING	,, ,,	37
A VISION	,, ,,	37
THY TREES, FAIR WINDSOR	,, ,,	38
CHARACTER OF ATTICUS	,, ,,	39
ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD	*Thomas Gray*	40
ODE	*William Collins*	44
DIRGE FOR FIDELE	,, ,,	45
AN ELEGY ON THAT GLORY OF HER SEX, MRS. MARY BLAIZE	*Oliver Goldsmith*	46
THE VILLAGE PREACHER	,, ,,	47
THE VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER	,, ,,	48
THE LOSS OF THE 'ROYAL GEORGE'	*William Cowper*	49
BOADICEA	,, ,,	50
TO MARY	,, ,,	52
TO THE CUCKOO	*John Logan*	54
LATE AUTUMN	*George Crabbe*	55
THE TIGER	*William Blake*	56
TO SPRING	,, ,,	57
SONG	,, ,,	57
THE BUILDING OF JERUSALEM	,, ,,	58
MY HEART'S IN THE HIGHLANDS	*Robert Burns*	58
FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT	,, ,,	59
MARY MORISON	,, ,,	60
O MY LUVE'S LIKE A RED, RED ROSE	,, ,,	61
THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT	,, ,,	62
BANNOCKBURN	,, ,,	64
AULD LANG SYNE	,, ,,	65
THE DAFFODILS	*William Wordsworth*	66
TO THE CUCKOO	,, ,,	66
THE SOLITARY REAPER	,, ,,	68
CHARACTER OF THE HAPPY WARRIOR	,, ,,	69
ODE TO DUTY	,, ,,	71
SONNET COMPOSED ON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE	,, ,,	73
LONDON, 1802	,, ,,	73
SONNET	,, ,,	74
THE SKYLARK	*James Hogg*	74
BREATHES THERE THE MAN WITH SOUL SO DEAD	*Sir Walter Scott*	75
ROSABELLE	,, ,,	76

		PAGE
SOLDIER, REST! THY WARFARE O'ER	*Sir Walter Scott*	78
JOCK OF HAZELDEAN	,, ,,	80
GATHERING SONG OF DONALD THE BLACK	,, ,,	81
SOUND, SOUND THE CLARION	,, ,,	82
REBECCA'S HYMN	,, ,,	82
KUBLA KHAN	*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*	83
THE SCHOLAR	*Robert Southey*	85
THE BATTLE OF HOHENLINDEN	*Thomas Campbell*	86
THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC	,, ,,	87
YE MARINERS OF ENGLAND	,, ,,	90
A CANADIAN BOAT-SONG	*Thomas Moore*	91
THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER	,, ,,	92
MIRIAM'S SONG	,, ,,	92
ABOU BEN ADHEM AND THE ANGEL	*J. H. Leigh Hunt*	93
THE GRASSHOPPER AND THE CRICKET	,, ,,	94
A RONDEAU	,, ,,	94
LACHIN Y GAIR	*Lord Byron*	95
THE DESTRUCTION OF SENNACHERIB	,, ,,	96
THE OCEAN	,, ,,	97
SONG OF THE CORSAIRS	,, ,,	98
THE ISLES OF GREECE	,, ,,	99
THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE	*Charles Wolfe*	103
THE CLOUD	*Percy Bysshe Shelley*	104
TO A SKYLARK	,, ,,	105
STANZAS FROM 'ADONAIS'	,, ,,	109
THE WORLD'S GREAT AGE BEGINS ANEW	,, ,,	112
WHEN THE LAMP IS SHATTERED	,, ,,	113
THANATOPSIS	*William Cullen Bryant*	114
A THING OF BEAUTY	*John Keats*	117
MEG MERRILIES	,, ,,	118
ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE	,, ,,	119
ON THE GRASSHOPPER AND CRICKET	,, ,,	122
ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER	,, ,,	122
RUTH	*Thomas Hood*	123
SONG	,, ,,	123
THE ARMADA: A FRAGMENT	*Lord Macaulay*	124
IVRY: A SONG OF THE HUGUENOTS	,, ,,	128
DARK ROSALEEN	*James Clarence Mangan*	132
THE ARROW AND THE SONG	*Henry Wadsworth Longfellow*	134
A PSALM OF LIFE	,, ,, ,,	135
THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD	,, ,, ,,	136
MY LOST YOUTH	,, ,, ,,	138
THE SHIPBUILDERS	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	141
THE PIPES AT LUCKNOW	,, ,, ,,	142

		PAGE
MY PLAYMATE	*John Greenleaf Whittier*	145
ELDORADO	*Edgar Allan Poe*	148
ANNABEL LEE	„ „ „	149
THE BELLS	„ „ „	150
OLD IRONSIDES	*Oliver Wendell Holmes*	153
OLD SONG	*Edward Fitzgerald*	154
STANZAS FROM OMAR KHAYYÁM	„ „	157
RECOLLECTIONS OF THE ARABIAN NIGHTS	*Lord Tennyson*	158
ULYSSES	„ „	163
SIR GALAHAD	„ „	165
WAGES	„ „	167
BREAK, BREAK, BREAK	„ „	168
LINES FROM 'LOCKSLEY HALL'	„ „	169
THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON	„ „	170
SONGS FROM 'THE PRINCESS'	„ „	172
COME INTO THE GARDEN, MAUD	„ „	174
RING OUT, WILD BELLS	„ „	177
THE LOSS OF THE 'BIRKENHEAD'	*Sir Francis H. Doyle*	178
THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS	„ „	180
THE FORCED RECRUIT	*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*	181
I LEARNT TO LOVE THAT ENGLAND	„ „ „	183
HOW DO I LOVE THEE?	„ „ „	184
PIPPA'S SONG	*Robert Browning*	184
HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX	„ „	185
HERVÉ RIEL	„ „	187
HOME THOUGHTS FROM THE SEA	„ „	193
HOME THOUGHTS FROM ABROAD	„ „	194
'DE GUSTIBUS ——'	„ „	194
EVELYN HOPE	„ „	196
PROSPICE	„ „	198
BATTLE HYMN OF THE AMERICAN REPUBLIC	*Julia Ward Howe*	199
THE FOUNTAIN	*James Russell Lowell*	200
MY LOVE	„ „	201
O CAPTAIN! MY CAPTAIN	*Walt Whitman*	203
THE LOST MATE	„ „	204
THE LAST BUCCANEER	*Charles Kingsley*	209
YOUNG AND OLD	„ „	210
GREEN FIELDS OF ENGLAND	*Arthur Hugh Clough*	211
WHERE LIES THE LAND TO WHICH THE SHIP WOULD GO	„ „ „	212
SAY NOT THE STRUGGLE NAUGHT AVAILETH	„ „ „	212
SONG OF CALLICLES	*Matthew Arnold*	213

		PAGE
MEMORIAL VERSES (APRIL, 1850)	*Matthew Arnold*	215
SHAKESPEARE	,, ,,	217
REQUIESCAT	,, ,,	217
THE LAST WORD	,, ,,	218
HERACLITUS	*William (Johnson) Cory*	219
AMERICA	*Sydney Thompson Dobell*	219
THE LARK ASCENDING	*George Meredith*	220
A BIRTHDAY	*Christina Georgina Rossetti*	220
UPHILL	,, ,,	221
SONG	,, ,,	222
REMEMBER	,, ,,	222
FROM THE WRECK	*Adam Lindsay Gordon*	223
THE WINNING OF THE GOLDEN FLEECE	*William Morris*	228
ITYLUS	*Algernon Charles Swinburne*	231
CHILD'S SONG	,, ,, ,,	233
A FORSAKEN GARDEN	,, ,, ,,	234
DICKENS IN CAMP	*Bret Harte*	236
A BALLAD TO QUEEN ELIZABETH	*Austin Dobson*	238
THE DARKLING THRUSH	*Thomas Hardy*	239
SEPTEMBER IN AUSTRALIA	*Henry Clarence Kendall*	240
A PASSER-BY	*Robert Bridges*	242
THE FAIR BRASS	,, ,,	243
THE ODYSSEY	*Andrew Lang*	245
ENGLAND, MY ENGLAND	*William Ernest Henley*	246
MARGARITÆ SORORI	,, ,, ,,	247
ROMANCE	*Robert Louis Stevenson*	248
SONG	,, ,, ,,	249
REQUIEM	,, ,, ,,	250
THE AUSTRALIAN SUNRISE	*J. L. Cuthbertson*	250
THE MARINERS	*Margaret L. Woods*	251
NEW ZEALAND	*W. Pember Reeves*	252
SONG	*Sir William Watson*	254
ENGLAND AND HER COLONIES	,, ,,	254
HELLAS	*Sir Rennell Rodd*	255
THE SHEPHERDESS	*Alice Meynell*	257
TO A SNOWFLAKE	*Francis Thompson*	258
PLAYERS	*Henry Charles Beeching*	258
THE SONG OF THE BOW	*Sir Arthur Conan Doyle*	259
THE FRONTIER LINE	,, ,, ,, ,,	262
VITAÏ LAMPADA	*Sir Henry Newbolt*	262
HE FELL AMONG THIEVES	,, ,,	263
CLIFTON CHAPEL	,, ,,	265
THE WOMEN OF THE WEST	*George Essex Evans*	266
PUCK'S SONG	*Rudyard Kipling*	267

		PAGE
RECESSIONAL	*Rudyard Kipling*	269
THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE	*William Butler Yeats*	270
THE WANDER-LIGHT	*Henry Lawson*	271
FROM 'A LITTLE TE DEUM OF THE COMMONPLACE'	*John Oxenham*	273
SONGS OF JOY	*William Henry Davies*	274
THE SCARECROW	*Walter de la Mare*	275
IN FLANDERS FIELDS	*John McCrae*	276
THE GREY MOTHER	*Lauchlan MacLean Watt*	276
THE VELDT	*Perceval Gibbon*	278
SWALLOW SONG	*Marjorie L. C. Pickthall*	280
ROUNDABOUTS AND SWINGS	*Patrick R. Chalmers*	281
SHERWOOD	*Alfred Noyes*	282
EDINBURGH	,, ,,	284
CARGOES	*John Masefield*	285
SEA FEVER	,, ,,	286
THE SOLDIER	*Rupert Brooke*	287
A PRAYER	*John Drinkwater*	287

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON AUTHORS 289
INDEX OF FIRST LINES 301

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Acknowledgements for permission to reprint copyright poems are due to the following authors, executors and publishers :—Messrs. Angus and Robertson, Ltd., for H. C. Kendall's *September in Australia* and Henry Lawson's *The Wander-Light*; Mrs. Beeching and Messrs. John Lane, Ltd., for the late Dean Beeching's *Prayers*; Mr. Robert Bridges for *A Passer-by* and *The Fair Brass*, from *Poetical Works* (John Murray); the literary executor of the late Rupert Brooke, and Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd., for *The Soldier*, from *1914 and Other Poems*; Messrs. Chatto and Windus for three poems and one extract from Stevenson; the trustees of the late George Meredith, and Messrs Constable and Co., Ltd., for an extract from *The Lark Ascending*; the owners of the copyright of J. L. Cuthbertson's poems for *The Australian Sunrise*; Mr. W. H. Davies for *Songs of Joy* (Jonathan Cape); Mr. Walter de la Mare for *The Scarecrow*, from *Collected Poems* (Constable and Co.); Sir Arthur Conan Doyle for two poems from *Songs of Action* (John Murray); Mr. John Drinkwater and Messrs. Sidgwick and Jackson, Ltd., for *A Prayer*, from *Poems*, 1908–1914; Mrs. Essex Evans for the late George Essex Evans' *The Women of the West*; Mr. Perceval Gibbon for *The Veldt*; Mr. Thomas Hardy for *The Darkling Thrush*, from *Collected Poems* (Macmillan and Co.); Messrs. William Heinemann for three poems by Swinburne; Mr. Rudyard Kipling for *Puck's Song* from *Puck of Pook's Hill* (Macmillan and Co.), and for *Recessional* from *The Five Nations* (Methuen and Co.); Messrs. John Lane, Ltd., for Mrs. Margaret L. Woods' *The Mariners Sleep by the Sea*, and for confirming Mrs. Beeching's permission; Messrs. Longmans, Green and Co., for Andrew Lang's sonnet *The Odyssey*; Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd., for W. E. Henley's *England* and *Margaritæ Sorori*, and for concurring in Mr. Kipling's permission; Mr. John Masefield for *Cargoes* and *Sea Fever*; Messrs. Maunsel and Roberts, Ltd., for Mr. Patrick Chal-

mers' *Roundabouts and Swings*, from *Green Days and Blue Days*; Messrs. Methuen and Co., Ltd., for concurring in Mr. Kipling's permission for *Recessional*; Mr. Wilfrid Meynell for Mrs. Alice Meynell's *The Shepherdess* and Francis Thompson's *To a Snowflake*; Mr. John Murray for three poems by Robert Browning, and for confirming Mr. Bridges' permission; Sir Henry Newbolt for three poems from *Poems New and Old* (John Murray); Mr. Alfred Noyes for two poems from *Collected Poems* (William Blackwood and Sons); Mr. John Oxenham for an extract from *A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace*, from *Bees in Amber* (Methuen and Co.); Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co., Ltd., for the late Mr. Austin Dobson's *Ballad to Queen Elizabeth*; Miss Pickthall for *Swallow Song*; the Proprietors of 'Punch' for the late Lieut.-Col. J. McCrae's *In Flanders Fields*; the Hon. W. Pember Reeves for *New Zealand*; Sir Rennell Rodd for *Hellas* from *The Violet Crown*; Messrs. T. Fisher Unwin, Ltd., for Mr. W. B. Yeats' *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*; Sir William Watson for *England and her Colonies* and *April, April*; and the Rev. Lauchlan MacLean Watt for *The Grey Mother*.

PUBLISHER'S NOTE

THE late SIR WALTER RALEIGH, Professor of English Literature in the University of Oxford, had intended to write an Introduction to this collection, which had been for some time in his hands and to which he had given his approval. Since, however, his last illness and death have prevented him from carrying out his purpose, it has been decided to issue the book without an Introduction. It is hoped, nevertheless, that it may prove to be a worthy companion to *Laureata*, which has already won for itself so wide a popularity.

MOUNT HELICON

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

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 linèd 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.

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.

SIR WALTER RALEGH

The Nymph's Reply

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 complain of cares to come.

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 heed;
Had Joys no date, nor Age no need:
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee, and be thy Love!

EDMUND SPENSER

The Seasons

SPRING

So forth issued the Seasons of the year;
First, lusty Spring, all dight in leaves of flowers
That freshly budded and new blooms did bear,
In which a thousand birds had built their bowers
That sweetly sung to call forth paramours;
And in his hand a javelin he did bear,
And on his head (as fit for warlike stoures)
A gilt engraven morion he did wear;
That as some did him love, so others did him fear.

SUMMER

Then came the jolly Summer, being dight
In a thin silken cassock coloured green,
That was unlinèd all, to be more light:
And on his head a garland well beseen
He wore, from which, as he had chafèd been,
The sweat did drop; and in his hand he bore
A bow and shafts, as he in forest green
Had hunted late the leopard or the boar,
And now would bathe his limbs with labour heated sore.

AUTUMN

Then came the Autumn all in yellow clad,
As though he joyèd in his plenteous store,
Laden with fruits that made him laugh, full glad
That he had banished hunger, which to-fore
Had by the belly oft him pinchèd sore:
Upon his head a wreath, that was enrolled
With ears of corn of every sort, he bore;
And in his hand a sickle he did hold,
To reap the ripened fruits the which the earth had yold.

WINTER

Lastly came Winter, clothèd all in freize,
Chattering his teeth for cold that did him chill;
Whilst on his hoary beard his breath did freeze,
And the dull drops that from his purpled bill
As from a limbeck did adown distil:
In his right hand a tippèd staff he held,
With which his feeble steps he stayèd still;
For he was faint with cold, and weak with eld;
That scarce his loosèd limbs he able was to weld.

(*From 'The Faerie Queene.'*)

Sweet and Sour

SWEET is the rose, but grows upon a brier;
Sweet is the juniper, but sharp his bough;
Sweet is the eglantine, but pricketh near;
Sweet is the fir-bloom, but his branches rough;
Sweet is the cypress, but his rind is tough;
Sweet is the nut, but bitter is his pill;
Sweet is the broom-flower, but yet sour enough
And sweet is moly, but his root is ill:
So every sweet with sour is tempered still,
That maketh it be coveted the more;
For easy things, that may be got at will.
Most sorts of men do set but little store.
Why then should I account of little pain,
That endless pleasure shall unto me gain?

SIR EDWARD DYER

My Mind to me a Kingdom is

MY mind to me a kingdom is:
Such present joys therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That earth affords or grows by kind.

Though much I want which most would have
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely pomp, no wealthy store,
  No force to win the victory,
No wily wit to salve a sore,
  No shape to feed a loving eye—
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why? My mind doth serve for all.

I see how plenty surfeits oft,
  And hasty climbers soon do fall;
I see that those which are aloft
  Mishap doth threaten most of all.
They get with toil, they keep with fear;
Such cares my mind could never bear.

Content to live, this is my stay:
  I seek no more than may suffice,
I press to bear no haughty sway;
  Look, what I lack my mind supplies.
Lo! thus I triumph like a king,
Content with that my mind doth bring.

Some have too much, yet still do crave;
  I little have, and seek no more
They are but poor, though much they have,
  And I am rich with little store.
They poor, I rich; they beg, I give;
They lack, I leave; they pine, I live.

I laugh not at another's loss,
  I grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss,
  My state at one doth still remain.
I fear no foe, I fawn no friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread my end.

Some weigh their pleasure by their lust,
  Their wisdom by their rage of will;
Their treasure is their only trust,
  A cloakèd craft their store of skill.
But all the pleasure that I find
Is to maintain a quiet mind.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
  My conscience clear my chief defence;
I neither seek by bribes to please,
  Nor by deceit to breed offence.
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all did so as well as I!

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Fairies' 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 moon's sphere;
And I serve the fairy queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green:
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favours,
In those freckles live their savours.

II.

You spotted snakes with double tongue,
  Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;

Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen.
Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby:
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby;
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh:
So, good-night, with lullaby.

Weaving spiders come not here:
Hence, you long-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;
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh:
So, good-night, with lullaby.

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

Ariel's Songs

I.

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

II.

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

(*From 'The Tempest.'*)

Amiens' Songs

I.

UNDER the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn 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.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to lie in 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.

II.

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,
That 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!, etc.

(*From* '*As You Like It.*')

Mercy

THE quality of mercy is not strained;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath: it is twice blest;
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes;
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
The thronèd monarch better than his crown;
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway;
It is enthronèd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God Himself;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's
When mercy seasons justice.

(*From* '*The Merchant of Venice.*')

The Seven Ages of Man

ALL the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players
They have their exits and their entrances;
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first the infant,
Mewling and puking in the nurse's arms.
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover;
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then a soldier,
Full of strange oaths and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then the justice;
In fair round belly with good capon lined,
With eyes severe and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose and pouch on side,
His youthful hose, well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shank; and his big manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness and mere oblivion,
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

(*From 'As You Like It.'*)

England

THIS royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle
This earth of majesty, this seat of Mars,

This other Eden, demi-paradise,
This fortress, built by Nature for herself
Against infection and the hand of war,
This happy breed of men, this little world,
This precious stone set in the silver sea,
Which serves it in the office of a wall
Or as a moat defensive to a house,
Against the envy of less happier lands,
This blessed plot, this earth, this realm, this England.

(*From* '*King Richard II.*')

Before Agincourt

THIS day is called the feast of Crispian;
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is named,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian.
He that shall live this day, and see old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say, 'To-morrow is Saint Crispian.'
Then will he strip his sleeve and show his scars,
And say, 'These wounds I had on Crispin's day.'
Old men forget; yet all shall be forgot,
But he'll remember with advantages
What feats he did that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in his mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick and Talbot, Salisbury and Gloucester,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remembered.
This story shall the good man teach his son;
And Crispin Crispian shall ne'er go by,
From this day to the ending of the world,
But we in it shall be remembered—
We few, we happy few, we band of brothers;

For he to-day that sheds his blood with me
Shall be my brother; be he ne'er so vile,
This day shall gentle his condition—
And gentlemen in England now abed
Shall think themselves accursed they were not here,
And hold their manhood cheap whiles any speaks
That fought with us upon Saint Crispin's day.

(*From 'Henry V.'*)

Mark Antony's Speech

FRIENDS, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them,
The good is oft interrèd with their bones;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest,—
For Brutus is an honourable man;
So are they all, all honourable men,—
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me:
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill:
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that on the Lupercal
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,

Which he did thrice refuse: was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
O judgement! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason. Bear with me;
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.

(*From 'Julius Cæsar.'*)

To thine own self be true

THERE, my blessing with thee!
And these few precepts in thy memory
Look thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar;
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel, but, being in,
Bear 't that the opposèd may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice;
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgement.
Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy;
For the apparel oft proclaims the man,
And they in France of the best rank and station
Are most select and generous, chief in that.
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,

And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all: to thine own self be true,
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

(*From 'Hamlet.'*)

Let me not to the marriage of true minds

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-fixèd 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 even to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

(*Sonnet CXVI.*)

MICHAEL DRAYTON

To the Virginian Voyage

YOU brave heroic minds,
Worthy your country's name;
That honour still pursue,
Go, and subdue,
Whilst loitering hinds
Lurk here at home, with shame

Britons, you stay too long,
Quickly aboard bestow you,
  And with a merry gale
  Swell your stretched sail,
With vows as strong,
As the winds that blow you.

Your course securely steer,
West and by south forth keep,
  Rocks, lee-shores, nor shoals,
  When Æolus scowls,
You need not fear,
So absolute the deep.

And cheerfully at sea
Success you still entice,
  To get the pearl and gold,
  And ours to hold
Virginia,
Earth's only Paradise.

Where Nature hath in store
Fowl, venison, and fish,
  And the fruitfullest soil,
  Without your toil,
Three harvests more,
All greater than your wish.

And the ambitious vine
Crowns with his purple mass
  The cedar reaching high
  To kiss the sky,
The cypress, pine
And useful sassafras.

To whom the Golden Age
Still Nature's laws doth give,
  No other cares attend,
  But them to defend
From Winter's rage,
That long there doth not live.

When as the luscious smell
Of that delicious land,
  Above the seas that flows,
  The clear wind throws,
Your hearts to swell
Approaching the dear strand;

In kenning of the shore
(Thanks to God first given)
  O you the happiest men
  Be frolic then,
Let cannons roar
Frighting the wide heaven.

And in regions far
Such heroes bring ye forth,
  As those from whom we came,
  And plant our name,
Under that star
Not known unto our North.

And as there plenty grows
Of laurel everywhere,
  Apollo's sacred tree,
  You may it see,
A poet's brows
To crown, that may sing there.

Thy voyages attend,
Industrious Hakluyt,
  Whose reading shall inflame
  Men to seek fame,
And much commend
To after-times thy wit.

THOMAS CAMPION

The Man of Life Upright

THE man of life upright,
  Whose guiltless heart is free
From all dishonest deeds,
  Or thought of vanity;

The man whose silent days
  In harmless joys are spent,
Whom hopes cannot delude,
  Nor sorrow discontent—

That man needs neither towers
  Nor armour for defence,
Nor secret vaults to fly
  From thunder's violence.

He only can behold
  With unaffrighted eyes
The horrors of the deep,
  And terrors of the skies.

Thus, scorning all the cares
  That fate or fortune brings,
He makes the heaven his book,
  His wisdom heavenly things.

Good thoughts his only friends,
His wealth a well-spent age,
The earth his sober inn
And quiet pilgrimage.

SIR HENRY WOTTON

The Happy Life

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

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

Who envies none that chance doth raise
Nor 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 religious book or friend!

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

BEN JONSON

Hymn to Diana

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

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

ROBERT HERRICK

To Daffodils

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

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

To Blossoms

FAIR pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast?
Your date is not so past
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave;
And after they have shown their pride,
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

GEORGE HERBERT

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

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

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

JAMES SHIRLEY

Death the Leveller

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 crookèd 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, poor 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.

JOHN MILTON

An Epitaph 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 starry-pointing 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 live-long 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 sepúlchred 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.'

Fame

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 Neæra'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 glist'ning 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 heav'n expect thy meed.'

(*From 'Lycidas.'*)

The Garden of Eden

In this pleasant soil
His far more pleasant garden God ordained;
Out of the fertile ground He caused to grow
All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste;
And all amid them stood the Tree of Life,
High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
Of vegetable gold; and next to Life
Our death, the Tree of Knowledge, grew fast by,
Knowledge of good bought dear by knowing ill.
Southward through Eden went a river large,
Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill
Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown
That mountain as His garden mould, high raised
Upon the rapid current, which, through veins
Of porous earth with kindly thirst up drawn,
Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
Watered the garden; thence united fell
Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
Which from his darksome passage now appears;
And now divided into four main streams,
Runs diverse, wand'ring many a famous realm
And country, whereof here needs no account;
But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
How from that sapphire fount the crispèd brooks,
Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
With mazy error under pendent shades
Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
Flow'rs worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
The open field, and where the unpierced shade
Imbrowned the noontide bow'rs. Thus was this place

A happy rural seat of various view:
Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm,
Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
If true, here only, and of delicious taste.
Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
Or palmy hillock, or the flow'ry lap
Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
Flow'rs of all hue, and without thorn the rose:
Another side, umbrageous grots and caves
Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
Luxuriant: meanwhile murmuring waters fall
Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
That to the fringèd bank with myrtle crowned
Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
The birds their choir apply; airs, vernal airs,
Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
Led on th' eternal Spring.

(*From 'Paradise Lost.'*)

Speech of Eve to Adam

SWEET is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heav'n, her starry train:

But neither breath of Morn when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

(*From 'Paradise Lost.'*)

The Death of Samson

A Messenger Speaks.

