

POETS AND POETR

Senior Book I

BY

E. J. S. LAY



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POETS AND POETRY

Senior Book I

ARRANGED BY

E. J. S. LAY

AUTHOR OF "THE PUPILS' CLASS-BOOKS OF ENGLISH COMPOSITION,
GEOGRAPHY, HISTORY, ARITHMETIC," ETC.

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PREFACE

THE use of pupils' books as a means of self-education is now an established practice in most schools. In books of poetry the pupil specially needs some guidance to enable him to make full use of his opportunities for self-instruction. It demands an extraordinary feat of mental adjustment to turn from a lesson say on arithmetic, and at a moment's notice to attune the senses to the appreciation of poetry. The teacher has not always the time to prepare the children's minds for the study. These books of *Poets and Poetry* have been prepared to supplement the work of the teacher and to stimulate the mental activities of the children.

The poems are arranged in groups, those in each group being linked by a common subject or thought. The notes at the beginning of each section are framed with the object of creating a suitable atmosphere for the study of the poems, and the notes and exercises at the end of each section will guide the pupil to a fuller appreciation of the beauty of poetry.

The sketches in the Junior Books are mainly intended as pictorial illustrations of certain words and phrases unfamiliar to children, especially to those children living in cities.

The majority of the poems are from the works of modern poets—Robert Bridges, Laurence Binyon, Patrick Chalmers, William Davies, Walter de la Mare, John Drinkwater, Rose Fyleman, Wilfrid Gibson, Thomas Hardy, F. W. Harvey, Rudyard Kipling, John Masefield, Sir Henry Newbolt, Alfred Noyes, J. C. Squire, James Stephens, Dorothy Margaret Stuart, Wilfrid Thorpe, William Butler Yeats, etc.

There are in all six books in the series, viz., *Junior Books* I, II, III, and *Senior Books* I, II, III.

The Editor is specially indebted to J. H. Fowler, M.A., for reading the proofs and making many valuable suggestions.

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I. POETRY OF EARTH.



Part I.

[*Note to the Reader.* The chapters in this book are divided into sections with the principal poems grouped separately from the text, so that the reader can, if he wishes, study the poems before referring to the text.]

1. *My Garden* What a delightful feeling of contentment it gives one to say "My Garden"! What numbers of men, women and children have used this expression, and what beautiful visions have accompanied the words! Truly, as the poet says, "A garden is a lovesome thing." There he finds beauty and peace; the beauty of flowers, pools and ferns, and the peace of reverent thoughts. It is clear that the poet, when writing *My Garden*, had in mind this passage from Genesis: "And they heard the voice of the Lord God walking in the garden in the cool of the day."

2. *The Thistle.* Laurence Binyon selects such a humble flower as the common thistle for the subject of his song. It is a despised plant, to be cut down by the blow of a stick as a useless weed. There, on

a hot midsummer day, it stands on the baked cliff edge, almost dried up and withered : " Was ever a weed upon earth so forlorn ? " But what does the poet see that none but a poet would notice ? " Erect stands the thistle," sturdily unaffected by the bleak surroundings. Here, then, is the picture that prompts the writer to dedicate a poem to so humble a plant

In this poem each verse has only two stressed syllables " In a patch of baked earth." This arrangement of the metre helps to give an air of quiet simplicity to the poem In the second stanza there is a striking example of *alliteration*, that is, the repetition of the same letter or syllable, usually at the beginning of two or more words near together :

Of still sea and sky Stands single a thistle

By alliteration the poet smoothes the edges of words and makes soft musical sounds.

3 Walter de la Mare writes of *The Linnet*, one of England's best songsters What a world of power the poet imagines for " this small parcel of life " ! Its twitter makes " all the throbbing world more fair " As in many poems by Walter de la Mare, fancy is blended with reality. The bird seems so much the soul or inspiration of the whole scene by expressing so perfectly the joy of it, that if the bird went, the joy and beauty of the scene would seem to have vanished

4. *An Evening Falls*. James Stephens, an Irish poet, has written many simple, interesting poems easily understood. But, as in all good poetry, there is something more in the thoughts than appears at a glance. In *An Evening Falls* we catch a picture of a quiet evening in the country, and then our thoughts are spirited away to the listening mothers who wait at home for their loved ones.

The pictures are in outline, there are no details, but it needs little imagination to fill in the scenes suggested by the simple vivid

statements. With the tired horse clop-clopping along the road we can imagine the ploughman or the carter with weary feet trudging behind, we see the plough left alone in the furrow, or the wagon on the stubble, we hear the occasional short sharp bark of the shepherd's dog as he rushes to and fro gathering the sheep and urging them forwards to the fold, a faint caw, caw, induces us to look upwards, where we see the crow "winging to a loved nest," the greying sky dotted with black patches made by the flight of its companions.

Notice in the second part of the poem the effect of the short lines in arresting the attention. They are meant to be read very slowly to occupy the same time as the long ones, and this slowness holds our attention. The poet lures *us* to hear the knocking, and open the door, and see the children

5. The bird's song, *Follow, Follow, Follow*, by the same author, is full of music and fairy dancing. By a skilful arrangement of words there is pictured for us the swift flight of the birds through the bright sunshine "up to the very blueness of the sky" We feel that *we* have a share in the happiness of the singer and the birds, and we, too, want to sing and dance, "shouting aloud our ecstasy of praise."

Much of the music in this song is produced by the clever weaving together of the vowel sounds. Concentrate your mind, for a moment, on the vowels, and say aloud

Lift, lift, ye happy birds ! Lift song and wing ;
And sing and fly ; and fly again, and sing
Up to the very blueness of the sky
Your happy words !
O Follow ! Follow ! Follow !

Select another passage and read it aloud, still thinking specially of the vowel sounds, and you will appreciate how greatly the music of the poem depends on the arrangement of the vowels.

POETRY OF EARTH

1. MY GARDEN.

A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot !
Rose plot,
 Fringed pool,
Ferned grot—
 The veriest school
 Of peace , and yet the fool
Contentds that God is not—
Not God ! in gardens ! when the eve is cool ?
 Nay, but I have a sign ,
 'Tis very sure God walks in mine

T E. Brown.

2 THE THISTLE.

In a patch of baked earth
At the crumbled cliff's brink,
Where the parching of August
Has cracked a long chink,

Against the blue void
Of still sea and sky
Stands single a thistle,
Tall, tarnished, and dry.

Frayed leaves, spotted brown,
Head hoary and torn,
Was ever a weed
Upon earth so forlorn,

So solemnly gazed on
By the sun in his sheen
That prints in long shadow
Its raggedness lean ?

From the sky comes no laughter,
From earth not a moan.
Erect stands the thistle,
Its seeds abroad blown.

Laurence Binyon.

3. THE LINNET.

Upon this leafy bush
With thorns and roses in it,
Flutters a thing of light,
A twittering linnet,
And all the throbbing world
Of dew and sun and air
By this small parcel of life
Is made more fair ,
As if each bramble-spray
And mounded gold-wreathed furze,
Harebell and little thyme,
Were only hers ,
As if this beauty and grace
Did to one bird belong,
And, at a flutter of wing,
Might vanish in song.

Walter de la Mare.

4. AN EVENING FALLS.

I.

At eve the horse is freed of plough or wain,
And turns from labour into yearned rest ! •

The scattered sheep are gathering home again !
The crow is winging to a loved nest !

POETRY OF EARTH

And to the den, in hedge or hill, once more
Go all who may .

II.

Each mother listens now ! Each is aware
That little feet have paused in field or street ;

And she will hear
A knocking at the door,

And open it,
And see her children there !

James Stephens.

5 FOLLOW, FOLLOW, FOLLOW.

Follow ! Follow ! Follow !
Blackbird, thrush and swallow !
The air is soft, the sun is dancing through
The dancing boughs ,
A little while me company along
And I will go with you
Arouse ! Arouse !
Among the leaves I sing my pleasant song

Sky ! Sky ! On high ! O gentle majesty !
Come all ye happy birds and follow, follow !
Under the slender interlacing boughs,
Blackbird, thrush and swallow !
No longer in the sunlight sit and drowse,
But me accompany along ,
No longer be ye mute !
Arouse ! Arouse !
Among the leaves I sing my pleasant song.

Lift, lift, ye happy birds ! Lift song and wing ;
And sing and fly ; and fly again, and sing
Up to the very blueness of the sky
Your happy words !
O Follow ! Follow ! Follow !
Where we go racing through the shady ways,
Blackbird, thrush and swallow,
Shouting aloud our ecstasy of praise !
Under the slender interlacing boughs
Me company along ;
The sun is coming with us !
Rouse ! O rouse !
Among the leaves I sing my pleasant song.

James Stephens.

Part 2.

6. John Drinkwater, a modern poet, looks from *A Town Window* and finds some "Poetry of Earth" even in a "drab inglorious street." By this poet's magic we catch glimpses of something far beyond the street—the Warwick woods at night, and the Warwick woods in springtime, when the crocus blazes forth "in flame of gold" This vision of his woods at home in Warwickshire helps the poet to imagine "the tumult of a thousand wings," even though he can hear the tram moaning and ringing down the hill. The remembrance of some beautiful scene is a constant source of pleasure. This fact is charmingly expressed in the following lines by Keats :

A thing of beauty is a joy for ever
Its loveliness increases , it will never
Pass into nothingness ; but still will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.

7. *The Late, Last Rook*, by Ralph Hodgson, is a simple, natural little poem about a common sight in the country near the time of the

setting sun. There always seems to be one late, last rook reluctant to leave the fields and go home to roost. Rooks are notoriously loquacious—talkative—and the poet suggests that one talks in his sleep as he dreams of the freshly ploughed fields. Here, as in *An Evening Falls*, the pictures are mere outlines, and the details must be filled in by the reader's imagination. "The old gilt vane and spire" naturally recall some picture of a church, with, perhaps, the quiet churchyard and dark green yew trees. Memory may recall other details for the picture, especially when one reads of "the first shy bat," and "the last red glow" of sunset. Always there is more in a good poem than one at first perceives.

8 *Autumn: A Dirge* This dirge, a funeral or mourning hymn, was written by Percy Bysshe Shelley. The personal love of nature is the special mark of the poets of the nineteenth century, of these nature lovers, Wordsworth, Shelley and Keats stand out pre-eminent. Shelley lived a retired, unpractical life. He was a very lonely spirit, living in a world of his own, full of airy visions, but with a fiery passion for truth and justice. His poetry is unsurpassed in its music and in a light airy quality, as unsubstantial as mist or spiders' webs. It must be read carefully and thoughtfully, for every line is full of meaning.

One can hardly fail to notice how skilfully the words have been chosen in this poem to express sadness—sadness for the death of the beauty and joy of the old year. Note, for instance, the rhyming words *failing, wailing, sighing, dying*, etc., and the number of words and phrases that are generally used to accompany expressions of grief: *death-bed, shroud, saddest array, bier, dim shadows, sepulchre*, etc.

9 *To Daffodils* is by Robert Herrick (1591-1634), a poet of the seventeenth century. This poem, like many by Herrick, is markedly different from most of the modern poems of nature, for it tells little about the actual beauties of nature, but is full of imagery and reflection. Here the poet compares the brief life of the daffodils with

our own lives. He shows himself in *sympathy* with the daffodils, he places himself in the same class as the flowers, and invites them to stay and join with him in prayer.

Robert Herrick often tried to teach a lesson through his poetry. Perhaps that was because he was a clergyman, and it became natural for him to do this.

6. A TOWN WINDOW.

Beyond my window in the night
Is but a drab inglorious street,
Yet there the frost and clean starlight
As over Warwick woods are sweet.

Under the grey drift of the town
The crocus works among the mould
As eagerly as those that crown
The Warwick spring in flame of gold.

And when the tramway down the hill
Across the cobbles moans and rings,
There is about my window-sill
The tumult of a thousand wings.

John Drinkwater.

7. THE LATE, LAST ROOK.

The old gilt vane and spire receive
The last beam eastward striking ;
The first shy bat to peep at eve
Has found her to his liking
The western heaven is dull and grey,
The last red glow has followed day.

The late, last rook is housed and will
With cronies lie till morrow ;

POETRY OF EARTH

If there's a rook loquacious still
 In dream he hunts a furrow,
 And flaps behind a spectre team,
 Or ghostly scarecrows walk his dream

Ralph Hodgson

8 AUTUMN A DIRGE.

The warm sun is failing, the bleak wind is wailing,
 The bare boughs are sighing, the pale flowers are dying,
 And the year

On the earth her death-bed, in a shroud of leaves dead
 Is lying

Come, months, come away,
 From November to May,
 In your saddest array ;
 Follow the bier
 Of the dead cold year,

And like dim shadows watch by her sepulchre.

The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,
 The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling

For the year ,

The blithe swallows are flown, and the lizards each gone
 To his dwelling ,

Come, months, come away ,
 Put on white, black, and grey ,
 Let your light sisters play—
 Ye, follow the bier

Of the dead cold year,

And make her grave green with tear on tear

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

9. TO DAFFODILS.

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

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

Robert Herrick.

Part 3.

10. *The Bells of Youth.* Perhaps there is nothing more joyous than a walk in the country on a spring morning. The signs of Nature's youth—the leafy splendour of the trees, the first spring flowers, the bursting buds of the hedges, the merry carolling of the birds—all help to fill one with a sense of sheer happiness which can best be expressed in song. *The Bells of Youth*, by “Fiona Macleod,”

is a very musical song, which is full of the joyous spirit of spring-time .

Spring has risen with a laugh, a wild-rose in her mouth,
And is singing, singing, singing thro' the world

Spring is here personified, so that the poet speaks of her as a person laughing and singing. It was common in ancient times to speak of the clouds, rain, sun, moon, stars, seasons and other natural things as living persons having great and wonderful power, and frequently in modern poetry we find something of the nature of these *myths*.

11. *Richmond Park* Patrick Chalmers sings of the wonders of visits at different times of the year to Richmond Park first on "a windy April morning" when the beech trees are shyly putting forth their leaves, or, as the poet expresses it, when they "don a diffident adorning", next in "the splendour of a June day" when the rhododendrons are in bloom, then in October "when the year is growing mellow", and lastly in December "when the days are short and chilly." Fact and fancy are here tune-fully blended, and even if we cannot visit this delightful place, at least we can imagine the beauties of it, and compare them with others of which we know.

10 THE BELLS OF YOUTH.

The Bells of Youth are ringing in the gateways of the South :

The bannerets of green are now unfurled
Spring has risen with a laugh, a wild-rose in her mouth,
And is singing, singing, singing thro' the world

The Bells of Youth are ringing in all the silent places,
The primrose and the celandine are out .
Children run a-laughing with joy upon their faces,
The west wind follows after with a shout.

The Bells of Youth are ringing from the forests to the mountains,
From the meadows to the moorlands, hark their ringing!
Ten thousand thousand splashing rills and fern-dappled fountains
Are flinging wide the Song of Youth, and onward flowing, singing !

The Bells of Youth are ringing in the gateways of the South :
The bannerets of green are now unfurled :
Spring has risen with a laugh, a wild-rose in her mouth,
And is singing, singing, singing thro' the world.

" Fiona Macleod " (William Sharp).

11 RICHMOND PARK.

Oh, have you been to Richmond of a windy April morning,
When the loose white clouds are flying and the blue is washed and
clean,

When the beeches on the hill-top don a diffident adorning
And the river twines its silver through the shimmer of the green,
When the cuckoo flings his notes
And the thrushes crack their throats

And the boatmen at the eyot start a-varnishing their boats ?

Have you seen its gallant vistas in the splendour of a June day ?
Oh, the rhododendron thickets and the water and the wood !
When the stags are still in velvet, and across the hush of noon-day
Comes the throbbing of the motors past the Gate of Robin Hood,
When the bracken by the ponds
First unfolds its crinkled fronds

And the dragon-flies are dancing round the slender willow wands ?

Have you been to royal Richmond when the year is growing mellow,
And October, mild and fruitful, on its woodland sets her mark,
When the footpath—of her bounty—has a carpet red and yellow,
And the great harts roar a challenge as the twilight meets the dark,

And at half-past five or so
 There are lights that flash and glow,
 Thrilling upward in the quiet out of Kingston down below ?
 Oh, have you been to Richmond when the days are short and chilly,
 When a red December sunset has been swallowed in the fog,
 When the wanderer, belated in the frosty air and stilly,
 Sees the tree-trunks full of goblins, and he whistles up his dog,
 And turns to look again
 At the firelight on the pane,
 In the keeper's cottage window, going home by Clarence Lane ?
 If you've not, then, and would know it, with its pools and forest
 spaces,
 Take this gratis introduction, very willingly bestowed,
 And a trifling thing in train-fares will acquaint you with its graces,
 Or you'll hear its Pan-pipe music by a bus from Brompton Road.
 If a Dryad you should see
 And you care to mention me,
 I shouldn't be astonished if she asked you in to tea !

Patrick R. Chalmers

NOTES AND EXERCISES.

1. MY GARDEN T. E. Brown (1830-97) was born in the Isle of Man, he went to Oxford, where he won high honours, and then he became a schoolmaster.

Poets sometimes employ *archaic* words, that is, old words not now in common use. Such words are *lovesome*, meaning *lovely*, and *wot*, meaning *knows*, and *grot*, meaning *grotto*. The employment of these words here helps to create an old-world atmosphere. Note the question asked in the line "Not God ' in gardens ' when the eve is cool ? " The poet does not expect an answer to this question, it is used for effect, or for emphasis. He is answering an imaginary question which seems implied in the look of incredulity on an unsympathetic face, "Why, you're talking of your garden as if it were the Garden of Eden and God walked there !"—And his answer to the objector is the bold unexpected one, "Quite so: I am sure that God *does* walk in my garden."

Exercises. (1) What is the statement in the first line ? How is the statement illustrated ? (2) What is the statement in the last line ? How is the truth of the statement proved in the poem ?

2 THE THISTLE. Laurence Binyon (b. 1869), a poet and writer on art, is assistant-keeper in the British Museum, in charge of oriental prints and drawings.

Exercises. (1) Name six words of pictorial quality in the poem. (2) Why does the subject of the thistle sound an unpromising one for a poem ? (3) Why is the poem short and simple ? (4) What is the moral implied in the poem ? (5) Explain. (a) "Against the blue void", (b) "That prints in long shadow its raggedness lean."

3 THE LINNET Note in this poem the words *flutters*, *twittering* and *throbbing*. The sound of each of these words conveys the sense. Many poets take particular delight in using words in which the *sound* is an echo to the *sense* which the words are meant to convey. This Figure of Speech is called *onomatopoeia*. (On-o-mat-o-pē'-ya = name-making) Poetry is full of this music of words. We readily recognise the imitative intent in such words and phrases as croaking frogs, cawing rooks, clucking hens, neighing horses, mewing cats, yelping dogs, grunting pigs, quacking ducks, lowing oxen, bleating sheep, cuckoo, peewit, twitter. Words which are the imitations of sounds are called *onomatopoeic words*.

Exercises. (1) A writer has stated that Walter de la Mare "finds it almost impossible to distinguish between the two worlds usually known as *real* and *unreal*" Explain this statement by reference to the poem of *The Linnet* (2) The poet shows, as in a mirror, the beauty of the world in which the linnet lives. Give some account of this beauty. (3) Explain the following as fully as you can: (a) "a thing of light", (b) "this small parcel of life", (c) "mounded gold-wreathed furze".

4. AN EVENING FALLS The arrangement of the stressed syllables in the first lines helps to give an air of quiet, and peace, and rest: "At *éve* the *hóse* is *fréed* of *plóugh* or *wáin*" We catch a picture of the ploughman and his horse, tired with labour, trudging wearily along the road, a picture similar to that conveyed by Gray's famous lines.

