

**THE BOOK WAS  
DRENCHED**

**UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY**

**OU\_212559**

**UNIVERSAL  
LIBRARY**



OSMANIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY 237A3

Call No. 821-08/558 E Accession No.

Author Harold, Nicolson

Title England and Antheology

This book should be returned on or before the date last marked below.



ENGLAND : AN ANTHOLOGY

# THE ENGLISH ASSOCIATION

(FOUNDED 1906)

*President 1943* : THE HON. HAROLD NIGOLSON,  
C.M.G., M.P.

*Chairman of Committee* NOWELL G. SMITH, M.A.

## AIMS AND ACTIVITIES

1. To unite and introduce to one another those who are interested in English Language and Literature, whether as writers, teachers, artists, actors, or administrators ; and to act as a link between groups engaged in specialized English work.

2. To uphold the standards of English writing and speech ; to contribute to English letters, scholarship, and research ; to discuss methods of English teaching ; and to encourage especially the work of younger members.

3. To spread as widely as possible the knowledge and enjoyment of English Literature.

4. To put these aims into practice by providing lectures, readings, discussions, social functions, a magazine and other publications ; and to organize occasional visits to dramatic performances and places of literary interest.

(a) The financial year runs from January 1 to December 31, and a subscription paid at any time during the year entitles a member to the Association's magazine *English* (three numbers) and the Presidential Address.

(b) The annual subscription to the Central Body is *10s. 6d.*, or with *Essays and Studies* and *The Year's Work in English Studies* (post free), £1 : *is.*

Life Membership (which does not cover *Essays and Studies* and *The Year's Work in English Studies*) is £5. Life Membership subscription can be compounded on the basis of a deduction of *is. 6d.* for every annual subscription paid.

(c) The annual subscription of a full member of a Branch is fixed within certain limits by the Branch, and is usually *js. 6d.*, or with *Essays and Studies* and *The Year's Work in English Studies* (post free), 18J.

(d) Subscriptions to the Central Body should be made out in favour of the English Association and sent to Barclays Bank, 95 Victoria Street, Westminster, S.W.1. Further information will be given to intending members, or they will be placed in communication with the Hon. Secretary of any Branch by the Secretary, 3 Cromwell Place (Second Floor), London, S.W.7.

# ENGLAND

## AN ANTHOLOGY

WITH AN INTRODUCTION

BY

HAROLD NICOLSON

PUBLISHED FOR THE  
ENGLISH ASSOCIATION

BY

MACMILLAN & CO. LTD

1944

COPYRIGHT

*First Edition May 1944*  
*Reprinted May 1944*

PRINTED IN GREAT BRITAIN  
BY R. & R. CLARK, LIMITED, EDINBURGH

# INTRODUCTION

ANTHOLOGIES are not always acceptable, since the individual reader is apt to resent either the omission of some favourite passage or the inclusion of poems which to him seem unrepresentative or dull. The present collection, which has been compiled by a Committee of the English Association, has been chosen with a definite purpose in mind ; it is an attempt (and in my judgment a successful attempt) to indicate how diverse and yet how similar have been the impressions which English poets of many centuries have derived from English life and character. It is an example, on the one hand, of the continuity of English literature, and on the other of its variety. For, although the instruments which form the vast orchestra of English poetry are diverse both in strength and form, the main themes are strangely recurrent and one can detect throughout the centuries a resonant continuity of tone.

The anthology is divided into eight main categories, each one of which reflects some definite aspect of our national expression. We have the town and the country ; we have sport and war ; we have reflection and humour ; we have art and character. It might be objected that English poetry is, in its essence, reflective rather than intellectual, rural rather than urban ; and it might be urged that such themes as war and comedy can be expressed only in the minor categories of patriotic or humorous verse. It is thus useful to be reminded by this anthology that our poets throughout the ages have sought to interpret, rather than to escape from, contemporary life ; that Grabbe could write more realistically, and no less beautifully, than Goldsmith about the English village ; that Masfield and Scawen Blunt could compose sincere poems about hunting or coursing ; that Mrs. Meynell could electrify a London fog and Bridges write lovely lines about the snow on London pavements ; or that Tennyson or Kipling could raise patriotic verse to the level of true national poetry. It is useful also to be reminded that our conception of an ideal

national character is a continuous conception, and that Wordsworth's "Happy Warrior" is the prototype of Kipling's "If". And thus it is interesting, in an anthology as catholic and as varied as the present collection, to trace the similarity of tone and feeling which, from Chaucer to Bridges, informs and inspires the vast organic growth of English poetry.

The poems here collected constitute a cross-section of our literature during the last five hundred years. Is it possible, by studying such a cross-section, or sample, to make any deductions regarding the specific quality of English poetry or to decide in what respects it differs from the poetry of other ages and of other nations? I think it is possible. I believe that a foreigner reading this sample of English poetry, and comparing it with a similar anthology of French, German, or Italian poems, would find that there occur certain recurrent attitudes, certain constant moods of sensitiveness or attention, which are more characteristic of the English than of any other poets.

There is, in the first place, the constant preoccupation with Nature—the unceasing reaction against urban life. There were moments, of course, when our poets could sing, as John Dyer sang, the glories of the coming Industrial Revolution, or prefer to "hunt books in the Charing Cross Road". But in general they have sought to become

" . . . lost to human things  
To blend at last with Nature and to hear  
What song she sings  
Low to herself when there is no one there."

It is a commonplace with poets of every age and nation to feel distracted by the smoke and noise of towns and to seek in the fields and forests for that solitude which alone can soothe their tautened nerves. But the love of Nature which for so many centuries has inspired and fortified our English poets has a quality more intimate and more natural than that which marks the nervous reactions of foreign writers. That quality may be due, in the first place, to the deep instinct for privacy which is one of the more distinctive elements in the English character. And in the second place it may be ascribed to a particular, and

it may be a catholic, sense of communion with the soil. A poem such as Laurence Binyon's " Inheritance ", which forms the prologue to this anthology, is a distinctively English poem, and one which would not have been written by a foreign or an ancient poet in exactly the same way :

" O English earth  
'Mid the blown seas lying  
Green, green,  
When the birds come flying

" Out of the empty south  
To the old willow,  
Ash, thorn, chestnut—  
Boughs that they know . . . ."

It is this sense of mystic harmony between Man and Nature which forms the main theme of Wordsworth, who was perhaps the most English of all our poets :

" that blessed mood,  
In which the burthen of the mystery,  
In which the heavy and the weary weight  
Of all this unintelligible world  
Is lightened :— that serene and blessed mood,  
In which the affections gently lead us on,  
Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
And even the motion of our human blood  
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
In body, and become a living soul :  
While with an eye made quiet by the power  
Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
We see into the life of things. . . ."

A foreigner would notice also, on reading this anthology, that our treatment of Nature tends to be intimate rather than general, and that we deal frequently, not with the wide prospect of plain or mountain, but with small hedgerow events. It is interesting, for instance, to observe how our poets, when they treat of landscape, are apt to concentrate upon some sharp-lit incident, such as the church-spire which is caught by Tennyson's " wildly dashed sunbeam " or by Binyon's " shower-light ". The intimacy of our love

of Nature is thus emphasised, and differentiated from other forms of Nature-worship, by our constant preoccupation with tiny things. No other body of poetry can show such understanding of and interest in the smaller manifestations of Nature ; in wild-flowers, or in ordinary little birds. Robert Bridges' " The Idle Flowers", with its careful hedgerow catalogue, is a distinctively English poem ; nor could a stanza such as the following from Matthew Arnold's " Thyrsis " have arisen from any tradition other than our English tradition :

" Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go ?  
 Soon will the high Midsummer pomps come on,  
 Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,  
 Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,  
 Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,  
 And stocks in fragrant blow ;  
 Roses that down the alleys shine afar,  
 And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,  
 And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,  
 And the full moon, and the white evening star."

This, I suggest, is the first lesson that can be learnt from these pages, namely, the amazing continuity throughout all these centuries of a specific attitude towards Nature—an attitude which is more natural, more intimate, more mystical than can be found in the poetry of any other race.

There are other specific and continuous characteristics which the reader will notice. Our poetry is both the product and the creator of our national character. " What lay behind ", writes our present Poet Laureate,

" Was English character and mind,  
 Great kindness, delicate sweet feeling  
 (Most shy—most clever in concealing  
 Its depth) for beauty of all sorts,  
 Great manliness and love of sports,  
 A grave, wise thoughtfulness and truth,  
 A merry fun outlasting youth,  
 A courage terrible to see,  
 And mercy for his enemy."

The innate conservatism of the English temperament is fully represented. At moments it is perfectly harmless as when Wilfrid Scawen Blunt exclaims—

" I like the hunting of the hare ;  
 New sports I hold in scorn.  
 I like to be as my fathers were,  
 In the days ere I was born."

At other moments it reflects that self-satisfaction which jars upon the nerves of foreign observers, as in the complacency of Tennyson's too familiar lines on " sober-suited freedom ". There are moments also when our patriotism and our pride may strike the foreign observer as savouring of arrogance. Nobody can really enjoy the more boastful stanzas of Henley's " England " :

" 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 ? "

Nor do I feel that Thomas Campbell's patriotic verses are likely to make a very direct appeal, either to the foreign reader or to those Englishmen who have experienced two German wars :

" Men of England ! who inherit  
 Rights that cost your sires their blood !  
 Men whose undegenerate spirit  
 Has been\*proved on land and flood

By the foes ye've fought, uncounted,  
 By the glorious deeds ye've done,  
 Trophies captured—breaches mounted,  
 Navies conquered—kingdoms won ! "

The sympathetic or the careful reader would admit, however, that these moods of overweening pride are not constant moods. He would recognise, in Kipling's "For all we have and are", that deep dread of boastfulness which seventeen years before had inspired his "Recessional". He would observe that our patriotism is not nationalistic but is mingled, as in Coleridge's magnificent lines, with

" All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,  
 All adoration of the God in nature,  
 All lovely and all honourable things,  
 Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel  
 The joy and greatness of his future being."

He would notice how constant is our sense of both the dangers and the protection of the surrounding sea ; that moat which today, as in Shakespeare's time, preserves us "against the envy of less happier lands" ; that element which Edmund Waller, in six curious lines, defined as the natural element of all the English :

" Others may use the ocean as their road,  
 Only the English make it their abode,  
 Whose ready sails with ev'ry wind can fly,  
 And make a cov'nant with the inconstant sky  
 Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,  
 We tread on billows with a steady foot."

The observant reader would notice other things. He would detect an underlying sense of moral purpose, a recurrent note of modesty, a frequent tendency to understatement. And again and again he would hear the deep voice of responsibility which "to the open sea of the world's praise from dark antiquity hath flowed"—responsibility for the freedom of other men :

" We must be free or die, who speak the tongue  
 That Shakespeare spake ; the faith and morals hold  
 Which Milton held."

It is fitting indeed that this collection of poem, redolent of English happiness, so resonant with English pride, should be prefaced by the words uttered in 1942

## *INTRODUCTION*

xi

by General Smuts : " Glory has not departed from this land. . . . I speak of that inward glory, that splendour of the spirit, which has shone over this land from the soul of its people, and has been a beacon light to the oppressed and downtrodden peoples in this new martyrdom of man."

HAROLD NIGOLSON



## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

THE English Association is indebted to the following authors, authors' representatives, and publishers for permission to reprint the poems of which they control the copyright:

Mr. Richard Aldington and Messrs. Wm. Heinemann, Ltd.; Messrs. George Allen & Unwin, Ltd., for the poem from the *Poetical Works* of Lionel Johnson; the Hon. Herbert Asquith and Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.; the Hon. Maurice Baring; Mrs. George Bambridge, Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd., and the Oxford University Press for poems from *Rewards and Fairies*, *The Years Between*, and *A History of England*, by the late Rudyard Kipling; Messrs. Ernest Benn, Ltd., for the poem by the late Amy Levy; Mrs. Binyon for poems by the late Laurence Binyon; Mr. Edmund Blunden; the Executors of W. S. Blunt; Dr. F. S. Boas; Mr. Guy Boas; Mr. R. S. Clement Brown for the poem by Sir Owen Seaman; Mr. Ivor Brown; the Executors of T. E. Brown; Messrs. Jonathan Cape, Ltd., for the poem by Mary Webb; Sir Edmund K. Chambers; the Executrix of the late G. K. Chesterton and Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd., for poems from *The Collected Poems of G. K. Chesterton*; The Clarendon Press, Oxford, for poems from *The Shorter Poems of Robert Bridges*; Mrs. Frances Cornford; Miss Clemence Dane and Messrs. Wm. Heinemann, Ltd.; Mr. Walter de la Mare; Messrs. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd., for lines from Langland's *Piers Plowman*, modernised by Arthur Burrell; Mr. Alban Dobson and the Oxford University Press for the poem by Austin Dobson; the Early English Text Society for the text of their edition of *Hoccleve's Works*; Dr. Arundell Esdaile, Messrs. Grafton & Co., and *The Times*; Miss V. H. Friedlaender; Mr. Wilfrid Gibson; Mr. G. Rostrevor Hamilton; the Trustees of the Hardy Estate for poems from *Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy*; Messrs. Wm. Heinemann, Ltd., for poems by A. C. Swinburne; the Author's Executors for poems by

W. E. Henley ; Mr. A. P. Herbert ; Mr. H. S. Vere Hodge ; the Trustees of the Estate of the late A. E. Housman for permission to include two poems ; Mr. E. V. Knox ; Messrs. John Lane the Bodley Head Ltd. for the poem from *The Collected Poems of Margaret L. Woods* ; Messrs. Longmans Green & Co., Ltd., for the poem from *The Poetical Works of Andrew Lang* ; Mr. F. L. Lucas ; Mrs. Sylvia Lynd,\* Messrs. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., for poems from *The Poetical Works of W. S. Blunt*, from *Collected Poems* by T. E. Brown, and by P. G. Hamerton ; Miss Nancy McIntosh, for " Etiquette ", from *The Bab Ballads*, by Sir W. S. Gilbert ; Dr. L. Birkett Marshall for lines from Thomas Master's poem from *Rare Poems of the ijth Century* ; Mr. John Masefield for extracts from *Right Royal* and *Reynard the Fox*, and for " Vagabond ", from *Collected Poems of John Masefield* (Wm. Heinemann, Ltd.) ; Major George W. L. Meredith for poems by George Meredith ; Messrs. Methuen & Co., Ltd., for the lines from *The White Cliffs*, by Alice Duer Miller ; Mr. Wilfrid Meynell for poems by Alice Meynell and Francis Thompson ; Mr. A. A. Milne and *The Times* ; Mrs. Harold Monro and the Poetry Bookshop for the poem by Charlotte Mew ; Mrs. F. W. H. Myers for the poem by F. W. H. Myers ; Capt. Francis Newbolt for poems by the late Sir Henry Newbolt from *Poems New and Old*, published by Messrs. John Murray ; Mr. Philip B. B. Nichols for the poem by the late J. Bowyer Nichols ; Mr. Alfred Noyes and Messrs. Wm. Blackwood & Sons, Ltd. ; the Oxford University Press and the poet's family for poems by Gerard Manley Hopkins ; Professor V. de Sola Pinto and Messrs. Williams & Norgate, Ltd. ; the Proprietors of *Punch*, for poems by Mr. Hilton Brown, John MacCrae, Sir Owen Seaman, Miss Jan Struther, and Miss D. M. Stuart, also for "Night Bombers" and "The Death of a Zeppelin", published anonymously ; Messrs. Putnam & Co., Ltd., for the poem by John MacCrae ; Miss Ruth Pitter and the Cresset Press ; Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch ; Miss Dorothy Una Ratcliffe and Country Life, Ltd. ; the Hon. V. Sackville-West ; Mr. Siegfried Sassoon ; The Scottish Text Society for their text of Dunbar's " London " ; Mr. Edward Shanks ; Mrs. E. Sidgwick for the poem by the late A. H. Sidgwick ;

## ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

xv

Messrs. Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd., for poems by Rupert Brooke, by John Drinkwater, and by E. Hilton Young ; Sir Osbert Sitwell and Messrs. Gerald Duckworth & Co., Ltd., ; the Society of Antiquaries for lines from *The Earthly Paradise* by William Morris ; Sir John Squire ; Mrs. M. H. Stephen for the lines from *Lapsus Calami* by J. K. Stephen ; Mr. James Walker ; Messrs. Frederick Warne & Co., Ltd., for the lines from *Preface to Nonsense Songs* by Edward Lear ; Mr. J. E. H. Wartnaby for the poem by the late E. V. Lucas ; Lady Watson for the poem by the late Sir William Watson ; Lt.-Comdr. Frederick B. Watt ; Mrs. G. M. P. Welby-Everard for the poem by the late Maurice Hewlett ; Mr. E. Hilton Young ; and Mr. Geoffrey Winthrop Young.



# CONTENTS

## PROLOGUE

	PAGE
Inheritance . . . . . <i>Laurence Binyon</i>	2

## COUNTRYSIDE

<b>A Charm (from <i>Rewards and Fairies</i>)</b>	<b>Rudyard Kipling</b>	5
Return of Spring (from <i>In Memoriam</i> )	<b>Lord Tennyson</b>	6
Tardy Spring . . . . .	<b>George Meredith</b>	6
Jolly Wat . . . . .	<b>Anonymous (c. 1500)</b>	7
Sweet Spring . . . . .	<b>Thomas Nashe</b>	9
The Milkmaid's Life	<b>Martin Parker</b>	9
Playmates . . . . .	<b>Sara Coleridge</b>	11
Yorkshire's Five . . . . .	<b>Dorothy Una*<i>Ratcliffe</i></b>	12
Corinna's Going A-Maying	<b>Robert Herrick</b>	13
Summer Rain (from <i>The Land</i> ) . . . . .	<b>V. Sackville-West</b>	15
The Idle Flowers . . . . .	<b>Robert Bridges</b>	15
Nurse's Song . . . . .	<b>William Blake</b>	18
Jack and Joan . . . . .	<b>Thomas Campion</b>	18
Help, Good Shepherd	<b>Ruth Pitter</b>	19
T o Meadows . . . . .	<b>Robert Herrick</b>	20
Rest . . . . .	<b>Margaret L. Woods</b>	21
The Upper Thames (from <i>Thyrsis</i> )	<b>Matthew Arnold</b>	22
The Beech and the Oak (from <i>Maid Marian</i> )	<b>Thomas Love Peacock</b>	24
Calpher Wood . . . . .	<b>F. L. Lucas</b>	24
Loveliest Village (from <i>The Deserted Village</i> )	<b>Oliver Goldsmith</b>	25
The Real Village (from <i>The Village</i> )	<b>George Crabbe</b>	26
Our Village . . . . .	<b>Thomas Hood</b>	28
South-West Wind in Autumn	<b>Arundell Esdaile</b>	30
Cambridgeshire . . . . .	<b>Frances Cornford</b>	31
St. Bee's Head . . . . .	<b>T. E. Brown</b>	32
Remembrances . . . . .	<b>John Clare</b>	33
The Winter Walk at Noon (from <i>The Task</i> ) . . . . .	<b>William Cowper</b>	35
The Darkling Thrush	<b>Thomas Hardy</b>	36
Weeping Dawn (from <i>The Song of the Plough</i> ) . . . . .	<b>Maurice Hewlett</b>	37
Tough Guy . . . . .	<b>Ivor Brown</b>	38
Upon Eckington Bridge, River Avon	<b>Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch</b>	39
Disappointment . . . . .	<b>Alexander Pope</b>	39

## TOWN

	PAGE
My Mother Cambridge (from <i>The Faerie Queene</i> ) . . . . .	<i>Edmund Spenser</i> 41
Duns Scotus's Oxford	<i>Gerard Manley Hopkins</i> 41
Lincoln (from <i>Polyolbion</i> ) . . . . .	<i>Michael Drayton</i> 42
Industry Triumphant (from <i>The Fleece</i> ) . . . . .	<i>John Dyer</i> 42
A Ballad of Bath . . . . .	<i>Algernon Charles Swinburne</i> 43
Brighton . . . . .	<i>F. W. H. Myers</i> 44
The River's Tale (from <i>A History of England</i> )	<i>Rudyard Kipling</i> 45
London . . . . .	<i>William Dunbar</i> 46
His Return to London	<i>Robert Herrick</i> 48
Description of a City Shower	<i>Jonathan Swift</i> 49
To whom to give the wall (from <i>Trivia</i> ) . . . . .	<i>John Gay</i> 50
Hampton Court (from <i>The Rape of the Lock</i> ) . . . . .	<i>Alexander Pope</i> 51
Strawberry Hill . . . . .	<i>William Pulteney, Earl of Bath</i> 52
Westminster Bridge (September 1802) . . . . .	<i>William Wordsworth</i> 52
Wherever men are gathered (from <i>The City of Dreadful Night</i> ) . . . . .	<i>James Thomson ("B. V")</i> 53
A London Plane Tree	<i>Amy Levy</i> 54
Chaucer's Thames (from <i>The Earthly Paradise</i> ) . . . . .	<i>William Morris</i> 54
The Ladies of St. James's	<i>Austin Dobson</i> 55
London Snow . . . . .	<i>Robert Bridges</i> 56
Down through the ancient Strand	<i>W.E. Henley</i> 57
November Blue . . . . .	<i>Alice Meynell</i> 60
Anticipations . . . . .	<i>E. V. Lucas</i> 60
Seagulls on the Serpentine	<i>Alfred Noyes</i> 61
Pastel . . . . .	<i>John Bowyer Nichols</i> 62
London (1940) . . . . .	<i>A. A. Milne</i> 62
Westminster (May 1941) . . . . .	<i>F. S. Boas</i> 63
Londoner . . . . .	<i>Hilton Brown</i> 63

## SPORT

A s I came b y . . . . .	<i>Anonymous (c. 1500)</i> 65
The King's Hunt . . . . .	<i>(c. 1520)</i> 65
Arscott of Tetcott . . . . .	<i>R. S. Hawker</i> 66
Young Reynard . . . . .	<i>George Meredith</i> 68
The Huntsman (from <i>Reynard the Fox</i> ) . . . . .	<i>John Masefield</i> 69
St. Valentine's Day . . . . .	<i>W. S. Blunt</i> 69

## CONTEXTS

xix

	PAGE
The Chaser's Gup (from <i>Right Royal</i> ) . . . . .	John Masefield . . . . . 70
The Old Squire . . . . .	W. S. Blunt . . . . . 72
Coursing (from <i>Polyolbion</i> ) . . . . .	Michael Drayton . . . . . 74
Heron and Falcon (from <i>The Falcon</i> ) . . . . .	Richard Lovelace . . . . . 75
The Angler's Wish (from <i>The Compleat Angler</i> ) . . . . .	Izaak Walton . . . . . 77
The Fisher's Life . . . . .	John Chalkhill . . . . . 78
The Lincolnshire Poacher . . . . .	Anonymous (18th cent.) . . . . . 79
Skating on Windermere (from <i>The Prelude</i> ) . . . . .	William Wordsworth . . . . . 80
The Old Hill-Climber . . . . .	Geoffrey Winthrop Young . . . . . 81
Eights (from <i>Jones's Wedding</i> ) . . . . .	Arthur Hugh Sidgwick . . . . . 81
Dangers of Football (from <i>Trivia</i> ) . . . . .	John Gay . . . . . 84
The Rugger Match . . . . .	Sir John Squire . . . . . 84
Cricket . . . . .	Reynell Cotton . . . . . 85
Ballade o f Cricket . . . . .	Andrew Lang . . . . . 86
A t Lord's . . . . .	Francis Thompson . . . . . 87
Chant Royal of Cricket . . . . .	H S. V. Hodge . . . . . 87

## WAR

Plea for a Navy . . . . .	Anonymous (1436) . . . . . 90
Agincourt . . . . .	Michael Drayton . . . . . 91
The Armada . . . . .	Lord Macaulay . . . . . 95
The "Revenge" . . . . .	Lord Tennyson . . . . . 98
The Death of Admiral Blake . . . . .	Sir Henry Newbolt . . . . . 103
Gibraltar . . . . .	W. S. Blunt . . . . . 104
Marlborough at Blenheim (from <i>The Campaign</i> ) . . . . .	Joseph Addison . . . . . 105
The "Arethusa" . . . . .	Prince Hoare . . . . . 105
Britain's Bulwarks . . . . .	Thomas Arne . . . . . 106
Battle o f the Baltic . . . . .	Thomas Campbell . . . . . 107
The Field of Waterloo (from <i>Childe Harold's Pilgrimage</i> ) . . . . .	Lord Byron . . . . . 109
Admirals All . . . . .	Sir Henry Newbolt . . . . . 112
Trafalgar Day . . . . .	George Meredith . . . . . 114
Wellington (from <i>Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington</i> ) . . . . .	Lord Tennyson . . . . . 115
Men who march away . . . . .	Thomas Hardy . . . . . 117
Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries . . . . .	A. E. Housman . . . . . 118
For all we have and are (from <i>The Tears Between</i> ) . . . . .	Rudyard Kipling . . . . . 118
Between Midnight and Morning . . . . .	Sir Owen Seaman . . . . . 119
The Soldier . . . . .	Rupert Brooke . . . . . 120

		PAGE
The Volunteer . . . . .	<i>Herbert Asquith</i>	120
The Death of the Zeppelin	<i>Anonymous</i>	121
War-Worker, 1916 . . . . .	<i>Arundell Esdaile</i>	121
Trafalgar Square, September 1917	<i>Robert Bridges</i> .	122
To a Bull-Dog . . . . .	<i>Sir John Squire</i>	122
I n Flanders Fields . . . . .	<i>John MacCrae</i> .	125
Night Bombers . . . . .	<i>Anonymous</i>	125
When the Plane dived (from <i>The Alert</i> ) .	<i>Wilfrid Gibson</i>	126
Mine-Sweepers . . . . .	<i>E. Hilton Young</i>	126
Soldier (1940) . . . . .	<i>Arundell Esdaile</i>	127
The Heap (from <i>The Alert</i> )	<i>Wilfrid Gibson</i>	127
The Bias . . . . .	<i>G. Rostrevor Hamilton</i> .	127
The Other Little Boats	<i>Edward Shanks</i>	128
On a Grave in Mesopotamia	<i>Anonymous</i>	129

## REFLECTION

Dear Country (from <i>The Faerie Queene</i> ) .	<i>Edmund Spenser</i>	130
The Lie . . . . .	<i>Sir Walter Raleigh</i>	130
A Farewell to Arms	<i>George Peek</i>	132
Sacred Religion (from <i>Musophilus</i> )	<i>Samuel Daniel</i> .	133
This England (from <i>Richard II</i> ) . . . . .	<i>William Shakespeare</i>	134
Growing i n grace . . . . .	<i>John Donne</i>	135
In Westminster Abbey	<i>Francis Beaumont</i>	136
A n Ocean Home . . . . .	<i>Edmund Waller.</i>	137
In the Cloister (from // <i>Penseroso</i> )	<i>John Milton</i>	137
Brave Tomb (from <i>Annus Mirabilis</i> )	<i>John Dryden</i>	138
Vain Glory (from <i>Elegy written in a Country Churchyard</i> ) . . . . .	<i>Thomas Gray</i> .	138
The Aspiring Scholar (from <i>The Vanity of Human Wishes</i> ) . . . . .	<i>Samuel Johnson</i>	139
To a Child of Quality	<i>Matthew Prior</i>	140
England, with all thy faults (from <i>The Task</i> ) . . . . .	<i>William Cowper</i>	141
The deep power of Joy (from <i>Tintern Abbey</i> ) . . . . .	<i>William Wordsworth</i> .	142
The Countryman in Exile		143
The Heritage of Freedom		144
Dear Britain, Mother Isle (from <i>Fears in Solitude</i> ) . . . . .	<i>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</i>	144
England . . . . .	<i>Archbishop Trench</i>	145
Letty's Globe . . . . .	<i>Charles Tennyson-Turner</i>	145
Sober-suited Freedom	<i>Lord Tennyson</i> .	146
Home-Thoughts, from Abroad	<i>Robert Browning</i>	147

# CONTENTS

XXI

		PAGE
Home-Thoughts, from the Sea	<i>Robert Browning</i>	147
The fair Brass . . . . .	<i>Robert Bridges</i>	148
Pro Rege Nostro . . . . .	<i>W.E.Henley</i>	<b>149</b>
Old Shepherd's Prayer	<i>Charlotte Mew</i>	151
I n the Train . . . . .	<i>Vivian de Sola Pinto</i>	
Vale . . . . .	<i>Maurice Baring</i>	153
Vagabond . . . . .	<i>John Masefield</i>	154
Testament . . . . .	<i>V. Sackville-West</i>	155
The Map . . . . .	<i>James Walker</i>	155
Fancy's Knell . . . . .	<i>A. E. Housman</i>	155

## HUMOUR

The Friar (from <i>The Canterbury Tales</i> )	<i>Geoffrey Chaucer</i>	157
Tavern Scene (from <i>Piers Plowman</i> )	<i>William Langland</i>	158
The Court of Fame (from <i>Garlande of Laurell</i> ) . . . . .	<i>John Skelton</i>	160
Honest Tradesmen (from <i>The Steele Glass</i> )	<i>George Gascoigne</i>	162
A Bore (from <i>The Satires</i> ) . . . . .	<i>John Donne</i>	163
On the University Carrier	<i>John Milton</i>	164
Religion of Hudibras (from <i>Hudibras</i> )	<i>Samuel Butler</i>	165
Charles II . . . . .	<i>Andrew Marvell</i>	166
The Tragedy of Wit (Prologue to <i>Aureng-Zebe</i> ) . . . . .	<i>John Dryden</i>	166
The English Breed (from <i>The True-Born Englishman</i> ) . . . . .	<i>Daniel Defoe</i>	167
Sir Balaam (from <i>Moral Essays</i> ) . . . . .	<i>Alexander Pope</i>	169
A Happy Land (from <i>The Ghost</i> )	<i>Charles Churchill</i>	171
John Bull (from <i>The Search after Happiness</i> )	<i>Sir Walter Scott</i>	171
"England! with all thy faults . . ."		
(from <i>Don Juan</i> ) . . . . .	<i>Lord Byron</i>	172
No! . . . . .	<i>Thomas Hood</i>	<b>173</b>
Mr. Lear . . . . .	<i>Edward Lear</i>	174
The blessed Bell (from <i>Beer</i> )	<i>C. S. Calverley</i>	175
Etiquette . . . . .	<i>Sir W. S. Gilbert</i>	175
A Political Allegory	<i>J. K. Stephen</i>	179
The Englishman . . . . .	<i>G. K. Chesterton</i>	181
How they do it (Sir Henry Newbolt)	<i>Sir John Squire</i>	182
The Emigrant's Return	<i>Hilton Brown</i>	183
Old Mrs. Hague . . . . .	<i>Sir Osbert Sitwell</i>	184
The Englishman (A Very Patriotic Song)	<i>A. P. Herbert</i>	186
To Mrs. Gamp in Elysium	<i>Dorothy Margaret Stuart</i>	188
To a London Typist, 1940	<i>Guy Boas</i>	189

## ART

*Poets*

	PAGE
Death of Chaucer (from <i>The Regiment of Princes</i> ) . . . . .	<b>Thomas Hoccleve</b> 191
Edmund Spenser (from <i>The Purple Island</i> )	<b>Phineas Fletcher</b> 191
Christopher Marlowe . . . . .	<b>Algernon Charles Swinburne</b> 192
I like to think of Shakespeare . . . . .	<b>Sir E. K. Chambers</b> 193
An Ode for Ben Jonson . . . . .	<b>Robert Herrick</b> . 193
Milton (An Ode) . . . . .	<b>Laurence Binyon</b> 194
Pope and Dryden (from <i>English Bards and Scotch Reviewers</i> ) . . . . .	<b>Lord Byron</b> 195
Cowper at Olney . . . . .	<b>Sylvia Lynd</b> 196
To William Wordsworth . . . . .	<b>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</b> 197
<b>Death of Byron (from <i>Memorial Verses</i>)</b> .	<b>Matthew Arnold</b> 198
Ah, did you once see Shelley plain . . . . .	<b>Robert Browning</b> 198
<b>Keats's Immortality (from <i>Adonais</i>)</b> . .	<b>Percy Bysshe Shelley</b> 199
Death of Tennyson . . . . .	<b>Sir William Watson</b> 201
Early Spring and Thomas Hardy . . . . .	<b>V. H. Friedlaender</b> 202
In Memory of Wilfred Owen . . . . .	<b>Richard Aldington</b> 203
Lascelles Abercrombie . . . . .	<b>Wilfrid Gibson</b> 203

*Painting, Architecture, Sculpture*

Christ Church Cathedral Windows, Oxford . . . . .	<b>Anonymous (17th cent.)</b> 204
Sir John Vanbrugh . . . . .	<b>Abel Evans</b> 205
<b>Sir Joshua Reynolds (from <i>Retaliation</i>)</b> .	<b>Oliver Goldsmith</b> 205
Sir Joshua Reynolds's Painted Window at New College, Oxford . . . . .	<b>Thomas War ton</b> 205
The Three Parts of Painting (from <i>On Arts and Artists</i> ) . . . . .	<b>William Blake</b> . 207
<b>Newton's Statue (from <i>The Prelude</i>)</b> . .	<b>William Wordsworth</b> . 208
King's College Chapel . . . . .	" 208
Peele Castle in a Storm . . . . .	" 209
<b>Lindisfarne Abbey (from <i>Marmion</i>)</b> . .	<b>Sir Walter Scott</b> 210
To the Artists called P.R.B. . . . .	<b>William Bell Scott</b> 211
<b>Turner</b> . . . . .	<b>Philip Gilbert Hamerton</b> 211
In St. Paul's a While Ago . . . . .	<b>Thomas Hardy</b> 212
By the Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross . . . . .	<b>Lionel Johnson</b> . 213

# CONTENTS

xxiii

	PAGE
He carved in stone (from <i>The Carver in Stone</i> ) . . . . .	<b>John Drinkwater</b> 215
Viroconium . . . . .	<b>Mary Webb</b> 216

## Music

A Song to the Lute in Music . . . . .	<b>Richard Edwardes</b> 217
To a Friend in Praise of Music and Poetry . . . . .	<b>Richard Barnfield</b> 218
When to her lute Corinna sings . . . . .	<b>Thomas Campion</b> 218
English Musical Instruments (from <i>Poly-olbion</i> ) . . . . .	<b>Michael Drayton</b> 219
Music for the Morris Dance (from <i>Thomas Morley's Madrigals</i> ) . . . . .	<b>Anonymous (16th cent.)</b> 219
Lutestrings Cat-eaten . . . . .	<b>Thomas Master</b> 220
To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Airs . . . . .	<b>John Milton</b> 221
On the Death of Mr. Purcell . . . . .	<b>John Dryden</b> 221
<b>Christmas Music (from <i>On Christmas Day</i>)</b> . . . . .	<b>Thomas Traherne</b> 222
<b>Polite Music (from <i>Harlequin-Horace</i>)</b> . . . . .	<b>James Miller</b> 223
<b>The Eolian Harp</b> . . . . .	<b>Samuel Taylor Coleridge</b> 224
The Organist in Heaven . . . . .	<b>7*. E. Brown</b> 225
<b>Henry Purcell</b> . . . . .	<b>Gerard Manley Hopkins</b> 226
Concert Party . . . . .	<b>Siegfried Sassoon</b> 227
The little Dancers . . . . .	<b>Laurence Binyon</b> 227
Betsinda Dances . . . . .	<b>Jan Struther</b> 228

## CHARACTER

Boadicea . . . . .	<b>William Cowper</b> 230
The Roman Centurion's Song (from <i>A History of England</i> ) . . . . .	<b>Rudyard Kipling</b> 231
<b>King Canute</b> . . . . .	<b>William Makepeace Thackeray</b> 233
Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne (from <i>Percy's Reliques</i> ) . . . . .	<b>Anonymous (14th cent.)</b> 237
The patient Griseld (from <i>The Canterbury Tales</i> ) . . . . .	<b>Geoffrey Chaucer</b> 242
<b>Hie Parson (from <i>The Canterbury Tales</i>)</b> . . . . .	" 242
God save King Harry . . . . .	<b>Anonymous (1413)</b> 244
<b>A Queen's Faith (from <i>Will Shakespeare</i>)</b> . . . . .	<b>Clemence Dane</b> 246
Drake's Chair . . . . .	<b>Abraham Cowley</b> 247
To the Lord General . . . . .	<b>John Milton</b> 249
The Song of the Western Men . . . . .	<b>R. S. Hawker</b> 249
The Country Member (from <i>Epistle to his Cousin</i> ) . . . . .	<b>John Dryden</b> 250

	PAGE
Happy Britannia (from <i>The Traveller</i> ) . . . . .	James Thomson 251
The Independent Briton . . . . .	Oliver Goldsmith 253
The Little Vagabond . . . . .	William Blake . 253
The Widow Goe (from <i>The Parish Register</i> )	George Crabbe . 254
Men of England . . . . .	Thomas Campbell 255
The Happy Warrior . . . . .	William Wordsworth 256
Nelson and Pitt (from <i>Marmion</i> ) . . . . .	Sir Walter Scott 258
The Vicar . . . . .	Winthrop Machworth 259
	<i>Præd</i>
Fight on (Epilogue to <i>Asolando</i> ) . . . . .	Robert Browning 262
Wanderers . . . . .	C. S. Calverley 263
Juggling Jerry . . . . .	George Meredith 264
The Englishman . . . . .	Walter de la Mare 267
If——(from <i>Rewards and Fairies</i> ) . . . . .	Rudyard Kipling 270
Through American Eyes (from <i>The White Cliffs</i> ) . . . . .	Alice Duer Miller 271
England that shall be (from <i>Who Dare to Live</i> ) . . . . .	Frederick B. Watt 271

## EPILOGUE

The English Graves . . . . .	G. K. Chesterton 272
NOTES . . . . .	273
INDEX OF AUTHORS . . . . .	281
INDEX OF FIRST LINES . . . . .	291

*Many of England's ancient monuments are damaged or gone for ever. The blitz has passed over cities, ports, churches, temples, humble homes and palaces, Houses of Parliament and Law Courts. Irreplaceable treasures of a thousand years of almost uninterrupted progress and culture and peaceful civilisation have disappeared for ever. Much is gone which is lost for ever.*

*But one thing is not lost—one thing, the most precious of all, remains and has rather increased. For what will it profit a nation if it wins the world and loses its soul? The soul remains, Glory has not departed from this land. I speak not of outward glory, of what your Gallic neighbours call "la Gloire" . / speak rather of that inward glory, that splendour of the spirit, which has shone over this land from the soul of its people, and has been a beacon light to the oppressed and downtrodden peoples in this new martyrdom of man.*

*General Smuts*

## PROLOGUE

### INHERITANCE

I

To a bare blue hill  
Wings an old thought roaming,  
At a random touch  
Of memory homing.

The first of England  
These eyes to fill  
Was the lifted head  
Of that proud hill.

As lion-fronted  
Alone it warded  
The vale, and the far  
Bright West regarded.

Who knows what wells  
Are a child's unthinking  
Eyes ? What skies  
Thro' the clear of them sinking

Have for ever coloured  
A mind that springs  
From buried hope, dumb prayer,  
Prized small things

Precious to dust that once  
Throbbled in hearts, now  
Grumbled, where ignorant  
Passes the plough ?

II

I have walked by streams  
In shadowy places

## *PROLOGUE*

Where wild-rose June  
With the moon embraces,

And smelt the magic  
Of dew-drenched herbs  
In a hush that trances,  
Delights, disturbs.

I have roamed in a frail mist's  
Filtered gold  
The Downs, so cleanly  
And smooth and old.

I know how the shower-light  
Touches gray spires  
In the slumbrous bosom  
Of the elmy shires ;

And lying on warm thyme  
Watched at the sheer  
Black cliff the grand wave  
Lunge and rear,

When the whole Atlantic  
Amassed recoils,  
And in indolent thunder  
Bursts and boils.

I have followed the Romans'  
Wall that wound  
Over lone moors, leaving  
The Druid mound

In the secret hills  
Where the lost race lies,  
Dreaming the dream  
That the world denies ;

A dream that the voices  
Of England have sung,  
That is born in the blood  
And the eyes of the young.

## ENGLAND

*ill*

O English earth  
'Mid the blown seas lying  
Green, green,  
When the birds come flying

Out of the empty south  
To the old willow,  
Ash, thorn, chestnut—  
Boughs that they know—

Sweet, sweet, sweet to be  
Back in May bowers  
When the grass grows tall  
Round the English flowers.

O the light on tost clouds  
As you take to your breast  
Your stormy lover,  
The strong South-West,

That breathes a wild whisper  
In youth's thrilled ear,  
Of strange things, of far things,  
Of glory and fear !

But the things that are dearest  
You have told them never ;  
They are deep in our veins  
For ever and ever ;

They come over the mind  
When the world's noise is still  
As to me comes the vision  
Of one blue hill,

Beautiful, dark,  
And solitary,  
The first of England  
That spoke to me.

*Laurence Binyon*

# COUNTRYSIDE

## A CHARM

TAKE of English earth as much  
As either hand may rightly clutch.  
In the taking of it breathe  
Prayer for all who lie beneath—  
Not the great nor well-bespoke,  
But the mere uncounted folk  
Of whose life and death is none  
Report or lamentation.

Lay that earth upon thy heart,  
And thy sickness shall depart !

It shall sweeten and make whole  
Fevered breath and festered soul ;  
It shall mightily restrain  
Over-busied hand and brain ;  
It shall ease thy mortal strife  
'Gainst the immortal woe of life,  
Till thyself restored shall prove  
By what grace the Heavens do move.

Take of English flowers these—  
Spring's full-faced primroses,  
Summer's wild wide-hearted rose,  
Autumn's wallflower of the close,  
And, thy darkness to illumine,  
Winter's bee-thronged ivy-bloom.  
Seek and serve them where they bide  
From Candlemas to Christmas-tide.

For these simples used aright  
Can restore a failing sight.

These shall cleanse and purify  
Webbed and inward-turning eye ;  
These shall show thee treasure hid,  
Thy familiar fields amid,

## ENGLAND

At thy threshold, on thy hearth,  
Or about thy daily path ;  
And reveal (which is thy need)  
Every man a King indeed.

*Rudyard Kipling*

## RETURN OF SPRING

Now fades the last long streak of snow,  
Now burgeons every maze of quick  
About the flowering squares, and thick  
By ashen roots the violets blow.

Now rings the woodland loud and long,  
The distance takes a lovelier hue,  
And drown'd in yonder living blue  
The lark becomes a sightless song.

Now dance the lights on lawn and lea,  
The flocks are whiter down the vale,  
And milkier every milky sail  
On winding stream or distant sea ;

Where now the seamew pipes, or dives  
In yonder greening gleam, and fly  
The happy birds, that change their sky  
To build and brood ; that live their lives

From land to land ; and in my breast  
Spring wakens too ; and my regret  
Becomes an April violet,  
And buds and blossoms like the rest.

*Lord Tennyson*

## TARDY SPRING

Now hill to hill has made the stride,  
And distance waves the without end :  
Now in the breast a door flings wide ;  
Our farthest smiles, our next is friend.

And song of England's rush of flowers  
 Is this full breeze with mellow stops,  
 That spins the lark for shine, for showers ;  
 He drinks his hurried flight, and drops.  
 The stir in memory seem these things,  
 Which out of moistened turf and clay,  
 Astrain for light push patient rings,  
 Or leap to find the waterway.  
 'T is equal to a wonder done,  
 Whatever simple lives renew  
 Their tricks beneath the father sun,  
 As though they caught a broken clue :  
 So hard was earth an eyewink back ;  
 But now the common life has come,  
 The blotting cloud a dappled pack,  
 The grasses one vast underhum. . . .

George Meredith

## JOLLY WAT

*Can I not sing but " Hoy ",  
 Whan the joly shepard made so much joy ?*

The shepard upon a hill he sat ;  
 He had on him his tabard<sup>1</sup> and his hat,  
 His tarbox,<sup>2</sup> his pipe and his flagat;<sup>2</sup>  
 His name was called Joly Joly Wat,  
 For he was a gud herdes boy.  
 Ut hoy !  
 For in his pipe he made so much joy.

The shepard upon a hill was laid ;  
 His dog unto his girdell was taid ;  
 He had not slept but a litill braid,  
**But** *Gloria in excelsis* was to him said.

Ut hoy !  
 For in his pipe he made so much joy.

<sup>1</sup> *tabard*: sleeveless coat.

<sup>2</sup> *tarbox*: box of salve for'sheep.

<sup>3</sup> *flagat* : flask.

## ENGLAND

The shepard on a hill he stode ;  
 Round about him his shepe they yode ;<sup>1</sup>  
 He put his hand under his hode,  
 He saw a star as rede as blode.

Ut hoy !

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

The shepard said anon right,  
 " I will go see yon ferly<sup>2</sup> sight,  
 Whereas the angel singeth on hight,  
 And the star that shineth so bright."

Ut hoy !

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

" Now farewell, Mall, and also Will !  
 For my love go ye all still  
 Unto I cum again you till,  
 And evermore, Will, ring well thy bell."

Ut hoy !

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

" Now must I go there Crist was born ;  
 Farewell ! I cum again to-morn.  
 Dog, kepe well my shepe from the corn,  
 And warn well ' Warroke' when I blow my horn ! "

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

When Wat to Bedlem cumen was,  
 He swet, he had gone faster than a pace ;  
 He found Jesu in a simpell place,  
 Between an ox but and an asse.

Ut hoy !

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

" Jesu, I offer to thee here my pipe,  
 My skirt, my tarbox, and my scrip ;  
 Home to my felowes now will I skip,  
 And also look unto my shepe."

Ut hoy!

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

<sup>1</sup> yode : went.

<sup>2</sup> faly ' wonderful.

" Now farewell, mine owne herdesman Wat ! "—

" Yea, for God, lady, even so I hat;<sup>1</sup>

Lull well Jesu in thy lap,

And farewell, Joseph, with thy round cap ! "

Ut hoy !

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

" Now may I well both hope and sing,

For I have been at Cristes bering ;

Home to my felowes now will I fling.

Crist of heven to his bliss us bring ! "

Ut hoy !

For in his pipe he made so much joy.

*Anonymous (c. 1500)*

### SWEET SPRING

SPRING, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king ;

Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,

Gold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing :

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

The palm and may make country houses gay,

Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,

And we hear aye birds tune this merry lay :

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

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,

Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit ;

In every street these tunes our ears do greet :

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

Spring, the sweet spring !

*Thomas Nashe*

### THE MILKMAID'S LIFE

You rural goddesses,

That woods and fields possess,

Assist me with your skill

That may direct my quill

<sup>1</sup> *hat* : am called.

## ENGLAND

More jocundly to express  
The mirth and delight,  
Both morning and night,  
On mountain or in dale,  
Of those who choose  
This trade to use,  
And through cold dews  
Do never refuse  
To carry the milking pail.

The bravest lasses gay  
Live not so merry as they ;  
In honest civil sort  
They make each other sport,  
As they trudge on their way,  
Come fair or foul weather,  
They're fearful of neither—  
Their courages never quail ;  
In wet and dry,  
Though winds be high  
And dark's the sky,  
They ne'er deny  
To carry the milking pail.

Their hearts are free from care,  
They never will despair ;  
Whatever may befall,  
They bravely bear out all,  
And Fortune's frowns outdare.  
They pleasantly sing  
To welcome the spring—  
'Gainst Heaven they never rail ;  
If grass will grow,  
Their thanks they show ;  
And, frost or snow,  
They merrily go  
Along with the milking pail.

But idleness they do scorn,  
They rise very early i' th' morn

## COUNTRYSIDE

n

And walk into the field,  
Where pretty birds do yield  
Brave music on every thorn ;  
The linnet and thrush  
Do sing on each bush,  
And the dulcet nightingale  
Her note doth strain  
In a jocund vein  
To entertain  
That worthy train  
Which carry the milking pail

Upon the first of May,  
With garlands fresh and gay,  
With mirth and music sweet,  
For such a season meet,  
They pass their time away ;  
They dance away sorrow  
And all the day thorow  
Their legs do never fail ;  
They nimblely  
Their feet do ply  
And bravely try  
The victory  
In honour o' th' milking pail.

*Martin Parker*

## PLAYMATES

WHEN Herbert's Mama was a slim little Maid,  
And lived among Waterfalls, Mountains and Lakes,  
With Edith her cousin, she rambled and played  
And both of them gardened with spades and with rakes.  
Sweet Edith was fair as the lilies and pearls,  
And swift as the tender Gazelle's were her feet,  
And over her forehead the small silken curls  
Waved yellow and light as the clusters of wheat.

A wood full of harebells was close to their home,  
It led to a river all broken with rocks :

## ENGLAND

They lov'd o'er the thyme and the heather to roam,  
 'Mid bracken and brambles they ruined their frocks ;  
 They tucked up their trowsers to paddle and wade,  
 And washed their dolls' clothes in the water so cold ;  
 They wove pretty garlands within the cool shade—  
 Their May-Pole was beauteous indeed to behold.

In winter they put on their great wooden clogs,  
 And down to the lake with young Derwent they ran ;  
 The sun having chased all the vapours and fogs,  
 Their sport on the ice in high glee they began.  
 In summer they gathered the primroses pale,  
 And filled little baskets with fruit and with flowers ;  
 To make primrose wine and their friends to regale  
 Was one of their pleasures in summer's gay hours.

With Dora and Mary they went to the grove  
 And picked purple bilberries near the bright lake ;  
 They oft with each other in gathering strove—  
 An excellent pie did their bilberries make.  
 They frequently sat on the bough of a tree,  
 And climbed to the top of a very high beech ;  
 They sought for the foxgloves and O with what glee  
 They gathered the globe-flowers that grow within reach.  
*Sara Coleridge*

## YORKSHIRE'S FIVE

(Aire, Wharfe, Nidd, Ure, and Swale)

WHEN I'se been by Tiber an' when I'se been by Seine,  
 Hearkenin' theer messages, I lang to hear again  
 Secrets of home watters, born amang moor-sedges,  
 Fallin' doon like sparklin' ale ower steean ridges.

When I'se been by Danube, an' when I'se been by Rhine,  
 A-listenin' theer tidings, my homin' heart would pine  
 For music of my own becks at spring 'mang boggy peat,  
 Wheer lapwing cry and moorlark lift prayers so pure an'  
 sweet.

Missouri an' St. Lawrence, Volga an' Thames an' Dee,  
 All on' em are varra fine, but niwer t'same to me  
 As rivers 'at are singin' wheer my father's tongue prevails,  
 A-crinklin' an' a-cranklin' doon my forsaken dales.

*Dorothy Una Ratcliffe*

### CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

GET up, get up for shame i The blooming morn  
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorn :

See how Aurora throws her fair  
 Fresh-quilted colours through the air :  
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see  
 The dew bespangling herb and tree !