OCCASIONS drew me early to this city,
And as the gates I entered with sunrise,
The morning trumpets festival proclaimed
Through each high street. Little I had dispatched,
When all abroad was rumoured, that this day
Samson should be brought forth to show the people,
Proof of his mighty strength in feats and games;
I sorrowed at his captive state, but minded
Not to be absent at that spectacle.
The building was a spacious theatre,
Half-round, on two main pillars vaulted high
With seats where all the lords and each degree
Of sort might sit in order to behold;
The other side was open, where the throng
On banks and scaffolds under sky might stand;
I among these aloof obscurely stood.
The feast and noon grew high, and sacrifice
Had filled their hearts with mirth, high cheer, and wine,
When to their sports they turned. Immediately
Was Samson as a public servant brought,
In their state livery clad; before him pipes
And timbrels, on each side went armèd guards,

Both horse and foot, before him and behind
Archers, and slingers, cataphracts, and spears.
At sight of him the people with a shout
Rifted the air, clamouring their god with praise,
Who had made their dreadful enemy their thrall.
He patient, but undaunted, where they led him,
Came to the place, and what was set before him,
Which without help of eye might be assayed,
To heave, pull, draw, or break, he still performed,
All with incredible stupendous force,
None daring to appear antagonist.
At length, for intermission sake, they led him
Between the pillars; he his guide requested,
For so from such as nearer stood we heard,
As over-tired, to let him lean awhile
With both his arms on those two massy pillars,
That to the arched roof gave main support.
He, unsuspicious, led him; which when Samson
Felt in his arms, with head awhile inclined,
And eyes fast fixed he stood, as one who prayed,
Or some great matter in his mind revolved:
At last, with head erect, thus cried aloud:
'Hitherto, lords, what your commands imposed
I have performed, as reason was, obeying,
Not without wonder or delight beheld:
Now of my own accord such other trial
I mean to show you of my strength, yet greater;
As with amaze shall strike all who behold.'
This uttered, straining all his nerves, he bowed.
As with the force of winds and waters pent,
When mountains tremble, those two massy pillars
With horrible convulsion to and fro
He tugged, he shook, till down they came, and drew
The whole roof after them, with burst of thunder,
Upon the heads of all who sat beneath,

Lords, ladies, captains, counsellors, or priests
Their choice nobility and flower, not only
Of this, but each Philistian city round,
Met from all parts to solemnize this feast.
Samson, with these immixed, inevitably
Pulled down the same destruction on himself.

(*From 'Samson Agonistes.'*)

SIR JOHN SUCKLING

A Ballad upon a Wedding

I TELL thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen:
O, things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way,
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see, coming down,
Such folks as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

Among the rest, one pest'lent fine
(His beard no bigger, tho', than thine)
Walked on before the rest;
Our landlord looks like nothing to him,
The King (God bless him) 't would undo him,
Should he go still so drest.

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him stayed:
Yet by his leave (for all his haste)
He did not so much wish all past
(Perchance) as did the maid.

The maid (and thereby hangs a tale)
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale
Could ever yet produce;
No grape, that's kindly ripe, could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

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 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 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 in a Catharine 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.

. . . . .

Just in the nick the cook knocked thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
Marched boldly up, like our trained band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be entreated?
And this the very reason was
Before the parson could say grace,
The company was seated.

. . . . .

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick:
And when 't was named another's health,
Perhaps he made it hers by stealth;
And who could help it, Dick?

On the sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance;
Then dance again and kiss:
Thus several ways the time did pass,
Whilst every woman wished her place,
And every man wished his.

RICHARD CRASHAW

The Shepherds' Song

WE saw thee in thy balmy nest,
Young dawn of our eternal day;
We saw thine eyes break from the east,
And chase the trembling shades away.
We saw thee, and we blessed the sight;
We saw thee by thine own sweet light.

Poor world, said I, what wilt thou do
To entertain this starry stranger?
Is this the best thou canst bestow—
A cold and not too cleanly manger?
Contend, the powers of heaven and earth,
To fit a bed for this huge birth.

Proud world, said I, cease your contest,
And let the mighty babe alone;
The phœnix builds the phœnix' nest,
Love's architecture is his own.
The Babe, whose birth embraves this morn,
Made His own bed ere He was born.

(*From 'A Hymn of the Nativity.'*)

ANDREW MARVELL

Song of the Emigrants in Bermuda

WHERE the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that rowed along
The listening winds received this song.
'What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze

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

JOHN DRYDEN

On 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 former Two

Song for St. Cecilia's Day, 1687

FROM Harmony, from heavenly Harmony
This universal frame began:
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead!
Then cold and hot and moist and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell
His listening brethren stood around
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

The trumpet's loud clangor
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 pains, 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.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place
Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her Organ vocal breath was given
An Angel heard, and straight appeared—
Mistaking Earth for Heaven.

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.

ALEXANDER POPE

Ode on Solitude

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.

A little learning

A LITTLE learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleased at first the tow'ring Alps we try
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
Th' eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthened way,
Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

(*From 'An Essay on Criticism.'*)

A Vision

No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er.
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more;
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed shall reap the field

The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murm'ring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed,
And od'rous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flow'ry bands the tiger lead;
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake,
Pleased, the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongues shall innocently play.

(*From 'The Messiah.'*)

Thy Trees, Fair Windsor

THY trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day;
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole:
Or under southern skies exalt their sails,
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.

The time shall come, when, free as seas or wind,
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,
And seas but join the regions they divide.
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.

(*From 'Windsor Forest.'*)

Character of Atticus

PEACE to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading ev'n fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise:—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?

(*From the 'Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot.'*)

THOMAS GRAY

Elegy written in a Country Churchyard

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds 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 that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring 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 mould'ring 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 twitt'ring 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 the inevitable hour,
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
  If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisles 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 Flatt'ry 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 list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

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 ev'n 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 ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
Ev'n 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 inquire 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 noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Mutt'ring 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 fav'rite 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 thro' 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,
Heav'n did a recompense as largely send;
He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heav'n ('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

Ode

How sleep the brave, who sink to rest
By all their country's wishes blessed!
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 gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay,
And Freedom shall a while repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!

Dirge for Fidele

To fair Fidele's grassy tomb
  Soft maids and village hinds shall bring
Each opening sweet of earliest bloom,
  And rifle all the breathing Spring.

No wailing ghost shall dare appear
  To vex with shrieks this quiet grove:
But shepherd lads assemble here,
  And melting virgins own their love.

No withered witch shall here be seen;
  No goblins lead their nightly crew:
The female fays shall haunt the green,
  And dress thy grave with pearly dew!

The redbreast oft at evening hours
  Shall kindly lend his little aid;
With hoary moss, and gathered flowers,
  To deck the ground where thou art laid.

When howling winds, and beating rain,
  In tempests shake the sylvan cell;
Or 'midst the chase on every plain,
  The tender thought on thee shall dwell.

Each lonely scene shall thee restore,
  For thee the tear be duly shed;
Beloved till life can charm no more,
  And mourned till Pity's self be dead.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

An Elegy on that glory of her sex, Mrs. Mary Blaize

GOOD people all, with one accord,
Lament for Madam Blaize,
Who never wanted a good word—
From those who spoke her praise.

The needy seldom passed her door,
And always found her kind;
She freely lent to all the poor—
Who left a pledge behind.

She strove the neighbourhood to please
With manners wondrous winning,
And never followed wicked ways—
Unless when she was sinning.

At church, in silks and satins new,
With hoops of monstrous size,
She never slumbered in her pew—
But when she shut her eyes.

Her love was sought, I do aver,
By twenty beaux and more;
The king himself has followed her—
When she has walked before.

But now, her wealth and finery fled,
Her hangers-on cut short all;
The doctors found, when she was dead,
Her last disorder mortal.

Let us lament, in sorrow sore—
For Kent Street well may say,
That, had she lived a twelvemonth more,
She had not died to-day.

The Village Preacher

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train,
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain;
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.
Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side;
But in his duty, prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt, for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,

He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way.
Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain, by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.
At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed, with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

(*From 'The Deserted Village.'*)

The Village Schoolmaster

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face;

Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned:
Yet he was kind; or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew;
'Twas certain he could write and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge.
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For e'en though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thund'ring sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame. The very spot,
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot

(*From 'The Deserted Village.'*)

WILLIAM COWPER

The Loss of the 'Royal George'

Toll for the brave,
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel,
And laid her on her side.

A land breeze shook the shrouds,
And she was overset;
Down went the *Royal George*,
With all her crew complete!

Toll for the brave!
  Brave Kempenfelt is gone;
His last sea-fight is fought,
  His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle;
  No tempest gave the shock;
She sprang no fatal leak;
  She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in its sheath,
  His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
  With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up,
  Once dreaded by our foes!
And mingle with our cup
  The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
  And she may float again,
Full charged with England's thunder,
  And plough the distant main.

But Kempenfelt is gone,
  His victories are o'er;
And he and his eight hundred
  Shall plough the wave no more.

Boadicea

AN ODE.

When the British warrior Queen,
  Bleeding from the Roman rods,
Sought, with an indignant mien,
  Counsel of her country's gods,

Sage beneath a spreading oak,
Sat the Druid, hoary chief,
Every burning word he spoke
Full of rage and full of grief

'Princes! if our aged eyes
Weep upon thy matchless wrongs,
'Tis because resentment ties
All the terrors of our tongues.

'Rome shall perish—write that word
In the blood that she has spilt;
Perish, hopeless and abhorred,
Deep in ruin as in guilt.

'Rome, for empire far renowned,
Tramples on a thousand states;
Soon her pride shall kiss the ground—
Hark! the Gaul is at her gates!

'Other Romans shall arise,
Heedless of a soldier's name;
Sounds, not arms, shall win the prize,
Harmony the path to fame.

'Then the progeny that springs
From the forests of our land,
Armed with thunder, clad with wings,
Shall a wider world command.

'Regions Cæsar never knew
Thy posterity shall sway;
Where his eagles never flew,
None invincible as they.'

Such the bard's prophetic words,
Pregnant with celestial fire,
Bending as he swept the chords
Of his sweet but awful lyre.

She, with all a monarch's pride,
Felt them in her bosom glow:
Rushed to battle, fought, and died;
Dying, hurled them at the foe.

'Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
Heaven awards the vengeance due:
Empire is on us bestowed,
Shame and ruin wait for you.'

To Mary

THE twentieth year is well-nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast;
Ah would that this might be the last!
My Mary!

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow—
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary!

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more;
My Mary!

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary!

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary!

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language uttered in a dream;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary!

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary!

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary!

Partakers of thy sad decline
Thy hands their little force resign;
Yet, gently prest, press gently mine,
My Mary!

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary!

And still to love, though prest with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary!

But ah! by constant heed I know
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary!

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last—
My Mary!

JOHN LOGAN

To the Cuckoo

HAIL, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome ring.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear.
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The schoolboy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of Spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
  Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
  No Winter in thy year!

O could I fly, I'd fly with thee;
  We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
  Companions of the Spring.

GEORGE CRABBE

Late Autumn

THAT evening all in fond discourse was spent,
When the sad lover to his chamber went,
To think on what had passed, to grieve and to repent:
Early he rose, and looked with many a sigh
On the red light that filled the eastern sky;
Oft had he stood before, alert and gay,
To hail the glories of the new-born day:
But now dejected, languid, listless, low,
He saw the wind upon the water blow,
And the cold stream curled onward as the gale
From the pine-hill blew harshly down the dale;
On the right side the youth a wood surveyed,
With all its dark intensity of shade;
Where the rough wind alone was heard to move,
In this, the pause of nature and of love,
When now the young are reared, and when the old,
Lost to the tie, grow negligent and cold—
Far to the left he saw the huts of men,
Half hid in mist, that hung upon the fen;
Before him swallows, gathering from the sea,
Took their short flights, and twittered on the lea;

And near the bean-sheaf stood, the harvest done,
And slowly blackened in the sickly sun;
All these were sad in nature, or they took
Sadness from him, the likeness of his look,
And of his mind—he pondered for a while,
Then met his Fanny with a borrowed smile

WILLIAM BLAKE

The Tiger

TIGER, Tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
What immortal hand or eye
Framed thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies
Burned that fire within thine eyes?
On what wings dared he aspire?
What the hand dared seize the fire?

And what shoulder and what art
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
When thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand formed thy dread feet?

What the hammer, what the chain,
Knit thy strength and forged thy brain?
What the anvil? What dread grasp
Dared thy 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?

To Spring

O THOU with dewy locks, who lookest down
Through the clear windows of the morning, turn
Thine angel eyes upon our western isle,
Which in full choir hails thy approach, O Spring!

The hills tell each other, and the listening
Valleys hear; all our longing eyes are turned
Up to thy bright pavilions: issue forth,
And let thy holy feet visit our clime!

Come o'er the eastern hills, and let our winds
Kiss thy perfumèd garments; let us taste
Thy morn and evening breath; scatter thy pearls
Upon our lovesick land that mourns for thee.

Oh deck her forth with thy fair fingers; pour
Thy soft kisses on her bosom; and put
Thy golden crown upon her languished head,
Whose modest tresses were bound up for thee!

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 Phœbus 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.

The Building of Jerusalem

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

ROBERT BURNS

My heart's in the Highlands

MY heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here;
My heart's in the Highlands, a-chasing the deer;
A-chasing the wild deer, and following the roe—
My heart's in the Highlands wherever I go.

Farewell to the Highlands, farewell to the North!
The birthplace of valour, the country of worth;
Wherever I wander, wherever I rove,
The hills of the Highlands for ever I love.

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

For a' that and a' that

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

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

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

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that;
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Should bear the gree,[1] and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's coming yet, for a' that,
That man to man, the warld o'er,
Shall brothers be for a' that.

[1] Prize.

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 stoure,[1]
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

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:

[1] Dust.

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.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
Or canst thou break that heart of his
Whase 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.

O my Luve's like a red, red rose

O MY Luve's like a red, red rose
That's newly sprung in June:
O my Luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.

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

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

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

The Cotter's Saturday Night

THE cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha'-Bible, ance his father's pride:
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyart haffets [1] wearing thin an' bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales [2] a portion with judicious care,
And 'Let us worship God!' he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps Dundee's wild warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive Martyrs, worthy of the name;
Or noble Elgin beets the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame;
The tickled ears no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of God on high;
Or Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal Bard did groaning lie
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire;
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy Seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head;

[1] Grey locks. [2] Chooses.

How His first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land:
How he, who lone in Patmos banishèd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand;
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's Eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays:
Hope 'springs exulting on triumphant wing,'
That thus they all shall meet in future days:
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh, or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling Time moves round in an eternal sphere.

Then homeward all take off their sev'ral way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest:
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to Heav'n the warm request,
That He who stills the raven's clam'rous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flow'ry pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, Oh, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile;
Then, howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved Isle.

Bannockburn

(*Robert Bruce's Address to His Army*)

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

Now's the day, and now's the hour;
See the front o' battle lower;
See approach proud Edward's power—
  Edward! chains and slaverie!

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

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

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

Lay the proud usurpers low;
Tyrants fall in every foe;
Liberty's in every blow.
  Forward! let us do, or die!

Auld Lang Syne

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

Chorus

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

And surely ye'll be your pint-stowp,[1]
And surely I'll be mine !
And we'll tak' a cup o' kindness yet,
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa ha'e run about the braes,
And pou'd the gowans fine ;
But we've wandered mony a weary foot
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

We twa na'e paidl't i' the burn,
Frae mornin' sun till dine ;
But seas between us braid ha'e roared
Sin' auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

And there's a hand, my trusty fiere,[2]
And gie's a hand o' thine !
And we'll tak' a right guid willie-waught,[3]
For auld lang syne.
For auld, etc.

[1] Pint-jug. [2] Friend. [3] Draught.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

The Daffodils

I WANDERED lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vale 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 in 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
Outdid the sparkling waves in glee;
A poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company;
I gazed, and gazed, but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

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

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.

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 schoolboy 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 blessed bird! the earth we pace
  Again appears to be
An unsubstantial faery place
  That is fit home for thee.

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 chant
So sweetly to reposing bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt
Among Arabian sands;
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In springtime 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 actual 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 till I had my fill;
And, when I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore
Long after it was heard no more.

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 childish 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 fixes good on good alone, and owes
To virtue every triumph that he knows:

Who, if he rise to station of command,
Rises by open means; and there will stand
On honourable terms, or else retire,
And in himself possess his own desire;
Who comprehends his trust, and to the same
Keeps faithful with a singleness of aim;
And, therefore, does not stoop, nor lie in wait
For wealth, or honours, or for worldly state;
Whom they must follow; on whose head must fall,
Like showers of manna, if they come at all:
Whose powers shed round him in the common strife,
Or mild concerns of ordinary life,
A constant influence, a peculiar grace;
But who, if he be called upon to face
Some awful moment to which Heaven has joined
Great issues, good or bad for human kind,
Is happy as a lover; and attired
With sudden brightness, like a man inspired;
And, through the heat of conflict, keeps the law
In calmness made, and sees what he foresaw;
Or if an unexpected call succeed,
Come when it will, is equal to the need:
He who, though thus endued as with a sense
And faculty for storm and turbulence,
Is yet a soul whose master-bias leans
To homefelt pleasures and to gentle scenes;
Sweet images! which, wheresoe'er he be,
Are at his heart; and such fidelity
It is his darling passion to approve;
More brave for this, that he hath much to love:
'Tis, finally, the man who, lifted high,
Conspicuous object in a nation's eye,
Or left unthought of in obscurity,
Who, with a toward or untoward lot,
Prosperous or adverse, to his wish or not,

Plays, in the many games of life, that one
Where what he most doth value must be won:
Whom neither shape of danger can dismay,
Nor thought of tender happiness betray;
Who, not content that former worth stand fast,
Looks forward, persevering to the last,
From well to better, daily self-surpast:
Who, whether praise of him must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must go to dust without his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name,
Finds comfort in himself and in his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of Heaven's applause:
This is the happy warrior; this is he
Whom every man in arms should wish to be.

Ode to Duty

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Sonnet composed on 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.

London, 1802

MILTON! thou shouldst 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.

Sonnet

It is not to be thought of that the flood
Of British freedom, which to the open sea
Of the world's praise from dark antiquity
Hath flowed, 'with pomp of waters, unwithstood,
Roused though it be full often to a mood
Which spurns the check of salutary bands,
That this most famous stream in bogs and sands
Should perish; and to evil, and to good
Be lost for ever. In our halls is hung
Armoury of the invincible knights of old:
We must be free or die who speak the tongue
That Shakespeare spake; the faith and morals hold
Which Milton held. In everything we are sprung
Of Earth's first blood, have titles manifold

JAMES HOGG

The Skylark

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

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

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

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

SIR WALTER SCOTT

Breathes there the Man with Soul so dead

BREATHES there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned,
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well:
For him no Minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim:

Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band,
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still, as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what has been.
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's stream still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot Stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The Bard may draw his parting groan.

(*From 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.'*)

Rosabelle

O LISTEN, listen, ladies gay!
No haughty feat of arms I tell;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

'Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew!
And, gentle lady, deign to stay!
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

'The blackening wave is edged with white;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

'Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round lady gay;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day?'

''Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my lady mother there
Sits lonely in her castle hall.

''Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not filled by Rosabelle.'

O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam;
'Twas broader than the watchfire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen:

'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from caverned Hawthornden.

Seemed all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffined lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheathed in his iron panoply.

Seemed all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmered all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair:
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high Saint Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle:
Each one the holy vault doth hold,
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle.

And each Saint Clair was buried there,
With candle, with book, and with knell;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild waves sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

Soldier, rest! thy warfare o'er

SOLDIER, rest! thy warfare o'er,
Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking;
Dream of battled fields no more,
Days of danger, nights of waking.

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

No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
  Armour's clang, or war-steed champing,
Trump nor pibroch summon here
  Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
Yet the lark's shrill fife may come
  At the daybreak from the fallow,
And the bittern sound his drum,
  Booming from the sedgy shallow.
Ruder sounds shall none be near,
Guards nor warders challenge here,
Here's no war-steed's neigh and champing,
Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.

Huntsman, rest! the chase is done;
  While our slumbrous spells assail ye,
Dream not, with the rising sun,
  Bugles here shall sound reveillé
Sleep! the deer is in his den;
  Sleep! thy hounds are by thee lying;
Sleep! nor dream in yonder glen,
  How thy gallant steed lay dying.
Huntsman, rest! thy chase is done,
Think not of the rising sun,
For at dawning to assail ye
Here no bugles sound reveillé.

(*From* '*The Lady of the Lake.*')

Jock of Hazeldean

'Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride;
And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen'—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

'Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale;
Young Frank is chief of Errington,
And lord of Langley-dale;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen'—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

'A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen'—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock of Hazeldean.

The kirk was decked at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmered fair;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha';
The ladie was not seen!
She's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock of Hazeldean.

Gathering Song of Donald the Black

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

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlochy.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

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

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

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

Sound, sound the clarion

SOUND, sound the clarion, fill the fife!
To all the sensual world proclaim,
One crowded hour of glorious life
Is worth an age without a name.

(*From 'Old Mortality.'*)

Rebecca's Hymn

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out from the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide in smoke and flame.
By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen,
And Zion's daughters poured their lays
With priest's and warrior's voice between.
No portents now our foes amaze,
Forsaken Israel wanders lone:
Our fathers would not know Thy ways,
And Thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen!
When brightly shines the prosperous day.
Be thoughts of Thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray.
And oh, when stoops on Judah's path
In shade and storm the frequent night,
Be Thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light!

Our harps we left by Babel's streams,
The tyrant's jest, the Gentile's scorn;
No censer round our altar beams,
And mute are timbrel, harp, and horn.
But Thou hast said: The blood of goat,
The flesh of rams, I will not prize;
A contrite heart, a humble thought,
Are Mine accepted sacrifice.

(*From 'Ivanhoe.'*)

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE

Kubla Khan

In Xanadu did Kubla Khan
A stately pleasure-dome decree:
Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
Through caverns measureless to man
Down to a sunless sea.
So twice five miles of fertile ground
With walls and towers were girdled round:
And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills
Where 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-intermittent 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.

ROBERT SOUTHEY

The Scholar

My days among the Dead are passed;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal,
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedewed
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the dead; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind

My hopes are with the Dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

THOMAS CAMPBELL

The Battle of Hohenlinden

On Linden when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow,
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast arrayed,
Each warrior drew his battle-blade,
And furious every charger neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rushed the steed to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven,
Far flashed the red artillery.

And redder yet those fires shall glow
On Linden's hills of blood-stained snow,
And bloodier yet shall be the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn! but scarce yon lurid sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave!
Wave, Munich! all thy banners wave
And charge with all thy chivalry.

Few, few shall part, where many meet,
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

The Battle of the Baltic

I.

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand,
In a bold, determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

II.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line.
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path,

There was silence deep as death,
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

III.

But the might of England flushed
To anticipate the scene;
And her van the fleeter rushed
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak!' our captain cried; when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

IV.

Again—again—again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back.
Their shots along the deep slowly boom.
Then cease, and all is wail
As they strike the shattered sail,
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom.

V.

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hailed them o'er the wave;
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save;
So peace instead of death let us bring.
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'

VI.

Then Denmark blessed our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun looked smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

VII.

Now, joy, Old England, raise!
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
While the wine-cup shines in light;
And yet, amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep,
Full many a fathom deep,
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore!

VIII.

Brave hearts! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died,
With the gallant good Riou.
Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their grave,
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave!

Ye Mariners of England

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

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave!
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep
While the stormy tempests blow;
While the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy tempests blow.

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

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

THOMAS MOORE

A Canadian Boat-Song

FAINTLY as tolls the evening chime
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time.
Soon as the woods on shore look dim,
We'll sing at St. Anne's our parting hymn.
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past!

Why should we yet our sail unfurl?
There is not a breath the blue wave to curl.
But, when the wind blows off the shore,
Oh! sweetly we'll rest our weary oar.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past!

Utawa's tide! this trembling moon
Shall see us float over thy surges soon.
Saint of this green isle! hear our prayers,
Oh, grant us cool heavens and favouring airs.
Blow, breezes, blow, the stream runs fast,
The Rapids are near and the daylight's past!

The Last Rose of Summer

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

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

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

Miriam's Song

Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea!
Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free!
Sing! for the pride of the tyrant is broken:
  His chariots, his horsemen, all splendid and brave,—

How vain was their boasting!—the Lord hath but spoken,
And chariots and horsemen are sunk in the wave.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free!

Praise to the Conqueror, praise to the Lord!
His word was our arrow, His breath was our sword!
Who shall return to tell Egypt the story
Of those she sent forth in the hour of her pride?
For the Lord hath looked out from His pillar of glory,
And all her brave thousands are dashed in the tide.
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea:
Jehovah has triumphed—His people are free!

JAMES HENRY LEIGH HUNT

Abou Ben Adhem and the Angel

ABOU BEN ADHEM (may his tribe increase)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw—within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich and like a lily in bloom—
An angel, writing in a book of gold.
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
'What writest thou?'—The vision raised its head,
And, with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answered, 'The names of those who love the Lord.'
'And is mine one?' said Abou. 'Nay, not so,'
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerily still, and said, 'I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow men.'

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
And lo! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

The Grasshopper and the Cricket

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

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

A Rondeau

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

Lachin y Gair

AWAY, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses!
In you let the minions of luxury rove;
Restore me the rocks where the snow-flake reposes.
Though still they are sacred to freedom and love:
Yet, Caledonia, beloved are thy mountains,
Round their white summits though elements war;
Though cataracts foam 'stead of smooth-flowing fountains,
I sigh for the valley of dark Loch na Garr.

Ah! there my young footsteps in infancy wandered;
My cap was the bonnet, my cloak was the plaid;
On chieftains long perished my memory pondered,
As gaily I strode through the pine-covered glade;
I sought not my home till the day's dying glory
Gave place to the rays of the bright polar star;
For fancy was cheered by traditional story,
Disclosed by the natives of dark Loch na Garr.

'Shades of the dead! have I not heard your voices
Rise on the night-rolling breath of the gale?'
Surely the soul of the hero rejoices,
And rides on the wind, o'er his own Highland vale.
Round Loch na Garr while the stormy mist gathers,
Winter presides in his cold icy car:
Clouds there encircle the forms of my fathers;
They dwell in the tempests of dark Loch na Garr.

'Ill-starred, though brave, did no visions foreboding
Tell you that fate had forsaken your cause?'
Ah! were you destined to die at Culloden,
Victory crowned not your fall with applause:

Still were you happy in death's earthy slumber,
You rest with your clan in the caves of Braemar;
The pibroch resounds to the piper's loud number,
Your deeds on the echoes of dark Loch na Garr.