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

Wain—a wagon: *yearned*—longed for.

Exercises. (1) What is the effect of making some lines in *An Evening Falls* shorter than others ? (2) Quote the lines that give a sense of quiet joyfulness. (3) Explain by reference to the poem the statement . " There is something more in a good poem than appears at a glance " (4) Explain the force of the words *yearned* and *scattered*

5 FOLLOW, FOLLOW, FOLLOW There are in this poem many examples of *repetition* and *alliteration* Repetition adds force to a word or phrase " like a blacksmith repeating his blows on an anvil " It gives expression to intense feeling, and often aids in conveying musical sounds such as one hears in the sounds of the wind, the waves, the forest trees, the songs of birds, etc The repetition in this poem helps to express the emotion of joyous movement Note the effect on the senses of the repetition of (a) ' Follow ' Follow ' Follow ' " (b) " Arouse ' Arouse ' " (c) " The sun is dancing through the dancing boughs " Note the alliteration in " Among the leaves I sing my pleasant song," and the subtle alliteration of the *n* sound in *among*, *sing*, *song*

Exercises (1) Quote other examples of repetition and alliteration from this poem (2) Quote some musical phrases from the poem (3) How does the poem make *you* feel ? Give reasons (4) Make a list of bird calls, such as cuckoo, cheep cheep, etc

6 A TOWN WINDOW *Exercises* (1) Point out by reference to this poem some of the joys of imagination (2) In what respects is a view from a town window equal with that from a country window ? (3) What is the force of the word *eagerly* as applied to the crocus ? (4) What " things of beauty " does Drinkwater definitely mention ?

7 THE LATE, LAST ROOK Ralph Hodgson (b 1871) has had some very varied experiences, having lived in America and having worked as a journalist and illustrator in London, and as a lecturer in English at a Japanese university

Vane—a contrivance attached to some elevated object so as to be moved by the wind, to show which way the wind blows, a weathercock. *crows*—intimate companions

Exercises Explain (a) " The last beam eastward striking ", (b) " And flaps behind a spectre team "

8 AUTUMN A DIRGE In this poem there are several instances of double rhymes, such as *failing* and *wailing*

Exercise. A *dirge* is a funeral or mourning hymn Explain as fully as you can the suitability of this title.

9. TO DAFFODILS. Notice how short and long verses are interspersed in this poem, and that the two stanzas correspond to each other. A *stanza* is the name for each group of verses into which a poem is divided. A *verse* of poetry is a line consisting of a certain number of metrical feet. A *foot*, the unit of verse, is the group of syllables made up of one stressed syllable and one or more unstressed syllables. Thus in the first verse of *To Daffodils* there are four feet, each foot having one stressed syllable preceded by an unstressed syllable. Fair Dá | fodils, | we wéep | to sée |

Exercises. (1) In *To Daffodils* what indications are there of the poet's sympathy with flowers? (2) What lesson is taught in this poem? (3) Explain the force of the words *hasting* and *pearls*. (4) How does this poem illustrate the proverb "Time Flies"?

10. THE BELLS OF YOUTH. "Fiona Macleod" is a pen-name, or "nom de plume", used by Wilham Sharp.

Exercises. (1) What do you understand by the title of this song? (2) What figure of speech is used in the line, "Spring has risen with a laugh, a wild-rose in her mouth"? (3) What do you understand by the line, "The Bells of Youth are ringing in all the silent places"?

11. RICHMOND PARK. *Eyot*—a small island: *stags in velvet*—stags annually shed their antlers, and in springtime the new antlers are covered with a skin having the appearance of velvet: *harts*—male deer: *Pan-pipe*—Pan was a Greek god of flocks and pastures, of forests and their wild life, he was supposed to wander through the forests attended by nymphs, and playing upon the syrinx, or "Pan's pipes", fabled to be his invention (see the picture on the cover of this book): *Dryad*—a wood nymph, a nymph whose life is bound up with that of her tree.

Exercise. Quote some musical phrases from this poem



"And the great harts roar a challenge."

II. THE SONG.



Part 1.

WHEN a poet is expressing in musical language his own thoughts, and especially his own feelings, his poetry is said to be lyrical. Here is a little flash of lyrical poetry

But O for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

But when a poet is expressing the thoughts and the feelings of somebody else, his poetry is said to be dramatic. Shakespeare shows himself a dramatic poet when he makes Henry V say, at the siege of Harfleur

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more .
Or close the wall up with our English dead !

The simplest form of lyrical poetry is the song. "To write a lovely song is one of the rare things of the world." A real song is intended to be sung, and is therefore set to music. The words of a good song are generally simple, the stresses fall regularly, the lines are of regular length, and the stanzas are of equal length. Otherwise, the tune would not always fit the words. The words of a song should be easy to say and to sing, and pleasant to hear, hence,

there are usually many *open* vowels, as in *darling* and *heart* ; and there are often liquid consonants, as in *Sally* and *alley*.

Notice how easy and pleasant it is to read the following lines, because the words flow along so smoothly :

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Another thing that makes a song easy to remember, easy to grasp, and pleasant to listen to, is repetition , either repetition of certain words and phrases, or repetition of the sense conveyed by them We find repetition usually at the ends of the stanzas, where the repeated lines form a refrain. Sometimes the listeners are expected to join in the song, and then we have a chorus , and sometimes the refrain is like a word dance having no sense, but with much feeling, such as Hey nonny nonny , Fa la la , Derry down day.

12. *Cargoes* is a grand song by John Masefield. Read it quietly two or three times until you are familiar with the words, then recite it aloud, and you will appreciate the ringing sound of the music.

The poem first tells of the strange cargoes which were sent from the ancient city of Nineveh and conveyed to the Mediterranean ports of Palestine in quinquiremes. Quinquiremes were galleys with many rowing benches having five banks of oars. The second stanza speaks of a "stately Spanish galleon" bringing the rich treasures from the newly found lands about the Isthmus of Panama. Finally, we are told of the modern way of carrying cargoes. Here is a striking contrast, for it is by means of a "dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack" that cargoes are now carried, and very different cargoes they are from the beautiful treasures of

former days. But you will notice that the poet speaks proudly of these efficient but homely craft "Butting through the Channel in the mad March days"

13. *The War-Song of the Vikings* is a stirring martial song. The Vikings were pirate crews from among the Northmen, who plundered the coasts of Europe in the eighth to the tenth centuries. You doubtless remember how these terrifying pirates came to Britain to harry and pillage, to murder and burn. Their supreme god was Odin, the god of wisdom, poetry and war, who in Valhalla presided over the banquets of those slain in battle. This modern poem by "Fiona Macleod" fittingly describes the warlike feelings of these pirates.

The peculiar rhythm in this song is in imitation of old Scandinavian poetry. Note the short, snappy lines. When we are excited, or speak with strong emphasis, we often use very short sentences.

14. *A Ballad-Maker* is by Padraic Colum, who was born in Ireland in 1881. A ballad was formerly a song suited to accompany a dance, in Elizabethan times it was a name specially given to a light part-song, or madrigal, with a *fa la* refrain or chorus. The name is now, as in this instance, usually applied to a song of a romantic nature where the melody is repeated in two or more stanzas. You will enjoy reciting this song if one boy or girl says the words, and all join in repeating the refrain. The refrain is a very old one. Probably you remember that it occurs in the Nursery Rhyme, *Tom, Tom the Piper's Son* :

Tom, Tom, the piper's son,
He learned to play when he was young,
But the only tune that he could play,
Was, "*Over the hills and far away*"

The meanings of the Irish words used in the poem are given in the Notes at the end of the chapter.

12. CARGOES.

Quinquireme of Nineveh from distant Ophir,
Rowing home to haven in sunny Palestine,
With a cargo of ivory,
And apes and peacocks,
Sandalwood, cedarwood, and sweet white wine.

Stately Spanish galleon coming from the Isthmus,
Dipping through the Tropics by the palm-green shores,
With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.

Dirty British coaster with a salt-caked smoke-stack,
Butting through the Channel in the mad March days,
With a cargo of Tyne coal,
Road-rails, pig-lead,
Firewood, iron-ware, and cheap tin trays.

John Masefield.

13. THE WAR-SONG OF THE VIKINGS.

Let loose the hounds of war,
The whirling swords !
Send them leaping afar,
Red in their thirst for war ;
Odin laughs in his car
At the screaming of the swords !

Far let the white-ones fly,
The whirling swords !
Afar off the ravens spy
Death-shadows cloud the sky.

THE SONG

Let the wolves of the Gael die
 'Neath the screaming swords !

The Shining Ones yonder
 High in Valhalla
 Shout now, with thunder :
 Drive the Gaels under,
 Cleave them asunder—
 Swords of Valhalla !

“ *Fiona Macleod* ” (William Sharp).

14. A BALLAD-MAKER.

Once I loved a maiden fair,
Over the hills and far away,
 Lands she had and lovers to spare,
Over the hills and far away
 And I was stooped and troubled sore,
 And my face was pale, and the coat I wore
 Was thin as my supper the night before,
Over the hills and far away

Once I passed in the autumn late,
Over the hills and far away,
 Her bawn and byre and painted gate,
Over the hills and far away.
 She was leaning there in the twilight space,
 Sweet sorrow was on her fair young face,
 And her wistful eyes were away from the place—
Over the hills and far away.

Maybe she thought as she watched me come,
Over the hills and far away,
 With my awkward stride, and my face so glum,
Over the hills and far away,

“ Spite of his stoop, he still is young ;
They say he goes the Shee among,
Ballads he makes, I’ve heard them sung—
Over the hills and far away.”

She gave me good night in gentle wise,
Over the hills and far away,
Shyly lifting to mine, dark eyes,
Over the hills and far away.
What could I do but stop and speak,
And she no longer proud but meek ?
She plucked me a rose like her wild-rose cheek—
Over the hills and far away.

To-morrow, Mavourneen a sleeveen weds,
Over the hills and far away,
With corn in haggard and cattle in sheds,
Over the hills and far away
And I who have lost her—the dear, the rare—
Well, I got me this ballad to sing at the fair,
’Twill bring enough money to drown my care,
Over the hills and far away

Padraic Colum.

Part 2.

15. *Two Red Roses Across the Moon*, was written by William Morris, 1834-96. William Morris, being the son of a rich man, was, after leaving Oxford University, able to devote his life to art and literature. He had an immense capacity for work, which showed itself not only in painting and writing and printing, but in beautifying many things, from wallpapers and stained-glass windows and furniture, to the cups and saucers, dishes and dog-irons. In his work and writings he had but one thought—to reproduce the strange beauty of the Middle Ages. Much of his poetry was written

in the romantic style *Two Red Roses Across the Moon* is a musical refrain that haunts the memory of a brave knight, after he has heard it sung by a lady "large in the eyes, and slim and tall." You will notice how ingeniously the poet has introduced the word *noon* at the end of the third line in each stanza, so as to make it rhyme throughout with *moon*.

16. The poem *Jerusalem* is the introduction to *Milton*, written nearly one hundred years ago by the mystical poet William Blake. *Milton* is one of the strange prophetic poems which Blake was always beginning and never finishing. *Jerusalem* is an impressive poem full of lofty thoughts and aspirations. Blake was, of all men, a man of visions. They were with him constantly—the breath of his life. He *saw* Christ and the prophets in England, to him imagination was reality. He seems to say in this inspired poem

Did the Son of God come only to Palestine in the ancient time ?
Or did He set His seal in the beauty of Nature upon our English
country also ? But man in these last days is defiling it and destroy-
ing its beauty.

I have seen His face shining upon our cloud-topped heights ; I
have watched Him setting up the Kingdom of God among the works
of Satan.

I, too, will fight for that Kingdom , I will take my golden bow,
my arrows (the swift messengers of my will), and my spear. I will
be a prophet, an Elijah. Send me a chariot of fire, O Lor !

For I will go on fighting, both in my mind, and with my body,
until we have built up Thy Kingdom in this green and pleasant land.

17 *The Recessional* is one of the best-known of all Kipling's poems. It is a hymn, a song of praise and devotion intended to be used in religious service. On reading it one is impressed by the lofty thought and style, the deep feeling of devotion, and the resonant organ-like music. It is essentially a didactic poem, that is, one in which the poet endeavours to teach a lesson or convey a moral. Here the lesson is one for England. England, with its

world-wide power having "dominion over palm and pine"; England with its "far-flung battle-line", England, with its mighty navy, must remember that former great powers—Nineveh and Tyre—have passed away. Nothing is left of them. Tumult and shouting cease, captains and kings, the symbols of pomp and power, all perish. One thing alone remains—"An humble and a contrite heart."

A recessional hymn is a hymn sung during the recession, or withdrawing, of the clergy and choir from the chancel of a church to the robing room, and this poem expresses the poet's sobering thought and counsel to the nation after the outburst of pride and self-glorification at the celebrations attending Queen Victoria's Diamond Jubilee in 1897

When you have read the hymn through once or twice, take one of the stanzas and read it aloud, concentrating your attention on the vowel sounds. You will be impressed by their resonance.

15. TWO RED ROSES ACROSS THE MOON.

There was a lady lived in a hall,
Large in the eyes, and slim and tall ;
And ever she sung from noon to noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

There was a knight came riding by
In early spring, when the roads were dry ;
And he heard that lady sing at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

Yet none the more he stopp'd at all,
But he rode a-gallop past the hall ;
And left that lady singing at noon,
Two red roses across the moon.

Because, forsooth, the battle was set,
And the scarlet and blue had got to be met,

THE SONG

He rode on the spur till the next warm noon :

Two red roses across the moon.

But the battle was scatter'd from hill to hill,
From the windmill to the watermill ,
And he said to himself, as it near'd the noon,
Two red roses across the moon !

You scarce could see for the scarlet and blue,
A golden helm or a golden shoe ,
So he cried, as the fight grew thick at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon !

Verily then the gold bore through
The huddled spears of the scarlet and blue ;
And they cried, as they cut them down at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon !

I trow he stopp'd when he rode again
By the hall, though draggled sore with the rain
And his lips were pinch'd to kiss at the noon
Two red roses across the moon

Under the may she stoop'd to the crown,
All was gold, there was nothing of brown ,
And the horns blew up in the hall at noon,
Two red roses across the moon

William Morris.

16. JERUSALEM

FROM " MILTON "

And did those feet in ancient time
Walk upon England's mountains green ?
And was the holy Lamb of God
On England's pleasant pastures seen ?

And did the Countenance Divine
 Shine forth upon our clouded hills ?
 And was Jerusalem builded here
 Among these dark Satanic Mills ?
 Bring me my bow of burning gold !
 Bring me my arrows of desire !
 Bring me my spear ! O clouds, unfold !
 Bring me my chariot of fire !
 I will not cease from mental fight,
 Nor shall my sword sleep in my hand,
 Till we have built Jerusalem
 In England's green and pleasant land.

William Blake.

17 RECESSIONAL.

God of our fathers, known of old,
 Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
 Beneath Whose awful Hand we hold
 Dominion over palm and pine—
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !
 The tumult and the shouting dies ;
 The Captains and the Kings depart :
 Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
 An humble and a contrite heart.
 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
 Lest we forget—lest we forget !
 Far-called, our navies melt away.
 On dune and headland sinks the fire.
 Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
 Is one with Nineveh and Tyre !

THE SONG

Judge of the Nations, spare us yet.
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

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

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

Rudyard Kipling.

NOTES AND EXERCISES.

12 CARGOES *Nineveh*—ancient Assyrian city in Mesopotamia ('Iraq), owed its chief renown to Sennacherib (2 Kings, xix), who erected a majestic palace, canalised the city, and laid out a park for wild animals and strange plants: *Ophir*—land famed in the Old Testament for its gold, which was brought to Palestine by the ships of Solomon, and Hiram, king of Tyre, its locality is not definitely known, but S E Arabia is the most likely region: *cinnamon*—aromatic bark used as a spice: *moidores*—gold coins of Portugal: *mad March*—March is generally a rough windy month.

Exercises (1) Which line conveys the sense of fragrance ? (2) What device has been used to make the reading of the list of jewels pleasing to hear ? (3) Which line sounds the most dignified ? Which the most determined ? Which the noisiest ? Give reasons for your answers (4) Quote the words used to describe the motion of the vessels Point out the suitability of each word. (5) Suggest adjectives suitable for describing each of the cargoes

13. THE WAR-SONG OF THE VIKINGS *In his car*—the god Odin, or Woden, is often depicted in a chariot drawn through the heavens by two goats:

thunder is supposed to be caused by the noise of the wheels : *Gaels*—originally the Highlanders of Scotland, especially those of Celtic speech.

Exercises. (1) Explain “the ravens spy”. Why are they called “death-shadows” ? (2) What are “the wolves” meant to signify ? (3) Who are the “Shining Ones” ? (4) Which words are put to rhyme with *thunder* ? What is the effect of this arrangement ? (5) Which word is several times repeated ? What different adjectives are used to describe this word ?

14. A BALLAD-MAKER. Padraic Colum was born in Ireland in 1881. He has written many plays besides poems, stories, sketches, and articles

The meanings of the following words may be obscure : *bawn*—a cattle-fold : *byre*—a cow house : *Shee*—female fairy : *sleeveen*—farmer : *haggard*—a stackyard

Note the line “And the coat I wore was thin as my supper the night before” Here there is a comparison made between a *coat* and a *supper*. These are two different things, but they are alike in both being *thin*. A statement of some point of resemblance supposed to exist between two things that differ in other respects is called a *simile*. In another line we have : “She plucked me a rose like her wild-rose cheek” This, too, is a figure of speech called a simile. The red colour is the point of resemblance supposed to exist between the rose and the cheek. We shall find, as we proceed, many other examples of the use of similes in poetry.

Exercises (1) In poems by Irishmen we frequently find examples of humour blended with pity and sympathy. What examples of these qualities can you find in the poem ? (2) Quote the lines which seem to you to paint the best word-pictures. (3) What can you gather from this poem about the maid ?

15 TWO RED ROSES ACROSS THE MOON. *Trow*—believe or trust (an archaic word) : *forsooth*—in truth, indeed.

Exercises. (1) Explain the statement that this is a simple romantic song with an old-world atmosphere. (2) Explain the following : “scarlet and blue”, “rode on the spur”, “huddled spears”, “draggled sore”. (3) Did this knight consider *duty* before everything else ? Give reasons for your answer.

16 JERUSALEM. William Blake (1757-1827) was a mystical poet and painter. His best-known poems are *The Songs of Innocence*, but in addition he wrote many mystical and allegorical poems, some of which it is almost impossible to understand. At the end of *Jerusalem*, Blake wrote the passage from the Book of Numbers, xi. 29, “Would to God that all the Lord’s people were prophets.” (*Prophets* here means *teachers* of the word of God.) The poem has been set to music by Sir Hubert Parry.

Chariot of fire—a reference to the account of the prophet Elijah being taken into heaven “And it came to pass, as they still went on, and talked, that, behold, there appeared a chariot of fire, and horses of fire, and parted them both asunder, and Elijah went up by a whirlwind into heaven” (2 Kings, ii 11)

17 RECESSIONAL *Nineveh*—see under *Cargoes*, p 34. *Tyre*—a city of ancient Phœnicia Its greatness dates from the time of Hiram (tenth century B C), the friend of David and Solomon Tyre established colonies in Sicily, Sardinia, Spain, Africa, and even sent fleets to trade as far as India

“*Such boasting as the Gentiles use*”—compare this line with the boasting of Nebuchadnezzar, King of Babylon, as related in the Book of Daniel, iv. 30, 31, 33.

“The king spake, and said, Is not this great Babylon, that I have built for the house of the kingdom by the might of my power, and for the honour of my majesty?”