Each flower has wept and bowed toward the east,  
 Above an hour since, yet you not drest,

Nay, not so much as out of bed ?  
 When all the birds have matins said,  
 And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,  
 Nay, profanation, to keep in,

Whenas a thousand virgins on this day  
 Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen  
 To come forth like the spring-time fresh and green,

And sweet as Flora. Take no care  
 For jewels for your gown or hair :  
 Fear not ; the leaves will strew  
 Gems in abundance upon you :

Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,  
 Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.

Come, and receive them while the light  
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night,  
 And Titan on the eastern hill  
 Retires himself, or else stands still

Till you come forth I Wash, dress, be brief in praying :  
 Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and coming, mark  
 How each field turns a street, each street a park,  
 Made green and trimmed with trees ! see how  
 Devotion gives each house a bough

Or branch ! each porch, each door, ere this,  
 An ark, a tabernacle is,  
 Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove,  
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.  
 Can such delights be in the street  
 And open fields, and we not see't ?  
 Come, we'll abroad : and let's obey  
 The proclamation made for May,  
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying,  
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl this day,  
 But is got up and gone to bring in May.  
 A deal of youth ere this is come  
 Back and with white-thorn laden home.  
 Some have despatched their cakes and cream,  
 Before that we have left to dream :  
 And some have wept and wooed, and plighted troth,  
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :  
 Many a green-gown has been given,  
 Many a kiss, both odd and even :  
 Many a glance too has been sent  
 From out the eye, love's firmament :  
 Many a jest told of the keys betraying  
 This night, and locks picked : yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,  
 And take the harmless folly of the time !  
 We shall grow old apace, and die  
 Before we know our liberty.  
 Our life is short, and our days run  
 As fast away as does the sun :  
 And as a vapour, or a drop of rain  
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again,  
 So when or you or I are made  
 A fable, song, or fleeting shade,  
 All love, all liking, all delight,  
 Lies drowned with us in endless night.  
 Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,  
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

*Robert Herrick*

## SUMMER RAIN

Now be you thankful, who in England dwell,  
That to the starving trees and thirsty grass  
Even at summer's height come cloudy fleets  
Moist from the wastes of the Atlantic swell,  
To spill their rain, and pass,  
While fields renew their sweets.  
Not as the Arab watches in despair  
The scannel promise of his harvest parch  
Even before the sun climbs high in March  
And only dust-motes dim the scorching air.  
Such arid months as only exiles know,  
With longing for the smell of English rains,  
Some drops to lay the dust, some shower to stir  
The earthy redolence of soaking loam,  
Some saddening of the sky before the shower,  
Some dew to hold a footprint for an hour ;  
When through the stones the lizard and the snake  
Rustle their brittle length, and crickets chirr  
Day after day, and broom-pods crackling break,  
Scavenger kites hang waiting for the dead  
Over the old and solitary ram,  
And the mule picks his way up the dried river-bed,—  
This know, and know then how the heart can ache  
With pining for the woods and clouds of home.

V. *Sackville-West*

## THE IDLE FLOWERS

I HAVE sown upon the fields  
Eyebright and Pimpernel  
And Pansy and Poppy-seed  
Ripen'd and scatter'd well,

And silver Lady-smock  
The meads with light to fill,  
Cowslip and Buttercup,  
Daisy and Daffodil ;

## ENGLAND

Kingcup and Fleur-de-lys  
Upon the marsh to meet  
With Comfrey, Watermint  
Loose-strife and Meadowsweet

And all along the stream  
My care hath not forgot'  
Crowfoot's white galaxy  
And love's Forget-me-not :

And where high grasses wave  
Shall great Moon-daisies blink,  
With Rattle and Sorrel sharp  
And Robin's ragged pink.

Thick on the woodland floor  
Gay company shall be,  
Primrose and Hyacinth  
And frail Anemone,

Perennial Strawberry-bloom,  
Woodsorrels pencilled veil,  
Dishevel'd Willow-weed  
And Orchis purple and pale,

Bugle, that blushes blue,  
And Woodruff's snowy gem,  
Proud Foxglove's finger-bells  
And Spurge with milky stem.

High on the Downs so bare,  
Where thou dost love to climb,  
Pink Thrift and Milkwort are,  
Lotus and scented Thyme ;

And in the shady lanes  
Bold Arum's hood of green,  
Herb Robert, Violet,  
Starwort and Celandine ;

And by the dusty road  
Bedstraw and Mullein tall,

## *COUNTRYSIDE*

With red Valerian  
And Toadflax on the wall.

Yarrow and Chicory,  
That hath for hue no like,  
Silene and Mallow mild  
And Agrimony's spike,

Blue-eyed Veronicas  
And grey-faced Scabious  
And downy Silverweed  
And striped Convolvulus :

Harebell shall haunt the banks,  
And thro' the hedgerow peer  
Withwind and Snapdragon  
And Nightshade's flower of fear.

And where men never sow,  
Have I my Thistles set,  
Ragwort and stiff Wormwood,  
And straggling Mignonette,

Bugloss and Burdock rank  
And prickly Teasel high,  
With Umbels yellow and white,  
That come to kexes dry.

Pale Chlora shalt thou find,  
Sun-loving Centaury,  
Cranesbill and Sinjunwort,  
Cinquefoil and Betony :

Shock-headed Dandelion,  
That drank the fire of the Sun ;  
Hawkweed and Marigold,  
Cornflower and Campion.

Let Oak and Ash grow strong,  
Let Beech her branches spread,

Let Crass and Barley throng  
And waving Wheat for bread ;

Be share and sickle bright  
To labour at all hours ;  
For thee and thy delight  
I have made the idle flowers.

*Robert Bridges*

### NURSE'S SONG

WHEN the voices of children are heard on the green,  
And laughing is heard on the hill,  
My heart is at rest within my breast,  
And everything else is still.

" Then come home, my children, the sun is gone down,  
And the dews of night arise ;  
Come, come, leave off play, and let us away  
Till the morning appears in the skies."

" No, no, let us play, for it is yet day,  
And we cannot go to sleep ;  
Besides, in the sky the little birds fly,  
And the hills are all covered with sheep."

" Well, well, go and play till the light fades away,  
And then go home to bed."  
The little ones leaped and shouted and laugh'd  
And all the hills echoed.

*William Blake*

### JACK AND JOAN

JACK and Joan they think no ill,  
But loving live and merry still ;  
Do their week-days' work and pray  
Devoutly on the holy day ;

Skip and trip it on the green,  
 And help to choose the Summer Queen ;  
 Lash out at a country feast  
 Their silver penny with the best.

Well can they judge of nappy ale,  
 And tell at large a winter tale ;  
 Climb up to the apple loft  
 And turn the crabs till they be soft.  
 Tib is all the father's joy,  
 And little Tom the mother's boy.  
 All their pleasure is Content;  
 And care to pay their yearly rent.

Joan can call by name her cows,  
 And deck her windows with green boughs ;  
 She can wreaths and tuttyes make,  
 And trim with plums a bridal cake.  
 Jack knows what brings gain or loss,  
 And his long flail can stoutly toss ;  
 Makes the hedge which others break,  
 And ever thinks what he doth speak.

Now you courtly dames and knights,  
 That study only strange delights,  
 Though you scorn the home-spun gray  
 And revel in your rich array,  
 Though your tongues dissemble deep  
 And can your heads from danger keep,  
 Yet, for all your pomp and train,  
 Securer lives the silly swain.

*Thomas Campion*

#### HELP, GOOD SHEPHERD

TURN not aside, Shepherd, to see  
 How bright the constellations are,  
 Hanging in heaven, or on the tree ;  
 The sky-born or terrestrial star

<sup>1</sup> *tuttyes* : nose-gays.

## ENGLAND

Brood not upon ; the waters fleet,  
Willows, or thy crown-destined thorn,  
Full of her rubies, as is meet,  
Or whitening in the eye of morn,

Pause not beside : shepherds' delight,  
The pipe and tabor in the vale,  
And mirthful watchfires of a night,  
And herdsman's rest in wattled pale,

Forsake, though dearly earned : and still  
Sound with thy crook the darkling flood,  
Still range the sides of shelvy hill  
And call about in underwood :

For on the hill are many strayed,  
Some held in thickets plunge and cry,  
And the deep waters make us afraid.  
Come then and help us, or we die.

*Ruth Fitter*

## TO MEADOWS

YE have been fresh and green,  
Ye have been filled with flowers.  
And ye the walks have been  
Where maids have spent their hours.

You have beheld how they  
With wicker arks did come  
To kiss and bear away  
The richer cowslips home.

You've heard them sweetly sing,  
And seen them in a round :  
Each virgin like a spring,  
With honeysuckles crowned.

But now we see none here  
 Whose silvery feet did tread  
 And with dishevelled hair  
 Adorned this smoother mead.

Like unthrifths, having spent  
 Your stock and needy grown,  
 You're left here to lament  
 Your poor estates, alone.

*Robert Herrick*

### REST

To spend the long warm days  
 Silent beside the silent-stealing streams,  
 To see, not gaze,  
 To hear, not listen, thoughts exchanged for dreams :

See clouds that slowly pass  
 Trailing their shadows o'er the far faint down,  
 And ripening grass,  
 While yet the meadows wear their starry crown.

To hear the breezes sigh  
 Cool in the silver leaves like falling rain,  
 Pause and go by,  
 Tired wanderers o'er the solitary plain :

See far from all affright  
 Shy river creatures play hour after hour,  
 And night by night  
 Low in the West the white moon's folding flower.

Thus lost to human things,  
 To blend at last with Nature and to hear  
 What song she sings  
 Low to herself when there is no one near.

*Margaret L. Woods*

## THE UPPER THAMES

How changed is here each spot man makes or fills !  
 In the two Hinkseys nothing keeps the same ;  
 The village street its haunted mansion lacks,  
 And from the sign is gone Sibylla's name,  
 And from the roofs the twisted chimney-stacks—  
 Are ye too changed, ye hills ?  
 See, 'tis no foot of unfamiliar men  
 Tonight from Oxford up your pathway strays !  
 Here came I often, often, in old days—  
 Thyrsis and I ; we still had Thyrsis then.

Runs it not here, the track by Ghildsworth Farm,  
 Past the high wood, to where the elm tree crowns  
 The hill behind whose ridge the sunset flames ?  
 The signal-elm, that looks on Ilsley Downs,  
 The Vale, the three lone weirs, the youthful Thames ?  
 This winter-eve is warm,  
 Humid the air ! leafless, yet soft as spring,  
 The tender purple spray on copse and briers !  
 And that sweet city with her dreaming spires,  
 She needs not June for beauty's heightening.

Too rare, too rare, grow now my visits here,  
 But once I knew each field, each flower, each stick ;  
 And with the country-folk acquaintance made  
 By barn in threshing-time, by new-built rick.  
 Here, too, our shepherd pipes we first assayed.  
 Ah me ! this many a year  
 My pipe is lost, my shepherd's-holiday !  
 Needs must I lose them, needs with heavy heart  
 Into the world and wave of men depart ;  
 But Thyrsis of his own will went away.

So, some tempestuous morn in early June,  
 When the year's primal burst of bloom is o'er,  
 Before the roses and the longest day—  
 When garden-walks and all the grassy floor  
 With blossoms red and white of fallen May  
 And chestnut-flowers are strewn—

So have I heard the cuckoo's parting cry,  
 From the wet field, through the vext garden trees,  
 Gome with the volleying rain and tossing breeze :  
*The bloom is gone, and with the bloom go L*

Too quick despairer, wherefore wilt thou go ?  
 Soon will the high midsummer pomps come on,  
 Soon will the musk carnations break and swell,  
 Soon shall we have gold-dusted snapdragon,  
 Sweet-William with his homely cottage-smell,  
 And stocks in fragrant blow ;  
 Roses that down the alleys shine afar,  
 And open, jasmine-muffled lattices,  
 And groups under the dreaming garden-trees,  
 And the full moon, and the white evening-star.

He hearkens not ! light comer, he is flown !  
 What matters it ? next year he will return,  
 And we shall have him in the sweet spring-days,  
 With whitening hedges and uncrumpling fern,  
 And blue-bells trembling by the forest-ways,  
 And scent of hay new-mown.  
 But Thyrsis never more we swains shall see ;  
 See him come back, and cut a smoother reed,  
 And blow a strain the world at last shall heed—  
 For Time, not Corydon, hath conquered thee !

Well ! wind-dispersed and vain the words will be,  
 Yet, Thyrsis, let me give my grief its hour  
 In the old haunt, and find our tree-topped hill !  
 Who, if not I, for questing here hath power ?  
 I know the wood which hides the daffodil,  
 I know the Fyfield tree,  
 I know what white, what purple fritillaries  
 The grassy harvest of the river-fields,  
 Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,  
 And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries ;

I know these slopes ; who knows them if not I ?—  
 But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,  
 With thorns once studded, old, white-blossomed trees,

## ENGLAND

Where thick the cowslips grew, and far descried  
 High towered the spikes of purple orchises,  
 Hath since our day put by  
 The coronals of that forgotten time ;  
 Down each green bank hath gone the ploughboy's  
 team,  
 And only in the hidden brookside gleam  
 Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

Where is the girl, who by the boatman's door,  
 Above the locks, above the boating throng,  
 Unmoored our skiff when through the Wytham flats,  
 Red loosestrife and blond meadow-sweet among  
 And darting swallows and light water-gnats,  
 We tracked the shy Thames shore ?  
 Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell  
 Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,  
 Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass ?—  
 They all are gone, and thou art gone as well !

*Matthew Arnold*

## THE BEECH AND THE OAK

FOR the slender beech and the sapling oak,  
 That grow by the shadowy rill,  
 You may cut down both at a single stroke,  
 You may cut down which you will.

But this you must know<sup>r</sup>, that as long as they grow,  
 Whatever change may be,  
 You can never teach either oak or beech  
 To be aught but a greenwood tree.

*Thomas Love Peacock*

## GALPHER WOOD

ONCE more the grasses rippling  
 Round Calpher Wood are mown :  
 An old horse, a stripling  
 Mow there alone.

No more the merry chatter  
Of mowers scything clean ;  
Only the iron clatter  
Of the machine.

Oh well for the brain's bright cunning,  
That has the strength of ten !  
Do they lie at ease and sunning,  
Those nine men ?

Whither, from field and fallow,  
Mowers of olden time ?  
" We live where streets are sallow,  
And skies are grime.

New tenements, longer alleys,  
Under a sickened sun,  
While lonelier sleep the valleys  
Of Huntingdon.

Towns where no man has neighbours,  
Have seized us, flesh and soul.  
Where no man needs our labours,  
We reap the dole.

Where our fathers' flocks were pastured,  
White-fleeced the thistle runs :  
Thorns claw the fields they mastered,  
And crown their sons.

The silverweed has settled  
Where gold their wheat would be :  
Lanes where they loved are nettled,  
And weeds are we."

*F. L. Lucas*

## LOVELIEST VILLAGE

SWEET Auburn, loveliest village of the plain,  
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,  
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,  
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed.

Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,  
 Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,  
 How often have I loitered o'er thy green,  
 Where humble happiness endeared each scene !  
 How often have I paused on every charm,  
 The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,  
 The never-failing brook, the busy mill,  
 The decent church that topped the neighbouring hill,  
 The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,  
 For talking age and whispering lovers made !  
 How often have I blessed the coming day,  
 When toil remitting lent its turn to play,  
 And all the village train, from labour free,  
 Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,  
 While many a pastime circled in the shade,  
 The young contending as the old surveyed ;  
 And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,  
 And sleights of art and feats of strength went round ;  
 And still as each repeated pleasure tired,  
 Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired :  
 The dancing pair that simply sought renown,  
 By holding out, to tire each other down.

Sweet was the sound, when oft, at evening's close,  
 Up yonder hill the village murmur rose ;  
 There, as I passed with careless steps and slow,  
 The mingling notes came softened from below :  
 The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,  
 The sober herd that lowed to meet their young :  
 The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,  
 The playful children just let loose from school ;  
 The watchdog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,  
 And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind.

*Oliver Goldsmith*

### THE REAL VILLAGE

I GRANT indeed that fields and flocks have charms  
 For him that grazes or for him that farms ;  
 But when amid such pleasing scenes I trace  
 The poor laborious natives of the place,

And see the midday sun, with fervid ray,  
On their bare heads and dewy temples play,  
While some, with feebler heads and fainter hearts,  
Deplore their fortune, yet sustain their parts—  
Then shall I dare these real ills to hide  
In tinsel trappings of poetic pride ?

Lo ! where the heath, with withering brake grown o'er,  
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring poor ;  
From thence a length of burning sand appears,  
Where the thin harvest waves its withered ears ;  
Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,  
Reign o'er the land and rob the blighted rye ;  
There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,  
And to the ragged infant threaten war ;  
There poppies, nodding, mock the hope of toil ;  
There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil ;  
Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,  
The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf ;  
O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,  
And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade ;  
With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,  
And a sad splendour vainly shines around.

No longer truth, though shown in verse, disdain,  
But own the Village Life a life of pain :  
I too must yield, that oft amid those woes  
Are gleams of transient mirth and hours of sweet repose,  
Such as you find on yonder sportive Green,  
The squire's tall gate and churchway-walk between ;  
Where loitering stray a little tribe of friends  
On a fair Sunday when the sermon ends :  
Then rural beaux their best attire put on,  
To win their nymphs, as other nymphs are won ;  
While those long wed go plain, and by degrees,  
Like other husbands, quit their care to please.  
Some of the sermon talk, a sober crowd,  
And loudly praise, if it were preached aloud ;  
Some on the labours of the week look round,  
Tell their own worth, and think their toil renown'd ;  
While some, whose hopes to no renown extend,

Are only pleased to find their labours end.

Thus, as their hours glide on, with pleasure fraught,  
 Their careful masters brood the painful thought ;  
 Much in their mind they murmur and lament  
 That one fair day should be so idly spent ;  
 And think that Heaven deals hard, to tithe their store  
 And tax their time for preachers and the poor.

*George Crabbe*

### OUR VILLAGE

OUR village, that's to say not Miss Mitford's village, but  
 our village of Bullock Smithy,  
 Is come into by an avenue of trees, three oak pollards, two  
 elders, and a withy ;  
 And in the middle, there's a green of about not exceeding  
 an acre and a half ;  
 It's common to all, and fed off by nineteen cows, six ponies,  
 three horses, five asses, two foals, seven pigs, and a  
 calf !  
 Besides a pond in the middle, as is held by a similar sort of  
 common law lease,  
 And contains twenty ducks, six drakes, three ganders, two  
 dead dogs, four drowned kittens, and twelve geese.  
 Of course the green's cropt very close, and does famous for  
 bowling when the little village boys play at cricket ;  
 Only some horse, or pig, or cow, or great jackass, is sure to  
 come and stand right before the wicket.  
 There's fifty-five private houses, let alone barns and work-  
 shops, and pigstyes, and poultry huts, and such-like  
 sheds ;  
 With plenty of public-houses—two Foxes, one Green Man,  
 three Bunch of Grapes, one Grown, and six King's  
 Heads.  
 The Green Man is reckoned the best, as the only one that  
 for love or money can raise  
 A postilion, a bluejacket, two deplorable lame white horses,  
 and a ramshackled " neat postchaise "  
 There's one parish church for all the people, whatsoever  
 may be their ranks in life or their degrees,

Except one very damp, small, dark, freezing-cold, little  
Methodist chapel of Ease ;  
And close by the church-yard there's a stone-mason's yard,  
that, when the time is seasonable,  
Will furnish with afflictions sore and marble urns and  
cherubims very low and reasonable.  
There's a cage, comfortable enough ; I've been in it with  
old Jack Jeffrey and Tom Pike ;  
For the Green Man next door will send you in ale, gin, or  
anything else you like.  
I can't speak of the stocks, as nothing remains of them but  
the upright post ;  
But the pound is kept in repairs for the sake of Gob's horse,  
as is always there almost.  
There's a smithy of course, where that queer sort of a chap  
in his way, Old Joe Bradley,  
Perpetually hammers and stammers, for he stutters and  
shoes horses very badly.  
There's a shop of all sorts, that sells everything, kept by  
the widow of Mr. Task ;  
But when you go there, it's ten to one she's out of every-  
thing you ask.  
You'll know her house by the swarm of boys, like flies,  
about the old sugary cask ;  
There are six empty houses, and not so well papered inside  
as out.  
For bill-stickers won't beware, but stick notices of sales  
and election placards all about.  
That's the Doctor's with a green door, where the garden  
pots in the window is seen ;  
A weakly monthly rose that don't blow, and a dead  
geranium, and a tea-plant with five black leaves and  
one green.  
As for hollyoaks at the cottage doors, and honeysuckles  
and jasmynes, you may go and whistle ;  
But the Tailor's front garden grows two cabbages, a dock,  
a ha'porth of pennyroyal, two dandelions, and a thistle.  
There are three small orchards—Mr. Busby's the school-  
master's is the chief—  
With two pear-trees that don't bear ; one plum and an  
apple, that every year is stripped by a thief.

There's another small day-school too, kept by the respectable Mrs. Gaby;  
 A select establishment, for six litde boys and one big, and four little girls and a baby.  
 There's a rectory, with pointed gables and strange odd chimneys that never smokes,  
 For the rector don't live on his living like other Christian sort of folks ;  
 There's a barber's, once a week well filled with rough black-bearded, shock-headed churls,  
 And a window with two feminine men's heads, and two masculine ladies in false curls ;  
 There's a butcher's, and a carpenter's, and a plumber's, and a small greengrocer's and a baker,  
 But he won't bake on a Sunday, and there's a sexton that's a coal-merchant besides, and an undertaker ;  
 And a toyshop, but not a whole one, for a village can't compare with the London shops ;  
 One window sells drums, dolls, kites, carts, bats, Clout's balls, and the other sells malt and hops.  
 And Mrs. Brown, in domestic economy not to be a bit behind her betters,  
 Lets her house to a milliner, a watchmaker, a rat-catcher, a cobbler, lives in it herself, and it's the post-office for letters.  
 Now I've gone through all the village—aye, from end to end, save and except one more house,  
 But I haven't come to that—and I hope I never shall—and that's the Village Poor House !

*Thomas Hood*

#### SOUTH-WEST WIND IN AUTUMN

A L L day up from the Channel clouds have been flowing,  
 Dove-brown, dark with rain ;  
 But look now ! Speedwell-blue, sky-spaces open—  
 Shall I sge just this again ?  
  
 Shall I walk another year, as when all was new to me,  
 See what, a boy, I saw,

The eternal twelve-faced wheel of wonder and beauty  
Follow its ancient law ?

See earth's high triumph, in what sure succession,  
Million-bannered, it goes,  
From February's van to July's rearguard,  
Dog-mercury to dog-rose ?

But most, on a day like this another autumn,  
When the oak-woods are thinned,  
Shall I smell the smell of the oak-leaves dead and fallen,  
Shall I taste the south-west wind,

The wind of the Downs and the Weald that, when rain is  
lifting,  
Sets all the world ashine,  
This hurrying, living air, sweet as new milk is  
And noble as old wine ?

If I see, smell, taste them never again, so be it I  
I shall have made my own,  
Part of me, long as I live, immortal sweetness,  
That is no man's alone,

No man's, nor mine alone, for to those before me,  
From whom I had my birth,  
And to sons and daughters of mine, and their sons and  
daughters,  
All this glory of earth

Was, is, shall be, as to me today. Be it mine then,  
Life and its worship spent,  
To hear strike the hour that shall bid me say good-bye to  
them,  
And be content.

*Arundel I Esdaile*

## CAMBRIDGESHIRE

THE stacks, like blunt impassive temples, rise  
Across flat fields against the autumnal skies,  
The hairy-hooved horses plough the land,  
Or as in prayer and meditation stand

Upholding square, primeval, dung-stained carts,  
With an unending patience in their hearts.

Nothing is changed. The farmer's gig goes by  
Against the horizon. Surely, the same sky,  
So vast and yet familiar, grey and mild,  
And streaked with light like music, I, a child,  
Lifted my face from leaf-edged lanes to see,  
Late-coming home, to bread-and-butter tea.

*Frances Comford*

### ST. BEE'S HEAD

I HAVE seen cliffs that met the ocean foe  
As a black bison, with his crouching front  
And neck back-coiled, awaits the yelping hunt,  
That reck not of his horns protruding low.

And others I have seen with calm disdain  
O'erlook the immediate strife, and gaze afar :  
Eternity was in that gaze ; the jar  
Of temporal broil assailed not its domain.

Some cliffs are full of pity : in the sweep  
Of their bluff brows a kindly tolerance waits,  
And smiles upon the petulant sea, that rates,  
And fumes, and scolds, against the patient steep.

And some are joyous with a hearty joy,  
And in mock-earnest wage the busy fight :  
So may you see a giant with delight  
Parrying the buffets of a saucy boy !

Remonstrant others stand—a wild surprise  
Glares from their crests against the insolent throng ;  
Half frightened, half indignant at the wrong,  
They look appealing at those heedless skies.

And other some are of a sleepy mood,  
Who care not if the tempest does its worst :

What is't to them if bounding billows burst,  
Or winds assail them with their jeerings rude ?

But like not unto any one of these  
Is that tall crag, that northward guards the bay,  
And stands, a watchful sentry, night and day  
Above the pleasant downs of old St. Bee's.

Straight-levelled as the bayonet's dread array,  
His shelves abide the charge. Come one, come all !  
The blustering surges at his feet shall fall  
And writhe and sob their puny lives away !

*T. E. Brown*

### REMEMBRANCES

SUMMER'S pleasures they are gone like to visions every one,  
And the cloudy days of autumn and of winter cometh on.  
I tried to call them back, but unbidden they are gone  
Far away from heart and eye and for ever far away.  
Dear heart, and can it be that such raptures meet decay ?  
I thought them all eternal when by Langley Bush I lay,  
I thought them joys eternal when I used to shout and play  
On its bank at " clink and bandy ", " chock ", and " taw "  
and " ducking-stone ",  
Where silence sitteth now on the wild heath as her own,  
Like a ruin of the past all alone.

When I used to lie and sing by old Eastwell's boiling spring,  
When I used to tie the willow boughs together for a  
swing,  
And fish with crooked pins and thread, and never catch a  
thing,  
With heart just like a feather, now as heavy as a stone ;  
When beneath old Lea Close Oak I the bottom branches  
broke  
To make our harvest cart like so many working folk,  
And then to cut a straw at the brook to have a soak ;  
Oh ! I never dreamed of parting or that trouble had a  
sting,

Or that pleasures like a flock of birds would ever take to  
wing,  
Leaving nothing but a little naked spring.

When jumping time away on old Grossberry Way,  
And eating haws like sugarplums ere they had lost the  
may,  
And skipping like a leveret before the peep of day  
On the roly-poly up-and-downs of pleasant Swordy Well,  
When in Round Oak's narrow lane as the south got black  
again

We sought the hollow ash that was shelter from the rain,  
With our pockets full of peas we had stolen from the  
grain ;

How delicious was the dinner-time on such a showery day !  
Oh, words are poor receipts for what time hath stole away,  
The ancient pulpit trees and the play.

Oh, I never thought that joys would run away from boys,  
Or that boys would change their minds and forsake such  
summer joys ;

But alack, I never dreamed that the world had other toys  
To petrify first feelings like the fable into stone,  
Till I found the pleasure past and a winter come at last.  
Then the fields were sudden bare and the sky got overcast,  
And boyhood's pleasing haunt, like a blossom in the  
blast,

Was shrivelled to a withered weed and trampled down  
and done,  
Till vanished was the morning spring and set the summer  
sun,  
And winter fought her battle strife and won.

By Langley Bush I roam, but the bush hath left its hill,  
On Gowper Green I stray, 'tis a desert strange and chill,  
And the spreading Lea Close Oak, ere decay had penned  
its will,

To the axe of the spoiler and self-interest fell a prey,  
And Grossberry Way and old Round Oak's narrow lane  
With its hollow trees like pulpits I shall never see again,  
Enclosure like a Buonaparte let not a thing remain ;

It levelled every bush and tree, and levelled every hill,  
And hung the moles for traitors—though the brook is  
    running still,  
It runs a naked stream, cold and chill.

Oh ! had I known as then joy had left the paths of men,  
I had watched her night and day, be sure, and never slept  
    agen.

And when she turned to go, oh, I'd caught her mantle  
    then,

And wooed her like a lover by my lonely side to stay ;  
Ay, knelt and worshipped on, as Love in beauty's bower,  
And clung upon her smiles as a bee upon a flower,  
And gave her heart my posies, all cropt in a sunny hour,  
As keepsakes and pledges all to never fade away ;  
But love never heeded to treasure up the may,  
So it went the common road to decay.

*John Clare*

#### THE WINTER WALK AT NOON

How soft the music of those village bells  
Falling at intervals upon the ear  
In cadence sweet, now dying all away,  
Now pealing loud again, and louder still,  
Clear and sonorous, as the gale comes on ! . . .  
The night was winter in his roughest mood ;  
The morning sharp and clear. But now at noon  
Upon the southern side of the slant hills,  
And where the woods fence off the northern blast,  
The season smiles, resigning all its rage,  
And has the warmth of May. The vault is blue  
Without a cloud, and white without a speck  
The dazzling splendour of the scene below.  
Again the harmony comes o'er the vale ;  
And through the trees I view the embattled tower  
Whence all the music. I again perceive  
The soothing influence of the wafted strains,  
And settle in soft musings as I tread  
The walk, still verdant, under oaks and elms,

## ENGLAND

Whose outspread branches overarch the glade.  
The roof, though movable through all its length  
As the wind sways it, has yet well sufficed,  
And, intercepting in their silent fall  
The frequent flakes, has kept a path for me.  
No noise is here, or none that hinders thought.  
The redbreast warbles still, but is content  
With slender notes, and more than half suppress'd  
Pleased with his solitude, and flitting light  
From spray to spray, where'er he rests he shakes  
From many a twig the pendent drops of ice,  
That tinkle in the withered leaves below. . . .

Here, unmolested, through whatever sign  
The sun proceeds, I wander ; neither mist,  
Nor freezing sky nor sultry, checking me,  
Nor stranger intermeddling with my joy.  
Even in the spring and playtime of the year,  
That calls the unwonted villager abroad  
With all her little ones, a sportive train,  
To gather kingcups in the yellow mead,  
And prink their hair with daisies, or to pick  
A cheap but wholesome salad from the brook.  
These shades are all my own. The timorous hare,  
Grown so familiar with her frequent guest,  
Scarce shuns me ; and the stockdove unalarmed  
Sits cooing in the pine-tree, nor suspends  
His long love-ditty for my near approach.

*William Cowp*

## THE DARKLING THRUSH

I LEANT upon a coppice gate  
When Frost was spectre-grey,  
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.

## COUNTRYSIDE

The land's sharp features seemed to be  
The Century's corpse outleant,  
His crypt the cloudy canopy,  
The wind his death-lament.  
The ancient pulse of germ and birth  
Was shrunken hard and dry,  
And every spirit upon earth  
Seemed fervourless as I.

At once a voice burst forth among  
The bleak twigs overhead  
In a full-hearted evensong  
Of joy illimited ;  
An aged thrush, frail, gaunt and small,  
In blast-berufHed plume,  
Had chosen thus to fling his soul  
Upon the growing gloom.

So little cause for carolings  
Of such ecstatic sound  
Was written on terrestrial things  
Afar or nigh around,  
That I could think there trembled through  
His happy good-night air  
Some blessed hope, whereof he knew  
And I was unaware.

*Thomas Hardy*

## WEEPING DAWN

A DRIPPING day is two hours old,  
Unseen save by the matin cock ;  
The world is sodden, dark and cold ;  
The fogger,<sup>1</sup> fumbling with the lock,  
Must hold his lanthorn to the bin  
Ere he can ease the lowing stock.  
Laggard the morn comes weeping in,  
The drops fall heavy from the tree ;  
A shrouded candle shows within

<sup>1</sup>*fogger*: farm-hand chiefly engaged in feeding cattle.

## ENGLAND

The house, where Cicely girds her knee,  
And yawning gives her hair a twist,  
Or pins her shift and lets it be,  
Scant guardian of her tumbled breast;  
Then slippers down to blow the ash  
And blaze the chilblain on her wrist.  
She hears the great slow oxen plash  
Their way thro' puddles in the lane ;  
The wet wind whistles in the sash  
Or spatters hasty on the pane—  
A hopeless dawn ! Nay, in the West,  
Beyond the fringes of the rain,  
See like an opening palimpsest,  
Watchful and steadfast, Heaven's blue eye !  
Read there, O man, your gospel'd rest.  
*Maurice Hewlett*

## TOUGH GUY

THE shouts of ousel blackamoors  
Are vocal as the gales ;  
When winds are fanged and trees are bones.  
Their lustihood prevails.

Later the scarce and tender thrush  
More silverly will sing ;  
But winter frets him ; mute he lurks  
And stirs nor throat nor wing.

The rowdy ousel flashes by  
With bill, and heart, of gold.  
A blackshirt bird ? no bully he,  
But freeman of the wold.

This is a time for gay and grim,  
For those who soar and dare.  
On, blackamoor, the hour is yours,  
My tough guy of the air.

*Ivor Brown*

## UPON ECKINGTON BRIDGE, RIVER AVON

O PASTORAL heart of England ! like a psalm  
 Of green days telling with a quiet beat—  
 O wave into the sunset flowing calm !  
 O tired lark descending on the wheat !  
 Lies it all peace beyond that western fold  
 Where now the lingering shepherd sees his star  
 Rise upon Malvern ? Paints an Age of Gold  
 Yon cloud with prophecies of linked ease—  
 Lulling this Land, with hills drawn up like knees,  
 To drowse beside her implements of war ?

Man shall outlast his battles. They have swept  
 Avon from Naseby Field to Severn Ham ;  
 And Evesham's dedicated stones have stepp'd  
 Down to the dust with Montfort's oriflamme.  
 Nor the red tear nor the reflected tower  
 Abides ; but yet these eloquent grooves remain,  
 Worn in the sandstone parapet hour by hour  
 By labouring bargemen where they shifted ropes.  
 E'en so shall man turn back from violent hopes  
 To Adam's cheer, and toil with spade again.

Ay, and his mother Nature, to whose lap  
 Like a repentant child at length he hies,  
 Not in the whirlwind or the thunder-clap  
 Proclaims her more tremendous mysteries :  
 But when in winter's grave, bereft of light,  
 With still, small voice divinelier whispering  
 —Lifting the green head of the aconite,  
 Feeding with sap of hope the hazel-shoot—  
 She feels God's finger active at the root,  
 Turns in her sleep, and murmurs of the Spring.  
*Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch*

## DISAPPOINTMENT

TO A YOUNG LADY ON HER LEAVING THE TOWN  
 AFTER THE CORONATION

As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care  
 Drags from the town to wholesome country air,

Just when she learns to roll a melting eye,  
 And hear a spark, yet think no danger nigh ;  
 From the dear man unwilling she must sever,  
 Yet takes one kiss before she parts for ever :  
 Thus from the world fair Zephalinda flew,  
 Saw others happy, and with sighs withdrew ;  
 Not that their pleasures caused her discontent,  
 She sighed not that they stayed, but that she went.

She went to plain-work, and to purling brooks,  
 Old-fashioned halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks ;  
 She went from Opera, Park, Assembly, Play,  
 To morning walks, and prayers three hours a day ;  
 To part her time 'twixt reading and bohea,  
 To muse, and spill her solitary tea,  
 Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,  
 Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon ;  
 Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,  
 Hum half a tune, tell stories to the Squire ;  
 Up to her godly garret after seven,  
 There starve and pray, for that's the way to Heaven.

Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack,  
 Whose game is whisk,<sup>1</sup> whose treat a toast in sack ;  
 Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,  
 Then gives a smacking buss, and cries : " No words ! "  
 Or with his hound comes hallooing from the stable,  
 Makes love with nods and knees beneath a table ;  
 Whose laughs are hearty, though his jests are coarse,  
 And loves you best of all things—but his horse.

In some fair evening, on your elbow laid,  
 You dream of triumphs in the rural shade ;  
 In pensive thought recall the fancied scene,  
 See coronations rise on every green ;  
 Before you pass the imaginary sights  
 Oflords, and earls, and dukes, and gartered knights,  
 While the spread fan o'ershades your closing eyes ;  
 Then give one flirt, and all the vision flies.  
 Thus vanish sceptres, coronets, and balls,  
 And leave you in lone woods or empty walls.

*Alexander Pope*

<sup>1</sup> *whisk* : whist.

# TOWN

## MY MOTHER CAMBRIDGE

NEXT these the plenteous Ouse came far from land,  
By many a city and by many a towne,  
And many rivers taking under hand  
Into his waters as he passeth downe,  
The Cle, the Were, the Grant, the Sture, the Rowne,  
Thence doth by Huntingdon and Cambridge flit,  
My mother Cambridge, whom as with a crowne  
He doth adorne, and is adorned of it  
With many a gentle Muse, and many a learned wit.

*Edmund Spenser*

## DUNS SCOTUS'S OXFORD

TOWERY city and branchy between towers ;  
Cuckoo-echoing, bell-swarmed, lark-charmed,  
rook-racked, river-rounded ;  
The dapple-eared lily below thee ; that country and  
town did

Once encounter in, here coped and poised powers ;

Thou hast a base and brickish skirt there, sours  
That neighbour-nature thy grey beauty is grounded  
Best in ; graceless growth, thou hast confounded  
Rural rural keeping—folk, flocks, and flowers.

Yet ah ! this air I gather and I release  
He lived on ; these weeds and waters, these walls are  
what

He haunted who of all men most sways my spirits to  
peace ;

Of realty the rarest-veined traveller ; a not  
Rivalled insight, be rival Italy or Greece ;  
Who fired France for Mary without spot.

*Gerard Manley Hopkins*

# ENGLAND

## LINCOLN

BY this to Lincoln com'n, upon whose lofty site  
Whilst wistly Wytham looks with wonderful delight  
Enamoured of the state and beauty of the place  
That her of all the rest especially doth grace.

*Michael Drayt*

## INDUSTRY TRIUMPHANT

TAKE we now our eastward course  
To the rich fields of Burstal. Wide around  
Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile ;  
And ruddy roofs and chimney-tops appear  
Of busy Leeds, upwafting to the clouds  
The incense of thanksgiving ; all is joy,  
And trade and business guide the living scene,  
Roll the full cars, adown the winding Aire  
Load the slow-sailing barges, pile the pack  
On the low-tinkling train of slow-pac'd steeds.  
As when a sunny day invites abroad  
The sedulous ants, they issue from their cells  
In bands unnumber'd, eager for their work ;  
O'er high, o'er low, they lift, they draw, they haste  
With warm affection to each other's aid ;  
Repeat their virtuous efforts and succeed.  
Thus all is here in motion, all is life ;  
The creaking wain brings copious store of corn ;  
The grazier's sleeky kine obstruct the roads ;  
The neat-dress'd housewives, for the festal board  
Crown'd with full baskets, in the field-way paths  
Come tripping on ; the echoing hills repeat  
The stroke of axe and hammer ; scaffolds rise  
And growing edifices ; heaps of stone  
Beneath the chisel beauteous shapes assume  
Of frieze and column. Some with even line  
New streets are marking in the neighbouring fields,  
And sacred domes of worship. Industry,  
Which dignifies the artist, lifts the swain,

And the straw cottage to a palace turns,  
 Over the work presides. Such was the scene  
 Of hurrying Carthage, when the Trojan chief  
 First view'd her growing turrets. So appear  
 Th' increasing walls of busy Manchester,  
 Sheffield and Birmingham, whose reddening fields  
 Rise and enlarge their suburbs. Lo, in throngs  
 For every realm the careful factors meet  
 Whispering each other. In long ranks the bales,  
 Like war's bright files, beyond the sight extend.  
 Straight ere the sounding bell the signal strikes,  
 Which ends the hour of traffic, they conclude  
 The speedy compact ; and well-pleas'd transfer  
 With mutual benefit superior wealth  
 To many a kingdom's rent or tyrant's hoard.

*John Dyer*

#### A BALLAD OF BATH

LIKE a queen enchanted who may not laugh or weep,  
 Glad at heart and guarded from change and care like  
     ours,  
 Girt about with beauty by days and nights that creep  
 Soft as breathless ripples that softly shoreward sweep,  
     Lies the lovely city whose grace no grief deflowers.  
 Age and grey forgetfulness, time that shifts and veers,  
     Touch not thee, our fairest, whose charm no rival nears,  
     Hailed as England's Florence of one whose praise  
         gives grace,  
 Landor, once thy lover, a name that love reveres :  
     Dawn and noon and sunset are one before thy face.

Dawn whereof we know not, and noon whose fruit we  
     reap,  
 Garnered up in record of years that fell like flowers,  
 Sunset liker sunrise along the shining steep  
 Whence thy fair face lightens, and where thy soft springs  
     leap,  
 Crown at once and gird thee with grace of guardian  
     powers.

Loved of men beloved of us, souls that fame inspheres,  
 All thine air hath music for him who dreams and hears ;  
     Voices mixed of multitudes, feet of friends that pace,  
 Witness why for ever, if heaven's face clouds or clears,  
     Dawn and noon and sunset are one before thy face.

Peace hath here found harbourage mild as very sleep :  
     Not the hills and waters, the fields and wild wood bowers,  
 Smile or speak more tenderly, clothed with peace more  
     deep,  
 Here than memory whispers of days our memories keep  
     Fast with love and laughter and dreams of withered  
     hours.  
 Bright were these as blossom of old, and thought endears  
 Still the fair soft phantoms that pass with smiles or tears,  
     Sweet as roseleaves hoarded and dried wherein we  
     trace  
 Still the soul and spirit of sense that lives and cheers :  
     Dawn and noon and sunset are one before thy face.

City lulled asleep by the chime of passing years,  
 Sweeter smiles thy rest than the radiance round thy peers ;  
     Only love and lovely remembrance here have place.  
 Time on thee lies lighter than music on men's ears ;  
     Dawn and noon and sunset are one before thy face.  
*Algernon Charles Swinburne*

## BRIGHTON

HER brave sea-bulwarks builded strong  
     No tides uproot, no storms appal ;  
 By sea-blown tamarisks the throng  
     Of idlers pace her broad sea-wall ;  
 Rain-plashed the long-lit pavements gleam ;  
     Still press the gay groups to and fro ;  
 Dark midnight deepens ; on they stream ;  
     The wheels, the clattering horses go.

But that wave-limit close anear,  
 Which kissed at morn the children's play,  
 With dusk becomes a phantom fear,  
 Throws in the night a ghostly spray :—  
 O starless waste ! remote despair !  
 Deep-weltering wildness, pulsing gloom !  
 As tho' the whole world's heart was there,  
 And all the whole world's heart a tomb.

Eternal sounds the waves' refrain ;  
 " Eternal night ",—they moan and say,—  
 " Eternal peace, eternal pain,  
 Press close upon your dying day.  
 Who, who at once beyond the bound,  
 What world-worn soul will rise and flee,—  
 Leave the crude lights and clamorous sound,  
 And trust the darkness and the sea ? "

*F. W. H. Myers*

## THE RIVER'S TALE

(Prehistoric)

*Twenty bridges from Tower to Kew—  
 (Twenty bridges or twenty-two)—  
 Wanted to know what the River knew,  
 For they were young and the Thames was old,  
 And this is the tale that the River told :—*

" I walk my beat before London Town,  
 Five hours up and seven down.  
 Up I go till I end my run  
 At Tide-end-town, which is Teddington.  
 Down I come with the mud in my hands  
 And plaster it over the Maplin Sands.  
 But I'd have you know that these waters of mine  
 Were once a branch of the River Rhine,  
 When hundreds of miles to the East I went  
 And England was joined to the Continent.

I remember the bat-winged lizard-birds,  
 The Age of Ice and the mammoth herds,

## ENGLAND

And the giant tigers that stalked them down  
Through Regent's Park into Camden Town.  
And I remember like yesterday  
The earliest Cockney who came my way,  
When he pushed through the forest that lined the  
Strand,

With paint on his face and a club in his hand.  
He was death to feather and fin and fur,  
He trapped my beavers at Westminster.  
He netted my salmon, he hunted my deer,  
He killed my herons off Lambeth Pier.  
He fought his neighbour with axes and swords,  
Flint or bronze, at my upper fords,  
While down at Greenwich, for slaves and tin,  
The tall Phoenician ships stole in,  
And North-Sea war-boats, painted and gay,  
Flashed like dragon-flies, Erith way ;  
And Norseman and Negro and Gaul and Greek  
Drank with the Britons in Barking Creek,  
And life was gay, and the world was new,  
And I was a mile across at Kew !  
But the Roman came with a heavy hand,  
And bridged and roaded and ruled the land,  
And the Roman left and the Danes blew in—  
And that's where your history-books begin I "

*Rudyard Kipling*

## LONDON

LONDON, thou art of townes A per se.<sup>1</sup>  
Sovereign of cities, semeliest in sight,  
Of high renoun, riches, and royaltie ;  
Of Lordis, barons, and many a goodly knyght;  
Of most delectable lusty<sup>2</sup> ladies bright;  
Of famous prelatis, in habitis clerical ;  
Of merchauntis full of substaunce and of might :  
London, thou art the flour of cities all.

<sup>1</sup> *A per se* : unique.

<sup>2</sup> *lusty* : pleasing.

Gladdith<sup>1</sup> anon, thou lusty Troynovaunt,<sup>2</sup>  
 Gitie that sometye cleped<sup>3</sup> was New Troy,  
 In all the erth, imperiall as thou stant,<sup>4</sup>  
 Prynness of townes, of pleasure and of joy,  
 A richer resteth under no Christen roy ;<sup>5</sup>  
 For manly power, with craftis naturall,  
 Fourmeth<sup>6</sup> none fairer, sith<sup>7</sup> the flode of Noy :<sup>8</sup>  
 London, thou art the flour of cities all.

Gemmc of all joy, jasper of jocunditie,  
 Most myghty carbuncle of vertue and valour ;  
 Strong Troy in vigour and in strenuyty ;  
 Of royall cities rose and geraflour ;<sup>9</sup>  
 Emprise of townes, exalt in honour ;  
 In beawtie bering the crone imperiall ;  
 Swete paradise precelling<sup>10</sup> in pleasure :  
 London, thou art the flour of cities all.

Above all ryvers thy Ryver hath renowne,  
 Whose beryall<sup>11</sup> stremys, pleasaunt and preclare,<sup>12</sup>  
 Under thy lusty wallys renneth down,  
 Where many a swanne doth swymme with wynges faire;  
 Where many a barge doth saile, and row with are,<sup>13</sup>  
 Where many a ship doth rest with toppe-royall.  
 O ! towne of townes, patrone and not compare ;<sup>14</sup>  
 London, thou art the flour of cities all.

Upon thy lusty Brigge of pylers white  
 Been merchaunts full royall to behold ;  
 Upon thy streetis goth many a semely knyght  
 In velvet gownes and in cheynes of gold.  
 By Julyus Cesar thy Touer founded of old  
 May be the hous of Mars victoryall,  
 Whose artillary with tonge may not be told :  
 London, thou art the flour of cities all.

<sup>1</sup> *Gladdith* : be glad.

<sup>3</sup> *clephd*: called.

<sup>5</sup> *roy* : king.

<sup>7</sup> *sith* : since.

<sup>9</sup> *geraflour* : gillyflower.

<sup>11</sup> *beryall*: shining like a beryl stone.

<sup>13</sup> *are* : oar.

<sup>2</sup> *Troynovaunt*: new Troy.

<sup>4</sup> *stant*: standest.

<sup>6</sup> *Fourmeth* : appears.

<sup>8</sup> *My* : Noah.

<sup>10</sup> *precelling* : excelling.

<sup>12</sup> *preclare* : famous.

<sup>14</sup> *compare* : equal.

Strong be thy wallis that about thee standis ;  
 Wise be the people that within thee dwellis ;  
 Fresh is thy ryver with his lusty strandis ;  
 Blith be thy chirches, wele sownyng be thy bellis,  
 Rich be thy merchauntis in substaunce that excellis;  
 Fair be their wives, right lovesom, white and small ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Clere<sup>2</sup> be thy virgyns, lusty under kellis :<sup>3</sup>  
 London, thou are the flour of cities all.

Thy famous Maire, by pryncely governaunce,  
 With swerd of justice, thee rulith prudently.  
 No Lord of Parys, Venyce, or Floraunce  
 In dignytie or honoure goeth to hym nye.  
 He is exampler, loode-ster and guye ;<sup>4</sup>  
 Pryncipall patrone and roose orygynalle,  
 Above all Maires as maister moost worthy :  
 London, thou art the flour of cities all.

*William Dunbar*

### HIS RETURN TO LONDON

FROM the dull confines of the drooping west,  
 To see the day spring from the pregnant east,  
 Ravished in spirit, I come, nay more, I fly  
 To thee, blest place of my nativity.  
 Thus, thus with hallowed foot I touch the ground,  
 With thousand blessings by thy fortune crowned.  
 O fruitful genius ! that bestowest here  
 An everlasting plenty, year by year.  
 O place ! O people ! Manners ! framed to please  
 All nations, customs, kindreds, languages !  
 I am a free-born Roman ; suffer then,  
 That I amongst you live a citizen.  
 London my home is ; though by hard fate sent  
 Into a long and irksome banishment ;  
 Yet since called back ; henceforward let me be,  
 O native country, repossessed by thee !

<sup>1</sup> *small*: slender.  
<sup>3</sup> *kellis* : head-dresses.

<sup>2</sup> *clere* : pure.  
<sup>4</sup> *guye* : guide.

For, rather than I'll to the west return,  
 I'll beg of thee first here to have mine urn.  
 Weak I am grown, and must in short time fall ;  
 Give thou my sacred relics burial.

*Robert Herrick*

### DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER

CAREFUL observers may foretell the hour  
 (By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.  
 While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er  
 Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.  
 Returning home at night, you'll find the sink  
 Strike your offended sense with double stink.  
 If you be wise, then go not far to dine ;  
 You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.  
 A coming shower your shooting corns presage,  
 Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage.  
 Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen ;  
 He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.  
 Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,  
 A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,  
 That swilled more liquor than it could contain,  
 And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.  
 Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,  
 While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope ;  
 Such is that sprinkling which some careless quean<sup>1</sup>  
 Flirts on you from her mop, but not so clean :  
 You fly, invoke the gods ; then, turning, stop  
 To rail ; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.  
 Not yet the dust had shunned the unequal strife,  
 But aided by the wind fought still for life ;  
 And, wafted with its foe by violent gust,  
 'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.  
 Ah ! where must needy poet seek for aid,  
 When dust and rain at once his coat invade ?  
 Sole coat ! where dust cemented by the rain  
 Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain !

<sup>1</sup> *quean* : hussy.

Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,  
 Threatening with deluge this devoted town.  
 To shops in crowds the daggled<sup>1</sup> females fly,  
 Pretend to cheapen<sup>2</sup> goods, but nothing buy.  
 The templar spruce, while every spout's abroach,<sup>3</sup>  
 Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.  
 The tucked-up seamstress walks with hasty strides,  
 While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.  
 Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,  
 Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.  
 Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs  
 Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.  
 Boxed in a chair, the beau impatient sits,  
 While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits,  
 And ever and anon with frightful din  
 The leather sounds ; he trembles from within.  
 So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,  
 Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed  
 (Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,  
 Instead of paying chairmen, ran them through),  
 Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,  
 And each imprisoned hero quaked for fear.  
 Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,  
 And bear their trophies with them as they go :  
 Filths of all hues and odour seem to tell  
 What street they sailed from by their sight and smell.  
 They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,  
 From Smithfield or St. 'Pulchre's shape their course,  
 And in huge confluence joined at Snowhill ridge,  
 Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn bridge.

*Jonathan Swift*

#### TO WHOM TO GIVE THE WALL

LET due civilities be strictly paid :  
 The wall surrender to the hooded maid ;  
 Nor let thy sturdy elbow's hasty rage  
 Josde the feeble steps of trembling age ;

<sup>1</sup> daggled : bespattered.                      <sup>2</sup> cheapen : bid for.  
<sup>3</sup> abroach: running over.

And when the porter bends beneath his load,  
 And pants for breath, clear thou the crowded road.  
 But, above all, the groping blind direct,  
 And from the passing through the lame protect.

**You'll** sometimes meet a fop, of nicest tread,  
 Whose mantling peruke veils his empty head ;  
 At every step he dreads the wall to lose,  
 And risks, to save a coach, his red-heeled shoes ;  
 Him, like the miller, pass with caution by,  
 Lest from his shoulder clouds of powder fly.  
 But when the bully, with assuming pace,  
 Cocks his broad hat, edged round with tarnished lace,  
 Yield not the way, defy his strutting pride,  
 And thrust him to the muddy kennel's side ;  
 He never turns again, nor dares oppose,  
 But mutters coward curses as he goes.

*John Gay*

### HAMPTON COURT

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,  
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,  
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,  
 Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its name.  
 Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom  
 Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home ;  
 Here thou, great Anna ! whom three realms obey,  
 Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.  
 Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,  
 To taste awhile the pleasures of a court ;  
 In various talk the instructive hours they passed,  
 Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;  
 One speaks the glory of the British Queen,  
 And one describes a charming Indian screen ;  
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes ;  
 At every word a reputation dies.  
 Snuff, or the fan, supply each pause of chat,  
 With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.  
 Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,  
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ;

## ENGLAND

The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,  
 And wretches hang that jury-men may dine ;  
 The merchant from the Exchange returns in peace,  
 And the long labours of the toilet cease.

*Alexander Pope*

## STRAWBERRY HILL

SOME cry up Gunnersbury !  
 For Sion some declare !  
 Some say, with Chiswick House  
 No Villa can compare !

But ask the Beaus of Middlesex,  
 Who know the country well,  
 If Strawberry Hill, if Strawberry Hill  
 Don't bear away the bell ?

Great William dwells at Windsor,  
 As Edward did of old ;  
 And many a Gaul, and many a Scot,  
 Have found him full as bold !

On lofty hills like Windsor,  
 Such Heroes ought to dwell ;  
 Yet the little folks on Strawberry Hill  
 Like Strawberry Hill as well !

*William Pulteney, Earl of Bath*

## WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

(September 1802)

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 !

*William Wordsworth*

### WHEREVER MEN ARE GATHERED

WHEREVER men are gathered, all the air  
 Is charged with human feeling, human thought;  
 Each shout and cry and laugh, each curse and prayer,  
 Are into its vibrations surely wrought ;  
 Unspoken passion, wordless meditation,  
 Are breathed into it with our respiration ;  
 It is with our life fraught and overfraught.

So that no man there breathes earth's simple breath,  
 As if alone on mountains or wide seas ;  
 But nourishes warm life or hastens death  
 With joys and sorrows, health and foul disease,  
 Wisdom and folly, good and evil labours,  
 Incessant of his multitudinous neighbours ;  
 He in his turn affecting all of these.

That City's atmosphere is dark and dense,  
 Although not many exiles wander there,  
 With many a potent evil influence,  
 Each adding poison to the poisoned air ;  
 Infections of unutterable sadness,  
 Infections of incalculable madness,  
 Infections of incurable despair.

*James Thomson (" B.V.")*

## A LONDON PLANE TREE

GREEN is the plane tree in the square,  
The other trees are brown ;  
They droop and pine for country air ;  
The plane tree loves the town.

Here from my garret-pane I mark  
The plane tree bud and blow,  
Shed her recuperative bark,  
And spread her shade below.

Among her branches, in and out,  
The city breezes play ;  
The dull fog wraps her round about ;  
Above, the smoke curls grey.

Others the country take for choice,  
And hold the town in scorn ;  
But she has listen'd to the voice  
On city breezes borne.

*Amy Levy*

## CHAUCER'S THAMES

FORGET six counties overhung with smoke,  
Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke,  
Forget the spreading of the hideous town ;  
Think rather of the pack-horse on the down,  
And dream of London, small and white and clean,  
The clear Thames bordered by its gardens green ;  
Think, that below bridge, the green lapping waves  
Smite some few keels that bear Levantine staves,  
Cut from the yew-wood on the burnt-up hill,  
And pointed jars that Greek hands toiled to fill,  
And treasured scanty spice from some far sea,  
Florence gold cloth, and Ypres napery,

And cloth of Bruges, and hogsheads of Guienne ;  
 While nigh the thronged wharf Geoffrey Chaucer's  
 pen

Moves over bills of lading—mid such times  
 Shall dwell the hollow puppets of my rhymes.

*William Morris*

### THE LADIES OF ST. JAMES'S

THE ladies of St. James's  
 Go swinging to the play ;  
 Their footmen run before them,  
 With a " Stand by ! Clear the way !  
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida !  
 She takes her buckled shoon,  
 When we go out a-courting  
 Beneath the harvest moon.

The ladies of St. James's  
 Wear satin on their backs ;  
 They sit all night at *Ombre*,  
 With candles all of wax :  
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida !  
 She dons her russet gown,  
 And hastes to gather May dew  
 Before the world is down.

The ladies of St. James's !  
 They are so fine and fair,  
 You'd think a box of essences  
 Was broken in the air :  
 But Phyllida, my Phyllida !  
 The breath of heath and furze,  
 When breezes blow at morning,  
 Is not so fresh as hers.

The ladies of St. James's !  
 They're painted to the eyes ;  
 Their white it stays for ever,  
 Their red it never dies :

## ENGLAND

But Phyllida, my Phyllida !  
Her colour comes and goes ;  
It trembles to a lily—  
It wavers to a rose.

The ladies of St. James's !  
You scarce can understand  
The half of all their speeches,  
Their phrases are so grand :  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !  
Her shy and simple words  
Are clear as after rain-drops  
The music of the birds.

The ladies of St. James's !  
They have their fits and freaks ;  
They smile on you—for seconds ;  
They frown on you—for weeks :  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida !  
Come either storm or shine,  
From Shrove-tide unto Shrove-tide,  
Is always true—and mine.

My Phyllida ! my Phyllida !  
I care not though they heap  
The hearts of all St. James's,  
And give me all to keep ;  
I care not whose the beauties  
Of all the world may be,  
For Phyllida—for Phyllida,  
Is all the world to me !

*Austin Dobson*

## LONDON SNOW

WHEN men were all asleep the snow came flying,  
In large white flakes falling on the city brown,  
Stealthily and perpetually settling and loosely lying,  
Hushing the latest traffic of the drowsy town ;

Deadening, muffling, stifling its murmurs failing ;  
Lazily and incessantly floating down and down :

Silently sifting and veiling road, roof and railing ;  
Hiding difference, making unevenness even,  
Into angles and crevices softly drifting and sailing.

All night it fell, and when full inches seven  
It lay in the depth of its uncompacted lightness,  
The clouds blew off from a high and frosty heaven ;

And all woke earlier for the unaccustomed brightness  
Of the winter dawning, the strange unheavenly glare :  
The eye marvelled—marvelled at the dazzling whiteness ;

The ear hearkened to the stillness of the solemn air ;  
No sound of wheel rumbling nor of foot falling,  
And the busy morning cries came thin and spare.

Then boys I heard, as they went to school, calling,  
They gathered up the crystal manna to freeze  
Their tongues with tasting, their hands with snowballing ;

Or rioted in a drift, plunging up to the knees ;  
Or peering up from under the white-mossed wonder,  
" O look at the trees ! " they cried, " O look at the trees ! "

With lessened load a few carts creak and blunder,  
Following along the white deserted way,  
A country company long dispersed asunder :

When now already the sun, in pale display  
Standing by Paul's high dome, spread forth below  
His sparkling beams, and awoke the stir of the day.

For now doors open, and war is waged with the snow ;  
And trains of sombre men, past tale of number,  
Tread long brown paths, as toward their toil they go :

But even for them awhile no cares encumber  
Their minds diverted ; the daily word is unspoken,  
The daily thoughts of labour and sorrow slumber  
At the sight of the beauty that greets them, for the charm  
they have broken.

*Robert Bridges*

## DOWN THROUGH THE ANCIENT STRAND

DOWN through the ancient Strand  
The spirit of October, mild and boon

## ENGLAND

And sauntering, takes his way  
This golden end of afternoon,  
As though the corn stood yellow in all the land,  
And the ripe apples dropped to the harvest-moon.

Lo ! the round sun, half down the western slope—  
Seen as along an unglazed telescope—  
Lingers and lolls, loth to be done with day :  
Gifting the long, lean, lanky street  
And its abounding confluences of being  
With aspects generous and bland ;  
Making a thousand harnesses to shine  
As with new ore from some enchanted mine,  
And every horse's coat so full of sheen  
He looks new-tailored, and every bus feels clean,  
And never a hansom but is worth the feeling ;  
And every jeweller within the pale  
Offers a real Arabian Night for sale ;  
And even the roar  
Of the strong streams of toil, that pause and pour  
Eastward and westward, sounds suffused—  
Seems as it were bemused  
And blurred, and like the speech  
Of lazy seas upon a lotus-haunted beach—  
With this enchanted lustrousness,  
This mellow magic, that (as a man's caress  
Brings back to some faded face, beloved before,  
A heavenly shadow of the grace it wore  
Ere the poor eyes were minded to beseech)  
Old things transfigures, and you hail and bless  
Their looks of long-lapsed loveliness once more ;  
Till the sedate and mannered elegance  
Of Clement's, angular and cold and staid,—  
Gleams forth in glamour's very stuffs arrayed ;  
And Bride's, her aery, unsubstantial charm  
Through flight on flight of springing, soaring stone  
Grown flushed and warm,  
Laughs into life, full-mooded and fresh-blown ;  
And the high majesty of Paul's  
Uplifts a voice of living light, and calls—

Galls to his millions to behold and see  
How goodly this his London Town can be !

For earth and sky and air  
Are golden everywhere,  
And golden with a gold so suave and fine,  
The looking on it lifts the heart like wine.  
Trafalgar Square  
(The fountains volleying golden glaze)  
Shines like an angel-market. High aloft  
Over his couchant Lions, in a haze  
Shimmering and bland and soft,  
A dust of chrysoprase,  
Our Sailor takes the golden gaze  
Of the saluting sun, and flames superb,  
As once he flamed it on his ocean round.

The dingy dreariness of the picture-place,  
Turned very nearly bright,  
Takes on a luminous transiency of grace,  
And shows no more a scandal to the ground.  
The very blind man pottering on the kerb,  
Among the posies and the ostrich feathers  
And the rude voices touched with all the weathers  
Of the long, varying year,  
Shares in the universal alms of light.  
The windows, with their fleeting, flickering fires,  
The height and spread of frontage shining sheer,  
The quiring signs, the rejoicing roofs and spires—  
'Tis El Dorado—El Dorado plain,  
The Golden Gity ! And when a girl goes by,  
Look ! as she turns her glancing head,  
A call of gold is floated from her ear !  
Golden, all golden ! In a golden glory,  
Long-lapsing down a golden-coasted sky,  
The day, not dies but seems  
Dispersed in wafts and drifts of gold, and shed  
Upon a past of golden song and story  
And memories of gold and golden dreams.

*W. E. Henley*

## NOVEMBER BLUE

"The golden tint of the electric lights seems to give a complementary colour to the air in the early evening."—ESSAY ON LONDON.

O HEAVENLY colour, London town  
 Has blurred it from her skies ;  
 And, hooded in an earthly brown,  
 Unheaven'd the city lies.  
 No longer, standard-like, this hue  
 Above the broad road flies ;  
 Nor does the narrow street the blue  
 Wear, slender pennon-wise.

But when the gold and silver lamps  
 Colour the London dew,  
 And, misted by the winter damps,  
 The shops shine bright anew—  
 Blue comes to earth, it walks the street,  
 It dyes the wide air through ;  
 A mimic sky about their feet,  
 The throng go crowned with blue.

*Alice Meynel*

## ANTICIPATIONS

WHEN still in the season  
 Of sunshine and leisure,  
 While blithe yet we wander  
 O'er meadow and Down,  
 O say is it treason  
 To think of the treasure  
 Heaped up for us yonder  
 In grey London town ?

We hunt the sweet berry  
 With purple-stained ardour ;  
 Each bramble one hooks in  
 Is bent 'neath its load :

It's free and it's merry  
 In nature's rich larder—  
 But O to hunt books in  
     The Charing Cross Road !

As daylight expires in  
 This best of Septembers,  
 A coolness comes blowing—  
     A chill wintry hint !  
 But think ! it blows fires in,  
 And dream-kindling embers,  
 And candle-light glowing  
     On time-mellowed print !

This glory of Summer  
 One's being rejoices ;  
 Yet hail to this flavour  
     Of Summer's decay !  
 It's bringing the glamour,  
 The lights and the voices,  
 The dear homely savour  
     Of London this way !  
*E. V. Lucas*

### SEAGULLS ON THE SERPENTINE

MEMORY, out of the mist, in a long slow ripple  
 Breaks, blindly, against the shore.  
 The mist has buried the town in its own oblivion.  
 This, this is the sea once more.

Mist—mist—brown mist ; but a sense in the air of  
 snowflakes !  
 I stand where the ripples die,  
 Lift up an arm and wait, till my lost ones know me,  
 Wheel overhead, and cry.

Salt in the eyes, and the seagulls, mewing and swooping,  
 Snatching the bread from my hand ;  
 Brushing my hand with their breasts, in swift caresses  
 To show that they understand.

## ENGLAND

Oh, why are you so afraid ? We are all of us exiles !  
 Wheel back in your clamorous rings !  
 We have all of us lost the sea, and we all remember.  
 But you—have wings.

*Alfred Noyes*

## PASTEL

THE lowering sooty London sky  
 Flushes with roses manifold ;  
 The spattered feet of the passers-by  
 Slip and slide in silver and gold.

Lilac and violet and blue  
 The lines of chimney-pots and bricks ;  
 The omnibus with its spectre crew  
 Fades like the purple barque of Styx.

*John Bowyer Nichols*

## LONDON

(1940)

BELOVED London's ancient walls,  
 Battered by hail of steel and fire,  
 Look down with proud and scornful ire  
 On all the ruin of its halls.

So with disdain the pillared rock,  
 Deep-rooted in mid-ocean's bed,  
 Undaunted proudly lifts its head  
 Scorning the waves' imperious shock.

So too the oak, that bows before  
 The furious raging of the blast,  
 The tyranny now overpast,  
 Unconquered rears itself once more.

In vain upon our stricken lands  
 The flying hordes rain death and fear ;  
 Fighting for all we hold most dear  
 Old London's spirit firmly stands.

*A. A. Milne*

## WESTMINSTER

(May 1941)

" EARTH has not anything to show more fair " :  
 So Wordsworth sang, enraptured with the sight  
 Of Westminster clad in its morning light  
 Of beauty, radiant and beyond compare ;  
 Its towers, domes, temples glittering in the air,  
 And nought above them but the birds in flight.  
 But now the sky-borne engines of the night  
 Have rained their bolts with thundering and flare.  
 Ah ! could the singer take his stand again  
 Upon the Bridge, how measureless his pain  
 To see the lovely vision maimed and marred—  
 But he would hear the " mighty heart " still beat  
 Undaunted, undismayed, and smiling greet  
 A Westminster whose soul could not be scarred.

F. S. Boas

## LONDONER

" WHY? " you said, as the evening sirens blew  
 (And one knew there were fourteen weary hours till day),  
 " Why do you stay in this awful hullabaloo ?  
 " Why don't you get away ? "

I didn't reply, I was thinking of other things  
 (You were looking extremely sweet), and besides, you  
 know,  
 There are thoughts that won't come out till the words  
 find wings. . . .  
 But at half past twelve or so—

A Jerry droning dismally high above,  
 A lone bomb whistling down in N.W.3.—  
 I thought of the answer : "I live in London, love,  
 Because that's where I like to be."

I always did. And when Hitler started in style,  
I thought to myself, in the way that people do,  
" London and I, we've been together awhile ;  
Together let's see this through."

For I have been London's lover for thirty years,  
And how I've enjoyed it ! Never has London hid  
Her laughter from me. Now I like her in tears  
As well as ever I did.

She's lost her looks a little ? She isn't dressed  
With the splendour of yore ? Well, nobody cares a  
damn ;  
She's still herself, she's London, she's still the best—  
And anyway, here I am.

Hellish, these last three months, and hard to face,  
And they haven't done anyone any manner of good ;  
But would I have passed them in any other place ?  
Not on your life I would !

*Hilton Brown*

## SPORT

### AS I CAME BY

As I came by a grene forest side,  
I met with a forster<sup>1</sup> that hadde me abide,  
With " *Hey go bet, hey go bet, hey go howe !* "

Underneath a tree I did me set,  
And with a grete herte anone I met ;  
I badde let slippe, and said " *Hey go bet !* "  
With " *Hey go bet, hey go bet, howe !* "

I had not stande there, but a while,  
For the mountenance<sup>2</sup> of a mile,  
There came a grete herte, without gile.  
" *There he gothe, there he gothe, hey go howe !*  
*We shall have sporte and game enowe,"*

Talbot my hounde with a mery nose  
All about the grene wode he gan cast,  
I toke my home and blew him a blast,  
With " *Tro-ro-ro-ro, tro-ro-ro-ro !* "  
With " *Hey go bet, hey go bet, hey go howe !*  
*There he gothe, there he gothe, hey go howe !*  
*We shall have sport and game enowe."*  
Anonymous (c. 1500)

### THE KING'S HUNT

THE hunt is up, the hunt is up,  
And it is wellnigh day,  
And Harry our King is gone hunting,  
To bring his deer to bay.

<sup>1</sup> *forster* : forester,

<sup>2</sup> *mountenance* : amount.

## ENGLAND

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

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

The horses snort to be at the sport,  
 The dogs are running free,  
 The woods rejoice at the merry noise  
 Of *hey tantard tee ree !*

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

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

*Anonymous (c. 1520)*

## ARSGOTT OF TETCOTT

ON the ninth of November, in the year fifty-two,  
 Three jolly fox-hunters, all sons of true blue,  
 They rode from Pencarrow, not fearing a wet coat,  
 To take their diversion with Arscott of Tetcott.

He went to his kennel and took them within :  
 " On Monday," said Arscott, " our joys shall begin."  
 Both horses and hounds, how they pant to be gone !  
 How they'll follow afoot, not forgetting Black John !

When Monday was 'come, right early at morn  
 John Arscott arose, and he took down his horn ;  
 He gave it a flourish so loud, in the hall,  
 Each heard the glad summons and came at the call.

They heard it with pleasure, but Webb was first dressed,  
 Resolving to give a cold pig to the rest;<sup>1</sup>  
 Bold Bob and the Briton, they hastened downstairs—  
 It was generally thought they neglected their prayers.

At breakfast they scrambled for butter and toast,  
 But Webb was impatient that time should be lost ;  
 So old Cheyney was ordered to bring to the door  
 Both horses and hounds, and away to the moor.

On Monday, says Arscott, as he mounted his nag,  
 " I took to Old Black Cap, for he'll hit the drag ! "  
 The drag it was hit, but they said it was old,  
 For a drag in the morning could not be so cold.

They pricked it along to Becket and Thorn,  
 And there the old dogs they set out, I'll be sworn ;  
 'Twas Ringwood and Rally, with capital scent,  
 Bold Princess and Madcap, good God, how they went !

" How far did they make it ? How far went they on ?  
 How far did they make it ? " said Simon the Son ;  
 " O'er the moors," said Joe Goodman, " hark to Bacchus,  
 the word ! "  
 " Hark to Vulcan ! " cried Arscott, " that's it, by the  
 Lord ! "

" Hark to Princess ! " says Arscott, " there's a fresh  
 tally-ho ! "  
 The dogs they soon caught it, and how they did go !  
 'Twas Princess and Madcap, and Ringwood and Rally,  
 They charmed every hill and they echoed each valley.

From Becket, through Thorn, they went on their way,  
 To Swannacott Wood without break or delay ;

<sup>1</sup> Wake them with cold water, i.e. a cold sponge.

And when they came there, how they sounded again !  
 " What music it is ! " cried the glad Whitstone men.

In haste came up Arscott—" Oh, where are they gone ? "  
 " They are off to the cliffs," then said Simon the Son ;  
 Through Wike, and through Poundstock, St. Genys, they  
 went,

And when Reynard came there, he gave up by consent.

So when Reynard was dead, we broke up the field,  
 With joy in our hearts that we made him to yield ;  
 And when we came home we toasted the health  
 Of a man who ne'er varied for places or wealth !

When supper was ended we spent all the night  
 In gay flowing bumpers and social delight ;  
 With mirth and good humour did cheerfully sing,  
 A health to John Arscott, and God save the King !

*R. S. Hawker*

### YOUNG REYNARD

GRACEFULLEST leaper, the dappled fox-cub  
 Curves over brambles with berries and buds,  
 Light as a bubble that flies from the tub,  
 Whisked by the laundry-wife out of her suds.  
 Wavy he comes, woolly, all at his ease,  
 Elegant, fashioned to foot with the deuce ;  
 Nature's own prince of the dance : then he sees  
 Me, and retires as if making excuse.

Never closed minuet courtlier ! Soon  
 Cubhunting troops were abroad, and a yelp  
 Told of sure scent : ere the stroke upon noon  
 Reynard the younger lay far beyond help.  
 Wild, my poor friend, has the fate to be chased ;  
 Civil will conquer : were 't other 't were worse.  
 Fair, by the flushed early morning embraced,  
 Haply you live a day longer in verse.

*George Meredith*

## THE HUNTSMAN

THE huntsman, Robin Dawe, looked round.  
He sometimes called a favourite hound,  
Gently, to see the creature turn,  
Look happy up and wag his stern.  
He smiled and nodded and saluted  
To those who hailed him, as it suited,  
And patted Pip's, his hunter's neck.  
His new pink was without a speck.  
He was a red-faced smiling fellow,  
His voice clear tenor, full and mellow,  
His eyes, all fire, were black and small.  
He had been smashed in many a fall.  
His eyebrow had a white curved mark  
Left by the bright shoe of The Lark.  
Down in a ditch by Seven Springs  
His coat had all been trod to strings,  
His ribs laid bare and shoulder broken,  
Being jumped on down at Water's Oaken  
The time his horse came down and rolled.  
His face was of the country mould  
Such as the mason sometimes cutted  
On English moulding-ends which jutted  
Out of the church walls, centuries since.  
And as you never know the quince,  
How good he is, until you try,  
So, in Dawe's face, what met the eye  
Was only part ; what lay behind  
Was English character and mind,  
Great kindness, delicate sweet feeling  
(Most shy, most clever in concealing  
Its depth) for beauty of all sorts,  
Great manliness and love of sports,  
A grave, wise thoughtfulness and truth,  
A merry fun outlasting youth,  
A courage terrible to see,  
And mercy for his enemy.

*John Masefield*

## ST. VALENTINE'S DAY

TODAY, all day, I rode upon the down,  
 With hounds and horsemen, a brave company.  
 On this side in its glory lay the sea,  
 On that the Sussex weald, a sea of brown.  
 The wind was light, and brightly the sun shone,  
 And still we galloped on from gorse to gorse.  
 And once, when checked, a thrush sang, and my  
 horse  
 Pricked his quick ears as to a sound unknown.  
 I knew the Spring was come—I knew it even  
 Better than all by this, that through my chase  
 In bush and stone and hill and sea and heaven  
 I seemed to see and follow still your face.  
 Your face my quarry was. For it I rode,  
 My horse a thing of wings, myself a god.

*W. S. Blunt*

## THE CHASER'S CUP

THE roads were filled with a drifting crowd,  
 Many mouth-organs droned aloud.

Seven linked dancers singing a song  
 Bowed and kicked as they danced along,  
 The middleman thrust and pulled and squeezed  
 A concertina to tunes that pleased.  
 After them, honking, with Hey, Hey, Hey,  
 Came drivers thrusting to clear the way.

Then came dog-carts and traps and wagons  
 With hampers of lunches, pies and flagons,  
 Bucks from city and flash young bloods  
 With vests "cut saucy" to show their studs.

The costermongers as smart as sparrows  
 Brought their wives in their donkey-barrows.  
 The clean-legged donkeys, clever and cunning,  
 Their ears cocked forward, their neat feet running,

Their carts and harness flapping with flags,  
Were bright as heralds and proud as stags.  
And there in pride in the flapping banners  
Were the costers' selves in blue bandannas,  
And the costers' wives in feathers curling,  
And their sons, with their sweet mouth-organs skirling.  
And from midst of the road to the roadside shifting  
The crowd of the world on foot went drifting,  
Standing aside on the trodden grass  
To chaff as they let the traffic pass.  
Then back they flooded, singing and cheering,  
Plodding forward and disappearing,  
Up to the course to take their places,  
To lunch and gamble and see the races.,

The March wind blew the smell of the crowd,  
All men there seemed crying aloud,  
But over the noise a louder roar  
Broke, as the wave that bursts on shore  
Drowns the roar of the wave that comes,  
So this roar rose on the lesser hums,  
" I back the Field ! I back the Field."

Man who lives under sentence sealed,  
Tragical man, who has but breath  
For few brief years as he goes to death,  
Tragical man by strange winds blown  
To live in crowds ere he die alone,  
Came in his jovial thousands massing  
To see Life moving and beauty passing.

They sucked their fruit in the wooden tiers  
And flung the skins at the passers' ears ;  
Drumming their heels on the planks below,  
They sang of Dolly of Idaho.  
Past, like a flash, the first race went.

The time drew by to the great event.

At a quarter to three the big bell pealed ;  
The horses trooped to the Saddling Field.  
Covered in clothing, horse and mare  
Pricked their ears at the people there ;

Some showed devil, and some composure,  
 As they trod their way to the great enclosure.  
 When the clock struck three and the men weighed out ;  
 Charles Cothill shook, though his heart was stout.  
 The thought of his bets, so gaily laid,  
 Seemed a stone the more when he sat and weighed.

As he knotted the reins and took his stand  
 The horse's soul came into his hand,  
 And up from the mouth that held the steel  
 Came an innermost word, half thought, half feel,  
 " My day today, O master, O master ;  
 None shall jump cleaner, none shall go faster,  
 Call till you kill me, for I'll obey,  
 It's my day today, it's my day today."

*John Masefield*

### THE OLD SQUIRE

I LIKE the hunting of the hare  
     Better than that of the fox ;  
 I like the joyous morning air  
     And the crowing of the cocks.

I like the calm of the early fields,  
     The ducks asleep by the lake,  
 The quiet hour which Nature yields,  
     Before mankind is awake.

I like the pheasants and feeding things  
     Of the unsuspecting morn ;  
 I like the flap of the wood-pigeon's wings  
     As she rises from the corn.

I like the blackbird's shriek, and his rush  
     From the turnips as I pass by,  
 And the partridge hiding her head in a bush,  
     For her young ones cannot fly.

## SPORT

I like these things, and I like to ride,  
When all the world is in bed,  
To the top of the hill where the sky grows  
And where the sun grows red.

The beagles at my horse-heels trot  
In silence after me ;  
There's Ruby, Roger, Diamond, Dot,  
Old Slut and Margery,

A score of names well used and dear,  
The names my childhood knew ;  
The horn with which I rouse their cheer  
Is the horn my father blew.

I like the hunting of the hare  
Better than that of the fox ;  
The new world still is all less fair  
Than the old world it mocks.

I cover not a wider range  
Than these dear manors give ;  
I take my pleasures without change,  
And as I lived I live.

I leave my neighbours to their thought,  
My choice it is, and pride,  
On my own lands to find my sport,  
In my own fields to ride.

The hare herself no better loves  
The field where she was bred,  
Than I the habit of these groves,  
My own inherited.

I know my quarries every one,  
The meuse<sup>1</sup> where she sits low ;  
The road she chose today was run  
A hundred years ago.

<sup>1</sup> *meuse* : gap in a hedge.

## ENGLAND

The lags,<sup>1</sup> the gills,<sup>2</sup> the forest ways,  
 The hedgerows one and all,  
 These are the kingdoms of my chase,  
 And bounded by my wall ;

Nor has the world a better thing,  
 Though one should search it round,  
 Than thus to live one's own sole king  
 Upon one's own sole ground.

I like the hunting of the hare ;  
 It brings me, day by day,  
 The memory of old days as fair,  
 With dead men past away.

To these, as homeward still I ply  
 And pass the churchyard gate,  
 Where all are laid as I must lie,  
 I stop and raise my hat.

I like the hunting of the hare ;  
 New sports I hold in scorn.  
 I like to be as my fathers were,  
 In the days ere I was born.

*W. S. Blunt*

## COURSING

WHILST Rockingham was heard with these reports to ring,  
 The Muse by making on tow'rds Welland's ominous spring,  
 With Kelmarsh there is caught, for Coursing of the Hare,  
 Which scorns that any place should with her plains  
 compare :

Which in the proper terms the Muse doth thus report ;  
 The man whose vacant mind prepares him for the sport,  
 The Finder sendeth out, to seek out nimble Wat,  
 Which crosseth in the field, each furlong, every flat,  
 Till he this pretty beast upon the form hath found,

<sup>1</sup> *lags* : flat streamside meadows.

<sup>2</sup> *gills* : narrow wooded valleys.

Then viewing for the course, which is the fairest ground,  
The greyhounds forth are brought, for coursing then in  
case,

And choicely in the slip, one leading forth a brace ;  
The Finder puts her up, and gives her coursers law :  
And whilst the eager dogs upon the start do draw,  
She riseth from her seat, as though on earth she flew,  
Forc'd by some yelping cur to give the greyhounds view,  
Which are at length let slip, when gunning out they go,<sup>1</sup>  
As in respect of them the swiftest wind were slow.  
When each man runs his horse, with fixed eyes and notes  
Which dog first turns the hare, which first the other  
coats ;<sup>2</sup>

They wrench her once or twice, ere she a turn will take,  
What's off Vd by the first, the other good doth make ;  
And turn for turn again with equal speed they ply,  
Bestirring their swift feet with strange agility :  
A hard'n'd ridge or way, when if the hare do win,  
Then as shot from a bow, she from the dogs doth spin,  
That strive to put her off, but when he cannot reach her,  
This giving him a coat, about again doth fetch her  
To him that comes behind, which seems the hare to fear ;  
But with a nimble turn she casts them both arear  
Till oft for want of breath, to fall to ground they make  
her,

The greyhounds both so spent, that they want breath to  
take her.

Here leave I whilst the Muse more serious things attends,  
And with my course at hare, my Canto likewise ends.

*Michael Drayton*

## HERON AND FALCON

THE Heron mounted doth appear  
On his own Peg'sus a Lanceer,  
And seems on earth, when he doth hut,<sup>3</sup>  
A proper halberdier on foot ;  
Secure i' th<sup>5</sup> moor, about to sup,  
The dogs have beat his quarters up.

<sup>1</sup> When the sportsmen give chase.  
<sup>3</sup> hut: lodge.

<sup>2</sup> coats: outruns.

## ENGLAND

And now he takes the open air,  
Draws up his wings with tactic care ;  
Whilst th' expert falcon swift doth climb  
In subtle mazes serpentine ;  
And to advantage closely twin'd  
She gets the upper sky and wind,  
Where she dissembles to invade,  
And lies a pol'tic ambushade.

The hedg'd-in heron, whom the foe  
Awaits above, and dogs below,  
In his fortification lies,  
And makes him ready for surprise,  
When roused with a shrill alarm,  
Was shouted from beneath, they arm.

The falcon charges at first view  
With her brigade of talons ; through  
Whose shoots the wary heron beat,  
With a well-counterwheel'd retreat.  
But the bold gen'ral, never lost,  
Hath won again her airy post ;  
Who wild in this affront, now fries,<sup>1</sup>  
Then gives a volley of her eyes.

The desp'rate Heron now contracts  
In one design all former facts ;  
Noble he is resolv'd to fall  
His, and his en'my's funeral,  
And (to be rid of her) to die  
A public martyr of the sky.

When now he turns his last to wreak  
The palisadoes of his beak ;  
The raging foe impatient,  
Wrack'd with revenge, and fury rent.  
Swift as the thunderbolt he strikes,  
Too sure upon the stand of pikes ;  
There she his naked breast doth hit  
And on the case of rapier's split.

<sup>1</sup> *fries* : burns with fury.

But ev'n in her expiring pangs  
 The heron's pounc'd within her fangs,  
 And so above she stoops to rise  
 A trophy and a sacrifice ;  
 Whilst her own bells in the sad fall  
 Ring out the double funeral.

*Richard Lovelace*

### THE ANGLER'S WISH

I IN these flowery meads would be :  
 These crystal streams should solace me ;  
 To whose harmonious bubbling noise  
 I with my angle would rejoice :  
     Sit here, and see the turtle-dove  
     Court his chaste mate to acts of love ;  
 Or, on that bank, feel the west wind  
 Breathe health and plenty : please my mind,  
 To see sweet dewdrops kiss these flowers,  
 And then wash'd off by April showers ;  
     Here, hear my Kenna<sup>1</sup> sing a song ;  
     There, see a blackbird feed her young,  
 Or a leverock<sup>2</sup> build her nest ;  
 Here, give my weary spirits rest,  
 And raise my low-pi tch'd thoughts above  
 Earth, or what poor mortals love :  
     Thus, free from lawsuits and the noise  
     Of Princes' Courts, I would rejoice :  
 Or, with my Bryan<sup>3</sup> and a book,  
 Loiter long days near Shawford brook ;  
 There sit by him, and eat my meat ;  
 There see the sun both rise and set ;  
 There bid good morning to next day ;  
 There meditate my time away ;  
     And angle on, and beg to have  
     A quiet passage to a welcome grave.

*Izaak Walton*

<sup>1</sup> *Kenna* : Walton's wife's maiden name was Ken.

<sup>2</sup> *leverock* : lark.

<sup>3</sup> *Bryan* : perhaps his dog.

## ENGLAND

### THE FISHER'S LIFE

O H , the fisher's gentle life  
Happiest is of any ;  
'Tis full of calmness, void of strife,  
And beloved of many :  
    Other joys  
    Are but toys,  
    Only this  
    Harmless is,  
    For our skill  
    Breeds no ill,  
But content and pleasure.

In a morning up we rise,  
Ere Aurora's peeping,  
Drink a cup, to wash our eyes,  
Leave the sluggard sleeping :  
    Then we go  
    To and fro,  
    With our knacks  
    At our backs,  
    To sweet streams,  
    Lea or Thames,  
To enjoy our leisure.

When we please to walk abroad  
For our recreation,  
In the fields is our abode  
Full of delectation :  
    With a book  
    By a brook,  
    Or a lake,  
    Sitting take  
    With delight,  
    Wait the bite  
Till we fish entangle.

We have gentles<sup>1</sup> in a horn,  
Flies and paste and worms too ;

<sup>1</sup> *gentles* : maggots used for bait.

We can watch both night and morn,  
 Suffer rain and storms too :  
 None are here  
 Used to swear,  
 Oaths will fray  
 Fish away,  
 We sit still,  
 Watch our quill,  
 Fishers must not wrangle.

If the sun's excessive heat  
 Make our bodies swelter,  
 To a fragrant hedge we get  
 For a friendly shelter ;  
 Where in a creek  
 Gudgeon, bleak,<sup>1</sup>  
 As we like,  
 Perch or pike,  
 Roach or dace  
 Pleased we chase,  
 With our sport contented.

Or we sometimes muse an hour  
 'Neath a trembling willow  
 That repels the soft sweet shower,  
 Making earth our pillow ;  
 There we may  
 Think and pray  
 Ere cold death  
 Seize our breath ;  
 Other joys  
 Are but toys,  
 And to be lamented.

*John Chalkhill*

#### THE LINCOLNSHIRE POACHER

WHEN I was bound apprentice in famous Lincolnshire,  
 Full well I served my master for more than seven year,  
 Till I took up with poaching, as you shall quickly hear.  
 O 'tis my delight on a shining night in **the** season of the year.

<sup>1</sup> *bleak* : a small river fish.

As me and my companions were setting of a snare,  
 'Twas then we spied the game-keeper—for him we did not  
 care,

For we can wrestle and fight, my boys, and jump o'er any-  
 where.

O 'tis my delight on a shining night in the season of the  
 year.

As me and my companions were setting four or five,  
 And taking on 'cm up again we caught a hare alive,  
 We took the hare alive, my boys, and through the woods  
 did steer.

O 'tis my delight on a shining night in the season of the  
 year.

We threw him over our shoulder, and then we trudged  
 home,

We took him to a neighbour's house and sold him for a  
 crown,

We sold him for a crown, my boys, but I do not tell you  
 where.

O 'Us my delight on a shining night in the season of the  
 year.

Success to every gentleman that lives in Lincolnshire,  
 Success to every poacher that wants to sell a hare,  
 Bad luck to every game-keeper that will not sell his deer.  
 O 'tis my delight on a shining night in the season of the  
 year.

*Anonymous (18th century)*

### SKATING ON WINDERMERE

A L L shod with steel

We hissed along the polished ice in games  
 Confederate, imitative of the chase  
 And woodland pleasures,—the resounding horn,  
 The pack loud chiming, and the hunted hare.  
 So through the darkness and the cold we flew,  
 And not a voice was idle ; with the din  
 Smitten, the precipices rang aloud ;



The room where we changed, with hearts like lead,  
 And the gay crowd trampling overhead ;  
 The trial trip, with a minute's burst,  
 When everyone managed to row his worst.  
 And I felt a ton's weight on my oar  
 Caused by the lateness of Two and Four ;  
 The dreary paddle down to the start,  
 When every stroke felt short and crabby ;  
 The dull resolve in every heart—  
 Victory or Westminster Abbey.

The wait by the post, with the camera-stands  
 Mooning owlishly above,  
 As we doffed our sweaters and resined our hands  
 Awaiting the waterman's final shove ;  
 The minute-gun ; then " Touch her, Bow ! "  
 The silent thought, " We are in for it now."  
 The steady voice of the coach on the shore,  
 " Three quarters gone . . . ten seconds more  
 Eight, seven, six, five, four, three, two, one  
 A pause. A bang. The tension broke ;  
 We caught the first one well together,  
 Snatched at the second, and swung out  
 In the full sweep of the racing stroke ;  
 While behind us with rattle and shout,  
 Swift and bright in the evening sun,  
 Hard on the drive and neat on the feather,  
 Game the enemy, hell-for-leather.

O but they were a beautiful crew !  
 They settled down to their stroke, and drew  
 Steadily nearer, for all our straining,  
 Second by second, gaining, gaining.  
 At the Ferry we led by a yard ;  
 Jones quickened up ; we struggled hard ;  
 But on my shoulders lay the weight  
 Of Four, a tenth of a second late.  
 Nearer and nearer sounded the bellows,  
 " You've got them now ! Put it on, you fellows ! "  
 Grim and desperate, short and flurried,  
 Through the Gut we barely worried ;

Near the end they overlapped us,  
Made their shot and almost trapped us,  
But with a flick of cox's wrist  
We swung clear of them, and they missed.

You know the moment when, at their height,  
The shouts go surging away to the right  
And the tumult suddenly dies in your ears  
As the long straight homeward reach appears ?  
At that moment, while, nearly dead,  
I waited the jerk of Jones's head  
As if to say "The last spurt now "—  
Just as the bobbing enemy bow  
Closer and ever closer showed,  
Jones deliberately slowed.

For twenty seconds they drew yet nearer . . .  
But then I felt the burden lightening,  
And every moment, clearer and clearer,  
The catch of the stroke behind me tightening.  
The heavy-weights ceased to flurry and jerk,  
And settled steady again to their work.  
Still at the same stroke, grim and slow,  
We began to hold the foe.  
" Keep it long ! " came a shout from the shore,  
And we drained each stroke to its utmost dregs,  
While the mingling voices more and more  
Gathered and rose in a single roar—  
" Legs ! Legs ! Legs ! Legs ! "

We held them off; we drew away :  
And that was really the end of the fray :  
Down the Green Bank and past the throng  
That clustered on the swaying barges,  
Jones kept it steady and kept it long,  
And held the enemy's fitful charges,  
**Till**, near the end, when our force was failing  
And efforts at time were unavailing,  
He quickened our stroke ; we somehow followed,  
**And** safely over the line we wallowed.

*Arthur Hugh Sidgwick*

## DANGERS OF FOOTBALL

WHERE Covent-Garden's famous temple stands,  
 That boasts the work of Jove's immortal hands ;  
 Columns with plain magnificence appear,  
 And graceful porches lead along the square :  
 Here oft my course I bend, when lo ! from far  
 I spy the furies of the foot-ball war :  
 The 'prentice quits his shop, to join the crew,  
 Encreasing crowds the flying game pursue.  
 Thus, as you roll the ball o'er snowy ground,  
 The gath'ring globe augments with ev'ry round.  
 But whither shall I run ? The throng draws nigh,  
 The ball now skims the street, now soars on high ;  
 The dex'trous glazier strong returns the bound,  
 And jingling sashes on the pent-house sound.

*John Gay*

## THE RUGGER MATCH

... I HAVE seen this day men in the beauty of movement,  
 A gallant jaw set, the form of a hero that flew,  
 Cunning, a selfless flinging of self in the fray,  
 Strength, compassion, control, the obeying of laws,  
 Victory, and a struggle against defeat.  
 I know that the Power that gave us the bodies we have  
 Can only be praised by our use of the things He gave,  
 That we are not here to turn our backs to the sun,  
 Or to scorn the delight of our limbs. And for those who  
 have eyes  
 The beauty of this is the same as the beauty of flowers,  
 And of eagles and lions and mountains and oceans and  
 stars  
 And I care not, but rather am glad that the thought will  
 recur  
 That in Egypt the muscles moved under the shining skins  
 As here, and in Greece where Olympian champions died,  
 And in isles long ago, where never a record was kept.

*Sir John Squire*

## CRICKET

ASSIST, all ye Muses, and join to rehearse  
An old English sport, never praised yet in verse :  
'Tis Cricket I sing, of illustrious fame,  
No nation e'er boasted so noble a game.

*Deny down, etc.*

Great Pindar has bragg'd of his heroes of old—  
Some were swift in the race, some in battles were bold :  
The brows of the victor with olive were crown'd :  
Hark ! they shout, and Olympia returns the glad sound.

What boasting of Castor and Pollux his brother,  
The one famed for riding, for boxing the other ;  
Compar'd with our heroes they'll not shine at all—  
What were Castor and Pollux to Nyren and Small ?

Here's guarding and catching, and throwing and tossing,  
And bowling and striking and running and crossing ;  
Each mate must excel in some principal part—  
The Pentathlum of Greece could not show so much art.

Ye bowlers, take heed, to my precepts attend ;  
On you the whole fate of the game must depend ;  
Spare your vigour at first, now exert all your strength.  
But measure each step, and be sure pitch a length.

Ye fieldsmen, look sharp, lest your pains ye beguile ;  
Move close like an army, in rank and in file ;  
When the ball is return'd, back it sure, lor I trow  
Whole states have been ruin'd by one overthrow.

Ye strikers, observe when the foe shall draw nigh ;  
Mark the bowler, advancing with vigilant eye ;  
Your skill all depends upon distance and sight,  
Stand firm to your scratch, let your bat be upright.

Buck, Curry and Hogsflesh, and Barber and Brett,  
Whose swiftness in bowling was ne'er equalled yet ;

I had almost forgot, they deserve a large bumper,  
Little George, the longstop, and Tom Sueter, the stumper.

Then why should we fear either Sackville or Mann,  
Or repine at the loss both of Boynton and Lann ?  
With such troops as those we'll be lords of the game,  
Spite of Minshull and Miller and Lumpy and Frame.

Then fill up your glass, he's the best that drinks most.  
Here's the Hambledon Club ! Who refuses the toast ?  
Let's join in the praise of the bat and the wicket,  
And sing in full chorus the patrons of cricket.

And when the game's o'er, and our fate shall draw nigh  
(For the heroes of cricket, like others, must die),  
Our bats we'll resign, neither troubled nor vex'd,  
And give up our wickets to those that come next.

*Deny down, etc.*

*Reynell Cotton*

### BALLADE OF CRICKET

THE burden of hard hitting : slog away !  
Here shalt thou make a " five " and there a " four ",  
And then upon thy bat shalt lean, and say,  
That thou art in for an uncommon score.  
Yea, the loud ring applauding thee shall roar,  
And thou to rival Thornton shalt aspire ;  
When lo, the Umpire gives thee " leg before "—  
" This is the end of every man's desire ".

The burden of much bowling, when the stay  
Of all thy team is " collared ", swift or slower,  
When " bailers " break not in their wonted way,  
And " yorkers " come not off as here-to-fore ;  
When length balls shoot no more—ah never more !  
When all deliveries lose their former fire,  
When bats seem broader than the broad barn-door—  
" This is the end of every man's desire."

The burden of long fielding, when the clay  
 Clings to thy shoon in sudden shower's downpour,  
 And running still thou stumblest; or the ray  
 Of blazing suns doth bite and burn thee sore,  
 And blind thee till, forgetful of thy lore,  
 Thou dost most mournfully misjudge a " skyer ",  
 And lose a match the Fates cannot restore—  
 " This is the end of every man's desire."

## ENVOY

Alas, yet liefer on Youth's hither shore  
 Would I be some poor Player on scant hire,  
 Than king among the old who play no more,—  
 " *This is the end of every man's desire.*"

*Andrew Lang*

## AT LORD'S

IT is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,  
 Though my own red roses there may blow ;  
 It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk,  
 Though the red roses crest the caps, I know ;  
 For the field is full of shades as I near the shadowy coast,  
 And a ghostly batsman plays to the bowling of a ghost,  
 And I look through my tears on a soundless-clapping host,  
 As the run-stealers flicker to and fro,

To and fro :—

Oh my Hornby and my Barlow long ago !

*Francis Thompson*

## CHANT ROYAL OF CRICKET

WHEN earth awakes as from some dreadful night  
 And doffs her melancholy mourning state,  
 When May buds burst in blossom and requite  
 Our weary eyes for Winter's tedious wait,  
 Then the pale bard takes down his dusty lyre  
 And strikes the thing with more than usual fire.

Myself, compacted of an earthier clay,  
 I oil my bats and greasy homage pay  
 To Cricket, who, with emblems of his court,  
 Stumps, pads, bails, gloves, begins his summer sway.  
 Cricket in sooth is Sovran King of Sport.

As yet no shadows blur the magic light,  
 The glamour that surrounds the opening date.  
 Illusions yet undashed my soul excite  
 And of success in luring whispers prate.  
 I see myself in form : my thoughts aspire  
 To reach the giddy summit of desire.  
 Lovers and such may sing a roundelay,  
 Whate'er that be, to greet returning May ;  
 For me, not much—the season's all too short ;  
 I hear the mower hum and scent the fray.  
 Cricket in sooth is Sovran King of Sport.

A picture stands before my dazzled sight,  
 Wherein the hero, ruthlessly elate,  
 Defies all bowlers' concentrated spite.  
 That hero is myself, I need not state.  
<sup>5</sup>Tis sweet to see their captain's growing ire  
**And** his relief when I at last retire ;  
 'Tis sweet to run pavilionwards and say,  
 " Yes, somehow I *was* seeing them today "—  
 Thus modesty demands that I retort  
 To murmured compliments upon my play.  
 Cricket in sooth is Sovran King of Sport.

The truth's resemblance is, I *own*, but slight  
 To these proud visions which my soul inflate.  
 This is the sort of thing : In abject fright  
 I totter down the steps and through the gate ;  
 Somehow I reach the pitch and bleat, " Umpire,  
 Is that one leg ? " What boots it to enquire ?  
 The impatient bowler takes one grim survey,  
 Speeds to the crease and whirls—a lightning ray ?  
 No, a fast yorker. Bang ! the stumps cavort.  
 Chastened, but not surprised, I go my way.  
 Cricket in sooth is Sovran King of Sport.

## SPORT

Lord of the Game, for whom these lines I write,

Fulfil my present hope, watch o'er my fate ;  
Defend me from the swerver's puzzling flight ;

Let me not be run out, at any rate.

As one who's been for years a constant trier,  
Reward me with an average slightly higher ;

Let it be double figures. This I pray,  
Humblest of boons, before my hair grows grey

And Time's flight bids me in the last resort  
Try golf, or otherwise your cause betray.

Cricket in sooth is Sovran King of Sport.

King, what though Age's summons I obey,  
Resigned to dull rheumatics and decay,

Still on one text my hearers I'll exhort,  
As long as hearers within range will stay :

" Cricket in sooth is Sovran King of Sport ".  
H. S. V.

# WAR

## PLEA FOR A NAVY

THE trewe processe of Englysh polycye,  
Of utterwarde<sup>1</sup> to kepe thys regne in rest  
Of oure England, that no man may denye,  
Nere say of soth but it is of the best,  
Is thys, that who seith southe, northe, est, and west,  
Cheryshe marchandyse, kepe thamyralte,<sup>2</sup>  
That we bee maysters of the narowe see.

Ffor Sigesmonde the grete emperoure,  
Whyche yet regneth, whan he was in this londe  
Wyth kynge Herry the V<sup>te</sup>, prince of honoure,  
Here moche glorye as hym thought he fonde ;  
A myghty londe, whyche hadde take on honde  
To werre in Ffraunce and make mortalite,  
And evere welle kept rounde aboute the see.

And to the kynge thus he seyde, " My brothere,"  
Whan he perceyved too townes Galys and Dove,ere,  
" Of alle youre townes to chese of one and othere,  
To kepe the see and sone to come overe  
To werre outwarde and youre regne to recovere,  
Kepe these too townes, Sire, and youre mageste,  
As youre tweyne eyne to kepe the narowe see."

Ffor if this see be kepte in tyme of werre,  
Who cane here passe wi thought daungere and woo ?  
Who may eschape, who may myschef dyfferre ?  
What marchaundye may for-by be agoo ?  
Ffor nedes hem muste take truse every ffoo,<sup>3</sup>  
Fflaundes, and Spayne, and othere, trust to me,  
Or ellis hyndered alle for thys narowe see.