Years have rolled on, Loch na Garr, since I left you,
Years must elapse ere I tread you again:
Nature of verdure and flowers has bereft you,
Yet still are you dearer than Albion's plain.
England! thy beauties are tame and domestic
To one who has roved o'er the mountains afar:
Oh for the crags that are wild and majestic!
The steep frowning glories of dark Loch na Garr!

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 unlifted, 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!

The Ocean

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.

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 waves' 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

(*From 'Childe Harold's Pilgrimage.'*)

Song of the Corsairs

O'ER the glad waters of the dark-blue sea,
Our thoughts as boundless, and our souls as free,
Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
Survey our empire, and behold our home!
These are our realms, no limits to their sway—
Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey.
Ours the wild life in tumult still to range
From toil to rest, and joy in every change.
Oh, who can tell? not thou, luxurious slave!
Whose soul would sicken o'er the heaving wave;
Not thou, vain lord of wantonness and ease!
Whom slumber soothes not—pleasure cannot please—
Oh, who can tell, save he whose heart hath tried,
And danced in triumph o'er the waters wide,
The exulting sense—the pulse's maddening play,
That thrills the wanderer of that trackless way?

That for itself can woo the approaching fight,
And turn what some deem danger to delight;
That seeks what cravens shun with more than zeal,
And where the feebler faint—can only feel—
Feel—to the rising bosom's inmost core,
Its hope awaken and its spirit soar?
No dread of death—if with us die our foes—
Save that it seems even duller than repose:
Come when it will—we snatch the life of life—
When lost—what recks it—by disease or strife?
Let him who crawls enamoured of decay,
Cling to his couch, and sicker years away;
Heave his thick breath, and shake his palsied head;
Ours—the fresh turf, and not the feverish bed.
While gasp by gasp he falters forth his soul,
Ours with one pang—one bound—escapes control.
His corse may boast its urn and narrow cave,
And they who loathed his life may gild his grave;
Ours are the tears, though few, sincerely shed,
When Ocean shrouds and sepulchres our dead.
For us, even banquets fond regret supply
In the red cup that crowns our memory
And the brief epitaph in danger's day,
When those who win at length divide the prey,
And cry, Remembrance saddening o'er each brow,
'How had the brave who fell exulted *now!*'

(*From 'The Corsair.'*)

The Isles of Greece

THE isles of Greece! the isles of Greece!
Where burning Sappho loved and sung,
Where grew the arts of war and peace,
Where Delos rose, and Phœbus sprung!
Eternal summer gilds them yet,
But all, except their sun, is set.

The Scian and the Teian muse,
The hero's harp, the lover's lute,
Have found the fame your shores refuse:
Their place of birth alone is mute
To sounds which echo further west
Than your sires' 'Islands of the Blest.'

The mountains look on Marathon—
And Marathon looks on the sea;
And musing there an hour alone,
I dreamed that Greece might still be free;
For standing on the Persians' grave,
I could not deem myself a slave.

A king sate on the rocky brow
Which looks o'er sea-born Salamis;
And ships, by thousands, lay below,
And men in nations;—all were his!
He counted them at break of day—
And when the sun set, where were they?

And where are they? and where art thou,
My country? On thy voiceless shore
The heroic lay is tuneless now—
The heroic bosom beats no more!
And must thy lyre, so long divine,
Degenerate into hands like mine?

'Tis something in the dearth of fame,
Though linked among a fettered race,
To feel at least a patriot's shame,
Even as I sing, suffuse my face;
For what is left the poet here?
For Greeks a blush—for Greece a tear.

Must *we* but weep o'er days more blest?
Must *we* but blush?—Our fathers bled.
Earth! render back from out thy breast
A remnant of our Spartan dead!
Of the three hundred grant but three,
To make a new Thermopylæ!

What, silent still? and silent all?
Ah! no;—the voices of the dead
Sound like a distant torrent's fall,
And answer, 'Let one living head,
But one, arise,—we come, we come!'
'Tis but the living who are dumb.

In vain—in vain: strike other chords;
Fill high the cup with Samian wine!
Leave battles to the Turkish hordes,
And shed the blood of Scio's vine!
Hark! rising to the ignoble call—
How answers each bold Bacchanal!

You have the Pyrrhic dance as yet;
Where is the Pyrrhic phalanx gone?
Of two such lessons, why forget
The nobler and the manlier one?
You have the letters Cadmus gave—
Think ye he meant them for a slave?

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
We will not think of themes like these!
It made Anacreon's song divine:
He served—but served Polycrates—
A tyrant; but our masters then
Were still, at least, our countrymen.

The tyrant of the Chersonese
Was freedom's best and bravest friend;
That tyrant was Miltiades!
O that the present hour would lend
Another despot of the kind!
Such chains as his were sure to bind.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
On Suli's rock, and Parga's shore,
Exists the remnant of a line
Such as the Doric mothers bore;
And there, perhaps, some seed is sown,
The Heracleidan blood might own.

Trust not for freedom to the Franks—
They have a king who buys and sells;
In native swords and native ranks
The only hope of courage dwells:
But Turkish force and Latin fraud
Would break your shield, however broad.

Fill high the bowl with Samian wine!
Our virgins dance beneath the shade—
I see their glorious black eyes shine;
But gazing on each glowing maid,
My own the burning tear-drop laves,
To think such breasts must suckle slaves.

Place me on Sunium's marbled steep,
Where nothing, save the waves and I,
May hear our mutual murmurs sweep;
There, swan-like, let me sing and die:
A land of slaves shall ne'er be mine—
Dash down yon cup of Samian wine!

CHARLES WOLFE

The Burial of Sir John Moore

NOT a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the ramparts we hurried:
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning,
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow,
But we steadfastly gazed on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow:

We thought, as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him;
But little he'll reck, if they'll let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring:
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone,
But we left him alone with his glory.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY

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.

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 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.

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 star of heaven,
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 overflowed.

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 Hymenæal,
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 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 thy lips would flow,
The world should listen then, as I am listening now.

Stanzas from 'Adonais'

I WEEP for Adonais—he is dead!
O weep for Adonais! though our tears
Thaw not the frost which binds so dear a head.
And thou, sad Hour, selected from all years
To mourn our loss, rouse thy obscure compeers,
And teach them thine own sorrow; say—'With me
Died Adonais; till the Future dares
Forget the Past, his fate and name shall be
An echo and a light unto eternity!'

O weep for Adonais—he is dead!
Wake, melancholy Mother, wake and weep!
Yet wherefore? Quench within their burning bed
Thy fiery tears, and let thy loud heart keep,
Like his a mute and uncomplaining sleep;
For he is gone where all things wise and fair
Descend. O dream not that the amorous Deep
Will yet restore him to the vital air!
Death feeds on his mute voice, and laughs at our despair.

To that high Capital, where kingly Death
Keeps his pale court in beauty and decay,

He came; and bought, with price of purest breath,
A grave among the Eternal.—Come away!
Haste! while the vault of blue Italian day
Is yet his fitting charnel-roof: while still
He lies, as if in dewy sleep he lay.
Awake him not! Surely he takes his fill
Of deep and liquid rest, forgetful of all ill.

Alas! that all we loved of him should be,
But for our grief, as if it had not been;
And grief itself be mortal! Woe is me!
Whence are we, and why are we? of what scene
The actors or spectators? Great and mean
Meet massed in death, who lends what life must borrow.
As long as skies are blue, and fields are green,
Evening must usher night, night urge the morrow,
Month follow month with woe, and year wake year to sorrow.

Peace, peace! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
He hath awakened from the dream of life—
'Tis we, who, lost in stormy visions, keep
With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
Invulnerable nothings—*we* decay
Like corpses in a charnel: fear and grief
Convulse us and consume us day by day,
And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night:
Envy and calumny, and hate and pain,
And that unrest which men miscall delight
Can touch him not, and torture not again:
From the contagion of the world's slow stain

He is secure, and now can never mourn
A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain;
Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he;
Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn,
Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan!
Cease, ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air,
Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair!

He is made one with Nature: there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird:
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
Which has withdrawn his being to its own;
Which wields the world with never wearied love,
Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above.

He is a portion of the loveliness
Which once he made more lovely: he doth bear
His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the forms they wear;
Torturing the unwilling dross that checks its flight
To its own likeness, as each mass may bear;
And bursting in its beauty and its might
From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light.

The World's Great Age begins anew

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 serener 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,
Although 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!

(*From 'Hellas.'*)

When the Lamp is shattered

When the lamp is shattered
The light in the dust lies dead—
  When the cloud is scattered
The rainbow's glory is shed.
  When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not;
  When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

  As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
  The heart's echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute:
  No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
  Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest.
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high:
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave the naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT

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
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

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. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom.—Take the wings
Of morning, pierce the Barcan wilderness,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings—yet the dead are there:
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest: and what if thou withdraw
In silence from 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,
The speechless 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, which 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 who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

JOHN KEATS

A Thing of Beauty

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.

(*From 'Endymion.'*)

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 agèd bones somewhere!
She died full long agone!

Ode to a Nightingale

I.

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 thine 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.

II.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
  Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
  Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt 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:

III.

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.

IV.

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.

V.

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.

VI.

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.

VII.

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 selfsame 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 fairy lands forlorn.

VIII.

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?

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.

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.

THOMAS HOOD

Ruth

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

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

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

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

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

Song

The stars are with the voyager
  Wherever he may sail;
The moon is constant to her time;
  The sun will never fail;
But follow, follow round the world,
  The green earth and the sea;
So love is with the lover's heart,
  Wherever he may be.

Wherever he may be, the stars
  Must daily lose their light;
The moon will veil her in the shade;
  The sun will set at night.
The sun may set, but constant love
  Will shine when he's away;
So that dull night is never night,
  And day is brighter day.

THOMAS BABINGTON, LORD MACAULAY

The Armada: A Fragment

ATTEND, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise;
I tell of the thrice famous deeds she wrought in ancient days,
When that great fleet invincible against her bore in vain
The richest spoils of Mexico, the stoutest hearts of Spain.
It was about the lovely close of a warm summer day,
There came a gallant merchant-ship full sail to Plymouth Bay;
Her crew hath seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's isle,[1]
At earliest twilight on the waves lie heaving many a mile.
At sunrise she escaped their van, by God's especial grace;
And the tall Pinta, till the noon, had held her close in chase.

[1] Alderney.

Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall,
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgecumbe's lofty hall;
Many a light fishing bark put out to pry along the coast;
And with loose rein and bloody spur rode inland many a post.
With his white hair unbonneted, the stout old sheriff comes;
Behind him march the halberdiers; before him sound the drums.
His yeomen round the market cross make clear an ample space;
For there behoves him to set up the standard of Her Grace.
And haughtily the trumpets peal, and gaily dance the bells,
As slow upon the labouring wind the royal blazon swells;
Look how the Lion of the sea lifts up his ancient crown,
And underneath his deadly paw treads the gay lilies down!
So stalked he when he turned to flight on that famed Picard field,
Bohemia's plume, and Genoa's bow, and Cæsar's eagle shield;
So glared he when at Agincourt in wrath he turned to bay,
And crushed and torn beneath his claws the princely hunters lay.
Ho! strike the flagstaff deep, Sir Knight; ho! scatter flowers, fair maids;
Ho! gunners, fire a loud salute; ho! gallants, draw your blades:

Thou sun, shine on her joyously; ye breezes, waft her wide;
Our glorious SEMPER EADEM, the banner of our pride.
The freshening breeze of eve unfurled that banner's massy fold:
The parting gleam of sunshine kissed that haughty scroll of gold:
Night sank upon the dusky beach and on the purple sea,
Such night in England ne'er had been, nor e'er again shall be.
From Eddystone to Berwick Bounds, from Lynn to Milford Bay,
That time of slumber was as bright and busy as the day;
For swift to east and swift to west the ghastly war-flame spread,
High on St. Michael's Mount it shone; it shone on Beachy Head.
Far on the deep the Spaniard saw, along each southern shire,
Cape beyond cape, in endless range, those twinkling points of fire.
The fisher left his skiff to rock on Tamar's glittering waves,
The rugged miners poured to war from Mendip's sunless caves;
O'er Longleat's towers, o'er Cranbourne's oaks, the fiery herald flew;
He roused the shepherds of Stonehenge, the rangers of Beaulieu.
Right sharp and quick the bells all night rang out from Bristol town,
And ere the day three hundred horse had met on Clifton Down;

The sentinel on Whitehall gate looked forth into the night,
And saw o'erhanging Richmond Hill the streak of blood-red light.
Then bugle's note and cannon's roar the deathlike silence broke,
And with one start and with one cry the royal city woke.
At once on all her stately gates arose the answering fires;
At once the wild alarum clashed from all her reeling spires;
From all the batteries of the Tower pealed loud the voice of fear;
And all the thousand masts of Thames sent back a louder cheer;
And from the farthest wards was heard the rush of hurrying feet,
And the broad streams of pikes and flags rushed down each roaring street;
And broader still became the blaze and louder still the din,
As fast from every village round the horse came spurring in;
And eastward straight from wild Blackheath the war-like errand went,
And roused in many an ancient hall the gallant squires of Kent.
Southward from Surrey's pleasant hills flew those bright couriers forth;
High on bleak Hampstead's swarthy moor they started for the north;
And on, and on, without a pause, untired they bounded still;
All night from tower to tower they sprang; they sprang from hill to hill;

Till the proud Peak unfurled the flag o'er Darwen's rocky dales,
Till like volcanoes flared to Heaven the stormy hills of Wales,
Till twelve fair counties saw the blaze on Malvern's lonely height,
Till streamed in crimson on the wind the Wrekin's crest of light,
Till broad and fierce the star came forth on Ely's stately fane,
And tower and hamlet rose in arms o'er all the boundless plain;
Till Belvoir's lordly terraces the sign to Lincoln sent,
And Lincoln sped the message on o'er the wide vale of Trent;
Till Skiddaw saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile
And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of Carlisle.

Ivry: A Song of the Huguenots

Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Liege, King Henry of Navarre!
Now let there be the merry sound of music and of dance
Through thy cornfields green, and sunny vines, O pleasant land of France.
And thou, Rochelle, our own Rochelle, proud city of the waters,
Again let rapture light the eyes of all thy mourning daughters.

As thou wert constant in our ills, be joyous in our joy;
For cold, and stiff, and still, are they who wrought thy walls annoy.
Hurrah! Hurrah! a single field hath turned the chance of war;
Hurrah! Hurrah for Ivry, and Henry of Navarre!

Oh! how our hearts were beating, when, at the dawn of day,
We saw the army of the League drawn out in long array,
With all its priest-led citizens, and all its rebel peers,
And Appenzel's stout infantry, and Egmont's Flemish spears.
There rode the brood of false Lorraine, the curses of our land;
And dark Mayenne was in the midst, a truncheon in his hand.
And, as we looked on them, we thought of Seine's empurpled flood,
And good Coligni's hoary hair all dabbled with his blood;
And we cried unto the living God, who rules the fate of war,
To fight for His own holy name, and Henry of Navarre.

The King is come to marshal us, in all his armour dressed,
And he has bound a snow-white plume upon his gallant crest.
He looked upon his people, and a tear was in his eye;
He looked upon the traitors, and his glance was stern and high,

Right graciously he smiled on us, as rolled from wing to wing,
Down all our line, a deafening shout: 'God save our Lord the King!'
And if my standard-bearer fall, as fall full well he may—
For never saw I promise yet of such a bloody fray—
Press where ye see my white plume shine, amidst the ranks of war,
And be your oriflamme to-day the helmet of Navarre.'

Hurrah! the foes are moving. Hark to the mingled din
Of fife and steed, and trump and drum, and roaring culverin.
The fiery Duke is pricking fast across Saint André's plain,
With all the hireling chivalry of Guelders and Almayne.
Now by the lips of those ye love, fair gentlemen of France,
Charge for the golden lilies—upon them with the lance.
A thousand spurs are striking deep, a thousand spears in rest,
A thousand knights are pressing close behind the snow-white crest:
And in they burst, and on they rushed, while, like a guiding star,
Amidst the thickest carnage blazed the helmet of Navarre.

Now, God be praised, the day is ours. Mayenne hath turned his rein;
D'Aumale hath cried for quarter; the Flemish count is slain.
Their ranks are breaking like thin clouds before a Biscay gale;

The field is heaped with bleeding steeds, and flags, and cloven mail.
And then we thought on vengeance, and, all along our van,
Remember St. Bartholomew!' was passed from man to man.
But out spoke gentle Henry: 'No Frenchman is my foe;
Down, down with every foreigner, but let your brethren go.'
Oh! was there ever such a knight, in friendship or in war,
As our Sovereign Lord, King Henry, the soldier of Navarre?

Right well fought all the Frenchmen who fought for France to-day;
And many a lordly banner God gave them for a prey.
But we of the religion have borne us best in fight,
And the good Lord of Rosny has ta'en the cornet white.
Our own true Maximilian the cornet white hath ta'en,
The cornet white, with crosses black, the flag of false Lorraine.
Up with it high! unfurl it wide! that all the host may know
How God hath humbled the proud house which wrought His Church such woe.
Then on the ground, while trumpets sound their loudest point of war,
Fling the red shreds, a footcloth meet for Henry of Navarre.

Ho, maidens of Vienna! Ho, matrons of Lucerne!
Weep, weep, and rend your hair for those who never shall return.

Ho, Philip! send, for charity, thy Mexican pistoles,
That Antwerp monks may sing a mass for thy poor spearmen's souls.
Ho, gallant nobles of the League! look that your arms be bright;
Ho, burghers of Saint Genevieve! keep watch and ward to-night.
For our God hath crushed the tyrant; our God hath raised the slave,
And mocked the counsel of the wise, and the valour of the brave.
Then glory to His holy name, from whom all glories are!
And glory to our Sovereign Lord, King Henry of Navarre!

JAMES CLARENCE MANGAN

Dark Rosaleen

O MY dark Rosaleen,
Do not sigh, do not weep!
The priests are on the ocean green;
They march along the deep.
There's wine from the royal Pope
Upon the ocean green;
And Spanish ale shall give you hope,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Shall glad your heart, shall give you hope.
Shall give you health and help and hope,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over hills and through dales
Have I roamed for your sake;
All yesterday I sailed with sails
On river and on lake.

The Erne at its highest flood
I dashed across unseen;
For there was lightning in my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
O there was lightning in my blood!
Red lightning lightened through my blood,
My dark Rosaleen!

All day long, in unrest,
To and fro do I move;
The very soul within my breast
Is wasted for you, love!
The heart in my bosom faints
To think of you, my queen;
My life of life, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
To hear your sweet and sad complaints,
My life, my love, my saint of saints,
My dark Rosaleen!

Woe and pain, pain and woe,
Are my lot, night and noon,
To see your bright face clouded so,
Like to the mournful moon.
But yet will I rear your throne
Again in golden sheen:
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
'Tis you shall have the golden throne,
'Tis you shall reign, and reign alone,
My dark Rosaleen!

Over dews, over sands,
Will I fly for your weal;
Your holy delicate white hands
Shall girdle me with steel.
At home, in your emerald bowers,
From morning's dawn till e'en,
You'll pray for me, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
You'll think of me through daylight's hours,
My virgin flower, my flower of flowers,
My dark Rosaleen!

I could scale the blue air,
I could plough the high hills!
O I could kneel all night in prayer
To heal your many ills!
And one beamy smile from you
Would float like light between
My toils and me, my own, my true,
My dark Rosaleen!
My own Rosaleen!
Would give me life and soul anew,
A second life, a soul anew.
My dark Rosaleen!

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

The Arrow and the Song

I SHOT an arrow into the air,
It fell to earth, I knew not where;
For, so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow it in its flight.

I breathed a song into the air,
It fell to earth, I know not where;
For who has sight so keen and strong,
That it can follow the flight of song?

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the arrow, still unbroke;
And the song, from beginning to end,
I found again in the heart of a friend.

A Psalm of Life

TELL me not, in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!—
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
Dust thou art, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long, and Time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labour and to wait.

The Arsenal at Springfield

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

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

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

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

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 drum-beat 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.'

I can see the breezy dome of groves,
The shadows of Deering's Woods;
And the friendships old and the early loves
Come back with a Sabbath sound, as of doves
In quiet neighbourhoods.
And the verse of that sweet old song,
It flutters and murmurs still:
'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

I remember the gleams and glooms that dart
  Across the school-boy's brain;
The song and the silence in the heart,
That in part are prophecies, and in part
  Are longings wild and vain.
    And the voice of that fitful song,
    Sings on, and is never still:
    'A boy's will is the wind's will,
And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts.'

There are things of which I may not speak;
  There are dreams that cannot die;
There are thoughts that make the strong heart weak,
And bring a pallor into the cheek,
  And a mist before the eye.
    And the words of that fatal song
    Come over me like a chill:
    '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.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER

The Shipbuilders

THE sky is ruddy in the east,
The earth is grey below,
And, spectral in the river-mist,
The ship's white timbers show.
Then let the sounds of measured stroke
And grating saw begin;
The broad axe to the gnarlèd oak,
The mallet to the pin!

Hark!—roars the bellows, blast on blast,
The sooty smithy jars,
And fire-sparks, rising far and fast,
Are fading with the stars.
All day for us the smith shall stand
Beside that flashing forge;
All day for us his heavy hand
The groaning anvil scourge.

From far-off hills the panting team
For us is toiling near;
For us the raftsmen down the stream
Their island barges steer.
Rings out for us the axeman's stroke
In forests old and still,—
For us the century-circled oak
Falls crashing down his hill

Up!—up!—in nobler toil than ours
No craftsmen bear a part:
We make of Nature's giant powers
The slaves of human Art.
Lay rib to rib and beam to beam,
And drive the tree-nails free;
Nor faithless joint nor yawning seam
Shall tempt the searching sea!

Her oaken ribs the vulture-beak
Of Northern ice may peel;
The sunken rock and coral peak
May grate along her keel;
And know we well the painted shell
We give to wind and wave,
Must float, the sailor's citadel,
Or sink, the sailor's grave!

God bless her! wheresoe'er the breeze
Her snowy wing shall fan,
Aside the frozen Hebrides,
Or sultry Hindostan!
Where'er, in mart or on the main,
With peaceful flag unfurled,
She helps to wind the silken chain
Of commerce round the world!

Be hers the Prairie's golden grain,
The Desert's golden sand,
The clustered fruits of sunny Spain,
The spice of Morning-land!
Her pathway on the open main
May blessings follow free,
And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea!

The Pipes at Lucknow

Pipes of the misty moorlands,
Voice of the glens and hills;
The droning of the torrents,
The treble of the rills!
Not the braes of broom and heather,
Nor the mountains dark with rain,
Nor maiden bower, nor border tower,
Have heard your sweetest strain!

Dear to the Lowland reaper,
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The Scottish pipes are dear;—
Sweet sounds the ancient pibroch
O'er mountain, loch, and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played.

Day by day the Indian tiger
Louder yelled, and nearer crept;
Round and round the jungle-serpent
Near and nearer circles swept.
'Pray for rescue, wives and mothers,—
Pray to-day!' the soldier said;
'To-morrow, death's between us
And the wrong and shame we dread.'

Oh, they listened, looked, and waited,
Till their hope became despair;
And the sobs of low bewailing
Filled the pauses of their prayer.
Then up spake a Scottish maiden,
With her ear unto the ground:
'Dinna ye hear it?—dinna ye hear it?
The pipes of Havelock sound!'

Hushed the wounded man his groaning;
Hushed the wife her little ones;
Alone they heard the drum-roll
And the roar of Sepoy guns.
But to sounds of home and childhood
The Highland ear was true;—
As her mother's cradle-crooning
The mountain pipes she knew.

Like the march of soundless music
Through the vision of the seer,
More of feeling than of hearing,
Of the heart than of the ear,
She knew the droning pibroch,
She knew the Campbell's call:
'Hark! hear ye no' MacGregor's,—
The grandest o' them all!'

Oh, they listened, dumb and breathless,
And they caught the sound at last;
Faint and far beyond the Goomtee
Rose and fell the piper's blast!
Then a burst of wild thanksgiving
Mingled woman's voice and man's;
'God be praised!—the march of Havelock!
The piping of the clans!'

Louder, nearer, fierce as vengeance,
Sharp and shrill as swords at strife,
Came the wild MacGregor's clan-call,
Stinging all the air to life.
But when the far-off dust-cloud
To plaided legions grew,
Full tenderly and blithesomely
The pipes of rescue blew!

Round the silver domes of Lucknow,
Moslem mosque and Pagan shrine,
Breathed the air to Britons dearest,
The air of Auld Lang Syne.
O'er the cruel roll of war-drums
Rose that sweet and home-like strain;
And the tartan clove the turban,
As the Goomtee cleaves the plain.

Dear to the corn-land reaper
And plaided mountaineer,—
To the cottage and the castle
The piper's song is dear.
Sweet sounds the Gaelic pibroch
O'er mountain, glen and glade;
But the sweetest of all music
The pipes at Lucknow played!

My Playmate

THE pines were dark on Ramoth hill,
Their song was soft and low;
The blossoms in the sweet May wind
Were falling like the snow.

The blossoms drifted at our feet,
The orchard birds sang clear;
The sweetest and the saddest day
It seemed of all the year.

For, more to me than birds or flowers,
My playmate left her home,
And took with her the laughing spring,
The music and the bloom.

She kissed the lips of kith and kin,
  Sh laid her hand in mine:
What more could ask the bashful boy
  Who fed her father's kine?

She left us in the bloom of May:
  The constant years told o'er
Their seasons with as sweet May morns,
  But she came back no more.

I walk, with noiseless feet, the round
  Of uneventful years;
Still o'er and o'er I sow the spring
  And reap the autumn ears.

She lives where all the golden year
  Her summer roses blow;
The dusky children of the sun
  Before her come and go.

There haply with her jewelled hands
  She smooths her silken gown,—
No more the homespun lap wherein
  I shook the walnuts down.

The wild grapes wait us by the brook,
  The brown nuts on the hill,
And still the May-day flowers make sweet
  The woods of Follymill.

The lilies blossom in the pond,
  The bird builds in the tree,
The dark pines sing on Ramoth hill
  The slow song of the sea.

I wonder if she thinks of them,
And how the old time seems,—
If ever the pines of Ramoth wood
Are sounding in her dreams.