“While the word was in the king’s mouth, there fell a voice from heaven, saying, O king Nebuchadnezzar, to thee it is spoken, The kingdom is departed from thee .

“The same hour was the thing fulfilled upon Nebuchadnezzar and he was driven from men, and did eat grass as oxen, and his body was wet with the dew of heaven, till his hairs were grown like eagles’ feathers, and his nails like birds’ claws”

“*Lesser breeds without the law*”—inferior races outside the Law (the Law given by God through Moses to the Chosen People) There is a touch of arrogance in this line out of keeping with the deep penitence and humility of the rest of the poem As the ancient Jews considered themselves as a people chosen by God, so the poet thinks of the English as God’s chosen people.



“But he rode a-gallop past the hall”

III. THE LYRIC.

Part 1.

The essential features of a lyric are that it should be musical, and that it should express the deep personal feeling of the poet. Like a song, it should be short and simple, for we never say very much when we are feeling deeply, and we cannot think about elaborate ways of expressing our pain, or grief, or joy. Sometimes a poet's feeling is aroused by some *thing*—usually something in nature, such as a cuckoo, or a rainbow, or a group of daffodils. More often it is a *person* who makes the poet want to sing, and by far the greater number of our lyrics are love lyrics.

The majority of our finest lyrics are rather sad ; “ Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.”

18. *Blow, Bugle, Blow* is a song from a long poem called *The Princess*. The lines are very musical, with a music that sounds in our hearts as well as in our ears. Like a musician who plays on five strings, Tennyson in this poem seems to play on the five vowels. Notice the effect of the *narrow* vowels as in “ Thin and clear,” and of the *open* vowels as in “ Roll—soul—soul.” Also note the difference between the *short*, rapid vowels as in “ cataract,” and the *long*, slow vowels as in “ *dying, dying, dying.*” Then observe how skilfully the poet has combined these sounds, mixing them as an artist blends colours.

19. *There Rolls the Deep* is a fine example of a lyric in which the poet expresses simply, naturally and musically his own deep personal feeling. The poem is a small part of *In Memoriam*, in which Tennyson laments the loss of his friend Arthur Henry Hallam, who died at Vienna while taking a holiday with his father.

The first stanza, with its opening resonant words, “ There rolls the deep,” images unlimited time during which ocean and land have

changed places. The second stanza, with the same wide vision, speaks of the hills as mere shadows in endless time, for "They melt like mist." But in the third stanza, in striking contrast, the poet suggests that the human soul survives when the material universe changes and decays, and that therefore he need not fear that he has lost his friend

20 *Frolic* was written by an Irish poet, George William Russell. It is airy, fanciful and musical, full of the joy of life. The first line of the second stanza reminds one of the passage in the Book of Job (xxxviii. 7)—"When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."

18. BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW.

The splendour falls on castle walls
 And snowy summits old in story
 The long light shakes across the lakes,
 And the wild cataract leaps in glory
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
 O hark, O hear! how thin and clear,
 And thinner, clearer, farther going!
 O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing!
 Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying
 Blow, bugle, answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
 O love, they die in yon rich sky,
 They faint on hill or field or river
 Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
 And grow for ever and for ever.
 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
 And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.
Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

19. THERE ROLLS THE DEEP.

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen !
There where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.

The hills are shadows, and they flow
From form to form, and nothing stands ;
They melt like mist, the solid lands,
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

But in my spirit will I dwell,
And dream my dream, and hold it true ;
For tho' my lips may breathe adieu,
I cannot think the thing farewell.

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

20. FROLIC

The children were shouting together
And racing along the sands,
A glimmer of dancing shadows,
A dovelike flutter of hands.

The stars were shouting in heaven,
The sun was chasing the moon :
The game was the same as the children's,
They danced to the self-same tune.

The whole of the world was merry,
One joy from the vale to the height,
Where the blue woods of twilight encircled
The lovely lawns of the light.

George Russell (A. E.).

Part 2.



21 *The Scarecrow* seems a very unpromising subject for a poem, yet Walter de la Mare has made a vivid and lifelike picture by personifying the Scarecrow, that is, by treating it as a living person. You know how interesting it is to write a composition on the autobiography of a shilling, an old boat, a cricket bat, or some other such thing. This poem is written in a similar way, and it makes very delightful reading. There are many charming word-pictures here, such as "At midnight under a maze of stars I flame with glittering rime." "I lift void eyes and scan the skies for crows." Many poets are attracted by the grandeur and glory of the stars shining at night.

In the last poem, *Frolic*, we read that, "The stars were shouting in heaven."

You will observe how Walter de la Mare invites our sympathy for the Scarecrow in the picture of him lifting "void eyes"—empty eyes in which the poet nevertheless feigns that there is sight—to search the skies for crows. Every line in this poem will repay earnest thought.

22. When you read *The Homecoming of the Sheep* you will immediately feel that this poem was written by one who had lovingly watched the sheep on the hillsides of Greece. We know, too, that such was the case, for Francis Ledwidge served in Greece during a part of the Great War. (He was, later, killed in Flanders.)

It is interesting to note how the poets arrange their rhyming lines. It is customary to mark the lines with letters of the alphabet in this way :

The sheep are coming home in Greece,	<i>a</i>
Hark the bells on every hill !	<i>b</i>
Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece,	<i>a</i>
Wandering wide a little piece	<i>a</i>
Thro' the evening red and still,	<i>b</i>
Stopping where the pathways cease,	<i>a</i>
Cropping with a hurried will.	<i>b</i>

Not all poetry is rhymed. Shakespeare's plays, for instance, are written in unrhymed or *blank* verse, as in the passage quoted above. Modern poets sometimes write in blank verse, but more frequently in rhymed verse, although their arrangement of rhyming lines varies greatly. Compare the arrangement in *The Scarecrow* with that in *The Homecoming of the Sheep*

This latter poem is very musical. Little imagination is needed to hear the sheep bells on the hillside, especially as *bells* are mentioned in each stanza. The alliteration helps. "*Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece*," the rhymes already noted help, but the careful selection of words is of the greatest importance in producing musical verses. In these lines with the liquid *l*'s it is not difficult to hear the sound of the waterfall.

And the moon comes large and white,
Filling with a lovely light
The ferny curtained waterfall.

The imagery in the last two lines is most pleasing :

Then sleep wraps every bell up tight,
And the climbing moon grows small

23. In *Days Too Short* William H. Davies reminds us of the wonderful beauty of the countryside in spring, and he laments that when the earth is full of such loveliness the days for him are far too short. This little poem is full of pictures—primroses, violets, merry birds,

tiny singing streams, butterflies, bees, clouds—and the poem ends with a pretty image of the earth putting on a dark veil :

When such things are, this world too soon,
For me, doth wear the veil of Night

24. *The Blackbird* is the subject of a charming lyric by John Drinkwater. Through the poet's eyes we picture this ' blackbird bountiful ' bringing its gifts of music to a suburban garden, and by the magic of its song awakening memories of distant woodlands, and making such an unlovely spot as an ordinary chimney stack into a heavenly place.

21 THE SCARECROW

All winter through I bow my head
Beneath the driving rain ,
The North Wind powders me with snow
And blows me black again ;
At midnight under a maze of stars
I flame with glittering rime,
And stand, above the stubble, stiff
As mail at morning-prime
But when that child, called Spring, and all
His host of children, come,
Scattering their buds and dew upon
These acres of my home,
Some rapture in my rags awakes ,
I lift void eyes and scan
The skies for crows, those ravening foes,
Of my strange master, Man
I watch him striding lank behind
His clashing team, and know
Soon will the wheat swish body high
Where once lay sterile snow ;

Soon shall I gaze across a sea
Of sun-begotten grain,
Which my unflinching watch hath sealed
For harvest once again.

Walter de la Mare.

22. THE HOMECOMING OF THE SHEEP.

The sheep are coming home in Greece,
Hark the bells on every hill !
Flock by flock, and fleece by fleece,
Wandering wide a little piece
Thro' the evening red and still,
Stopping where the pathways cease,
Cropping with a hurried will.

Thro' the cotton-bushes low
Merry boys with shouldered crooks
Close them in a single row,
Shout among them as they go
With one bell-ring o'er the brooks.
Such delight you never know
Reading it from gilded books.

Before the early stars are bright
Cormorants and sea-gulls call,
And the moon comes large and white,
Filling with a lovely light
The ferny curtained waterfall,
Then sleep wraps every bell up tight,
And the climbing moon grows small.

Francis Ledwidge.

23. DAYS TOO SHORT.

When Primroses are out in Spring,
And small, blue violets come between ;
When merry birds sing on boughs green,
And rills, as soon as born, must sing ,

When butterflies will make side-leaps,
As though escaped from Nature's hand
Ere perfect quite , and bees will stand
Upon their heads in fragrant deeps ,

When small clouds are so silvery white
Each seems a broken rimmèd moon—
When such things are, this world too soon,
For me, doth wear the veil of Night

William Henry Davies.

24 BLACKBIRD.

He comes on chosen evenings,
My blackbird bountiful, and sings
Over the gardens of the town
Just at the hour the sun goes down.
His flight across the chimneys thick,
By some divine arithmetic,
Comes to his customary stack,
And couches there his plumage black,
And there he lifts his yellow bill,
Kindled against the sunset, till
These suburbs are like Dymock woods
Where music has her solitudes,

And while he mocks the winter's wrong
 Rapt on his pinnacle of song,
 Figured above our garden plots
 Those are celestial chimney-pots.

John Drinkwater.

NOTES AND EXERCISES.

18 **BLOW, BUGLE, BLOW** Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-92) was one of the famous poets of the nineteenth century. He became Poet Laureate on the death of Wordsworth, he was created Baron Tennyson in 1883, and nine years later he died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey. Tennyson worked with immense pains over every line that he wrote, and he was one of the greatest artists in the use of words. He was an earnest student and lover of nature, no sight or sound escaped him, and he could write beautiful poetry on such diverse subjects as the fury of the sea, or the chirp of a bird.

Exercises (1) Name all the rhyming words in the first stanza. How are the rhymes arranged? (2) What is the *splendour* referred to in the first line? Where is this splendour seen besides on the castle walls? (3) Can you explain how the musical resonant sound is produced? (4) Explain the following:

- (a) The long light shakes across the lakes
- (b) O sweet and far from cliff and scar
 The horns of Elfland faintly blowing.

19. **THERE ROLLS THE DEEP.** *Exercises* (1) What have you learned in your geography that proves the correctness of the statements in the first stanza? (2) Explain the two similes used in this poem.

20. **FROLIC** George William Russell (b 1867), best known by his pen-name of "A. E.," is a distinguished Irish writer and an expert on agricultural questions.

Exercises. (1) Show how the poet rises from *fact* to *fancy*. (2) Explain the suitability of the title of this poem. (3) Explain.

A glimmer of dancing shadows
 A dovelike flutter of hands.

21. **THE SCARECROW.** *Maze*—a confusing network, an intricacy: *morning-prime*—the second of seven stated hours of the day appointed for the offices of prayer and devotion; here used for early morning: *scan*—examine with care, scrutinize: *sterile*—barren, unfruitful.

Exercises. (1) Quote the lines that portray six charming word-pictures. (2) What makes us think that this scarecrow is a very fine fellow ? (5) Of what sounds do the words *clashing* and *sursh* remind you ? Mention six onomatopoeic words suitable for describing moving water (4) Explain :

- (a) At midnight under a maze of stars,
I flame with glittering rime
- (b) But when that child, called Spring, and all
His host of children, come
- (c) Soon shall I gaze across a sea
Of sun-begotten grain
- (d) Which my unflinching watch hath sealed
For harvest once again.

22. THE HOMECOMING OF THE SHEEP. *Exercises* (1) Explain why there is the sound of many bells on the hills, but one bell only at the brooks. (2) Why is the *evening* described as "red and still" ? (3) What mental picture can you form from the line "Cropping with a hurried will" ? (4) Explain the significance of the words *ferny curtained*, *wraps every bell*.

23. DAYS TOO SHORT. *Exercises* (1) Springtime is full of colour. What colours are mentioned in this poem ? What other springtime colours have you seen ? (2) Explain the suitability of the title of this poem. (3) What is the meaning of the following ?—"And rills, as soon as born, must sing."

24. THE BLACKBIRD *Couches*—reposes, rests *solitudes*—lonely places *rapt*—wholly absorbed *pinnacle*—an upright part of a building ending in a small spire, or, figuratively, the highest point or *perfection* of anything *Dymock woods*—in Gloucestershire

Exercises. (1) Why is the blackbird called *bountiful* ? (2) Why is the arithmetic called *divine* ? (3) To *kindle* is to set on fire What mental picture do you form from these words ?—"And there he lifts his yellow bill, kindled against the sunset." (4) Why does the poet call the chimnev-pots *celestial* ?



IV. NARRATIVE OR DESCRIPTIVE POEMS.



Part 1.

25. *Sherwood*. The poems in this chapter are narrative or descriptive poems ; that is, they relate stories, or they are descriptive of a series of events. It is interesting, as a change from songs and lyrics, to read poetry of this kind. Stories told in poetry, like those told in prose, generally begin with an introduction which gives the keynote of the narrative, such as “*Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake ?*” We know at once from this first line what the poem is about. Frequently, too, the introduction prepares the reader’s mind for the kind of narrative that is to follow. In the first two stanzas of *Sherwood* we read of “grey and ghostly shadows” ; “dreaming of a shadowy man ;” “shivering through the leaves,” etc. Such phrases tune the senses for the story that they introduce. After the introduction, the narrative is related step by step until the events reach a climax , and often there are several closing stanzas which summarise the story, or emphasise what has already been said.

Sherwood is based on the real and legendary tales of Robin Hood and his Merry Men. The poet imagines that these old-time heroes still haunt the forest of Sherwood :

The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

48 NARRATIVE OR DESCRIPTIVE POEMS

There are many musical passages in this poem, and a number of pleasing word-pictures of English scenery

Where the deer are gliding, down the shadowy glen,
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day

26 *San Stefano* is a sea-story of the early part of the nineteenth century, written by a modern poet, Sir Henry Newbolt, who has told many sea-stories in poetry. Here we are told how an English frigate, the *Men-e-lá-us*, chased an enemy ship to the small port of San Stefano in Orbetello Bay (on the west coast of Italy). Here the enemy ship was under the protection of guns from the land batteries, but the brave captain of the English frigate, Sir Peter Parker, was not to be deprived of his prize. Under cover of night the *Menelaus* entered the harbour, a hot fight followed, and the prize was successfully captured.

25 SHERWOOD

Sherwood in the twilight, is Robin Hood awake ?
Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake,
Shadows of the dappled deer, dreaming of the morn,
Dreaming of a shadowy man that winds a shadowy horn.

Robin Hood is here again all his merry thieves
Hear a ghostly bugle-note, shivering through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day

Merry, merry England has kissed the lips of June
All the wings of Fairyland were here beneath the moon,
Like a flight of rose-leaves fluttering in a mist
Of opal and ruby and pearl and amethyst

Merry, merry England is waking as of old,
With eyes of blither hazel and hair of brighter gold :

For Robin Hood is here again beneath the bursting spray
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Love is in the greenwood building him a house
Of wild rose and hawthorn and honeysuckle boughs :
Love is in the greenwood, dawn is in the skies,
And Marian is waiting with a glory in her eyes.

Hark ! The dazzled laverock climbs the golden steep !
Marian is waiting : is Robin Hood asleep ?
Round the fairy grass-rings frolic elf and fay,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Oberon, Oberon, rake away the gold,
Rake away the red leaves, roll away the mould,
Rake away the gold leaves, roll away the red,
And wake Will Scarlett from his leafy forest bed.

Friar Tuck and Little John are riding down together
With quarter-staff and drinking-can, and grey goose feather.
The dead are coming back again, the years are rolled away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows,
All the heart of England hid in every rose
Hears across the greenwood the sunny whisper leap,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep ?

Hark, the voice of England wakes him as of old,
And, shattering the silence with a cry of brighter gold,
Bugles in the greenwood echo from the steep,
Sherwood in the red dawn, is Robin Hood asleep ?

Where the deer are gliding, down the shadowy glen,
All across the glades of fern he calls his merry men—
Doublets of the Lincoln green glancing through the May,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day—

Calls them and they answer : from aisles of oak and ash
Rings the *Follow ! follow !* and the boughs begin to crash,
The ferns begin to flutter and the flowers begin to fly,
And through the crimson dawning the robber band goes by.

Robin ! Robin ! Robin ! All his merry thieves
Answer as the bugle-note shivers through the leaves,
Calling as he used to call, faint and far away,
In Sherwood, in Sherwood, about the break of day.

Alfred Noyes.

26 SAN STEFANO

(A BALLAD OF THE BOLD "MENELAUS.")

It was morning at St Helen's, in the great and gallant days,
And the sea beneath the sun glittered wide,
When the frigate set her courses, all a-shimmer in the haze,
And she hauled her cable home and took the tide
She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free ,
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore,
When the bold *Menelaus* put to sea.

*She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free ,
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore,
When the bold Menelaus put to sea.*

She was clear of Monte Cristo, she was heading for the land,
When she spied a pennant red and white and blue ,
They were foemen, and they knew it, and they'd half a league in
hand,
But she flung aloft her royals and she flew.
She was nearer, nearer, nearer, they were caught beyond a doubt,
But they slipped her, into Orbetello Bay,

And the lubbers gave a shout as they paid their cables out,
With the guns grinning round them where they lay.

Now Sir Peter was a captain of a famous fighting race,
Son and grandson of an admiral was he ;
And he looked upon the batteries, he looked upon the chase
And he heard the shout that echoed out to sea.
And he called across the decks, " Ay ! the cheering might be late
If they kept it till the *Menelaus* runs ;
Bid the master and his mate heave the lead and lay her straight
For the prize lying yonder by the guns."

When the summer moon was setting, into Orbetello Bay
Came the *Menelaus* gliding like a ghost ;
And her boats were manned in silence, and in silence pulled away,
And in silence every gunner took his post.
With a volley from her broadside the citadel she woke,
And they hammered back like heroes all the night ;
But before the morning broke she had vanished through the smoke
With her prize upon her quarter grappled tight.

It was evening at St. Helen's, in the great and gallant time,
And the sky behind the down was flushing far ;
And the flags were all a-flutter, and the bells were all a-chime,
When the frigate cast her anchor off the bar.
She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free ;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore,
When the bold *Menelaus* came from sea.

*She'd a right fighting company, three hundred men and more,
Nine and forty guns in tackle running free ;
And they cheered her from the shore for her colours at the fore,
When the bold Menelaus came from sea.*

Sir Henry Newbolt.

Part 2.

27. *The Supper* is a fascinating story told by Walter de la Mare. As in many of this writer's poems, the real and the fanciful are skilfully blended, so skilfully, indeed, that all seems real. But if all is real, how is it that the wolf loses his supper ?

The pictures in this poem are most striking, and the descriptive words and phrases are musical and forcible. Take, for example, the first stanza

A wolf he pricks with eyes of fire
 Across the night's o'ercrusted snows,
 Seeking his prey,
 He pads his way
 Where Jane benighted goes,
 Where Jane benighted goes.

How vividly the scene is presented ! Cannot you *see* the fiery eyed wolf padding across the snow where Jane walks all alone at night ? Doesn't the atmosphere of this stanza make you feel creepy, and fill you with anxiety for the safety of Jane ?

Then consider the significance of the following words *pricks*—to track by footprints, *o'ercrusted snows*—snow covered with a crust of hard frost, *pads*—walks or runs with steady dull footsteps, *benighted*—overtaken by night

What an immense amount is told us in a few words ! Take another stanza, the fourth, and *see* beautiful Jane, apprehensive of danger, followed by the greedy wolf, his eyes green with jealous rage, gloating over his intended prey

Now his greed's green doth gaze unseen
 On a pure face of wilding rose,
 Her amber eyes
 In fear's surprise
 Watch largely as she goes
 Watch largely as she goes.