<sup>1</sup> *of utterwarde* : outwardly, from foreign attack.

<sup>2</sup> *thamyralti*: the admiralty.

<sup>3</sup> *nedes hem, etc.* : every foe must come to terms.

Therefore I caste me by a lytele wry tinge  
 To shewe att eye thys conclusion,  
 Ffor concyens and for myne acqutyng  
 Aeynst God and ageyne abusyon  
 And cowardyse, and to oure enmyes confusion ;  
 For foure thynges our noble<sup>1</sup> sheueth to me,  
 Kyng, shype, and swerde, and pouer of the sec.

Where bene oure shippes ? Where bene oure swerdes  
 become ?

Oure enmyes bid for the shippe sette a shepe.  
 Alias ! oure reule halteth, hit is benome ;<sup>2</sup>  
 Who dare weel say that lordshyppe shulde take kepe ?  
 I wolle assaye, thoughe myne herte gynne to wepe,  
 To do thys werke, yf we wole ever the,<sup>3</sup>  
 Ffor verry shame, to kepe aboute the see.

Shalle any prynce, what so be hys name,  
 Wheche hathe nobles moche lyche oures,  
 Be lorde of see, and Fflemmyngs to our blame  
 Stoppe us, take us, and so make fade the floures  
 Of Englysshe state, and disteyne our honnoures ?  
 Ffor cowardyse, alias ! hit shulde so be ;  
 Therefore I gynne to wryte now of the see.

*Anonymous* (1436)

### AGINCOURT

FAIR stood the wind for France  
 When we our sails advance ;  
 Nor now to prove our chance  
 Longer will tarry ;  
 But putting to the main,  
 At Caux, the mouth of Seine,  
 With all his martial train  
 Landed King Harry ;

<sup>1</sup> *noble* : the coin of that name.      \* *benome* : taken away.  
<sup>3</sup> *the*: flourish, thrive.

## ENGLAND

And taking many a fort  
Furnished in warlike sort,  
Marched towards Agincourt  
    In happy hour ;  
Skirmishing, day by day,  
With those that stopped his way,  
Where the French General lay  
    With all his power ;

Which, in his height of pride  
King Henry to deride,  
His ransom to provide  
    To the King sending,  
Which he neglects the while,  
As from- a nation vile,  
Yet with an angry smile  
    Their fall portending.

And turning to his men  
Quoth our brave Henry then :  
" Though they to one be ten  
    Be not amazed !  
Yet have we well begun ;  
Battles so bravely won  
Have ever to the sun  
    By Fame been raised !

" And for myself," quoth he,  
" This my full rest shall be ;  
England ne'er mourn for me,  
    Nor more esteem me  
Victor I will remain  
Or on this earth lie slain :  
Never shall she sustain  
    Loss to redeem me.

Poitiers and Cressy tell  
When most their pride did swell,  
Under our swords they fell ;  
    No less our skill is

## WAR

Than when our Grandsire great,  
Claiming the regal seat,  
By many a warlike feat  
    Lopped the French lilies."

The Duke of York so dread  
The eager vaward led ;  
With the main, Henry sped  
    Among his henchmen :  
Excester had the rear,  
A braver man not there.  
O Lord, how hot they were  
    On the false Frenchmen !

They now to fight are gone ;  
Armour on armour shone ;  
Drum now to drum did groan,  
    To hear was wonder ;  
That with the cries they make  
The very earth did shake.  
Trumpet to trumpet spake ;  
    Thunder to thunder.

Well it thine age became,  
O noble Erpingham,  
Which didst the signal aim  
    To our hid forces :  
When from a meadow by,  
Like a storm suddenly  
The English archery  
    Stuck the French horses.

With Spanish yew so strong,  
Arrows a cloth-yard long,  
That like to serpents stung,  
    Piercing the weather ;  
None from his fellow starts,  
But playing manly parts  
And, like true English hearts,  
    Stuck close together.

## ENGLAND

When down their bows they threw,  
And forth their bilbos drew,  
And on the French they flew,  
    Not one was tardy ;  
Arms were from shoulders sent,  
Scalps to the teeth were rent,  
Down the French peasants went ;  
    Our men were hardy.

This while our noble King,  
His broadsword brandishing,  
Down the French host did ding  
    As to o'erwhelm it ;  
And many a deep wound lent,  
His arms with blood bespent,  
And many a cruel dent  
    Bruised his helmet.

Glo'ster, that Duke so good,  
Next of the royal blood,  
For famous England stood  
    With his brave brother ;  
Clarence, in steel so bright,  
Though but a maiden knight,  
Yet in that furious fight  
    Scarce such another.

Warwick in blood did wade ;  
Oxford the foe invade,  
And cruel slaughter made,  
    Still as they ran up,  
Suffolk his axe did ply,  
Beaumont and Willoughby  
Bare them right doughtily,  
    Ferrers and Fanhope.

Upon Saint Crispin's Day  
Fought was this noble fray,  
Which Fame did not delay  
    To England to carry :

## WAR

O when shall Englishmen  
With such acts fill a pen,  
Or England breed again  
Such a King Harry ?

*Michael Drayton*

## THE ARMADA

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 had seen Castile's black fleet, beyond Aurigny's  
isle,

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.

Forthwith a guard at every gun was placed along the wall ;  
The beacon blazed upon the roof of Edgumbe'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 Caesar'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,

Gape 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 death-like 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 warlike  
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 Darwin'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 em-  
 battled pile,  
 And the red glare on Skiddaw roused the burghers of  
 Carlisle.

*Lord Macaulay*

#### THE " REVENGE "

AT Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay,  
 And a pinnace, like a flutter'd bird, came flying from far  
 away :  
 " Spanish ships of war at sea ! We have sighted fifty-  
 three ! "  
 Then swore Lord Thomas Howard : " 'Fore God, I am  
 no coward ;  
 But I cannot meet them here, for my ships are out of gear,  
 And the half my men are sick. I must fly, but follow  
 quick.  
 We are six ships of the line ; can we fight with fifty-  
 three ? "

Then spake Sir Richard Grenville : "I know you are no  
 coward ;  
 You fly them for a moment to fight with them again.  
**But** I've ninety men and more that are lying sick ashore.  
 I should count myself the coward if I left them, my Lord  
 Howard,  
 To these Inquisition dogs and the devildoms of Spain."

So Lord Howard past away with five ships of war that day,  
Till he melted like a cloud in the silent summer heaven ;  
But Sir Richard bore in hand all his sick men from the  
land

Very carefully and slow,  
Men of Bideford in Devon,  
And we laid them on the ballast down below ;  
For we brought them all aboard,  
And they blest him in their pain, that they were not left  
to Spain,  
To the thumbscrew and the stake, for the glory of the  
Lord.

He had only a hundred seamen to work the ship and to  
And he <sup>fight,</sup> sailed away from Flores till the Spaniard came in  
sight,

With his huge sea-castles heaving upon the weather bow.  
" Shall we fight or shall we fly ?  
Good Sir Richard, tell us now,  
For to fight is but to die !  
There'll be little of us left by the time this sun be set."  
And Sir Richard said again : " We be all good English  
men.

Let us bang these dogs of Seville, the children of the devil,  
For I never turn'd my back upon Don or devil yet."

Sir Richard spoke and he laugh'd, and we roar'd a hurrah,  
and so  
The little *Revenge* ran on sheer into the heart of the foe,  
With her hundred fighters on deck, and her ninety sick  
below ;  
For half of their fleet to the right and half to the left were  
seen,  
And the little *Revenge* ran on thro' the long sea-lane  
between.

Thousands of their soldiers look'd down from their decks  
and laugh'd,  
Thousands of their seamen made mock at the mad little  
craft

Running on and on, till delay'd  
By their mountain-like *San Philip*, that, of fifteen hundred  
tons,  
And up-shadowing high above us with her yawning tiers  
of guns,  
Took the breath from our sails, and we stay'd.

And while now the great *San Philip* hung above us like a  
cloud  
Whence the thunderbolt will fall  
Long and loud,  
Four galleons drew away  
From the Spanish fleet that day,  
And two upon the larboard and two upon the starboard lay,  
And the battle-thunder broke from them all.

But anon the great *San Philip*, she bethought herself and  
went  
Having that within her womb that had left her ill content ;  
And the rest they came aboard us, and they fought us hand  
to hand,  
For a dozen times they came with their pikes and mus-  
queteers,  
And a dozen times we shook 'em off as a dog that shakes  
his ears  
When he leaps from the water to the land.

And the sun went down, and the stars came out far over  
the summer sea,  
But never a moment ceased the fight of the one and the  
fifty-three.  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, their high-built  
galleons came,  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, with her battle-  
thunder and flame ;  
Ship after ship, the whole night long, drew back with her  
dead and her shame.  
For some were sunk and many were shatter'd, and so could  
fight us no more—  
God of battles, was ever a battle like this in the world  
before ?

For he said " Fight on ! fight on ! "  
 Tho' his vessel was all but a wreck ;  
 And it chanced that, when half of the short summer night  
     was gone,  
 With a grisly wound to be drest he had left the deck,  
 But a bullet struck him that was dressing it suddenly dead,  
 And himself he was wounded again in the side and the  
     head,  
 And he said " Fight on ! fight on ! "

And the night went down, and the sun smiled out far over  
     the summer sea,  
 And the Spanish fleet with broken sides lay round us all in  
     a ring ;  
 But they dared not touch us again, for they fear'd that we  
     still could sting,  
 So they watch'd what the end would be.  
 And we had not fought them in vain,  
 But in perilous plight were we,  
 Seeing forty of our poor hundred were slain,  
 And half of the rest of us maim'd for life  
 In the crash of the cannonades and the desperate strife ;  
 And the sick men down in the hold were most of them stark  
     and cold,  
 And the pikes were all broken or bent, and the powder was  
     all of it spent ;  
 And the masts and the rigging were lying over the side ;  
 But Sir Richard cried in his English pride,  
 " We have fought such a fight for a day and a night  
 As may never be fought again !  
 We have won great glory, my men !  
 And a day less or more  
 At sea or ashore,  
 We die—does it matter when ?  
 Sink me the ship, Master Gunner—sink her, split her in  
     twain !  
 Fall into the hands of God, not into the hands of Spain ! "

And the gunner said " Ay, ay,<sup>55</sup> but the seamen made  
     reply :  
 " We have children, we have wives,

And the Lord hath spared our lives.  
 We will make the Spaniard promise, if we yield, to let us  
 go ;  
 We shall live to fight again and to strike another blow,"  
 And the lion there lay dying, and they yielded to the foe.

And the stately Spanish men to their flagship bore him  
 then,  
 Where they laid him by the mast, old Sir Richard caught  
 at last,  
 And they praised him to his face with their courtly foreign  
 grace ;  
 But he rose upon their decks, and he cried :  
 " I have fought for Queen and Faith like a valiant man  
 and true ;  
 I have only done my duty as a man is bound to do :  
 With a joyful spirit I Sir Richard Grenville die ! "  
 And he fell upon their decks, and he died.

And they stared at the dead that had been so valiant and  
 true,  
 And had holden the power and glory of Spain so cheap  
 That he dared her with one little ship and his English few ;  
 Was he devil or man ? He was devil for aught they knew,  
 But they sank his body with honour down into the deep,  
 And they mann'd the *Revenge* with a swarthier alien crew,  
 And away she sail'd with her loss and long'd for her own ;  
 When a wind from the lands they had ruin'd awoke from  
 sleep,  
 And the water began to heave and the weather to moan,  
 And or ever that evening ended a great gale blew,  
 And a wave like the wave that is raised by an earthquake  
 grew,  
 Till it smote on their hulls and their sails and their masts  
 and their flags,  
 And the whole sea plunged and fell on the shot-shatter'd  
 navy of Spain,  
 And the little *Revenge* herself went down by the island  
 crags  
 To be lost evermore in the main.

Lord Tennyson

## THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BLAKE

LADEN with spoil of the South, fulfilled with the glory of  
achievement,  
And freshly crowned with never-dying fame,  
Sweeping by shores where the names are the names of the  
victories of England,  
Across the Bay the squadron homeward came.

Proudly they came, but their pride was the pomp of a  
funeral at midnight,  
When dreader yet the lonely morrow looms ;  
Few are the words that are spoken, and faces are gaunt  
beneath the torchlight  
That does but darken more the nodding plumes.

Low on the field of his fame, past hope lay the Admiral  
triumphant,  
And fain to rest him after all his pain ;  
Yet for the love that he bore to his own land, ever unfor-  
gotten,  
He prayed to see the Western hills again.

Fainter than stars in a sky long grey with the coming of  
the daybreak,  
Or sounds of night that fade when night is done,  
So in the death-dawn faded the splendour and loud  
renown of warfare  
And life of all its longings kept but one.

" Oh ! to be there for an hour when the shade draws in  
beside the hedgerows,  
And falling apples wake the drowsy noon :  
Oh ! for the hour when the elms grow sombre and human  
in the twilight ;  
And gardens dream beneath the rising moon.

Only to look once more on the land of the memories of  
childhood,  
Forgetting weary winds and barren foam :

Only to bid farewell to the combe and the orchard and  
 the moorland,  
 And sleep at last among the fields of home ! "

So he was silently praying, till now, when his strength  
 was ebbing faster,  
 The Lizard lay before them faintly blue ;  
 Now on the gleaming horizon the white cliffs laughed  
 along the coast-line,  
 And now the forelands took the shapes they knew.

There lay the Sound and the Island with green leaves down  
 beside the water,  
 The town, the Hoe, the masts, with sunset fired—  
 Dreams ! ay, dreams of the dead ! for the great heart  
 faltered on the threshold,  
 And darkness took the land his soul desired.

*Sir Henry Newbolt*

## GIBRALTAR

SEVEN weeks of sea, and twice seven days of storm  
 Upon the huge Atlantic, and once more  
 We ride into still water and the calm  
 Of a sweet evening, screened by either shore  
 Of Spain and Barbary. Our toils are o'er,  
 Our exile is accomplished. Once again  
 We look on Europe, mistress as of yore  
 Of the fair earth and of the hearts of men.

Ay, this is the famed rock which Hercules  
 And Goth and Moor bequeathed us. At this door  
 England stands sentry. God ! to hear the shrill  
 Sweet treble of her fifes upon the breeze,  
 And at the summons of the rock gun's roar,  
 To see her red coats marching from the hill !

*W. S. Blunt*

## MARLBOROUGH AT BLENHEIM

BUT O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find  
To sing the furious troops in battle joined ?  
Me thinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound  
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound,  
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,  
And all the thunder of the battle rise.  
'Twas then great Marlborough's mighty soul was  
    proved,  
That, in the shock of changing hosts unmoved,  
Amidst confusion, horror and despair,  
Examined all the dreadful scenes of war ;  
In peaceful thought the field of death surveyed,  
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,  
Inspired repulsed battalions to engage,  
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.  
So when an angel by divine command  
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,  
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia past,  
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast;  
And, pleased th' Almighty's orders to perform,  
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

*Joseph Addison*

## THE " ARETHUSA "

COME, all ye jolly sailors bold,  
Whose hearts are cast in honour's mould,  
While English glory I unfold,  
    Huzza to the *Arethusa* !  
She is a frigate tight and brave,  
As ever stemmed the dashing wave :  
    Her men are staunch  
    To their fav'rite launch,  
And when the foe shall meet our fire,  
Sooner than strike, we'll all expire  
    On board of the *Arethusa*.

## ENGLAND

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

On deck five hundred men did dance,  
The stoutest they could find in France ;  
We with two hundred did advance  
    On board of the *Arethusa*.  
Our captain hailed the Frenchman, " Ho ! "  
The Frenchman then cried out, " Hallo ! "  
    " Bear down, d'ye see,  
    To our Admiral's lee ! "  
" No, no," said the Frenchman, " that can't be."  
" Then I must lug you along with me,"  
    Says the saucy *Arethusa*.

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

*Prince Hoare*

## BRITAIN'S BULWARKS

WHEN Britain on her sea-girt shore  
Her ancient Druids erst addressed,  
" What aid," she cried, " shall I implore ?—  
    What best defence, by numbers pressed ? "

" The hostile nations round thee rise,"  
 The mystic oracle replied,  
 " And view thine isle with envious eyes :  
 Their threats defy, their rage deride,  
 Nor fear invasion from those adverse Gauls,—  
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Thine oaks, descending to the main,  
 With floating forts shall stem the tide ;  
 Asserting Britain's liquid reign,  
 Where'er her thundering navies ride.  
 Nor less to peaceful arts inclined  
 Where commerce opens all her stores,  
 In social bonds shall league mankind,  
 And join the sea-divided shores :  
 Spread thy white wings where naval glory calls,—  
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls.

Hail, happy isle ! What though thy vales  
 No vine-impurpled tribute yield,  
 Nor fanned with odour-breathing gales,  
 Nor crops spontaneous glad the field ?  
 Yet liberty rewards the toil  
 Of industry to labour prone,  
 Who jocund ploughs the grateful soil,  
 And reaps the harvest she has sown :  
 While other realms tyrannic sway enthalls,—  
 Britain's best bulwarks are her wooden walls."

*Thomas Arne*

## BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

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.

## ENGLAND

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.

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.

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 ceased—and all is wail,  
As they strike the shattered sail,  
Or in conflagration pale  
Light the gloom.

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."

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.

Now joy, Old England, raise !  
 For the tidings of thy might,  
 By the festal cities' blaze,  
 While the winecup 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 !

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 !

*Thomas Campbell*

### THE FIELD OF WATERLOO

STOP I—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust !  
 An Earthquake's spoil is sepulchred below !  
 Is the spot marked with no colossal bust ?  
 Nor column trophied for triumphal show ?  
 None ; but the moral's truth tells simpler so,  
 As the ground was before, thus let it be ;—  
 How that red rain hath made the harvest grow !  
 And is this all the world hath gained by thee,  
 Thou first and last of fields ! king-making Victory ?

no

## ENGLAND

And Harold stands upon this place of skulls,  
The grave of France, the deadly Waterloo I  
How in an hour the power which gave annuls  
Its gifts, transferring fame as fleeting too !  
In " pride of place " here last the eagle flew,  
Then tore with bloody talon the rent plain,  
Pierced by the shaft of banded nations through ;  
Ambition's life and labours all were vain ;  
He wears the shattered links of the world's broken chain.

Fit retribution ! Gaul may champ the bit  
And foam in fetters ;—but is Earth more free ?  
Did nations combat to make *One* submit,  
Or league to teach all kings true sovereignty ?  
What ! shall reviving Thraldom again be  
The patched-up idol of enlightened days ?  
Shall we, who struck the Lion down, shall we  
Pay the Wolf homage ? proffering lowly gaze  
And servile knees to thrones ? No ; *prove* before ye praise !

If not, o'er one fallen despot boast no more !  
In vain fair cheeks were furrowed with hot tears  
For Europe's flowers long rooted up before  
The trampler of her vineyards ; in vain years  
Of death, depopulation, bondage, fears,  
Have all been borne, and broken by the accord  
Of roused-up millions ; all that most endears  
Glory, is when the myrtle wreaths a sword  
Such as Harmodius drew on Athens' tyrant lord.

There was a sound of revelry by night,  
And Belgium's capital had gathered then  
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright  
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men ;  
A thousand hearts beat happily ; and when  
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,  
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,  
And all went merry as a marriage bell ;  
But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell !

Did ye not hear it ? No ; 'twas but the wind,  
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;  
On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;  
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet  
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—  
But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more,  
As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;  
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !  
Arm ! Arm ! It is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

Within a windowed niche of that high hall  
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain ; he did hear  
That sound the first amidst the festival,  
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear ;  
And when they smiled because he deemed it near,  
His heart more truly knew that peal too well  
Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,  
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell ;  
He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,  
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,  
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago  
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;  
And there were sudden partings, such as press  
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs  
Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess  
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,  
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise ?

And there was mounting in hot haste : the steed,  
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,  
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,  
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war ;  
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar ;  
And near, the beat of the alarming drum  
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star ;  
While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,  
Or whispering with white lips—" The foe ! they come !  
they come ! "

And wild and high the " Cameron's gathering " rose !  
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills  
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes :—  
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,  
 Savage and shrill ! But with the breath which fills  
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers  
 With the fierce native daring which instils  
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,  
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears I

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,  
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops as they pass,  
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,  
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas !  
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass  
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow  
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass  
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe  
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,  
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,  
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,  
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day  
 Battle's magnificently stern array !  
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent  
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,  
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,  
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent !

*Lord Byron*

#### ADMIRALS ALL

EFFINGHAM, Grenviile, Raleigh, Drake,  
 Here's to the bold and free !  
 Benbow, Collingwood, Byron, Blake,  
 Hail to the Kings of the Sea !  
 Admirals all, for England's sake,  
 Honour be yours and fame !  
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,  
 To Nelson's peerless name !

*Admirals all, for England's sake,  
Honour be yours and fame !  
And honour, as long as waves shall break,  
To Nelson's peerless name !*

Essex was fretting in Cadiz Bay  
With the galleons fair in sight ;  
Howard at last must give him his way,  
And the word was passed to fight.  
Never was schoolboy gayer than he,  
Since holidays first began :  
He tossed his bonnet to wind and sea,  
And under the guns he ran.

Drake nor devil nor Spaniard feared,  
Their cities he put to the sack ;  
He singed his Catholic Majesty's beard,  
And harried his ships to wrack.  
He was playing at Plymouth a rubber of bowls  
When the great Armada came ;  
But he said, " They must wait their turn, good souls,"  
And he stooped, and finished the game.

Fifteen sail were the Dutchmen bold,  
Duncan he had but two ;  
But he anchored them fast where the Texel shoaled,  
And his colours aloft he flew.  
" I've taken the depth to a fathom," he cried,  
" And I'll sink with a right good will ;  
For I know when we're all of us under the tide  
My flag will be fluttering still."

Splinters were flying above, below,  
When Nelson sailed the Sound :  
" Mark you, I wouldn't be elsewhere now,"  
Said he, " for a thousand pound ! "  
The Admiral's signal bade him fly,  
But he wickedly wagged his head,  
He clapped the glass to his sightless eye  
And " I'm damned if I see it," he said.

## ENGLAND

Admirals all, they said their say,  
 (The echoes are ringing still.)  
 Admirals all, they went their way  
 To the haven under the hill.  
 But they left us a kingdom none can take,  
 The realm of the circling sea,  
 To be ruled by the rightful sons of Blake,  
 And the Rodneys yet to be.

*Admirals all, for England's sake,  
 Honour be yours and fame !  
 And honour, as long as waves shall break,  
 To Nelson's peerless name !*

*Sir Henry Newbolt*

## TRAFALGAR DAY

HE leads : we hear our Seaman's call  
 In the roll of battles won ;  
 For he is Britain's Admiral  
 Till setting of her sun.

When Britain's life was in her ships,  
 He kept the sea as his own right ;  
 And saved us from more fell eclipse  
 Than drops on day from blackest night.  
 Again his battle spat the flame !  
 Again his victory-flag men saw !  
 Ai sound of Nelson's chieftain-name  
 A deeper breath did Freedom draw.

Each trusty captain knew his part :  
 They served as men, not marshalled kine :  
 The pulses they of his great heart,  
 With heads to work his main design.  
 Their Nelson's word, to beat the foe,  
 And spare the fall'n, before them shone.  
 Good was the hour of blow for blow,  
 And clear their course while they fought on.

Behold the Envied vanward sweep !—  
 A day in mourning weeds adored !  
 Then Victory was wrought to weep ;  
 Then sorrow crowned with laurel soared.  
 A breezeless flag above a shroud  
 All Britain was when wind and wave,  
 To make her, passing human, proud,  
 Brought his last gift from o'er the grave !

Uprose the soul of him a star  
 On that brave day of Ocean days :  
 It rolled the smoke from Trafalgar  
 To darken Austerlitz ablaze.  
 Are we the men of old, its light  
 Will point us under every sky  
 The path he took ; and must we fight,  
 Our Nelson be our battle-cry !

He leads : we hear our Seaman's call  
 In the roll of battles won ;  
 For he is Britain's Admiral  
 Till setting of her sun.

*George Meredith*

## 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 ;

## ENGLAND

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 ;  
Through 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 through 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, when 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.

*Lord Tennyson*

#### MEN WHO MARCH AWAY

WHAT of the faith and fire within us,  
     Men who march away  
     Ere the barn-cocks say  
     Night is growing grey,  
 To hazards whence no tears can win us ?  
     What of the faith and fire within us,  
     Men who march away ?

In our heart of hearts believing  
     Victory crowns the just,  
     And that braggarts must  
     Surely bite the dust,  
 Press we to the field ungrieving,  
     In our heart of hearts believing  
     Victory crowns the just.

*Thomas Hardy*

## EPITAPH ON AN ARMY OF MERCENARIES

THESE, in the day when heaven was falling,  
 The hour when earth's foundations fled,  
 Followed their mercenary calling  
 And took their wages and are dead.

Their shoulders held the sky suspended ;  
 They stood, and earth's foundations stay ;  
 What God abandoned, these defended,  
 And saved the sum of things for pay.

*A. E. Housman*

## FOR ALL WE HAVE AND ARE

FOR all we have and are,  
 For all our children's fate,  
 Stand up and take the war.  
 The Hun is at the gate !  
 Our world has passed away  
 In wantonness o'er thrown.  
 There is nothing left today  
 But steel and fire and stone !  
 Though all we knew depart,  
 The old Commandments stand :—  
 " In courage keep your heart,  
 In strength lift up your hand ".

Once more we hear the word  
 That sickened earth of old :—  
 " No law except the Sword  
 Unsheathed and uncontrolled ".  
 Once more it knits mankind,  
 Once more the nations go  
 To meet and break and bind  
 A crazed and driven foe.

Comfort, content, delight,  
 The ages' slow-bought gain,  
 They shrivelled in a night.  
 Only ourselves remain  
 To face the naked days  
 In silent fortitude,  
 Through perils and dismays  
 Renewed and re-renewed.

Though all we made depart,  
 The old Commandments stand :—  
 " In patience keep your heart,  
 In strength lift up your hand " .

No easy hope or lies  
 Shall bring us to our goal,  
 But iron sacrifice  
 Of body, will, and soul.  
 There is but one task for all—  
 One life for each to give.  
 What stands if Freedom fall ?  
 Who dies if England live ?

*Rudyard Kipling*

BETWEEN MIDNIGHT AND MORNING  
 (December 1914)

You that have faith to look with fearless eyes  
 Beyond the tragedy of a world at strife,  
 And trust that out of night and death shall rise  
 The dawn of ampler life ;

Rejoice, whatever anguish rend your heart,  
 That God has given you, for a priceless dower,  
 To live in these great times and have your **part**  
 In Freedom's crowning hour.

That **you** may tell your sons **who** see **the light**  
 High in the heaven, their heritage to take :—  
 " I saw the powers of darkness **put** to **flight** !  
 I saw **the morning break I** " .

*Sir Owen Seaman*

## ENGLAND

## 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.

*Rupert Brooke*

## THE VOLUNTEER

HERE lies a clerk who half his life had spent

Toiling at ledgers in a city grey,

Thinking that so his days would drift away

With no lance broken in life's tournament :

Yet ever 'twixt the books and his bright eyes

The gleaming eagles of the legions came,

And horsemen, charging under phantom skies,

Went thundering past beneath the oriflamme.

And now those waiting dreams are satisfied ;

From twilight to the halls of dawn he went ;

His lance is broken ; but he lies content

With that high hour, in which he lived and died.

And falling thus, he wants no recompense,

Who found his battle in the last resort ;

Nor needs he any hearse to bear him hence,

Who goes to join the men of Agincourt.

*Herbert Asquith*

## THE DEATH OF THE ZEPPELIN

AT last ! At last the winged Worm draws near,  
 The vulture ship that dares not voyage by day,  
 The man-made Dinosaur that haunts the night.

We marked its course afar,  
 By dull pulsations of the eager guns,  
 The grey, lean warders of far-listening London.

The harassed Worm sought covert in a cloud  
 Which, soon departed, gave him for a prey  
 To the implacable airman hovering near,  
 Who pierced his bowels with a fiery bolt.  
 The Monster writhed in self-engendered flames,  
 Which brake forth in the likeness of a rose,  
 A torch of hell brandished at heaven's gate,  
 A piercing wonder to the million eyes  
 Of waking London. . . . At last he dropped,  
 A sombre coal of fading crimson fire,  
 Into his burial-place, a field defiled.  
 And then, but not till then, arose the cry,  
 Prolonged, unpitying, a cordite cheer  
 Of the old valiant city, stark as Time,  
 Which wills not mercy for the merciless.

*Anonymous*

## WAR-WORKER

(1916)

FAR from their homes they lie, the men who fell  
 Fighting in Flanders clay, in Tigris sand ;  
 He who lies here died for the cause as well,  
 Whom neither bayonet killed nor bursting shell,  
 But his own heart that loved its native land.

*Arundell Esdaile*

## ENGLAND

## TRAFALGAR SQUARE

September 1917

FOOL that I was : my heart was sore,  
 Yea sick for the myriad wounded men,  
 The maim'd in the war : I had grief for each one :  
 And I came in the gay September sun  
 To the open smile of Trafalgar Square ;  
 Where many a lad with a limb fordone  
 Loll'd by the lion-guarded column  
 That holdeth Nelson statued thereon  
 Upright in the air.

The Parliament towers and the Abbey towers,  
 The white Horseguards and grey Whitehall,  
 He looketh on all,  
 Past Somerset House and the river's bend  
 To the pillar'd dome of St. Paul,  
 That slumbers confessing God's solemn blessing  
 On England's glory, to keep it ours—  
 While children true to her prowess renew  
 And throng from the ends of the earth to defend  
 Freedom and honour—till Earth shall end.

The gentle unjealous Shakespeare, I trow,  
 In his country tomb of peaceful fame,  
 Must feel exiled from life and glow  
 If he think of this man with his warrior claim,  
 Who looketh o'er London as if 'twere his own,  
 As he standeth in stone, aloft and alone,  
 Sailing the sky with one arm and one eye.

*Robert Bridges*

## TO A BULL-DOG

(W. H. S., Capt. [Acting Major] R.F.A. ; killed April 12, 1917.)

WE shan't see Willy any more, Mamie,  
 He won't be coming any more :  
 He came back once and again and again,  
 But he won't get leave any more.

We looked from the window and there was his cab,  
And we ran downstairs like a streak,  
And he said "Hullo, you bad dog," and you crouched  
to the floor,  
Paralysed to hear him speak,

And then let fly at his face and his chest  
Till I had to hold you down,  
While he took off his cap and his gloves and his coat,  
And his bag and his thonged Sam Browne.

We went upstairs to the studio,  
The three of us, just as of old,  
And you lay down and I sat and talked to him  
As round the room he strolled.

Here in the room where, years ago  
Before the old life stopped,  
He worked all day with his slippers and his pipe,  
He would pick up the threads he'd dropped.

Fondling all the drawings he had left behind,  
Glad to find them all still the same,  
And opening the cupboards to look at his belongings  
. . . Every time he came.

But now I know what a dog doesn't know,  
Though you'll thrust your head on my knee,  
And try to draw me from the absent-mindedness  
That you find so dull in me.

And all your life you will never know  
What I wouldn't tell you even if I could,  
That the last time we waved him away  
Willy went for good.

But sometimes, as you lie on the hearthrug  
Sleeping in the warmth of the stove,  
Even through your muddled old canine brain  
Shapes from the past may rove.

You'll scarcely remember, even in a dream,  
How we brought home a silly little pup,  
With a big square head and little crooked legs  
That could scarcely bear him up,

But your tail will tap at the memory  
Of a man whose friend you were,  
Who was always kind though he called you a naughty dog  
When he found you on his chair ;

Who'd make you face a reproving finger  
And solemnly lecture you,  
Till your head hung downwards and you looked very  
sheepish:  
And you'll dream of your triumphs too,

Of summer evening chases in the garden  
When you dodged us all about with a bone :  
We were three boys, and you were the cleverest,  
But now we're two alone.

When summer comes again,  
And the long sunsets fade,  
We shall have to go on playing the feeble game for two  
That since the war we've played.

And though you run expectant as you always do  
To the uniforms we meet,  
You'll never find Willy among all the soldiers  
In even the longest street,

Nor in any crowd ; yet, strange and bitter thought,  
Even now were the old words said,  
If I tried the old trick and said " Where's Willy ? "  
You would quiver and lift your head.

And your brown eyes would look to ask if I were serious,  
And wait for the word to spring.  
Sleep undisturbed : I shan't say that again,  
You innocent old thing.

I must sit, not speaking, on the sofa,  
While you lie asleep on the floor ;  
For he's suffered a thing that dogs couldn't dream of,  
And he won't be coming here any more.

*Sir John Squire*

### IN FLANDERS FIELDS

IN Flanders 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 sunset 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.

*John MacCrae*

### NIGHT BOMBERS

EASTWARD they climb, black shapes against the grey  
Of falling dusk, gone with the nodding day  
From English fields. Not theirs the sudden glow  
Of triumph that their fighter-brothers know ;  
Only to fly through cloud, through storm, through night,  
Unerring, and to keep their purpose bright,  
Nor turn until, their dreadful duty done,  
Westward they climb to race the awakened sun.

*Anonymous*

## WHEN THE PLANE DIVED

WHEN the plane dived and the machine-gun spattered  
 The deck, in his numb clutch the tugging wheel  
 Bucked madly as he strove to keep the keel  
 Zig-zagging through the steep and choppy sea—  
 To keep zig-zagging, that was all that mattered . . .  
 To keep the ship zig-zagging endlessly,  
 Dodging that diving devil. Now again  
 The bullets spattered like a squall of rain  
 About him ; and again with desperate grip  
 He tugged, to port the helm . . . to keep the ship  
 Zig-zagging . . . zagging through eternity ;  
 To keep the ship. . . . A sudden scalding pain  
 Shot through his shoulder and the whole sky shattered  
 About him in red fire ; and yet his grip  
 Tightened upon the wheel. . . . To keep the ship  
 Zig . . . zig . . . zig-zagging, that was all that mattered.

*Wilfrid Gibson*

## MINE-SWEEPERS

NOT ours the fighter's glow,  
 The glory and the praise ;  
 Unnoticed to and fro  
 We pass our dangerous ways.

We sift the drifting sea  
 And blindly grope beneath ;  
 Obscure and toilsome we,  
 The fishermen of death.

But when the great ships go  
 To battle through the gloom,  
 Our hearts beat high to know  
 We cleared their path of doom.

*E. Hilton Tounig*

## SOLDIER

(1940)

So, friend of all men, and the wide world's lover,  
 You are learning, between willing and unwilling,  
 The trade of the fighting-man, the old trade of killing,  
 Whose best is this, to stand and die and suffer.

The Prince of Peace and God of Battles, making  
 Of peace new morning and of battle ending,  
 Give you, in life, not death, your part in mending  
 His broken world you had no part in breaking.

*Arundell Esdaile*

## THE HEAP

STILL in the crystal light  
 Of Winter's cold sunrise  
 A heap of rubble lies.  
 As in hag-ridden sleep  
 With unbelieving eyes  
 He stares at the still heap—  
 That heap that but last night  
 Was home—that heap that lies  
 Still in the crystal light  
 Of Winter's cold sunrise.

*Wilfrid Gibson*

## THE BIAS

IF there be some wild beauty worth  
 My love in every land on earth,  
 How claim impartial Nature yields  
 No riches but in English fields?—  
 And yet forgive me if I hold it treason  
 Not to love those fields past reason.

## ENGLAND

If some dark, festering homeland town  
 Call anger on its makers down,  
 How claim none but a foreign State  
 Has store of evil worth my hate?—  
     And yet forgive me if I turn my anger,  
     Fresh and whole, against the stranger.

Though love, when peace resumes, may roam  
 To tryst with beauty far from home,  
 And anger then find chiefest mark  
 In England, where some town lies dark—  
     Yet still forgive me if my heart discover  
     Proof that I am England's lover.

*G. Rosirevor Hamilton*

## THE OTHER LITTLE BOATS

A PAUSE came in the fighting and England held her breath,  
 For the battle was not ended and the ending might be  
     death.

Then out they came, the little boats, from all the Channel  
 shores :

Free men were these who hauled the ropes and sweated at  
 the oars.

From Itchenor and Shoreham, from Deal and Winchelsea,  
 They put out into the Channel to keep their country free.

Not of Dunkirk this story, but of boatmen long ago,  
 When our Queen was Gloriana and King Philip was the  
     foe,

And galleons rode the narrow seas, and Effingham and  
 Drake

Were out of shot and powder, with all England still at  
 stake.

They got the shot and powder, they charged the guns  
 again,

The guns that guarded England from the galleons of  
**Spain,**

And the men that helped them do it, helped them still to  
hold the sea,  
Men from Itchenor and Shoreham, men from Deal and  
Winchelsea,  
Looked out happily from Heaven and cheered to see the  
work  
Of their grandsons' grandsons' grandsons on the beaches of  
Dunkirk.

*Edward Shanks*

ON A GRAVE IN MESOPOTAMIA

Soldiers of England,  
Her sons and her servants,  
Following homeward  
The dreams that outspeed you,  
Here lies a soldier,  
His labours ended,  
Even of England  
Dreamless for ever.

*Anonymous*

# REFLECTION

## DEAR COUNTRY

. . . DEARE countrey ! O ! how dearely deare  
Ought thy rembraunce and perpetuall band  
Be to thy foster Childe, that from thy hand  
Did commun breath and nouriture receive.  
How brutish is it not to understand  
How much to her we owe, that all us gave ;  
That gave unto us all what ever good we have.

*Edmund Spenser*

## THE LIE

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

*Sir Walter Raleigh*

## A FAREWELL TO ARMS

To QUEEN ELIZABETH

HIS golden locks Time hath to silver turned ;  
 O Time too swift, O swiftness never ceasing !  
 His youth 'gainst time and age hath ever spurned,  
 But spurn'd in vain ; youth waneth by increasing :  
 Beauty, strength, youth, are flowers but fading seen ;  
 Duty, faith, love, are roots, and ever green.

His helmet now shall make a hive for bees ;  
 And, lovers' sonnets turn'd to holy psalms,  
 A man-at-arms must now serve on his knees,  
 And feed on prayers, which are age his alms :<sup>1</sup>  
 But though from court to cottage he depart,  
 His Saint is sure of his unspotted heart.

And when he saddest sits in homely cell,  
 He'll teach his swains this carol for a song :  
 " Blest be the hearts that wish my sovereign well,  
 Curst be the souls that think her any wrong ! "  
 Goddess, allow this aged man his right  
 To be your beadsman now that was your knight.

*George Peele*

### SACRED RELIGION

SACRED Religion ! Mother of form, and fear !  
 How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit deck'd !  
 What pompous vestures do we make thee wear !  
 What stately piles we prodigal erect !  
 How sweet perfum'd thou art, how shining clear !  
 How solemnly observ'd, with what respect I  
 Another time all plain, all quite threadbare,  
 Thou must have all within and nought without ;  
 Sit poorly, without light, disrob'd ; no care  
 Of outward grace t' amuse the poor devout ;  
 Pow'rless, unfollow'd ; scarcely men can spare  
 The necessary rites to set thee out.

Either truth, goodness, virtue are not still  
 The self-same which they are and always one,  
 But alter to the project of our will ;  
 Or we our actions make them wait upon,  
 Putting them in the liv'ry of our skill,  
 And cast them off again when we have done.

You, mighty lords, that with respected grace  
 Do at the stern of fair example stand,  
 And all the body of this populace  
 Guide with the turning of your hand,  
 Keep a right course ; bear up from all disgrace

<sup>1</sup> *age his alms : the alms of his old age.*

## ENGLAND

Observe the point of glory to our land.

Hold up disgraced knowledge from the ground ;  
 Keep virtue in request ; give worth her due ;  
 Let not neglect with barb'rous means confound  
 So fair a good, to bring in night anew ;  
 Be not, O be not accessory found  
 Unto her death that must give life to you !

Where will you have your virtuous name safe laid ?  
 In gorgeous tombs, in sacred cells secure ?  
 Do you not see those prostrate heaps betray'd  
 Your fathers' bones and could not keep them sure ?  
 And will you trust deceitful stones fair laid  
 And think they will be to your honour truer ?

No, no ! unsparing Time will proudly send  
 A warrant unto wrath, that with one frown  
 Will all these mock'ries of vain glory rend  
 And make them, as before, ungrac'd, unknown ;  
 Poor idle honours, that can ill defend  
 Your memories that cannot keep their own.

And whereto serves that wondrous Trophy now  
 That on the goodly plain near Wilton stands,  
 That huge dumb heap<sup>1</sup> that cannot tell us how  
 Nor what nor whence it is, nor with whose hands,  
 Nor for whose glory it was set to show  
 How much our pride mocks that of other lands.

*Samuel Daniel*

## THIS 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.

*William Shakespeare*

<sup>1</sup> *That huge dumb heap : Stonehenge.*

## GROWING IN GRACE

To SIR HENRY GOODYERE

W H O makes the last a pattern for next year,  
Turns no new leaf, but still the same things reads ;  
Seen things he sees again, heard things doth hear,  
And makes his life but like a pair of beads.

A palace, when 'tis that which it should be,  
Leaves growing, and stands such, or else decays ;  
But he which dwells there is not so, for he  
Strives to urge upward, and his fortune raise.

So had your body her morning, hath her noon,  
And shall not better ; her next change is night ;  
But her fair, larger guest, to whom sun and moon  
Are sparks, and short-lived, claims another right.

The noble soul by age grows lustier ;  
Her appetite and her digestion mend.  
We must not starve nor hope to pamper her  
With women's milk, and pap, unto the end.

Provide you manlier diet. You have seen  
All libraries, which are schools, camps and courts ;  
But ask your garners if you have not been  
In harvest too indulgent to your sports.

Would you redeem it ? Then yourself transplant  
Awhile from hence. Perchance outlandish ground  
Bears no more wit than ours ; but yet more scant  
Are those diversions there, which here abound.

To be a stranger hath that benefit.  
We can beginnings, but not habits choke.  
Go—whither ? hence. You get, if you forget ;  
New faults, till they prescribe to us, are smoke.

## ENGLAND

Our soul, whose country's heaven, and God her Father,  
 Into this world, corruption's sink, is sent ;  
 Yet so much in her travel she doth gather,  
 That she returns home wiser than she went.

It pays you well, if it teach you to spare,  
 And make you ashamed to make your hawk's praise  
 yours,  
 Which when herself she lessens in the air,  
 You then first say that high enough she towers.

However, keep the lively taste you hold  
 Of God ; love Him as now, but fear Him more ;  
 And in your afternoons think what you told  
 And promised Him at morning prayer before.

Let falsehood like a discord anger you ;  
 Else be not froward. But why do I touch  
 Things of which none is in your practice new ?  
 And tables or fruit-trenchers teach as much.

But thus I make you keep your promise, Sir ;  
 Riding I had you, though you still stay'd there ;  
 And in these thoughts, although you never stir,  
 You came with me to Mitcham, and are here.

*John Donne*

## IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

MORTALITY, behold and fear !  
 What a change of flesh is here !  
 Think how many royal bones  
 Sleep within this heap of stones !  
 Here they lie had realms and lands,  
 Who now want strength to stir their hands.  
 Where from their pulpits sealed with dust  
 They preach, " In greatness is no trust ".

Here is an acre sown indeed  
 With the richest, royall'st seed  
 That the earth did e'er suck in,  
 Since the first man died for sin.  
 Here the bones of birth have cried,  
 " Though gods they were, as men they died."  
 Here are sands, ignoble things,  
 Dropt from the ruined sides of kings ;  
 Here's a world of pomp and state,  
 Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

*Francis Beaumont*

## AN OCEAN HOME

OTHERS may use the ocean as their road,  
 Only the English make it their abode,  
 Whose ready sails with ev'ry wind can fly,  
 And make a cov'nant with th' inconstant sky ;  
 Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,  
 We tread on billows with a steady foot.

*Edmund Waller*

## IN THE CLOISTER

BUT let my due feet never fail  
 To walk the studious cloister's pale,  
 And love the high embowed roof,  
 With antique pillars massy proof,  
 And storied windows richly dight,  
 Casting a dim religious light.  
 There let the pealing organ blow  
 To the full-voic'd quire below,  
 In service high, and anthems clear,  
 As may with sweetness, through mine ear,  
 Dissolve me into ecstasies,  
 And bring all Heav'n before mine eyes.

*John Milton*

## ENGLAND

### BRAVE TOMB

THE moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,  
Where, while her beams like glittering silver play,  
Upon the deck our careful General stood,  
And deeply mus'd on the succeeding day.

That happy sun, said he, will rise again,  
Who twice victorious did our Navy see :  
And I alone must view him rise in vain,  
Without one ray of all his star for me.

Yet like an English Gen'ral will I die,  
And all the ocean make my spacious grave :  
Women and cowards on the land may lie,  
The sea's a tomb that's proper for the Brave.

*John Dryden*

### VAIN GLORY

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

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

Can storied urn or animated bust  
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?  
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,  
Or 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.

*Thomas Gray*

### THE ASPIRING SCHOLAR

WHEN first the college rolls receive his name,  
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;  
 Resistless burns the fever of renown,  
 Caught from the strong contagion of the gown ;  
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,  
 And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.  
 Are these thy views ? Proceed, illustrious youth,  
 And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth !  
 Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,  
 Till captive Science yields her last retreat ;  
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,  
 And pour on misty Doubt resistless day ;  
 Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,  
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright ;  
 Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,  
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ;  
 Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,  
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart ;  
 Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade,  
 Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;  
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,  
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee.

## ENGLAND

Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,  
 And pause awhile from letters, to be wise ;  
 There mark what ill the scholar's life assail—  
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail.  
 See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,  
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.  
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend.  
 Hear Lydiat's life and Galileo's end.

*Samuel Johnson*

## TO A CHILD OF QUALITY

Five Years Old, the Author then Forty

LORDS, knights, and squires, the numerous band  
 That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,  
 Were summoned by her high command  
 To show their passions by their letters.

My pen among the rest I took,  
 Lest those bright eyes that cannot read  
 Should dart their kindling fire, and look  
 The power they have to be obeyed.

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

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

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

## REFLECTION

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

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

*Matthew Prior*

## ENGLAND, WITH ALL THY FAULTS

ENGLAND, with all thy faults I love thee still—  
My country ! and, while yet a nook is left  
Where English minds and manners may be found,  
Shall be constrained to love thee. Though thy clime  
Be fickle, and thy year most part deform'd  
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a frost,  
I would not yet exchange thy sullen skies,  
And fields without a flower, for warmer France  
With all her vines ; nor for Ausonia's groves  
Of golden fruitage, and her myrtle bow'rs.  
To shake thy senate, and from heights sublime  
Of patriot eloquence to flash down fire  
Upon thy foes, was never meant my task :  
But I can feel thy fortunes, and partake  
Thy joys and sorrows, with as true a heart  
As any thund'rer there. And I can feel  
Thy follies, too ; and with a just disdain  
Frown at effeminate, whose very looks  
Reflect dishonour on the land I love.  
How, in the name of soldiership and sense,  
Should England prosper, when such things, as smooth  
And tender as a girl, all essenced o'er  
With odours, and as profligate as sweet ;  
Who sell their laurel for a myrtle wreath,  
And love when they should fight ; when such as these  
Presume to lay their hand upon the ark  
Of her magnificent and awful cause ?

Time was when it was praise and boast enough  
 In ev'ry clime, and travel where we might,  
 That we were born her children. Praise enough  
 To fill th' ambition of a private man,  
 That Chatham's language was his mother tongue  
 And Wolfe's great name compatriot with his own.

*William Cowper*

### THE DEEP POWER OF JOY

FIVE years have past; five summers, with the length  
 Of five long winters ! and again I hear  
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs  
 With a soft inland murmur. Once again  
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,  
 That on a wild secluded scene impress  
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion ; and connect  
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky.  
 The day is come when I again repose  
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view  
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,  
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,  
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves  
 'Mid groves and copses. Once again I see  
 These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines  
 Of sportive wood run wild ; these pastoral farms,  
 Green to the very door ; and wreaths of smoke  
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !

These beauteous forms,  
 Through a long absence, have not been to me  
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :  
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din  
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,  
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,  
 Felt in the blood and felt along the heart;  
 And passing even into my purer mind,  
 With tranquil restoration :—feelings too  
 Of unremembered pleasure ; such perhaps  
 As have no slight or trivial influence  
 On that best portion of a good man's life,

His little, nameless, unremembered acts  
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,  
 To them I may have owed another gift,  
 Of aspect more sublime ; that blessed mood,  
 In which the burthen of the mystery,  
 In which the heavy and the weary weight  
 Of all this unintelligible world  
 Is lightened :—that serene and blessed mood,  
 In which the affections gently lead us on,—  
 Until, the breath of this corporeal frame  
 And even the motion of our human blood  
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep  
 In body, and become a living soul :  
 While with an eye made quiet by the power  
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,  
 We see into the life of things.

*William Wordsworth*

### THE COUNTRYMAN IN EXILE

I TRAVELLED among unknown men,  
 In lands beyond the sea ;  
 Nor, England ! did I know till then  
 What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !  
 Nor will I quit thy shore  
 A second time ; for still I seem  
 To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel  
 The joy of my desire ;  
 And she I cherished turned her wheel  
 Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings shewed, thy nights concealed,  
 The bowers where Lucy played ;  
 And thine too is the last green field  
 That Lucy's eyes surveyed.

*William Wordsworth*

## THE HERITAGE OF FREEDOM

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.

*William Wordsworth*

## DEAR BRITAIN, MOTHER ISLE

... O MY Mother Isle !  
 Needs must thou prove a name most dear and holy  
 To me, a son, a brother, and a friend,  
 A husband, and a father ! who revere  
 All bonds of natural love, and find them all  
 Within the limits of thy rocky shores.  
 O native Britain ! O my Mother Isle !  
 How shouldst thou prove aught else but dear and holy  
 To me, who from thy lakes and mountain-hills,  
 Thy clouds, thy quiet dales, thy rocks and seas,  
 Have drunk in all my intellectual life,  
 All sweet sensations, all ennobling thoughts,  
 All adoration of the God in nature,  
 All lovely and all honourable things,  
 Whatever makes this mortal spirit feel  
 The joy and greatness of its future being ?  
 There lives nor form nor feeling in my soul  
 Unborrowed from my country ! O divine  
 And beautiful island ! thou hast been my sole

And most magnificent temple, in the which  
 I walk with awe, and sing my stately songs,  
 Loving the God that made me !—May my fears,  
 My filial fears, be vain ! and may the vaunts  
 And menace of the vengeful enemy  
 Pass like the gust, that roared and died away  
 In the distant tree ; which, heard and only heard  
 In this low dell, bowed not the delicate grass.