I see her face, I hear her voice:
Does she remember mine?
And what to her is now the boy
Who fed her father's kine?

What cares she that the orioles build
For other eyes than ours,—
That other hands with nuts are filled,
And other laps with flowers?

O playmate in the golden time!
Our mossy seat is green,
Its fringing violets blossom yet,
The old trees o'er it lean.

The winds so sweet with birch and fern
A sweeter memory blow;
And there in spring the veeries sing
The song of long ago.

And still the pines of Ramoth wood
Are moaning like the sea,—
The moaning of the sea of change
Between myself and thee!

EDGAR ALLAN POE

Eldorado

GAILY bedight,
A gallant Knight,
In sunshine and shadow
Had journeyed long,
Singing a song,
In search of Eldorado.

But he grew old—
This Knight so bold,—
And o'er his heart a shadow
Fell as he found
No spot of ground
That looked like Eldorado.

And as his strength
Failed him at length,
He met a pilgrim shadow—
'Shadow,' said he,
'Where can it be—
This land of Eldorado?'

'Over the Mountains
Of the Moon,
Down the Valley of the Shadow
Ride, boldly ride,'
The shade replied,—
'If you seek for Eldorado!'

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.

I was a child and she 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, chilling
My beautiful Annabel Lee;
So that her high-born 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 by night,
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 feel 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.

The Bells

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

  Hear the mellow wedding bells,
    Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!

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

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

What a tale their terror tells.
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear it fully knows.
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah! the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—

They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are ghouls:
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls,
Rolls
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells!
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme;
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells:
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he knells, knells, knells,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the rolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells!

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Old Ironsides

Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!
Long has it waved on high,

And many an eye has danced to see
That banner in the sky:
Beneath it rung the battle-shout
And burst the cannon's roar;—
The meteor of the open air
Shall sweep the clouds no more.

Her deck, once red with heroes' blood,
Where knelt the vanquished foe,
When winds were hurrying o'er the flood,
And waves were white below,
No more shall feel the victor's tread,
Or know the conquered knee,—
The harpies of the shore shall pluck
The eagle of the sea!

O better that her shattered hulk
Should sink beneath the wave;
Her thunders shook the mighty deep,
And there should be her grave;
Nail to her mast her holy flag,
Set every threadbare sail,
And give her to the god of storms,
The lightning and the gale.

EDWARD FITZGERALD

Old Song

'Tis a dull sight
To see the year dying,
When winter winds
Set the yellow wood sighing:
Sighing, O sighing!

When such a time cometh
  I do retire
Into an old room
  Beside a bright fire:
    O, pile a bright fire!

And there I sit
  Reading old things,
Of knights and lorn damsels,
  While the wind sings—
    O, drearily sings!

I never look out
  Nor attend to the blast;
For all to be seen
  Is the leaves falling fast:
    Falling, falling!

But close at the hearth,
  Like a cricket, sit I,
Reading of summer
  And chivalry—
    Gallant chivalry!

Then with an old friend
  I talk of our youth—
How 'twas gladsome, but often
  Foolish, forsooth:
    But gladsome, gladsome!

Or, to get merry,
  We sing some old rhyme
That made the wood ring again
  In summer time—
    Sweet summer time!

Then go we smoking,
  Silent and snug:
Naught passes between us,
  Save a brown jug—
    Sometimes!

And sometimes a tear
  Will rise in each eye,
Seeing the two old friends
  So merrily—
    So merrily!

And ere to bed
  Go we, go we,
Down on the ashes
  We kneel on the knee,
    Praying together!

Thus, then, live I
  Till, 'mid all the gloom,
By Heaven! the bold sun
Is with me in the room
    Shining, shining!

Then the clouds part,
  Swallows soaring between;
The spring is alive,
  And the meadows are green!

I jump up like mad,
  Break the old pipe in twain
And away to the meadows,
  The meadows again!

Stanzas from Omar Khayyám

THINK, in this battered Caravanserai,
Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahram, that great Hunter—the wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his sleep.

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears
TO-DAY of past Regrets and Future Fears:
To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to rest.

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend;
  Dust unto dust, and under Dust to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

ALFRED TENNYSON, LORD TENNYSON

Recollections of the Arabian Nights

When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free
In the silken sail of infancy,
The tide of time flowed back with me,
  The forward-flowing tide of time;
And many a sheeny summer-morn,
Adown the Tigris I was borne,
By Bagdat's shrines of fretted gold,
High-walled gardens green and old;
True Mussulman was I and sworn,
  For it was in the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Anight my shallop, rustling thro'
The low and bloomèd foliage, drove
The fragrant, glistening deeps, and clove
The citron-shadows in the blue:
By garden porches on the brim,
The costly doors flung open wide,
Gold glittering thro' lamplight dim,
And broidered sofas on each side:
  In sooth it was a goodly time,
  For it was in the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Often, where clear-stemmed platans guard
The outlet, did I turn away
The boat-head down a broad canal
From the main river sluiced, where all
The sloping of the moon-lit sward
Was damask-work, and deep inlay
Of braided blooms unmown, which crept
Adown to where the water slept.
A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

A motion from the river won
Ridged the smooth level, bearing on
My shallop thro' the star-strown calm,
Until another night in night
I entered, from the clearer light,
Imbowered vaults of pillared palm,
Imprisoning sweets, which, as they clomb
Heavenward, were stayed beneath the dome
Of hollow boughs.—A goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Still onward; and the clear canal
Is rounded to as clear a lake.
From the green rivage many a fall
Of diamond rillets musical,
Thro' little crystal arches low
Down from the central fountain's flow
Fall'n silver-chiming, seemed to shake
The sparkling flints beneath the prow.
A goodly place, a goodly time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Above thro' many a bowery turn
A walk with vary-coloured shells
Wandered engrained. On either side
All round about the fragrant marge
From fluted vase, and brazen urn
In order, eastern flowers large,
Some dropping low their crimson bells
Half-closed, and others studded wide
With disks and tiars, fed the time
With odour in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Far off, and where the lemon grove
In closest coverture upsprung,
The living airs of middle night
Died round the bulbul as he sung;
Not he: but something which possessed
The darkness of the world, delight,
Life, anguish, death, immortal love,
Ceasing not, mingled, unrepressed,
Apart from place, withholding time,
But flattering the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Black the garden-bowers and grots
Slumbered: the solemn palms were ranged
Above, unwooed of summer wind:
A sudden splendour from behind
Flushed all the leaves with rich gold-green,
And, flowing rapidly between
Their interspaces, counterchanged
The level lake with diamond plots
Of dark and bright. A lovely time,
For it was in the golden prime
Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Dark-blue the deep sphere overhead,
Distinct with vivid stars inlaid,
Grew darker from that under-flame:
So, leaping lightly from the boat,
With silver anchor left afloat,
In marvel whence that glory came
Upon me, as in sleep I sank
In cool soft turf upon the bank,
  Entrancèd with that place and time,
  So worthy of the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Thence thro' the garden I was drawn—
A realm of pleasance, many a mound,
And many a shadow-chequered lawn
Full of the city's stilly sound,
And deep myrrh-thickets blowing round
The stately cedar, tamarisks,
Thick rosaries of scented thorn,
Tall orient shrubs, and obelisks
  Graven with emblems of the time,
  In honour of the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

With dazèd vision unawares
From the long alley's latticed shade
Emerged, I came upon the great
Pavilion of the Caliphat.
Right to the carven cedarn doors,
Flung inward over spangled floors,
Broad-based flights of marble stairs
Ran up with golden balustrade,
  After the fashion of the time,
  And humour of the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

The fourscore windows all alight
As with the quintessence of flame,
A million tapers flaring bright
From twisted silvers looked to shame
The hollow-vaulted dark, and streamed
Upon the moonèd domes aloof
In inmost Bagdat, till there seemed
Hundreds of crescents on the roof
  Of night new-risen, that marvellous time
  To celebrate the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Then stole I up, and trancedly
Gazed on the Persian girl alone,
Serene with argent-lidded eyes
Amorous, and lashes like to rays
Of darkness, and a brow of pearl
Tressed with redolent ebony,
In many a dark delicious curl,
Flowing beneath her rose-hued zone;
  The sweetest lady of the time,
  Well worthy of the golden prime
    Of good Haroun Alraschid.

Six columns, three on either side,
Pure silver, underpropt a rich
Throne of the massive ore, from which
Down-drooped, in many a floating fold,
Engarlanded and diapered
With inwrought flowers, a cloth of gold.
Thereon, his deep eye laughter-stirred
With merriment of kingly pride,
  Sole star of all that place and time,
  I saw him—in his golden prime,
    The Good Haroun Alraschid.

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 gray 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 baths
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.

Sir Galahad

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel.
The splintered spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
  On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle till the end,
  To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
  My knees are bowed in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
  Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
  Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
  A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
  A light before me swims,

Between dark stems the forest glows,
I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
I hear a voice but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
The silver vessels sparkle clean,
The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers.
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
  Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
  That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
  Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
  Whose odours haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
  This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
  Are touched, are turned to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
  And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
  Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
  Wings flutter, voices hover clear:
'O just and faithful knight of God!
  Ride on! the prize is near.'
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange;
  By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-armed I ride, whate'er betide,
  Until I find the holy Grail.

Wages

GLORY of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song,
  Paid with a voice flying by to be lost on an endless sea—
Glory of Virtue, to fight, to struggle, to right the wrong—
  Nay, but she aimed not at glory, no lover of glory she:
Give her the glory of going on, and still to be

The wages of sin is death: if the wages of Virtue be dust,
Would she have heart to endure for the life of the worm and the fly?
She desires no isles of the blest, no quiet seats of the just,
To rest in a golden grove, or to bask in a summer sky:
Give her the wages of going on, and not to die.

Break, break, break

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

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

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;
But O for the touch of a 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.

Lines from 'Locksley Hall'

MANY a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the West.

Many a night I saw the Pleiads, rising thro' the mellow shade,
Glitter like a swarm of fire-flies tangled in a silver braid.

Here about the beach I wandered, nourishing a youth sublime
With the fairy tales of science, and the long result of Time;

When the centuries behind me like a fruitful land reposed;
When I clung to all the present for the promise that it closed:

When I dipt into the future far as human eye could see;
Saw the Vision of the world, and all the wonder that would be.

Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;

Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue;

Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm;

Till the war-drum throbbed no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world.

The Duke of Wellington

WHO is he that cometh, like an honoured guest,
With banner and with music, with soldier and with priest,
With a nation weeping, and breaking on my rest?
Mighty Seaman, this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea.
Thine island loves thee well, thou famous man,
The greatest sailor since our world began.
Now, to the roll of muffled drums,
To thee the greatest soldier comes;
For this is he
Was great by land as thou by sea;
His foes were thine; he kept us free;
O give him welcome, this is he
Worthy of our gorgeous rites,
And worthy to be laid by thee;
For this is England's greatest son,
He that gained a hundred fights,
Nor ever lost an English gun;
This is he that far away
Against the myriads of Assaye
Clashed with his fiery few and won;
And underneath another sun,
Warring on a later day,

Round affrighted Lisbon drew
The treble works, the vast designs
Of his laboured rampart-lines,
Where he greatly stood at bay,
Whence he issued forth anew,
And ever great and greater grew,
Beating from the wasted vines
Back to France her banded swarms,
Back to France with countless blows,
Till o'er the hills her eagles flew
Beyond the Pyrenean pines,
Followed up in valley and glen
With blare of bugle, clamour of men,
Roll of cannon and clash of arms,
And England pouring on her foes.
Such a war had such a close.
Again their ravening eagle rose
In anger, wheeled on Europe-shadowing wings,
And barking for the thrones of kings,
Till one that sought but Duty's iron crown
On that loud sabbath shook the spoiler down;
A day of onsets of despair!
Dashed on every rocky square
Their surging charges foamed themselves away;
Last, the Prussian trumpet blew;
Thro' the long-tormented air
Heaven flashed a sudden jubilant ray,
And down we swept and charged and overthrew.
So great a soldier taught us there,
What long-enduring hearts could do
In that world-earthquake, Waterloo!
Mighty Seaman, tender and true,
And pure as he from taint of craven guile,
O saviour of the silver-coasted isle,
O shaker of the Baltic and the Nile,

If aught of things that here befall
Touch a spirit among things divine,
If love of country move thee there at all,
Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine!
And thro' the centuries let a people's voice
In full acclaim,
A people's voice,
The proof and echo of all human fame,
A people's voice, whence they rejoice
At civic revel and pomp and game,
Attest their great commander's claim
With honour, honour, honour, honour to him,
Eternal honour to his name.

(*From 'Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington.'*)

Songs from 'The Princess'

I.

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.

II.

HOME they brought her warrior dead:
She nor swooned, nor uttered cry:
All her maidens, watching, said,
'She must weep or she will die.'

Then they praised him, soft and low,
Called him worthy to be loved,
Truest friend and noblest foe;
Yet she neither spoke nor moved.

Stole a maiden from her place,
Lightly to the warrior stept,
Took the face-cloth from the face;
Yet she neither moved nor wept.

Rose a nurse of ninety years,
Set his child upon her knee—
Like summer tempest came her tears—
'Sweet my child, I live for thee.'

III.

COME down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd sang),
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;

And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:
But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air:
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

Come into the garden, Maud

COME into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the rose is blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky.
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon;
All night has the casement jessamine stirred
To the dancers dancing in tune;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, 'There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play.'
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine,' so I sware to the rose,
'For ever and ever, mine.'

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clashed in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sighed for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,
In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
Queen lily and rose in one;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear;
She is coming, my life, my fate;
The red rose cries, 'She is near, she is near';
And the white rose weeps, 'She is late';
The larkspur listens, 'I hear, I hear';
And the lily whispers, 'I wait.'

She is coming, my own, my sweet;
Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
Were it earth in an earthy bed;

My dust would hear her and beat,
  Had I lain for a century dead;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
  And blossom in purple and red.

(*From* '*Maud.*')

Ring out, wild bells

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

(*From 'In Memoriam.'*)

SIR FRANCIS HASTINGS DOYLE

The Loss of the 'Birkenhead'

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

That those whom God's high grace there saved from
ill—
Those also, left His martyrs in the bay—
Though not by siege, though not in battle, still
Full well had earned their pay.

The Private of the Buffs

LAST night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore;
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart with English instinct fraught
He yet can call his own.
Aye, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame:
He only knows, that not through him
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seemed,
Liked reams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleamed,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke above his father's door
In grey soft eddyings hung:
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doomed by himself, so young?

Yes, honour calls!—with strength like steel
He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel;
An English lad must die.
And thus with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

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

ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING

The Forced Recruit

In the ranks of the Austrian you found him,
He died with his face to you all;
Yet bury him here where around him
You honour your bravest that fall.

Venetian, fair featured and slender,
He lies shot to death in his youth,
With a smile on his lips over tender
For any mere soldier's dead mouth.

No stranger, and yet not a traitor,
Though alien the cloth on his breast,
Underneath it how seldom a greater
Young heart has a shot sent to rest!

By your enemy tortured and goaded
To march with them, stand in their file,
His musket (see) never was loaded,
He facing your guns with that smile!

As orphans yearn on to their mothers,
He yearned to your patriot bands;—
'Let me die for our Italy, brothers,
If not in your ranks, by your hands!

'Aim straightly, fire steadily! spare me
A ball in the body which may
Deliver my heart here, and tear me
This badge of the Austrian away!'

So thought he, so died he this morning.
What then? many others have died.
Ay, but easy for men to die scorning
The death-stroke, who fought side by side:—

One tricolour floating above them;
Struck down 'mid triumphant acclaims
Of an Italy rescued to love them
And blazon the brass with their names.

But he,—without witness or honour,
There, shamed in his country's regard,
With the tyrants who march in upon her,
Died faithful and passive: 'twas hard.

'Twas sublime. In a cruel restriction
Cut off from the guerdon of sons,
With most filial obedience, conviction,
His soul kissed the lips of her guns.

That moves you? Nay, grudge not to show it,
While digging a grave for him here:
The others who died, says your poet,
Have glory,—let *him* have a tear.

I learnt to love that England

I LEARNT to love that England. Very oft,
Before the day was born, or otherwise
Through secret windings of the afternoons,
I threw my hunters off and plunged myself
Among the deep hills, as a hunted stag
Will take the waters, shivering with the fear
And passion of the course. And when, at last
Escaped,—so many a green slope built on slope
Betwixt me and the enemy's house behind,
I dared to rest, or wander,—like a rest
Made sweeter for the step upon the grass,—
And view the ground's most gentle dimplement,
(As if God's finger touched but did not press
In making England!) such an up and down
Of verdure,—nothing too much up or down,
A ripple of land; such little hills, the sky
Can stoop to tenderly and the wheatfields climb:
Such nooks of valleys, lined with orchises,
Fed full of noises by invisible streams:
And open pastures, where you scarcely tell
White daisies from white dew,—at intervals
The mythic oaks and elm-trees standing out
Self-poised upon their prodigy of shade,—
I thought my father's land was worthy too
Of being my Shakespeare's.

(*From 'Aurora Leigh.'*)

How do I love thee?

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 candlelight.
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.

(*From 'Sonnets from the Portuguese.'*)

ROBERT BROWNING

Pippa's Song

THE year's at the spring;
And day's at the morn;
Morning's at seven;
The hill-side's dew-pearled;
The lark's on the wing;
The snail's on the thorn:
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world!

(*From 'Pippa Passes.'*)

How they brought the Good News from Ghent to Aix

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

II.

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

III.

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

IV.

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

V.

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

VI.

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

VII.

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

VIII.

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

IX.

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

X.

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

Hervé Riel

On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two,
Did the English fight the French,—woe to France!
And, the thirty-first of May, helter-skelter through the blue,
Like a crowd of frightened porpoises a shoal of sharks pursue,
Came crowding ship on ship to Saint-Malo on the Rance,
With the English fleet in view.

II.

'Twas the squadron that escaped, with the victor in full chase;
First and foremost of the drove, in his great ship, Damfreville;
Close on him fled, great and small,
Twenty-two good ships in all;
And they signalled to the place,
'Help the winners of a race!
Get us guidance, give us harbour, take us quick—or, quicker still,
Here's the English can and will!'

III.

Then the pilots of the place put out brisk and leapt on board;
'Why, what hope or chance have ships like these to pass?' laughed they:
'Rocks to starboard, rocks to port, all the passage scarred and scored,—
Shall the *Formidable* here, with her twelve and eighty guns,
Think to make the river-mouth by the single narrow way,
Trust to enter—where 'tis ticklish for a craft of twenty tons,
And with flow at full beside?
Now, 'tis slackest ebb of tide.
Reach the mooring? Rather say,
While rock stands or water runs,
Not a ship will leave the bay!'

IV.

Then was called a council straight.
Brief and bitter the debate:

'Here's the English at our heels; would you have them take in tow
All that's left us of the fleet, linked together stern and bow,
For a prize to Plymouth Sound?
Better run the ships aground!'
(Ended Damfreville his speech.)
Not a minute more to wait!
Let the Captains all and each
Shove ashore, then blow up, burn the vessels on the beach!
France must undergo her fate.

V.

'Give the word!' But no such word
Was ever spoke or heard;
For up stood, for out stepped, for in struck amid all these
—A Captain? A Lieutenant? A Mate—first, second, third?
No such man of mark, and meet
With his betters to compete!
But a simple Breton sailor pressed by Tourville for the fleet,
A poor coasting-pilot he, Hervé Riel the Croisickese.[1]

VI.

And 'What mockery or malice have we here?' cries Hervé Riel:
'Are you mad, you Malouins?[2] Are you cowards, fools, or rogues?

[1] *Croisickese:* native of Le Croisic, a village at the mouth of the Loire, where this poem was written.
[2] *Malouins:* natives of St. Malo.

Talk to me of rocks and shoals, me who took the soundings, tell
On my fingers every bank, every shallow, every swell
'Twixt the offing here and Grève where the river disembogues? [1]
Are you bought by English gold? Is it love the lying's for?
Morn and eve, night and day,
Have I piloted your bay,
Entered free and anchored fast at the foot of Solidor.
Burn the fleet and ruin France? That were worse than fifty Hogues!
Sirs, they know I speak the truth! Sirs, believe me there's a way!
Only let me lead the line,
Have the biggest ship to steer,
Get this *Formidable* clear,
Make the others follow mine,
And I lead them, most and least, by a passage I know well,
Right to Solidor past Grève,
And there lay them safe and sound;
And if one ship misbehave,—
Keel so much as grate the ground,
Why, I've nothing but my life,—here's my head!' cries Hervé Riel.

VII.

Not a minute more to wait.
'Steer us in, then, small and great!
Take the helm, lead the line, save the squadron!' cried its chief.
Captains, give the sailor place!
He is Admiral, in brief.

[1] *Disembogues:* enters the sea.

Still the north-wind, by God's grace.
See the noble fellow's face
As the big ship, with a bound,
Clears the entry like a hound,
Keeps the passage, as its inch of way were the wide sea's profound!
See, safe thro' shoal and rock,
How they follow in a flock,
Not a ship that misbehaves, not a keel that grates the ground,
Not a spar that comes to grief!
The peril, see, is past.
All are harboured to the last,
And just as Hervé Riel hollas 'Anchor!'—sure as fate,
Up the English come,—too late!

VIII.

So, the storm subsides to calm:
They see the green trees wave
On the heights o'erlooking Grève.
Hearts that bled are stanched with balm.
'Just our rapture to enhance,
Let the English rake the bay,
Gnash their teeth and glare askance
As they cannonade away!
'Neath rampired[1] Solidor pleasant riding on the Rance!'
How hope succeeds despair on each Captain's countenance!
Out burst all with one accord,
'This is Paradise for Hell!
Let France, let France's King
Thank the man that did the thing!'

[1] *Rampired:* fortified.

What a shout, and all one word,
'Hervé Riel!'
As he stepped in front once more,
Not a symptom of surprise
In the frank blue Breton eyes,
Just the same man as before.

IX.

Then said Damfreville, 'My friend,
I must speak out at the end,
Though I find the speaking hard.
Praise is deeper than the lips:
You have saved the King his ships,
You must name your own reward.
'Faith, our sun was near eclipse!
Demand whate'er you will,
France remains your debtor still.
Ask to heart's content and have! or my name's not Damfreville.'

X.

Then a beam of fun outbroke
On the bearded mouth that spoke,
As the honest heart laughed through
Those frank eyes of Breton blue:
'Since I needs must say my say,
Since on board the duty's done,
And from Malo Roads to Croisic Point, what is it but a run?—
Since 'tis ask and have, I may—
Since the others go ashore—
Come! A good whole holiday!
Leave to go and see my wife, whom I call the Belle Aurore!'
That he asked and that he got,—nothing more.

XI.

Name and deed alike are lost:
Not a pillar nor a post
  In his Croisic keeps alive the feat as it befell;
Not a head in white and black
On a single fishing-smack,
In memory of the man but for whom had gone to wrack
  All that France saved from the fight whence England bore the bell.
    Go to Paris: rank on rank
  Search the heroes flung pell-mell
On the Louvre, face and flank!
  You shall look long enough ere you come to Hervé Riel.
So, for better and for worse,
Hervé Riel, accept my verse!
In my verse, Hervé Riel, do thou once more
Save the squadron, honour France, love thy wife the Belle Aurore!

Home Thoughts from the Sea

NOBLY, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west died away;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay;
Bluish 'mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay;
In the dimmest North-east distance dawned Gibraltar grand and gray;
  Here and here did England help me: how can I help England?'—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

Home Thoughts from Abroad

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

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my 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!

'De Gustibus——'

YOUR ghost will walk, you lover of trees,
(If our loves remain)
In an English lane,
By a cornfield-side a-flutter with poppies.
Hark, those two in the hazel coppice—
A boy and a girl, if the good fates please,
Making love, say,—
The happier they!

Draw yourself up from the light of the moon,
And let them pass, as they will too soon,
With the bean-flowers' boon,
And the blackbird's tune,
And May, and June!

What I love best in all the world
Is a castle, precipice-encurled,
In a gash of the wind-grieved Apennine.
Or look for me, old fellow of mine,
(If I get my head from out the mouth
O' the grave, and loose my spirit's bands,
And come again to the land of lands)—
In a sea-side house to the farther South,
Where the baked cicala dies of drouth,
And one sharp tree—'tis a cypress—stands,
By the many hundred years red-rusted,
Rough iron-spiked, ripe fruit-o'ercrusted,
My sentinel to guard the sands
To the water's edge. For, what expands
Before the house, but the great opaque
Blue breadth of sea without a break?
While, in the house, for ever crumbles
Some fragment of the frescoed walls,
From blisters where a scorpion sprawls.
A girl bare-footed brings, and tumbles
Down on the pavement, green-flesh melons,
And says there's news to-day—the king
Was shot at, touched in the liver-wing,
Goes with his Bourbon arm in a sling:
—She hopes they have not caught the felons.
Italy, my Italy!
Queen Mary's saying serves for me—
(When fortune's malice
Lost her—Calais)—

Open my heart and you will see
Graved inside of it, 'Italy.'
Such lovers old are I and she:
So it always was, so shall ever be!

Evelyn Hope

I.

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.

II.

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.

III.

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?

IV.

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, much to forget
Ere the time be come for taking you.

V.

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.

VI.

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!

VII.

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.

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!

JULIA WARD HOWE

Battle Hymn of the American Republic

MINE eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord :
He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fatal lightning of his terrible swift sword :
His truth is marching on.

I have seen him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps ;
They have builded him an altar in the evening dews and damps ;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps :
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel :
As ye deal with My contemners, so with you My grace shall deal ;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel !
Since God is marching on.'

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his Judgment Seat ;
O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him, be jubilant, my feet !
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies Christ was born, across the sea,
With a glory in His bosom that transfigures you and me:
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

The Fountain

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

My Love

NOT as all other women are
Is she that to my soul is dear;
Her glorious fancies come from far,
Beneath the silver evening-star,
And yet her heart is ever near.

Great feelings hath she of her own,
Which lesser souls may never know;
God giveth them to her alone,
And sweet they are as any tone
Wherewith the wind may choose to blow.

Yet in herself she dwelleth not,
Although no home were half so fair;
No simplest duty is forgot,
Life hath no dim and lowly spot
That doth not in her sunshine share.