When you have read and been thrilled by the story, go over it many times and look for the gems of language, for "He that would search for pearls must dive below."

28. *A Smuggler's Song* is taken from *Puck of Pook's Hill*, one of the many notable books written by Rudyard Kipling. In earlier days smuggling was very prevalent in England. It was a difficult and dangerous task, for the smuggling was done mostly on moonless nights, when, perhaps, the sea was rough and the weather foul; and then there was the added danger of being caught by the king's officers. As this story relates, people living near the coast knew very well from certain signs when the smugglers were busy, but they took care never to betray them, either through fear of the consequences, or because they hoped for a share in the smugglers' spoil.

29. *The Knight's Leap* is a legend. It is a fine narrative, told in a straightforward manner, of a brave knight who, besieged in his castle, refused to be taken prisoner, and went bravely to his death.

27. THE SUPPER.

A wolf he pricks with eyes of fire
 Across the night's o'ercrusted snows,
 Seeking his prey,
 He pads his way
 Where Jane benighted goes,
 Where Jane benighted goes.

He curdles the bleak air with ire,
 Ruffling his hoary raiment through,
 And lo! he sees
 Beneath the trees
 Where Jane's light footsteps go,
 Where Jane's light footsteps go.

No hound peals thus in wicked joy,
He snaps his muzzle in the snows,
 His five-clawed feet
 Do scamper fleet
Where Jane's bright lanthorn shows,
 Where Jane's bright lanthorn shows.

Now his greed's green doth gaze unseen
On a pure face of wilding rose,
 Her amber eyes
 In fear's surprise
Watch largely as she goes,
 Watch largely as she goes.

Salt wells his hunger in his jaws,
His lust it revels to and fro,
 Yet small beneath
 A soft voice saith,
" Jane shall in safety go,
 Jane shall in safety go "

He lurched as if a fiery lash
Had scourged his hide, and through and through
 His furious eyes
 O'erscanned the skies,
But nearer dared not go
 But nearer dared not go

He reared like wild Bucephalus,
His fangs like spears in him uprose,
 Even to the town
 Jane's flitting gown
He grins on as she goes,
 He grins on as she goes.

In fierce lament he howls amain,
He scampers, marvelling in his throes
What brought him there
To sup on air,
While Jane unharmèd goes,
While Jane unharmèd goes.

Walter de la Mare.

28. A SMUGGLER'S SONG

If you wake at midnight, and hear a horse's feet,
Don't go drawing back the blind, or looking in the street,
Them that ask no questions isn't told a lie.
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by !

Five and twenty ponies,
Trotting through the dark—
Brandy for the Parson,
'Baccy for the Clerk ,
Laces for a lady, letters for a spy,
And watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by !
Running round the woodlump if you chance to find
Little barrels, roped and tarred, all full of brandy-wine,
Don't you shout to come and look, nor use 'em for your play.
Put the brishwood back again—and they'll be gone next day !
If you see the stable-door setting open wide ;
If you see a tired horse lying down inside ;
If your mother mends a coat cut about and tore ,
If the lining's wet and warm—don't you ask no more !
If you meet King George's men, dressed in blue and red,
You be careful what you say, and mindful what is said.
If they call you " pretty maid," and chuck you 'neath the chin,
Don't you tell where no one is, nor yet where no one's been !

Knocks and footsteps round the house—whistles after dark—
 You've no call for running out till the house-dogs bark.
Trusty's here, and *Pincher's* here, and see how dumb they lie—
They don't fret to follow when the Gentlemen go by !

If you do as you've been told, 'likely there's a chance,
 You'll be give a dainty doll, all the way from France,
 With a cap of Valenciennes, and a velvet hood—
 A present from the Gentlemen, along o' being good !

Five and twenty ponies,
 Trotting through the dark—
 Brandy for the Parson,
 'Baccy for the Clerk

Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie—
 Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by !
Rudyard Kipling.

29 THE KNIGHT'S LEAP

A LEGEND OF ALTENAHN

- "So the foemen have fired the gate, men of mine ,
 And the water is spent and gone ?
 Then bring me a cup of the red Ahr-wine
 I never shall drink but this one.
- "And reach me my harness, and saddle my horse,
 And lead him me round to the door
 He must take such a leap to-night perforce,
 As horse never took before
- "I have fought my fight, I have lived my life,
 I have drunk my share of wine ,
 From Trier to Coln there was never a knight
 Led a merrier life than mine.

"I have lived by the saddle for years two score ;
And if I must die on tree,
Then the old saddle-tree, which has borne me of yore,
Is the properest timber for me.

"So now to show bishop, and burgher, and priest,
How the Altenahr hawk can die .
If they smoke the old falcon out of his nest,
He must take to his wings and fly "

He harnessed himself by the clear moonshine,
And he mounted his horse at the door ,
And he drained such a cup of the red Ahr-wine,
As man never drained before.

He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
And he leapt him out over the wall ,
Out over the cliff, out into the night,
Three hundred feet of fall.

They found him next morning below in the glen,
With never a bone in him whole—
A mass or a prayer, now, good gentlemen,
For such a bold rider's soul.

Charles Kingsley.

NOTES AND EXERCISES.

25. SHERWOOD. Robin Hood was the head of a band of robber outlaws who lived in Sherwood Forest in the Middle Ages. He was a famous bowman, and robbed the rich that he might give to the poor. Among his merry companions were Maid Marian, Will Scarlett, Friar Tuck and Little John. The last was ironically called Little, for he is supposed to have been a very big man. Many romantic stories told in old English ballads and songs have been woven about Robin Hood and his Merry Men, but there seems to be little historical truth in them.

Oberon—king of Fairyland · *quarter-staff*—a long stout staff used as a weapon ; it was so called because it was welded with one hand in the middle and the other between the middle and the end, so dividing one part into quarters : *grey goose*—feathers were used on arrows to steady their flight *doublets*—close-fitting men's garments with or without sleeves, covering the body from the neck to a little below the waist . *laverock*—lark.



QUARTER-STAFF

Exercises (1) How does the poet prepare the ghostly atmosphere in the opening stanzas of *Sherwood* ? (2) Quote the lines which describe springtime (3) Make a list of six fine-sounding phrases. (4) Quote some striking examples of alliteration, such as “Grey and ghostly shadows are gliding through the brake.” (5) Quote a couplet (two verses) containing a pleasing simile

26 SAN STEFANO *Monte-Cristo*—rocky islet west of San Stefano (since made famous by Alexandre Dumas’ exciting story of *The Count of Monte Cristo*) : *league*—3 miles *heave the lead*—take soundings in order to find the deepest passage for the *Menelaus* to enter the shallow bay.

Exercises (1) Explain in a few words the plan of the story told in this poem. (2) Quote the lines which relate the climax of the story. (3) What is the reason for the repetition in these lines ?—

And her boats were manned in silence, and in silence pulled away,
And in silence every gunner took his post.

(4) Which words rhyme with *fore* in the first stanza ? Is this arrangement of rhymes used in the other stanzas ? (5) Explain (a) “gliding like a ghost” ; (b) “hammered back like heroes” . What figure of speech is here used ?

27. THE SUPPER *Curdles*—thickens (imagine the air thickened by the wolf’s breath as he utters his blood-curdling howls) *ne*—fury : *hoary*—white or whitish *lanthorn*—an archaic word for *lantern* : *wells*—comes to the surface like a spring *o’er-scanned*—searched thoroughly over · *Bucephalus*—(bull-headed) the celebrated war-horse of Alexander the Great *throes*—pangs

Exercises. (1) What reason can you give for the wolf losing his supper ? (2) If a cat meets a dog, what happens to the cat’s fur ? Explain · “Ruffling his hoary raiment through.” (3) If you cut a lemon with a knife, what



BUCEPHALUS.

happens in your mouth ? Explain · ‘ Salt wells his hunger in his jaws.’
(4) What do you picture the wolf doing when he heard the voice ? (5) How are the *real* world and the *imaginary* world blended in this story ?

28 A SMUGGLER’S SONG. *Valenciennes*—a town in France, famous for its lace.

Exercises. (1) Explain that the keynote of this song is given in the first two lines :

If you wake at midnight, and hear a horse’s feet,
Don’t go drawing back the blind, or looking in the street.

(2) Briefly tell what you can gather from this poem about smuggling. (3) Of what period in history is this song written ? (4) Why is this song written in colloquial English, that is, English used in familiar conversation among peasants ?

29 THE KNIGHT’S LEAP. *Altenahr* is a town in Prussia on the little river Ahr, a tributary of the Rhine This region is noted for its vineyards.

Harness—equipment of armour : *saddle-tree*—the framework of a saddle , the knight makes a play on the word *tree* , he prefers to die on his saddle-tree rather than be hanged on a tree by his enemy · *Trier*—better known in England by its French name *Treves* *Coln*—known in England as *Cologne*.

Exercise Explain the plan of this story, quoting lines to illustrate the introduction, climax, and conclusion.



“ Five and twenty ponies
Trotting through the dark ”

V. OF FANCY.



Part 1.

Then let wingèd Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her .
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar
O sweet Fancy ! let her loose

Keats

30. *The Faun's Song from Callirhoe* is a fairy fancy of a faun, dancing happily on the green grass, mocked by his own shadow. This song reminds us of Robert Louis Stevenson's pretty poem of *My Shadow*

I have a little shadow that goes in and out with me,
And what can be the use of him is more than I can see
He is very, very like me, from the heels up to the head ,
And I see him jump before me when I jump into my bed

A faun is a Roman god of fields and herds, represented as having a human shape, with pointed ears ; or as half goat and half man.

31. *The Dancing Seal* is moonshiny, but it is beautiful moonshine. It is mainly a dream poem, a dream that follows quite naturally

from a real incident Men were building a lighthouse on a far island in the northern seas, an island where "The friendly seals would come ashore" The seals liked "to hear the chisels' clink" on the rock, and specially they delighted in hearing the boy singing and whistling, and playing on his violin.

And if he whistled sweet and shrill
The queer beasts shuffled nearer still,
But every sleek and sheeny skin
Was mad to hear his violin.

Then, one night "at the rising of the moon, half-daft," the poet imagined that he himself danced with a seal, who "shed her black and sheeny skin," and became "a young maiden white as snow." It is this stanza that gives the title to the poem By a clever repetition of the word *dancing* and kindred words such as *tripping toes*, *skipping heels*, *spinning merrily*, etc., we are given a charming picture of the man and the seal-maiden, and the friendly seals all madly dancing together.

32 We all appreciate *In the Orchard* At some time or other in our early lives we have been thrilled by some fanciful shape in the house, garden, orchard, or some other place at night The shadows of evening, or the shadows of unfamiliar places have held a mysterious shape, not really, of course, but very vividly in our imagination. Then a creepy feeling has gone up our spine, a little trembling has seized our limbs, till we have boldly plucked up courage to go and look closer, when we have always found—nothing! You will like this poem, you will really understand it, surely, you will think that this must have been written by a boy or a girl.

30. THE FAUN'S SONG FROM CALLIRRHÖE.

I dance and dance! Another faun,
A black one, dances on the lawn.
He moves with me, and when I lift
My heels his feet directly shift:

OF FANCY

I can't outdance him though I try ,
 He dances nimbler than I.
 I toss my head, and so does he ;
 What tricks he dares to play with me !
 I touch the ivy in my hair ,
 Ivy he has and finger there
 The spiteful thing to mock me so !
 I will outdance him ! Ho, ho, ho !

Michael Field.

31 THE DANCING SEAL

When we were building Skua Light—
 The first men who had lived a night
 Upon that deep-sea Isle,
 As soon as chisel touched the stone
 The friendly seals would come ashore
 And sit and watch us all the while,
 As if they'd not seen men before,
 And so, poor beasts, had never known
 Men had the heart to do them harm
 They'd little cause to feel alarm
 With us, for we were glad to find
 Some friendliness in that strange sea,
 Only too pleased to let them be
 And sit as long as they'd a mind
 To watch us, for their eyes were kind
 Like women's eyes it seemed to me
 So hour on hour they sat I think
 They liked to hear the chisels' clink,
 And when the boy sang loud and clear
 They scrambled closer in to hear,
 And if he whistled sweet and shrill
 The queer beasts shuffled nearer still,

But every sleek and sheeny skin
Was mad to hear his violin.

When, work all over for the day,
He'd take his fiddle down and play
His merry tunes beside the sea,
Their eyes grew brighter and more bright
And burned and twinkled merrily ,
And, as I watched them one still night
And saw their eager sparkling eyes,
I felt those lively seals would rise,
Some shiny night ere he could know,
And dance about him heel and toe
Unto the fiddle's heady tune.

And at the rising of the moon,
Half-daft, I took my stand before
A young seal lying on the shore
And called on her to dance with me .
And it seemed hardly strange when she
Stood up before me suddenly
And shed her black and sheeny skin
And smiled, all eager to begin . . .
And I was dancing heel and toe
With a young maiden white as snow
Unto a crazy violin.

We danced beneath the dancing moon
All night beside the dancing sea
With tripping toes and skipping heels,
And all about us friendly seals
Like Christian folk were dancing reels
Unto that fiddle's endless tune
That kept on spinning merrily

OF FANCY

As though it never meant to stop ;
And never once the snow-white maid
A moment stayed
To take a breath,
Though I was fit to drop ,
And while those wild eyes challenged me
I knew as well as well could be
I must keep step with that young girl,
Though we should dance to death
Then with a skirl
The fiddle broke
The moon went out
The sea stopped dead
And in a twinkling all the rout
Of dancing folk had fled
And in the chill bleak dawn I woke
Upon the naked rock alone

They've brought me far from Skua Isle . . .
I laugh to think they do not know
That, as all day I chip the stone
Among my fellows here inland,
I smell the sea-wrack on the shore . . .
And see her snowy tossing hand,
And meet again her merry smile
And dream I'm dancing all the while,
I'm dancing ever, heel and toe,
With a seal-maiden white as snow,
On that moonshiny island-strand
For ever and for evermore *Wilfrid Wilson Gibson.*



32. IN THE ORCHARD.

There was a giant by the Orchard Wall
Peeping about on this side and on that,
And feeling in the trees. He was as tall
As the big apple tree, and twice as fat ·
His beard poked out, all bristly-black, and there
Were leaves and gorse and heather in his hair.

He held a blackthorn club in his right hand,
And plunged the other into every tree,
Searching for something—You could stand
Beside him and not reach up to his knee,
So big he was—I trembled lest he should
Come trampling, round-eyed, down to where I stood.

I tried to get away —But, as I shd
Under a bush, he saw me, and he bent
Down deep at me, and said, “ *Where is she hid ?* ”
I pointed over there, and off he went—

But, while he searched, I turned and simply flew
Round by the lilac bushes back to you.

James Stephens.

Part 2.



“ Trumpeters every day
To every meal should summon me ”

33. *Tartary.* The poem is full of brilliant colour—ivory bed,
golden throne, peacocks, tigers, great fishes sparkling in the sunshine,

trumpeters (whom we imagine as very gay in their uniforms), lamps that shone "yellow as honey, red as wine," lovely beads, stars, robes, etc., etc.

Some of the verses have fine-sounding music. Notice the resonance of the vowel sounds in "If I were Lord of Tartary", also in the lines

And in my court should peacocks flaunt,
And in my forests tigers haunt,
And in my pools great fishes slant
Their fins athwart the sun

There are other sonorous passages in the poem which one enjoys repeating. The last four musical lines are specially delightful.

Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird-delighting citron trees
In every purple vale

34 and 35 *The Setting-Out of Queen Mab* and *The Arming of Pigwiggen* are two extracts from a delightful poem of fancy called *Nymphidia* by Michael Drayton (1563-1631), who was a friend of Shakespeare, and who came, like Shakespeare, from Warwickshire. Among the great number of his poems is a notable one on Agincourt, the famous battle fought between the English and French in 1415, nearly two hundred years before Drayton's time.

You will probably find Drayton's *Agincourt* in one of your school books, and you should certainly read it. It is interesting to observe that a poet who could write a stirring martial poem such as ' ' could also write the curious fanciful poem from which *The Setting-Out of Queen Mab* and *The Arming of Pigwiggen* are taken.

Pigwiggen was a fairy knight very gracious in the sight of Queen Mab, to whom he gave a most precious bracelet made of emmet's eyes. The Queen went at night to visit Pigwiggen in order to thank him. At this conduct, Oberon, the fairy king, was greatly incensed, and he went forth to battle with Pigwiggen, who was armed as stated

in the poem. A terrible duel took place, which was suddenly ended by another fairy, Proserpine, the Queen of Shades, who hastily brought a bag of fog and a sleeping draught. She untied the bag :

And suddenly unties the poke,
Which out of it sent such a smoke
As ready was them all to choke,
So grievous was the pother.

Then she gave the warriors drink from her bottle, and they immediately forgot all that had taken place :

This Lethe Water, you must know,
The memory destroyeth so,
That of our weal, or of our woe,
Is all remembrance blotted.

Pigwiggen, the King and Queen, and all the attendants returned happily to court .

And to the Fairy Court they went,
With mickle joy and merriment,
Which thing was done with good intent,
And thus I left them feasting.

33. TARTARY.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Myself and me alone,
My bed should be of ivory,
Of beaten gold my throne ,
And in my court should peacocks flaunt,
And in my forests tigers haunt,
And in my pools great fishes slant
Their fins athwart the sun.

If I were Lord of Tartary,
Trumpeters every day
To every meal should summon me,
And in my courtyard bray ;

OF FANCY

And in the evening lamps would shine,
 Yellow as honey, red as wine,
 While harp, and flute, and mandoline,
 Made music sweet and gay

If I were Lord of Tartary,
 I'd wear a robe of beads,
 White, and gold, and green they'd be—
 And clustered thick as seeds
 And ere should wane the morning star,
 I'd don my robe and scimitar,
 And zebras seven should draw my car
 Through Tartary's dark glades

Lord of the fruits of Tartary,
 Her rivers silver-pale !
 Lord of the hills of Tartary,
 Glen, thicket, wood, and dale
 Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
 Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
 Her bird-delighting citron-trees
 In every purple vale !

Walter de la Mare

34. THE SETTING-OUT OF QUEEN MAB

Her chariot ready straight is made,
 Each thing therein is fitting laid,
 That she by nothing might be stayed,
 For nought must be her letting .
 Four nimble gnats the horses were,
 Their harnesses of gossamere,
 Fly Cranion the charioteer
 Upon the coach-box getting.

Her chariot of a snail's fine shell,
Which for the colours did excel,
The fair Queen Mab becoming well,
 So lively was the limning ,
The seat the soft wool of the bee,
The cover, gallantly to see,
The wing of a pied butterfly ,
 I trow 'twas simple trimming.

The wheels composed of cricket's bones,
And daintily made for the nonce,
For fear of rattling on the stones
 With thistle-down they shod it ,
For all her maidens much did fear
If Oberon had chance to hear
That Mab his Queen should have been there,
 He would not have abode it.

She mounts her chariot with a trice,
Nor would she stay, for no advice,
Until her maids that were so nice
 To wait on her were fitted ,
But ran herself away alone,
Which when they heard, there was not one
But hastened after to be gone,
 As he had been diswitted.

Hop and Mop and Drop so clear,
Pip and Trip and Skip that were
To Mab, their sovereign, ever dear,
 Her special maids of honour ;
Fib and Tib and Pink and Pin,
Tick and Quick and Jill and Jin,
Tit and Nit and Wap and Win,
 The train that wait upon her.