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

## ENGLAND

PEACE, Freedom, Happiness, have loved to wait  
 On the fair islands, fenced by circling seas ;  
 And ever of such favoured spots as these  
 Have the wise dreamers dreamed, who would create  
 That perfect model of a happy state  
 Which the world never saw ! Oceana,  
 Utopia such, and Plato's isle that lay  
 Westward of Gades and the Great Sea's gate.  
 Dreams are they all, which yet have helped to make  
 -That underneath fair polities we dwell,  
 Though marred in part by envy, faction, hate ;  
 Dreams which are dear, dear England, for thy sake,  
 Who art indeed that sea-girt citadel  
 And nearest image of that perfect state.

*Archbishop Trench*

## LETTY'S GLOBE

WHEN Letty had scarce passed her third glad year  
 And her young artless words began to flow,  
 One day we gave the child a coloured sphere  
 Of the wide earth, that she might mark and know  
 By tint and outline all its sea and land.  
 She patted all the world ; old empires peeped  
 Between her baby fingers : her-soft hand  
 Was welcome at all frontiers. How she leaped  
 And laughed and prattled in her world-wide bliss ;

## ENGLAND

But when we turned her sweet, unlearned eye  
On our own isle, she raised a joyous cry—  
" Oh ! yes, I see it, Letty's home is there ! "  
And while she hid all England with a kiss,  
Bright over Europe fell her golden hair.

*Charles Tennyson-Turner*

### SOBER-SUITED FREEDOM

You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease,  
Within this region I subsist,  
Whose spirits falter in the mist,  
And languish for the purple seas.

It is the land that freemen till,  
That sober-suited Freedom chose,  
The land where, girt with friends or foes  
A man may speak the thing he will ;

A land of settled government,  
A land of just and old renown,  
Where Freedom slowly broadens down  
From precedent to precedent ;

Where faction seldom gathers head,  
But by degrees to fulness wrought,  
The strength of some diffusive thought  
Hath time and space to work and spread.

Should banded unions persecute  
Opinion, and induce a time  
When single thought is civil crime,  
And individual freedom mute ;

Tho' Power should make from land to land  
The name of Britain trebly great—  
Tho' every channel of the State  
Should fill and choke with golden sand—

Yet waft me from the harbour-mouth,  
 Wild wind ! I seek a warmer sky,  
 And I will see before I die  
 The palms and temples of the South.

*Lord Tennyson*

## HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

O, 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 !

*Robert Browning*

## 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, dawn'd Gibraltar  
 grand and grey ;

" 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.  
*Robert Browning*

### 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 arm'd :  
 Across his iron breast  
 His hands by death are charm'd  
 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,  
 Link'd in the brotherhood  
 That loves our country's praise,  
 And lives for heavenly good.

*Robert Bridges*

#### PRO REGE NOSTRO

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 !

## ENGLAND

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 I  
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 not 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,

## REFLECTION

151

There's the menace of the Word  
In the Song on your bugles blown,  
    England—  
Out of Heaven on your bugles blown !

*W. E. Henley*

## OLD SHEPHERD'S PRAYER

UP to the bed by the window, where I be lyin',  
Comes bells and bleat of the flock wi' they two children's  
    clack.

Over, from under the eaves there's the starlings flyin',  
And down in yard, fit to burst his chain, yapping out at  
    Sue, I do hear young Mac.

Turning around like a falled-over sack  
I can see team ploughin' in Withybush field and meal carts  
    star tin' up road to Church Town ;  
Saturday arternoon, the men goin' back  
And the women from market, trapin' home over the  
    down.

Heavenly Master, I wud like to wake to they same green  
    places  
Where I be know'd for breakin' dogs and follerin' sheep.  
And if I may not walk in th' old ways and look on th' old  
    faces  
I wud sooner sleep.

*Charlotte Mew*

## IN THE TRAIN

I AM in a long train gliding through England,  
Gliding past green fields and gentle grey willows,  
Past huge dark elms and meadows full of buttercups,  
And old farms dreaming among mossy apple trees.

Now we are in a dingy town of small ugly houses  
And tin advertisements of cocoa and Sunlight Soap,

Now we are in a dreary station built of coffee-coloured  
wood,  
Where barmaids in black stand in empty Refreshment  
Rooms,  
And shabby old women sit on benches with suitcases.

Now we are by sidings where coal-trucks lurk discon-  
solate,  
Bright skies overarch us with shining cloud palaces,  
Sunshine flashes on canals and then the rain comes,  
Silver rain from grey skies lashing our window panes.  
Then it is bright again and white smoke is blowing  
Gaily over a pale blue sky among the telegraph wires.

Northward we rush under bridges, up gradients,  
Through black, smoky tunnels, over iron viaducts,  
Past platelayers and signal-boxes, factories and ware-  
houses ;  
Afternoon is fading among the tall brick chimney-stacks  
In the murky Midlands where meadows grow more  
colourless.

Northward, O train, you rush, resolute, invincible,  
Northward to the night where your banner of flying  
smoke  
Will glow in the darkness with burning spark and ruddy  
flame.  
Be the train, my life, see the shining meadows,  
Glance at the quiet farms, the gardens and shady lanes,

But do not linger by them, look at the dingy misery  
Of all those silly towns, see it, hate it and remember it,  
But never accept it. You must only accept your own  
road :  
The strong unchanging steel rails of necessity,  
The ardent power that drives you towards night and the  
unknown terminus.

*Vivian de Sola Pinto*

## VALE

FAREWELL, this is the first, the worst Farewell,  
Good-bye to the long dream ;  
I hear the tolling of my boyhood's knell,  
And I must cross the stream.

Good-bye, South Meadow, Athens, Cuckoo Weir,  
Good-bye, tall Brocas trees ;  
To me you are more sacred and more fair  
Than the Hesperides.

Good-bye, dear Library, dear musty shelves,  
Worn books and marble bust,  
Where over tables scholars skipped like elves,  
And raised a cloud of dust.

But there I saw—as through a misty veil  
A chalice of white fire—  
The light of Shelley's song, and heard the tale  
Of his divine desire.

'Twas there I read how, led by fatal chance,  
A mortal loved the Moon ;  
And thus I learnt the language of romance,  
And heard the magic tune.

The little book was like a silver key  
To many-coloured lands,  
Where wondrous harps upon a ghostly sea  
Answer a mermaid's hands.

Tomorrow I shall be beyond the spell,  
The fields behind ; the road  
Before me ; banished from the wishing well,  
And on my back a load.

Yet none can steal the tasted happiness,  
And if I meet dark hours,  
Dear Mother, I will turn in my distress  
Back to thy chiming towers.

## ENGLAND

Though pangs begotten of sweet memory  
Make worse the present woe,  
I'll turn to thee and say : " At Eton I  
Was happy long ago.

What can I give thee, Mother, in return  
For all thy gifts to me ?  
What if no laurel shall adorn my urn,  
Nor deed of high degree ?

Others with honour, glory and green bays  
Shall brighten thy bright fame ;  
I with no more than love, can swell thy praise  
With one forgotten name."

*Maurice Baring*

## VAGABOND

DUNNO a heap about the what an' why,  
Can't say's I ever knowed.  
Heaven to me's a fair blue stretch of sky,  
Earth's jest a dusty road.

Dunno the names o' things, nor what they are,  
Can't say's I ever will.  
Dunno about God—He's jest the noddin' star  
Atop the windy hill.

Dunno about Life—it's jest a tramp alone  
From wakin'-time to doss.  
Dunno about Death—it's jest a quiet stone  
All over-grey wi' moss.

An' why I live, an' why the old world spins,  
Are things I never knowed ;  
My mark's the gypsy fires, the lonely inns,  
An' jest the dusty road.

*Jahn Masefield*

## TESTAMENT

WHEN I am dead, let not my limbs be given  
To rot amongst the dead I never knew,  
But cast my ashes wide under wide heaven,  
Or to my garden let me still be true,

And, like the ashes I was wont to save  
Preciously from the hearth beneath my fire,  
Lighten the soil with mine. Not, not the grave !  
I loved the soil I fought, and this is my desire.

*V. Sackville-West*

## THE MAI

How tiny England is this map will show,  
And how she is the butt of many seas  
That shaped her landscape *to* its subtleties,  
How few her rivers are, her hills how low.  
This map will tell you, faintly, of her towns  
(Pin-point for London, Thames a thread of hair),  
But will not tell of dewponds on the Downs,  
Or how the leaves of Warwick green the air.  
This map will tell you nothing of the way  
The coltish April skips across her skies,  
Nor how, in autumn nights, the curlew cries,  
Or thrush or blackbird harmonise in May.  
For these such things consult that wiser chart  
Engraved upon the exiled English heart.

*James Walker*

## FANCY'S KNELL

WHEN lads were home from labour  
At Abdon under Glee,  
A man would call his neighbour  
And both would send for me.

## ENGLAND

And where the light in lances  
Across the mead was laid,  
There to the dances  
I fetched my flute and played.

Ours were idle pleasures,  
Yet oh, content we were,  
The young to wind the measures,  
The old to heed the air ;  
And I to lift with playing  
From tree and tower and steep  
The light delaying,  
And flute the sun to sleep.

The youth toward his fancy  
Would turn his brow of tan,  
And Tom would pair with Nancy  
And Dick step off with Fan ;  
The girl would lift her glances  
To his, and both be mute :  
Well went the dances  
At evening to the flute.

Wenlock Edge was umbered,  
And bright was Abdon Burf,  
And warm between them slumbered  
The smooth green miles of turf;  
Until from grass and clover  
The upshot beam would fade,  
And England over  
Advanced the lofty shade.

The lofty shade advances,  
I fetch my flute and play :  
Come, lads, and learn the dances  
And praise the tune to-day.  
To-morrow, more's the pity,  
Away we both must hie,  
To air the ditty,  
And to earth I.

*A. E. Housman*

# HUMOUR

## THE FRIAR

A FRERE ther was, a wan town and a merye,  
A limitour,<sup>1</sup> a ful solempne man.  
In alle the ordres foure is noon that can  
So muche of daliaunce and fair langage.  
He hadde maad ful many a mariage  
Of yonge wommen, at his owne cost.  
Un-to his ordre he was a noble post.  
Ful wel biloved and famulier was he  
With frankeleyns over-al in his contree,  
And eek with worthy wommen of the toun :  
For he had power of confessioun,  
As seyde him-self, more than a curat,  
For of his ordre he was licentiat.  
Ful swetely herde he confessioun,  
And pleasunt was his absolucioun ;  
He was an esy man to yeve penaunce  
Ther as he wiste to han a good pitaunce ;  
For unto a povre ordre for to yive  
Is signe that a man is wel y-shrive.  
For if he yaf,<sup>2</sup> he dorste make avaunt,<sup>3</sup>  
He wiste that a man was repentaunt.  
For many a man so hard is of his herte,  
He may nat wepe al-though him sore smerte.  
Therefore, in stede of weping and preyeres,  
Men moot yeve silver to the povre freres.  
His tipet<sup>4</sup> was ay farsed s ful of knyves  
And pinnes, for to yeven faire wyves.  
And certainly he hadde a mery note ;  
Wel coude he singe and pleyen on a rote.  
Of yeddinges<sup>6</sup> he bar utterly the prys.  
His nekke whyt was as the flour-de-lys ;

<sup>1</sup> *limitour* : friar licensed to beg locally.

<sup>2</sup> *yaf* ; gave.

<sup>3</sup> *avaunt*: boast.

<sup>4</sup> *tipet*: hood.

<sup>5</sup> *farsed* : stuffed.

<sup>6</sup> *yeddinges* : songs.



Tim the tinker and twain of his prentices,  
 Hick the hackney-man, and Hugh the needier,  
 Clarice of Cock-lane, and the clerk of the church,  
 Davy the ditcher, and a dozen others ;  
 Sir Piers of Pridie and Pernel of Flanders,  
 A fiddler, a ratter, a Cheapside sweeper,  
 A roper,<sup>1</sup> a rider, and Rose the dish-seller,  
 Godfrey of Garlichithe and Griffin the Welshman,  
 And a heap of upholsterers, in the morning early  
 Gave Glutton with glad cheer good ale to hansel.<sup>2</sup>

Then Clement the cobbler cast off his cloak,  
 And at the new fair \* he wagered it for sale ;  
 Hick the hackney-man threw down his hood,  
 And bade Bat the butcher be on his side.  
 Then chapmen \* were chosen the chaffer to appraise ;  
 He that had the hood should have amends for the cloke.  
 The two rose up readily and whispered together,  
 Appraising these pennyworths apart by themselves.  
 They could not in their conscience accord together,  
 Till Robin the roper arose for the truth,  
 And named himself umpire to end the dispute,  
 Then Hick the hostler had the cloak,  
 In covenant that Clement should fill the cup,  
 And have Hick's hood and hold himself quit ;  
 Whoso first repented should rise up after  
 And greet Sir Glutton with a gallon of ale.  
 There was laughing and lowering and " let go the cup ! "  
 They sat so till evensong, and sang now and then,  
 Till Glutton had gulped down a gallon and a gill.

He could neither step nor stand until he had his staff;  
 Then gan he to go like a gleeman's dog,  
 Sometimes aside and sometimes arear,  
 As one that layeth lines, birds to ensnare.  
 When he drew nigh the door, then dim were his eyes ;  
 He stumbled on the threshold and fell on the floor.  
 Clement the cobbler caught him by the middle,

<sup>1</sup> *roper*: rope-maker,

<sup>2</sup> *to hansel* : as an earnest of good will.

<sup>3</sup> *at the new fair* : the name of a popular form of barter.

<sup>4</sup> *chapmen* : traders.

And to lift him aloft, laid him on his knees ;  
 But Glutton was a great churl and grievous to lift,  
 And coughed up a caudle<sup>1</sup> in Clement's lap. . . .

With all woe in the world his wife and his daughter  
 Bore him home to his bed and put him therein.  
 And after this surfeit he had a fit of sloth,  
 And slept Saturday and Sunday till the sun went down.  
 Then he awoke from his slumber, and wiped both his eyes,  
 And the first word he said was, " Where is the bowl ? "  
 Then his wife did upbraid him for his wicked ways  
 And also Repentance rebuked him thus :  
 " Both in words and in works thou hast evilly wrought ;  
 Shrive thee therefore with shame and shew it with thy  
 mouth."

" I , Glutton," said the man, " confess me guilty ;  
 I have trespassed with tongue, I cannot tell how oft,  
 Have sworn ' By God's soul' and ' So help me the Saints',  
 Where never was need, nine hundred times.  
 I have surfeited at supper and sometimes at noon,  
 Till I, Glutton, threw it up, ere I had gone a mile,  
 And spilt what should spared be and spent on the  
 hungry.

Too daintily on fast days I have drunken and eaten,  
 Sitting so long that I slept and ate at once.  
 To hear tales in taverns and to drink more I dined  
 And feasted ere noon on the fasting days."

" This showing shrift shall be merit to thee."

Then Glutton gan groan and great dole<sup>2</sup> he made  
 For the wicked life he had lived the while,  
 And vowed to fast : " For hunger or thirst  
 Shall no fish on Friday defy<sup>3</sup> in my maw,  
 Till Abstinence, my Aunt, hath given me leave ;  
 And yet have I hated her all my life-time."

*William Langland*

#### THE COURT OF FAME

I STODE up, halfe sodenly afraid ;  
 Suppleyng to Fame, I besought her grace,

<sup>1</sup> caudle : drink.      <sup>2</sup> dole : lamentation.      <sup>3</sup> defy : be digested.

And that it wolde please .her, full tenderly I prayd,  
Owt of her bokis *Apollo* to rase.<sup>1</sup>  
" Nay, sir," she sayd, " what so in this place  
Of our noble courte is ones spoken owte,  
It must nedes after rin all the worlde aboute."

God wote, theis wordes made me full sad ;  
And when that I sawe it wolde no better be,  
But that my peticyon wolde not be had,  
What shulde I do but take it in gre ?<sup>2</sup>  
For, by Juppiter and his high mages te,  
I did what I cowde to scrape out the scrollis,  
*Apollo* to rase out of her ragman rollis.<sup>3</sup>

Now hereof it erkith me lenger to wryte ;  
To Occupacyon I wyll agayne resorte,  
Which redde on still, as it cam to her syght,  
Rendrynge my devisis I made in disporte,  
Of the Mayden of Kent callid Comforte,  
Of Lovers testamentis and of there wanton wyllis,  
And how Jollas lovyd goodly Phillis ;

Diodorus Siculus of my translacyon  
Out of fresshe Latine into owre Englysshe playne,  
Rcountyng commoditis of many a straunge nacyon ;  
Who redyth it ones wolde rede it agayne ;  
Sex volumis engrosid together it doth containe  
But when of the laurell she made rehersall,  
All orators and poetis, with other grete and smale,

A thowsande thowsande, I trow, to my dome,<sup>4</sup>  
*Triumph, triumph!* they cryid all aboute ;  
Of trumpetis and clariouns the noyse went to Rome ;  
The starry hevyn, me thought, shoke with the showte ;  
The grownde gronid and tremblid, the noyse was so  
stowte :  
The Quene of Fame commaundid shett fast the boke ;  
And therwith sodenly out of my dreame I woke.

<sup>1</sup> *rase* : erase.

<sup>3</sup> *ragman rollis* : catalogue.

<sup>2</sup> *in gre* : in good part.

<sup>4</sup> *to my dome* : in my judgement.

My mynde of the grete din was somdele amasid,  
 I wypid myne eyne for to make them clere ;  
 Then to the hevyn sperycall upwarde I gasid,  
 Where I saw Janus, with his double chere ;<sup>1</sup>  
 Makynghe his almanak for the new yere ;  
 He turnyd his tirikkis,<sup>2</sup> his vol veil<sup>3</sup> ran fast :  
 Good luk this new yere ! the olde yere is past.

*John Skelton*

### HONEST TRADESMEN

WHEN shoemakers make shoes,  
 That are wel sowed, with never a stitch amisse,  
 And use no crafte, in uttring of the same :  
 When taylours steale no stuffe from gentlemen,  
 When tanners are with corners<sup>4</sup> wel agreede,  
 And both so dresse their hydes that we go dry :  
 When cutlers leave to sel old rustie blades,  
 And hide no crackes with soder s nor deceit :  
 When tinkers make no more holes than they founde,  
 When thatchers thinke their wages worth their worke,  
 When colliers put no dust into their sacks,  
 When maltemen make us drink no fermentie,  
 When Davie Diker diggs, and dallies not,  
 When smithes shoo horses as they would be shod,  
 When millers toll not with a golden thumbe,  
 When bakers make not barme<sup>6</sup> beare price of wheat,  
 When brewers put no bagage<sup>7</sup> in their beere,  
 When butchers blowe not over al their fleshe,  
 When horsecorsers beguile no friends with jades,  
 When weavers weight is found in huswives web.  
 (But why dwel I so long among these lowts ?)  
 When mercers make more bones to swere and lye,  
 When vintners mix no water with their wine,  
 When printers passe none errours in their books,  
 When hatters use to bye none olde cast robes,  
 When goldsmithes get no gains by sodred crownes,

<sup>1</sup> *chere* : face.

<sup>2</sup> *tirikkis* : swivels.

<sup>3</sup> *volvell* : a mechanical almanac.

<sup>4</sup> *corners* : one who carries leather after it has been tanned.

<sup>5</sup> *soder* : solder.

<sup>6</sup> *barme* : yeast.

<sup>7</sup> *bagage* : rubbish.

When upholsters sel fethers without dust,  
 When pewterers infect no tin with leade,  
 When drapers draw no gaines by giving day,<sup>1</sup>  
 When perchmentiers<sup>2</sup> put in no ferret silke,<sup>3</sup>  
 When surgeons heale al wounds without delay.  
 When al these things are ordred as they ought,  
 And see themselves within my glasse of Steele,  
 Even then (my priests) may you make holyday  
 And pray no more but ordinarie prayers.

*George Gascoigne*

## A BORE

HE, like to a high-stretched lute-string, squeakt, " O sir,  
 'Tis sweet to talk of kings." " At Westminster,"  
 Said. I, " the man that keeps the Abbey tombs,  
 And for his price doth with whoever comes  
 Of all our Harries and our Edwards talk,  
 From king to king, and all their kin can walk :  
 Your ears shall hear nought but kings ; your eyes meet  
 Kings only ; the way to it is Kingstreet."  
 He smack'd and cried, " He's base, mechanic, coarse,  
 So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.  
 Are not your Frenchmen neat ? " " Mine ? as you see,  
 I have but one, sir, look—he follows me."  
 " Gertes they're neatly clothed. I of this mind am,  
 Your only wearing is your grogram."<sup>4</sup>  
 " Not so, sir, I have more." Under this pitch  
 He would not fly ; I chaffed him. But as itch  
 Scratch'd into smart, and as blunt iron ground  
 Into an edge, hurts worse ; so I, fool, found  
 Grossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness,  
 He to another key his style doth dress,  
 And asks, " What news ? " I tell him of new plays,  
 He takes my hand, and as a still which stays  
 A semibreve, 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,  
 As loth to enrich me, so tells many a lie.

<sup>1</sup> *giving day* : giving credit.

<sup>2</sup> *perchmentiers* : makers of parchment.

<sup>3</sup> *ferret silke* : a narrow tape made of silk.

<sup>4</sup> *grogram* : garment of coarse texture.

More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stows,  
*Of* trivial household trash he knows ; he knows  
 When the Queen frown'd, or smiled, and he knows what  
 A subtle statesman may gather of that ;  
 He knows who loves whom ; and who by poison  
 Hastes to an office's reversion ;  
 He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg  
 A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-  
 shells to transport ; shortly boys shall not play  
 At span-counter, or blow-point, but shall pay  
 Toll to some courtier ; and wiser than all us,  
 He knows what lady is not painted. Thus  
 He with home meats cloys me.

*John Donne*

#### ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER

HERE lieth one who did most truly prove,  
 That he could never die while he could move ;  
 So hung his destiny, never to rot  
 While he might still jog on, and keep his trot ;  
 Made of sphere-metal, never to decay  
 Until his revolution was at stay.  
 Time numbers motion, yet (without a crime  
 'Gainst old truth) motion numbered out his time ;  
 And like an engine moved with wheel and weight,  
 His principles being ceased, he ended straight.  
 Rest that gives all men life, gave him his death,  
 And too much breathing put him out of breath ;  
 Nor were it contradiction to affirm  
 Too long vacation hastned on his term.  
 Merely to drive the time away he sickn'd,  
 Fainted, and died, nor would with ale be quickn'd ;  
 " Nay," quoth he, on his swooning bed outstretcht,  
 " If I mayn't carry, sure I'll ne'er be fetcht ;  
 " But vow, though the cross doctors all stood hearers,  
 " For one carrier put down to make six bearers."  
 Ease was his chief disease, and to judge right,  
 He died for heaviness that his cart went light ;  
 His leisure told him that his time was come,

And lack of load made his life burdensome,  
 That even to his last breath (there be that say't)  
 As he were prest to death, he cried, " More weight! "  
 But had his doings lasted as they were,  
 He had been an immortal carrier.  
 Obedient to the moon he spent his date  
 In course reciprocal ; and had his fate  
 Linkt to the mutual flowing of the seas,  
 Yet (strange to think) his wain was his increase :  
 His letters are deliver'd all and gone,  
 Only remains this superscription.

*John Milton*

### RELIGION OF HUDIBRAS

FOR he was of that stubborn crew  
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant  
 To be the true church militant :  
 Such as do build their faith upon  
 The holy text of pike and gun ;  
 Decide all controversy by  
 Infallible artillery ;  
 And prove their doctrine orthodox  
 By apostolic blows and knocks ;  
 Call fire and sword and desolation  
 A godly-thorough-Reformation,  
 Which always must be carried on,  
 And still be doing, never done :  
 As if Religion were intended  
 For nothing else but to be mended.  
 A sect, whose chief devotion lies  
 In odd perverse antipathies :  
 In falling out with that or this,  
 And finding somewhat still amiss :  
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic,  
 Than dog distract or monkey sick :  
 That with more care keep holy-day  
 The wrong, than others the right way :  
 Compound for sins they are inclined to  
 By damning those they have no mind to

Still so perverse and opposite,  
 As if they worshipped God for spite,  
 The self-same thing they will abhor  
 One way, and long another for.  
 Free-will they one way disavow,  
 Another, nothing else allow.  
 All piety consists therein  
 In them, in other men all sin.  
 Rather than fail, they will defy  
 That which they love most tenderly ;  
 Quarrel with minced-pies, and disparage  
 Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge ;  
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,  
 And blaspheme custard through the nose.

*Samuel Butler*

## CHARLES II

OF a tall stature and a sable hue,  
 Much like the son of Kish, that lofty Jew,  
 Ten years of need he suffered in exile,  
 And kept his father's asses all the while.

*Andrew Marvel I*

## THE TRAGEDY OF WIT

OUR author by experience finds it true,  
 'Tis much more hard to please himself than you ;  
 And out of no feign'd modesty, this day,  
 Damns his laborious trifle of a play ;  
 Not that it's worse than what before he writ,  
 But he has now another taste of Wit ;  
 And, to confess a truth (though out of time),  
 Grows weary of his long-loved mistress, Rhyme.  
 Passion's too fierce to be in fetters bound,  
 And Nature flies him like enchanted ground :  
 What verse can do he has perform'd in this,  
 Which he presumes the most correct of his ;  
 But spite of all his pride, a secret shame  
 Invades his breast at Shakespeare's sacred name :

Awed when he hears his godlike Romans rage,  
 He in a just despair would quit the stage ;  
 And to an age less polished, more unskilled,  
 Does with disdain the foremost honours yield.  
 As with the greater dead he dares not strive,  
 He would not match his verse with those who live :  
 Let him retire, betwixt two ages cast,  
 The first of this, and hindmost of the last.  
 A losing gamester, let him sneak away ;  
 He bears no ready money from the play.  
 The fate, which governs poets, thought it fit  
 He should not raise his fortunes by his Wit.  
 The clergy thrive, and the litigious bar ;  
 Dull heroes fatten with the spoils of war :  
 All southern vices, Heaven be praised, are here ;  
 But Wit's a luxury you think too dear.  
 When you to cultivate the plant are loth,  
 'Tis a shrewd sign 'twas never of your growth :  
 And Wit in northern climates will not blow,  
 Except, like orange-trees, 'tis housed from snow.  
 There needs no care to put a play-house down,  
 'Tis the most desert place of all the town :  
 We and our neighbours, to speak proudly, are,  
 Like monarchs, ruined with expensive war ;  
 While, like wise English, unconcerned you sit,  
 And see us play the tragedy of Wit.

*John Dryden*

### THE ENGLISH BREED

THE Romans first with Julius Caesar came,  
 Including all the Nations of that Name,  
 Gauls, Greeks, and Lombards ; and by Computation  
 Auxiliaries or Slaves, of ev'ry Nation.  
 With Hengest, Saxons ; Danes with Sueno came,  
 In search of Plunder, not in search of Fame.  
 Scots, Picts, and Irish from th' Hibernian Shore :  
 And Conqu'ring William brought the Normans o're.  
 All these their Barb'rous Offspring left behind,  
 The Dregs of Armies, they of all Mankind ;

Blended with Britains who before were here,  
Of whom the Welsh ha' blest the Character.

From this Amphibious Ill-born Mob began  
That vain ill-natur'd thing, an Englishman.  
The Customs, Sirnames, Languages, and Manners,  
Of all these Nations are their own Explainers :  
Whose Relicks are so lasting and so strong,  
They ha' left a Shibolet upon our Tongue ;  
By which with easy search you may distinguish  
Your Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman English.

The great Invading Norman let us know  
What Conquerors in After-Times might do.  
To ev'ry Musqueteer he brought to Town  
He gave the Lands which never were his own.  
When first the English Crown he did obtain,  
He did not send his Dutchmen home again.  
No Rcassumptions in his Reign were known,  
Davenant might there ha' let his Book alone.  
No Parliament his Army cou' disband ;  
He rais'd no Money, for he paid in Land.  
He gave his Legions their Eternal Station,  
And made them all Freeholders of the Nation.  
He canton'd out the Country to his Men,  
And ev'ry Soldier was a Denizen.  
The Rascals thus enrich'd, he call'd them Lords,  
To please their Upstart Pride with new-made Words;  
And Doomsday Book his Tyranny Records.

And here begins the Ancient Pedigree  
That so exalts our Poor Nobility :  
'Tis that from some French Trooper they derive,  
Who with the Norman Bastard did arrive :  
The Trophies of the Families appear ;  
Some show the Sword, the Bow, and some the Spear,  
Which their Great Ancestor, forsooth, did wear.  
These in the Heralds' Register remain,  
Their Noble mean Extraction to explain.  
Yet who the Hero was, *no* Man can tell,  
Whether a Drummer or a Colonel :  
The silent Record blushes to reveal  
Their Undescended Dark Original.

But grant the best, How came the Change to pass ;

A True-Born Englishman of Norman Race ?  
 A Turkish Horse can show more History,  
 To prove his Well-descended Family.  
 Conquest, as by the Moderns 'tis exprest,  
 May give a Title to the Lands possest :  
 But that the Longest Sword should be so Civil,  
 To make a Frenchman English, that's the Devil.

These are the Heroes who despise the Dutch,  
 And rail at new-come Foreigners so much ;  
 Forgetting that themselves are all deriv'd  
 From the most Scoundrel Race that ever liv'd,  
 A horrid Crowd of Rambling Thieves and Drones,  
 Who ransack'd Kingdoms, and dispeopled Towns :  
 The Pict and Painted Britain, Treach'rous Scot,  
 By Hunger, Theft, and Rapine, hither brought ;  
 Norwegian Pirates, Buccaneering Danes,  
 Whose Red-hair'd Offspring ev'rywhere remains ;  
 Who join'd with Norman-French compound the Breed  
 From whence your True-Born Englishmen proceed.

*Daniel Defoe*

### SIR BALAAM

WHERE London's column, pointing at the skies,  
 Like a tall bully, lifts the head, and lies ;  
 There dwelt a citizen of sober fame,  
 A plain good man, and Balaam was his name ;  
 Religious, punctual, frugal, and so forth ;  
 His word would pass for more than he was worth.  
 One solid dish his week-day meal affords,  
 An added pudding solemnized the Lord's :  
 Constant at Church, and Change ; his gains were sure,  
 His givings rare, save farthings to the poor.

The Devil was piqued such saintship to behold,  
 And longed to tempt him like good Job of old :  
 But Satan now is wiser than of yore,  
 And tempts by making rich, not making poor.

Roused by the Prince of Air, the whirlwinds sweep  
 The surge, and plunge his Father in the deep ;  
 Then full against his Cornish lands they roar,  
**And two** rich ship-wrecks bless the lucky shore.

Sir Balaam now, he lives like other folks,  
 He takes his chirping pint, and cracks his jokes :  
 " Live like yourself," was soon my Lady's word ;  
 And lo ! two puddings smoked upon the board.

Asleep and naked as an Indian lay,  
 An honest factor stole a gem away :  
 He pledg'd it to the knight ; the knight had wit,  
 So kept the diamond, and the rogue was bit.  
 Some scruple rose, but thus he eased his thought,  
 " I'll now give six-pence where I gave a groat ;  
 " Where once I went to Church, I'll now go twice ;  
 " And am so clear too of all other vice."  
 The Tempter saw his time ; the work he plied ;  
 Stocks and subscriptions pour on every side,  
 Till all the Demon makes his full descent  
 In one abundant shower of cent, per cent. ;  
 Sinks deep within him, and possesses whole,  
 Then dubs Director, and secures his soul.

Behold Sir Balaam, now a man of spirit,  
 Ascribes his gettings to his parts and merit ;  
 What late he calPd a blessing, now was wit,  
 And God's good providence, a lucky hit.  
 Things change their titles, as our manners turn :  
 His counting-house employ'd the Sunday-morn ;  
 Seldom at Church ('twas such a busy life)  
 But duly sent his family and wife.  
 There (so the Devil ordained) one Christmas-tide  
 My good old Lady caught a cold, and died.

A Nymph of Quality admires our knight ;  
 He marries, bows at Court, and grows polite.  
 In Britain's Senate he a seat obtains,  
 And one more pensioner St. Stephen gains.  
 My Lady falls to play ; so bad her chance,  
 He must repair it ; takes a bribe from France ;  
 The House impeach him ; Coningsby harangues ;  
 The Court forsake him, and Sir Balaam hangs ;  
 Wife, son and daughter, Satan ! are thy own,  
 His wealth, yet dearer, forfeit to the Crown :  
 The Devil and the King divide the prize,  
 And sad Sir Balaam curses God, and dies.

*Alexander Pope*

## A HAPPY LAND

ENGLAND, a happy land we know,  
 Where follies naturally grow,  
 Where without culture they arise,  
 And tower above the common size ;  
 England a fortune-telling host  
 As numerous as the stars could boast ;  
 Matrons, who toss the cup, and see  
 The grounds of fate in grounds of tea ;  
 Gypsies, who every ill can cure  
 Except the ill of being poor,  
 Who charms 'gainst love and agues sell,  
 Who can in hen-roost set a spell,  
 Prepared by arts, to them best known,  
 To catch all feet except their own ;  
 Who, as to fortune, can unlock it  
 As easily as pick a pocket.

*Charles Churchill*

## JOHN BULL

JOHN BULL was in his very worst of moods,  
 Raving of sterile farms and unsold goods ;  
 His sugar-loaves and bales about he threw,  
 And on his counter beat the devil's tattoo.  
 His wars were ended, and the victory won,  
 But then, 'twas reckoning-day with honest John ;  
 And authors vouch, 'twas still this Worthy's way,  
 " Never to grumble till he came to pay ;  
 And then he always thinks, his temper's such,  
 The work too little, and the pay too much."  
 Yet, grumbler as he is, so kind and hearty,  
 That when his mortal foe was on the floor,  
 And past the power to harm his quiet more,  
 Poor John had wellnigh wept for Bonaparte !  
 Such was the wight whom Solimaun salaam'd,—  
 " And who are you," John answer'd, " and be  
 d——d ? "

" A stranger, come to see the happiest man—  
So, signior, all avouch—in Frangistan."<sup>1</sup>

" Happy ? my tenants breaking on my hand ;  
Unstock'd my pastures, and untilPd my land ;  
Sugar and rum a drug, and mice and moths  
The sole consumers of my good broad-cloths—  
Happy ?—Why, cursed war and racking tax,  
Have left us scarcely raiment to our backs."

" In that case, signior, I may take my leave ;  
I came to ask a favour—but I grieve "—

" Favour ? " said John, and eyed the Sultaun hard,

" It's my belief you come to break the yard !—

But, stay, you look like some poor foreign sinner,—

Take that to buy yourself a shirt and dinner."

With that he chuck'd a guinea at his head ;

But, with due dignity, the Sultaun said,

" Permit me, sir, your bounty to decline ;

A *shirt* indeed I seek, but none of thine.

Signior, I kiss your hands, so fare you well."

" Kiss and be d——d," quoth John, " and go to hell! "

*Sir Walter Scott*

" ENGLAND ! WITH ALL THY FAULTS . . . "

" ENGLAND ! with all thy faults I love thee still,"

I said at Calais, and have not forgot it ;

I like to speak and lucubrate my fill ;

I like the government (but that is not it) ;

I like the freedom of the press and quill ;

I like the Habeas Corpus (when we've got it) ;

I like a parliamentary debate,

Particularly when 'tis not too late ;

I like the taxes when they're not too many ;

I like a seacoal fire, when not too dear ;

I like a beef-steak, too, as well as any ;

Have no objection to a pot of beer ;

I like the weather, when it is not rainy,

**That** is, I like two months of every year,

*Frangistan : Europe.*

And so God save the Regent, Church, and King !  
Which means that I like all and everything.

Our standing army, and disbanded seamen,  
Poor's rate, Reform, my own, the nation's debt,  
Our little riots just to show we are free men,  
Our trifling bankruptcies in the Gazette,  
Our cloudy climate, and our chilly women,  
All these I can forgive, and those forget,  
And greatly venerate our recent glories,  
And wish they were not owing to the Tories.

*Lord Byron*

NO !

No sun—no moon !  
No morn—no noon—  
No dawn—no dusk—no proper time of day—  
No sky—no earthly view—  
No distance looking blue—  
No road—no street—no " t'other side the way "—  
No end to any Row—  
No indications where the crescents go—  
No top to any steeple—  
No recognitions of familiar people—  
No courtesies for showing 'em—  
No knowing 'em !—  
No travelling at all—no locomotion,  
No inkling of the way—no notion—  
" No go "—by land or ocean—  
No mail—no post—  
No news from any foreign coast—  
No Park—no Ring—no afternoon gentility—  
No company—no nobility,—  
No warmth, no cheerfulness, no healthful ease,  
No comfortable feel in any member—  
No shade, no shine, no butterflies, no bees,  
No fruits, no flowers, no leaves, no birds—  
November !

*Thomas Hood*

## ENGLAND

### MR. LEAR

" How pleasant to know Mr. Lear !  
Who has written such volumes of stuff !  
Some think him ill-tempered and queer,  
But a few think him pleasant enough.

His mind is concrete and fastidious,  
His nose is remarkably big ;  
His visage is more or less hideous,  
His beard it resembles a wig.

He has ears, and two eyes, and ten fingers,  
Leastways if you reckon two thumbs ;  
Long ago he was one of the singers,  
But now he is one of the dumbs.

He sits in a beautiful parlour,  
With hundreds of books on the wall ;  
He drinks a great deal of Marsala,  
But never gets tipsy at all.

He has many friends, laymen and clerical,  
Old Foss is the name of his cat :  
His body is perfectly spherical,  
He wareth a runcible hat.

When he walks in a waterproof white,  
The children run after him so !  
Calling out, " He's come out in his night-  
gown, that crazy old Englishman, oh ! "

He weeps by the side of the ocean,  
He weeps on the top of the hill ;  
He purchases pancakes and lotion,  
And chocolate shrimps from the mill.

He reads but he cannot speak Spanish,  
He cannot abide ginger-beer :  
Ere the days of his pilgrimage vanish,  
How pleasant to know Mr. Lear ! "

*Edward Lear*

## THE BLESSED BELL

BUT hark ! a sound is stealing on my ear—  
 A soft and silvery sound—I know it well.  
 Its tinkling tells me that a time is near  
 Precious to me—it is the Dinner Bell.  
 O blessed Bell ! Thou bringest beef and beer,  
 Thou bringest good things more than tongue may tell:  
 Seared is, of course, my heart—but unsubdued  
 Is, and shall be, my appetite for food.

I go. Untaught and feeble is my pen :  
 But on one statement I may safely venture :  
 That few of our most highly gifted men  
 Have more appreciation of the trencher.  
 I go. One pound of British beef, and then  
 What Mr. Swiveller called a " modest quencher " ;  
 That home-returning I may " soothly say ",  
 " Fate cannot touch me : I have dined today."  
C. S. Calverley

## ETIQUETTE

THE *Ballyshannon* foundered off the coast of Cariboo,  
 And down in fathoms many went the captain and the crew ;  
 Down went the owners—greedy men whom hope of gain  
 allured :  
 Oh, dry the starting tear, for they were heavily insured.

Besides the captain and the mate, the owners and the crew,  
 The passengers were also drowned excepting only two :  
 Young PETER GRAY, who tasted teas for BAKER, GROOP,  
 AND CO.,  
 And SOMERS, who from Eastern shores imported indigo.

These passengers, by reason of their clinging to a mast,  
 Upon a desert island were eventually cast.  
 They hunted for their meals, as ALEXANDER SELKIRK used,  
 But they couldn't chat together—they had not been introduced.

For PETER GRAY, and SOMERS too, though certainly in  
 trade,  
 Were properly particular about the friends they made ;  
 And somehow thus they settled it without a word of  
 mouth—  
 That GRAY should take the northern half, while SOMERS  
 took the south.

On PETER'S portion oysters grew—a delicacy rare,  
 But oysters were a delicacy PETER couldn't bear.  
 On SOMERS' side was turtle, on the shingle lying thick,  
 Which SOMERS couldn't eat, because it always made him  
 sick.

GRAY gnashed his teeth with envy as he saw a mighty store  
 Of turtle unmolested on his fellow-creature's shore.  
 The oysters at his feet aside impatiently he shoved,  
 For turtle and his mother were the only things he loved.

And SOMERS sighed in sorrow as he settled in the south,  
 For the thought of PETER'S oysters brought the water to his  
 mouth.  
 He longed to lay him down upon the shelly bed, and stuff :  
 He had often eaten oysters, but had never had enough.

How they wished an introduction to each other they had  
 had  
 When on board the *Ballyshannon* ! And it drove them  
 nearly mad  
 To think how very friendly with each other they might get,  
 If it wasn't for the arbitrary rule of etiquette !

One day, when out a-hunting for the *mus ridiculus*,  
 GRAY overheard his fellow-man soliloquising thus :  
 " I wonder how the playmates of my youth are getting on,,  
 M'CONNELL, S. B. WALTERS, PADDY BYLES, and ROBIN-  
 SON ? "

These simple words made PETER as delighted as could be,  
 Old chummies at the Charterhouse were ROBINSON and he !

He walked straight up to SOMERS, then he turned extremely red,  
 Hesitated, hummed and hawed a bit, then cleared his throat, and said :

" I beg your pardon—pray forgive me if I seem too bold,  
 But you have breathed a name I knew familiarly of old.  
 You spoke aloud of ROBINSON—I happened to be by.  
 You know him ? " " Yes, extremely well." " Allow me,  
 so do I . "

It was enough : they felt they could more pleasantly get on,  
 For (ah, the magic of the fact!) they each knew ROBINSON !  
 And MR. SOMERS' turtle was at PETER'S service quite,  
 And MR. SOMERS punished PETER'S oyster-beds all night.

They soon became like brothers from community of wrongs:  
 They wrote each other little odes and sang each other  
 songs ;  
 They told each other anecdotes disparaging their wives ;  
 On several occasions, too, they saved each other's lives.

They felt quite melancholy when they parted for the night,  
 And got up in the morning soon as ever it was light ;  
 Each other's pleasant company they reckoned so upon,  
 And all because it happened that they both knew ROBIN-  
 SON !

They lived for many years on that inhospitable shore,  
 And day by day they learned to love each other more and  
 more.  
 At last, to their astonishment, on getting up one day,  
 They saw a frigate anchored in the offing of the bay.

To PETER an idea occurred. " Suppose we cross the main ?  
 So good an opportunity may not be found again."  
 And SOMERS thought a minute, then ejaculated, " Done !  
 I wonder how my business in the City's getting on ? "

" But stay," said MR. PETER : " when in England, as you  
 know,  
 I earned a living tasting teas for BAKER, GROOP, AND CO.,

I may be superseded—my employers think me dead ! "  
 " Then come with me," said SOMERS, " and taste indigo  
 instead."

But all their plans were scattered in a moment when they  
 found  
 The vessel was a convict ship from Portland, outward  
 bound ;  
 When a boat came off to fetch them, though they felt it  
 very kind,  
 To go on board they firmly but respectfully declined.

As both the happy settlers roared with laughter at the  
 joke,  
 They recognised a gentlemanly fellow pulling stroke :  
 'Twas ROBINSON—a convict, in an unbecoming frock !  
 Condemned to seven years for misappropriating stock ! ! !

They laughed no more, for SOMERS thought he had been  
 rather rash  
 In knowing one whose friend had misappropriated cash ;  
 And PETER thought a foolish tack he must have gone upon  
 In making the acquaintance of a friend of ROBINSON.

At first they didn't quarrel very openly, I've heard ;  
 They nodded when they met, and now and then exchanged  
 a word :  
 The word grew rare, and rarer still the nodding of the  
 head,  
 And when they meet each other now, they cut each other  
 dead.

To allocate the island they agreed by word of mouth,  
 And PETER takes the north again, and SOMERS takes the  
 south ;  
 And PETER has the oysters, which he hates, in layers  
 thick,  
 And SOMERS has the turtle—turtle always makes him sick.

*Sir W. S. Gilbert*

# HUMOUR

## A POLITICAL ALLEGORY

ONCE there was a famous nation  
With a long and glorious past :  
Very splendid was its station,  
And its territory vast ;  
It had won the approbation,  
The applause and admiration,  
Of the states who'd had occasion,  
In a time of tribulation,  
And of disorganisation,  
Not to mention degradation,  
And profound humiliation,  
To observe it standing fast  
Without any trepidation,  
Or a sign of vacillation,  
Firm and faithful to the last.

Came a time of dire distraction,  
Full of terror and despair,  
When a delicate transaction  
Called for unexampled care ;  
But the people were directed,  
Both the well and ill-affected,  
To a wholly unexpected  
And surprising course of action,  
Based on motives new and rare  
(Being governed by a faction,  
As they generally were).

In a little time the nation  
Had a chance of saying whether  
It and its administration  
Seemed inclined to pull together :  
And it spoke its mind with vigour :—  
" Such disgraceful conduct must  
Everlastingly disfigure  
Future annals, and disgust  
Evermore the candid student :  
You have been unwise, imprudent,  
Pusillanimous, unjust,

## ENGLAND

And neglectful of the glory  
Appertaining to our name  
Till this melancholy story  
Put a period to our fame."

So this faction, disappointed,  
Lost the national good graces,  
And their rivals were anointed,  
And were set in the high places.

Pretty soon arose conditions  
Most embarrassing and hard,  
And the party politicians  
Had to be upon their guard.  
Illegitimate ambitions,  
Democratic rhetoricians,  
Persons prone to base submissions,  
Men of warlike dispositions,  
Wild and wicked statisticians,  
Metaphysical magicians,  
People apt to sign petitions,  
Men inclined to make conditions,  
And a host of wary foes,  
Compassed round the ruling faction :  
But a certain line of action  
They incontinently chose :  
And with great determination,  
And extreme discrimination,  
Not untouched by exaltation,  
After proper preparation,  
And profound examination,  
Wrought it out with acclamation,  
And each other's approbation,  
Till the national taxation  
Not unnaturally rose.

To the nation now occurred an  
Opportunity of saying  
What they thought about the burden  
Which the government was laying

## HUMOUR

On their shoulders : and they said it  
In uncompromising terms :—  
" Your behaviour would discredit  
Tigers, crocodiles, and worms :  
You have ruined and disgraced us,  
And successfully effaced us  
From the proud commanding station  
Where the zeal and penetration  
Of our ancestors had placed us.  
Go ! we are a ruined nation ;  
But before our dissolution  
We pronounce your condemnation—  
Sappers of our constitution,  
Slayers of our reputation ! "

But the nation—mark the moral,  
For its value is untold—  
During each successive quarrel  
Grew and prospered as of old.

*J. K. Steph*

## THE ENGLISHMAN

ST. GEORGE he was for England,  
And before he killed the dragon  
He drank a pint of English ale  
Out of an English flagon.  
For though he fast right readily  
In hair-shirt or in mail,  
It isn't safe to give him cakes  
Unless you give him ale.

St. George he was for England,  
And right gallantly set free  
The lady left for dragon's meat  
And tied up to a tree ;  
But since he stood for England  
And knew what England means,  
Unless you give him bacon  
You mustn't give him beans.

## ENGLAND

St. George he is for England,  
 And shall wear the shield he wore  
 When we go out in armour  
 With the battle-cross before.  
 But though he's jolly company  
 And very pleased to dine,  
 It isn't safe to give him nuts  
 Unless you give him wine.

G. K. Chesterton

## HOW THEY DO IT

(Sir Henry Newbolt)

IT was eight bells in the forenoon and hammocks running sleek

*(It's a fair sea flowing from the West),*

When the little Commodore came a-sailing up the Creek  
*(Heave Ho I I think you'll know the rest).*

Thunder in the halyards and horses leaping high,  
 Blake and Drake and Nelson are listenin' where they lie,  
 Four and twenty blackbirds a-bakin' in a pie,  
 And the *Pegasus* came waltzing from the West.

Now the little Commodore sat steady on his keel

*(It's a fair sea flowing from the West),*

Heart as stout as concrete reinforced with steel  
*(Heave Ho I I think you'll know the rest).*

Swinging are the scuppers, hark, the rudder snores,  
 Plugging at the Frenchmen, downing 'em by scores,  
 Porto Rico, Vera Cruz, and also the Azores,  
 And the *Pegasus* came waltzing from the West.

So three cheers more for the little Commodore

*(It's a fair sea flowing from the West),*

I tell you so again as I've told you so before  
*(Heigh Ho I I think you know the rest).*

Aged is the Motherland, old but she is young  
 (Easy with the tackle there—don't release the bung),  
 And I sang a song like all the songs that I have ever sung  
 When the *Pegasus* came sailing from the West.

Sir John Squire

## THE EMIGRANT'S RETURN

From India to an English April

" COURAGE ! " they cried, and pointed to the shore ;  
 " Yon rift among the headlands that appears  
 Is Plymouth, and in sixty minutes more  
 Thereby we anchor and the ending nears."  
 But I was drinking toddy in the bar  
 And wishing I were back in Bow Bazaar,  
 For the thermometer was lower far  
 Than I had seen thermometer for years.

And presently I ventured on the deck  
 And saw a bleak land buffeted by hail,  
 Whereon it seemed no isolated speck  
 Of light or life or colour could prevail ;  
 But black trees bent before an icy breeze,  
 Lead-coloured cliffs confronted sable seas,  
 And all things said, " You will most surely freeze  
 On landing here and perish without fail."

" Ah, froze and bitter island, why so hard,  
 So loveless to thy late-returning son ?  
 Where is thy English April which the bard "—  
 Thus I reflected—" has enthused upon ?  
 Where is the laughing goddess of the Spring,  
 The bleating lamb, the lark upon the wing,  
 The daffodil—and many another thing  
 Wherewith the poet peoples Avalon ? "

So, loud-protesting, I was led ashore,  
 And found me in a little cobbled street  
 Where the rude Boreas vexed me more and more  
 And the rain smote me and the subtle sleet ;  
 Yet sudden there was something in the air  
 That said, " I may be desolate and bare,  
 But I am England ; do not yet despair,  
 For you will find me rather hard to beat."

And so Odysseus won to his hotel  
 And real hot water running from the tap  
 And rosy maids responding to the bell  
 And fires of coal and many things to lap  
 The body in content ; and no more noise  
 Of peons and coolies, watermen and boys,  
 But kindly countrymen whose simple joys  
 Lay, it would seem, in waiting on a chap.

Then a great peace descended on my soul,  
 And, as the shades of eve began to fall,  
 " Than Blighty," I remarked, " upon the whole  
 There are worse spots on the terrestrial ball.  
 To Hind the tropic ease, the sun's embrace,  
 Light, colour, and the seasons' gentle pace ;  
 Blighty is Arctic—yet a sounder place,  
 A comfortabler country, after all."

*Hilton Brown*

### OLD MRS. HAGUE

OLD Mrs. Hague,  
 The Gardener's wife,  
 Was not to be enclosed in any formulas.  
 She seems to stand upon a little mound  
 Of pansies,  
     Primroses,  
     And primulas.  
 Outlined against the pale blue eye of northern spring,  
 Heavily planted in this printed muslin beauty  
 Of clumps and spots and dots and tiger-stripes,  
 She swelled with ideas and ideals of duty,  
 Emphatic,  
     Rheumatic.