She doeth little kindnesses
Which most leave undone, or despise;
For nought that sets one heart at ease,
And giveth happiness or peace,
Is low-esteemed in her eyes.

She hath no scorn of common things,
And, though she seem of other birth,
Round us her heart entwines and clings,
And patiently she folds her wings
To tread the humble paths of earth.

Blessing she is: God made her so,
And deeds of week-day holiness
Fall from her noiseless as the snow,
Nor hath she ever chanced to know
That aught were easier than to bless.

She is most fair, and thereunto
Her life doth rightly harmonize;
Feeling or thought that was not true
Ne'er made less beautiful the blue
Unclouded heaven of her eyes.

She is a woman—one in whom
The spring-time of her childish years
Hath never lost its fresh perfume,
Though knowing well that life hath room
For many blights and many tears.

I love her with a love as still
As a broad river's peaceful might,
Which, by high tower and lowly mill,
Seems following its own wayward will
And yet doth ever flow aright.

And, on its full, deep breast serene,
Like quiet isles my duties lie;
It flows around them and between,
And makes them fresh and fair and green,
Sweet homes wherein to live and die.

WALT WHITMAN

O Captain! My Captain

O CAPTAIN! my Captain! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weathered every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring;
But O heart! heart! heart!
O the bleeding drops of red,
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain! my Captain! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills,
For you bouquets and ribboned wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning;

Here Captain! dear father!
This arm beneath your head!
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will,
The ship is anchored safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells!
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

The Lost Mate

ONCE in Paumánok,
When the lilac-scent was in the air, and Fifth-month grass was growing,
Up this sea-shore in some briars,
Two feathered guests from Alabama, two together,
And their nest, and four light-green eggs spotted with brown;
And every day the he-bird to and fro near at hand,
And every day the she-bird crouched on her nest, silent, with bright eyes,
And every day I, a curious boy, never too close, never disturbing them,
Cautiously peering, absorbing, translating.

Shine! shine! shine!
Pour down your warmth, great sun,
While we bask, we two together.

Two together!
Winds blow south, or winds blow north,
Day come white, or night come black,
Home, or rivers and mountains from home,
Singing all time, minding no time,
While we two keep together.

Till of a sudden,
Maybe killed, unknown to her mate,
One forenoon the she-bird crouched not on the nest,
Nor returned that afternoon, nor the next,
Nor ever appeared again.

And thenceforward all summer in the sound of the sea,
And at night under the full of the moon in calmer weather,
Over the hoarse surging of the sea,
Or flitting from briar to briar by day,
I saw, I heard at intervals the remaining one, the he-bird,
The solitary guest from Alabama.

Blow! blow! blow!
Blow up, sea-winds, along Paumánok's shore!
I wait and I wait till you blow my mate to me.

Yes, when the stars glistened,
All night long on the prong of a moss-scalloped stake,
Down almost amid the slapping waves,
Sat the lone singer, wonderful, causing tears.

He called on his mate,
He poured forth the meanings which I of all men know.

Yes, my brother, I know,—
The rest might not, but I have treasured every note;
For more than once dimly down to the beach gliding,
Silent, avoiding the moonbeam, blending myself with the shadows,
Recalling now the obscure shapes, the echoes, the sounds and sights after their sorts,
The white arms out in the breakers tirelessly tossing,
I, with bare feet, a child, the wind wafting my hair,
Listened long and long.

Listened to keep, to sing, now translating the notes,
Following you, my brother.

Soothe! soothe! soothe!
Close on its wave soothes the wave behind,
And again another behind, embracing and lapping every one close,
But my love soothes not me, not me.

Low hangs the moon, it rose late,
It is lagging—O I think it is heavy with love, with love!

O madly the sea pushes upon the land,
With love, with love!

O night! do I not see my love fluttering out among the breakers?
What is that little black thing I see there in the white?

Loud! loud! loud!
Loud I call to you, my love!
High and clear I shoot my voice over the waves.
Surely you must know who is here, is here,—
You must know who I am, my love!

Low-hanging moon!
What is that dusky spot in your brown yellow?
O it is the shape, the shape of my mate!
O moon, do not keep her from me any longer!

Land! land! O land!
Whichever way I turn, O I think you could give me
my mate back again if you only would!
For I am almost sure I see her dimly whichever
way I look.

O rising stars!
Perhaps the one I want so much will rise, will rise
with some of you.
O throat! O trembling throat!
Sound clearer through the atmosphere:
Pierce the woods, the earth!
Somewhere listening to catch you must be the one
I want.

Shake out carols!
Solitary here, the night's carols!
Carols of lonesome love, death's carols!
Carols under that lagging, yellow, waning moon!
O under that moon where she droops almost down
into the sea,
O reckless, despairing carols!

But soft! sink low!
Soft! let me just murmur,
And do you wait a moment, you husky-noised sea:
For somewhere I believe I heard my mate responding to me,
So faint, I must be still, be still to listen,
But not altogether still, for then she might not come immediately to me.

Hither, my love!
Here I am, here!
With this just-sustained note I announce myself to you;
This gentle call is for you, my love, for you.

Do not be decoyed elsewhere:
That is the whistle of the wind, it is not my voice;
That is the fluttering, the fluttering of the spray;
Those are the shadows of leaves.

O darkness! O in vain!
I am very sick and sorrowful.
O brown halo in the sky near the moon, drooping upon the sea!
O troubled reflection in the sea!
O throat! O throbbing heart!
And I singing uselessly, uselessly all the night.

O past! O happy life! O songs of joy!
In the air, in the woods, over fields,
Loved, loved, loved, loved, loved!
But my mate no more, no more with me!
We two together no more.

(*From 'Sea Drift.'*)

CHARLES KINGSLEY

The Last Buccaneer

Oh England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high,
But England is a cruel place for such poor folks as I;
And such a port for mariners I ne'er shall see again
As the pleasant Isle of Avès, beside the Spanish main.

There were forty craft in Avès that were both swift and stout,
All furnished well with small arms and cannons round about;
And a thousand men in Avès made laws so fair and free
To choose their valiant captains and obey them loyally.

Thence we sailed against the Spaniard with his hoards of plate and gold,
Which he wrung with cruel tortures from Indian folk of old;
Likewise the merchant captains, with hearts as hard as stone,
Who flog men and keel-haul them, and starve them to the bone.

Oh the palms grew high in Avès, and fruits that shone like gold,
And the colibris and parrots they were gorgeous to behold;
And the negro maids to Avès from bondage fast did flee,
To welcome gallant sailors, a-sweeping in from sea.

Oh sweet it was in Avès to hear the landward breeze,
A-swing with good tobacco in a net between the trees,
With a negro lass to fan you, while you listened to the roar
Of the breakers on the reef outside, that never touched the shore.

But Scripture saith, an ending to all fine things must be;
So the King's ships sailed on Avès, and quite put down were we.
All day we fought like bulldogs, but they burst the booms at night;
And I fled in a piragua, sore wounded, from the fight.

Nine days I floated starving, and a negro lass beside,
Till for all I tried to cheer her, the poor young thing she died;
But as I lay a-gasping, a Bristol sail came by,
And brought me home to England here, to beg until I die.

And now I'm old and going—I'm sure I can't tell where;
One comfort is, this world's so hard, I can't be worse off there:
If I might but be a sea-dove, I'd fly across the main,
To the pleasant Isle of Avès, to look at it once again.

Young and Old

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen;

Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among—
God grant you find one face there
You loved when all was young.

ARTHUR HUGH CLOUGH

Green fields of England

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

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

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

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?

WHERE lies the land to which the ship would go ?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from ? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace ;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westers rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave !
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from ? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

Say not the struggle naught availeth

SAY not the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars ;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright!

MATTHEW ARNOLD

Song of Callicles

THROUGH the black, rushing smoke-bursts,
Thick breaks the red flame;
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo!
Are haunts meet for thee.
But, where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea,

Where the moon-silvered inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe,
O speed, and rejoice!

On the sward at the cliff-top
Lie strewn the white flocks,
On the cliff-side the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks.

In the moonlight the shepherds,
Soft lulled by the rills,
Lie wrapt in their blankets
Asleep on the hills.

—What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flowered broom?

What sweet-breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime?—

'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine.
—The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows!
They stream up again!
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train?—

They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by their road;
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode.

—Whose praise do they mention?
Of what is it told?—
What will be for ever;
What was from of old.

First hymn they the Father
Of all things; and then,
The rest of immortals,
The action of men;

The day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm;
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm.

(*From 'Empedocles on Etna.'*)

Memorial Verses (April, 1850)

GOETHE in Weimar sleeps, and Greece,
Long since, saw Byron's struggle cease.
But one such death remained to come;
The last poetic voice is dumb—
We stand to-day by Wordsworth's tomb.

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,
We bowed our head and held our breath.
He taught us little; but our soul
Had *felt* him like the thunder's roll.
With shivering heart the strife we saw
Of passion with eternal law;
And yet with reverential awe
We watched the fount of fiery life
Which served for that Titanic strife.

When Goethe's death was told, we said:
Sunk, then, is Europe's sagest head.
Physician of the iron age,
Goethe has done his pilgrimage.
He took the suffering human race,
He read each wound, each weakness clear;
And struck his finger on the place,
And said: *Thou ailest here, and here!*
He looked on Europe's dying hour
Of fitful dream and feverish power;
His eye plunged down the weltering strife,
The turmoil of expiring life—
He said: *The end is everywhere,*
Art still has truth, take refuge there!
And he was happy, if to know
Causes of things, and far below
His feet to see the lurid flow
Of terror, and insane distress,
And headlong fate, be happiness.

And Wordsworth!—Ah, pale ghosts, rejoice
For never has such soothing voice
Been to your shadowy world conveyed,
Since erst, at morn, some wandering shade
Heard the clear song of Orpheus come
Through Hades, and the mournful gloom.
Wordsworth has gone from us—and ye,
Ah, may ye feel his voice as we!
He too upon a wintry clime
Had fallen—on this iron time
Of doubts, disputes, distractions, fears.
He found us when the age had bound
Our souls in its benumbing round;
He spoke, and loosed our heart in tears.
He laid us as we lay at birth
On the cool flowery lap of earth,
Smiles broke from us, and we had ease;
The hills were round us, and the breeze
Went o'er the sun-lit fields again;
Our foreheads felt the wind and rain.
Our youth returned; for there was shed
On spirits that had long been dead,
Spirits dried up and closely furled,
The freshness of the early world.

Ah! since dark days still bring to light
Man's prudence and man's fiery might,
Time may restore us in his course
Goethe's sage mind and Byron's force;
But where will Europe's latter hour
Again find Wordsworth's healing power?

Others will teach us how to dare,
And against fear our breast to steel;
Others will strengthen us to bear—
But who, ah! who, will make us feel?

The cloud of mortal destiny,
Others will front it fearlessly—
But who, like him, will put it by?

Keep fresh the grass upon his grave
O Rotha, with thy living wave!
Sing him thy best! for few or none
Hears thy voice right, now he is gone.

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.

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.

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 !

WILLIAM (JOHNSON) CORY

Heraclitus

THEY told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept as I remembered how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long, long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

SYDNEY THOMPSON DOBELL

America

NOR force nor fraud shall sunder us! O ye
Who north or south, on east or western land,
Native to noble sounds, say truth for truth,
Freedom for freedom, love for love, and God
For God; Oh ye who in eternal youth
Speak with a living and creative flood
This universal English, and do stand
Its breathing book; live worthy of that grand
Heroic utterance—parted, yet a whole,
Far, yet unsevered,—children brave and free
Of the great Mother-tongue, and ye shall be
Lords of an Empire wide as Shakespeare's soul,
Sublime as Milton's immemorial theme,
And rich as Chaucer's speech, and fair as Spenser's dream.

GEORGE MEREDITH

The Lark ascending

He rises and begins to round,
He drops the silver chain of sound,
Of many links without a break,
In chirrup, whistle, slur and shake,
All intervolved and spreading wide,
Like water-dimples down a tide
Where ripple ripple overcurls
And eddy into eddy whirls;
A press of hurried notes that run
So fleet they scarce are more than one,
Yet changeingly the trills repeat
And linger ringing while they fleet,
Sweet to the quick o' the ear, and dear
To her beyond the handmaid ear,
Who sits beside our inner springs,
Too often dry for this he brings,
What seems the very jet of earth
At sight of sun, her music's mirth,
As up he wings the spiral stair,
A song of light, and pierces air
With fountain ardour, fountain play,
To reach the shining tops of day,
And drink in everything discerned
An ecstasy to music turned

CHRISTINA GEORGINA ROSSETTI

A Birthday

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are 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 daïs 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 fleurs-de-lys;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

Uphill

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

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

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

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

Song

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.

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.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON

From the Wreck

'TURN out, boys'—'What's up with our super to-night?
The man's mad—Two hours to daybreak I'd swear—
Stark mad—why, there isn't a glimmer of light.'
'Take Bolingbroke, Alec, give Jack the young mare;
Look sharp. A large vessel lies jammed on the reef,
And many on board still, and some washed on shore.
Ride straight with the news—they may send some relief
From the township; and we—we can do little more.
You, Alec, you know the near cuts; you can cross
The "Sugarloaf" ford with a scramble, I think;
Don't spare the blood filly, nor yet the black horse;
Should the wind rise, God help them! the ship will soon sink.
Old Peter's away down the paddock, to drive
The nags to the stockyard as fast as he can—
A life and death matter; so, lads, look alive,'
Half-dressed, in the dark to the stockyard we ran.

There was bridling with hurry, and saddling with haste,
Confusion and cursing for lack of a moon;
'Be quick with these buckles, we've no time to waste';
'Mind the mare, she can use her hind legs to some tune.'
'Make sure of the crossing-place; strike the old track,
They've fenced off the new one; look out for the holes
On the wombat hills.' 'Down with the slip rails; stand back.'
'And ride, boys, the pair of you, ride for your souls.'

In the low branches heavily laden with dew,
In the long grasses spoiling with deadwood that day,
Where the blackwood, the box, and the bastard oak grew,
Between the tall gum-trees we galloped away—
We crashed through a brush fence, we splashed through a swamp—
We steered for the north near 'The Eaglehawk's Nest'—
We bore to the left, just beyond 'The Red Camp,'
And round the black tea-tree belt wheeled to the west—

We crossed a low range sickly scented with musk
From wattle-tree blossom—we skirted a marsh—
Then the dawn faintly dappled with orange the dusk,
And pealed overhead the jay's laughter note harsh,
And shot the first sunstreak behind us, and soon
The dim dewy uplands were dreamy with light;
And full on our left flashed 'the reedy lagoon,'
And sharply 'the Sugarloaf' reared on our right.
A smothered curse broke through the bushman's brown beard,
He turned in his saddle, his brick-coloured cheek
Flushed feebly with sun-dawn, said, 'Just what I feared;
Last fortnight's late rainfall has flooded the creek.'

Black Bolingbroke snorted, and stood on the brink
One instant, then deep in the dark, sluggish swirl
Plunged headlong. I saw the horse suddenly sink,
Till round the man's armpits the wave seemed to curl.
We followed,—one cold shock, and deeper we sank
Than they did, and twice tried the landing in vain;

The third struggle won it; straight up the steep bank
We staggered, then out on the skirts of the plain.

The stockrider, Alec, at starting had got
The lead, and had kept it throughout; 'twas his boast
That through thickest of scrub he could steer like a shot,
And the black horse was counted the best on the coast,
The mare had been awkward enough in the dark,
She was eager and headstrong, and barely half broke:
She had had me too close to a big stringybark,
And had made a near thing of a crooked she-oak;
And now on the open, lit up by the morn,
She flung the white foam-flakes from nostril to neck,
And chased him—I hatless, with shirt-sleeves all torn
(For he may ride ragged who rides from a wreck)—
And faster and faster across the wide heath
We rode till we raced. Then I gave her her head,
And she—stretching out with the bit in her teeth—
She caught him, outpaced him, and passed him, and led.

We neared the new fence; we were wide of the track;
I looked right and left—she had never been tried
At a stiff leap. 'Twas little he cared on the black.
'You're more than a mile from the gateway,' he cried.
I hung to her head, touched her flank with the spurs
(In the red streak of rail not the ghost of a gap);
She shortened her long stroke, she pricked her sharp ears,
She flung it behind her with hardly a rap—

I saw the post quiver where Bolingbroke struck,
And guessed that the pace we had come the last mile
Had blown him a bit (he could jump like a buck).
We galloped more steadily then for a while.

The heath was soon passed, in the dim distance lay
The mountain. The sun was just clearing the tips
Of the ranges to eastward. The mare—could she stay?
She was bred very nearly as clean as Eclipse;
She led, and as oft as he came to her side,
She took the bit free and untiring as yet;
Her neck was arched double, her nostrils were wide,
And the tips of her tapering ears nearly met—
'You're lighter than I am,' said Alec at last;
'The horse is dead beat and the mare isn't blown.
She must be a good one—ride on and ride fast,
You know your way now.' So I rode on alone.

Still galloping forward we passed the two flocks
At M'Intyre's hut and M'Allister's hill—
She was galloping strong at the Warrigal Rocks—
On the Wallaby Range she was galloping still—
And over the wasteland and under the wood,
By down and by dale, and by fell and by flat,
She galloped, and here in the stirrups I stood
To ease her, and there in the saddle I sat
To steer her. We suddenly struck the red loam
Of the track near the troughs—then she reeled on the rise—
From her crest to her croup covered over with foam,
And blood-red her nostrils and bloodshot her eyes,
A dip in the dell where the wattle fire bloomed—
A bend round a bank that had shut out the view—

Large framed in the mild light the mountain had loomed,
With a tall purple peak bursting out from the blue.

I pulled her together, I pressed her, and she
Shot down the decline to the Company's yard,
And on by the paddocks, yet under my knee
I could feel her heart thumping the saddle-flaps hard.
Yet a mile and another, and now we were near
The goal, and the fields and the farms flitted past;
And 'twixt the two fences I turned with a cheer,
For a green grass-fed mare 'twas a far thing and fast;
And labourers roused by her galloping hoofs,
Saw bare-headed rider and foam-sheeted steed;
And shone the white walls and the slate-coloured roofs
Of the township, I steadied her then—I had need—
Where stood the old chapel (where stands the new church—
Since chapels to churches have changed in that town).
A short, sidelong stagger, a long forward lurch,
A slight choking sob, and the mare had gone down.

I slipped off the bridle, I slackened the girth,
I ran on and left her and told them my news;
I saw her soon afterwards. What was she worth?
How much for her hide? She had never worn shoes.

WILLIAM MORRIS

The Winning of the Golden Fleece

BUT Jason, going swiftly with good heart,
Came to the wished-for shrine built all apart
Midmost the temple, that on pillars stood
Of jasper green, and marble red as blood,
All white itself and carven cunningly
With Neptune bringing from the wavy sea
The golden shining ram of Athamas;
And the first door thereof of silver was,
Wrought over with a golden glittering sun
That seemed well-nigh alike the heavenly one.
Such art therein the cunningest of men
Had used; which little Jason heeded then,
But thrusting in the lock the smallest key
Of those he bore, it opened easily;
And then five others, neither wrought of gold,
Nor carved with tales, nor lovely to behold,
He opened; but before the last one stayed
His hand, wherein the heavy key he weighed,
And pondering, spake a low and muttered word:—
'The prize is reached, which yet I am afeard
To draw unto me; since I know indeed,
That henceforth war and toil shall be my meed.—
Too late to fear, it was too late, the hour
I left the grey cliffs and the beechen bower,
So here I take hard life and deathless praise,
Who once was fain of nought but quiet days,
And painless life, not empty of delight;
I, who shall now be quickener of the fight,
Named by a great name—a far babbled name,
The ceaseless seeker after praise and fame.
'May all be well, and on the noisy ways
Still may I find some wealth of happy days.'

Therewith he threw the last door open wide,
Whose hammered iron did the marvel hide,
And shut his dazzled eyes, and stretched his hands
Out toward the sea-born wonder of all lands,
And plunged them deep within the locks of gold,
Grasping the Fleece within his mighty hold.

Which when Medea saw, her gown of grey
She caught up from the ground, and drew away
Her wearied foot from off the rugged beast,
And while from her soft strain she never ceased,
In the dull folds she hid her silk from sight,
And then, as bending 'neath the burden bright,
Jason drew nigh, joyful, yet still afraid,
She met him, and her wide grey mantle laid
Over the Fleece, whispering: 'Make no delay;
He sleeps, who never slept by night or day
Till now; nor will his charmèd sleep be long.
Light-foot am I, and sure thine arms are strong;
Haste, then! No word! nor turn thine eyes aback,
As he who erst on Hermes' shadowy track
Turned round to see once more the twice-lost face.'

Then swiftly did they leave the dreadful place,
Turning no look behind, and reached the street,
That with familiar look and kind did greet
Those wanderers, mazed with marvels and with fear.
And so, unchallenged, did they draw anear
The long white quays, and at the street's end now
Beheld the ships' masts standing row by row
Stark black against the stars: then cautiously
Peered Jason forth, ere they took heart to try
The open starlit place; but naught he saw
Except the night-wind twitching the loose straw
From half-unloaded keels, and nought he heard

But the strange twittering of a caged green bird
Within an Indian ship, and from the hill
A distant baying; dead night lay so still,
Somewhat they doubted; natheless forth they passed,
And Argo's painted sides they reached at last.
Then saw Medea men like shadows grey,
Rise from the darksome decks, who took straightway
With murmured joy, from Jason's outstretched hands,
The conquered Fleece, the wonder of all lands,
While with strong arms he raised the royal maid,
And in their hold the precious burthen laid,
And scarce her dainty feet could touch the deck,
Ere down he leapt, and little now did reck
That loudly clanged his armour therewithal.
But, turning downward, did Medea call:—
'O noble Jason, and ye heroes strong,
To sea, to sea! nor pray ye loiter long;
For surely shall ye see the beacons flare
Ere in mid stream ye are, and running fair
On toward the sea with tide, and oar, and sail.
My father wakes, nor bides he to bewail
His loss and me; I see his turret gleam
As he goes towards the beacon, and down stream
Absyrtus lurks before the sandy bar
In mighty keel well manned and dight for war.'
But as she spoke, rattling the cable slipped
From out the hawse-hole, and the long oars dipped
As from the quays the heroes pushed away,
And in the loosened sail the wind 'gan play;
But e'en as they unto the stroke leaned back,
And Nauplius, catching at the main-sheet slack,
Had drawn it taut, out flared the beacon wide,
Lighting the waves, and they heard folk who cried:
'Awake, awake, awake, O Colchian folk!'
And all about the blare of horns outbroke,

As watch-tower answered watch-tower down the stream,
Where far below they saw the bale-fires gleam;
And galloping of horses now they heard,
And clang of arms, and cries of men afeard;
For now the merchant mariners who lay
About the town, thought surely an ill day
Had dawned upon them while they slept at ease,
And, half awake, pushed madly from the quays
With crash of breaking oars and meeting ships,
And cries and curses from outlandish lips;
So fell the quiet night to turmoil sore,
While in the towers, high over din and roar,
Melodiously the bells began to ring.
But Argo, leaping forward to the swing
Of measured oars, and leaning to the breeze,
Sped swiftly 'twixt the dark and whispering trees.

(*From 'The Life and Death of Jason.'*)

ALGERNON CHARLES SWINBURNE

Itylus

SWALLOW, my sister, O sister swallow,
How can thine heart be full of the Spring?
A thousand Summers are over and dead.
What hast thou found in the Spring to follow?
What hast thou found in thine heart to sing?
What wilt thou do when the Summer is shed?

O swallow, sister, O fair, swift swallow,
Why wilt thou fly after Spring to the south,
The soft south whither thine heart is set?
Shall not the grief of the old time follow?
Shall not the song thereof cleave to thy mouth?
Hast thou forgotten ere I forget?

Sister, my sister, O fleet, sweet swallow,
The way is long to the sun and the south;
But I, fulfilled of my heart's desire,
Shedding my song upon height, upon hollow,
From tawny body and sweet, small mouth
Feed the heart of the night with fire.

I, the nightingale, all Spring through,
O swallow, sister, O changing swallow,
All Spring through till the Spring be done,
Clothed with the light of the night on the dew,
Sing, while the hours and the wild birds follow,
Take flight and follow, and find the sun.

Sister, my sister, O soft, light swallow,
Through all things feast in the Spring's guest-chamber,
How hast thou heart to be glad thereof yet?
For where thou fliest I shall not follow
Till life forget and death remember,
Till thou remember and I forget.

Swallow, my sister, O singing swallow,
I know not how thou hast heart to sing.
Hast thou the heart? Is it all passed over?
Thy lord, the Summer, is good to follow,
And fair the feet of thy lover, the Spring;
But what wilt thou say to the Spring, thy lover?

O swallow, sister, O fleeting swallow,
My heart in me is a molten ember,
And over my head the waves have met.
But thou wouldst tarry or I would follow,
Could I forget or thou remember,
Couldst thou remember and I forget.

O sweet, stray sister, O shifting swallow,
The heart's division divideth us.
Thy heart is light as a leaf of a tree;
But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow
To the place of the slaying of Itylus,
The feast of Daulis, the Thracian sea.

O swallow, sister, O rapid swallow,
I pray thee sing not a little space.
Are not the roofs and the lintels wet?
The woven web that was plain to follow,
The small slain body, the flower-like face,
Can I remember if thou forget?

O sister, sister, thy first-begotten!
The hands that cling and the feet that follow!
The voice of the child's blood crying yet,
'Who hath remembered me? Who hath forgotten?'
Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,
But the world shall end when I forget.

Child's Song

WHAT is gold worth, say,
Worth for work or play,
Worth to keep or pay,
Hide or throw away,
Hope about or fear?
What is love worth, pray?
Worth a tear?

Golden on the mould
Lie the dead leaves rolled
Of the wet woods old,
Yellow leaves and cold,
Woods without a dove;
Gold is worth but gold;
Love's worth love.

A Forsaken Garden

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land.
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
So long have the grey bare walks lain guestless,
Through branches and briars if a man make way,
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's restless
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
That crawls by a track none turn to climb
To the strait waste place that the years have rifled
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.