OF FANCY

Upon a grasshopper they got
 And, what with amble what with trot,
 For hedge and ditch they sparéd not,
 But after her they hie them ,
 A cobweb over them they throw,
 To shield the wind if it should blow,
 Themselves they wisely could bestow
 Lest any should espy them

But let us leave Queen Mab a while,
 Through many a gate, o'er many a stile,
 That now had gotten by this wile,
 Her dear Pigwiggen kissing ,
 And tell how Oberon doth fare,
 Who grew as mad as any hare
 When he had sought each place with care
 And found his Queen was missing

Michael Drayton.

35. THE ARMING OF PIGWIGGEN.

And quickly arms him for the field,
 A little cockle-shell his shield,
 Which he could very bravely wield ,
 Yet could it not be piercéd
 His spear a bent both stiff and strong,
 And well near of two inches long ,
 The pile was of a horsefly's tongue,
 Whose sharpness nought reverséd.
 And puts him on a coat of mail,
 Which was of a fish's scale,
 That when his foe should him assail,
 No point should be prevailing :

His rapier was a hornet's sting ;
It was a very dangerous thing,
For if he chanced to hurt the King,
It would be long in healing.

His helmet was a beetle's head,
Most horrible and full of dread,
That able was to strike one dead,
Yet did it well become him :
And for a plume a horse's hair,
Which being tosséd with the air,
Had force to strike his foe with fear,
And turn his weapon from him.

Himself he on an earwig set,
Yet scarce he on his back could get,
So oft and high he did curvét
Ere he himself could settle :
He made him turn, and stop, and bound,
To gallop and to trot the round,
He scarce could stand on any ground,
He was so full of mettle.

Michael Drayton.

NOTES AND EXERCISES.

30. THE FAUN'S SONG FROM *Callirrhoe*. "Michael Field" is a pen-name. A lady, Katherine Bradley, and her niece, Edith Cooper, worked together to write a play called *Callirrhoe*. The play was published in 1884, and this song is taken from it. These ladies collaborated for upwards of thirty years, producing many dramas and poems. Their last drama, *In the Name of Time*, was published in the summer of 1919, but before it appeared both poets had died.

Exercises. (1) How has the poet produced the effect of dancing music ?
(2) Read the last line. What do you imagine is happening ?

31. THE DANCING SEAL. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, the writer of this poem,

was born in 1880. He has written a great number of poems which are generally expressed simply and truly, without elaborate language.

Daft—crazy *sea-wrack*—sea-weed or other marine vegetation cast up on the shore. *strand*—shore : *skirl*—shriek.

Exercises. (1) By reference to the poem show that the author is fond of wild creatures (2) A seal is almost black How does this dancing seal become "white as snow" ? (3) Facts are here interspersed with fancy. What facts are noted about seals ?

32 IN THE ORCHARD This is another poem by James Stephens, the celebrated Irish poet

Exercises (1) Much of the work of this poet is purely imaginative, and often there is something of the grotesque in his poems Show that these statements apply to *In the Orchard*. (2) Explain that the subject of this poem is really "childish fears" (3) Describe the giant in your own words

33 TARTARY Tartary was a name formerly used vaguely for the vast stretch of country extending from the Dnieper in Russia across Asia to the Pacific Ocean, but the Tartary in this poem means any wonderful and fanciful place.

To *flaunt*—to move showily, to be boastfully gaudy (peacocks flaunt their brightly coloured tails) : *scimitar*—a sabre with a much curved blade, having the cutting edge on the outside curve *zebra*—an African animal allied to the horse and the ass, but conspicuously striped black or blackish on a white or buffy ground (the word is pronounced zē-bra)

Exercises (1) How are the rhymes arranged in this poem ? (2) Quote the lines which seem to you to present the best word-pictures (3) Explain the following "scented breeze", "trembling lakes", "purple vale" (4) This is a brilliantly painted word-picture Make a list of the words suggesting colour. (5) Which stanza seems to sound best when read aloud ? Give reasons for your answer.

34 THE SETTING-OUT OF QUEEN MAB As this poem was written in the reign of James I, there are several archaic words in it, or words in which the spelling is different from that in modern use

Lumning—painting : *pie*—partly-coloured, of two or more colours *trout*—suppose : *nonce*—for the particular occasion *trice*—a very short space of time, an instant (now used in the phrase *in a trice*)

35. THE ARMING OF PIOWIGGEN. *Bent*—a stalk of stiff, coarse grass : *pole*—a dart, or arrow, the point of the spear.

VI. OF HOME THOUGHTS.



Part 1.

Happy is England ! I could be content
To see no other verdure than its own ;
To feel no other breezes than are blown
Through its tall woods with high romances blent.

Keats.

36. THE title of this chapter is taken from Robert Browning's famous lyric, *Home Thoughts, from Abroad*. Browning lived for many years in Italy, and this poem expresses his longing to be in England during the springtime .

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there !

The poem reminds us, as many poems do, that we can find real beauty in the simple natural things of our own country. It broadens our minds to visit other lands, but such visits often teach us to value more highly our own native land. Among the gay flowers of Italy, Browning longed for the English field buttercups, which he considered were far brighter than the "gaudy melon flower." This poem helps us to appreciate them too, and all the beauties of the English spring.

37. *England*, by Walter de la Mare, is a poem expressing tender feeling and profound thought. There are no details here, as in the first poem, of the names of particular trees, birds, and flowers that make the English countryside so charming. But here we have general terms which merely suggest typical English scenery—hills, valleys, woods, seas, clouds. The thoughts are expressed in beautiful language, language that makes us feel how sincere the poet is, and when we have read the poem a few times we shall understand why the poet's heart fainted when even his *thoughts* wandered far from England.

My heart within me faints to roam,
In thought ev'n, far from thee

The second is a beautiful stanza—the soul of man burdened with work in the hot sun seeks a peaceful refuge among the green cool woods where all is “tranquil as a dream” Note this simile, and also another simile in the next resonant line—“Thy breaking seas like trumpets peal” Then there is the grand metaphor of the clouds—“bright towers of silence steal into infinity.” Indeed, every line and almost every word in this short poem is worthy of close study

38. *The South Country* needs no explanation. It is perhaps the best and most famous poem written by Hilaire Belloc. In a simple, straightforward way he tells us about the South Country, and why he considers it by far the best part of England. He does this so convincingly that when we have read to the end of the poem we, too, feel that perhaps the South Country is the best

36. HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD.

Oh, to be in England
Now that April's there,
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,

While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now !

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

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

Robert Browning.

37. ENGLAND.

No lovelier hills than thine have laid
My tired thoughts to rest ,
No peace of lovelier valleys made
Like peace within my breast.

Thine are the woods whereto my soul,
Out of the noontide beam,
Flees for a refuge green and cool
And tranquil as a dream.

Thy breaking seas like trumpets peal ;
Thy clouds—how oft have I
Watched their bright towers of silence steal
Into infinity !

OF HOME THOUGHTS

My heart within me faints to roam,
In thought ev'n, far from thee
Thine be the grave whereto I come,
And thine my darkness be.

Walter de la Mare.

38 THE SOUTH COUNTRY

When I am living in the Midlands,
That are sodden and unkind,
I light my lamp in the evening ,
My work is left behind ,
And the great hills of the South Country
Come back into my mind
The great hills of the South Country
They stand along the sea,
And it's there, walking in the high woods,
That I could wish to be,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Walking along with me
The men that live in North England
I saw them for a day
Their hearts are set upon the waste fells,
Their skies are fast and grey ,
From their castle-walls a man may see
The mountains far away
The men that live in West England
They see the Severn strong,
A-rolling on rough water brown
Light aspen leaves along.
They have the secret of the Rocks,
And the oldest kind of song.

But the men that live in the South Country
Are the kindest and most wise ;
They get their laughter from the loud surf,
And the faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
When over the sea she flies ;
The violets suddenly bloom at her feet ,
She blesses us with surprise.

I never get between the pines
But I smell the Sussex air ;
Nor I never come on a belt of sand
But my home is there.
And along the sky the line of the Downs
So noble and so bare

A lost thing could I never find,
Nor a broken thing mend,
And I fear I shall be all alone
When I get towards the end.
Who will be there to comfort me,
Or who will be my friend ?

I will gather and carefully make my friends
Of the men of the Sussex Weald ;
They watch the stars from silent folds,
They stiffly plough the field.
By them and the god of the South Country
My poor soul shall be healed.

If I ever become a rich man,
Or if ever I grow to be old,
I will build a house with deep thatch
To shelter me from the cold,

And there shall the Sussex songs be sung
And the story of Sussex told

I will hold my house in the high wood,
Within a walk of the sea,
And the men that were boys when I was a boy
Shall sit and drink with me

Hilaire Belloc.

Part 2.

“ Home Thoughts ” do not always refer to England. In the next two poems the poets are thinking of their homes in Ireland, where they find among familiar scenes something more lovely and something dearer than is to be found anywhere else in the world.

39. *The Little Waves of Breffny* is a “ little ” song about “ little ” things. But it is full of sympathy and love and is very musical. The words are simple, but so carefully selected that it is a joy to read them. Is it not odd to say “ And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart ” ? Yet we know and feel just what the poet means. Note, too, that the great storm *shouts*, there is *terror* on the wind, the *haunted* air of twilight is very strange and still. (this last is a real Irish thought, for mystery, magic, and fairies frequently come into the works of Irish poets). There are many other striking and beautiful passages in the poem. The repetition at the end of each stanza is very forcible. Note the last two lines which summarise the sentiments of the whole poem.

But the little waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,
And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul.

40. The next Irish poem, *The Lake Isle of Innisfree*, is also touchingly simple and very musical. Imagine the poet living in the heart of London, tired with the busy hum and the wild rush of the great city, and longing intensely to be at peace for a little while,

the peace that for him can be found only in a tiny cabin built on the shore of an island in a lonely lake. Read the poem a few times and you will be able to picture this quiet Irish scene, with its cabin of wattles and clay, its nine bean rows, the "bee-loud glade," etc.

Compare the line, "And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul," with the last line in this poem—"I hear it in the deep heart's core."

The passage, "I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore," reminds one of this passage from Tennyson's *The Passing of Arthur* :

And answer made the bold Sir Bedivere :

"I heard the water lapping on the crag,
And the long ripple washing in the reeds."

Notice the musical alliteration in "And live alone in the bee-loud glade."

41. Some of the most beautiful but pathetic poems that have been written of "Home Thoughts" were composed by poets who served at the Front during the terrible Great European War. *Home Thoughts in Laventrie* is typical of many of these poems. On the scarred and desolate soil laid waste by the guns of war, a "glimpse of grass" recalled to a soldier vivid memories of home. Behind the débris of two ruined houses the soldier and his companions found a green garden "overgrown with celandine." The place was deserted; nothing walked there but "the nimble-footed mouse." In this peaceful solitude the soldiers rested, and for a little space forgot the noise and horror of battle. They found a few yellow daffodils, a little jasmine, but—

The fairest and most fragrant

Of the many sweets we found,

Was a little bush of Daphne flower

Upon a grassy mound,

And so thick were the blossoms set, and so divine the scent

That we were well content.

The soldier poet revelled in the beauty of this tiny bush, for he was

“hungry for Spring.” His thoughts wandered to the Downs of England, and there he saw in his mind’s eye some of the old familiar glories of nature in springtime—banks of daffodils, tall slim poplars March hares, meadows and glittering streams A profound feeling of earnest longing is expressed in the closing line

Home—what a perfect place !

39 THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY.

The grand road from the mountain goes shining to the sea,
And there is traffic on it and many a horse and cart ,
But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me,
And the little roads of Cloonagh go rambling through my heart.
A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o’er the hill,
And there is glory in it, and terror on the wind ,
But the haunted air of twilight is very strange and still,
And the little winds of twilight are dearer to my mind
The great waves of the Atlantic sweep storming on their way,
Shining green and silver with the hidden herring shoal ,
But the little waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,
And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul.

Eva Gore-Booth.

40. THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE.

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made.
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.
And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings ,
There midnight’s all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet’s wings

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore ,
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

William Butler Yeats

41. HOME THOUGHTS IN LAVENTIE.

Green gardens in Laventie !
Soldiers only know the street
Where the mud is churned and splashed about
By battle-wending feet ,
And yet beside one stricken house there is a glimpse of grass,
Look for it when you pass.

Beyond the church whose pitted spire
Seems balanced on a strand
Of swaying stone and tottering brick
Two roofless ruins stand,
And here behind the wreckage where the back wall should have been
We found a garden green.

The grass was never trodden on,
The little path of gravel
Was overgrown with celandine,
No other folk did travel
Along its weedy surface, but the nimble-footed mouse
Running from house to house

So all among the vivid blades
Of soft and tender grass
We lay, nor heard the limber wheels
That pass and ever pass,
In noisy continuity until their stony rattle
Seems in itself a battle.

At length we rose up from this ease
Of tranquil happy mind,
And searched the garden's little length
A fresh pleasaunce to find ,
And there, some yellow daffodils and jasmine hanging high
Did rest the tired eye.

The fairest and most fragrant
Of the many sweets we found,
Was a little bush of Daphne flower
Upon a grassy mound,
And so thick were the blossoms set, and so divine the scent
That we were well content

Hungry for Spring I bent my head,
The perfume fanned my face,
And all my soul was dancing
In that little lovely place,
Dancing with a measured step from wrecked and shattered towns
Away . upon the Downs

I saw the green banks of daffodil,
Slim poplars in the breeze,
Great tan-brown hares in gusty March
A-courting on the leas ,
And meadows with their glittering streams, and silver scurrying dace,
Home—what a perfect place !

Edward Wyndham Tennant.

NOTES AND EXERCISES.

36. HOME THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD Robert Browning (1812-1889) was a Victorian poet who lived at the same time as Alfred Tennyson. You are probably already acquainted with Browning's well-known poem—*The Pied Piper of Hamelin*, see also the poem on page 133. Some of the lines

from this poem—*Home Thoughts, from Abroad*—are very frequently quoted, because they so exactly express the thoughts and desires of ordinary people, and because April in England is such a glorious month, for then nature fully awakens from her long winter sleep.

Bole—trunk or stem *hoary*—white, or greyish-white *dower*—that with which one is enriched (a field of buttercups is a rich dower for anyone to see, but children love to gather armfuls of them, they are the peculiar treasure of the children)

Exercises. (1) What is it we are to hear when the poet says "Hark" ? (2) Explain. (a) "Sees, some morning, unaware", (b) "At the bent spray's edge."

37 ENGLAND. You may find it a little difficult to understand the meaning of the third and fourth lines. The sense is—no peace of lovelier valleys has made such a peace within my breast as the valleys of England have made *Bright towers of silence steal into infinity*—a comparison between the *clouds* and *bright towers of silence* is here implied but is not expressed. The clouds are not bright towers of silence, but they are *like* bright towers of silence. When the figure of speech is implied, as in this instance, but is not expressed, it is called a *metaphor*.

Exercise. Explain the similes in the second and third stanzas.

38. THE SOUTH COUNTRY. The waste *fells*—the moorlands of the northern hillsides. The *oldest kind of song* refers to the ancient Welsh language. The *Weald* is the district between the North and South Downs in Kent, Surrey and Sussex. It was once forested land, but the remains of forests are few, most of the timber having been formerly used for smelting iron ore.

Exercises. (1) Why does the poet love the South Country? Give as many reasons as you can. (2) What can you gather from this poem about the characteristics of the South Country? (3) Explain.

And the faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
When over the sea she flies.

39 THE LITTLE WAVES OF BREFFNY. Eva Gore-Booth died quite recently before she had written a great deal of verse. You might compare "A great storm from the ocean goes shouting o'er the hill" with the passage from Walter de la Mare's *England*—"Thy breaking seas like trumpets peal."

Exercises. (1) What effect does the poet get by repeating the word "little" in this poem? (2) Explain how each stanza is built up on contrasts.

40. THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE. William Butler Yeats (b. 1865) was born at Dublin. He was educated there, and there he studied art and wrote

poetry It is not often that poets write so plainly in the first person—"I will arise and go now." This is a poem of reflection, in which the poet expresses his own inward thoughts and yearnings, his home-sickness

Wattles—twigs of willow or other wood Huts are often built of a framework of twigs, covered with clay

We often read of crickets "singing," but the chirping of these insects is produced by the rapid scraping of a smooth edge of one wing-cover over a ridged edge of the other wing-cover

Exercises (1) What examples of alliteration can you find in the poem ? (2) In this poem what instances can you find of the figure of speech called *onomatopoeia*—the sense of words suggested by the sound ?

41 HOME THOUGHTS IN LAVENTIE E Wyndham Tennant joined the Grenadier Guards during the Great European War, and was killed in the battle of the Somme Laventie, in Northern France, was throughout the war about two miles behind the Allied Front It was captured by the Germans in April 1918, but was recaptured by the British in September of that year

Lumber—the detachable fore part of a gun carriage, consisting of two wheels, an axle, and a pole to which the horses are attached, or the gun-carriage as a whole *continuity*—state of being continuous, uninterrupted connection *pleasance*—a secluded pleasure ground *Daphne*—a small shrub of the laurel family bearing fragrant flowers (Daphne was a nymph who changed herself into a laurel to escape from one of the gods) *leas*—grass-land of the hillsides *dace*—a small fish inhabiting clear streams

Exercises (1) The words in this poem are most fittingly selected Explain the significance of the following words in *italics* *battle-wending* feet *stricken* house *vivid* blades *moving continuity* *tranquil* happy mind *slim* poplars (2) What battle scene is depicted in the second stanza ? (3) Quote lines in this poem illustrative of (a) desolation (b) contentment (c) happiness (4) What is the force of the exclamation mark in the first line of the poem ?



"But the little roads of Cloonagh are dearer far to me"

VII. OF BELLS.



Part 1.

THE BELL-MAN.

From noise of Scare-fires rest ye free,
From Murders—*Benedicite*.
From all mischances, that may fright
Your pleasing slumbers in the night :
Mercie secure you all, and keep
The Goblin from ye, while ye sleep.
Past one aclock, and almost two,
My Masters all, *Good day to you !*

Robert Herrick.

(Ben-e-dí-si-te—bless ye)

THERE are many kinds of bells—church bells, clock bells, house bells, school bells, tram and train bells, sheep and cow bells, sleigh bells, ship bells, fire bells, and many more. But the most musical of all these are church bells. Many people have “listened in” with pleasure on a Sunday evening to the chiming of the bells of St. Martin—

in-the-Fields in Trafalgar Square Large bells in England are mentioned by The Venerable Bede as early as A.D. 670. For some centuries bell-founding was carried on by the monks When in after-times bell-founding became a regular trade, there were settled works in many large towns Bells were anciently consecrated before they were raised to their places, each being dedicated to some divine personage, saint, or martyr. The ringing of such bells was considered efficacious in dispersing storms, and evil spirits were supposed to be unable to endure their sound Hence the custom of ringing the "passing bell" announcing that a soul was passing, or had passed, in order to scare away fiends who might otherwise molest the departing spirit, and in order to secure the prayers of pious folk who might chance to be within hearing

42 *The Bells*, by Edgar Allan Poe, describes the music of several kinds of bells—sledge bells, wedding bells, alarum bells, tolling bells You will find this poem somewhat difficult to read well, but you will thoroughly enjoy the wonderful music of the sounds when you are able to recite the poem fluently It is extraordinary how the poet has selected words that convey the sense of sound, such words as tinkle, jinglung, singing, ringing, twanging, clanging, jangling, wrangling, tolling, tintinabulation, and many more The simple repetition of the word *bells* is musical

Other words, too, that are repeated give the sense of the sound of bells—How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle Keeping time, time, time : Leaping higher, higher, higher And he rolls, rolls, rolls—and so on

Then there are the rhyming words, of which a number rhyme with bells—toretells, cells, wells, dwells, impels, swells, yells, knells

If you are fond of memorising poems you will find this a capital exercise in elocution.