Mrs. Thatch,  
 The wife, she was sorry to say,  
 Of Lord X's gardener  
 — I fsuch one could call him—

## HUMOUR

Was silly, town-bred, what Mrs. Hague would call  
—Well, she really did not like to say it,  
Did not know what to call it ;  
Shall we say a Ne'er-do-Well ?  
And all the time the primroses, the wind-flowers  
Opened their eyes and pressed their nodding heads  
Against her, and the moss seemed ready to  
Run up those rugged limbs,  
The lichen ready  
To crystallise its feathery formations  
Along these solid branches.

If not upon this flower-sprinkled mound,  
Then Mrs. Hague stood  
Pressed in the narrow framework of her door,  
And fills it to our minds for evermore.  
Out of the slender gaps  
Between the figure and its frame,  
Was wafted the crusty, country odour  
Of new bread,  
Which was but one blossom of the hedges  
That Mrs. Hague had planted.

For Mrs. Hague was childless,  
And so had wisely broken up her life  
With fences of her own construction,  
Above which she would peer  
With bovine grace,  
Kind nose, kind eyes  
Wide open in wide face.  
For

Monday was Washing Day,  
Tuesday was Baking Day,  
Wednesday h'Alfred 'as 'is dinner h'early,  
Thursday was Baking Day again,  
Friday was a busy day, a very busy day,  
And Saturday prepared the way for Sunday,  
Black satin bosoms and a brooch,  
A bonnet and a Bible.

Nor were these all :  
 There were other more imposing barriers  
 Of Strawberry Jam in June  
 And Blackberry Jelly in October :  
 For each fruit contributed a hedge  
 To the garden of Mrs. Hague's days.

These fences made life safe for Mrs. Hague :  
 Each barrier of washing, mending, baking  
 Was a barricade  
 Thrown up against being lonely or afraid.  
 This infinitive perspective  
 —The week, the month, the year—  
 Showed in the narrow gaps  
 Between her and the door,  
 As she stood there in the doorway,  
 Narrow as a coffin.

Oh, who can describe the grace of Mrs. Hague,  
 A Mrs. Noah limned by Botticelli,  
 'Mid flowering trees, green winds and pensive flowers ;  
 A Rousseau portrait, inflated by Picasso ;  
 Or seen in summer,  
 As through a tapestry  
 Of pool, exotic flower and conifer ?

As Daphne was transformed into a tree,  
 So some old elm had turned to Mrs. Hague,  
 Thick bole, wide arms and rustic dignity.

*Sir Osbert Sitwell*

THE ENGLISHMAN  
 A Very Patriotic Song

WHEN Earth in Eden did awake  
 And Man was made and mated,  
 The earliest men, by some mistake,  
 Were foreigners all created ;

## HUMOUR

And in this fix the world began,  
Till Heaven conceived a nobler plan  
And there was born an Englishman—

*With a fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
With afa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la !*

Still half the sphere in darkness sat,  
But Britons went and found it ;  
The heathen swore the Earth was flat—  
We flung the flag all round it ;  
And if the sea, with stealthy care,  
Threw up an island anywhere,  
An Englishman was always there—

*With a fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la !*

Then round the globe we looked, and lo !  
The foreigners did not shave, Sir,  
Nor did we shrink from saying so  
In accents bold and brave, Sir ;  
We pointed out from day to day  
What we should do if we were they—  
We made them love us in this way—

*With a fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
With afa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la !*

And I am tempted, I confess,  
To self-congratulation  
When I reflect that I possess  
The virtues of my nation,  
And daily let my neighbours see  
How different their lives might be  
If they would but be ruled by me—

*With a fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,  
With afa, la, la, la, la, la, la, la !*

The simple mind and manly air,  
 Not Brains so much as Breeding,  
 With *joie de vivre* and *savoirfaire*,  
 Are constantly succeeding ;  
 Not men of words, we live to do,  
 Nor speak till we are spoken to,  
 Then answer " Cock-a-doodle-doo ! "—

*With a fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,*  
*With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la !*

Alas, for all our kindly pain,  
 The world is sick and sore, Sir,  
 And Frenchmen mulishly remain  
 As foreign as before, Sir,  
 Thus ends the tale as it began ;  
 Conceive the difference, if you can,  
 Had Adam been an Englishman—

*With a fa, la, la, fa, la, la, la, la, la, la,*  
*With a fa, la, la, la, la, la, la !*

A. P. Herbert

#### TO MRS. GAMP IN ELYSIUM

(Suggested by Lord Baldwin's declaration that, after paying due honour in another world to "good Sir Walter" and "Jane", he would like to "go into a corner" and hold converse with Mrs. Gamp.)

WE know there is, in some far nook of space,  
 A wondrous high-walled place  
 Where Rosinante feeds with Sancho's ass  
 On clover-speckled grass ;

Dominie Sampson dwells within these gates,  
 And Crusoe and Miss Bates,  
 And Monsieur Jourdain and Yseult the Fair,  
 And lo ! thou too art there.

Thou too art there ; thy pattens clink upon  
 Bright paths of azure stone,  
 And thy umbrella hangs upon the wall  
 With Gram and Durandal.

Now leaning o'er a " parapidge " of gold  
 Thy profile we behold.  
 (We had not thought of this, yet who dares doubt  
 That it has come about ?)

Surely thou hast thy russet tea-pot still,  
 And " cowcubers " at will ;  
 The spicy groves will yield thee store enough  
 Of choice and fragrant snuff.

With Mrs. Harris and her voicefui nine  
 Thou mayest sit and dine,  
 While she, if ever things should " go contrary ",  
 May still breathe, " Send for Sairey ! "

And surely the perfection of thy bliss  
 Beyond the stars is this :  
 That Mrs. Harris is no figment now,  
 But quite as real as thou.

*Dorothy Margaret Stuart*

#### TO A LONDON TYPIST, 1940

TYPIST of the shingled hair,  
 Cigarette in coloured lips,  
 Frail of form, degenerate air  
 To your painted finger-tips :  
 Symbol of a falling race,  
 Trembling hands and slipping feet,  
 Yielding up its pride of place,  
 Once imperial, now effete.

## ENGLAND

When the German Leader flung  
Aerial terror on your town,  
Why was not your nerve unstrung  
Nor your courage broken down ?  
Why, impervious to the Hun,  
Did you tramp to work each day,  
When the railways did not run,  
When the rubble blocked your way ?

Only those can tell that know  
This unreasonable land  
Better than a foreign foe,  
Who will never understand.  
Anyway you've proved, my dear,  
When the hour for proof was ripe,  
What the English think of fear  
By remaining true to type.

*Guy Boas*

# ART

## *Poets*

### DEATH OF CHAUCER

ALAS ! my worthi master honorable,  
This landes very treasure and richesse !  
Death by thy death hath harm irreparable  
Unto us done : hir vengeable duress  
Despoiled hath this land of the sweetness  
Of rhetoric ; for unto Tullius  
Was never man so like amonges us.

Also, who was heir in philosophy  
To Aristotle, in our tongue, but thou ?  
The steppes of Virgile in poesy  
Thou folwedest eke, men wot well enow.  
That combre-world,<sup>1</sup> that thee, my master, slow<sup>2</sup>—  
Would I slain were !—Death was too hastyf  
To run on thee, and reve<sup>3</sup> thee thy life.

She might have tarried her vengeance awhile  
Till that some man had equal to thee be ;  
Nay, let be that ! She knew well that this isle  
May never man forth bringe like to thee ;  
And her office nedes do mot<sup>4</sup> she ;  
God bad her so, I trust as for the best ;  
O master, master, God thy soule rest !

*Thomas Hoccleve*

### EDMUND SPENSER

WITNESS our Colin ; whom though all the Graces,  
And all the Muses nursed ; whose well taught song  
Parnassus self, and Glorian embraces,

<sup>1</sup> *combre-world*: earth-encumberer.

<sup>3</sup> *reve* : take (from).

<sup>2</sup> *slow* : slew.

<sup>4</sup> *mot* : must.

And all the learn'd and all the shepherds throng ;  
 Yet all his hopes were crossed, all suits denied ;  
 Discouraged, scorned, his writing vilified :  
 Poorly (poor man) he lived ; poorly (poor man) he died.

And had not that great Heart (whose honoured head  
 Ah ! lies full low) pitied thy woeful flight ;  
 There hadst thou lain unwept, unburied,  
 Unblessed, nor graced with any common rite :  
 Yet shalt thou live, when thy great foe shall sink  
 Beneath his mountain tomb, whose fame shall stink ;  
 And time his blacker name shall blur with blackest ink.

O let th' iambic Muse revenge that wrong  
 Which can not slumber in thy sheets of lead :  
 Let thy abused honour cry as long  
 As there be quills to write, or eyes to read :  
 On his rank name let thine own votes be turned,  
 Oh may that man that hath the Muses scorned,  
 Alive nor dead, be ever of a Muse adorned !

*Phineas Fletcher*

### CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE

CROWNED, girdled, garbed and shod with light and fire,  
 Son first-born of the morning, sovereign star !  
 Soul nearest ours of all, that wert most far,  
 Most far off in the abysm of time, thy lyre  
 Hung highest above the dawn-enkindled quire  
 Where all ye sang together, all that are,  
 And all the starry songs behind thy car  
 Rang sequence, all our souls acclaim thee sire.

" If all the pens that ever poets held  
 Had fed the feelings of their masters' thoughts "  
 And as with rush of hurtling chariots  
 The flight of all their spirits were impelled  
 Toward one great end, thy glory—nay, not then,  
 Not yet might'st thou be praised enough of men.

*Algernon Charles Swinburne*

## I LIKE TO THINK OF SHAKESPEARE

I LIKE to think of Shakespeare, not as when  
 In our old London of the spacious time  
 He took all amorous hearts with honeyed rhyme ;  
 Or flung his iest at Burbage and at Ben ;  
 Or speared the flying follies with his pen ;  
 Or, in deep hour, made Juliet's love sublime ;  
 Or from Lear's kindness and Iago's crime  
 Caught tragic hint of heaven's dark way with men.  
 These were great memories, but he laid them down.  
 And when, with brow composed and friendly tread,  
 He sought the little streets of Stratford town,  
 That knew his dreams and soon must hold him dead,  
 I like to think how Shakespeare pruned his rose,  
 And ate his pipin in his orchard close.

*Sir E. K. Chambers*

## AN ODE FOR BEN JONSON

AH, Ben !  
 Say how or when  
 Shall we thy guests  
 Meet at those lyric feasts,  
 Made at the Sun,  
 The Dog, the triple Tun ?  
 Where we such clusters had,  
 As made us nobly wild, not mad ;  
 And yet each verse of thine  
 Out-did the meat, out-did the frolic wine.

My Ben !  
 Or come again :  
 Or send to us,  
 Thy wit's great over-plus ;  
 But teach us yet  
 Wisely to husband it ;

## ENGLAND

Lest we that talent spend :  
 And having once brought to an end  
 That precious stock ; the store  
 Of such a wit the world should have no more.

*Robert Herrick*

## MILTON

## An Ode

SOUL of England, dost thou sleep,  
 Lulled or dulled, thy mighty youth forgotten ?  
 Of the world's wine hast thou drunk too deep ?  
 Hast thou sown more than thy hands can reap ?  
 Turn again thine ear  
 To that song severe  
 In thine hour of storm and war begotten !

Here in towered London's throng,  
 In her streets, with Time's new murmur seething,  
 Milton pacing mused his haughty song.  
 Here he sleeps out feud and fret and wrong.  
 Nay, that spirit august  
 Tramples death's low dust,  
 Still for us is kindled, burning, breathing.

He, on whose earth-darkened sight  
 Rose horizons of the empyrean  
 And the ordered spheres' unhasting flight ;  
 He, who saw where, round the heart of Light,  
 Seraphs ardent-eyed  
 Flamed in circle wide,  
 Quiring music of their solemn paean,

When through space a trouble ran  
 (Like a flush on serene skies arisen)  
 That from this dim spot of earth began—  
 Rumour of the world's new marvel, Man,  
 From whose heart's beat sped  
 Hope, hazard, and dread  
 Past earth's borders to hell's fiery prison :

He, who saw the Anarch's hate  
 Tower, winged for woe ; the serpent charming  
 Eve in her imperilled bower ; the Gate  
 Barred, and those two forms that, desolate  
 Mid the radiant spheres,  
 Wept first human tears ;  
 Earlier war in heaven, and angels arming :

He, who, like his Samson, bowed  
 Toiling, hardly-tasked and night-enfolded,  
 Steered his proud course to one purpose vowed,  
 As an eagle beats through hailing cloud  
 Strong-winged and alone,  
 Seeking skies unknown :  
 He whose verse, majestically moulded,

Moves like armed and bannered host  
 Streaming irresistible, or abounding  
 River in a land's remoteness lost,  
 Poured from solitary peaks of frost,  
 And far histories brings  
 Of old realms and kings,  
 With high fates of fallen Man resounding :

This is England's voice that rang  
 Over Europe ; this the soul unshaken  
 That from darkness a great splendour sang,  
 Beauty mightier for the cost and pang ;  
 Of our blood and name  
 Risen, our spirits to claim,  
 To enlarge, to summon, to awaken !

*Laurence Binyon*

## POPE AND DRYDEN

TIME was, ere yet in these degenerate days  
 Ignoble themes obtain'd mistaken praise,  
 When sense and wit with poesy allied,  
 No fabled graces, flourish'd side by side ;

## ENGLAND

From the same fount their inspiration drew,  
And, rear'd by taste, bloom'd fairer as they grew.  
Then, in this happy isle, a Pope's pure strain  
Sought the rapt soul to charm, nor sought in vain ;  
A polish'd nation's praise aspired to claim,  
And raised the people's, as the poet's fame.  
Like him great Dryden pour'd the tide of song,  
In streams less smooth, indeed, yet doubly strong.

*Lord Byron*

## COWPER AT OLNEY

IN this green valley where the Ouse  
Is looped in many a silver pool,  
Seeking God's mercy and his muse  
Went Cowper sorrowful.

Like the pale gleam of wintry sun  
His genius lit the obscure place,  
Where, battling with despair, lived one  
Of melancholy's race.

By quiet waters, by green fields  
In winter sweet as summer hay,  
By hedgerows where the chaffinch build  
He went his brooding way.

And not a berry or a leaf,  
Or stirring bough or fragrant wind,  
But, in its moment, soothed the grief  
Of his tormented mind.

And since, like the beloved sheep  
Of David's shepherd, he was led  
By streams and pastures quiet as sleep—  
Was he not comforted ?

*Sylvia Lynd*

## TO WILLIAM WORDSWORTH

Composed on the night after his Recitation of a Poem  
on the Growth of an Individual Mind

FRIEND of the wise ! and Teacher of the Good !  
Into my heart have I received that Lay  
More than historic, that prophetic Lay  
Wherein (high theme by thee first sung aright)  
Of the foundations and the building up  
Of a Human Spirit thou hast dared to tell  
What may be told, to the understanding mind  
Revealable ; and what within the mind  
By vital breathings secret as the soul  
Of vernal growth, oft quickens in the heart  
Thoughts all too deep for words !

Theme hard as high !

Of smiles spontaneous, and mysterious fears  
(The first-born they of Reason and twin-birth) ;  
Of tides obedient to external force,  
And currents self-determined, as might seem,  
Or by some inner Power ; of moments awful,  
Now in thy inner life, and now abroad,  
When power streamed from thee, and thy soul received  
The light reflected, as a light bestowed ;  
Of fancies fair, and milder hours of youth,  
Hyblaeon murmurs of poetic thought  
Industrious in its joy, in vales and glens  
Native or outland, lakes and famous hills !  
Or on the lonely high-road, when the stars  
Were rising ; or by secret mountain-streams,  
The guides and the companions of thy way !

Of more than Fancy, of the Social Sense  
Distending wide, and man beloved as man,  
Where France in all her towns lay vibrating  
Like some becalmed bark beneath the burst  
Of Heaven's immediate thunder, when no cloud  
Is visible, or shadow on the main.  
For thou wert there, thine own brows garlanded,  
Amid the tremor of a realm aglow,

## ENGLAND

Amid a mighty nation jubilant,  
When from the general heart of human kind  
Hope sprang forth like a full-born Deity !  
—Of that dear Hope afflicted and struck down,  
So summoned homeward, thenceforth calm and sure  
From the dread watch-tower of man's absolute self,  
With light unwaning on her eyes, to look  
Far on—herself a glory to behold,  
The Angel of the vision ! Then (last strain)  
Of Duty, chosen Laws controlling choice,  
Action and joy !—An orphic song indeed,  
A song divine of high and passionate thoughts  
To their own music chaunted !

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

## DEATH OF BYRON

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

*Matthew Arnold*

## AH, DID YOU ONCE SEE SHELLEY PLAIN

A H , did you once see Shelley plain,  
And did he stop and speak to you,  
And did you speak to him again ?  
How strange it seems and new !

But you were living before that,  
And also you are living after ;  
And the memory I started at—  
My starting moves your laughter.

I crossed a moor, with a name of its own  
 And a certain use in the world no doubt,  
 Yet a hand's-breadth of it shines alone  
 'Mid the blank miles round about :

For there I picked up on the heather  
 And there I put inside my breast  
 A moulted feather, an eagle-feather !  
 Well, I forget the rest.

*Robert Browning*

### KEATS'S IMMORTALITY

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 th' 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 splendours of the firmament of time  
 May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not ;  
 Like stars to their appointed height they climb,  
 And death is a low mist which cannot blot  
 The brightness it may veil. When lofty thought  
 Lifts a young heart above its mortal lair,  
 And love and life contend in it, for what  
 Shall be its earthly doom, the dead live there  
 And move like winds of light on dark and stormy air.

The One remains, the many change and pass ;  
 Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly ;  
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,  
 Stains the white radiance of eternity,  
 Until Death tramples it to fragments.—Die,  
 If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek !  
 Follow where all is fled !—Rome's azure sky,  
 Flowers, ruins, statues, music, words, are weak  
 The glory they transfuse with fitting truth to speak.

*Percy Bysshe Shelley*

## DEATH OF TENNYSON

Low, like another's, lies the laurelled head :  
The life that seemed a perfect song is o'er :  
Carry the last great bard to his last bed.  
Land that he loved, thy noblest voice is mute.  
Land that he loved, that loved him ! nevermore  
Meadow of thine, smooth lawn or wild sea-shore,  
Gardens of odorous bloom and tremulous fruit,  
Or woodlands old, like Druid couches spread,  
The master's feet shall tread.  
Death's little rift hath rent the faultless lute :  
The singer of undying songs is dead.

Lo, in this season pensive-hued and grave,  
While fades and falls the doomed, reluctant leaf  
From withered Earth's fantastic coronal,  
With wandering sighs of forest and of wave  
Mingles the murmur of a people's grief  
For him whose leaf shall fade not, neither fall.  
He hath fared forth, beyond these suns and showers.  
For us, the autumn glow, the autumn flame,  
And soon the winter silence shall be ours :  
Him the eternal spring of fadeless fame  
Crowns with no mortal flowers.

What needs his laurel our ephemeral tears,  
To save from visitation of decay ?  
Not in this temporal light alone, that bay  
Blooms, nor to perishable mundane ears  
Sings he with lips of transitory clay.

Reft though he be from us,  
Virgil salutes him, and Theocritus ;  
Catullus, mightiest-brained Lucretius, each  
Greets him, their brother, on the Stygian beach ;  
Proudly a gaunt right-hand doth Dante reach ;  
Milton and Wordsworth bid him welcome home ;  
Keats, on his lips the eternal rose of youth,  
Doth in the name of Beauty that is Truth

## ENGLAND

A kinsman's love beseech ;  
 Coleridge, his locks aspersed with fairy foam,  
 Calm Spenser, Chaucer suave,  
 His equal friendship crave :  
 And godlike spirits hail him guest, in speech  
 Of Athens, Florence, Weimar, Stratford, Rome.

The seasons change, the winds they shift and veer ;  
 The grace of yesteryear  
 Is dead ; the birds depart, the groves decay :  
 Empires dissolve and peoples disappear :  
 Song passes not away.  
 Captains and conquerors leave a little dust,  
 And kings a dubious legend of their reign ;  
 The swords of Caesars, they are less than rust :  
 The poet doth remain.  
 Dead is Augustus, Maro is alive ;  
 And thou, the Mantuan of this age and soil,  
 With Virgil shalt survive,  
 Enriching Time with no less honeyed spoil,  
 The yielded sweet of every Muse's hive ;  
 Heeding no more the sound of idle praise  
 In that great calm our tumults cannot reach,—  
 Master who crown'st our immelodious days  
 With flower of perfect speech.

*Sir William Watson*

## EARLY SPRING AND THOMAS HARDY

ALWAYS these loitering, melancholy dusks  
 Of early spring will now belong to you.  
 They hold the essence of the spirit we loved  
 As yours : the musing greyness of despair  
 Shot with dim, brooding sweetnesses of hope ;  
 The portent in the promise, the far view  
 Looking beyond bud, leafage, to the end.  
 In this pre-blossoming stillness of the spring  
 Life stares, as in a mirror, at its own face ;  
 Here is a time you loved, a chosen theme,  
 Your soul's familiar place.

To these hushed, faintly lighted evenings  
 (If anywhere this side the moon)  
 The native in you, from death's foreign sojourn,  
 Must return.

*V. H. Friedlaender*

#### IN MEMORY OF WILFRED OWEN

I HAD half-forgotten among the soft blue waters  
 And the gay-fruited arbutus of the hill  
 Where never the nightingales are silent,  
 And the sunny hours are warm with honey and dew ;

I had half-forgotten as the stars slid westward  
 Year after year in grave majestic order,  
 In the strivings and in the triumphs of manhood,  
 The world's voice, and the touch of beloved hands.

But I have never quite forgotten, never forgotten  
 All you who lie there so lonely, and never stir  
 When the hired buglers call unheeded to you,  
 Whom the sun shall never warm nor the frost chill.

Do you remember . . . but why should you remember ?  
 Have you not given all you had, to forget ?  
 Oh, blessed, blessed be Death ! They can no more vex  
 you,  
 You for whom memory and forgetfulness are one.

*Richard Aldington*

#### LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE

LIFE, manifest in beauty and ugliness,  
 You apprehended ever with intense  
 Zest for the sensuous visible evidence  
 Of the creative energy in stress  
 Evolving form—perceiving none the less

## ENGLAND

In every image the spiritual effluence  
 Illuming with divine intelligence  
 The show of things that, else, were nothingness.  
 In the beginning was the Word—the Word  
 Evoking cosmos from chaotic night :  
 " Let there be light ! " across the void was heard  
 The living voice of God ; and there was light ;  
 And still God speaks through poets, uttering  
 Ever new universes when they sing.

*Wilfrid Gibson*

*Painting, Architecture, Sculpture*

CHRIST CHURCH CATHEDRAL WINDOWS,  
 OXFORD

SHADOWS do everywhere for substance pass,  
 You'd think the sands were in an hour-glass.  
 You that do live with surgeons, have you seen  
 A spring of blood forc'd from a swelling vein ?  
 So from a touch of Moses' rod doth jump  
 A cataract, the rock is made a pump :  
 At sight of whose o'erflowings many get  
 Themselves away for fear of being wet.  
 Have you beheld a sprightly lady stand  
 To have her frame drawn by a painter's hand ?  
 Such lively look and presence, such a dress  
 King Pharaoh's daughter's image doth express ;  
 Look well upon her gown and you will swear  
 The needle, not the pencil, hath been there :  
 At sight of her some gallants do dispute  
 Whether i' th' Church 'tis lawful to salute.  
 Next Jacob kneeling, where his kids-skin's such  
 As it may well cosen old Isaac's touch :  
 A shepherd, seeing how thorns went round about  
 Abraham's ram, would needs have helped it out.  
 Behold the Dove descending to inspire  
 The Apostles' heads with cloven tongues of fire,

And in a superficies there you'll see  
 The gross dimensions of profundity :  
 'Tis hard to judge which is best built and higher  
 The arch-roof in the window or the choir.

*Anonymous (17th century)*

### SIR JOHN VANBRUGH

UNDER this stone, reader, survey  
 Dead Sir John Vanbrugh's house of clay :  
 Lie heavy on him, Earth ! for he  
 Laid many heavy loads on thee.

*Abel Evans*

### SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS

HERE Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind,  
 He has not left a better or wiser behind :  
 His pencil was striking, resistless and grand ;  
 His manners were gentle, complying, and bland ;  
 Still born to improve us in every part,  
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart :  
 To coxcombs averse, yet most civilly steering,  
 When they judg'd without skill, he was still hard of  
 hearing ;  
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Gorreggios and  
 stuff,  
 He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.

*Oliver Goldsmith*

### SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PAINTED WINDOW AT NEW COLLEGE, OXFORD

A H , stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace  
 Those faultless forms of elegance and grace !  
 Ah, cease to spread the bright transparent mass,  
 With Titian's pencil, o'er the speaking glass !

## ENGLAND

Nor steal, by strokes of art with truth combin'd,  
The fond illusions of my wayward mind !  
For long, enamour'd of a barbarous age,  
A faithless truant to the classic page,  
Long have I loved to catch the simple chime  
Of minstrel-harps, and spell the fabling rime ;  
To view the festive rites, the knightly play,  
That deck'd heroic Albion's elder day ;  
To mark the mouldering halls of Barons bold,  
And the rough castle, cast in giant mould ;  
With Gothic manners Gothic arts explore,  
And muse on the magnificence of yore.

Such was a pensive bard's mistaken strain—  
But, oh, of ravish'd pleasures why complain ?  
No more the matchless skill I call unkind  
That strives to disenchant my cheated mind.  
For when again I view thy chaste Design,  
The just proportion, and the genuine line ;  
Those native pourtraitures of Attic art,  
That from the lucid surface seem to start ;  
Those tints, that steal no glories from the day,  
Nor ask the sun to lend his streaming ray ;  
The doubtful radiance of contending dyes,  
That faintly mingle, yet distinctly rise ;  
Twixt light and shade the transitory strife ;  
The feature blooming with immortal life ;  
The stole in casual foldings taught to flow,  
Not with ambitious ornaments to glow ;  
The tread majestic and the beaming eye,  
That lifted speaks its commerce with the sky ;  
Heaven's golden emanation, gleaming mild  
O'er the mean cradle of the Virgin's child :  
Sudden, the sombrous imagery is fled,  
Which late my visionary rapture fed :  
Thy powerful hand has broke the Gothic chain,  
And brought my bosom back to truth again ;  
To truth, by no peculiar taste confin'd,  
Whose universal pattern strikes mankind ;  
To truth, whose bold and unresisted aim  
Checks frail caprice, and fashion's fickle claim ;

To truth, whose charms deception's magic quell,  
And bind coy Fancy in a stronger spell.

Reynolds, 'tis thine, from the broad window's height,  
To add new lustre to religious light :  
Not of its pomp to strip this ancient shrine,  
But bid that pomp with purer radiance shine :  
With arts unknown before, to reconcile  
The willing Graces to the Gothic pile.

*Thomas Warton*

### THE THREE PARTS OF PAINTING

I ASKED my dear friend Orator Prig :  
" What's the first part of oratory ? " He said : " A great wig."  
" And what is the second ? " Then, dancing a jig  
And bowing profoundly, he said : " A great wig."  
" And what is the third ? " Then he snored like a pig,  
And puffing his cheeks out, replied, " A great wig."  
So if a great painter with questions you push,  
" What's the first part of painting ? " he'll say : " A paint-brush."  
" And what is the second ? " with most modest blush,  
He'll smile like a cherub and say : " A paint-brush."  
" And what is the third ? " he'll bow like a rush,  
With a leer in his eye, he'll reply : " A paint-brush."  
Perhaps this is all a painter can want :  
But look yonder—that house is the house of Rembrandt !

" O dear Mother Outline ! of wisdom most sage,  
What's the first part of painting ? " She said : " Patronage."  
" And what is the second, to please and engage ? "  
She frowned like a fury, and said : " Patronage."  
" And what is the third ? " She put off old age,  
And smil'd like a siren, and said : " Patronage."

*William Blake*

## NEWTON'S STATUE

THE Evangelist St. John my patron was :  
 Three Gothic courts are his, and in the first  
 Was my abiding-place, a nook obscure ;  
 Right underneath, the College kitchens made  
 A humming sound, less tuneable than bees,  
 But hardly less industrious ; with shrill notes  
 Of sharp command and scolding intermixed.  
 Near me hung Trinity's loquacious clock,  
 Who never let the quarters, night or day,  
 Slip by him unproclaimed, and told the hours  
 Twice over with a male and female voice.  
 Her pealing organ was my neighbour too ;  
 And from my pillow, looking forth by light  
 Of moon or favouring stars, I could behold  
 The antechapel where the statue stood  
 Of Newton with his prism and silent face,  
 The marble index of a mind for ever  
 Voyaging through strange seas of Thought, alone.

*William Wordsworth*

## KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL

TAX not the royal Saint with vain expense  
 With ill-matched aims the architect who planned—  
 Albeit labouring for a scanty band  
 Of white-robed Scholars only—this immense  
 And glorious Work of fine intelligence !  
 Give all thou canst ; high Heaven rejects the lore  
 Of nicely-calculated less or more ;  
 So deemed the man who fashioned for the sense  
 These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof  
 Self-poised, and scooped into ten thousand cells,  
 Where light and shade repose, where music dwells  
 Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die ;  
 Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof  
 That they were born for immortality.

*William Wordsworth*

## PEELE CASTLE IN A STORM

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Then, Beaumont, Friend ! who would have been the  
Friend,  
If he had lived, of Him whom I deplore,

## ENGLAND

This work of thine I blame not, but commend ;  
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

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

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

*William Wordsworth*

## LINDISFARNE ABBEY

IN Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd,  
With massive arches broad and round,  
That rose alternate, row and row,  
On ponderous columns, short and low,  
Built ere the art was known,  
By pointed aisle, and shafted stalk,  
The arcades of an alley'd walk  
To emulate in stone.  
On the deep walls the heathen Dane  
Had pour'd his impious rage in vain.

Not but that portions of the pile,  
Rebuilt in a later style,  
Show'd where the spoiler's hand had been ;  
Not but the wasting sea-breeze keen  
Had worn the pillar's carving quaint,  
And moulder'd in his niche the saint,  
And rounded with consuming power  
The pointed angles of each tower ;  
Yet still entire the Abbey stood,  
Like veteran, worn, but unsubdu'd.

*Sir Walter Scott*

## TO THE ARTISTS CALLED P.R.B.

(1851)

I THANK you, brethren in sincerity,—  
 One who, within the temperate climes of Art,  
 From the charmed circle humbly stands apart,  
 Scornfully also, with a listless eye  
 Watching old marionettes' vitality ;  
 For you have shown, with youth's brave confidence,  
 The honesty of true speech and the sense  
 Uniting life with " nature ", earth with sky.

In faithful hearts Art strikes its roots far down,  
 And bears both flower and fruit with seeded core ;  
 When Truth dies out, the fruit appears no more,  
 But the flower hides a worm within its crown.  
 God speed you onward ! once again our way  
 Shall be made odorous with fresh flowers of May.  
*William Bell Scott*

## TURNER

TURNER had strength to bear that tempering  
 That shatters weaker hearts and breaks their hope.  
 He still pursued his journey step by step—  
 First modestly attired in quiet grey,  
 As well became sincere humility ;  
 Then with a plume of colour he adorned  
 His simple raiment and so walked awhile ;  
 Until at last, like his beloved Sun,  
 He set in forms of strangest phantasy,  
 Coloured with gold and scarlet, and the lands  
 Of his conception grew as dim and vague  
 As shadows. So his mighty brain declined.

Turner bequeathed his riches unto Art,  
 And to extend his fame—a noble wish ;  
 And from the grave he challenged Claude Lorraine,  
 And still they try their prowess side by side,

## ENGLAND

Living on canvas in strange rivalry.  
 But you who would be judges in this cause  
 Must go to Nature, the great law-giver,  
 And having studied her eternal code,  
 Give your decision without any fear  
 Of prejudice or withered connoisseurs.

*Philip Gilbert Hamerton*

## IN ST. PAUL'S A WHILE AGO

SUMMER and winter close commune  
 On this July afternoon  
 As I enter chilly Paul's,  
 With its chasmal classic walls,  
 —Drifts of gray illumination  
 From the lofty fenestration  
 Slant them down in bristling spines that spread  
 Fan-like upon the vast dust-moted shade.  
 Moveless here, no whit allied  
 To the daemonian din outside,  
 Statues stand, cadaverous, wan,  
 Round the loiterers looking on  
 Under the yawning dome and nave,  
 Pondering whatnot, giddy or grave.  
 Here a verger moves a chair,  
 Or a red rope fixes there :—  
 A brimming Hebe, rapt in her adorning,  
 Brushes an Artemisia craped in mourning ;  
 Beatrice Benedick piques, coquetting ;  
 Allunknowing or forgetting  
 That strange Jew, Damascus-bound,  
 Whose name, thereafter travelling round  
 To this precinct of the world,  
 Spread here like a flag unfurled :  
 Anon inspiring architectural sages  
 To frame this pile, writ his throughout the ages :  
 Whence also the encircling mart  
 Assumed his name, of him no part,

And to his vision-seeing mind  
Charmless, blank in every kind ;  
And whose displays, even had they called his eye,  
No gold or silver had been his to buy ;  
Whose hauntings, had they seen him stand  
On his own steps here, lift his hand  
In stress of eager, stammering speech,  
And his meaning chanced to reach,  
Would have proclaimed him as they passed  
An epilept enthusiast.

*Thomas Hardy*

BY THE STATUE OF KING CHARLES AT  
CHARING CROSS

SOMBRE and rich, the skies ;  
Great glooms, and starry plains.  
Gently the night wind sighs ;  
Else a vast silence reigns.

The splendid silence clings  
Around me ; and around  
The saddest of all kings  
Crowned, and again discrowned.

Comely and calm, he rides  
Hard by his own Whitehall :  
Only the night wind glides :  
No crowds, nor rebels, brawl.

Gone, too, his Court; and yet,  
The stars his courtiers are :  
Stars in their stations set ;  
And every wandering star.

Alone he rides, alone,  
The fair and fatal king :  
Dark night is all his own,  
That strange and solemn thing.

## ENGLAND

Which are more full of fate:  
 The stars ; or those sad eyes'  
 Which are more still and great :  
 Those brows ; or the dark skies ?

Although his whole heart yearn  
 In passionate tragedy :  
 Never was face so stern  
 With sweet austerity.

Vanquished in life, his death  
 By beauty made amends :  
 The passing of his breath  
 Won his defeated ends.

Brief life, and hapless ? Nay :  
 Through death, life grew sublime.  
*Speak after sentence ?* Yea :  
 And to the end of time.

Armoured he rides, his head  
 Bare to the stars of doom :  
 He triumphs now, the dead,  
 Beholding London's gloom.

Our wearier spirit faints,  
 Vexed in the world's employ :  
 His soul was of the saints ;  
 And art to him was joy.

King, tried in fires of woe !  
 Men hunger for thy grace :  
 And through the night I go,  
 Loving thy mournful face.

Yet, when the city sleeps ;  
 When all the cries are still :  
 The stars and heavenly deeps  
 Work out a perfect will.

*Lionel Johnson*

## HE CARVED IN STONE

HE carved in stone. Out of his quiet life  
He watched as any faithful seaman charged  
With tidings of the myriad-faring sea,  
And thoughts and premonitions through his mind  
Sailing as ships from strange and storied lands  
His hungry spirit held, till all they were  
Found living witness in the chiselled stone.  
Slowly out of the dark confusion, spread  
By life's innumerable venturings  
Over his brain, he would triumph into the light  
Of one clear mood, unblemished of the blind  
Legions of errant thought that cried about  
His rapt seclusion : as a pearl unsoiled,  
Nay, rather washed to lonelier chastity,  
In gritty mud. And then would come a bird,  
A flower, or the wind moving upon a flower,  
A beast at pasture, or a clustered fruit,  
A peasant face as were the saints of old,  
The leer of custom, or the bow of the moon  
Swung in miraculous poise—some stray from the  
world  
Of things created by the eternal mind  
In joy articulate. And his perfect mood  
Would dwell about the token of God's mood  
Until in bird or flower or moving wind  
Or flock or shepherd or the troops of heaven  
It sprang in one fierce moment of desire  
To visible form.  
Then would his chisel work among the stone,  
Persuading it of petal or of limb  
Or starry curve, till risen anew there sang  
Shape out of chaos, and again the vision  
Of one mind single from the world was pressed  
Upon the daily custom of the sky  
Or field or the body of man.

*John Drinkwater*

## ENGLAND

## VIROCONIUM

VIROGON—Virocon—  
 Still the ancient name rings on  
 And brings, in the untrampled wheat,  
 The tumult of a thousand feet.

Where trumpets rang and men marched by,  
 None passes but the dragon-fly.  
 Athwart the grassy town, forlorn,  
 The lone dor-beetle blows his horn.

The poppy standards droop and fall  
 Above one rent and mournful wall ;  
 In every sunset-flame it burns,  
 Yet towers unscathed when day returns.

And still the breaking seas of grain  
 Flow havenless across the plain :  
 The years wash on, their spindrift leaps  
 Where the old city, dreaming, sleeps.

Grieflingers here, like mists that lie  
 Across the dawns of ripe July ;  
 On capital and corridor  
 The pathos of the conqueror.

The pillars stand, with alien grace,  
 In churches of a younger race ;  
 The chiselled column, black and rough,  
 Becomes a roadside cattle-trough :

The skulls of men who, right or wrong,  
 Still wore the splendour of the strong,  
 Are shepherds' lanterns now, and shield  
 Their candles in the lambing field.

But when, through evening's open door,  
 Two lovers tread the broken floor,  
 And the wild-apple petals fall  
 Round passion's scarlet festival ;

When cuckoos call from the green gloom,  
 Where dark, shelving forests loom ;  
 When foxes bark beside the gate,  
 And the grey badger seeks his mate—

There haunts within them secretly  
 One that lives while empires die,  
 A shrineless god whose songs abide  
 Forever in the countryside.

*Mary Webb*

### *Music*

#### A SONG TO THE LUTE IN MUSIC

WHERE griping griefs the heart would wound,  
 And doleful dumps the mind oppress,  
 There music with her silver sound  
 With speed is wont to send redress :  
 Of troubled minds, in every sore,  
 Sweet music hath a salve in store.

In joy it makes our mirth abound,  
 In woe it cheers our heavy sprites ;  
 Bestraughted heads relief hath found  
 By music's pleasant sweet delights ;  
 Our senses all—what shall I say more ?—  
 Are subject unto music's lore.

The gods by music have their praise ;  
 The life, the soul therein doth joy ;  
 For, as the Roman poet says,  
 In seas, whom pirates would destroy,  
 A dolphin saved from death most sharp  
 Arion playing on his harp.

O heavenly gift that rules the mind,  
 Even as the stern doth rule the ship !  
 O music, whom the gods assign'd  
 To comfort man whom cares would nip !

## ENGLAND

Since thou both man and beast do'st move,  
What beast is he will thee disprove ?

*Richard Edwardes*

### A FRIEND IN PRAISE OF MUSIC AND POETRY

IF music and sweet poetry agree,  
As they must needs, the sister and the brother,  
Then must the love be great 'twixt thee and me,  
Because thou lov'st the one and I the other.  
Dowland to thee is dear whose heavenly touch  
Upon the lute doth ravish human sense,  
Spenser to me, whose deep conceit<sup>1</sup> is such  
As passing all conceit needs no defence.  
Thou lov'st to hear the sweet melodious sound  
That Phoebus' lute, the queen of music, makes,  
And I in deep delight am chiefly drowned,  
Whenas himself to singing he betakes.  
One god is god of both, as poets feign,  
One knight loves both, and both to thee remain.

*Richard Barnfield*

### WHEN TO HER LUTE CORINNA SINGS

WHEN to her lute Corinna sings,  
Her voice revives the leaden strings,  
And doth in highest notes appear  
As any challenged echo clear ;  
But when she doth of mourning speak,  
E'en with her sighs the strings do break.

And as her lute doth live or die,  
Led by her passion, so must I :  
For when of pleasure she doth sing,  
My thoughts enjoy a sudden spring ;  
But if she doth of sorrow speak,  
E'en from my heart the strings do break.

*Thomas Campion*

<sup>1</sup> *conceit*: conception, thought.

## ENGLISH MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS

OF sundry sorts that were, as the musician likes,  
 On which the practis'd hand with perfect fingering strikes,  
 Whereby their height of skill might liveliest be exprest.  
 The trembling lute some touch, some strain the viol best  
 In sets which there were seen, the music wondrous choice.  
 Some likewise there affect the gamba<sup>1</sup> with the voice,  
 To show that England could variety afford.  
 Some that delight to touch the sterner wiry chord  
 The cittern, the pandore,<sup>2</sup> and the theorbo<sup>3</sup> strike ;  
 The gittern<sup>4</sup> and the kit<sup>5</sup> the wand'ring fiddles like.  
 So were there some again, in this their learned strife,  
 Loud instruments that loved ; the cornet and the fife,  
 The hautboy,<sup>6</sup> sackbut<sup>7</sup> deep, recorder and the flute,  
 Even from the shrillest shawm<sup>8</sup> onto the cornamute.<sup>9</sup>  
 Some blow the bagpipe up that plays the country round,  
 The tabor and the pipe some take delight to sound.

*Michael Drayton*

## MUSIC FOR THE MORRIS DANCE

Ho ! who comes here along with bagpiping and drumming ?  
 O 'tis the morris dance I see, the morris dance a-coming.

Come ladies out, come quickly !

And see about how trim they dance and trickly.

Hey ! there again ! how the bells shake it !

Hey ho ! now for our town ! and take it !

Soft awhile, piper, not away so fast ! They melt them.

Be hanged, knave! see'st thou not the dancers swelt them?<sup>10</sup>

Stand out awhile ! you come too far ! I say, in !

There give the hobby-horse more room to play in !

*Anonymous (16th century)*

<sup>1</sup> *gamba* : viol held between the legs.

<sup>3</sup> *theorbo* : large lute.

<sup>5</sup> *kit*: small stringed instrument.

<sup>7</sup> *sackbut*: trombone.

<sup>9</sup> *cornamute* : form of bagpipe.

<sup>2</sup> *pandore* : a type of cittern.

<sup>4</sup> *gittern* : guitar.

<sup>6</sup> *hautboy* : oboe.

<sup>8</sup> *shawm* : upper oboe.

<sup>10</sup> *swelt them* : become faint with heat.

## LUTESTRINGS CAT-EATEN

ARE these the strings that poets feign  
 Have clear'd the air, and calm'd the main ?  
 Charm'd wolves, and from the mountain crests  
 Made forests dance with all their beasts ?  
 Could these neglected shreds you see  
 Inspire a lute of ivory  
 And make it speak ? Oh ! think then what  
 Hath been committed by my cat,  
 Who in the silence of this night  
 Hath gnawn these cords, and marr'd them quite ;  
 Leaving such relics as may be  
 For frets,<sup>1</sup> not for my lute, but me.  
 Puss, I will curse thee ; may'st thou dwell  
 With some dry hermit in a cell  
 Where rat ne'er peep'd, where mouse ne'er fed,  
 And flies go supperless to bed ;  
 Or with some close-par'd brother,<sup>2</sup> where  
 Thou'lt fast each Sabbath in the year ;  
 Or else, profane, be hang'd on Monday,  
 For butchering a mouse on Sunday.

Thus, Puss, thou seest what might betide thee ;  
 But I forbear to hurt or chide thee ;  
 For maybe Puss was melancholy ;  
 And so to make her blithe and jolly,  
 Finding these strings, she'ld have a fit  
 Of mirth ; nay, Puss, if that were it,  
 Thus I revenge me, that as thou  
 Hast played on them, I've played on you ;  
 And as thy touch was nothing fine,  
 So I've but scratch'd these notes of mine.

*Thomas Master*

<sup>1</sup> *frets*. A play on the two meanings of " fret ", as an interlaced pattern and an irritation.

<sup>2</sup> *close-par'd h other* : closely shorn Puritan.

## TO MR. H. LAWES, ON HIS AIRS

HARRY, whose tuneful and well measur'd song  
 First taught our English music how to span  
 Words with just note and accent, not to scan  
 With Midas ears, committing short and long ;  
 Thy worth and skill exempts thee from the throng,  
 With praise enough, for envy to look wan ;  
 To after age thou shalt be writ the man,  
 That with smooth air couldst humour best our tongue.  
 Thou honour'st Verse, and Verse must send her wing  
 To honour thee, the priest of Phoebus' choir  
 That tun'st their happiest lines in hymn, or story.  
 Dante shall give Fame leave to set thee higher  
 Than his Gasella, whom he wooed to sing  
 Met in the milder shades of Purgatory.

*John Milton*

## ON THE DEATH OF MR. PURGELL

MARK how the lark and linnet sing,  
 With rival notes  
 They strain their warbling throats  
 To welcome in the spring.  
 But in the close of night,  
 When Philomel begins her heav'nly lay,  
 They cease their mutual spite,  
 Drink in her music with delight,  
 And list'ning and silent, and silent and list'ning,  
 and list'ning and silent, obey.

So ceas'd the rival crew, when Purcell came,  
 They sung no more, or only sung his fame,  
 Struck dumb, they all admir'd  
 The godlike man,  
 Alas, too soon retir'd,  
 As he too late began.

We beg not hell our Orpheus to restore ;  
     Had he been there,  
     Their sovereign's fear  
     Had sent him back before.  
 The pow'r of harmony too well they knew ;  
 He long ere this had tun'd their jarring sphere  
     And left no hell below.

The heav'nly choir, who heard his notes from high,  
 Let down the scale of music from the sky :  
     They handed him along,  
 And all the way he taught, and all the way they  
     sung.  
 Ye brethren of the lyre and tuneful voice,  
 Lament his lot : but at your own rejoice.  
 Now live secure, and linger out your days,  
 The gods are pleas'd alone with Purcell's lays,  
     Nor know to mend their choice.

*John Dryden*

### CHRISTMAS MUSIC

AT break of day, O how the bells did ring !  
     To Thee, my King,  
     The bells did ring ;  
     To Thee the angels sing :  
 Thy goodness did produce this other spring,  
 For this it is they make the bells to ring :  
     The sounding bells do through the air  
 Proclaim Thy welcome far and near ;  
 While I alone with Thee inherit  
 All these joys, beyond my merit.  
     Who would not always sing  
     To such a King ?

Hark how remoter Parishes do sound !  
     Far off they ring  
     For Thee, my King,  
 Ev'n round about the Town :

The churches scatter'd over all the ground  
 Serve for Thy praise, who art with glory crown'd.  
 This city is an engine great  
 That makes my pleasure more complete ;  
 The sword, the mace, the magistrate,  
 To honour Thee, attend in state ;  
 The whole assembly sings ;  
 The minster rings.

*Thomas Traherne*

### POLITE MUSIC

IN days of old, when Englishmen were men,  
 Their music, like themselves, was grave and plain ;  
 The manly trumpet, and the simple reed,  
 Alike with citizen and swain agreed ;  
 Whose songs, in lofty sense, but humble verse,  
 Their loves and wars alternately rehearse ;  
 Sung by themselves, their homely cheer to crown,  
 In tunes from sire to son deliver'd down.

But now, since Britons are become polite,  
 Since few can read, and fewer still can write ;  
 Since South-Sea schemes have so enrich'd the land,  
 That footmen 'gainst their lords for boroughs stand ;  
 Since masquerades and op'ras made their entry,  
 And Heydegger reign'd guardian of our gentry ;  
 A hundred various instruments combine,  
 And foreign songsters in the concert join :  
 The Gallic horn, whose winding tube in vain  
 Pretends to emulate the trumpet's strain ;  
 The shrill-toned fiddle and the warbling flute,  
 The grave bassoon, deep base, and tinkling lute,  
 All league, melodious nonsense to dispense,  
 And give us sound, and show, instead of sense ;  
 In unknown tongues mysterious dullness chant,  
 Make love in tune, or thro' the gamut rant.

*James Miller*

## THE EOLIAN HARP

MY pensive Sara ! thy soft cheek reclined  
 Thus on mine arm, most soothing sweet it is  
 To sit beside our cot, our cot o'ergrown  
 With white-flowered Jasmin, and the broad-leaved  
     Myrtle,  
 (Meet emblems they of Innocence and Love !),  
 And watch the clouds, that late were rich with light,  
 Slow saddening round, and mark the star of eve  
 Serenely brilliant (such should wisdom be)  
 Shine opposite ! How exquisite the scents  
 Snatched from yon bean-field ! and the world so  
     hushed !

The stilly murmur of the distant sea  
 Tells us of silence. And that simplest lute,  
 Placed length-ways in the clasping casement, hark !  
 How by the desultory breeze caressed,  
 Like some coy maid half yielding to her lover,  
 It pours such sweet upbraiding, as must needs  
 Tempt to repeat the wrong ! And now, its strings  
 Boldlier swept, the long sequacious notes  
 Over delicious surges sink and rise,  
 Such a soft floating witchery of sound  
 As twilight Elfins make, when they at eve  
 Voyage on gentle gales from Fairy-Land,  
 Where melodies round honey-dropping flowers,  
 Footless and wild, like birds of Paradise,  
 Nor pause, nor perch, hovering on untamed wing !  
 O ! the one life within us and abroad,  
 Which meets all motion and becomes its soul,  
 A light in sound, a sound-like power in light,  
 Rhythm in all thought, and joyance everywhere—  
 Methinks, it should have been impossible  
 Not to love all things in a world so filled ;  
 Where the breeze warbles, and the mute still air  
 Is Music slumbering on her instrument.

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge*

## THE ORGANIST IN HEAVEN

WHEN Wesley died, the Angelic Orders,  
To see him at the state,  
Pressed so incontinent that the warders  
Forgot to shut the gate.  
So I, that hitherto had followed  
As one with grief o'ercast,  
Where for the doors a space was hollowed,  
Crept in, and heard what passed.  
And God said :—" Seeing thou hast given  
Thy life to my great sounds,  
Choose thou through all the cirque of Heaven  
What most of bliss redounds."  
Then Wesley said : "I hear the thunder  
Low growling from Thy seat—  
Grant me that I may bind it under  
The trampling of my feet."  
And Wesley said : " See, lightning quivers  
Upon the presence walls—  
Lord, give me of it four great rivers,  
To be my manuals."  
And then I saw the thunder chidden  
As slave to his desire ;  
And then I saw the space bestridden  
With four great bands of fire ;  
And stage by stage, stop stop subtending,  
Each lever strong and true,  
One shape inextricable blending,  
The awful organ grew.  
Then certain angels clad the Master  
In very marvellous wise,  
Till clouds of rose and alabaster  
Concealed him from mine eyes.  
And likest to a dove soft brooding,  
The innocent figure ran ;  
So breathed the breath of his prelude,  
And then the fugue began—  
Began, but, to his office turning,  
The porter swung his key ;

## ENGLAND

Wherefore, although my heart was yearning,  
 I had to go ; but he  
 Played on ; and, as I downward clomb,  
 I heard the mighty bars  
 Of thunder-gusts, that shook heaven's dome,  
 And moved the balanced stars.