Over the meadows that blossom and wither
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song:
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, 'Look thither,'
Did he whisper? 'look forth from the flowers to the sea;
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
And men that love lightly may die—but we?'
And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?
And were one to the end—but what end who knows?
Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?
What love was ever as deep as a grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above them
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be.
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again for ever;
Here change may come not till all change end.
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
Who have left nought living to ravage and rend.
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be;
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink,
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead.

BRET HARTE

Dickens in Camp

ABOVE the pines the moon was slowly drifting,
The river sang below;
The dim Sierras, far beyond, uplifting
Their minarets of snow.

The roaring camp-fire, with rude humour, painted
The ruddy tints of health
On haggard face and form that drooped and fainted,
In the fierce race for wealth.

Till one arose, and from his pack's scant treasure
A hoarded volume drew,
And cards were dropped from hands of listless leisure,
To hear the tale anew.

And then, while round them shadows gathered faster,
And as the firelight fell,
He read aloud the book wherein the Master
Had writ of 'Little Nell.'

Perhaps 'twas boyish fancy, for the reader
Was youngest of them all,
But, as he read, from clustering pine and cedar
A silence seemed to fall.

The fir-trees, gathering closer in the shadows,
Listened in every spray,
While the whole camp, with 'Nell' on English meadows
Wandered, and lost their way.

And so, in mountain solitudes, o'ertaken
As by some spell divine,
Their cares dropped from them, like the needles shaken
From out the gusty pine.

Lost is that camp, and wasted all its fire,
And he who wrought that spell!
Ah, towering pine and stately Kentish spire,
Ye have one tale to tell!

Lost is that camp! but let its fragrant story
Blend with the breath that thrills
With hop-vines' incense all the pensive glory
That fills the Kentish hills.

And on that grave where English oak and holly
And laurel wreaths entwine,
Deem it not all a too presumptuous folly,
This spray of western pine!

AUSTIN DOBSON

A Ballad to Queen Elizabeth

Of the Spanish Armada

KING PHILIP had vaunted his claims;
He had sworn for a year he would sack us;
With an army of heathenish names
He was coming to fagot and stack us;
Like the thieves of the sea he would track us,
And shatter our ships on the main;
But we had bold Neptune to back us—
And where are the galleons of Spain?

His carackes were christened of dames
To the kirtles whereof he would hack us;
With his saints and his gilded stern-frames,
He had thought like an egg-shell to crack us:
Now Howard may get to his Flaccus,
And Drake to his Devon again,
And Hawkins bowl rubbers to Bacchus,—
For where are the galleons of Spain?

Let his Majesty hang to St. James
The axe that he whetted to hack us;
He must play at some lustier games
Or at sea he can hope to out-thwack us;
To his mines of Peru he would pack us
To tug at his bullet and chain;
Alas that his Greatness should lack us!—
But where are the galleons of Spain?

Envoy

GLORIANA!—the Don may attack us
Whenever his stomach be fain;
He must reach us before he can rack us, . . .
And where are the galleons of Spain?

THOMAS HARDY

The Darkling Thrush

I LEANT 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 of 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 arose among
The bleak twigs overhead
In a full-hearted evensong
Of joy illimited;
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 blessèd Hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware.

HENRY CLARENCE KENDALL

September in Australia

GREY winter hath gone like a wearisome guest,
And, behold, for repayment,
September comes in with the wind of the west,
And the spring in her raiment!
The ways of the frost have been filled of the flowers,
While the forest discovers
Wild wings, with the halo of hyaline hours,
And the music of lovers.

September, the maid with the swift, silver feet,
She glides, and she graces
The valleys of coolness, the slopes of the heat,
With her blossomy traces.

Sweet month, with a mouth that is made of a rose,
She lightens and lingers
In spots where the harp of the evening glows,
Attuned by her fingers.

The stream from its home in the hollow hill slips
In a darling old fashion;
And the day goeth down with a song on its lips
Whose key-note is passion.
Far out in the fierce, bitter front of the sea
I stand, and remember
Dead things that were brothers and sisters of thee,
Resplendent September.

The west, when it blows at the fall of the noon,
And beats on the beaches,
Is filled with a tender and tremulous tune
That touches and teaches;
The stories of Youth, of the burden of Time,
And the death of devotion,
Come back with the wind, and are themes of the rhyme
In the waves of the ocean.

We, having a secret to others unknown
In the cool mountain mosses,
May whisper together, September, alone
Of our loves and our losses.
One word for her beauty, and one for the grace
She gave to the hours;
And then we may kiss her, and suffer her face
To sleep with the flowers.

High places that knew of the gold and the white
On the forehead of morning,
Now darken and quake, and the steps of the Night
Are heavy with warning!

Her voice in the distance is lofty and loud,
Thro' its echoing gorges;
She hath hidden her eyes in a mantle of cloud,
And her feet in the surges!

On the top of the hills, on the turreted cones—
Chief temples of thunder—
The gale, like a ghost in the middle watch moans,
Gliding over and under.
The sea, flying white through the rack and the rain,
Leapeth wild to the forelands;
And the plover, whose cry is like passion with pain,
Complains in the moorlands.

O, season of changes, of shadow and shine,
September the splendid!
My song hath no music to mingle with thine,
And its burden is ended;
But thou, being born of the winds and the sun,
By mountain, by river,
May lighten and listen, and loiter and run,
With thy voices for ever.

ROBERT BRIDGES

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.

The Fair Brass

An effigy of brass
Trodden by careless feet
Of worshippers that pass,
Beautiful and complete,

Lieth in the sombre aisle
Of this old church unwreckt,
And still from modern style
Shielded by kind neglect.

It shows a warrior armed:
Across his iron breast
His hands by death are charmed
To leave his sword at rest,

Wherewith he led his men
O'ersea, and smote to hell
The astonisht Saracen,
Nor doubted he did well.

Would we could teach our sons
His trust in face of doom,
Or give our bravest ones
A comparable tomb:

Such as to look on shrives
The heart of half its care;
So in each line survives
The spirit that made it fair;

So fair the characters,
With which the dusty scroll,
That tells his title, stirs
A requiem for his soul.

Yet dearer far to me,
And brave as he are they,
Who fight by land and sea
For England at this day;

Whose vile memorials,
In mournful marbles gilt,
Deface the beauteous walls
By growing glory built:

Heirs of our antique shrines,
Sires of our future fame,
Whose starry honour shines
In many a noble name.

Across the deathful days,
Linked in the brotherhood
That loves our country's praise,
And lives for heavenly good.

ANDREW LANG

The Odyssey

As one that for a weary space has lain
Lulled by the song of Circe and her wine
In gardens near the pale of Proserpine,
Where that Æean isle forgets the main,
And only the low lutes of love complain,
And only shadows of wan lovers pine—
As such an one were glad to know the brine
Salt on his lips, and the large air again,—
So gladly, from the songs of modern speech
Men turn, and see the stars, and feel the free
Shrill wind beyond the close of heavy flowers,
And through the music of the languid hours
They hear like Ocean on the western beach
The surge and thunder of the Odyssey.

WILLIAM ERNEST HENLEY

England, my England

WHAT have I done for you,
England, my England?
What is there I would not do,
England, my own?
With your glorious eyes austere,
As the Lord were walking near,
Whispering terrible things and dear
As the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Round the world on your bugles blown!

Where shall the watchful sun,
England, my England,
Match the master-work you've done,
England, my own?
When shall he rejoice agen
Such a breed of mighty men
As come forward, one to ten,
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Down the years on your bugles blown?

Ever the faith endures,
England, my England:—
'Take and break us: we are yours,
England, my own!
Life is good, and joy runs high
Between English earth and sky:
Death is death; but we shall die
To the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
To the stars on your bugles blown

They call you proud and hard,
England, my England:
You with worlds to watch and ward,
England, my own!
You whose mailed hand keeps the keys
Of such teeming destinies,
You could know nor dread nor ease
Were the Song on your bugles blown,
England,
Round the Pit on your bugles blown!

Mother of Ships whose might,
England, my England,
Is the fierce old Sea's delight,
England, my own,
Chosen daughter of the Lord,
Spouse-in-Chief of the ancient Sword,
There's the menace of the Word
In the Song on your bugles blown,
England—
Out of heaven on your bugles blown!

Margaritæ 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, gray 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.

ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON

Romance

I WILL make you brooches and toys for your delight
Of bird-song at morning and star-shine at night.
I will make a palace fit for you and me,
Of green days in forests and blue days at sea.

I will make my kitchen, and you shall keep your room,
Where white flows the river and bright blows the broom,
And you shall wash your linen and keep your body white
In rainfall at morning and dewfall at night.

And this shall be for music when no one else is near,
The fine song for singing, the rare song to hear!
That only I remember, that only you admire,
Of the broad road that stretches and the roadside fire.

Song

(To the tune of Wandering Willie.)

HOME no more home to me, whither must I wander?
Hunger my driver, I go where I must.
Cold blows the winter wind over hill and heather;
Thick drives the rain, and my roof is in the dust.
Loved of wise men was the shade of my roof-tree,
The true word of welcome was spoken in the door—
Dear days of old, with the faces in the firelight,
Kind folks of old, you come again no more.

Home was home then, my dear, full of kindly faces,
Home was home then, my dear, happy for the child.
Fire and the windows bright glittered on the moorland;
Song, tuneful song, built a palace in the wild.
Now, when day dawns on the brow of the moorland,
Lone stands the house, and the chimney-stone is cold.
Lone let it stand, now the friends are all departed,
The kind hearts, the true hearts, that loved the place of old.

Spring shall come, come again, calling up the moorfowl,
Spring shall bring the sun and rain, bring the bees and flowers;
Red shall the heather bloom over hill and valley,
Soft flow the stream through the even-flowing hours;
Fair the day shine as it shone on my childhood—
Fair shine the day on the house with open door;
Birds come and cry there and twitter in the chimney—
But I go for ever and come again no more.

Requiem

UNDER the wide and starry sky
Dig the grave and let me lie:
Glad did I live and gladly die,
And I laid me down with a will.

This be the verse you grave for me:
Here he lies where he longed to be;
Home is the sailor, home from sea,
And the hunter home from the hill.

J. L. CUTHBERTSON

The Australian Sunrise

THE Morning Star paled slowly, the Cross hung low to the sea,
And down the shadowy reaches the tide came swirling free,
The lustrous purple blackness of the soft Australian night
Waned in the grey awakening that heralded the light;
Still in the dying darkness, still in the forest dim
The pearly dew of the dawning clung to each giant limb,
Till the sun came up from ocean, red with the cold sea mist,
And smote on the limestone ridges, and the shining tree-tops kissed;
Then the fiery Scorpion vanished, the magpie's note was heard,
And the wind in the she-oak wavered, and the honeysuckles stirred,
The airy golden vapour rose from the river breast,
The kingfisher came darting out of his crannied nest,

And the bulrushes and reed-beds put off their sallow gray
And burnt with cloudy crimson at dawning of the day.

MARGARET LOUISA WOODS

The Mariners

THE mariners sleep by the sea.
The wild wind comes up from the sea,
It wails round the tower, and it blows through the grasses,
It scatters the sand o'er the graves where it passes
And the sound and the scent of the sea.

The white waves beat up from the shore,
They beat on the church by the shore,
They rush round the grave-stones aslant to the leeward,
And the wall and the mariners' graves lying seaward,
That are banked with the stones from the shore.

For the huge sea comes up in the storm,
Like a beast from the lair of the storm,
To claim with its ravenous leap and to mingle
The mariners' bones with the surf and the shingle
That it rolls round the shore in the storm.

There is nothing beyond but the sky,
But the sea and the slow-moving sky,
Where a cloud from the grey lifts the gleam of its edges,
Where the foam flashes white from the shouldering ridges,
As they crowd on the uttermost sky.

The mariners sleep by the sea.
Far away there's a shrine by the sea;
The pale women climb up the path to it slowly,
To pray to Our Lady of Storms ere they wholly
Despair of their men from the sea.

The children at play on the sand,
Where once from the shell-broidered sand
They would watch for the sails coming in from far places,
Are forgetting the ships and forgetting the faces
Lying here, lying hid in the sand.

When at night there's a seething of surf,
The grandames look out o'er the surf,
They reckon their dead and their long years of sadness,
And they shake their lean fists at the sea and its madness,
And curse the white fangs of the surf.

But the mariners sleep by the sea.
They hear not the sound of the sea,
Nor the hum from the church where the psalm is uplifted,
Nor the crying of birds that above them are drifted.
The mariners sleep by the sea.

WILLIAM PEMBER REEVES

New Zealand

God girt her about with the surges
And winds of the masterless deep,
Whose tumult uprouses and urges
Quick billows to sparkle and leap.

He filled from the life of their motion
  Her nostrils with breath of the sea,
And gave her afar in the ocean
  A citadel free.

Her, never the fever mist shrouding,
  Nor drought of the desert may blight,
Nor pall of dun smoke overclouding
  Vast cities of clamour and night.
But the voice of abundance of waters
  In valleys that bright rivers lave,
Greets her children, the sons and the daughters,
  Of sunshine and wave.

Lo! here where each league hath its fountains
  In isles of deep fern and tall pine,
And breezes snow-cooled on the mountains,
  Or keen from the limitless brine,
See men to the battlefield pressing
  To conquer one foe—the stern soil,
Their kingship in labour expressing,
  Their lordship in toil.

Though young, they are heirs of the ages;
  Though few, they are freemen and peers;
Plain workers—yet sure of the wages
  Slow Destiny pays with the years.
Though least they, and latest their nation,
  Yet this they have won without sword,
That Woman with Man shall have station,
  And Labour be lord.

The winds of the sea and high heaven,
  Speed pure to her, kissed by the foam.
The steeds of her ocean undriven,
  Unbitted and riderless roam,

And clear from her lamp newly lighted
Shall stream o'er the billows upcurled
A light as of wrongs at length righted,
Of Hope to the world.

SIR WILLIAM WATSON

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!

England and her Colonies

SHE stands, a thousand-wintered tree,
By countless morns impearled;
Her broad roots coil beneath the sea,
Her branches sweep the world;
Her seeds, by careless winds conveyed,
Clothe the remotest strand
With forests from her scatterings made,
New nations fostered in her shade,
And linking land with land.

O ye by wandering tempest sown
'Neath every alien star,
Forget not whence the breath was blown
That wafted you afar!
For ye are still her ancient seed
On younger soil let fall—
Children of Britain's island-breed
To whom the mother in her need
Perchance may one day call.

SIR RENNELL RODD

Hellas

It is not only that the sun
Loves best these southern lands,
It is not for the trophies won
Of old by hero hands,
That nature wreathed in softer smiles
Was here the bride of art;
A closer kinship claims these isles,
The love-land of the heart.
It is because the poet's dream
Still haunts each happy vale,
That peopled every grove and stream
To fit his fairy tale.

There may be greener vales and hills
Less bare to shelter man;
But still they want the naïad rills,
And miss the pipe of Pan.
There may be other isles as fair
And summer seas as blue,

But then Odysseus touched not there,
  Nor Argo beached her crew,
The Nereid-haunted river shore
  The Faun-frequented dell,
Possess me with their magic more
  Than sites where Cæsars fell:
And where the blooms of Zante blow
  Their incense to the waves;
Where Ithaca's dark headlands show
  The legendary caves;
Where in the deep of olive groves
  The summer hardly dies;
Where fair Phæacia's sun-brown maids
  Still keep their siren eyes;
Where Chalcis strains with loving lips
  Towards the little bay,
The strand that held the thousand ships,
  The Aulis of delay;
Where Œta's ridge of granite bars
  The gate Thermopylæ,
Where huge Orion crowned with stars
  Looks down on Rhodope;
Where once Apollo tended flocks
  On Phera's lofty plain,
Where Peneus cleaves the stubborn rocks
  To find the outer main;
Where Argos and Mycenæ sleep
  With all the buried wrong,
And where Arcadian uplands keep
  The antique shepherd song,
There is a spirit haunts the place
  All other lands must lack,
A speaking voice, a living grace,
  That beckons fancy back.

Dear isles and sea-indented shore,
Till songs be no more sung,
The singers that have gone before
Will keep your lovers young:
And men will hymn your haunted skies,
And seek your holy streams,
Until the soul of music dies,
And earth has done with dreams

ALICE MEYNELL

The Shepherdess

She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.
Her flocks are thoughts. She keeps them white:
She guards them from the steep;
She feeds them on the fragrant height,
And folds them in for sleep.

She roams maternal hills and bright,
Dark valleys safe and deep.
Into that tender breast at night
The chastest stars may peep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

She holds her little thoughts in sight,
Though gay they run and leap.
She is so circumspect and right;
She has her soul to keep.
She walks—the lady of my delight—
A shepherdess of sheep.

FRANCIS THOMPSON

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 surmisal,
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.'

HENRY CHARLES BEECHING

Prayers

GOD who created me
  Nimble and light of limb,
In three elements free,
  To run, to ride, to swim—

Not when the sense is dim,
  But now from the heart of joy,
I would remember Him—
  Take the thanks of a boy.

Jesu King and Lord,
  Whose are my foes to fight,
Gird me with Thy sword,
  Swift and sharp and bright.
Thee would I serve if I might,
  And conquer if I can,
From day-dawn till night;
  Take the strength of a man.

Spirit of Love and Truth,
  Breathing in grosser clay
The light and flame of youth,
  Delight of men in the fray,
Wisdom in strength's decay;
  From pain, strife, wrong to be free,
This best gift I pray,
  Take my spirit to thee.

SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE

The Song of the Bow

WHAT of the bow?
  The bow was made in England
Of true wood, of yew-wood,
  The wood of English bows;
    So men who are free
    Love the old yew-tree
And the land where the yew-tree grows.

What of the cord?
The cord was made in England,
A rough cord, a tough cord,
A cord that bowmen love;
And so we will sing
Of the hempen string,
And the land where the cord was wove.

What of the shaft?
The shaft was cut in England,
A long shaft, a strong shaft,
Barbed and trim and true;
So we'll drink all together
To the grey goose-feather,
And the land where the grey goose flew.

What of the mark?
Ah, seek it not in England,
A bold mark, our old mark
Is waiting over-sea.
When the strings harp in chorus,
And the lion flag is o'er us,
It is there that our mark will be.

What of the men?
The men were bred in England,
The bowmen, the yeomen,
The lads of dale and fell.
Here's to you—and to you!
To the hearts that are true,
And the land where the true hearts dwell!

The Frontier Line

WHAT marks the frontier line?
  Thou man of India, say!
Is it in the Himalayas sheer,
The rocks and valleys of Cashmere,
Or Indus as she seeks the south
From Attoch to the five-fold mouth?
    'Not that! Not that!'
  Then answer me, I pray:
What marks the frontier line?

What marks the frontier line?
  Thou man of Burma, speak!
Is it traced from Mandalay,
And down the marches of Cathay,
From Bhamo south to Kiang-mai,
And where the buried rubies lie?
    'Not that! Not that!'
  Then tell me what I seek:
What marks the frontier line?

What marks the frontier line?
  Thou Africander, say!
Is it shown by Zulu kraal,
By Drakensberg or winding Vaal,
Or where the Shiré waters seek
Their outlet east at Mozambique?
    'Not that! Not that!
  There is a surer way
To mark the frontier line.'

What marks the frontier line?
  Thou man of Egypt, tell!
Is it traced on Luxor's sand,
Where Karnak's painted pillars stand,

Or where the river runs between
The Ethiop and Bishareen?
'Not that! Not that!
By neither stream nor well
We mark the frontier line.

'But be it east or west,
One common sign we bear;
The tongue may change, the soil, the sky,
But where your British brothers lie,
The lonely cairn, the nameless grave,
Still fringe the flowing Saxon wave,
'Tis that! 'Tis where
They lie—the men who placed it there—
That marks the frontier line.'

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT

Vitaï Lampada

THERE'S a breathless hush in the Close to-night—
Ten to make and the match to win—
A bumping pitch and a blinding light,
An hour to play and the last man in.
And it's not for the sake of a ribboned coat,
Or the selfish hope of a season's fame,
But his Captain's hand on his shoulder smote—
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

The sand of the desert is sodden red,—
Red with the wreck of a square that broke;—
The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.
The river of death has brimmed his banks,
And England's far, and Honour a name,
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks:
'Play up! play up! and play the game!'

This is the word that, year by year,
While in her place the School is set
Every one of her sons must hear,
And none that hears it dare forget.
This they all with a joyful mind
Bear through life like a torch in flame,
And falling fling to the host behind—
'Play up! play up! and play the game!

He Fell among Thieves

'Ye have robbed,' said he, 'ye have slaughtered and made an end,
Take your ill-got plunder, and bury the dead:
What will ye more of your guest and sometime friend?'
'Blood for our blood,' they said.

He laughed: 'If one may settle the score for five,
I am ready; but let the reckoning stand till day:
I have loved the sunlight as dearly as any alive.'
'You shall die at dawn,' said they.

He flung his empty revolver down the slope,
He climbed alone to the Eastward edge of the trees;
All night long in a dream untroubled of hope
He brooded, clasping his knees.

He did not hear the monotonous roar that fills
The ravine where the Yassin river sullenly flows;
He did not see the starlight on the Laspur hills,
Or the far Afghan snows.

He saw the April noon on his books aglow,
The wistaria trailing in at the window wide;
He heard his father's voice from the terrace below
Calling him down to ride.

He saw the gray little church across the park,
The mounds that hide the loved and honoured dead;
The Norman arch, the chancel softly dark,
The brasses black and red.

He saw the School Close, sunny and green,
The runner beside him, the stand by the parapet wall,
The distant tape, and the crowd roaring between
His own name over all.

He saw the dark wainscot and timbered roof,
The long tables, and the faces merry and keen;
The College Eight and their trainer dining aloof,
The Dons on the daïs serene.

He watched the liner's stem ploughing the foam,
He felt her trembling speed and the thrash of her screw;
He heard her passengers' voices talking of home,
He saw the flag she flew.

And now it was dawn. He rose strong on his feet,
And strode to his ruined camp below the wood;
He drank the breath of the morning cool and sweet;
His murderers round him stood.

Light on the Laspur hills was broadening fast,
The blood-red snow-peaks chilled to a dazzling white:
He turned, and saw the golden circle at last,
Cut by the Eastern height.

O glorious Life, Who dwellest in earth and sun,
I have lived, I praise and adore Thee.'

A sword swept.

Over the pass the voices one by one
Faded, and the hill slept

Clifton Chapel

THIS is the Chapel: here, my son,
Your father thought the thoughts of youth,
And heard the words that one by one
The touch of Life has turned to truth.
Here in a day that is not far,
You too may speak with noble ghosts
Of manhood and the vows of war
You made before the Lord of Hosts.

To set the cause above renown,
To love the game beyond the prize,
To honour, while you strike him down,
The foe that comes with fearless eyes;
To count the life of battle good,
And dear the land that gave you birth,
And dearer yet the brotherhood
That binds the brave of all the earth—

My son, the oath is yours: the end
Is His, Who built the world of strife,
Who gave His children Pain for friend,
And Death for surest hope of life.
To-day and here the fight's begun,
Of the great fellowship you're free;
Henceforth the School and you are one,
And what You are, the race shall be.

God send you fortune: yet be sure,
Among the lights that gleam and pass,
You'll live to follow none more pure
Than that which glows on yonder brass
'*Qui procul hinc*,' the legend's writ,—
The frontier-grave is far away—
'*Qui ante diem periit*:
Sed miles, sed pro patriâ.'

GEORGE ESSEX EVANS

The Women of the West

THEY left the vine-wreathed cottage and the mansion on the hill,
The houses in the busy streets where life is never still,
The pleasures of the city, and the friends they cherished best:
For love they faced the wilderness—the Women of the West.

The roar, and rush, and fever of the city died away,
And the old-time joys and faces—they were gone for many a day;
In their place the lurching coach-wheel, or the creaking bullock chains,
O'er the everlasting sameness of the never-ending plains.

In the slab-built, zinc-roofed homestead of some lately taken run,
In the tent beside the bankment of a railway just begun,
In the huts on new selections, in the camps of man's unrest,
On the frontiers of the Nation, live the Women of the West.

The red sun robs their beauty, and, in weariness and pain,
The slow years steal the nameless grace that never comes again;
And there are hours men cannot soothe, and words men cannot say—
The nearest woman's face may be a hundred miles away.

The wide bush holds the secret of their longing and desires,
When the white stars in reverence light their holy altar fires,
And silence, like the touch of God, sinks deep into the breast- -
Perchance He hears and understands the Women of the West.

For them no trumpet sounds the call, no poet plies his arts—
They only hear the beating of their gallant, loving hearts.
But they have sung with silent lives the song all songs above—
The holiness of sacrifice, the dignity of love.

Well have we held our fathers' creed. No call has passed us by.
We faced and fought the wilderness, we sent our sons to die.
And we have hearts to do and dare, and yet, o'er all the rest,
The hearts that made the Nation were the Women of the West.

RUDYARD KIPLING

Puck's Song

See you the ferny ride that steals
Into the oak-woods far?
O that was whence they hewed the keels
That rolled to Trafalgar.

And mark you where the ivy clings
To Bayham's mouldering walls?
O there we cast the stout railings
That stand around St. Paul's.

See you the dimpled track that runs
All hollow through the wheat?
O that was where they hauled the guns
That smote King Philip's fleet.

(Out of the Weald, the secret Weald,
Men sent in ancient years,
The horse-shoes red at Flodden Field,
The arrows at Poitiers!)

See you our little mill that clacks,
So busy by the brook?
She has ground her corn and paid her tax
Ever since Domesday Book.

See you our stilly woods of oak,
And the dread ditch beside?
O that was where the Saxons broke
On the day that Harold died.

See you the windy levels spread
About the gates of Rye?
O that was where the Northmen fled,
When Alfred's ships came by.

See you our pastures wide and lone,
Where the red oxen browse?
O there was a City thronged and known,
Ere London boasted a house.

And see you, after rain, the trace
Of mound and ditch and wall?
O that was a Legion's camping-place,
When Cæsar sailed from Gaul.

And see you marks that show and fade,
Like shadows on the Downs?
O they are the lines the Flint Men made,
To guard their wondrous towns.

Trackway and Camp and City lost,
Salt Marsh where now is corn—
Old Wars, old Peace, old Arts that cease,
And so was England born!

She is not any common Earth,
Water or wood or air,
But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye,
Where you and I will fare!

Recessional

June 22, 1897

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.