43 *The Bells of Shandon* might have been included in the chapter on "Home Thoughts," for the memory of the sound of the sweet bells of Shandon makes the writer long to be back in his Irish home at

Cork. The musical sounds in this poem are partly produced by the selection of "name-sounding" words, also by the short lines, the double rhymes and the middle rhymes. Note the rhyming words in :

For memory, *dwelling* on each proud *swelling*
Of the belfry, *knelling* its bold notes free.

Select some of the lines, such as the following, in which the sounds are specially pleasing, and repeat them aloud, paying particular attention to the vowel sounds .

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine.

The lines are similar, but not quite alike at the end of each stanza, and all are musical with the sound of bells :

With the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

44. *St. Mary's Bells* is another poem by John Masefield, and again we catch a glimpse of his love for the sea :

Oh, who but sonsie seamen
Come in from over sea.

There are many musical sounds in this poem also, and many onomatopoeic words. In the four following lines, for instance, the sounds of the words *rhyme*, *chime*, *mingle*, *pulse*, *boom*, *beat*, all convey to the ear the sounds of bells, and the variation of the vowels in *laughing*, *bells*, *gentle*, *mournful*, *sweet*, are pleasing to hear :

They rhyme and chime and mingle,
They pulse and boom and beat,
And the laughing bells are gentle
And the mournful bells are sweet.

42 THE BELLS.

I.

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

II

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells !
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells !
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight !
From the molten-golden notes,
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon !
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells !

How it swells !
How it dwells
On the Future ! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells !

III.

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

OF BELLS

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

IV.

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells !
What a world of solemn thought their monody compels.
In the silence of the night,
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone !
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan.
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who, tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls :

And their king it is who tolls ;

And he rolls, rolls, rolls,

Rolls

A pæan from the bells !

And his merry bosom swells

With the pæan of the bells !

And he dances and he yells ,

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the pæan of the bells—

Of the bells .

Keeping time, time, time,

In a sort of Runic rhyme,

To the throbbing of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the sobbing of the bells ;

Keeping time, time, time,

As he knells, knells, knells,

In a happy Runic rhyme,

To the rolling of the bells—

Of the bells, bells, bells—

To the tolling of the bells,

Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—

Bells, bells, bells—

To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

Edgar Allan Poe.

43. THE BELLS OF SHANDON.

With deep affection, and recollection,

I often think of those Shandon bells,

Whose sounds so wild would, in days of childhood,

Fling around my cradle their magic spells.

On this I ponder where'er I wander,

OF BELLS

And thus grow fonder, sweet Cork, of thee ;
 With thy bells of Shandon,
 That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate brass tongues would vibrate ;
But all their music spoke naught to thine
For memory, dwelling on each proud swelling
Of the belfry, knelling its bold notes free,
 Made the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee

I've heard bells tolling old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling from the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious, swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets of Notre Dame ,
But thy sounds were sweeter than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber, pealing solemnly.
 O ! the bells of Shandon
 Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow , while on tower and kiosk, O !
In St Sophia the Turkman gets,
And loud in air calls men to prayer
From the tapering summits of tall minarets
Such empty phantom I freely grant them ,
But there is an anthem more dear to me,—
 'Tis the bells of Shandon
 That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.

Francis Mahony.

44. ST. MARY'S BELLS.

It's pleasant in Holy Mary
By San Marie lagoon,
The bells they chime and jangle
From dawn to afternoon.
They rhyme and chime and mingle,
They pulse and boom and beat,
And the laughing bells are gentle
And the mournful bells are sweet.
Oh, who are the men that ring them,
The bells of San Marie,
Oh, who but sonsie seamen
Come in from over sea,
And merrily in the belfries
They rock and sway and hale,
And send the bells a-jangle,
And down the lusty ale.
It's pleasant in Holy Mary
To hear the beaten bells
Come booming into music,
Which throbs, and clangs, and swells,
From sunset till the daybreak,
From dawn to afternoon,
In port of Holy Mary
On San Marie Lagoon.

John Masefield.

Part 2.

45. *The Belfry* is a splendid poem of a different type from those in the last section. Here we have a description of two "truant children" climbing the dark stairway of a belfry. When they reach the top,

the sexton pulls the great bell and they stand spell-bound at the "reverberating sound." If you have ever climbed up the dark stair to the top of a lofty tower, or into the belfry of a church, you will keenly appreciate the striking descriptive passages, such as—"humid the old walls" "barred rays through shutters hover across the floor, dancing in dust" "what smell of timbers old from cobwebbed beams!" etc. The word-pictures in this poem are very real and truthful. Notice the picture of the children climbing the dark stairway, the dust dancing in the light which streams through the shutters of the openings in the tower, the light which "sleeps in pools of gold" made the brighter by contrast with darkness, the awe and wonder of the children as they stand in the semi-darkness lost in entrancement, the children thrilled by the "whir of frightened wings" as the sound of the bell startles the birds that live in the belfry, the rolling tones which reach the reapers who bow their heads in prayer. There is a resonant sound in the lines:

And ere the heart prepare, the ear receives
Full on its delicate sense the plangent stroke
Of violent, iron, reverberating sound.

46. *Ring Out, Wild Bells* is a part of "In Memoriam," a well-known poem by Lord Tennyson. This New Year message was written in 1841. The poet remembered the hardships, the griefs, the wars and other evils that made the lot of so many men a terrible burden to bear. He imagined the bells ringing out the message that these evils should pass away with the old year, and that the bells of the new year should bring in happy tidings of peace and goodwill.

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

We know, alas, that these fond hopes were not realised. The terrible European War of 1914 to 1918 added yet another calamity to "the

thousand wars of old " ; but such words as these, with their imagery of Peace, serve a noble purpose, by helping us to think higher thoughts and do nobler actions.

45. THE BELFRY.

Dark is the stair, and humid the old walls
Wherein it winds, on worn stones, up the tower.
Only by loophole chinks at intervals
Pierces the late glow of this August hour.
Two truant children climb the stairway dark,
With joined hands, half in glee and half in fear ;
The boy mounts brisk, the girl hangs back to hark
If the gruff sexton their light footstep hear.
Dazzled at last they gain the belfry-room.
Barred rays through shutters hover across the floor,
Dancing in dust , so fresh they come from gloom
That breathless they pause wondering at the door.
How hushed it is ! what smell of timbers old
From cobwebbed beams ! The warm light here and there
Edging a darkness, sleeps in pools of gold,
Or weaves fantastic shadows through the air.
How motionless the huge bell ! Straight and stiff,
Ropes through the floor rise to the rafters dim.
The shadowy round of metal hangs, as if
No force could ever lift its gleamy rim.
A child's awe, a child's wonder—who shall trace
What dumb thoughts on its waxen softness write
In such a spell-brimmed, time-forgotten place,
Bright in that strangeness of approaching night ?
As these two gaze, their fingers tighter press ;
For suddenly the slow bell upward heaves

Its vast mouth, the cords quiver at the stress,
And ere the heart prepare, the ear receives

Full on its delicate sense the plangent stroke
Of violent, iron, reverberating sound
As if the tower in all its stones awoke,
Deep echoes tremble, again in clangour drowned,

That starts without a whirl of frightened wings
And holds the young hearts shaken, hushed, and thrilled,
Like frail reeds in a rushing stream, like strings
Of music, or like trees with tempest filled,

And rolls in wide waves out o'er the lone land,
Tone following tone toward the far-setting sun,
Till where in fields long-shadowed reapers stand,
Bowed heads look up, and lo, the day is done

From "The Belfry," by Laurence Binyon.

46 RING OUT, WILD BELLS

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

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

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

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

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

Alfred, Lord Tennyson.

NOTES AND EXERCISES.

42. THE BELLS. Edgar Allan Poe (1809-49) was an American poet and story-writer. *Runic rhymes*—old Norse poetry full of magic and mystery : *euphony*—a pleasing or sweet sound. *palpitating*—beating rapidly and strongly, throbbing : *ebbs and flows*—flows back and forwards like the tide : *monody*—a funeral song, a dirge. *monotone*—a single unvaried tone : *ghouls*—imaginary evil beings who rob graves and feed upon corpses : *psæan*—a song of praise or thanksgiving

Exercise. Select from the poem six lines that please you, and give reasons for your choice.

43. THE BELLS OF SHANDON Francis Sylvester Mahony (1804-1866), an Irish humorist, was born in Cork, a city on the river Lee in Southern Ireland. *Glibe* (or *glib*)—smooth and easy of action *Vatican*—the palace of the Pope in Rome : *Notre Dame*—the cathedral of “ Our Lady ” in Paris : *Peter*—a cathedral in Rome, the capital city of Italy, on the river Tiber : *Moscow*—a city of central Russia, famed as having the largest bell in the world, but the bell stands on the ground, with a hole in it through which people enter to pray : *kiosk*—a Turkish open summer-house or pavilion. *St. Sophia*—a Turkish mosque in Constantinople, a city of Turkey in Europe. Five times a day, from the minarets of all Moslem mosques, the *muezzin* (as the Mahometan crier is called) repeats at each of the four points of the compass the call to universal prayer—“ Allah is great. There is no other God but Allah ; Mohammed is His prophet.”

Exercises. (1) Give instances from this poem of double rhymes and middle

rhymes. (2) Which words are put to rhyme with—chiming; glib rate; sweeter; Moscow? (3) Explain:

(a) Fling around my cradle their magic spells.

(b) And loud in air calls men to prayer

From the tapering summits of tall minarets.

44. ST. MARY'S BELLS. *Pulse*—to beat or throb like the pulse: *sonsie*—happy.

Exercises. (1) Give instances from this poem of the use of onomatopoeic words. (2) Explain, giving your reasons, which you think is the more imaginative poem—*The Bells of Shandon* or *St. Mary's Bells*.

45. *Waxen softness write*—writing in ancient times was done with a sharp pointed instrument on layers of soft wax: *plangent*—resounding: *reverberating*—reëchoing: *bowed heads*—the bell is the “Angelus,” which in Catholic communities is a call to prayer. (In *The Bells of Shandon* we read how the Turkman from the minaret calls the faithful to prayer by his voice.)

Exercises. (1) Make a list of the six word-pictures that please you most. (2) From this poem give instances of the use of similes. (3) Poets make more frequent use of compound words, such as *belfry-room*, than writers in prose. Mention all the compound words in this poem. (4) Quote all the lines expressing the children's feelings, and say what effect their adventure had on them. (5) Explain: (a) “wherein it winds”; (b) “the cords quiver at the stress”; (c) “like strings of music”; (d) “long-shadowed reapers.” (6) How does the first stanza prepare the atmosphere for the story? (7) What is the climax of the description? (8) Explain this statement: The poem of *The Belfry* ends on a quiet note.

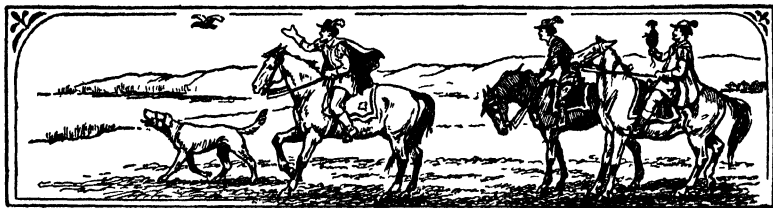
46. RING OUT, WILD BELLS. This poem is a small part of *In Memoriam*, one of Tennyson's most noted works. *In Memoriam* is an elegy, a poem of lamentation for the death of Arthur Henry Hallam, Tennyson's college friend and constant companion, who died in 1833:

I sing to him that rests below,
And, since the grasses round me wave,
I take the grasses of the grave
And make them pipes whereon to blow.

The problems uppermost in men's minds in the days when Tennyson wrote are put into verse, so that the poet, while he speaks of his personal sorrow, is really a man of his time, speaking for his fellow-men. *Ring Out, Wild Bells*, reflects the thoughts of all who desire to see man progress to higher things.

Exercises. (1) Explain the suitability of the title. (2) What is the meaning of the last line? (3) What passage in *Jerusalem* has a like underlying thought?

VIII. NARRATIVES OF EVENTS.



Part 1.

47. *Duke William's Falcon.* In earlier days, falconry was a great sport, the sport of kings and nobles. A falcon was a bird of prey which was trained for the sport of hawking, or falconry. The bird was carried to the hunt on the gloved fist of a falconer, the head of the bird was enclosed in a hood having a tuft of feathers. When the prey was sighted the hood was removed, the falcon flew upwards, and the huntsmen followed the direction of the flight. This modern poem by Dorothy Margaret Stuart relates that one day, when William Duke of Normandy was engaged in the sport upon a marsh, the falcon, chasing its prey, flew out to the sea, the narrow strait between Normandy and England. The Duke had insisted that wherever the bird went he would follow, and when it flew to sea he said :

Truly, soon or late,
There where she hovers lies my fate,
And where she falls, I follow !

These prophetic words came true. In A.D. 1066 William crossed to England, and after a victory over Harold and his men at Hastings, he conquered the land.

48. *The Fugitive*, also by Dorothy Margaret Stuart, dramatically and vividly describes the fears and thoughts of a fugitive in war time. It is written as a soliloquy, that is, as someone talking to himself. The description of the man's peril is given so sympathetically that we long for his safety, and we hold our breath when one says "Hush ! " But did the troopers catch him ? That is a question for you to decide

49 *Puck's Song* by Rudyard Kipling is a romantic historical story. It speaks of the Sussex country and relates the share that the woods, the fields, the mill, the pastures, etc , have had in England's wonderful history. The poet guides us to see some of the landmarks by which we can piece together the thrilling story of those who have helped to make England's greatness

Trackway and Camp and City lost,
Salt marsh where now is corn—
Old Wars, old Peace, old Arts that cease,
And so was England born !

50. *Gillespie*, by Sir Henry Newbolt, is descriptive of a terrible incident in Indian warfare The story is told in warlike language as befits the subject there is no attempt to select pleasant-sounding words, but dramatic and vivid words are used that strikingly portray the dastardly deeds from which our minds revolt Yet we are roused to enthusiasm by the grand conduct of the bold, impetuous Gillespie, whose memory, the poet says, lived on long afterwards .

They've kept the tale a hundred years,
They'll keep the tale a hundred more :
Riding at'dawn, riding alone,
Gillespie came to false Vellore.

47. DUKE WILLIAM'S FALCON

A D. 1066.

Upon a marsh beside the sea
With hawk and hound and vassals three

Rode William, Duke of Normandy,
The heir of Rover Rollo ;
And ever as his falcon flew
Quoth he, " Mark well, by St. Maclou,
For where she hovers hasten you,
And where she falls, I follow ! "

She rose into the misty sky,
A brooding menace hid on high,
Ere she dipped earthward suddenly
As dips the silver swallow ,
Then, spurring through the rushes grey,
Cried William, " Sirs, away, away !
For where she hovers is the prey,
And where she falls, I follow."

Her marbled wing with crimson dight
Again she rose, and bent her flight
Towards the foaming ridge of white
Within the harbour hollow ,
Then, looking grimly towards the strait,
Said Wilham, " Truly, soon or late,
There where she hovers lies my fate,
And where she falls, I follow ! "

Dorothy Margaret Stuart.

48. THE FUGITIVE.

That ditch of rushes, is it deep
Enough for me to creep
And hide there, till the pursuing horsemen pass ?
The osier, will it droop
And cloak me, while the troop
Thuds o'er the miry track among the grass ?

My scarf of crimson I have thrown
 Into a puddle brown ,
 They will catch no glint of red between the trees ;
 I may escape their eyes,
 But these wild breaths that rise
 And buffet me, hearkening they might hear these !
 Spur, rascals, that your clattering din
 May drown all else therein,
 That I may gasp and sob unheard of you !
 Spur—for if ye draw rein
 I shall not see again
 The meadows pranked with pearls of morning dew.
 The dew of dusk will glimmer soon
 And the derisive moon
 Look down—on what ?—They pass ! Their thundering rush
 Knocks louder on my ear ,
 Nay, 'tis my heart I hear—
 They have drawn rein to listen One said “ *Hush !* ”
Dorothy Margaret Stuart.

49. PUCK'S SONG

See you the ferny ride that steals
 Into the oak-woods far ?
 O that was whence they hewed the keels
 That rolled to Trafalgar.
 And mark you where the ivy clings
 To Bayham's mouldering walls ?
 O there we cast the stout railings
 That stand around St. Paul's.
 See you the dimpled track that runs
 All hollow through the wheat ?

O that was where they hauled the guns
That smote King Philip's fleet.

(Out of the Weald, the secret Weald,
Men sent in ancient years,
The horse-shoes red at Flodden Field,
The arrows at Portiers ')

See you our little mill that clacks,
So busy by the brook ?
She has ground her corn and paid her tax
Ever since Domesday Book.

See you our stilly woods of oak,
And the dread ditch beside ?
O that was where the Saxons broke
On the day that Harold died.

See you the windy levels spread
About the gates of Rye ?
O that was where the Northmen fled,
When Alfred's ships came by.

See you our pastures wide and lone,
Where the red oxen browse ?
O there was a City thronged and known,
Ere London boasted a house.

And see you, after rain, the trace
Of mound and ditch and wall ?
O that was a Legion's camping-place,
When Caesar sailed from Gaul.

And see you marks that show and fade,
Like shadows on the Downs ?
O they are the lines the Flint Men made,
To guard their wondrous towns.

NARRATIVES OF EVENTS

Trackway and Camp and City lost,
 Salt Marsh where now is corn—
 Old Wars, old Peace, old Arts that cease,
 And so was England born !

She is not any common Earth,
 Water or wood or air,
 But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye,
 Where you and I will fare !

Rudyard Kipling.

50 GILLESPIE.

Riding at dawn, riding alone,
 Gillespie left the town behind .
 Before he turned to the Westward road
 A horseman crossed him, staggering blind.

“ The Devil's abroad in false Vellore,
 The Devil that stabs by night,” he said,
 “ Women and children, rank and file,
 Dying and dead, dying and dead ”

Without a word, without a groan,
 Sudden and swift Gillespie turned,
 The blood roared in his ears like fire,
 Like fire the road beneath him burned.

He thundered back to Arcot gate,
 He thundered up through Arcot town,
 Before he thought a second thought
 In the barrack yard he lighted down.

“ Trumpeter, sound for the Light Dragoons,
 Sound to saddle and spur,” he said ,
 “ He that is ready may ride with me,
 And he that can may ride ahead,”

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
Behind him went the troopers grim,
They rode as ride the Light Dragoons,
But never a man could ride with him.

Their rowels ripped their horses' sides,
Their hearts were red with a deeper goad,
But ever alone before them all,
Gillespie rode, Gillespie rode.

Alone he came to false Vellore,
The walls were lined, the gates were barred ;
Alone he walked where the bullets bit,
And called above to the Sergeant's Guard.

"Sergeant, Sergeant, over the gate,
Where are your officers all ? " he said ;
Heavily came the Sergeant's voice,
"There are two living and forty dead."

"A rope, a rope," Gillespie cried .
They bound their belts to serve his need ;
There was not a rebel behind the wall
But laid his barrel and drew his bead

There was not a rebel among them all
But pulled his trigger and cursed his aim,
For lightly swung and rightly swung
Over the gate Gillespie came.

He dressed the line, he led the charge,
They swept the wall like a stream in spate,
And roaring over the roar they heard
The galloper guns that burst the gate.

Fierce and fain, fierce and fain,
The troopers rode the reeking flight :

The very stones remember still
 The end of them that stab by night.