*T. E. Brown*

## HENRY PURCELL

HAVE fair fallen, O fair, fair have fallen, so dear  
 To me, so arch-especial a spirit as heaves in Henry Purcell,  
 An age is now since passed, since parted ; with the  
 reversal  
 Of the outward sentence low lays him, listed to a heresy,  
 here.

Not mood in him nor meaning, proud fire or sacred fear.  
 Or love or pity or all that sweet notes not his might  
 nursele :  
 It is the forged feature finds me : it is the rehearsal  
 Of own, of abrupt self there so thrusts on, so throngs the  
 ear.

Let him, oh ! with his air of angels then lift me, lay me !  
 only I'll  
 Have an eye to the sakes of him, quaint moonmarks, to  
 his pelted plumage under  
 Wings : so some great storm fowl, whenever he has walked  
 his while

The thunder-purple sea beach plumed purple-of-thunder,  
 If a wuthering of his palmy snow-pinions scatter a colossal  
 smile  
 Off him, but meaning motion fans fresh our wits with  
 wonder.

*Gerard Manley Hopkins*

CONCERT PARTY  
(Egyptian Base Camp)

THEY are gathering round. . . .  
 Out of the twilight ; over the grey-blue sand,  
 Shoals of low-jargoning men drift inward to the sound,—  
 The jangle and throb of a piano . . . tum-ti-tum. . . .  
 Drawn by a lamp they come  
 Out of the glimmering lines of their tents, over the shuffling  
 sand.

O sing us the songs, the songs of our own land,  
 You warbling ladies in white.  
 Dimness conceals the hunger in our faces,  
 This wall of faces risen out of the night,  
 These eyes that keep their memories of the places  
 So long beyond their sight.

Jaded and gay, the ladies sing ; and the chap in brown  
 Tilts his grey hat ; jaunty and lean and pale,  
 He rattles the keys . . . some actor-bloke from town. . . .  
 " *God send you home* " ; and then " *A long long trail* " ;  
 " *I hear you calling me* " ; and " *Dixieland* ". . . .  
 Sing slowly . . . now the chorus . . . one by one.  
 We hear them, drink them ; till the concert's done.  
 Silent, I watch the shadowy mass of soldiers stand,  
 Silent, they drift away, over the glimmering sand.  
*Siegfried Sassoon*

THE LITTLE DANCERS

LONELY, save for a few faint stars, the sky  
 Dreams ; and lonely, below, the little street  
 Into its gloom retires, secluded and shy.  
 Scarcely the dumb roar enters this soft retreat ;  
 And all is dark, save where come flooding rays  
 From a tavern window : there, to the brisk measure  
 Of an organ that down in an alley merrily plays,  
 Two children, all alone and no one by,

## ENGLAND

Holding their tattered frocks, through an airy maze  
 Of motion, lightly threaded with nimble feet,  
 Dance sedately : face to face they gaze,  
 Their eyes shining, grave with a perfect pleasure.

*Laurence Binyon*

## BETSINDA DANCES

ON a carpet red and blue  
 Sits Betsinda not quite two,  
 Tracing with baby-starfish hand  
 The patterns that a Persian planned.  
 Suddenly she sees me go  
 Towards the box whence dances flow,  
 Where embalmed together lie  
 Symphony and lullaby.  
 Out of her round and silken head  
 Fly patterns blue and patterns red ;  
 She hoists her tiny self upright  
 And, shining-eyed, awaits delight.  
 Now at full speed the record spins ;  
 The wizard needle-point begins  
 (Perceptive as a blind man's finger)  
 To thread the secret paths where linger  
 The ghosts of poignant violins.  
 Out of a limbo black as jet  
 It conjures horn and clarinet ;  
 And spectral harp and phantom flute  
 And shades of oboes long since mute  
 It rouses, like the trump of doom,  
 To glory from their waxen tomb.  
 Then, as the tide of sound advances,  
 With grave delight Betsinda dances :  
 One arm flies up, the other down,  
 To lift her Lilliputian gown,  
 And round she turns on clumsy, sweet,  
 Unrhythmical, enraptured feet;  
 And round and round again she goes  
 On hopeful, small, precarious toes.  
 Dance, Betsinda, dance, while I

Weave from this a memory ;  
Thinking, if I chance to hear  
That record in some future year,  
The needle-point shall conjure yet  
Horn and harp and clarinet :  
But O ! it shall not conjure you—  
Betsinda, dancing, not quite two.

*Jan Strutker*

# CHARACTER

## BOADIGEA

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.

"Princess ! 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 Caesar 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."

*William Cowper*

THE ROMAN CENTURION'S SONG

Roman Occupation of Britain, A.D. 300

LEGATE, I had the news last night—my cohort ordered  
 home  
 By ship to Portus Itius and thence by road to Rome.  
 I've marched the companies aboard, the arms are stowed  
 below ;  
 Now let another take my sword. Command me not to go !

I've served in Britain forty years, from Vectis to the Wall.  
 I have none other home than this, nor any life at all.  
 Last night I did not understand, but, now the hour draws  
 near  
 That calls me to my native land, I feel that land is here.

Here where men say my name was made, here where my  
 work was done,

Here where my dearest dead are laid—my wife—my wife  
 and son ;  
 Here where time, custom, grief and toil, age, memory,  
 service, love,  
 Have rooted me in British soil. Ah, how can I remove ?

For me this land, that sea, these airs, those folk and fields  
 suffice ;  
 What purple Southern pomp can match our changeful  
 Northern skies,  
 Black with December snows unshed or pearled with August  
 haze—  
 The clanging arch of steel-grey March, or June's long-  
 lighted days ?

You'll follow widening Rhodanus till vine and olive lean  
 Aslant before the sunny breeze that sweeps Nemausus clean  
 To Arelate's triple gate ; but let me linger on,  
 Here where our stiff-necked British oaks confront Euro-  
 clydon !

You'll take the old Aurelian Road through shore-descending  
 pines  
 Where, blue as any peacock's neck, the Tyrrhene Ocean  
 shines.  
 You'll go where laurel crowns are won, but—will you e'er  
 forget  
 The scent of hawthorn in the sun, or bracken in the wet ?

Let me work here for Britain's sake—at any task you will—  
 A marsh to drain, a road to make, or native troops to drill.  
 Some Western camp (I know the Pict) or granite Border  
 keep,  
 'Mid seas of heather derelict, where our old messmates sleep.

Legate, I come to you in tears—My cohort ordered home !  
 I've served in Britain forty years. What should I do in  
 Rome ?

Here is my heart, my soul, my mind—the only life I know.  
 I cannot leave it all behind. Command me not to go !

*Rudyard Kipling*

## KING CANUTE

KING CANUTE was weary-hearted ; he had reigned for  
years a score,  
Battling, struggling, pushing, fighting, killing much and  
robbing more ;  
And he thought upon his actions, walking by the wild sea-  
shore.

'Twixt the Chancellor and Bishop walked the King with  
steps sedate,  
Chamberlains and grooms came after, silversticks and  
goldsticks great,  
Chaplains, aides-de-camp, and pages—all the officers of  
state.

Sliding after like a shadow, pausing when he chose to  
pause,  
If a frown his face contracted, straight the courtiers  
dropped their jaws ;  
If to laugh the King was minded, out they burst in loud  
hee-haws.

But that day a something vexed him, that was clear to old  
and young :  
Thrice his Grace had yawned at table, when his favourite  
gleemen sung,  
Once the Queen would have consoled him, but he bade  
her hold her tongue.

" Something ails my gracious master," cried the Keeper of  
the Seal ;

" Sure, my Lord, it is the lampreys served to dinner, or the  
veal ? "

" Psha ! " exclaimed the angry monarch ; " Keeper, 'tis  
not that I feel.

'Tis the *heart* and not the dinner, fool, that doth my rest  
impair ;

**Can** a king be great as I am, prithee, and yet know no **care** ?

Oh, I'm sick, and tired, and weary." Some one cried,  
 " The King's arm-chair ! "

Then towards the lacqueys turning, quick my Lord the  
 Keeper nodded,  
 Straight the King's great chair was brought him by two  
 footmen able-bodied ;  
 Languidly he sank into it : it was comfortably wadded.

" Leading on my fierce companions," cried he, " over  
 storm and brine,  
 I have fought and I have conquered ! Where was glory  
 like to mine ? "  
 Loudly all the courtiers echoed, "Where is glory like to  
 thine ? "

" What avail me all my kingdoms ? Weary am I now  
 and old ;  
 Those fair sons I have begotten long to see me dead and  
 cold ;  
 Would I were, and quiet buried underneath the silent  
 mould !

Oh, remorse, the writhing serpent ! at my bosom tears  
 and bites !  
 Horrid, horrid things I look on, though I put out all the  
 lights ;  
 Ghosts of ghastly recollections troop about my bed at  
 nights.

Cities burning, convents blazing, red with sacrilegious  
 fires ;  
 Mothers weeping, virgins screaming vainly for their  
 slaughtered sires "—  
 " Such a tender conscience," cries the Bishop, " every one  
 admires.

But for such unpleasant by-gones cease, my gracious Lord,  
 to search ;  
 They're forgotten and forgiven by our Holy Mother  
 Church ;  
 Never, never does she leave her benefactors in the lurch.

Look ! the land is crowned with minsters, which your  
 Grace's bounty raised ;  
 Abbeys filled with holy men, where you and Heaven are  
 daily praised ;  
*you*, my Lord, to think of dying ? On my conscience I'm  
 amazed ! "

" Nay, I feel," replied King Canute, " that my end is  
 drawing near."

" Don't say so," exclaimed the courtiers (striving each to  
 squeeze a tear),

" Sure your Grace is strong and lusty, and may live this  
 fifty year."

" Live these fifty years ! " the Bishop roared, with actions  
 made to suit ;

" Are you mad, my good Lord Keeper, thus to speak of  
 King Canute ?

Men have lived a thousand years, and sure His Majesty  
 will do't.

Adam, Enoch, Lamech, Cainan, Mahaleel, Methuselah,  
 Lived nine hundred years apiece, and mayn't the King as  
 well as they ? "

" Fervently," exclaimed the Keeper, " fervently I trust he  
 may."

" *He* to die ? " resumed the Bishop. " He a mortal like to  
*us*?

Death was not for him intended, though *communis omnibus* :  
 Keeper, you are irreligious for to talk and cavil thus.

With his wondrous skill in healing ne'er a doctor can  
 compete ;

Loathsome lepers, if he touch them, start up clean upon  
 their feet ;

Surely he could raise the dead up, did his Highness think  
 it meet.

Did **not** once the Jewish captain stay the sun upon **the**  
 hill?

And, the while he slew the foemen, bid the silver moon  
stand still ?

So, no doubt, could gracious Canute, if it were his sacred  
will."

" Might I stay the sun above us, good Sir Bishop ? "

Canute cried ;

" Could I bid the silver moon to pause upon her heavenly  
ride ?

If the moon obeys my orders, sure I can command the  
tide.

Will the advancing waves obey me, Bishop, if I make the  
sign ? "

Said the Bishop, bowing lowly, " Land and sea, my Lord,  
are thine."

Canute turned towards the ocean—" Back ! " he said,  
" thou foaming brine.

From the sacred shore I stand on I command thee to  
retreat;

Venture not, thou stormy rebel, to approach thy master's  
seat;

Ocean, be thou still ! I bid thee come not nearer to my  
feet ! "

But the sullen ocean answered with a louder, deeper roar,  
And the rapid waves drew nearer, falling sounding on the  
shore ;

Back the Keeper and the Bishop, back the King and  
courtiers bore.

And he sternly bade them never more to kneel to human  
clay,

But alone to praise and worship That which earth and  
seas obey ;

And his golden crown of empire never wore he from that  
day.

King Canute is dead and gone : Parasites exist always.

*William Makepeace Thackeray*

## ROBIN HOOD AND GUY OF GISBORNE

WHEN shaws<sup>1</sup> beene sheene, and shradds<sup>2</sup> full fayre,  
 And leaves both large and longe,  
 Itt is merrye walking in the fayre forrest  
 To hear the small birdes songe.

The woodweele<sup>3</sup> sang, and wold not cease,  
 Sitting upon the spraye,  
 So lowde, he wakened Robin Hood,  
 In the greenwood where he lay.

" Now by my faye," sayd jolly Robin,  
 " A sweaven<sup>4</sup> I had this night ;  
 I dreamt me of two wighty yemen,  
 That fast with me can fight.

Methought they did mee beate and binde,  
 And tooke my bow mee froe ;  
 If I be Robin alive in this lande,  
 Fie be wroken on them towe."

" Sweavens are swift, master," quoth John,  
 " As the wind that blowes ore a hill ;  
 For if itt be never so loude this night,  
 Tomorrow itt may be still."

" Buske s yee, bowne yee, my merry men all,  
 And John shall goe with mee,  
 For Fie goe seeke yond.wight yeomen,  
 In greenwood where they bee."

They cast on them their gownes of grene,  
 And tooke theyr bowes each one ;  
 And they away to the greene forrest  
 A shooting forth are gone ;

Until they came to the merry greenwood,  
 Where they had gladdest bee,

<sup>1</sup> *shaws* : groves.

<sup>3</sup> *woodweele* : golden ouzel or thrush.

*Buske* : get ready, dress.

<sup>2</sup> *shradds* : copses.

<sup>4</sup> *sweaven* : dream.

There were they ware of a wight yeoman,  
His body leaned to a tree.

A sword and a dagger he wore by his side,  
Of manye a man the bane ;  
And he was clad in his capull hyde <sup>1</sup>  
Topp and tayll and mayne.

" Stand you still, master," quoth Little John,  
" Under this tree so grene,  
And I will go to yond wight yeoman  
To know what he doth meane."

" Ah ! John, by me thou settest noe store,  
And that I farley <sup>2</sup> finde :  
How oft send I my men beffore,  
And tarry my selfe behinde ?

It is no cunning a knave to ken,  
An a man but heare him speake ;  
An itt were not for bursting of my bowe,  
John, I thy head wold breake."

As often wordes they breeden bale,  
So they parted Robin and John ;  
And John is gone to Barnesdale :  
The gates <sup>3</sup> he knoweth each one.

[Little John is taken by the Sheriff of Nottingham and bound to a tree.]

Let us leave talking of Little John,  
And thinke of Robin Hood,  
How he is gone to the wight yeoman,  
Where under the leaves he stood.

" Good morrowe, good fellowe," sayd Robin so fayre,  
" Good morrowe, good fellowe," quoth he ;  
" Methinkes by this bowe thou beares in thy hande  
A good archere thou sholdst bee."

<sup>1</sup> *capull hyde* ; horse hide.

<sup>2</sup> *farley* : strange.

<sup>3</sup> *gates* : ways.

" I seeke an outlawe," the stranger sayd,  
 " Men call him Robin Hood ;  
 Rather I'Id meet with that proud outlawe  
 Than fortye pound soe good."

" Now come with me, thou wighty yeoman,  
 And Robin thou soone shalt see :  
 But first let us some pastime find  
 Under the greenwood tree."

They cutt them downe two summer shroggs,<sup>1</sup>  
 That grew both under a breere,  
 And sett them threescore rood in twaine  
 To shoot the prickes y-fere.<sup>2</sup>

The first time Robin shot at the pricke,  
 He mist but an inch it froe :  
 The yeoman he was an archer good,  
 But he cold never shoote soe.

The seconde shoote had the wightye yeman,  
 He shote within the garlande :  
 But Robin he shott far better than hee,  
 For he clave the good pricke wande.

" A blessing upon thy heart," he sayd ;  
 " Good fellowe, thy shooting is goode ;  
 For an thy hart be as good as thy hand,  
 Thou wert better than Robin Hoode.

Now tell me thy name, good fellowe," sayd he,  
 Under the leaves of lyne.<sup>3</sup>  
 " Nay, by my faith," quoth bolde Robin,  
 " Till thou have told me thine."

" I dwell by dale and downe," quoth hee,  
 " And Robin to take I'me sworne ;  
 And when I am called by my right name  
 I am Guye of good Gisborne."

*shroggs* : underwood,<sup>3</sup> <sup>2</sup> *prickes y-fere* : at the mark together.  
<sup>3</sup> *lyne* : the linden tree.

## ENGLAND

" My dwelling is in this wood," sayes Robin,  
" By thee I set right nought;  
I am Robin Hood of Barnesdale,  
Whom thou so long hast sought."

He that had neither beene kithe nor kin,  
Might have seene a full fayre sight,  
To see how together these yeomen went  
With blades both browne and bright.

To see how these yeomen together they fought  
Two howrres of a summers day :  
Yett neither Robin Hood nor sir Guy  
Them fettled<sup>1</sup> to flye away.

Robin was reachles<sup>2</sup> on a roote,  
And stumbled at that tyde ;  
And Guy was quicke and nimble with-all,  
And hitt him ore the left side.

" Ah, deere lady," sayd Robin Hood,  
" That art both mother and may,"<sup>3</sup>  
I think it was never mans destynye  
To dye before his day."

Robin though on our ladye deere,  
And soone leapt up againe,  
And strait he came with a backward stroke,  
And he sir Guy hath slayne.

He took sir Guys head by the hayre,  
And sticked itt on his bowes end :  
" Thou hast beene a tray tor all thy liffe,  
Which thing must have an ende."

Robin did off his gowne of greene,  
And on sir Guy did it throwe,  
And hee put on that capull hyde,  
That cladd him topp to toe.

*fettle* : get ready.

<sup>2</sup> *reachles* : reckless, careless.

<sup>3</sup> *may* : maid.

Robin Hood sett Guyes home to his mouth,  
 And a loud blast in it did blow.  
 That beheard the Sheriffe of Nottingham,  
 As he leaned under a lowe.<sup>1</sup>

" Come hyther, come hyther, thou good sir Guy,  
 Aske what thou wilt ofmee."  
 " O I will none of thy gold," sayd Robin,  
 " Nor will I none of thy fee :

But now I have slaine the master," he saves,  
 " Let me go strike the knave ;  
 This is all the rewarde I aske ;  
 Nor noe other will I have."

Fast Robin hee hyed him to Little John,  
 He thought to loose him belive ;<sup>2</sup>  
 The sheriffe and all his companye  
 Fast after him did drive.

" Stand abacke, stand abacke," sayd Robin Hood ;  
 " Why draw you mee soe neere ?  
 Itt was never the use in our countrye  
 One's shrift another shold heere."

But Robin pulled forth an Irysh kniffe,  
 And losed John hand and foote,  
 And gave him sir Guyes bow into his hand,  
 And bade it be his boote.

Then John he took Guyes bow in his hand,  
 His boltes and arrowes eche one :  
 When the sheriffe saw Little John bend his bow  
 He fettledd him to be gone.

But he cold neither runne soe fast,  
 Nor away soe fast cold runne,  
 But Little John with an arrow so broad  
 Did cleave his herte in twinne.

*Anonymous* (14th century)

<sup>1</sup> *lowe* : knoll.

<sup>2</sup> *belive* : speedily.

# ENGLAND

## THE PATIENT GRISELD

AMONGES this povre folk ther dwelte a man  
Which that was holden povrest of hem alle ;  
But hye God som tyme senden can  
His grace into a litel oxes stalle :  
Janicula men of that throp him calle.  
A doghter hadde he, fair ynogh to sighte,  
And Grisildis this yonge mayden highte.<sup>1</sup>

But for to speke of vertuuous beautee,  
Than was she oon the faireste under sonne ;  
For povreliche y-fostred up was she,  
No likerous lust was thurgh her herte y-ronne ;  
Wei ofter of the welle than of the tonne<sup>2</sup> ;  
She drank, and for she wolde vertu plese,  
She knew wel labour, but non ydel ese.

But thogh this mayde tendre were of age,  
Yet in the brest of hir virginitee  
Ther was enclosed rype and sad corage ;  
And in gret reverence and charitee  
Hir olde povre fader fostred she ;  
A fewe sheep spinning on feeld she kepte,  
She wolde nocht been ydel til she slepte.

And whan she hoomward cam, she wolde bringe  
Wortes or othere herbes tymes ofte,  
The whiche she shredde and seeth for hir livinge,  
And made hir bed ful harde and no-thing softe ;  
And ay she kepte hir fadres lyf on-lofte  
With everich obeisaunce and diligence  
That child may doon to fadres reverence.

*Geoffrey Chaucer*

## THE PARSON

A GOOD man was ther of religioun,  
And was a povre Persoun of a toun ;  
But rich he was of holy thought and werk.  
He was also a lerned man, a clerk,

<sup>1</sup> *highte*, called.

<sup>2</sup> *tonne* : tun, barrel.

That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche ;  
 His parisshe devoutly wolde he teche.  
 Benigne he was and wonder diligent,  
 And in adversitee ful pacient ;  
 And swich he was y-preved ofte sythes.  
 Ful looth were him to cursen for his tythes,  
 But rather wolde he yeven, out of doubte,  
 Unto his povre parisshe aboute  
 Of his offring and eek of his substaunce.  
 He coude in litel thing han suffisaunce.  
 Wyd was his parisshe, and houses fer asonder,  
 But he ne lafte nat, for reyn ne thonder,  
 In siknes nor in meschief, to visyte  
 The ferrest in his parisshe, much and lyte,  
 Upon his feet, and in his hand a staf.  
 This noble ensample to his sheep he yaf,  
 That first he wroghte, and afterward he taughte ;  
 Out of the gospel he tho wordes caughte ;  
 And this figure he added eek ther-to,  
 That if gold ruste, what shal iren do ?  
 For if a preest be foul, on whom we truste,  
 No wonder is a lewed man<sup>1</sup> to ruste ;  
 And shame it is, if a preest take keep,  
 A shiten<sup>2</sup> shepherde and a clene sheep.  
 Wei oghte a preest ensample for to yive,  
 By his clenness, how that his sheep shold live.  
 He sette nat his benefice to hyre  
 And leet his sheep encombred in the myre,  
 And ran to London unto Seynt Poules,  
 To seken him a chaunterie for soules,  
 Or with a bretherhed to ben withoolde ;  
 But dwelte at hoom and kepte wel his folde,  
 So that the wolf ne made it nat miscarie ;  
 He was a shepherde and no mercenarie.  
 And though he holy were and vertuouus,  
 He was to sinful man not despitous,  
 Ne of his speche daungerous<sup>3</sup> ne digne,<sup>4</sup>  
 But in his teching discreet and benigne.

<sup>1</sup> *lewed man* : layman, unlearned.

<sup>3</sup> *daungerous* : forbidding.

<sup>2</sup> *shiten* : befouled.

<sup>4</sup> *digne* : proud.

## ENGLAND

To drawn folk to heven by fairnesse,  
By good ensample, was his businesse :  
But it were any persone obstinat,  
What-so he were, of heigh or lowe estat,  
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.  
A bettre preest I trow that nowher noon is.  
He wayted after no p6mpe and reverence,  
Ne maked him a spyced<sup>1</sup> conscience,  
But Cristes lore and his apostles twelve,  
He taughte, and first he folwed it him-selve.

*Geoffrey Chaucer*

### GOD SAVE KING HARRY !

GLADE in god, call horn youre herte,  
In joye and blisse youre merthe encres,  
And kepe goddis lawe in querte ;<sup>2</sup>  
This holy tyme, let sorwe ases ;<sup>3</sup>  
Among oure self, god sende us pes !  
Therto eche man be boun ;<sup>4</sup>  
To letten s fooles of here res,<sup>6</sup>  
Stonde with the kyng, mayntene the croun.

A kyngdom must be governed by right,  
To chastyse false<sup>7</sup> that ar aspyed.  
Falsed and trouthe to-gydre wole fight,  
Til oon that other hath distroyd ;  
Til trouthe be fro treson tryed,  
Shal nevere be pes in regyoun.  
In all kyngdomes that man hath gyed,<sup>8</sup>  
To the place of vertues god geveth the crowne.

That lord loveth lityl hym selve,  
That geveth his blisse for sorwe and woo ;  
For the love of ten or twelve  
Make alle folk his foo,

<sup>1</sup> *spyced*: over-scrupulous.

<sup>3</sup> *ases*: cease.

<sup>5</sup> *letten* : stop.

<sup>7</sup> *false* : false persons.

<sup>2</sup> *querte* : health.

<sup>4</sup> *boun* : ready.

<sup>6</sup> *here res* : their assault.

<sup>8</sup> *gyed* : governed.

## CHARACTER

And lese the love of God also,  
For fawte of perfeccyone.  
Though he had no vauntage but of tho,  
He myghte were a symple crowne.

The fadir the wanton child wole kenne<sup>1</sup>  
Ghastyse with yerde,<sup>2</sup> and bete hit sore.  
So after, the fadyr the yerde wole brenne,  
When child is wys, and taketh to lore.  
We han ben goddis yerde yore,  
Chastysed kyngdom, castell, and towne.  
Twyggis of oure yerde we have forlore.<sup>3</sup>  
God save the kyng, and kepe the crowne !

Englische men dede maystryyes make ;<sup>4</sup>  
Thurgh all the world, here word it sprong.  
Gristen and hethen they mad to quake,  
Tok and slown kynges strong.  
God let nevere werre be us among,  
To lese that blo<sup>5</sup> of gret renowne,  
Ne nevere oure right be turned to wrong ;  
God save the kyng, and kepe the crowne !

Among oure self, yif fight be raysed,  
Than stroye we oure awen nest.  
That hath victor, wol be evel payed,  
So many good men ben lest.  
Yhit is beter bowe than brest.<sup>6</sup>  
Eche man is bounden to resoun.  
Ye, that ben wysest, take the best ;  
Conseile the kyng, mayntene the crowne !

A comons myght sone be shent,<sup>7</sup>  
With-ouen kyng or governour,  
**And** a kynge withoute rent<sup>8</sup>  
Myght lightly trussen<sup>9</sup> his tresour,  
For comons mayntene lordis honour,  
Holy chirche, and religyoun,

<sup>1</sup> *kenne* : teach.

<sup>2</sup> *yerde* : rod.

<sup>3</sup> *forlore* : lost.

<sup>4</sup> *maystryyes make* : make masteries, perform wonderful feats.

<sup>5</sup> *blo* : repute.

<sup>6</sup> *brest* : burst.

<sup>7</sup> *shent* : ruined.

<sup>8</sup> *rent* : revenue.

<sup>9</sup> *lightly trussen* : make a light bundle of.

## ENGLAND

For comouns is the fayrest flour  
That evere god sette on erthely crown.

God, lete this kyngdom nevere be lorn <sup>1</sup>  
Among oure self, in no distance !  
Other kyngdomes laughe us not to skorn,  
And say, for synne god sends vengeance.  
God, geve us space of repentance,  
Good lyf, and devocioun ;  
And, God, kepe in thy governance  
Our comely kyng, and save the crowne !  
*Anonymous (1413)*

### A QUEEN'S FAITH

(Speech by Queen Elizabeth from *Will Shakespeare*)

I AM not drunken with religious dream  
Like the poor blissful fools of kingdom come :  
I know the flesh is sweetest, when all's said  
And summer's hey-day and the love of men :  
I know well what I lose. I'm head of the Church  
And stoop my neck on Sunday—to what Christ ?  
The God of little children ? I have none.  
The God of love ? What love has come to me ?  
The God upon His ass ? I am not meek,  
Nor is he meek, the stallion that I ride,  
The great white horse of England. I'll not bow  
To the gentle Jesus of the women, I—  
But to the man who hung 'twixt earth and heaven  
Six mortal hours, and knew the end (as strength  
And custom was) three days away, yet ruled  
His soul and body so, that when the sponge  
Blessed his cracked lips with promise of relief  
And quick oblivion, he would not drink :  
He turned his head away and would not drink :  
Spat out the anodyne and would not drink.  
This was a god for kings and queens of pride,  
And him I follow.

*Clemence Dane*

<sup>1</sup> *lorn* : lost.

## DRAKE'S CHAIR

Sitting and Drinking in the Chair made out of the Relics  
of Sir Francis Drake's Ship

CHEER up, my mates ! the wind does fairly blow.  
Clap on more sail and never spare !  
Farewell all lands, for now we are  
In the wide sea of drink, and merrily we go.  
Bless me ! 'tis hot ! Another bowl of wine  
And we shall cut the burning line.  
Hey, boys ! She scuds away ! And by my head I know  
We round the world are sailing now.  
What dull men are those who tarry at home,  
When abroad they might wantonly roam  
And gain such experience, and spy too  
Such countries and wonders as I do !  
But prithee, good Pilot ! take heed what you do,  
And fail not to touch at Peru.  
With gold there the vessel we'll store,  
And never and never be poor ;  
No, never be poor any more !

What do I mean ? What thoughts do me misguide ?  
As well upon a staff may witches ride  
Their fancied journeys in the air  
As I sail round the ocean in this Chair.  
'Tis true ; but yet this Chair which here you see,  
For all its quiet now and gravity,  
Has wander'd and has travell'd more  
Than ever beast or fish or bird or ever tree before ;  
In every air, and every sea 't has been.  
'T has compass'd all the earth and all the heav'ns 't has  
seen ;  
Let not the Pope's itself with this compare !  
This is the only Universal Chair !

The pious wand'rer's fleet, sav'd from the flame,  
(Which still the relics did of Troy pursue  
And took them for its due),

A squadron of immortal nymphs became.  
 Still with their arms they row about the seas,  
 And still make new and greater voyages.  
 Nor has the first poetic ship of Greece,  
 (Though now a star she so triumphant show  
 And guide her sailing successors below  
 Bright as her ancient freight the shining Fleece ;)

Yet to this day a quiet harbour found ;  
 The tide of heav'n still carries her around.  
 Only Drake's sacred vessel, which before  
     Had done and had seen more  
     Than those have done or seen,  
 Ev'n since they Goddesses and this a star has been,  
 As a reward for all her labour past  
     Is made the seat of rest at last.  
     Let the case now quite alter'd be ;  
 And as thou went'st abroad the world to see,  
     Let the world now come to see thee I

The world will do't. For Curiosity  
 Does no less than Devotion pilgrims make.  
 And I myself, who now love quiet too  
 As much almost as any chair can do,  
     Would yet a journey take,  
 An old wheel of that chariot to see  
     Which Phaeton so rashly brake ;  
 Yet what could that say more than these remains of  
     Drake ?  
 Great relic ! Thou too in this port of ease  
 Hast still one way of making voyages.  
 The breath of Fame, like an auspicious gale,  
     (The great Trade Wind which ne'er does fail)  
 Shall drive thee round the world, and thou shalt run  
     As long around it as the sun.  
 The straits of Time too narrow are for thee ;  
 Launch forth into an undiscover'd sea,  
 And steer the endless course of vast Eternity !  
 Take for thy sail this verse, and for thy Pilot me !  
*Abraham Cowley*

TO THE LORD GENERAL

CROMWELL, our chief of men, who through a cloud  
 Not of war only, but detractions rude,  
 Guided by faith and matchless fortitude,  
 To peace and truth thy glorious way hast ploughed,  
 And on the neck of crowned Fortune proud  
 Hast reared God's trophies, and his work pursued,  
 While Darwen stream, with blood of Scots imbrued,  
 And Dunbar field, resounds thy praises loud,  
 And Worcester's laureate wreath : yet much remains  
 To conquer still ; peace hath her victories  
 No less renowned than war : new foes arise,  
 Threatening to bind our souls with secular chains.  
 Help us to save free conscience from the paw  
 Of hireling wolves whose gospel is their maw.

*John Milton*

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN

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

And have they fixed the where and when ?  
 And shall Trelawny die ?  
 Here's twenty thousand Cornish men  
 Will know the reason why !

Out spake their captain brave and bold,  
 A merry wight was he :  
 " If London Tower were Michael's hold,  
 We'll set Trelawny free !

We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,  
 The Severn is no stay,  
 With ' one and all ', and hand in hand,  
**And** who shall bid us nay ?

## ENGLAND

And when we come to London Wall,  
A pleasant sight to view,  
Come forth ! come forth, ye cowards all,  
Here's men as good as you !

Trelawny he's in keep and hold,  
Trelawny he may die ;  
But twenty thousand Cornish bold  
Will know the reason why."

*R. S. Hawker*

## THE COUNTRY MEMBER

How blest is he who leads a country life,  
Unvexed with anxious cares and void of strife 1  
Who studying peace and shunning civil rage  
Enjoyed his youth and now enjoys his age.  
All who deserve his love he makes his own ;  
And, to be loved himself, needs only to be known.

Just, good and wise, contending neighbours come  
From your award to wait their final doom ;  
And, foes before, return in friendship home.  
Without their cost you terminate the cause,  
And save the expense of long litigious laws,  
Where suits are traversed and so little won  
That he who conquers is but last undone.  
Such are not your decrees, but so designed,  
The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind,—  
Like your own soul serene, a pattern of your mind.

No porter guards the passage of your door  
To admit the wealthy and exclude the poor ;  
For God who gave the riches gave the heart,  
To sanctify the whole by giving part. . . .

With crowds attended of your ancient race  
You seek the champain sports or sylvan chase.

This fiery game your active youth maintained,  
Not yet by years extinguished, though restrained.

You season still with sports your serious hours,  
For age but tastes of pleasures youth devours.

Better to hunt in fields for health unbought  
Than fee the doctor for a nauseous draught.  
The wise for cure on exercise depend ;  
God never made his work for man to mend.

You hoard not health for your own private use,  
But on the public spend the rich produce.  
When often urged, unwilling to be great,  
Your country calls you from your loved retreat,  
And sends to senates charged with common care,  
Which none more shuns, and none can better bear.  
Where could they find another formed so fit  
To poise with solid sense a sprightly wit ?  
Were these both wanting, as they both abound,  
Where could so firm integrity be found ?  
Well born and wealthy, wanting no support,  
You steer betwixt the country and the court ;  
Nor gratify whate'er the great desire,  
Nor grudging give what public needs require.

Patriots in peace assert the people's right,  
With noble stubbornness resisting might ;  
No lawless mandates from the court receive,  
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.  
Such was your generous grandsire ; free to grant  
In parliaments that weighed their prince's want ;  
But so tenacious of the common cause  
As not to lend the king against his laws ;  
And, in a loathsome dungeon doomed to lie,  
In bonds retained his birthright liberty,  
And shamed oppression till it set him free.

*John Dryden*

### HAPPY BRITANNIA

HEAVENS ! What a goodly prospect spreads around  
Of hills and dales and woods and lawns and spires

## ENGLAND

And glittering towns and gilded streams, till all  
The stretching landskip into smoke decays !  
Happy Britannia ! Where the queen of arts,  
Inspiring vigour, Liberty abroad  
Walks unconfin'd ev'n to thy farthest cots,  
And scatters plenty with unsparing hand.

Rich is thy soil and merciful thy clime ;  
Thy streams unfailling in the summer's drought ;  
Unmatch'd thy guardian oaks ; thy vallies float  
With golden waves ; and on thy mountains flocks  
Bleat numberless, while roving round their sides  
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.  
Beneath, thy meadows glow and rise unquell'd  
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand  
Thy villas shine. Thy country teems with wealth,  
And property assures it to the swain,  
Pleas'd and unwearied in his guarded toil.

Full are thy cities with the sons of art ;  
And trade and joy in every busy street  
Mingling are heard : even drudgery himself,  
As at the car he sweats or dusty hews  
The palace-stone, looks gay. Thy crowded ports,  
Where rising masts an endless prospect yield,  
With labour burn and echo to the shouts  
Of hurried sailor, as he hearty waves  
His last adieu, and loosening every sheet  
Resigns the spreading vessel to the wind.

Bold, firm and graceful are thy generous youth,  
By hardship sinew'd and by danger fir'd,  
Scattering the nations where they go ; and first  
Or in the listed plain or wintry seas.  
Mild are thy glories too, as o'er the plans  
Of thriving peace thy thoughtful sires preside :  
In genius and substantial learning high ;  
For every virtue, every worth renown'd ;  
Sincere, plain-hearted, hospitable, kind ;  
Yet, like the mustering thunder, when provok'd  
The dread of tyrants, and the sole resource  
Of those that under grim oppression groan.

*James Thomson*

## THE INDEPENDENT BRITON

FIR'D at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,  
 And flies where Britain courts the western spring ;  
 Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,  
 And brighter streams than fam'd Hydaspes glide.  
 There all around the gentlest breezes stray,  
 There gentle music melts on every spray ;  
 Creation's mildest charms are there combin'd,  
 Extremes are only in the master's mind !  
 Stern o'er each bosom reason holds her state,  
 With daring aims irregularly great,  
 Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,  
 I see the lords of human kind pass by,  
 Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,  
 By forms unfashion'd, fresh from Nature's hand ;  
 Fierce in their native hardness of soul,  
 True to imagin'd right, above control,  
 While even the peasant boasts these rights to scan,  
 And learns to venerate himself as man.

*Oliver Goldsmith*

## THE LITTLE VAGABOND

DEAR mother, dear mother, the church is cold,  
 But the ale-house is healthy and pleasant and warm ;  
 Besides I can tell where I am used well,  
 Such usage in Heaven will never do well.

But if at the church they would give us some ale,  
 And a pleasant fire our souls to regale,  
 We'd sing and we'd pray all the livelong day,  
 Nor ever once wish from the church to stray.

Then the Parson might preach, and drink, and sing,  
 And we'd be as happy as birds in the spring ;  
 And modest Dame Lurch, who is always at church,  
 Would not have bandy children, nor fasting, nor birch.

And God, like a father, rejoicing to see  
 His children as pleasant and happy as He,  
 Would have no more quarrel with the devil or the barrel,  
 But kiss him, and give him both drink and apparel.

*William Blake*

### THE WIDOW GOE

NEXT died the Widow Goe, an active dame,  
 Famed ten miles round and worthy all her fame ;  
 She lost her husband when their loves were young,  
 But kept her farm, her credit and her tongue.  
 Full thirty years she ruled with matchless skill,  
 With guiding judgment and resistless will.  
 Advice she scorned, rebellions she suppressed,  
 And sons and servants bowed at her behest.  
 Like that great man's, who to his Saviour came,  
 Were the strong words of this commanding dame ;—  
 " Come " if she said, they came ; if " Go ", were gone ;  
 And if " Do this ", that instant it was done.  
 Her maidens told she was all eye and ear,  
 In darkness saw and could at distance hear.  
 No parish-business in the place could stir  
 Without direction or assent from her.  
 In turn she took each office as it fell,  
 Knew all their duties and discharged them well.  
 She looked on want with judgment clear and cool,  
 And felt with reason and bestowed by rule.  
 She matched both sons and daughters to her mind,  
 And lent them eyes ; for Love, she heard, was blind.  
 Yet ceaseless still she throve, alert, alive,  
 The working bee in full or empty hive ;  
 Busy and careful, like that working bee,  
 No time for love nor tender cares had she ;  
 But when our farmers made their amorous vows,  
 She talk'd of market-steeds and patent-ploughs.  
 Not unemployed her evenings passed away,  
 Amusement closed as business waked the day ;  
 When to her toilet's brief concern she ran,  
 And conversation with her friends began,

Who all were welcome what they saw to share ;  
 And joyous neighbours praised her Christmas fare,  
 That none around might in their scorn complain  
 Of Gossip Goe as greedy in her gain.

*George Crabbe*

MEN OF ENGLAND

MEN of England ! who inherit  
 Rights that cost your sires their blood /  
 Men whose undegenerate spirit  
 Has been proved on land and flood

By the foes ye've fought, uncounted,  
 By the glorious deeds ye've done,  
 Trophies captured—breaches mounted,  
 Navies conquer'd—kingdoms won !

Yet, remember, England gathers  
 Hence but fruitless wreaths of fame,  
 If the freedom of your fathers  
 Glow not in your hearts the same.

What are monuments of bravery,  
 Where no public virtues bloom ?  
 What avail, in lands of slavery,  
 Trophied temples, arch, and tomb ?

Pageants !—Let the world revere us  
 For our people's rights and laws,  
 And the breasts of civic heroes  
 Bared in Freedom's holy cause.

Yours are Hampden's, Russell's glory,  
 Sydney's matchless shade is yours,—  
 Martyrs in heroic story,  
 Worth a hundred Agincourts !

We're the sons of sires that baffled  
 Crowned and mitred tyranny :—  
 They defied the field and scaffold  
 For their birthrights—so will we !

*Thomas Campbell*

## ENGLAND

### THE HAPPY WARRIOR

WHO is the happy Warrior ? Who is he  
That every Man in arms should wish to be ?  
—It is the generous Spirit, who, when brought  
Among the tasks of real life, hath wrought  
Upon the plan that pleased his boyish thought :  
Whose high endeavours are an inward light  
That makes the path before him always bright ;  
Who with a natural instinct to discern  
What knowledge can perform, is diligent to learn  
Abides by this resolve, and stops not there,  
But makes his moral being his prime care ;  
Who, doomed to go in company with Pain,  
And Fear and Bloodshed, miserable train !  
Turns his necessity to glorious gain ;  
In face of these doth exercise a power  
Which is our human nature's highest dower :  
Controls them and subdues, transmutes, bereaves  
Of their bad influence, and their good receives :  
By objects, which might force the soul to abate  
Her feeling, rendered more compassionate ;  
Is placable—because occasions rise  
So often that demand such sacrifice ;  
More skilful in self-knowledge, even more pure,  
As tempted more ; more able to endure,  
As more exposed to suffering and distress ;  
Thence, also, more alive to tenderness.  
—'Tis he whose law is reason ; who depends  
Upon that law as on the best of friends ;  
Whence, in a state where men are tempted still  
To evil for a guard against worse ill,  
And what in quality or act is best  
Doth seldom on a right foundation rest,  
He labours good on good to fix, and owes  
To virtue every triumph that he knows:  
—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 home-felt 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 fall, to sleep without his fame,

## ENGLAND

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  
That every Man in arms should wish to be.

*William Wordsworth*

## NELSON AND PITT

To mute and to material things  
New life revolving summer brings ;  
The genial call dead Nature hears,  
And in her glory reappears.  
But O my Country's wintry state  
What second spring shall renovate ?  
What powerful call shall bid arise  
The buried warlike and the wise ;  
The mind that thought for Britain's weal,  
The hand that grasped the victor's steel ?  
The vernal sun new life bestows  
Even on the meanest flower that blows ;  
But vainly, vainly may he shine,  
Where glory weeps o'er NELSON'S shrine ;  
And vainly pierce the solemn gloom,  
That shrouds, O PITT, thy hallowed tomb !

Deep graved in every British heart,  
O never let those names depart !  
Say to your sons,—Lo, here his grave,  
Who victor died on Gadite wave ;  
To him, as to the burning levin,  
Shbrt, bright, residess course was given.  
Where'er his country's foes were found  
Was heard the fated thunder's sound,  
Till burst the bolt on yonder shore,  
Rolled, blazed, destroyed,—and was no more.

Nor mourn ye less his perished worth,  
Who bade the conqueror go forth,

And launched that thunderbolt of war  
 On Egypt, Hafnia, Trafalgar ;  
 Who, born to guide such high emprise,  
 For Britain's weal was early wise ;  
 Alas ! to whom the Almighty gave,  
 For Britain's sins, an early grave !  
 His worth, who in his mightiest hour  
 A bauble held the pride of power,  
 Spurned at the sordid lust of pelf,  
 And served his Albion for herself ;  
 Who, when the frantic crowd amain  
 Strained at subjection's bursting rein,  
 O'er their wild mood full conquest gained,  
 The pride he would not crush restrained,  
 Showed their fierce zeal a worthier cause,  
 And brought the freeman's arm to aid the  
     freeman's laws.

*Sir Walter Scott*

### THE VICAR

SOME years ago, ere time and taste  
     Had turned our parish topsy-turvy,  
 When Darnel Park was Darnel Waste,  
     And roads as little known as scurvy,  
 The man who lost his way, between  
     St. Mary's Hill and Sandy Thicket,  
 Was always shown across the green,  
     And guided to the Parson's wicket.

Back flew the bolt of lissom lath ;  
     Fair Margaret, in her tidy kirde,  
 Led the lorn traveller up the path,  
     Through clean-clipt rows of box and myrde ;  
 And Don and Sancho, Tramp and Tray,  
     Upon the parlour steps collected,  
 Wagged all their tails, and seemed to say—  
     " Our master knows you—you're expected."

Uprose the Reverend Dr. Brown,  
 Uprose the Doctor's winsome marrow ;  
 The lady laid her knitting down,  
 Her husband clasped his ponderous Barrow ;  
 Whate'er the stranger's caste or creed,  
 Pundit or Papist, saint or sinner,  
 He found a stable for his steed,  
 And welcome for himself, and dinner.

If, when he reached his journey's end,  
 And warmed himself in Court or College,  
 He had not gained an honest friend  
 And twenty curious scraps of knowledge,—  
 If he departed as he came,  
 With no new light on love or liquor,—  
 Good sooth, the traveller was to blame,  
 And not the Vicarage, nor the Vicar.

His talk was like a stream, which runs  
 With rapid change from rocks to roses :  
 It slipped from politics to puns,  
 It passed from Mahomet to Moses ;  
 Beginning with the laws which keep  
 The planets in their radiant courses,  
 And ending with some precept deep  
 For dressing eels, or shoeing horses.

He was a shrewd and sound Divine,  
 Of loud Dissent the mortal terror ;  
 And when, by dint of page and line,  
 He 'stablished Truth, or startled Error,  
 The Baptist found him far too deep ;  
 The Deist sighed with saving sorrow ;  
 And the lean Levite went to sleep,  
 And dreamed of tasting pork tomorrow.

His sermons never said or showed  
 That Earth is foul, that Heaven is gracious,  
 Without refreshment on the road  
 From Jerome or from Athanasius ;

And sure a righteous zeal inspired  
 The hand and head that penned and planned  
 them,  
 For all who understood admired,  
 And some who did not understand them.

He wrote, too, in a quiet way,  
 Small treatises, and smaller verses,  
 And sage remarks on chalk and clay,  
 And hints to noble Lords—and nurses ;  
 True histories of last year's ghost,  
 Lines to a ringlet, or a turban,  
 And trifles for the *Morning Post*,  
 And nothings for Sylvanus Urban.

He did not think all mischief fair,  
 Although he had a knack of joking ;  
 He did not make himself a bear,  
 Although he had a taste for smoking ;  
 And when religious sects ran mad,  
 He held, in spite of all his learning,  
 That if a man's belief is bad,  
 It will not be improved by burning.

And he was kmd, and loved to sit  
 In the low hut or garnished cottage,  
 And praise the farmer's homely wit,  
 And share the widow's homelier pottage :  
 At his approach complaint grew mild ;  
 And when his hand unbarred the shutter,  
 The clammy lips of fever smiled  
 The welcome which they could not utter.

He always had a tale for me  
 Of Julius Caesar, or of Venus ;  
 From him I learnt the rule of three,  
 Gat's cradle, leap-frog, and *Quae genus* :  
 I used to singe his powdered wig,  
 To steal the staff he put such trust in,  
 And make the puppy dance a jig,  
 When he began to quote Augustine.

Alack the change ! in vain I look  
 For haunts in which my boyhood trifled,—  
 The level lawn, the trickling brook,  
 The trees I climbed, the beds I rifled :  
 The church is larger than before ;  
 You reach it by a carriage entry ;  
 It holds three hundred people more,  
 And pews are fitted up for gentry.

Sit in the Vicar's seat; you'll hear  
 The doctrine of a gentle Johnian,  
 Whose hand is white, whose tone is clear,  
 Whose phrase is very Ciceronian.  
 Where is the old man laid ? look down,  
 And construe on the slab before you,  
*Hic jacet Gulielmus Brown,*  
*Vir nulla non donandus lauru.*

*Winthrop Mackworth Praed*

### FIGHT ON

AT the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time,  
 When you set your fancies free,  
 Will they pass to where—by death, fools think, imprisoned—  
 Low he lies who once so loved you, whom you loved so,  
 —Pity me ?  
 Oh to love so, be so loved, yet so mistaken !  
 What had I on earth to do  
 With the slothful, with the mawkish, the unmanly ?  
 Like the aimless, helpless, hopeless, did I drivel  
 —Being—who ?

One who never turned his back but marched breast  
 forward,  
 Never doubted clouds would break,  
 Never dreamed, though right were worsted, wrong would  
 triumph,  
 Held we fall to rise, are baffled to fight better,  
 Sleep to wake.

No, at noonday in the bustle of man's work-time  
 Greet the unseen with a cheer !  
 Bid him forward, breast and back as either should be,  
 " Strive and thrive 1" cry : " Speed,—fight on, fare ever  
 There as here."

*Robert Browning*

## WANDERERS

As o'er the hill we roam'd at will,  
 My dog and I together,  
 We mark'd a chaise, by two bright bays  
 Slow-moved along the heather :

Two bays arch-neck'd, with tails erect  
 And gold upon their blinkers ;  
 And by their side an ass I spied ;  
 It was a travelling tinker's.

The chaise went by, nor aught cared I ;  
 Such things are not in my way ;  
 I turn'd me to the tinker, who  
 Was loafing down a byway :

I ask'd him where he lived—a stare  
 Was all I got in answer,  
 As on he trudged : I rightly judged  
 The stare said, " Where I can, sir."

I ask'd him if he'd take a whiff  
 Of 'bacco ; he acceded ;  
 He grew communicative too,  
 (A pipe was all he needed,)  
 Till of the tinker's life, I think,  
 I knew as much as he did.

" I loiter down by thorp and town,  
 For any job I'm willing ;  
 Take here and there a dusty brown.  
 And here and there a shilling.

I deal in every ware in turn,  
 I've rings for buddin' Sally  
 That sparkle like those eyes of hern ;  
 I've liquor for the valet.

I steal from th' parson's strawberry-plots,  
 I hide by th' squire's covers ;  
 I teach the sweet young housemaids what's  
 The art of trapping lovers.

The things I've done 'neath moon and stars  
 Have got me into messes ;  
 I've seen the sky through prison bars,  
 I've torn up prison dresses :

I've sat, I've sighed, I've gloom'd, I've glanced  
 With envy at the swallows  
 That through the window slid, and danced  
 (Quite happy) round the gallows ;

But out again I come and show  
 My face nor care a stiver,  
 For trades are brisk and trades are slow,  
 But mine goes on for ever."

Thus on he prattled like a babbling brook.  
 Then I, " The sun hath slipt behind the hill,  
 And my aunt Vivian dines at half-past six."  
 So in all love we parted ; I to the Hall,  
 They to the village. It was noised next noon  
 That chickens had been miss'd at Syllabub Farm.

*C. S. Calverley*

### JUGGLING JERRY

PITCH here the tent, while the old horse grazes :  
 By the old hedgeside we'll halt a stage.  
 It's nigh my last above the daisies ;  
 My next leap'll be man's blank page.

## CHARACTER

Yes, my old girl ! and it's no use crying :  
Juggler, constable, king, must bow.  
One that outjuggles all 's been spying  
Long to have me, and he has me now.

We've travelled times to this old common :  
Often we've hung our pots in the gorse.  
We've had a stirring life, old woman,  
You, and I, and the old grey horse.  
Races, and fairs, and royal occasions,  
Found us coming to their call :  
Now they'll miss us at our stations :  
There's a Juggler outjuggles all !

Up goes the lark, as if all were jolly !  
Over the duck-pond the willow shakes.  
Easy to think that grieving's folly,  
When the hand's firm as driven stakes !  
Ay, when we're strong, and braced, and manful,  
Life's a sweet fiddle : but we're a batch  
Born to become the Great Juggler's han'ful ;  
Balls he shies up, and is safe to catch.

Here's where the lads of the village cricket :  
I was a lad not wide from here :  
Couldn't I whip off the bail from the wicket ?  
Like an old world those days appear !  
Donkey, sheep, geese, and thatched ale-house—I  
know them !  
They are old friends of my halts, and seem,  
Somehow, as if kind thanks I owe them :  
Juggling don't hinder the heart's esteem.

Juggling's no sin, for we must have victual .  
Nature allows us to bait for the fool.  
Holding one's own makes us juggle no little ;  
But, to increase it, hard juggling's the rule.  
You that are sneering at my profession,  
Haven't you juggled a vast amount ?  
There's the Prime Minister, in one Session,  
Juggles more games than my sins'll count.

I've murdered insects with mock thunder :  
 Conscience, for that, in men don't quail.  
 I've made bread from the bump of wonder :  
 That's my business, and there's my tale.  
 Fashion and rank all praised the professor :  
 Ay ! and I've had my smile from the Queen :  
 Bravo, Jerry ! she meant : God bless her !  
 Ain't this a sermon on that scene ?

I've studied men from my topsy-turvy  
 Close, and, I reckon, rather true.  
 Some are fine fellows : some, right scurvy :  
 Most, a dash between the two.  
 But it's a woman, old girl, that makes me  
 Think more kindly of the race :  
 And it's a woman, old girl, that shakes me  
 When the Great Juggler I must face.

We two were married, due and legal :  
 Honest we've lived since we've been one.  
 Lord ! I could then jump like an eagle :  
 You danced bright as a bit o' the sun.  
 Birds in a May bush, we were ! right merry i  
 All night we kiss'd, we juggled all day.  
 Joy was the heart of Juggling Jerry !  
 Now from his old girl he's juggled away.

It's past parsons to console us :  
 No, nor no doctor fetch for me :  
 I can die without my bolus :  
 Two of a trade, lass, never agree !  
 Parson and Doctor !—don't they love rarely  
 Fighting the devil in other men's fields !  
 Stand up yourself and match him fairly :  
 Then see how the rascal yields !

I, lass, have lived no gipsy, flaunting  
 Finery while his poor helpmate grubs :  
 Coin I've stored, and you won't be wanting :  
 You shan't beg from the troughs and tubs.

Nobly you've stuck to me, though in his kitchen  
 Many a Marquis would hail you Cook !  
 Palaces you could have ruled and grown rich in,  
 But your old Jerry you never forsook.

Hand up the chirper ! ripe ale winks in it ;  
 Let's have comfort and be at peace.  
 Once a stout draught made me light as a linnet.  
 Cheer up ! the Lord must have his lease.  
 May be—for none see in that black hollow—  
 It's just a place where we're held in pawn,  
 And, when the Great Juggler makes as to swallow,  
 It's just the sword-trick—I ain't quite gone !

Yonder came smells of the gorse, so nutty,  
 Gold-like and warm : it's the prime of May.  
 Better than mortar, brick and putty  
 Is God's house on a blowing day.  
 Lean me more up the mound ; now I feel it :  
 All the old heath-smells ! Ain't it strange ?  
 There's the world laughing, as if to conceal it,  
 But He's by us, juggling the change.

I mind it well, by the sea-beach lying,  
 Once—it's long gone—when two gulls we beheld,  
 Which, as the moon got up, were flying  
 Down a big wave that sparked and swelled.  
 Crack, went a gun : one fell : the second  
 Wheeled round him twice, and was off for **new luck** :  
 There in the dark her white wing beckon'd :—  
 Drop me a kiss—I'm the bird dead-struck !

*George Meredith*

## THE ENGLISHMAN

**I MET** a sailor in the woods,  
 A silver ring **wore** he,  
**His hair** hung **black**, his eyes shone **blue**,  
**And** thus he **said to** me :—

## ENGLAND

' What country, say, of this round earth,  
What shore of what salt sea,  
Be this, my son, I wander in,  
And looks so strange to me ? '

Says I, ' O foreign sailorman,  
In England now you be,  
This is her wood, and there her sky,  
And that her roaring sea.'

He lifts his voice yet louder,  
' What smell be this,' says he,  
' My nose on the sharp morning air  
Snuffs up so greedily ? '

Says I, ' It is wild roses  
Do smell so winsomely,  
And winy briar too,' says I,  
' That in these thickets be.'

' And oh ! ' says he, ' what leetle bird  
Is singing in yon high tree,  
So every shrill and long-drawn note  
Like bubbles breaks in me ? '

Says I, ' It is the mavis  
That perches in the tree,  
And sings so shrill, and sings so sweet,  
When dawn comes up the sea.'

At which he fell a-musing,  
And fixed his eye on me,  
As one alone 'twixt light and dark  
A spirit thinks to see.

' England ! ' he whispers soft and harsh,  
' England ! ' repeated he,  
' And briar, and rose, and mavis,  
A-singing in yon high tree.

' Ye speak me true, my leetle son,  
So—so, it came to me,

A-drifting landwards on a spar,  
And grey dawn on the sea.

\* Ay, ay, I could not be mistook ;  
I knew them leafy trees,  
I knew that land so witchery sweet,  
And that old noise of seas.

' Though here I've sailed a score of years,  
And heard 'em, dream or wake,  
Lap small and hollow 'gainst my cheek,  
On sand and coral break ;

' " Yet now, " my lee tie son, says I,  
A-drifting on the wave,  
' That land I see so safe and green  
Is England, I believe.

' " And that there wood is English wood,  
And this here cruel sea,  
The selfsame old blue ocean  
Years gone remembers me.

' " A-sitting with my bread and butter  
Down ahind yon chitterin' mill ;  
And this same Marinere "—(that's me),  
' Is that same leetle Will !—

' " That very same wee leetle Will  
Eating his bread and butter there,  
And looking on the broad blue sea  
Betwixt his yaller hair ! "

' " And here be I, my son, thro wed up  
Like corpses from the sea,  
Ships, stars, winds, tempests, pirates past,  
Yet leetle Will I be ! '

He said no more, that sailorman,  
But in a reverie  
Stared like the figure of a ship  
With painted eyes to sea.

## IF—

IF you can keep your head when all about you  
 Are losing theirs and blaming it on you ;  
 If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you.  
 But make allowance for their doubting too ;  
 If you can wait and not be tired by waiting,  
 Or being lied about, don't deal in lies,  
 Or being hated don't give way to hating,  
 And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise :

If you can dream—and not make dreams your master ;  
 If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim ;  
 If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster  
 And treat those two impostors just the same ;  
 If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken  
 Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools,  
 Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,  
 And stoop and build 'em up with worn-out tools :

If you can make one heap of all your winnings  
 And risk it on one turn of pitch and toss,  
 And lose, and start again at your beginnings  
 And never breathe a word about your loss ;  
 If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew  
 To serve your turn long after they are gone,  
 And so hold on when there is nothing in you  
 Except the Will which says to them : " Hold on ! "

If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,  
 Or walk with Kings—nor lose the common touch,  
 If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you,  
 If all men count with you, but none too much ;  
 If you can fill the unforgiving minute  
 With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,  
 Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,  
 And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son !

*Rudyard Kipling*

## THROUGH AMERICAN EYES

THE English love their country with a love  
Steady, and simple, wordless, dignified ;  
I think it sets their patriotism above  
All others. We Americans have pride—  
We glory in our country's short romance.  
We boast of it and love it. Frenchmen when  
The ultimate menace comes, will die for France  
Logically as they lived. But Englishmen  
Will serve day after day, obey the law,  
And do dull tasks that keep a nation strong.  
Once I remember in London how I saw  
Pale shabby people standing in a long  
Line in the twilight and the misty rain  
To pay their tax. I then saw England plain.

*Alice Duer Miller*

## ENGLAND THAT SHALL BE

FOR all of England that is fair  
Is what our dear Lord planted there ;  
And all of England that is ill  
Is where we've forced our pagan will ;  
And all of England that shall be  
Grows fine or false in men like me.

*Frederick B. Watt*

# EPILOGUE

## THE ENGLISH GRAVES

WERE I that wandering citizen whose city is the world,  
I would not weep for all that fell before the flags were  
furl'd ;  
I would not let one murmur mar the trumpets volleying  
forth  
How God grew weary of the kings, and the cold hell in the  
north.  
But we whose hearts are homing birds have heavier  
thoughts of home,  
Though the great eagles burn with gold on Paris or on  
Rome,  
Who stand beside our dead and stare, like seers at an  
eclipse,  
At the riddle of the island tale and the twilight of the ships.  
  
For these were simple men that loved, with hands and feet  
and eyes,  
Whose souls were humbled to the hills and narrowed to the  
skies,  
The hundred little lands within one little land that lie,  
Where Severn seeks the sunset isles or Sussex scales the sky.  
  
And what is theirs, though banners blow on Warsaw risen  
again,  
Or ancient laughter walks in gold through the vineyards of  
Lorraine,  
Their dead are marked on English stones, their loves on  
English trees,  
How little is the prize they win, how mean a coin for these—  
How small a shrivell'd laurel-leaf lies crumpled here and  
curled :  
They died to save their country and they only saved the  
world.

*G. K. Chesterton*

# NOTES

## THE MILKMAID'S LIFE (p. 9)

Martin Parker (c. 1600-c. 1656), probably a London tavern-keeper, wrote a large number of ballads. The best known is "When the King enjoys his own again" (1643), which became a favourite Jacobite song in the eighteenth century.

## OUR VILLAGE (p. 28)

*not Miss Mitford's Village*: Mary Russell Mitford published in 1819 her prose sketches of rural life and character entitled "Our Village".

## REMEMBRANCES (p. 33)

*Enclosure*: The poet alludes to the changes in the countryside brought about by the enclosure of common land to provide for increased production of corn. This policy was being actively pursued during the boyhood of John Clare (1793-1864).

## TOUGH GUY (p. 38)

*This is a time*: "Tough Guy" appeared in "The Observer", December 8, 1941.

## DUNS SCOTUS'S OXFORD (p. 41)

Duns Scotus (c. 1265-1308), the great scholastic philosopher, was born in the village of Duns, in Scotland. He became a Franciscan and studied in Oxford; he afterwards lectured in Oxford and Paris. His followers, the Scotists, were in the sixteenth century attacked and ridiculed by the humanists and Protestant reformers, and the name "duns" or "dunce" came to mean "blockhead".

## INDUSTRY TRIUMPHANT (p. 42)

The scene described belongs to the mid-eighteenth century. John Dyer's poem "The Fleece" was published in 1757.

## DESCRIPTION OF A CITY SHOWER (p. 49)

*templar*: barrister or other occupier of chambers in the Temple.

## ARSCOTT OF TETGOTT (p. 66)

John Arscott, the hero of this poem (published in 1852), was Sheriff of Devon; he died in 1675. The legend is that he still hunts in the county, his horn can be heard, and his hounds be seen passing by.

## THE FISHER'S LIFE (p. 78)

This and another song by John Chalkhill (*fl.* 1600) are included in Izaak Walton's "Compleat Angler".

## DANGERS OF FOOTBALL (p. 84)

*The dext'rous glazier . . . pent-house sound*: the glazier directs the football so as to break windows and get the job of repairing them.

## CRICKET (p. 85)

This song, written by "the Rev. Mr Cotton of Winchester", is inserted by John Nyren in his "Young Cricketer's Tutor", 1833. Another version is known in which the references to the Hambledon Club do not appear.

*Pentathlum of Greece*: The Pentathlon (Gk.) or Pentathlum (Lat.) was an athletic contest in which five exercises (leaping, running, throwing the discus, throwing the spear, and wrestling) were carried out by the same athletes on the same day.

## BALLADE OF CRICKET (p. 86)

The Envoy refers to Homer's "Odyssey", Book X, where the shade of Achilles tells Odysseus that he would rather be a poor man's thrall on earth than king among the dead.

## THE ARMADA (p. 95)

*the royal blazon*: the Royal Standard.

*that famed Picard field*: The Battle of Crecy (1346), when the army of Edward III defeated the forces of the French King Philip which included Genoese crossbowmen, a contingent of horse under John, King of Bohemia, and levies of other feudatories of the Holy Roman Empire ("Caesar's eagle shield").

## THE "REVENGE" (p. 98)

The incident commemorated in this ballad took place in 1591 when Lord Thomas Howard was sent to intercept the Spanish treasure fleet homeward-bound from the Indies. Grenville had been second in command to Drake on board the "Revenge" in the fight against the Armada in 1588.

## THE DEATH OF ADMIRAL BLAKE (p. 103)

Admiral Blake (1599-1657) was a native of Somersetshire. He died of a fever while on the way home from England after destroying the Spanish West Indian fleet at Santa Cruz (1657).

## BATTLE OF THE BALTIC (p. 107)

In 1801 Sweden, Denmark, and Russia joined together in a policy of Armed Neutrality, and announced their refusal to be bound by the British claim to search neutral vessels which might be carrying French goods. The English fleet sent to attack the Danish fleet at Copenhagen was under Admiral Parker, with Nelson as second in command. The story of how Nelson used his blind eye on this occasion has become proverbial.

## THE FIELD OF WATERLOO (p. 109)

*Harmodius*: Harmodius joined with Aristogeiton and others to slay the brothers Hippias and Hipparchus who were tyrants of Athens, 527-514 B.C. He was honoured as a liberator of the State.

## ADMIRALS ALL (p. 112)

The exploits of Essex and Duncan here referred to are less familiar than those of Drake and Nelson. In 1596 Queen Elizabeth appointed

the Earl of Essex, with Lord Howard of Effingham, Raleigh, and Lord Thomas Howard, to the command of the expedition against Cadiz. Essex defeated the Spaniards in a naval battle and took the town. Admiral Duncan became commander-in-chief of the North Sea fleet in 1795, and received instructions to harass the Dutch navy. In May 1797, owing to a mutiny in the British fleet, he had only two ships under his command. Nevertheless he proceeded to take up his station off Texel, where a Dutch fleet of 15 sail lay at anchor under Admiral De Winter. He adopted the stratagem of making signals as if to the main body of his fleet in the offing ; thus he was able to maintain his position until reinforcements arrived. In October he defeated De Winter at the battle of Gamperdown.

WELLINGTON (p. 115)

*Against the myriads of Assaye* : In 1803 Wellington, then Sir Arthur Wellesley, was serving in India, where his elder brother, Marquis Wellesley, was governor-general. He gained two brilliant victories over the Mahrattas at Assaye and Argaum.

*The treble works* : During the Peninsular War, when he was given insufficient support by the home government, Wellington could not keep the field against the overwhelming French forces. He therefore constructed the chain of defensive entrenchments, known as the Lines of Torres Vedras, between the sea and the Tagus. Thus he was able to hold Lisbon.

*Again their ravening eagle rose* : Napoleon returned from his exile in Elba.

*On that loud sabbath* : The battle of Waterloo was fought on Sunday, June 18, 1815.

*Be glad, because his bones are laid by thine* : Wellington and Nelson were both buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

BRAVE TOMB (p. 138)

Dryden's " *Annus Mirabilis* " dealt with events in 1666—the naval battles against the Dutch, and the Fire of London. *Our careful General* was George Monk, Duke of Albemarle.

THE ASPIRING SCHOLAR (p. 139)

These lines gain interest from their autobiographical character.

*Bodley's dome* : the Bodleian library at Oxford.

*Bacon's mansion* : Friar Bacon's tower, which formerly stood on the bridge over the Isis at Oxford. There was a legend that it would fall whenever a greater scholar than Bacon passed under it.

*the jail* : the debtors' prison.

*Hear Lydiat's life and Galileo's end* : Thomas Lydiat (1572-1646), though one of the greatest scholars of his time, lived in poverty. The old age of Galileo (1564-1642) was full of troubles : in 1639 he became blind, and a lingering disease caused his death.

ENGLAND (p. 145)

*Oceana, Utopia such, and Plato's isle* : The reference is to the ideal commonwealths described by James Harrington in " *Oceana* "

(1656), by Sir Thomas More in "Utopia" (1516), and by Plato in the account which he gives in the "Critias" of the legendary island of Atlantis supposed to have existed in the Atlantic Ocean and to have been overwhelmed by the sea.

THE FRIAR (p. 157)

*the ordres foure* : the four orders of mendicant friars (Dominicans, Franciscans, Carmelites, Augustinians).

*he was licenciat*: He had a licence from the Pope to give absolution for all sins. The "curat" (parish priest) had to refer certain cases to the Bishop.

*His tipet*: his hood or cowl : this seems to have been used as a pocket.

*For un-to such . . . Acorded nat*: It was not becoming for such an important person as he was . . .

*And over-al, ther as profit sholde arise*: And everywhere, where profit was to be gained . . .

*"In principio"* : The begging friar said the opening words of St. John's Gospel (*In principio erat verbum*) in each house he visited.

*His purchas . . . rente* : The proceeds of his begging amounted to a greater sum than his income.

*love-dayes* : Certain days were appointed for settling disputes by arbitration without recourse to law. The friars took a hand on these occasions.

*for his wantownesse* : by way of affectation.

THE COURT OF FAME (p. 160)

"The Garlande of Laurell", from which this passage is taken, is an allegorical poem in which the author, writing in praise of himself, describes his coronation among the world's great poets. John Skelton was tutor to Henry VIII. His satirical poems directed against Wolsey made it necessary for him to seek sanctuary at Westminster, where he died.

A BORE (p. 163)

*Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stows*: the sixteenth-century chroniclers.

ON THE UNIVERSITY CARRIER (p. 164)

Hobson, the Cambridge carrier of Milton's poem, provided the origin of the phrase "Hobson's choice". According to "The Spectator" he always obliged anyone who hired a horse from him to take the one standing nearest the stable door "so that every customer should have an equal chance of being well served, and every horse be used in its turn".

THE TRAGEDY OF WIT (p. 166)

The Prologue to "Aureng-Zebc" (1676). This was Dryden's last play in rhyming verse; it dealt with Aureng-Zebc's capture of the empire of India from his father and brothers.

## THE ENGLISH BREED (p. 167)

In his satirical poem "The True-born Englishman" (1701) Defoe attacked the popular prejudice against King William III because he was of foreign birth.

## SIR BALAAM (p. 169)

*London's column*: The Monument, on Fish Street Hill, built in memory of the Fire of London. The inscription attributed the fire to the work of the Papists.

## JOHN BULL (p. 171)

In the poem "The Search after Happiness" the Sultan of Serendib, overcome by melancholy, seeks a cure. Physicians and councillors having prescribed in vain, he determines on his mother's advice to seek the shirt of a happy man. He travels far and wide, but can find no one who is really nappy—not even John Bull. Eventually Paddy, a happy Irishman, is discovered; but he has no shirt.

## MR. LEAR (p. 174)

Edward Lear wrote his famous "Book of Nonsense" (1846) for the grandchildren of his patron the Earl of Derby. "The most remarkable of all nonsense-artists is Edward Lear; if the rest are masters of nonsense, he is surely the Prince of Nonsense. He has raised nonsense, nonsense pure and simple, nonsense free of all sense, morals, and prettiness, to the heights of great art. His work is the very apotheosis of nonsense; he is \* the prophet of the utterly absurd, of the patently impossible and vain" (Holbrook Jackson).

## To MRS. GAMP IN ELYSIUM (p. 188)

*With Gram and Durandal*: Gram, in the "Nibelungenlied", is Sigurd's sword, given to his father by Odin. Durandal, in the "Chanson de Roland", is the sword of the paladin Roland.

## EDMUND SPENSER (p. 191)

*our Colin*: Edmund Spenser. The poet adopted the name of Colin Clout in "The Shepherds Calendar" and "Colin Clout's come home againe".

*Glorian*: Gloriana was Spenser's name for Queen Elizabeth in "The Faerie Queene".

## AN ODE FOR BEN JONSON (p. 193)

As a young man Herrick belonged to the circle of wits who looked up to Ben Jonson as their master. He was adopted by Jonson as his poetical "son".

## To WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (p. 197)

The "Poem on the Growth of an Individual Mind" is "The Prelude", in which Wordsworth recorded his early spiritual development.

## DEATH OF TENNYSON (p. 201)

*Weimar*: the home of Goethe.

*Maro . . . the Mantuan*: Virgil (Publius Virgilius Maro), born in a village near Mantua in Cisalpine Gaul.

IN MEMORY OF WILFRED OWEN (p. 203)

Wilfred Owen, whose poems were published in 1920, served in the war of 1914-1918, was awarded the Military Cross, and was killed just before the Armistice.

LASCELLES ABERGROMBIE (p. 203)

Lascelles Abercrombie (1881 -1939), poet and literary critic, was Professor of English Literature at Bedford College, University of London, 1929-1935, and later Goldsmith Reader in English Literature at Oxford University.

ON SIR JOHN VANBRUGH (p. 205)

Sir John Vanbrugh (1664-1726) was famous both as a writer of comedy and as an architect. As a designer of country mansions he favoured size. Blenheim Palace, which he planned, is probably the largest domestic building in England.

SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS'S PAINTED WINDOW AT NEW COLLEGE,  
OXFORD (p. 205)

Thomas Warton (1728-1790), professor of poetry, and later professor of history at Oxford, poet laureate, and historian of English poetry, was by reason of his admiration of mediaeval ("Gothic") art a precursor of the Romantic school of criticism. But notwithstanding his predilection for the art of "Albion's earlier day", he could not resist the classic genius of Reynolds.

PEELE CASTLE IN A STORM (p. 209)

*Then, Beaumont . . . of Him whom I deplore* : Wordsworth here alludes to the loss of his brother John, commander of an East India Company's ship, which was wrecked in February 1805. Sir George Beaumont (1752-1827) was a landscape painter and a noted patron of art.

TO THE ARTISTS CALLED P.R.B. (p. 211)

The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, which included W. H. Hunt, J. E. Millais, D. G. Rossetti, W. M. Rossetti, and F. G. Stephens, professed to return to the ideals of art that existed before the time of Raphael.

TURNER (p. 211)

*And from the grave he challenged Claude Lorraine* : Turner tried to break down the contemporary worship of the seventeenth-century French landscape painter Claude. In 1807 he painted "Sun rising through Vapour" in deliberate rivalry with the earlier master. This picture was included by him among those he left to the nation, on the express condition that it was hung beside the Claudes in the National Gallery.

IN ST. PAUL'S A WHILE AGO (p. 212,

*Artemisia* : Queen of Caria in the fourth century B.C. Overcome with grief at the death of her husband, Mausolus, she built the Mausoleum as a memorial to him.

*the encircling mart*: " St. Paul's Churchyard ", in which (before the destruction of 1940-1941) shops and warehouses formed an important business centre.

VIROCONIUM (p. 216)

Viroconium was the ancient Roman city of which the remains can still be seen near Wroxeter. It was founded before A.D. 70, and may have been burned by the Saxons in 584.

TO A FRIEND IN PRAISE OF MUSIC AND POETRY (p. 218)

*Dowland*: John Dowland, lutanist and composer, published three books of " Songs or Airs " for the lute, 1597, 1600, and 1603.

MUSIC FOR THE MORRIS DANCE (p. 219)

*the hobby-horse*: The figure of a horse made of wickerwork was fastened about the waist of one of the performers in the morris dance.

TO MR. H. LAWES, ON HIS AIRS (p. 221)

*With Midas ears*: Midas, King of Phrygia, once declared that Pan was a finer flute-player than Apollo. To mark Midas's stupidity, Pan changed his ears to those of an ass.

POLITE MUSIC (p. 223)

*Heydegger*: John James Heidegger (1659?-1749) was manager of the opera at the Haymarket Theatre. For a time he was in partnership with Handel.

THE ORGANIST IN HEAVEN (p. 225)

Samuel Sebastian Wesley (1810-1876) was the leading organist and composer of church music of his day.

THE ROMAN CENTURION'S SONG (p. 231)

*Rhodanus*: The river Rhone.

*Nemausus and Arelate*: two Roman cities in Southern Gaul; now Nimes and Arles.

*Euroclydon*: a stormy north-east wind of the Mediterranean.

THE PARSON (p. 242)

*He sette nat his benefice . . . for soules*: He did not leave his parish to be looked after by a curate while he went to St. Paul's in London to obtain a chantry for souls (*i.e.* an endowment providing for a priest to sing masses for the founder).

DRAKE'S CHAIR (p. 247)

*Phaeton*: son of Phoebus, the sun-god. According to the well-known legend, Phaeton begged his father to allow him to drive the chariot of the sun, but he could not control the horses, and he came so near the earth that he almost caused a great conflagration.

THE SONG OF THE WESTERN MEN (p. 249)

This song relates to Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Bart. (1650-1721), bishop successively of Bristol, Exeter, and Winchester. He was loyal to King James II until the Declaration of Indulgence, 1687. The

following year he signed the petition against the second Declaration of Indulgence, and he was one of the seven bishops imprisoned in the Tower of London. He was a Cornish landowner.

MEN OF ENGLAND (p. 255)

*Russell's glory, Sydney's matchless shade* : Lord William Russell (1639-1683) was an enthusiast for political liberty and took a leading part in the opposition to the pro-French and pro-Catholic policy of Charles II. Algernon Sidney (Sydney) (1622-1683) was a republican leader in the civil war against Charles I, and was later associated with Russell in opposition to Charles II. Both Russell and Sidney were executed on false charges of complicity in the Rye House Plot (1683).

THE VICAR (p. 259)

*marrow* : spouse.

*his ponderous Barrow* : the collected sermons of Isaac Barrow (1630-1677), the great preacher, and mathematical and classical scholar.

*Sylvanus Urban* : was the pen-name of the editors of the "Gentleman's Magazine".

*Hie jacet . . . lauru* : Here lies William Brown, a man deserving to be crowned with every honour.

# INDEX OF AUTHORS

- ADDISON, JOSEPH**  
    **Marlborough at Blenheim**
- ALDINGTON, RICHARD**  
    **In Memory of Wilfred Owen**
- ANONYMOUS**  
    **Jolly Watt** . . . . .  
    **A s I came b y** . . . . .  
    **The King's Hunt** . . . . .  
    **The Lincolnshire Poacher**  
    **Plea for a Navy** . . . . .  
    **The Death of the Zeppelin**  
    **Night Bombers** . . . . .  
    **On a Grave in Mesopotamia**  
    **Christ Church Cathedral Windows, Oxford**  
    **Music for the Morris Dance**  
    **Robin Hood and Guy of Gis'borne**  
    **God save King Harry** . . . . .
- ARNE, THOMAS**  
    **Britain's Bulwarks** . . . . .
- ARNOLD, MATTHEW**  
    **The Upper Thames** . . . . .  
    **Death o f Byron** . . . . .
- ASQUITH, THE HON. HERBERT**  
    **The Volunteer** . . . . .
- BARING, THE HON. MAURICE**  
    **Vale** . . . . .
- BARNFIELD, RICHARD**  
    **To a Friend in Praise of Music and Poetry**
- BEAUMONT, FRANCIS**  
    **In Westminster Abbey** .
- BINYON, LAURENCE**  
    **Inheritance** . . . . .  
    **Milton** . . . . .  
    **The little Dancers** . . . . .
- BLAKE, WILLIAM**  
    **Nurse's Song** . . . . .  
    **The Three Parts of Painting**  
    **The Little Vagabond** . . . . .
- BLUNT, W. S.**  
    **St. Valentine's Day** . . . . .

- BLUNT, W. S.—*contd.*  
 The Old Squire . . . . .  
 Gibraltar . . . . .
- BOAS, F. S.  
 Westminster (May 1941)
- BOAS, GUY  
 To a London Typist, 1940
- BRIDGES, ROBERT  
 The Idle Flowers  
 London Snow  
 Trafalgar Square (September 1917)  
 The fair Brass
- BROOKE, RUPERT  
 The Soldier
- BROWN, HILTON  
 Londoner . . . . .  
 The Emigrant's Return . . . . .
- BROWN, IVOR  
 Tough Guy
- BROWN, T. E.  
 St. Bee's Head  
 The Organist in Heaven
- BROWNING, ROBERT  
 Home-Thoughts, from Abroad . . . . .  
 Home-Thoughts, from the Sea . . . . .  
 Ah, did you once see Shelley plain  
 Fight on
- BUTLER, SAMUEL  
 Religion of Hudibras
- BYRON, LORD  
 The Field of Waterloo . . . . .  
 " England ! with all thy faults . . . . .  
 Pope and Dryden . . . . .
- CALVERLEY, C. S.  
 The blessed Bell . . . . .  
 Wanderers . . . . .
- CAMPBELL, THOMAS  
 Battle of the Baltic  
 Men of England . . . . .
- CAMPION, THOMAS  
 Jack and Joan  
 When to her lute Corinna sings . . . . .
- CHALKHILL, JOHN  
 The Fisher's Life . . . . .

## INDEX OF AUTHORS

- CHAMBERS, SIR E. K.  
    **I like to think of Shakespeare**
- CHAUCER, GEOFFREY  
    **The Friar** . . . . .  
    **The patient Griseld** . . . . .  
    **The Parson** . . . . .
- CHESTERTON, G. K.  
    **The Englishman** . . . . .  
    **The English Graves** . . . . .
- CHURCHILL, CHARLES  
    **A Happy Land** . . . . .
- CLARE, JOHN  
    **Remembrances** . . . . .
- COLERIDGE, SAMUEL TAYLOR  
    **Dear Britain, Mother Isle**  
    **T o William Wordsworth** . . . . .  
    **The Eolian Harp** . . . . .
- COLERIDGE, SARA  
    **Playmates** . . . . .
- CORNFORD, FRANCES  
    **Cambridgeshire** . . . . .
- COTTON, REYNELL  
    **Cricket** . . . . .
- COWLEY, ABRAHAM  
    **Drake's Chair** . . . . .
- COWPER, WILLIAM  
    **The Winter Walk at Noon**  
    **England, with all thy faults**  
    **Boadicea** . . . . .
- CRABBE, GEORGE  
    **The Real Village.** . . . . .  
    **The Widow Goe.** . . . . .
- DANE, CLEMENCE  
    **A Queen's Faith** . . . . .
- DANIEL, SAMUEL  
    **Sacred Religion** . . . . .
- DEFOE, DANIEL  
    **The English Breed** . . . . .
- DE LA MARE, WALTER  
    **The Englishman** . . . . .
- DOBSON, AUSTIN  
    **The Ladies of St. James's**
- DONNE, JOHN  
    **Growing i n grace** . . . . .  
    **A Bore** . . . . .

DRAYTON, MICHAEL

**Coursing .**  
**Agincourt .**  
**English Musical Instruments**  
**Lincoln**

DRINKWATER, JOHN

**He carved in stone**

DRYDEN, JOHN

**Brave Tomb**  
**The Tragedy of Wit**  
**On the Death of Mr. Purcell**  
**The Country Member**

DUNBAR, WILLIAM

**London**

DYER, JOHN

**Industry Triumphant**

EDWARDES, RICHARD

**A Song to the Lute in Music**

ESDAILE, ARUNDELL

**South-West Wind in Autumn**  
**War-Worker (1916)**  
**Soldier (1940)**

EVANS, ABEL

**Sir John Vanbrugh**

FLETCHER, PHINEAS

**Edmund Spenser .**

FRIEDLAENDER, V. H.

**Early Spring and Thomas Hardy**

GASCOIGNE, GEORGE

**Honest Tradesmen**

GAY, JOHN

**To whom to give the wall**  
**Dangers of Football**

GIBSON, WILFRID

**When the Plane dived**  
**The Heap**  
**Lascelles Abercrombie**

GILBERT, SIR W. S.

**Etiquette .**

GOLDSMITH, OLIVER

**Loveliest Village .**  
**Sir Joshua Reynolds**  
**The Independent Briton .**

- GRAY, THOMAS  
**Vain Glory**
- HAMERTON, PHILIP GILBERT  
**Turner**
- HAMILTON, G. ROSTREVOR  
**The Bias .**
- HARDY, THOMAS  
**The Darkling Thrush**  
**Men who march away**  
**In St. Paul's a While Ago**
- HAWKER, R. S.  
**Arscott of Tetcott**  
**The Song of the Western Men**
- HENLEY, W. E.  
**Down through the ancient Strand**  
**Pro Rege Nostro .**
- HERBERT, A. P.  
**The Englishman .**
- HERRICK, ROBERT  
**Corinna's going a-Maying**  
**To Meadows**  
**His Return to London**  
**An Ode for Ben Jonson**
- HEWLETT, MAURICE  
**Weeping Dawn**
- HOARE, PRINCE  
**The " Arethusa " .**
- HOCCKLEVE, THOMAS  
**Death of Chaucer**
- HODGE, H. S. V.  
**Chant Royal of Cricket**
- HOOD, THOMAS  
**Our Village**  
**No!**
- HOPKINS, GERARD MANLEY  
**Duns Scotus's Oxford**  
**Henry Purcell**
- HOUSMAN, A. E.  
**Epitaph on an Army of Mercenaries**  
**Fancy's Knell**
- JOHNSON, LIONEL  
**By the Statue of King Charles at Charing Cross**
- JOHNSON, SAMUEL  
**The Aspiring Scholar . . . . .**

KIPLING, RUDYARD	PAGE
A Charm .	5
The River's Tale .	45
For all we have and are	u 8
The Roman Centurion's Song	231
If——	270
LANG, ANDREW	
Ballade of Cricket	86
LANGLAND, WILLIAM	
Tavern Scene	158
LEAR, EDWARD	
Mr. Lear .	174
LEVY, AMY	
A London Plane Tree	54
LOVELACE, RICHARD	
Heron and Falcon	75
LUCAS, E. V.	
Anticipations	60
LUCAS, F. L.	
Calphcr Wood	24
LYND, SYLVIA	
Cowper at Olney .	196
MACAULAY, LORD	
The Armada	95
MACCRAE, JOHN	
In Flanders Fields	125
MARVELL, ANDREW	
Charles II .	166
MASEFIELD, JOHN	
The Huntsman	69
The Chaser's Cup	70
Vagabond .	154
MASTER, THOMAS	
Lutestrings Cat-eaten	220
MEREDITH, GEORGE	
Tardy Spring	6
Young Reynard .	68
Trafalgar Day	114
Juggling Jerry	264
MEW, CHARLOTTE	
Old Shepherd's Prayer	151
MEYNELL, ALICE	
November Blue	60
MILLER, ALICE DUER	
Through American Eyes	271

*INDEX OF AUTHORS*

287

	PAGE
MILLER, JAMES	
<b>Polite Music</b>	223
MILNE, A. A.	
<b>London (1940)</b>	62
MILTON, JOHN	
<b>In the Cloister</b>	137
<b>On the University Carrier</b>	164
<b>To Mr. H. Lawes, on his Airs</b>	221
<b>To the Lord General</b>	249
MORRIS, WILLIAM	
<b>Chaucer's Thames</b>	54
MYERS, F. W. H.	
<b>Brighton</b>	44
NASHE, THOMAS	
<b>Sweet Spring</b>	
NEWBOLT, SIR HENRY	
<b>The Death of Admiral Blake</b>	103
<b>Admirals All</b>	112
NICHOLS, JOHN BOWYER	
<b>Pastel</b>	62
NOYES, ALFRED	
<b>Seagulls on the Serpentine</b>	61
PARKER, MARTIN	
<b>The Milkmaid's Life</b>	9
PEACOCK, THOMAS LOVE	
<b>The Beech and the Oak .</b>	24
PEELE, GEORGE	
<b>A Farewell to Arms</b>	132
PINTO, VIVIAN DE SOLA	
<b>In the Train</b>	
PITTER, RUTH	
<b>Help, Good Shepherd</b>	19
POPE, ALEXANDER	
<b>Disappointment .</b>	39
<b>Hampton Court .</b>	51
<b>Sir Balaam</b>	169
PRAED, WINTHROP MACKWORTH	
<b>The Vicar .</b>	259
PRIOR, MATTHEW	
<b>To a Child of Quality .</b>	140
PULTENEY, WILLIAM, Earl of Bath	
<b>Strawberry Hill .</b>	52
QUILLER-COUCH, SIR ARTHUR	
<b>Upon Eckington Bridge, River Avon</b>	39

- RALEIGH, SIR WALTER  
     **The Lie**
- RATGLIFFE, DOROTHY UNA  
     **Yorkshire's Five**
- SACKVILLE-WEST, THE HON. V.  
     **Summer Rain**  
     **Testament .**
- SASSOON, SIEGFRIED  
     **Concert Party**
- SCOTT, SIR WALTER  
     John Bull .  
     **Lindisfarne Abbey**  
     **Nelson and Pitt**
- SCOTT, WILLIAM BELL  
     **To the Artists called P.R.B**
- SEAMAN, SIR OWEN  
     **Between Midnight and Morning**
- SHAKESPEARE, WILLIAM  
     **This England**
- SHANKS, EDWARD  
     **The Other Little Boats .**
- SHELLEY, PERCY BYSSHE  
     **Keats's Immortality**
- SIDGWICK, ARTHUR HUGH  
     **Eights . . . . .**
- SITWELL, SIR OSBERT  
     **Old Mrs. Hague .**
- SKELTON, JOHN  
     **The Court of Fame**
- SMUTS, GENERAL
- SPENSER, EDMUND  
     **My Mother Cambridge •**  
     **Dear Country**
- SQUIRE, SIR JOHN  
     **The Rigger Match**  
     **To a Bull-Dog**  
     **How they do it (Sir Henry Newbolt)**
- STEPHEN, J. K.  
     **A Political Allegory**
- STRUTHER, JAN  
     **Betsinda Dances . . . . . #**
- STUART, DOROTHY MARGARET  
     **To Mrs. Gamp in Elysium**
- SWIFT, JONATHAN  
     **Description of a City Shower**

# INDEX OF AUTHORS

289

	PAGE
<b>SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES</b>	
A Ballad of Bath . . . . .	• 43
Christopher Marlowe . . . . .	• 192
<b>TENNYSON, LORD</b>	
Return of Spring . . . . .	6
The " Revenge " . . . . .	• 98
Wellington . . . . .	• 115
Sober-Suited Freedom . . . . .	• 146
<b>TENNYSON-TURNER, CHARLES</b>	
Letty's Globe . . . . .	• 145
<b>THACKERAY, WILLIAM MAKEPEACE</b>	
King Canute . . . . .	• 233
<b>THOMPSON, FRANCIS</b>	
At Lord's . . . . .	• 87
<b>THOMSON, JAMES</b>	
Happy Britannia . . . . .	• 251
<b>THOMSON, JAMES (" B.V. ")</b>	
Wherever men are gathered . . . . .	• 53
<b>TRAHERNE, THOMAS</b>	
Christmas Music . . . . .	• 222
<b>TRENCH, ARCHBISHOP</b>	
England . . . . .	• 145
<b>WALKER, JAMES</b>	
The Map . . . . .	• 155
<b>WALLER, EDMUND</b>	
An Ocean Home . . . . .	• <sup>x</sup> 37
<b>WALTON, IZAAK</b>	
The Angler's Wish . . . . .	• 77
<b>WARTON, THOMAS</b>	
Sir Joshua Reynolds's Painted Window at New College, Oxford . . . . .	• 205
<b>WATSON, SIR WILLIAM</b>	
Death of Tennyson . . . . .	• 201
<b>WATT, FREDERICK B.</b>	
England that shall be . . . . .	• 271
<b>WEBB, MARY</b>	
Viroconium . . . . .	• 216
<b>WOODS, MARGARET L.</b>	
Rest. . . . .	• 21
<b>WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM</b>	
Westminster Bridge . . . . .	• 52
Skating on Windermere . . . . .	• 80

	PAGE
WORDSWORTH, WILLIAM— <i>contd.</i>	
<b>The deep power of joy</b> . . . . .	. 1 4 2
<b>The Countryman in Exile</b> . . . . .	143
<b>The Heritage of Freedom</b> . . . . .	144
<b>Newton's Statue</b> . . . . .	208
<b>King's College Chapel</b> . . . . .	208
<b>Peele Castle in a Storm</b> . . . . .	209
<b>The Happy Warrior</b> . . . . .	. 2 5 6
YOUNG, E. HILTON	
<b>Mine-Sweepers</b> . . . . .	. 1 2 6
YOUNG, GEOFFREY WINTHROP	
<b>The Old Hill-Climber.</b> . . . .	81

## INDEX OF FIRST LINES

A dripping day is two hours old  
A frere ther was, a wantown and a merye .  
A good man was ther of religioun  
A good sword and a trusty hand !  
A pause came in the fighting and England held her breath  
Ah, Ben !  
Ah, did you once see Shelley plain .  
Ah, stay thy treacherous hand, forbear to trace  
Alas ! my worthi master honorable .  
All day up from the Channel clouds have been flowing  
All shod with steel .  
Always these loitering, melancholy dusks  
Amonges thise povre folk ther dwelte a man  
A n effigy o f brass .  
Are these the strings that poets feign  
As I came by a grene forest side  
As o'er the hill we roam'd at will  
As some fond virgin, whom her mother's care  
Assist, all ye Muses, and join to rehearse  
At break of day, O how the bells did ring !  
At Flores in the Azores Sir Richard Grenville lay .  
At last ! At last the winged Worm draws near  
At the midnight in the silence of the sleep-time  
Attend, all ye who list to hear our noble England's praise  
  
Beloved London's ancient walls  
But hark ! a sound is stealing on my ear— .  
But let my due feet never fail  
But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find  
By this to Lincoln com'n, upon whose lofty site  
  
Can I not sing but " Hoy " .  
Careful observers may foretell the hour  
Cheer up, my mates ! the wind does fairly blow .  
Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers  
Come, all ye jolly sailors bold  
" Courage ! " they cried, and pointed to the shore  
Cromwell, our chief of men, who through a cloud .  
Crowned, girdled, garbed and shod with light and fire  
Dear mother, dear mother, the church is cold  
Deare country ! O ! how dearly deare .  
Down through the ancient Strand .  
Dunno a heap about the what an' why

*ENGLAND*

Earth has not anything to show more fair .  
 " Earth has not anything to show more fair "  
 Eastward they climb, black shapes against the grey  
 Effingham, Grenville, Raleigh, Drake  
 England, a happy land we know  
 England, with all thy faults I love thee still—  
 " England ! with all thy faults I love thee still'

Fair stood the wind for France  
 Far from their homes they lie, the men who fell  
 Farewell, this is the first, the worst Farewell  
 Fir'd at the sound, my genius spreads her wing  
 Five years have past ; five summers, with the length  
 Fool that I was : my heart was sore  
 For all of England that is fair  
 For all we have and are  
 For he was of that stubborn crew  
 For the slender beech and the sapling oak  
 Forget six counties overhung with smoke  
 Friend of the wise ! and Teacher of the Good !  
 From the dull confines of the drooping west

Get up, get up for shame ! The blooming morn  
 Glade in god, call horn youre herte .  
 Go, soul, the body's guest  
 Gracefullest leaper, the dappled fox-cub  
 Green is the plane tree in the square

Harry, whose tuneful and well measur'd song  
 Have fair fallen, O fair, fair have fallen, so dear  
 He carved in stone. Out of his quiet life .  
 He leads : we hear our Seaman's call  
 He, like to a high-stretched lute-string, squeakt, " O sir  
 Heavens ! What a goodly prospect spreads around  
 Her brave sea-bulwarks builded strong  
 Here lies a clerk who half his life had spent  
 Here lieth one who did most truly prove  
 Here Reynolds is laid, and to tell you my mind  
 His golden locks Time hath to silver turned  
 Ho ! who comes here along with bagpiping and drumming ?  
 How blest is he who leads a country life  
 How changed is here each spot man makes or fills !  
 " How pleasant to know Mr. Lear ! .  
 How soft the music of those village bells  
 How tiny England is this map will show

- I am in a long train gliding through England  
 I am not drunken with religious dreams  
 I asked my dear friend Orator Prig .  
 I grant indeed that fields and flocks have charms  
 I had half-forgotten among the soft blue waters  
 I have not lost the magic of long days  
 I have seen cliffs that met the ocean foe  
 I have seen this day men in the beauty of movement  
 I have sown upon the fields .  
 I in these flowery meads would be .  
 I leant upon a coppice gate .  
 I like the hunting of the hare.  
 I like to think of Shakespeare, not as when .  
 I met a sailor in the woods .  
 I stode up, halfe sodenly afrayd  
 I thank you, brethren in sincerity,—  
 I travelled among unknown men  
 I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile !  
 If I should die, think only this of me  
 If music and sweet poetry agree  
 If there be some wild beauty worth .  
 If you can keep your head when all about you  
 In days of old, when Englishmen were men  
 In Flanders fields the poppies blow .  
 In Saxon strength that Abbey frown'd  
 In this green valley where the Ouse .  
 It is little I repair to the matches of the Southron folk  
 It is not to be thought of that the Flood  
 It was eight bells in the forenoon and hammocks running sleek
- Jack and Joan they think no ill  
 John Bull was in his very worst of moods .
- King Canute was weary-hearted ; he had reigned for years a score
- Laden with spoil of the South, fulfilled with the glory of achievement  
 Legate, I had the news last night—my cohort ordered home  
 Let due civilities be stricdy paid  
 Life, manifest in beauty and ugliness  
 Like a queen enchanted who may not laugh or weep  
 London, thou art of townes A per se  
 Lonely, save for a few faint stars, the sky .  
 Lord, how i t all comes back! . . . .  
 Lords, knights, and squires, the numerous band  
 Low, like another's, lies the laurelled head .

Mark how the lark and linnet sing .  
 Memory, out of the mist, in a long slow ripple  
 Men of England ! who inherit  
 Mortality, behold and fear ! .  
 My pensive Sara ! thy soft cheek reclined .

Next died the Widow Goe, an active dame  
 Next these the plenteous Ouse came far from land  
 No sun—no moon !  
 Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-West died away  
 Not ours the fighter's glow  
 Now be you thankful, who in England dwell  
 Now fades the last long streak of snow  
 Now hill to hill has made the stride .

O heavenly colour, London town  
 O my Mother Isle !  
 O pastoral heart of England ! like a psalm .  
 O , t o b e i n England . . . . .  
 Of a tall stature and a sable hue  
 Of Nelson and the North  
 Of sundry sorts that were, as the musician likes  
 Oh, the fisher's gende life  
 Old Mrs. Hague . . . . .  
 On a carpet red and blue  
 On the ninth of November, in the year fifty-two  
 Once more the grasses rippling  
 Once there was a famous nation  
 Others may use the ocean as their road  
 Our author by experience finds it true  
 Our village, that's to say not Miss Mitford's village, but our  
 village of Bullock Smithy

Peace, Freedom, Happiness, have loved to wait  
 Peace, peace ! he is not dead, he doth not sleep)—  
 Pitch here the tent, while the old horse grazes

Sacred Religion ! Mother of form and fear !  
 St. George he was for England  
 Seven weeks of sea, and twice seven days of storm .  
 Shadows do everywhere for substance pass .  
 So, friend of all men, and the wide world's lover .  
 Soldiers of England  
 Sombre and rich, the skies  
 Some cry up Gunnersbury ! .  
 Some years ago, ere time and taste  
 Soul of England, dost thou sleep

Spring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king  
 Still in the crystal light  
 Stop !—for thy tread is on an Empire's dust !  
 Summer and winter close commune .  
 Summer's pleasures they are gone like to visions every one  
 Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain

Take of English earth as much  
 Take we now our eastward course .  
 Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense .  
 The *Ballyshannon* foundered off the coast of Cariboo  
 The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power .  
 The burden of hard hitting : slog away !  
 The English love their country with a love .  
 The Evangelist St. John my patron was  
 The Heron mounted doth appear  
 The hunt is up, the hunt is up  
 The huntsman, Robin Dawe, looked round  
 The ladies of St. James's  
 The lowering sooty London sky  
 The moon shone clear on the becalmed flood  
 The roads were filled with a drifting crowd  
 The Romans first with Julius Caesar came .  
 The shouts of ousel blackamoors  
 The stacks, like blunt impassive temples, rise  
 The trewe processe of Englysh polycye  
 Then goeth Glutton in and great oaths after him  
 These, in the day when heaven was falling .  
 They are gathering round  
 This royal throne of kings, this sceptred isle  
 Time was, ere yet in these degenerate days .  
 To a bare blue hill . . . . .  
 To mute and to material things  
 To spend the long warm days  
 Today, all day, I rode upon the down  
 Towy city and branchy between towers .  
 Turn not aside, Shepherd, to see  
 Turner had strength to bear that tempering  
 Twenty bridges from Tower to **Kew**  
 Typist of the shingled hair

Under this stone, reader, survey  
 Up to the bed by the window, **where I be lyin'**

We know there is, in some far nook of space  
 We shan't see Willy any more, Mamie  
 Were I that wandering citizen whose city is the world  
 What have I done for you . . . . .  
 What of the faith and fire within us .  
 When Britain on her sea-girt shore .  
 When Byron's eyes were shut in death  
 When earth awakes as from some dreadful night .  
 When Earth in Eden did awake  
 When first the college rolls receive his name  
 When Herbert's Mama was a slim little Maid  
 When I am dead, let not my limbs be given  
 When I've been by Tiber an' when I've been by Seine  
 When I was bound apprentice in famous Lincolnshire  
 When lads were home from labour .  
 When Letty had scarce passed her third glad year  
 When men were all asleep the snow came flying .  
 When shaws beene sheene, and shradds full fayre .  
 When shoemakers make shoes  
 When still i n the season . . . . .  
 When the British warrior queen  
 When the plane dived and the machine-gun spattered  
 When the voices of children are heard on the green  
 When to her lute Corinna sings  
 When Wesley died, the Angelic Orders  
 Where Covent-Garden's famous temple stands  
 Where griping griefs the heart would wound  
 Where London's column, pointing at the skies  
 Wherever men are gathered, all the air  
 Whilst Rockingham was heard with these reports to ring  
 Who is he that cometh, like an honoured guest  
 Who is the happy Warrior? Who is he  
 Who makes the last a pattern for next year  
 " Why ? " you said, as the evening sirens blew  
 Witness our Colin; whom though all the Graces  
  
 Ye have been fresh and green  
 You ask me, why, tho' ill at ease  
 You rural goddesses . . . . .  
 You that have faith to look with fearless eyes

THE END