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 dropping 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.

HENRY LAWSON

The Wander-Light

Oh, my ways are strange ways and new ways and old ways,
And deep ways and steep ways and high ways and low;
I'm at home and at ease on a track that I know not,
And restless and lost on a road that I know.

Then they heard the tent-poles clatter,
And the fly in twain was torn—
'Twas the soiled rag of a tatter
Of the tent where I was born.
Does it matter? Which is stranger—
Brick or stone or calico?—
There was One born in a manger
Nineteen hundred years ago.

For my beds were camp beds and tramp beds and damp beds,
And my beds were dry beds on drought-stricken ground,
Hard beds and soft beds, and wide beds and narrow—
For my beds were strange beds the wide world round.

And the old hag seemed to ponder
With her grey head nodding slow—
'He will dream, and he will wander
Where but few would think to go.
He will flee the haunts of tailors,
He will cross the ocean wide,
For his fathers they were sailors—
All on his good father's side.'

I rest not, 'tis best not, the world is a wide one—
And, caged for a moment, I pace to and fro;
I see things and dree things and plan while I'm sleeping,
I wander for ever and dream as I go.

And the old hag she was troubled
As she bent above the bed,
'He will dream things and he'll see things
Come true when he is dead.
He will see things all too plainly,
And his fellows will deride,
For his mothers they were gipsies—
All on his good mother's side.'

And my dreams are strange dreams, are day dreams, are grey dreams,
And my dreams are wild dreams, and old dreams and new;
They haunt me and daunt me with fears of the morrow—
My brothers they doubt me—but my dreams come true.

JOHN OXENHAM

From 'A Little Te Deum of the Commonplace

FOR those first tiny, prayerful-folded hands
That pierce the winter's crust, and softly bring
Life out of death, the endless mystery;—
For all the first sweet flushings of the Spring;
The greening earth, the tender heavenly blue;
The rich brown furrows gaping for the seed;
For all Thy grace in bursting bud and leaf,—
The bridal sweetness of the orchard trees,
Rose-tender in their coming fruitfulness;
The fragrant snow-drifts flung upon the breeze;
The grace and glory of the fruitless flowers,
Ambrosial beauty their reward and ours;
For hedgerows sweet with hawthorn and wildrose;
For meadows spread with gold and gemmed with stars;
For every tint of every tiniest flower;
For every daisy smiling to the sun;
For every bird that builds in joyous hope;
For every lamb that frisks beside its dam;
For every leaf that rustles in the wind;
For spiring poplar, and for spreading oak;
For queenly birch, and lofty swaying elm;
For the great cedar's benedictory grace;
For earth's ten thousand fragrant incenses,—
Sweet altar-gifts from leaf and fruit and flower;
For every wondrous thing that greens and grows;
For widespread cornlands,—billowing golden seas;
For rippling stream, and white-laced waterfall;
For purpling mountains; lakes like silver shields;
For white-piled clouds that float against the blue;
For tender green of far-off upland slopes;
For fringing forests and far gleaming spires;

For those white peaks, serene and grand and still;
For that deep sea—a shallow to Thy love;
For round green hills, earth's full benignant breasts;
For sun-chased shadows flitting o'er the plain;
For gleam and gloom; for all life's counterchange;
For hope that quickens under darkening skies;
For all we see; for all that underlies,—
We thank Thee, Lord!

WILLIAM HENRY DAVIES

Songs of Joy

Sing out, my Soul, thy songs of joy;
Such as a happy bird will sing
Beneath the Rainbow's lovely arch
In early spring.

Think not of Death in thy young days;
—Why shouldst thou that grim tyrant fear?
And fear him not when thou art old,
And he is near.

Strive not for gold, for greedy fools
Measure themselves by poor men never;
Their standard, still being richer men,
Makes them poor ever.

Train up thy mind to feel content:
What matters then how low thy store?
What we enjoy, and not possess,
Makes rich or poor.

Filled with sweet thought, then happy I
Take not my state from others' eyes;
What's in my mind—not on my flesh
Or theirs—I prize.

Sing, happy Soul, thy songs of joy;
Such as a Brook sings in the wood,
That all night has been strengthened by
Heaven's purer flood.

WALTER DE LA MARE

The Scarecrow

ALL winter through I bow my head
Beneath the driving rain;
The North Wind powders me with snow
And blows me black again;
At midnight under a maze of stars
I flame with glittering rime,
And stand, above the stubble, stiff
As mail at morning-prime.
But when that child called Spring, and all
His host of children, come,
Scattering their buds and dew upon
These acres of my home,
Some rapture in my rags awakes;
I lift void eyes and scan
The skies for crows, those ravening foes
Of my strange master, Man.
I watch him striding lank behind
His clashing team, and know
Soon will the wheat swish body high
Where once lay sterile snow;
Soon shall I gaze across a sea
Of sunbegotten grain,
Which my unflinching watch hath sealed
For harvest once again.

JOHN McCRAE

In Flan(fiel's

IN rlanders fields the poppies blow
Between the crosses, row on row,
That mark our place; and in the sky
The larks, still bravely singing, fly
Scarce heard amid the guns below.

We are the Dead. Short days ago
We lived, felt dawn, saw sunse+ glow,
Loved and were loved, and now we lie
In Flanders fields.

Take up our quarrel with the foe:
To you from failing hands we throw
The torch; be yours to hold it high.
If ye break faith with us who die
We shall not sleep, though poppies grow
In Flanders fields.

LAUCHLAN MACLEAN WATT

The Grey Mother

Lo, how they come to me,
Long through the night I call them,—
Ah, how they turn to me.

East and South my children scatter,
North and West the world they wander,

Yet they come back to me,
Come, with their brave hearts beating,
Longing to die for me.

Me, the grey, old, weary mother,
Throned amid the northern waters,

Where they have died for me,
  Died with their songs around me,
Girding my shores for me.

Narrow was my dwelling for them,
Homes they builded o'er the ocean,

Yet they leave all for me,
  Hearing their mother calling,
Bringing their lives for me.

Up from South Seas swiftly sailing,
Out from under stars I know not,

Come they to fight for me,
  Sons of the sons I nurtured;
God keep them safe for me!

Long ago their fathers saved me,
Died for me among the heather,

Now they come back to me,
  Come, in their children's children—
Brave of the brave for me.

In the wilds and waves they slumber,
Deep they slumber in the deserts,

Rise they from graves for me,
  Graves where they lay forgotten,
Shades of the brave for me. . . .

Yet my soul is veiled in sadness,
For I see them fall and perish,

Strewing the hills for me,
  Claiming the world in dying,
Bought with their blood for me.

Hear the grey, old, Northern mother,
Blessing now her dying children,—

God keep you safe for me,
  Christ watch you in your sleeping,
Where ye have died for me.

And when God's own slogan soundeth,
All the dead world's dust awaking,

Ah, will ye look for me?
  Bravely we'll stand together—
I and my sons with me.

PERCEVAL GIBBON

The Veldt

CAST the window wider, sonny,
  Let me see the veldt,
Rolling grandly to the sunset,
  Where the mountains melt,
With the sharp horizon round it,
  Like a silver belt.

Years and years I've trekked across it,
  Ridden back and fore,
Till the silence and the glamour
  Ruled me to the core;
No man ever knew it better,
  None could love it more.

There's a balm for crippled spirits
  In the open view,
Running from your very footsteps
  Out into the blue;
Like a waggon-track to heaven,
  Straight 'twixt God and you.

There's a magic, soul-compelling,
  In the boundless space,
And it grows upon you, sonny,
  Like a woman's face—
Passionate and pale and tender,
  With a marble grace.

There's the sum of all religion
  In its mightiness;
Winged truths, beyond your doubting,
  Close about you press.
God is greater in the open—
  Little man is less.

There's a voice pervades its stillness,
  Wonderful and clear;
Tongues of prophets and of angels,
  Whispering far and near,
Speak an everlasting gospel
  To the spirit's ear.

There's a sense you gather, sonny,
  In the open air;
Shift your burden ere it breaks you:
  God will take His share.
Keep your end up for your own sake;
  All the rest's His care.

There's a spot I know of, sonny,
  Yonder by the stream;
Bushes handy for the fire,
  Water for the team.
By the old home outspan, sonny,
  Let me lie and dream.

MARJORIE L. C. PICKTHALL

Swallow Song

O little hearts, beat home, beat home,
  Here is no place to rest;
Night darkens on the falling foam
  And on the fading west.
O little wings, beat home, beat home,
Love may no longer roam.

Oh, Love has touched the fields of wheat,
  And Love has crowned the corn,
And we must follow Love's white feet
  Through all the ways of morn:
Through all the silver roads of air
We pass and have no care.

The silver roads of Love are wide,
O winds that turn, O stars that guide.
Sweet are the ways that Love hath trod
Through the clear skies that reach to God,
But in the cliff-grass Love builds deep
A place where wandering wings may sleep.

PATRICK R. CHALMERS

Roundabouts and Swings

It was early last September nigh to Framlin'am-on-Sea,
An' 'twas Fair-day come to-morrow, an' the time was after tea,
An' I met a painted caravan a-down a dusty lane,
A Pharaoh with his waggons comin' jolt an' creak an' strain;
A cheery cove an' sunburnt, bold o' eye and wrinkled up,
An' beside 'im on the splashboard sat a brindled tarrier pup,
An' a lurcher wise as Solomon an' lean as fiddle-strings
Was joggin' in the dust along 'is roundabouts and swings.

'Goo'-day,' said 'e; 'Goo'-day,' said I; 'an' 'ow d'you find things go,
An' what's the chance o' millions when you runs a travellin' show?'
'I find,' said 'e, 'things very much as 'ow I've always found,
For mostly they goes up and down or else goes round and round.'
Said 'e, 'The job's the very spit o' what it always were,
It's bread and bacon mostly when the dog don't catch a 'are;
But lookin' at it broad, an' while it ain't no merchant king's,
What's lost upon the roundabouts we pulls up on the swings!'

'Goo' luck,' said 'e; 'Goo luck,' said I; 'You've
put it past a doubt;
An' keep that lurcher on the road, the gamekeepers
is out.'
'E thumped upon the footboard an' 'e lumbered on
again
To meet a gold-dust sunset down the owl-light in the
lane;
An' the moon she climbed the 'azels, while a night-
jar seemed to spin
That Pharaoh's wisdom o'er again, 'is sooth of lose-
and-win;
For 'up an' down an' round,' said 'e, 'goes all appointed
things,
An' losses on the roundabouts means profits on the
swings!'

ALFRED NOYES

Sherwood

SHERWOOD in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake?
Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through the
brake,
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy
horn.

Robin Hood is here again: all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note shivering through the
leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day

Merry merry England has kissed the lips of June:
All the wings of fairyland were here beneath the moon,
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst.

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold:
For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs:
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep!
Marian is waiting: is Robin Hood asleep?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can and grey goose feather.
The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled away
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows.
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep?

Where the deer are gliding down the shadowy glen
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day—

Calls them and they answer: from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow! Follow!* and the boughs begin to crash,
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin! Robin! Robin! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far-away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Edinburgh

City of mist and rain and blown grey spaces,
Dashed with wild wet colour and gleam of tears,
Dreaming in Holyrood halls of the passionate faces
Lifted to one Queen's face that has conquered the years,
Are not the halls of thy memory haunted places?
Cometh there not as a moon (where the blood-rust sears
Floors a-flutter of old with silks and laces),
Gliding, a ghostly Queen, thro' a mist of tears?

Proudly here, with a lottier pinnacled splendour,
Throned in his northern Athens, what spells remain
Still on the marble lips of the Wizard, and render
Silent the gazer on glory without a stain!
Here and here, do we whisper, with hearts more tender,
Tusitala wandered thro' mist and rain;
Rainbow-eyed and frail and gallant and slender,
Dreaming of pirate-isles in a jewelled main.

Up the Canongate climbeth, cleft asunder
Raggedly here, with a glimpse of the distant sea
Flashed through a crumbling alley, a glimpse of wonder:
Nay, for the City is throned on Eternity!
Hark! from the soaring castle a cannon's thunder
Closeth an hour for the world and an æon for me,
Gazing at last from the martial heights whereunder
Deathless memories roll to an ageless sea.

JOHN MASEFIELD

Cargoes

QUINQUIREME of Nineveh from distant Ophir
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

Sea Fever

I MUST go 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 a grey dawn breaking.

I must go 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 go 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.

RUPERT BROOKE

The Soldier

IF I should die, think only this of me:
That there's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave. once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given;
Her sights and sounds; dreams happy as her day;
And laughter, learnt of friends; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

JOHN DRINKWATER

A Prayer

LORD, not for light in darkness do we pray,
Not that the veil be lifted from our eyes,
Nor that the slow ascension of our day
Be otherwise.

Not for a clearer vision of the things
Whereof the fashioning shall make us great,
Not for the remission of the peril and stings
Of time and fate.

Not for a fuller knowledge of the end
Whereto we travel, bruised yet unafraid,
Nor that the little healing that we lend
Shall be repaid.

Not these, O Lord. We would not break the bars
Thy wisdom sets about us; we shall climb
Unfettered to the secrets of the stars
In Thy good time.

We do not crave the high perception swift
When to refrain were well, and when fulfil,
Nor yet the understanding strong to sift
The good from ill.

Not these, O Lord. For these Thou hast revealed,
We know the golden season when to reap
The heavy-fruited treasure of the field,
The hour to sleep.

Not these. We know the hemlock from the rose,
The pure from stained, the noble from the base,
The tranquil holy light of truth that glows
On Pity's face.

We know the paths wherein our feet should press,
Across our hearts are written Thy decrees:
Yet now, O Lord, be merciful to bless
With more than these.

Grant us the will to fashion as we feel,
Grant us the strength to labour as we know,
Grant us the purpose, ribbed and edged with steel,
To strike the blow.

Knowledge we ask not—knowledge Thou hast lent,
But, Lord, the will—there lies our bitter need,
Give us to build above the deep intent
The deed, the deed.

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTES ON AUTHORS

Arnold, Matthew, 1822–1888. Son of the famous schoolmaster, Dr. Arnold, of Rugby. Educated at Winchester, Rugby and Balliol College, Oxford. Private Secretary to Lord Lansdowne, and afterwards an Inspector of Schools. For ten years Professor of Poetry at Oxford. Travelled on the Continent to report upon Education in France, Holland and Germany. Wrote several volumes of literary criticism in excellent prose. Among his best known poems are *Sohrab and Rustum, Balder Dead, The Forsaken Merman, Morality, The Scholar Gipsy, Rugby Chapel* and several *Sonnets.*

Beeching, Henry Charles, 1859–1919. Educated at the City of London School and Balliol College, Oxford. Became Canon of Westminster, and later Dean of Norwich. Published much literary work, both in prose and in verse, including *Seven Sermons to Schoolboys, In a Garden and other Poems,* and *Two Lectures on Poetry,* and edited various editions of the poets.

Blake, William, 1757–1827. Son of a London tradesman. Became an engraver and printer, and wrote poems which he printed and illustrated himself. Chiefly remembered for his *Songs of Innocence* and *Songs of Experiences.*

Bridges, Robert. Born in **1844,** and educated at Eton and Corpus Christi College, Oxford. Studied medicine after leaving Oxford. Became Poet Laureate in 1913. Has published several volumes of poems and a number of plays.

Brooke, Rupert, 1887–1915. Educated at Rugby and King's College, Cambridge. Joined the Royal Naval Volunteer Reserve at the outbreak of the Great War. Served at Antwerp. Died of fever on his way to the Dardanelles and was buried at Scyros.

Browning, Elizabeth Barrett, 1806–1861. Born in Herefordshire. Published, when nineteen, *An Essay on Mind* and other poems, and later a translation of the *Prometheus Bound* of Æschylus. Married the poet, Robert Browning, and lived in Italy till her death. After her marriage she published several poems, including *Casa Guidi Windows* and her chief work *Aurora Leigh,* a novel in verse, and *Sonnets from the Portuguese,* which in spite of their title are her own original poems.

Browning, Robert, 1812–1889. Published *Paracelsus* at the age of twenty-three, and not long afterwards *Sordello*. Married Elizabeth Barrett, the poetess, and made his home in Florence till the death of his wife in 1861. Among his longer poems are *The Ring and the Book* and *Asolando*, the latter published on the day of his death. Is best known by his shorter poems, which include, besides several included in this volume. *A Grammarian's Funeral, The Lost Leader,* and *The Pied Piper of Hamelin.* Was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Bryant, William Cullen, 1794–1878. Born in Massachusetts, U.S.A. Published his first poem at the age of thirteen. Studied law and later took up journalism, and travelled in Europe and the West Indies. His *Thanatopsis,* published in 1817, surpassed anything previously written by an American.

Burns, Robert, 1759–1796. Son of an Ayrshire farmer; worked on his father's farm. Determined to emigrate to the West Indies at the age of twenty-seven, but changed his mind when his first volume of poems proved a great success. Lived for some time in Edinburgh, then took to farming, and later held a post in the excise. Among his many poems some of the best known are *The Cotter's Saturday Night, Hallowe'en, To a Mountain Daisy, Ye Banks and Braes* etc.

Byron, Lord (George Noel Gordon), 1788–1824. Born in London. At the age of ten became Lord Byron by the death of his grand-uncle. Educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge. Travelled a great deal on the Continent. Lived for some time in Switzerland, and afterwards in Italy. In 1823 sailed for Greece to fight for the Greeks in their War of Independence. Seized with fever and died at Missolonghi. Was buried at Hucknall near Newstead. Among his chief works were *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage* and several dramas and tales in verse, including *Manfred, Cain, The Bride of Abydos* and *The Corsair.* Of his shorter poems some of the best known are *The Prisoner of Chillon, Napoleon's Farewell* and *The Destruction of Sennacherib.*

Campbell, Thomas, 1777–1844. Born in Glasgow, and educated in Glasgow and Edinburgh. Travelled on the Continent, and then settled in London. Engaged in literary work, and became editor of the *New Monthly.* Died at Boulogne, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Among his longer poems are *The Pleasures of Hope, Gertrude of Wyoming* and *Theodoric,* but he is better known by his shorter poems including, besides those in his volume, *Lord Ullin's Daughter.*

Campion, Thomas, died 1619. A popular London physician of Queen Elizabeth's time, and a poet and musician. He wrote some very beautiful verse, a book of *Observations on English Poesie* and some *Books of Ayres,* or madrigals, many of which are sung to-day.

Chalmers, Patrick R. Born **1872,** and educated at Rugby. His publications include *A Peck o' Mait* and *Green Days and Blue Days,* two volumes of verse.

Clough, Arthur Hugh, 1819–1861. Born at Liverpool, the son of a cotton merchant; his early life was spent in South Carolina, where his father emigrated. Educated at Rugby and Balliol College, Oxford. Travelled much on the Continent, and was a friend of Emerson and Carlyle. Died at Florence. Is best known by his shorter poems, of which several are included in this volume.

Coleridge, Samuel Taylor, 1772–1834. Son of the Vicar at Ottery St. Mary, Devonshire. Educated at Christ's Hospital and Jesus College, Cambridge. Became a friend of Southey, with whose Republican ideas he sympathized, and engaged in various literary pursuits. Met Wordsworth, and in 1798 published with him *Lyrical Ballads*, which contained his *Ancient Mariner*. Visited Germany, lived for some time at Keswick, and later settled in London, where he lectured on Shakespeare. Was later addicted to taking opium, which impaired his faculties and wrecked his life. Wrote *Christabel*, *Kubla Khan*, translations from Schiller, and many other poems, besides several works in prose.

Collins, William, 1721–1759. Born at Chichester. Educated at Winchester and Magdalen College, Oxford. His fame rests chiefly upon his *Odes*, but none of his work was appreciated till after his death.

Cory, William (Johnson), 1823–1892. Educated at Eton and King's College, Cambridge. Was a master at Eton. Changed his name from Johnson to Cory. Published *Ionica* and other volumes of poems.

Cowper, William, 1731–1800. Son of a clergyman of Great Berkhamsted. Educated at Westminster School, and then articled to the law. Suffered from fits of nervous melancholy, and was for a time in a lunatic asylum. Assisted the Rev. John Newton, Curate of Olney, Bucks, in the composition of the *Olney Hymns*. Wrote *The Task*, *Table Talk*, and a number of shorter poems, of which *Boadicea*, *The Diverting History of John Gilpin*, *Epitaph on a Hare*, *On the Receipt of my Mother's Picture*, are among the best known.

Crabbe, George, 1754–1832. Born at Aldeburgh, Suffolk; son of a "salt master" and warehouse keeper. Apprenticed for a time to a surgeon, and then went to London to try his fortune in literature. Secured the patronage of Burke, from which time his success was assured. Was ordained in 1781, and held many livings during the rest of his life. His works include *The Village*, *The Parish Register*, *Tales*, and *Tales of the Hall*. The present extract is one which was particularly admired by Tennyson.

Crashaw, Richard, 1613 (?)–1649. Son of a Puritan poet and clergyman. Educated at Charterhouse and Pembroke Hall, Cambridge. Became a Roman Catholic, and went to France and Italy, where he died. His *Steps to the Temple* was published in 1646.

Cuthbertson, J. L., 1851–1910. An Australian poet, educated at Geelong Grammar School. This poem first appeared in *The Geelong Grammar School Quarterly*.

Davies, William Henry. Born **1870,** at Newport, Monmouthshire. Has spent much time tramping in England and America, making the journeys by sea on cattle boats. Became a poet at the age of thirty-four. His volumes of poems include *Nature Poems, Songs of Joy, The Song of Life*; and his prose works, *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp, A Poet's Pilgrimage,* etc.

De la Mare, Walter. Born **1873.** Author of many works in poetry and prose, including *Songs of Childhood, The Listeners and Other Poems, Peacock Pie,* etc.

Dobell, Sydney Thompson, 1824–1874. Born at Cranbrook, Kent; son of a wine merchant. Spent all his life in Gloucestershire, and suffered from ill-health. His chief works are *The Roman,* a dramatic poem, *Balder,* and *Sonnets on the (Crimean) War.*

Dobson, Henry Austin, 1840–1921. Born at Plymouth. Educated at Beaumaris Grammar School and at Strasburg. Entered the Board of Trade in 1856, and rose to be its Principal. Published several volumes of poems, biographies of Fielding, Goldsmith, Walpole, Hogarth, etc., and contributed many articles to magazines and reviews.

Doyle, Sir Arthur Conan. Born **1859,** at Edinburgh of a celebrated artistic family. Educated at Stonyhurst and Edinburgh University. Entered the medical profession, travelled in the Arctic regions and in West Africa, and became famous as the creator of *Sherlock Holmes.* Has written many popular novels, including *The Sign of Four, The White Company, The Refugees,* and *The Exploits of Brigadier Gerard.* The author of several plays, and a volume of poems entitled *Songs of Action.* Wrote an authoritative account of *The Great Boer War,* translated into twelve foreign languages, and a *History of the British Campaign in France and Flanders* in the Great War.

Doyle, Sir Francis Hastings, 1810–1888. Born at Nunappleton, near Tadcaster, Yorks. Educated at Eton and Christ Church, Oxford. Practised as a barrister. Elected Professor of Poetry at Oxford, 1867. His well-known poems include *Balaclava* and the two contained in this volume.

Drayton, Michael, 1563–1631. Born at Hartshill, Warwickshire. Wrote hymns and sacred songs, *The Shepherd's Garland, The Barons' Wars,* and *Polyolbion,* the last named a poetical description of England in nearly 16,000 lines, with maps and notes on antiquities. Was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Drinkwater, John. Born **1882.** Educated at Oxford High School. Besides his poems and numerous contributions to magazines and reviews, has written many plays, of which *Abraham Lincoln, Mary Stuart* and *Cromwell* have struck an original note.

Dryden, John, 1631–1700. Born at Aldwinkle, Northamptonshire. Educated at Westminster School and Trinity College, Cambridge. Lived mostly at Cambridge and in London. Poet Laureate 1670–1689. Wrote many plays, but is most famous for his political

satires such as *Absalom and Achitophel*, his *Fables, Ancient and Modern* and his translations of Virgil and Juvenal.

Dyer, Sir Edward, *circa* **1550–1607.** Born at Sharpham Park, Somerset. Ambassador to Denmark during part of Queen Elizabeth's reign and a friend of Sir Philip Sidney. His best poem is that included in this volume.

Fitzgerald, Edward, 1809–1883. Born and lived all his life in Suffolk. Educated at Bury St. Edmunds and Trinity College, Cambridge. A friend of Carlyle, Thackeray and Tennyson. Famous for his translation of Omar Khayyám, the Persian astronomer-poet of the eleventh century.

Gibbon, Perceval. Born **1879,** at Trelech, Carmarthenshire. Entered the merchant service, and travelled as journalist and war correspondent in Europe, America and Africa. Has published novels and stories, and *African Items*, a book of poems.

Goldsmith, Oliver, 1728–1744. Son of an Irish clergyman. Educated at home and at Trinity College, Dublin. Studied medicine at Edinburgh and Leyden. Travelled on foot on the Continent. Returned to London and took up literary work. Lived for a time in great poverty. Wrote essays, published collectively under the title of *The Citizen of the World*; a novel, *The Vicar of Wakefield*; a number of poems, including *The Traveller* and *The Deserted Village*, and the two plays, *The Good-natured Man* and *She Stoops to Conquer*.

Gordon, Adam Lindsay, 1833–1870. Born at Fayal in the Azores. Educated at Cheltenham and Woolwich. Went to Australia at the age of twenty. Joined the Australian Mounted Police, and became a famous steeplechaser. Committed suicide. His three volumes of verse contain some spirited ballads of horsemanship and the turf.

Gray, Thomas, 1716–1771. Born in London. Educated at Eton and Cambridge. Friend of Horace Walpole, with whom he travelled in France and Italy. Refused the poet-laureateship, 1757. Became Professor of History at Cambridge. Remembered chiefly for his *Elegy in a Country Churchyard, Ode on a Distant Prospect of Eton College* and *The Bard*.

Hardy, Thomas. Born **1840.** Trained as an architect. Intended to become an art critic, but the publication of *Desperate Remedies* in 1871 shaped his destiny otherwise. Although famous chiefly as a novelist, he is almost equally great as a poet. One of his most famous works is the epic-drama, *The Dynasts*

Harte, Francis Bret, 1839–1902. Born in Albany, N.Y., but went to California in 1854. Here his varied career as miner, teacher and journalist gave him material for his famous stories and poems. Founded *The Overland Monthly*. In 1880 came to Glasgow as U.S. Consul and five years later went to London, where he remained until his death.