They've kept the tale a hundred years,
 They'll keep the tale a hundred more :
 Riding at dawn, riding alone,
 Gillespie came to false Vellore.

Sir Henry Newbolt.

Part 2.

51. *Lines*, by J. C Squire, like *Puck's Song* in the previous section, is suggestive of certain historical incidents. This poem might appropriately have been included in poems of "Contentment." The writer tells us how the first poet grumbled when London began to grow, because things were not quite what they used to be, for the people no longer coloured their bodies with woad, and the marshes and oaks were gone. But the writer suggests that we have each a better reason for our discontent than that poet had, for London is now "coffined all with bricks." Still the poet finds much, very much for which to be thankful. Although he lives in the heart of London, "high in a world of wires," yet there, on a summer's morning, he sees the beauty of the "city veiled in rainbow haze", the smoke from "myriad chimneys", the Thames, Westminster Cathedral, "St. Paul's and the Old Bailey." A poet can find beauty all about him.

52 *The Battle Hymn of the Republic* is a stirring martial song written by Julia Ward Howe at the time of the American Civil War, when the Northern States fought the Southern States for the abolition of slavery. This is a splendid marching poem with a rare lilt, a fact that you can readily test for yourself by stepping along while repeating the lines. You can well imagine how the singing of this Battle Hymn stirred the hearts of the warriors as they swung along the road with their rifles and kit. But, besides being a marching

song, it is full of religious fervour and glorious hope. Much of the language and imagery is based on the Bible. There are many references to vineyards in the Bible, for vineyards were abundant in Canaan, and it was a common practice to tread out the rich juice from the ripe grapes. Like Cromwell and his Ironsides, the Northerners felt that their cause was a righteous cause, and they, too, were armed with the Bible and the sword.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps.

They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps :

The last noble stanza exhorts the men, in certain hope of Christ's blessing, to lay down their lives for their just cause.

As He died to make men holy, let us die to make them free !

While God is marching on.

53. *A Jacobite's Epitaph* relates the sad fate of one exiled from his home in England, after fighting vainly for King James II., and giving his wealth to the Jacobite cause. James abdicated the throne of England in favour of William of Orange and his Queen, Mary, but many brave men followed James into exile, and for years they cherished the hope that some day the Jacobite line would be restored—a hope never fulfilled. An *Epitaph* is an inscription on a tomb in memory or commendation of one buried there. This poem, too, is a soliloquy like *The Fugitive*. The poet has so skilfully put himself in the exile's place, that our hearts go out in sympathy to the man who fought and died for a lost cause.

54. During the Middle Ages, the bowyer was a most important man, for he it was who fashioned the bows for the bowman or archer. In *The Bowyer* we are reminded of great historical events such as Agincourt, Crecy and Poitiers, when the English bowmen were more than a match for the heavily armed soldiers of France. The lily (fleur-de-lys) is the badge of France, the lion and leopard are English badges.

51. LINES.

When London was a little town
Lean by the river's marge,
The poet paced it with a frown,
He thought it very large.

He loved bright ship and pointing steeple
And bridge with houses loaded,
And priests and many-coloured people . . .
But ah, they were not woaded !

Not all the walls could shed the spell
Of meres and marshes green,
Nor any chaffering merchant tell
The beauty that had been

The crying birds at fall of night,
The fisher in his coracle,
And, grim on Ludgate's windy height,
An oak-tree and an oracle

Sick for the past his hair he rent
And dropt a tear in season ,
If he had cause for his lament
We have much better reason.

For now the fields and paths he knew
Are confined all with bricks,
The lucid silver stream he knew
Runs slimy as the Styx ,

North and south and east and west,
Far as the eye can travel,
Earth with a sombre web is drest
That nothing can unravel

And we must wear as black a frown,
Wail with as keen a woe
That London was a little town
Five hundred years ago.

.

Yet even this place of steamy stir,
This pit of belch and swallow,
With chrism of gold and gossamer
The elements can hallow.

I have a room in Chancery Lane,
High in a world of wires,
Whence fall the roofs a ragged plain
Wooded with many spires.

There in the dawns of summer days
I stand, and there behold
A city veiled in rainbow haze
And spangled all with gold.

The breezes waft abroad the rays
Shot by the waking sun,
A myriad chimneys softly blaze,
A myriad shadows run.

Round the wide rim in radiant mist
The gentle suburbs quiver,
And nearer lies the shining twist
Of Thames, a holy river.

Left and right my vision drifts,
By yonder towers I linger,
Where Westminster's cathedral lifts
Its belled Byzantine finger,

And here against my perchèd home
 Where hold wise converse daily
 The loftier and the lesser dome,
 St. Paul's and the Old Bailey.

J. C. Squire.

52 BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord
 He is trampling out the vintage where the grapes of wrath are
 stored :

He hath loosed the fateful lightning of His terrible swift sword :
 His truth is marching on

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

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

He hath sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ,
 He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat
 Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! Be jubilant, my feet !
 Our God is marching on

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

Julia Ward Howe.

53. A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH.

To my true king I offer'd free from stain
Courage and faith ; vain faith, and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime ;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;
Beheld each night my home in fever'd sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep ;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I asked, an early grave.
O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spoke like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

Lord Macaulay.

54. THE BOWYER.

From the black-bearded English yew,
With yellow berries cold and few,
We make the English bow,
The supple bow, the tough and true,
By the craft that best we know.

The tree that by the lych-gate grows
Gives us his boughs to make our bows,
And King of trees he is ;

NARRATIVES OF EVENTS

Nor bay nor myrtle, oak nor rose,
 Can give such gifts as his.
 Now steel and iron and bronze and gold
 The swordsmith and the spurrier hold
 To be the rarest things ,
 But the black tree with berries cold
 Hath brought down bragging kings
 Yea, when the lance and sword in vain
 Had cloven lily shields in twain,
 And lions and leopards swayed,
 The bowmen turned defeat to gain
 With the bows that we had made
 The wood is good as wood may be,
 And cut as true, and none but we
 Those stubborn bows can make,
 From the black tree, the black yew-tree,
 That will bend and yet not break

Dorothy Margaret Stuart

NOTES AND EXERCISES.

47 DUKE WILLIAM'S FALCON Here is an extract from one of Byron's poems :

But the hound bayeth loudly,
 The boar's in the wood,
 And the falcon longs proudly
 To spring from her hood :
 On the wrist of the noble
 She sits like a crest,
 And the air is in trouble
 With the birds from their nest.

Hovers—hangs fluttering in the air ready to dart on its prey *brooding menace*
 —hatching evil *dight*—dressed *Muclou*—a Norman bishop revered as a saint.

Exercises (1) Quote the lines describing the falcon darting towards the earth. What figure of speech is used ? (2) Explain the significance of the

word *grimly*. (3) Explain the arrangement of the rhymes. How can you tell the pronunciation of *Maclou*? (4) What can you learn about a falcon from this poem?

48. THE FUGITIVE. *Oser*—willow that grows by the water: *pranked*—adorned; spangled.

Exercises. (1) Quote lines in which the rhythm suggests the sound of galloping horses. Mark the stresses in the lines. (2) Explain the significance of the following words: buffet; derisive; pranked with pearls.

49. PUCK'S SONG. *Bayham*—Bayham Abbey in Sussex: *Weald*—land once covered with forest in Sussex and the neighbouring counties (see p. 83): *Domesday Book*—the ancient record of the great survey of the lands of England, made by order of William I.: *Rye*—a small river port of Sussex; it was, before the silting up of the harbour, a seaport: *Merlin*—in medieval romance a famous prophet and magician of the fifth century: *Gramarye*—enchantment (England is considered by the poet as the magician's island of enchantment).

Exercises. (1) What historical events are associated with the following names: Trafalgar; King Philip's fleet, Flodden Field, Poitiers; Harold; Caesar? (2) Explain the significance of the following words: mouldering; secret, dread. (3) Patriotism is love of country. Explain that this is a patriotic song. (4) Explain: "She is not any common earth." (5) What meaning is conveyed by the sound of the word *clack*? What name is given to this class of words? Mention six other such words.

50. GILLESPIE. *Gage*—something given, or taken, as a pledge for the performance of some act: *fain*—eager: *bead*—a small knob of metal on a fire-arm near the muzzle, used for a front sight for aiming: *spate*—flood: *reeking*—emitting vapour (from the hot flanks of the horses).

Exercises. (1) Quote lines that convey the sound of horses galloping. (2) Repetition is freely used in this poem. Give instances, and state the effect of such repetition. (3) Explain the significance of the following words: heavily, staggering, grim. (4) Give examples from this poem of the use of similes. (5) Explain:

- (a) And he that can may ride ahead.
- (b) They bound their belts to serve his need.
- (c) But laid his barrel and drew his bead.

51. LINES. J. C. Squire is a well-known journalist and literary critic, as well as a writer of verse. *Chaffer-ing*—bargaining; haggling for a price: *coracle*—a small boat made by covering a wicker frame with hide or leather:



CORACLE

Ludgate—a well-known London thoroughfare with a slight incline, at the top of which is St. Paul's Cathedral : *oak tree and an oracle*—a reference to the Druids, whose sacred tree was the oak . *Styx*—in Greek mythology the Styx was the river of the lower world, which flowed round it seven times, and had to be crossed in passing to the region of the dead . *belch*—to eject *chrism*—holy oil ; healing ointment (the elements bring *beauty* even to this *pit*—see the stanzas that follow) . *Byzantine*—after the manner of the architecture of the Byzantine empire, the Eastern Roman empire of the fifth and sixth centuries . *Old Bailey*—the Central Criminal Court of London

Exercises. (1) What figure of speech is used in these lines ? “ The lucid silver stream he knew runs slimy as the Styx ” Give other instances from the poem. (2) Explain the suitability of the following words lean , spell , chaffering , confined , myriad (3) What can you learn from this poem about the history of London ? (4) Quote the lines that explain the following .

With chrism of gold and gossamer
The elements can hallow

(5) Explain :

- (a) We have much better reason
- (b) Earth with a sombre web is drest.

52 BATTLE HYMN OF THE REPUBLIC *Grapes*—Lord Macaulay, in writing of the battle of Naseby, used a similar metaphor

Oh, wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red ?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout ?
And whence be the grapes of the winepress which ye tread ?

Contemners—those who reject or scorn the Will of God . *serpent*—a reference to the prophecy in Genesis iii. 15, “ And I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed , it shall bruise thy head, and thou shalt bruise his heel ” Also see Romans xvi 20, “ And the God of peace shall bruise Satan under your feet shortly ” *beauty of the lilies*—see Luke xii. 27, “ Consider the lilies how they grow they toil not, they spin not , and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these.”

53. A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH *Jacobite*—from the Latin *Jacobus*, meaning *James* : *Lavernia*—a Franciscan monastery in the Apennines . *Scargill*—a village in the north-west corner of Yorkshire : *Arno*—small river of Italy on which Florence stands : *Tees*—a small river forming a boundary between

Durham and Yorkshire. *white cliffs*—cliffs of Dover facing France across the straits.

Lord Macaulay (1800-1859), was a great historian and essayist. His poems, the *Lays of Ancient Rome* and the *Armada*, are probably familiar to you, but this little poem, which is not so well known, is considered the most exquisite thing that he wrote. The lines in this poem can be divided into five feet of two syllables, one of which is accented.

To mý | true kíng | I off | er'd free | from stáin |

The lines throughout are rhymed together in pairs, and this arrangement is generally spoken of as the *Heroic Couplet*. It was called *Heroic* because it was the verse chosen by the poet Dryden for his plays of heroic romance. Much of the poetry of the eighteenth century was written in this style. In the nineteenth century it was merely one of many styles, and Macaulay himself used other metres for his poetry, as in the extract on page 114.

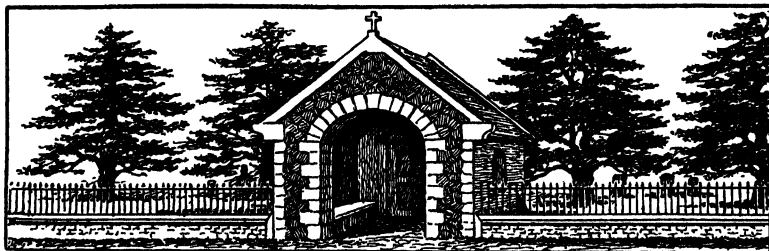
Exercise. Explain the significance of the following words: languished; whispering, fever'd, nameless, feuds.

54. THE BOWYER. *Lych-gate*—a covered gate through which a corpse is carried to the church or burial place, and where the bier is placed to await the clergyman (the word is often spelt *lch-gate*, *lch* means *corpse*): *spurrier*—one whose business is to make spurs.



BOWMAN

Exercises. (1) Select from the poem six adjectives that please you, and give reasons for your choice. (2) What characteristics of a good song do you find in *The Bowyer*?



"The tree that by the lych-gate grows."

IX. THE SPIRIT OF CONTENTMENT.

Part 1.

55. SONG FROM "PIPPA PASSES"

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

Robert Browning

ROBERT BROWNING wrote many poems that are difficult to understand, but he wrote some that are beautifully simple. The little song at the head of this chapter is part of a longer poem, called *Pippa Passes*. The singer is an Italian girl, a silk-weaver named Filippa. She has risen early on the morning of her one holiday during the year, and because she is feeling so happy, and everything around her seems happy, she too, expresses her feelings of contentment in this musical song. The last two lines, expressive of sincere faith in the goodness of God, breathe the very spirit of contentment.

God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world !

56. The extract, *I Trust in Nature*, also by Robert Browning, expresses in another way a deep and abiding faith in the beauty of nature and the promises of God. Here we seem to have an echo of God's promise to Noah as recorded in Genesis viii. 32—"While

the earth remaineth, seed time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease."

56. I TRUST IN NATURE.

I trust in nature for the stable laws
Of beauty and utility.—Spring shall plant,
And Autumn garner to the end of time :
I trust in God—the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong, while He endures
I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
The outward and the inward, nature's good
And God's.

Robert Browning.

The phrase, "I trust in my own soul," reminds us of similar noble thoughts of W. E. Henley in his poem *Out of the Night*, which is sometimes called *Invictus* (unconquerable)—"I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul."

57. The eight lines by John Collins beginning, *With a Porch*, are delightfully simple and straightforward. A small house in the country with a "spot of ground," a cow, a dog, and enough money to be able to spare a little to a friend in distress, is all the poet asks to make him perfectly contented.

57. TO-MORROW.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail ,
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail ,
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow ;
I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
Or what honours await him to-morrow.

John Collins.

The next three are poems by writers of to-day, each one expressing in his own way an ideal of contentment.

58 In *Leisure* we have the heart's desire for contentment of an unusual form. Most of us, if asked to choose what would make us perfectly contented, would probably request something active to do, some great deed to perform, few would ask for leisure to do *nothing*. But the poet is contented to live with nature in the woods and fields, and to find beauty in all around him, for as Keats said

“ Beauty is truth, truth beauty ”—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know

This poem, *Leisure*, reminds us what great joys we miss by hustling along our busy ways

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare

59. *Laugh and be Merry*. Here is the spirit of contentment in quite another form. Laughter and joy are the essential topics of this happy song

“ The splendid joy of the stars, the joy of the earth ”

So we must laugh and battle and work and enjoy all the beauty and happiness poured out around us “ in the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the Lord ”

60 *Street Lanterns*. Who but a poet could find beauty and contentment in contemplating the lanterns that light up the place where workmen have been busy excavating in a city street? Yet here, in simple rhyming couplets, we have a charming poem on the subject. The roads are silent about this spot, as evening draws in the workman places his warning lantern on a mound, and suddenly the little lantern's light becomes a jewel radiating the colours of topaz and ruby. The poet expresses such sympathy for her simple subject that next time we see the pretty scene we shall remember :

Jewels of the dark have we,
Brighter than the rustic's be.

Over the dull earth are thrown
Topaz, and the ruby stone.

58. LEISURE.

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare ?

No time to stand beneath the boughs
And stare as long as sheep or cows ?

No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass ?

No time to see, in broad daylight,
Streams full of stars, like skies at night ?

No time to turn at Beauty's glance,
And watch her feet, how they can dance ?

No time to wait till her mouth can
Enrich that smile her eyes began ?

A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.

William Henry Davies.

59. LAUGH AND BE MERRY.

Laugh and be merry, remember, better the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong.
Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a span.
Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man.

Laugh and be merry · remember, in olden time,
God made Heaven and Earth for joy He took in a rhyme,
Made them, and filled them full with the strong red wine of His
 mirth,
The splendid joy of the stars ; the joy of the earth.

So we must laugh and drink from the deep blue cup of the sky,
Join the jubilant song of the great stars sweeping by,
Laugh, and battle, and work, and drink of the wine outpoured
In the dear green earth, the sign of the joy of the Lord.

Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin,
Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn,
Glad till the dancing stops, and the lilt of the music ends.
Laugh till the game is played, and be you merry, my friends.

John Masefield.

60. STREET LANTERNS

Country roads are yellow and brown
We mend the roads in London town

Never a hansom dare come nigh,
Never a cart goes rolling by.

An unwonted silence steals
In between the turning wheels.

Quickly ends the autumn day,
And the workman goes his way,

Leaving, midst the traffic rude,
One small isle of solitude,
Lit, throughout the lengthy night,
By the little lantern's light

Jewels of the dark have we,
Brighter than the rustic's be.

Over the dull earth are thrown
Topaz, and the ruby stone.

Mary E. Coleridge.

Part 2.

In this section of poems of Contentment are two poems by well-known modern writers, Gerald Gould and Edward Shillito.

61. *Wander-thirst*, by Gerald Gould, expresses sentiments the very opposite of those of William Davies. In *Leisure*, you will remember, the ideal of contentment was to "stand and stare," but here the ideal is to wander over the world. The seas, the stars and the sky call the wanderer; and the rivers, the roads and the birds call him, he cannot rest, he thirsts to wander, as a parched throat thirsts for water.

62. "I adore the Heavens in London Town" writes Edward Shillito. That is the keynote of his *Thanksgiving*. The heavens never change in this changing London Town. During the Great War they looked down on the unlighted streets, they looked down on Alfred the Great, they looked on Sir Walter Raleigh as he "swaggered home by lantern-light," they looked down on Shakespeare, Wesley, and Keats. A grand feeling of contentment overwhelms the poet as he remembers that he too has "walked with them the heavenly ways—tracing the sweet embroideries of the sky." The poet looked forward to the time after the War, when the brilliantly lighted streets would again shut out the stars, but, he says, "I shall not forget"

We have already noticed on several occasions the poets' joy in contemplating the heavens, for, as the psalmist sang, "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handy work."

It is fitting in this place to quote another short passage from Shakespeare on the subject of the heavens:

Look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east.
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe on the misty mountain tops.

The feeling of thanksgiving was expressed by Keats very simply and sweetly in these lines ·

To one who has been long in city pent,
 'Tis very sweet to look into the fair
 And open face of heaven,—to breathe a prayer
 Full in the smile of the blue firmament

61 WANDER-THIRST.

Beyond the East the sunrise, beyond the West the sea,
 And East and West the wander-thirst that will not let me be ,
 It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say good-bye ,
 For the seas call, and the stars call, and oh ! the call of the sky !

I know not where the white road runs, nor what the blue hills are ;
 But a man can have the sun for a friend, and for his guide a star ,
 And there's no end of voyaging when once the voice is heard,
 For the rivers call, and the roads call, and oh ! the call of the bird !

Yonder the long horizon lies, and there by night and day
 The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away ;
 And come I may, but go I must, and, if men ask you why,
 You may put the blame on the stars and the sun and the white road
 and the sky.

Gerald Gould.