Henley, William Ernest, 1849–1903. Born at Gloucester. Collaborated with R. L. Stevenson in several plays. Edited *The Magazine of Art* and other journals. His best known poems are contained in *Hospital Rhymes* and *London Voluntaries*.

Herbert George, 1593–1633. Educated at Westminster and Cambridge. Orator for the University 1619. Frequented the Court of James I, but his friendship with Nicholas Ferrar drew him towards religion. Took Orders and became Vicar of Bemerton, near Salisbury. *The Temple* contains some of the purest sacred poems in the English language.

Herrick, Robert, 1591–1674. Son of a London silversmith. Educated at Cambridge and became a clergyman, with a living in Devonshire. Went to London in 1648, on being ejected from his benefice, and published *Hesperides*, a book of short poems, many of them of great beauty.

Hogg, James, 1770–1835. A Scottish shepherd, born at Ettrick Hall. Had very little education. His first volume, *Scottish Pastorals, Poems and Songs*, made him known to Sir Walter Scott. Lived in Edinburgh in his later years, and published other volumes of verse. Known in literature as the "Ettrick Shepherd."

Holmes, Oliver Wendell, 1809–1894. Born at Cambridge, Mass. Studied law; then medicine and in 1847 became Professor of Anatomy at Harvard. In 1857 became a contributor to *The Atlantic Monthly* in which appeared the famous *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, embodying some of his best known poems. Also published several volumes of verse.

Hood, Thomas, 1799–1845. Born in London. Apprenticed to an engraver, but early took to literature, and became sub-editor of *The London Magazine*. Famous chiefly for single striking poems, such as *The Dream of Eugene Aram, The Song of the Shirt*, etc.

Howe, Julia Ward, 1819–1910. Born in New York. Eager advocate of the abolition of slavery. *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* was sung by the armies during the Civil War, and by the American soldiers in France, 1916–1918.

Hunt, James Henry Leigh, 1784–1859. Born at Southgate. Educated at Christ's Hospital. Became a lawyer's clerk. Brought out *The Examiner*, a paper of pronounced radical views, in which he libelled the Prince Regent. Imprisoned for two years. Continued the writing of his paper in prison and received his friends Shelley, Byron and Keats. On his release, published his poem *The Story of Rimini*. Many other writings followed, but he owes his reputation chiefly to his skill as an essayist.

Jonson, Ben, 1573–1637. Poet and dramatist. Educated at Westminster, and was successively a bricklayer's apprentice, a soldier, an actor and a dramatist. Excelled in the writing of Court Masques. Among his plays are *Volpone, Every Man in his Humour, The Silent Woman* and *The Alchemist*. He may be said to have founded a new style in English comedy.

Keats, John, 1795–1821. Son of an inn-servant; born in London; apprenticed to a surgeon, but, making the acquaintance of Shelley and Leigh Hunt, turned to literature. Published *Endymion* in 1818, and two years later *Lamia, Isabella and Other Poems*, contain-

ing perhaps the finest of his work. Ill health drove him to Italy, and he died in Rome in 1821.

Kendall, Henry Clarence, 1841–1882. Poet of the Australian Bush. Was for a time in the New South Wales public service. His chief volumnes of verse are *Leaves from an Australian Forest* and *Songs from the Mountains.*

Kingsley, Charles, 1819–1875. Born near Dartmoor; the son of a clergyman Educated at King's College, London, and Cambridge. Intended for the law, but took Orders and eventually became rector of Eversley. Interested himself in politics and social reform. His novels include *Westward Ho !, Hypatia* and *Hereward the Wake.* Wrote also stories for children, e.g., *The Water Babies,* and many short poems, notably, *The Sands of Dee, The Three Fishers,* etc.

Kipling, Rudyard. Born **1865,** at Bombay. Educated at the United Service College, Westward Ho. Became assistant editor in India of *Civil and Military Gazette* and *Pioneer.* Travelled largely. His chief prose works are *Plain Tales from the Hills, Soldiers Three, The Light that Failed,* the two *Jungle Books, Kim* and *Puck of Pook's Hill.* His verse includes the famous soldier songs *Barrack Room Ballads, Departmental Ditties, The Seven Seas* and *Fringes of the Fleet.*

Lang, Andrew, 1844–1912. Poet and critic. Educated at Edinburgh Academy and St. Andrews University. Published several volumes of verse and works on history, religion and folk-lore. Edited the *Blue, Green* and other *Fairy Books.*

Lawson, Henry Hertzberg. Born **1867,** near Grenfell, N.S.W. Went to London in 1900 but returned to Sydney three years later. Has published many volumes in prose and verse, which give admirable descriptions of various phases of Australian life.

Logan, John, 1748–1788. Son of a Midlothian farmer. Educated at Edinburgh University and took Orders. Published *Sermons, Historical Lectures, Poems and Hymns,* and a drama called *Runnamede.* His *Ode to a Cuckoo* has been called " the most beautiful lyric in our language."

Longfellow, Henry Wadsworth, 1807–1882. Born at Portland, Maine, the son of a lawyer. Became Professor of Modern Languages at Harvard. His literary activity was great, and among his longer poems are *The Spanish Student, Evangeline, Hiawatha* and *The Courtship of Miles Standish,* but he is probably known best for some of his short poems such as *The Psalm of Life, Excelsior,* etc.

Lowell, James Russell, 1819–1891. Born at Cambridge, Mass., and educated at Harvard. Began life as a lawyer, but soon devoted himself entirely to literature. Probably the greatest critical essayist America has produced. *Among my Books* appeared in two series, in 1870 and 1876. He had considerable poetic power also, as witnessed by *The Biglow Papers, A Fable for Critics* and *The Vision of Sir Launfal.*

Macaulay, Thomas Babington, Lord, 1800–1859. Born at Rothley Temple. Educated at Trinity College, Cambridge, and was called to the Bar. Entered Parliament and held several posts under Government. Possessed of an immense historical knowledge, he published his *History of England* and numerous *Essays*. *Lays of Ancient Rome* was published in 1842.

McCrae, John. A Canadian. By profession a doctor in Montreal and lecturer at the University. Served in the Boer War and in the Great War, and died of wounds at Boulogne early in 1918.

Mangan, James Clarence, 1803–1849. Born at Dublin; the son of a small grocer. Became a lawyer's clerk and contributed poems to various Irish newspapers.

Marlowe, Christopher, 1564–1593. Born at Canterbury; the son of a shoemaker. Educated at King's School, Canterbury and at Benet's (Corpus Christi) College, Cambridge. His first play was *Tamburlaine*, followed in 1604 by *Faustus*, but it was not until *Edward II* that Marlowe rose to the height of his power. Said to have collaborated with Shakespeare in *Henry VI* and possibly in *Titus Andronicus*; wrote also some short poems of which *Come Live With Me and be My Love* is the best known. Killed in a tavern brawl at Deptford.

Marvell, Andrew, 1621–1678. Born at Winestead, Yorkshire, the son of a clergyman. Educated at Cambridge. Became Latin Secretary to Milton in 1657. Was known in his own day as a keen political writer, but his fame now rests on his poems.

Masefield, John. Poet, playwright and novelist. Ran away to sea in his youth, where his experiences are reflected in much of his work. His poems include *Salt Water Ballads*, *The Everlasting Mercy*, *The Daffodil Fields*, *Reynard the Fox* and *Right Royal*, and among his finest plays are the tragedies of *Nan* and *Pompey the Great*

Meredith, George, 1828–1909. Born at Portsmouth. Educated in Germany. Articled to the law, but soon deserted it for literature. One of the great novelists of modern times. His best work is generally held to be *Diana of the Crossways*. Published in addition several books of poems, including *Poems of the English Roadside* and *Poems and Lyrics of the Joy of Earth*.

Meynell, Alice. Died 1922. Educated by her father, the late T. J. Thompson, and spent much of her early life in Italy. Published many charming volumes of poems and essays.

Milton, John, 1608–1674. Born in London; the son of a scrivener. Educated at St. Paul's and Christ's College, Cambridge. Became Latin Secretary to the Council of State under Cromwell, and wrote numerous political pamphlets. His first poem *On the Death of a Fair Infant* appeared as early as 1626. His earlier poems include *On the Morning of Christ's Nativity*, *L'Allegro*, *Il Penseroso* and *Lycidas*. Later in life came his great works *Paradise Lost* and *Paradise Regained*, dictated to his daughters after he had become blind.

Moore, Thomas, 1779–1852. Born in Dublin and educated at the University there. Came to London and in 1800 published *Anacreon*. Seven years later *Irish Melodies* brought him to the zenith of his reputation. Others of his well-known poems are *Lalla Rookh* and *Odes and Epistles*.

Morris, William, 1834–1896. Son of a London merchant. Educated at Marlborough and Oxford. Articled to an architect, but soon became absorbed in the designing and making of artistic wallpapers, printing, etc., in conjunction with Rossetti and Burne Jones. Among his poems are *The Life and Death of Jason*, *The Earthly Paradise* and *The Story of Sigurd the Volsung*. Was a social reformer, and gave Socialist lectures.

Newbolt, Sir Henry John. Born in **1862,** at Bilston. Educated at Clifton College and Corpus Christi, Oxford. Called to the Bar in 1887, and became editor of the *Monthly Review*. His chief works are *Mordred : a Tragedy*, *Admirals All*, *The Island Race*, *Songs of the Sea*, *Songs of the Fleet*, etc.

Noyes, Alfred. Born **1880.** Educated at Exeter College, Oxford. Has contributed numerous poems and papers on literary criticism to the *Spectator*, *Blackwood*, *Cornhill*, etc., and has published numerous volumes of verse, chief among which are *Drake : an English Epic*, and *The Torchbearers*.

Oxenham, John. Educated in Manchester. Went into business, but eventually deserted it for literature. Has published many novels and numerous volumes of verse.

Poe, Edgar Allan, 1809–1849. Born in Boston, Mass., the son of an actor. Left an orphan, he was adopted by a Virginian gentleman who later sent him to the University. Took to literature as a profession. Became editor of the *Gentleman's Magazine* in which appeared many of his best stories. His famous poem *The Raven* came out in 1845.

Pope, Alexander, 1688–1744. Son of a London linen draper. Educated chiefly at home. Said to have written the *Ode on Solitude* at the age of twelve. His *Pastorals* were published in 1709 and three years later *The Rape of the Lock* placed him in the first rank. Others of his works are *Essay on Criticism*, *The Messiah*, *Dunciad*, *Essay on Man*, and translations of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*.

Ralegh, Sir Walter, 1552?–1618. Born in Devonshire and educated at Oxford. Served as a volunteer in the Low Countries. In 1578 set out on his first voyage of discovery. Attracted the notice of Queen Elizabeth, and advanced rapidly in favour. Became famous as a naval commander against Spain. Imprisoned in the Tower for conspiracy by James I, he wrote his *History of the World*, a fine specimen of Elizabethan prose Beheaded on Tower Hill in 1618.

Reeves, William Pember. Born **1857,** at Canterbury, N.Z. Educated in New Zealand and called to the Bar, but turned to journalism. High Commissioner for New Zealand, 1905–1909. Has published various volumes, historical, political and poetical.

Rodd, Sir James Rennell. Born 1858. Educated at Haileybury and Balliol College, Oxford. Served in the Diplomatic Service and was Ambassador to Italy 1908–1919. Has published various historical works, and several volumes of verse.

Rossetti, Christina Georgina, 1830–1894. Sister of D. G. Rossetti. Born in London. Began to write poems as a girl, some of which were published in the *Germ*, the Pre-Raphaelite magazine of which her brother was one of the founders. Among her best known works are *Goblin Market, The Prince's Progress* and *A Pageant and other Poems.*

Scott, Sir Walter, 1771–1832. Born at Edinburgh and educated at its High School and University. Called to the Bar. His great historical knowledge, supplemented by the tales and songs of the Borderland, gave him inexhaustible material for his novels and poems. His *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* appeared in 1802, *The Lay of the Last Minstrel, Marmion* and *The Lady of the Lake* added to his reputation. *Waverley* had begun the wonderful series of historical novels in 1805, to be followed by *Guy Mannering, Old Mortality, Ivanhoe, Kenilworth, The Talisman,* and many others. His success was immense, but becoming involved in the bankruptcy of an Edinburgh publisher in 1826, he literally worked himself to death in an attempt to wipe out his debts.

Shakespeare, William, 1564–1616. Born at Stratford-on-Avon. Educated at the local Grammar School. Went to London in his early twenties and became an actor, then a playwright and finally part-owner of the Globe Theatre. His first published piece was a poem *Venus and Adonis,* but between 1591 and 1612 he wrote no fewer than thirty-seven plays and over a hundred *Sonnets.* In 1613 he retired to Stratford-on-Avon, but did not live long to enjoy his prosperity. His plays are too well known to need enumeration.

Shelley, Percy Bysshe, 1792–1822. Born near Horsham. Educated at Eton and Oxford. Travelled a great deal and was a friend of Byron and Keats. Went to Italy in 1818. Drowned at sea near Leghorn. Among his chief poetic works are *Queen Mab, Prometheus Unbound* and *The Cenci. Adonais* is a beautiful poem lamenting the death of Keats. Of his shorter poems the best known are *To a Skylark* and *The Cloud.*

Shirley, James, 1596–1666. "The last of the Elizabethan dramatists." Born in London. Educated at both Oxford and Cambridge. Fought as a Royalist in the Civil War. Wrote numerous plays, none of considerable merit, and many poems.

Southey, Robert, 1774–1843. Born at Bristol; educated at Westminster and Oxford. One of the "Lake Poets," the other two being Wordsworth and Coleridge. Southey wrote an immense quantity of both prose and verse. Of the former his *Life of Nelson* is by far the best known, and has been called "the best short biography in the English language." His verse is remembered chiefly by such pieces as *The Inchcape Rock* and *The Battle of Blenheim.*

Spenser, Edmund, 1552?–1599. Born in London. Educated at Merchant Taylors and Cambridge. In 1578 became known to Leicester and Sidney, the latter of whom became his patron. *The Shepherd's Calendar* appeared in 1579. Lived in Ireland for some years and here wrote *The Faerie Queene*, on which his fame mainly rests. His richness of imagination and melodious beauty of expression have won him the title of "The poets' poet."

Stevenson, Robert Louis, 1850–1894. Born at Edinburgh. Educated at various schools and the University. Called to the Bar in 1875, but never practised, and devoted himself entirely to literature. Travelled in search of health, finally settling down in Samoa. His literary output was great, both as a novelist and an essayist, and he wrote also the delightful *Child's Garden of Verses*.

Suckling, Sir John, 1609–1642. Born at Whitton; educated at Cambridge. Became a favourite at Court, popular for his wit. Incurred the displeasure of the King and fled to the Continent. Said to have committed suicide at Paris. He produced four plays, but it is for his ballads and songs, many of which have a delightful grace of expression, that he is now remembered.

Swinburne, Algernon Charles, 1837–1909. Born in London and educated at Eton and Balliol College, Oxford. Friend of Landor, Rossetti and Meredith. The appearance of *Atalanta in Calydon* in 1865 put him at once into the first rank of poets. From that time he published an immense number of poems, critical essays, etc., chief among them being *Songs before Sunrise*, *Mary Stuart*, *Erechtheus* and *Rosamund, Queen of the Lombards*. He possessed a wonderful feeling for the beauty of words and excelled as a master of rhythm.

Tennyson, Alfred, Lord, 1809–1892. Born at Somersby, Lincolnshire, the son of a clergyman. Educated at Louth Grammar School and Trinity College, Cambridge, where he met Monckton Milnes, Alford and Arthur Hallam. In 1830 he published his *Poems, chiefly Lyrical*, which included *The Lady of Shalott* and *The May Queen*. This was followed by several other volumes which have made him famous. Became Poet Laureate on the death of Wordsworth. Created Baron Tennyson in 1883. Died at Aldworth, near Haslemere, Surrey, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Among his longer poems are *Idylls of the King*, *The Princess*, *In Memoriam*, *Enoch Arden* and the *Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington*. Some of his best known shorter poems are *Sir Galahad*, *The Charge of the Light Brigade*, *The Revenge* and *The Defence of Lucknow*.

Thompson Francis, 1859–1907. Educated at Ushaw College, and Owens College, Manchester. Published his first book of poems in 1893; *Sister Songs* followed two years later; and *New Poems* in 1897. *The Hound of Heaven* is perhaps the poem by which he is best known.

Watson, Sir William. Born **1858**. Of an old Yorkshire family; father a Liverpool merchant. His first publication was *The Prince's Quest* in 1880, and from that time onward his contribution to literature has been considerable. Received knighthood in 1917.

Watt, Lauchlan MacLean. Scottish minister. Educated at Edinburgh University. Chaplain to the Forces in France and Flanders, 1916–1917. Has published many volumes—religious, poetical, historical, etc.

Whitman, Walt, 1819–1892. Born at Huntington, Long Island, N.Y. Started life in a printing office at the age of thirteen, and, passing from one employment to another, became, in 1846, editor of the *Brooklyn Eagle*, until in 1855 appeared his great work, *Leaves of Grass*. During the Civil War he acted as nurse in the Federal Army, an experience which found expression in *Drum Taps*, *The Wound Dresser* and *Specimen Days*. His last years were spent in retirement in New Jersey. *O Captain, my Captain* was composed on the death of Lincoln.

Whittier, John Greenleaf, 1807–1892. Born in Haverhill, Mass., of a Quaker family. Began to write verses at a very early age, and later took to journalism. Was an active Abolitionist. His chief poems, which show strongly the influence of Burns, are *Snow-bound*, *Ballads of New England* and *Barbara Frietchie*.

Wolfe, Charles, 1791–1823. An Irish clergyman. He is remembered for one poem only—*The Burial of Sir John Moore*, which was first published anonymously in 1817.

Woods, Margaret Louisa. Born **1856**. Daughter of Dean Bradley. Published her first volume *A Village Tragedy* in 1887, and has since become well known as a writer of verse.

Wordsworth, William, 1770–1850. Born at Cockermouth. Educated at Penrith and Cambridge. Travelled abroad and was much influenced by the French Revolution. Became intimate with Coleridge and Southey and finally settled down in the Lake District, devoting himself entirely to poetry. He succeeded Southey as Poet Laureate in 1843. He is essentially the poet of nature and is at his best in single short poems such as *Daffodils* and *The Rainbow*, and in his many beautiful *Sonnets*.

Wotton, Sir Henry, 1568–1639. Born near Maidstone, the son of a Kentish gentleman. Educated at Winchester and Oxford. Entered the Middle Temple. Held various diplomatic appointments. Wrote a considerable amount of prose, but it is for his verse that he is remembered, notably *The Happy Life* and *Ye Meaner Beauties of the Night*.

Yeats, William Butler. Born **1865**, in Dublin; educated Godolphin School, Hammersmith. First turned his mind to art, but deserted it for literature. Published *The Wanderings of Oisin* (1889), *Celtic Twilight* (1893), *Book of Irish Verse* (1895). He also edited the *Works of Blake* and has written several plays.

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

	PAGE
A late lark twitters from the quiet skies	247
Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase)	93
Above the pines the moon was slowly drifting	236
Alas! what boots it with incessant care	24
All the world's a stage	10
All winter through I bow my head	275
An effigy of brass	243
And did those feet in ancient time	58
April, April	254
A, one that for a weary space has lain	245
Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise	124
Away, ye gay landscapes, ye gardens of roses	95
Aye, tear her tattered ensign down!	153
Beautiful Evelyn Hope is dead!	196
Behold her single in the field	68
Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way	48
Bird of the wilderness	74
Blow, blow, thou winter wind	9
But Jason, going swiftly with good heart	228
Cast the window wider, sonny	278
City of mist and rain and blown grey spaces	284
Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height	173
Come live with me and be my Love	1
Come unto these yellow sands	7
Creep into thy narrow bed	218
Does the road wind uphill all the way?	221
Drink to me only with thine eyes	19
Earth has not anything to show more fair	73
Faintly as tolls the evening chime	91
Fair daffodils, we weep to see	120
Fair pledges of a fruitful tree	21
Fear death?—to feel the fog in my throat	198
For those first tiny, prayerful-folded hands	273
Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears	12
From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony	34
Gaily bedight	148
Glory of warrior, glory of orator, glory of song	167
God girt her about with the surges	252
God of our fathers, known of old	269
God who created me	258
Goethe in Weimar sleeps, and Greece	215
Good people all, with one accord	46
Green little vaulter in the sunny grass	94
Grey winter hath gone like a wearisome guest	240
Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!	54
Hail to thee, blithe spirit!	105
Happy the man whose wish and care	56

PAGE
He rises and begins to round 220
Hear the sledges with the bells 150
Home no more home to me, whither must I wander? . . 249
Home they brought her warrior dead 173
How happy is he born and taught 8
How sleep the brave, who sink to rest 44
How sweet I roamed from field to field 57
I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers . . . 104
I leant upon a coppice gate 239
I must go down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and sky . 286
I shot an arrow into the air 134
I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he 185
I tell thee, Dick, where I have been 29
I wandered lonely as a cloud 66
I weep for Adonais—he is dead! 109
I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree 270
I will make you brooches and toys for your delight . . 248
If all the world and love were young 2
If I should die, think only this of me: 287
In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland . . 234
In the ranks of the Austrian you found him 181
In this pleasant soil 25
In Xanadu did Kubla Khan 83
Into the sunshine 200
Is there, for honest poverty 59
It is not only that the sun 255
It is not to be thought of that the flood 74
It little profits that an idle king 163
It was early last September nigh to Framlin'am-on-Sea . 281
It was many and many a year ago 149
Jenny kissed me when we met 94
King Philip had vaunted his claims 238
Last night, among his fellow roughs 180
Lo, how they come to me 276
Lord, not for light in darkness do we pray 287
Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest. 169
Milton! thou shouldst be living at this hour . . . 73
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord: . 199
Much have I travelled in the realms of gold 122
My days among the dead are passed 85
My good blade carves the casques of men 165
My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains . . . 119
My heart is like a singing bird 220
Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled. . . 47
No more shall nation against nation rise 37
Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-west died away . 193
Nor force nor fraud shall sunder us! 219
Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note 103
Not as all other women are 201
Now glory to the Lord of Hosts, from whom all glories are! . 128
O blithe new-comer! I have heard 66
O listen, listen, ladies gay! 76
O little hearts, beat home, beat home 280

PAGE
O Mary, at thy window be 60
O my dark Rosaleen 132
O thou with dewy locks, who lookest down 57
Occasions drew me early to this city 27
Of Nelson and the North 87
Often I think of the beautiful town 138
Oh England is a pleasant place for them that's rich and high . 209
Oh, my ways are strange ways and new ways and old ways . 271
Oh, to be in England 194
Old Meg she was a gipsy 118
On Linden when the sun was low 86
On the sea and at the Hogue, sixteen hundred ninety-two . 187
Once in Paumánok 204
Others abide our question. Thou art free 217
Over hill, over dale 6
O'er the glad waters of the dark-blue sea 98
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires . . . 39
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu 1
Pipes of the misty moorlands 143
Queen and huntress, chaste and fair 19
Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir 285
Remember me when I am gone away 222
Right on our flank the crimson sun went down . . . 178
Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll! . . . 97
Scots, wha hae wi' Wallace bled. 64
See you the ferny ride that steals 267
She stands, a thousand-wintered tree 254
She stood breast-high amid the corn 123
She walks—the lady of my delight— 257
Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake? . . . 282
Should auld acquaintance be forgot 65
Sing out, my soul, thy songs of joy 274
So forth issued the seasons of the year 3
Sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea! . . . 92
Stern daughter of the Voice of God! 71
Strew on her roses, roses 217
Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow 231
Sweet Day! so cool, so calm, so bright 21
Sweet is the breath of Morn, her rising sweet 26
Sweet is the rose, but grows upon a brier 4
Tell me not, in mournful numbers 135
That evening all in fond discourse we spent 55
The Assyrian came down like the wolf on the fold . . . 96
The cheerful supper done, wi' serious face, ... 62
The curfew tolls the knell of parting day 40
The glories of our blood and state 22
The mariners sleep by the sea 251
The Morning Star paled slowly, the Cross hung low to the sea . 250
The pine were dark on Ramoth Hill 145
The poetry of earth is never dead 122
The quality of mercy is not strained 9
The sky is ruddy in the east 147
The splendour falls on castle walls 172

PAGE
The stars are with the voyager 123
The twentieth year is well-nigh past 52
The year's at the spring 184
There, my blessing with thee! 13
There's a breathless hush in the Close to-night— 262
They left the vine-wreathed cottage and the mansion on the hill 266
They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead . . 219
Think, in this battered Caravanserai 157
This day is called the feast of Crispian 11
This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling 136
This is the Chapel: here my son 265
This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle 10
Three poets, in three distant ages born 34
Through the black, rushing smoke-bursts 213
Tiger, Tiger, burning bright 56
'Tis a dull sight 154
'Tis the last rose of summer 92
To fair Fidele's grassy tomb 45
To him who in the love of Nature holds 114
To I for the brave 49
'Turn out, boys'—What's up with our super to-night? . . 223
Under the greenwood tree 8
Under the wide and starry sky 250
We saw thee in thy balmy nest 32
What have I done for you 246
What heart could have thought you? 258
What is gold worth, say 233
What marks the frontier line? 261
What needs my Shakespeare for his honoured bones . . 23
What of the bow? 259
When all the world is young, lad 210
When I am dead, my dearest 222
When I consider how my light is spent 23
When Israel, of the Lord beloved 82
When the breeze of a joyful dawn blew free 158
When the British warrior Queen. 50
Where the bee sucks, there suck I 8
Where the remote Bermudas ride 32
Whither, O splendid ship, thy white sails crowding . . . 242
Who is he that cometh, like an honoured guest . . . 170
Who is the happy warrior? Who is he 69
Why weep ye by the tide, ladie? 80
'Ye have robbed,' said he, 'ye have slaughtered and made an end'. 263
You brave heroic minds 14
You spotted snakes with double tongue 7
Your ghost will walk, you lover of trees 194