62 A THANKSGIVING

Before the winter's haunted nights are o'er,
 I thankfully rejoice that stars look down
 Above the darkened streets, and I adore
 The Heavens in London Town

The Heavens, beneath which Alfred stood, when he
 Built ramparts by the tide against his foes,

The skies men loved, when in eternity
The dreamlike Abbey rose ,

The Heavens, whose glory has not known increase
Since Raleigh swaggered home by lantern-light,
And Shakespeare, looking upwards, knew the peace,
The cool deep peace of night.

Under these Heavens brave Wesley rose betimes
To preach ere daybreak to the tender soul,
And in the heart of Keats, the starry rhymes
Rolled, and for ever roll.

I, too, have walked with them the heavenly ways—
Tracing the sweet embroideries of the sky,
And I shall not forget, when arcs shall blaze,
And all the lights are high.

Edward Shillito.

NOTES AND EXERCISES.

55. PIPPA'S SONG. Note the unusual arrangement of the rhymes—*abcd, abcd*

Exercise Suggest reasons for and against the statement made in the last line "All's right with the world." In preparing your remarks you should note the sentiments expressed in poem 56, *I Trust in Nature*, especially the lines :

I trust in God—the right shall be the right
And other than the wrong, while He endures.

57 TO-MORROW. There is a curious example of rhymes in lines two and three—*shade too*, and *spade too*. It is necessary to take the two words in each case. A similar example occurs in *The Bells of Shandon*—*Shandon* and *grand on*

Flail—an instrument for threshing or beating grain from the ear by hand, consisting of a wooden handle at the end of which a stouter and shorter stick, called a *swipe*, is so hung as to swing freely · *Nabob*—one who returns to Europe from the East with great riches , hence, any man of great wealth.

58 LEISURE. William Henry Davies (b. 1870) has written the story of his life in a book called *The Autobiography of a Super-Tramp*. Davies really was a tramp. He ran away from his home at Newport, Monmouthshire, when he was a boy, and found his way to America. There for eight years he lived as best he could, picking fruit, doing odd jobs, sleeping under hedges or in common lodging-houses. He lost a foot while trying to board a moving train. Several times he crossed the Atlantic, earning his passage by working on cattle boats. When a relative left him a small legacy he determined to gratify his life-long desire to be a poet. He continued to live as a pedlar until he had saved enough money for the publication of a small volume of poems. That was the beginning of his success.

This poem, *Leisure*, is arranged in rhyming couplets, that is pairs, or couples, of verses that rhyme.

Exercises (1) What connection can you see between the thoughts expressed in this poem and the circumstances of the poet's early life? (2) By reference to this poem explain the statement that "Davies loved beautiful things as a child does."

59 LAUGH AND BE MERRY. John Masefield¹ (b. 1875) spent his early years wandering in many parts of the world. As a sailor, and in varied employments in the United States of America, he gained the hard experience which he was later to make use of in prose and verse. One can well imagine that Masefield's early life was not very full of laughter, but if we can laugh and be merry under hardships or difficulties, we make life much easier for ourselves and those about us. As Shakespeare wrote

Jog on, jog on, the footpath way,
And merrily hent the stile-a
A merry heart goes all the day,
Your sad tires in a mile-a

The splendid joy of the stars—note again the passage from the Book of Job xxxviii 7, "When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy." *Thread*—the thread of life, a course of individual existence, especially as being spun and cut by the Fates: *span*—small space, or brief time. *pageant*—a part played or acted, Shakespeare wrote, "All the world's a stage, And all the men and women merely players": *strong red wine of His mirth*—figurative language for the heavenly joy to be found on the earth.

Exercises (1) Explain the suitability of the title of the poem. (2) What striking examples of repetition are there? (3) The real and the ideal are intertwined in much of Masefield's poetry—give instances from this poem. (4) Explain. "Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn."

¹ In 1930 John Masefield was made Poet Laureate.

60. STREET LANTERNS. Mary E. Coleridge (d. 1907) was a very shy lady who lived a quiet, lonely life. There was, however, one very bright spot in it. She was encouraged to go on writing poetry by Robert Louis Stevenson.

Hansom—hansom cab (named after John A. Hansom, an English inventor, 1803-82), a light two-wheeled covered carriage with the driver's seat elevated behind, the reins being passed over the top. This vehicle was in common use in London before the introduction of the taxicab.



HANSON CAB

Exercise Explain unwonted silence, isle of solitude

61 WANDER-THIRST Gerald Gould (b. 1885) spent many years at Oxford as a student and as a "Fellow" He is a poet, an essayist, and a journalist

Exercises (1) Why is *Wander-Thirst* an excellent title for this poem? (2) Explain how the last two lines sum up the poem (3) What underlying thought is there in "The old ships draw to home again, the young ships sail away"? (3) Explain

(a) for his guide a star.

(b) Yonder the long horizon lies

62. A THANKSGIVING *Exercises* (1) To *adore* is to worship, to express, or to be filled with, devotion Why has the word been used in the first stanza? (2) Explain how fittingly in each case the words have been selected to accompany the names of Raleigh, Shakespeare, Wesley and Keats. (3) What is the significance of the words *haunted* and *sweet embroideries*? (4) What does the poet mean by the sentence, "I shall not forget"?



WANDER-THIRST

X. WHIMSICAL AND MISCELLANEOUS.

63 OFF THE GROUND.

Three jolly Farmers
Once bet a pound
Each dance the others would
Off the ground
Out of their coats
They slipped right soon,
And neat and nicesome
Put each his shoon
One—Two—Three !—
And away they go,
Not too fast,
And not too slow ,
Out from the elm-tree's
Noonday shadow,
Into the sun
And across the meadow.
Past the schoolroom,
With knees well bent
Fingers a-flicking,
They dancing went.
Up sides and over,
And round and round,
They crossed click-clacking,
The Parish bound,
By Tupman's meadow
They did their mile,

Tee-to-tum
On a three-barred stile.
Then straight through Whipham,
Downhill to Week,
Footing it lightsome,
But not too quick,
Up fields to Watchet,
And on through Wye,
Till seven fine churches
They'd seen skip by—
Seven fine churches,
And five old mills,
Farms in the valley,
And sheep on the hills ;
Old Man's Acre
And Dead Man's Pool
All left behind,
As they danced through Wool.
And Wool gone by,
Like tops that seem
To spin in sleep
They danced in dream
Withy—Wellover—
Wassop—Wo—
Like an old clock
Their heels did go.
A league and a league
And a league they went,
And not one weary,
And not one spent
And lo, and behold !
Past Willow-cum-Leigh
Stretched with its great waters
The great green sea

WHIMSICAL

Says Farmer Bates,
“ I puffs and I blows,
What’s under the water,
Why, no man knows ! ”
Says Farmer Giles,
“ My wind comes weak,
And a good man drowned
Is far to seek ”
But Farmer Turvey,
On twirling toes
Ups with his gaiters,
And in he goes
Down where the mermaids
Pluck and play
On their twangling harps
In a sea-green day ,
Down where the mermaids,
Finned and fair,
Sleek with their combs
Their yellow hair
Bates and Giles—
On the shingle sat,
Gazing at Turvey’s
Floating hat
But never a ripple
Nor bubble told
Where he was supping
Off plates of gold
Never an echo
Rilled through the sea
Of the feasting and dancing
And minstrelsy
They called—called—called :
Came no reply .

Nought but the ripples'
Sandy sigh.
Then glum and silent
They sat instead,
Vacantly brooding
On home and bed,
Till both together
Stood up and said —
“ Us knows not, dreams not,
Where you be,
Turvey, unless
In the deep blue sea ;
But axcusing silver—
And it comes most willing—
Here's us two paying
Our forty shilling ,
For it's sartin sure, Turvey,
Safe and sound,
You danced us square, Turvey,
Off the ground ! ”

Walter de la Mare.

64. THE KILKENNY CATS.

In the dacent ould days
Before stockings or stays
Were invented, or breeches, top-boots, and top-hats,
You'd search the whole sphere
From Cape Horn to Cape Clear
And never come near to the likes of our Cats
Och, tunder ! och, tunder !
You'd wink wid the wonder
To see them keep under the mice and the rats ;

WHIMSICAL

And go wild for half shares
 In the phisants and hares
 They pull'd up the backstairs to provision our Pats.
 Och ! the Cats of Kilkenny, Kilkenny's wild Cats !

But the shame and the sin
 Of the Game Laws came in,
 Wid the gun and the gin of the landlord *canats* ;
 And the whole box and dice
 Of the rats and the mice
 Made off in a trice from our famishing Cats.
 What did the bastes do ?
 What would I or you ?
 Is it lie down and mew till we starved on our mats ?
 Not at all, faix ! but fall
 Small and great, great and small,
 Wid one grand caterwaul on each other's cravats.
 Och ! the Cats of Kilkenny, Kilkenny's wild Cats !

And that mortal night long
 We should hark, right or wrong,
 To the feast and the song of them Cannibal Cats,
 Gladiath'rn away
 Till the dawn of the day
 In fifty-three sharps, semiquavers, and flats ,
 And when we went round
 Wid the milk-carts we found
 Scatter'd over the ground, like a sprinkle of sprats—
 (All the rest, bit and sup,
 Of themselves they'd ate up)
 Only just the tip-ends of the tails of the Cats,
 Of the Cats of Kilkenny, Kilkenny's quare Cats !
Alfred Perceval Graves.

65. THE DUKE OF PLAZA-TORO.

(FROM "THE GONDOLIERS.")

In enterprise of martial kind,
When there was any fighting,
He led his regiment from behind—
He found it less exciting,
But when away his regiment ran,
His place was at the fore, O !
That celebrated,
Cultivated,
Underrated
Nobleman,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro !

When, to evade Destruction's hand,
To hide they all proceeded,
No soldier in that gallant band
Hid half as well as he did
He lay concealed throughout the war,
And so preserved his gore, O !
That unaffected,
Undetected,
Well-connected
Warrior,
The Duke of Plaza-Toro !

When told that they would all be shot
Unless they left the service,
That hero hesitated not,
So marvellous his nerve is.
He sent his resignation in,
The first of all his corps, O !

WHIMSICAL

That very knowing,
 Overflowing,
 Easy-going
 Paladin,
 The Duke of Plaza-Toro !

Sir William Schwenck Gilbert.

66 SONG OF THE WOODEN-LEGGED FIDDLER.

I lived in a cottage adown in the West
 When I was a boy, a boy ,
 But I knew no peace and I took no rest
 Though the roses nigh smothered my snug little nest :
 For the smell of the sea
 Was much rarer to me,
 And the life of a sailor was all my joy.

Chorus *The life of a sailor was all my joy !*

My mother she wept, and she begged me to stay
 Anchored for life to her apion-string,
 And soon she would want me to help wi' the hay
 So I bided her time, then I fittid away
 On a night of delight in the following spring,
 With a pair of stout shoon
 And a seafaring tune
 And a bundle and stick in the light of the moon,
 Down the long road
 To Portsmouth I strode,
 To fight like a sailor for country and king
 Chorus *To fight like a sailor for country and king.*

And now that my feet are turned homeward again
 My heart is still crying Ahoy ! Ahoy !

And my thoughts are still out on the Spanish main
A-chasing the frigates of France and Spain,

For at heart an old sailor is always a boy ;

And his nose will still itch

For the powder and pitch

Till the days when he can't tell t'other from which,

Nor a grin o' the guns from a glint o' the sea,

Nor a skipper like Nelson from lubbers like me.

Chorus : *Nor a skipper like Nelson from lubbers like me.*

Ay ! Now that I'm old I'm as bold as the best,

And the life of a sailor is all my joy ;

Though I've swapped my leg

For a wooden peg

And my head is as bald as a new-laid egg,

'The smell of the sea

Is like victuals to me,

And I think in the grave I'll be crying Ahoy !

For, though my old carcass is ready to rest,

At heart an old sailor is always a boy.

Chorus : *At heart an old sailor is always a boy.*

Alfred Noyes.

67. 'HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX '

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he ,

I galloped, Dirck galloped; we galloped all three ;

" Good speed ! " cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;

" Speed ! " echoed the wall to us galloping through ,

Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,

And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Robert Browning.

68. A THANKSGIVING TO GOD.

Lord, thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell ;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weather proof ;

MISCELLANEOUS

Under the spars of which I lie ;
 Both soft and dry ;
Where thou, my chamber for to ward,
 Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
 Me, while I sleep
Low is my porch, as is my fate ,
 Both void of state ;
And yet the threshold of my door
 Is worn by th' poor,
Who thither come, and freely get
 Good words, or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall
 And kitchen's small ;
A little buttery, and therein
 A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
 Unchipt, unfleat ,
Some brittle sticks of thorn or briar
 Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
 And glow like it
Lord, I confess too, when I dine,
 The pulse is thine,
And all those other bits that be
 There placed by thee ;
The worts, the purslam, and the mess
 Of water-cress,
Which of thy kindness thou hast sent ;
 And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
 To be more sweet.

'Tis thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
 With guiltless mirth,
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
 Spiced to the brink.
Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
 That soils my land,
And giv'st me, for my bushel sown,
 Twice ten for one ,
Thou mak'st my teeming hen to lay
 Her egg each day ;
Besides, my healthful ewes to bear
 Me twins each year ,
The while the conduits of my kine
 Run cream, for wine .
All these, and better, thou dost send
 Me, to this end,—
That I should render, for my part,
 A thankful heart ;
Which, fired with incense, I resign,
 As wholly thine ,
—But the acceptance, that must be,
 My Christ, by Thee.

Robert Herrick.

69. From "SONG TO DAVID."

Glorious the sun in mid career ;
Glorious the assembled fires appear ;
 Glorious the comet's train :
Glorious the trumpet and alarm ;
Glorious the Almighty's stretched-out arm ;
 Glorious the enraptured main :

MISCELLANEOUS

Glorious the northern lights astream ;
Glorious the song, when God's the theme ;
 Glorious the thunder's roar
Glorious hosannah from the den ,
Glorious the catholic amen ,
 Glorious the martyr's gore

Glorious—more glorious—is the crown
Of Him that brought salvation down,
 By meekness called thy Son ,
Thou that stupendous truth believed,
And now that matchless deed's achieved,
 Determined, Dared, and Done

Christopher Smart.



THE PIPER

From the painting by Arthur Buckland.

XI. FOR YOUR NOTEBOOK.

Verses from the Poems.

POEM No.

1. A garden is a lovesome thing, God wot !
2. Against the blue void
Of still sea and sky
Stands single a thistle,
Tall, tarnished, and dry.
3. And all the throbbing world
Of dew and sun and air
By this small parcel of life
Is made more fair.
4. The scattered sheep are gathering home again !
The crow is winging to a lovéd nest !
5. The air is soft, the sun is dancing through
The dancing boughs
6. There is about my window-sill
The tumult of a thousand wings.
7. And flaps behind a spectre team,
Or ghostly scarecrows walk his dream.
8. The chill rain is falling, the nipt worm is crawling,
The rivers are swelling, the thunder is knelling
For the year.
9. Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon.
10. Spring has risen with a laugh, a wild-rose in her mouth,
And is singing, singing, singing thro' the world.

POEM NO.

11. When the wanderer, belated in the frosty air and stilly,
Sees the tree-trunks full of goblins, and he whistles up his dog
- 12 With a cargo of diamonds,
Emeralds, amethysts,
Topazes, and cinnamon, and gold moidores.
- 13 The Shining Ones yonder
High in Valhalla
Shout now, with thunder.
- 14 And I who have lost her—the dear, the rare—
Well, I got me this ballad to sing at the fair
15. So he cried, as the fight grew thick at the noon,
Two red roses across the moon !
16. Bring me my bow of burning gold '
Bring me my arrows of desire '
- 17 Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget '
- 18 Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying ,
Blow, bugle , answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.
- 19 There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O earth, what changes hast thou seen '
20. The stars were shouting in heaven,
The sun was chasing the moon
21. At midnight under a maze of stars
I flame with glittering rime
22. Then sleep wraps every bell up tight,
And the climbing moon grows small
23. When small clouds are so silvery white
Each seems a broken rimmed moon.
24. His flight across the chimneys thick,
By some divine arithmetic,
Comes to his customary stack.

POEM NO.

25. Softly over Sherwood the south wind blows,
All the heart of England hid in every rose.
26. And her boats were manned in silence, and in silence pulled away,
And in silence every gunner took his post.
27. Yet small beneath
A soft voice saith,
" Jane shall in safety go,
Jane shall in safety go."
28. Them that asks no questions isn't told a lie—
Watch the wall, my darling, while the Gentlemen go by.
29. He spurred the old horse, and he held him tight,
And he leapt him out over the wall.
30. The spiteful thing to mock me so '
I will outdance him ! Ho, ho, ho '
31. We danced beneath the dancing moon
All night beside the dancing sea
With tripping toes and skipping heels.
32. His beard poked out, all bristly-black, and there
Were leaves and gorse and heather in his hair.
33. Her flashing stars, her scented breeze,
Her trembling lakes, like foamless seas,
Her bird-delighting citron-trees
In every purple vale '
34. Upon a grasshopper they got,
And, what with amble what with trot,
For hedge and ditch they spared not,
But after her they hie them
35. And quickly arms him for the field,
A little cockle-shell his shield,
Which he could very bravely wield.
36. That's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture !

POEM NO

37. My heart within me faints to roam,
In thought ev'n, far from thee.
38. And the faith in their happy eyes
Comes surely from our Sister the Spring
When over the sea she flies.
39. But the little waves of Breffny have drenched my heart in spray,
And the little waves of Breffny go stumbling through my soul.
40. Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade
41. Hungry for Spring I bent my head,
The perfume fanned my face,
And all my soul was dancing
In that little lovely place
42. While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight
43. O ' the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters of the river Lee.
44. And the laughing bells are gentle
And the mournful bells are sweet.
45. . . . The warm light here and there
Edging a darkness, sleeps in pools of gold,
Or weaves fantastic shadows through the air.
46. Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.
47. Quoth he, " Mark well, by St. Maclou,
For where she hovers hasten you,
And where she falls, I follow ' "
48. Spur—for if ye draw rein
I shall not see again
The meadows pranked with pearls of morning dew.

POEM NO.

49. She is not any common Earth,
Water or wood or air,
But Merlin's Isle of Gramarye,
Where you and I will fare '
50. He dressed the line, he led the charge,
They swept the wall like a stream in spate,
And roaring over the roar they heard
The galloper guns that burst the gate
51. For now the fields and paths he knew
Are confined all with bricks,
The lucid silver stream he knew
Runs slimy as the Styx.
52. Oh, be swift, my soul, to answer Him ' Be jubilant, my feet '
Our God is marching on
53. To my true king I offer'd free from stain
Courage and faith , vain faith, and courage vain.
54. The tree that by the lych-gate grows
Gives us his boughs to make our bows.
55. God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world '
56. I trust in my own soul, that can perceive
The outward and the inward, nature's good
And God's
57. I'll envy no Nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours await him to morrow.
58. A poor life this if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare.
59. Laugh and be merry together, like brothers akin,
Guesting awhile in the rooms of a beautiful inn.
60. An unwonted silence steals
In between the turning wheels.
61. It works in me like madness, dear, to bid me say good-bye ;
For the seas call, and the stars call, and, oh ' the call of the sky !

POEM NO

62. I, too, have walked with them the heavenly ways—
Tracing the sweet embroideries of the sky.
- 53 But Farmer Turvey,
On twirling toes
Up's with his garters,
And in he goes.
- 64 Only just the tip-ends of the tails of the Cats,
Of the Cats of Kilkenny, Kilkenny's quare Cats !
- 65 He led his regiment from behind—
He found it less exciting
66. For the smell of the sea
Was much rarer to me,
And the life of a sailor was all my joy
- 67 " Good speed ' ' " cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew ;
" Speed " echoed the wall to us galloping through ,
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast



